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The Way We Live Now
York Seminar Group

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Editorial

The constant wet weather has not dampened members' enthusiasm for the many seminar groups which have met around the country, where debates continue to rage on the thorny questions of characterization and heroes versus anti-heroes, and whether or not they deserve to win the lady of their dreams or their inheritance. The London group also braved a wet and windy morning in Barnet led by Guide Paul Baker to view Fanny Trollope's house in Monken Hadley and Cecilia's grave in Hadley church. The Cambridge group enjoyed a visit from Hugh and Barbara Trollope when festive British and Australian bunting was hung to celebrate their presence in this year of the Olympics and Diamond Jubilee. Another seminar group has begun in Drumsna, County Leitrim, where next year they will host the Third Anthony Trollope International Summer School from 30th August to 1st September. The theme for discussion in 2013 will be *Castle Richmond*.

A production of *The Warden*, adapted by David Witherow, member of the Society, will be performed at 'Upstairs at the Gatehouse' in Highgate Village, London, from 11th – 30th September 2012. We should all support him in such an endeavour.

There are two more important dates to put in your diary. One is the 25th October 2012 when we will hold the AGM and illustrated lecture by Julian Stray, Curator at The British Postal Museum & Archive. This will take place at the National Liberal Club and be followed by a buffet supper party. A booking form accompanies this mailing. Do please join us for what is one of the highlights of the year. It is a time to catch up with members from around the country, and indeed Europe, the States and Australia. The other important date is the Annual Dinner in the formal Dining Room of the House of Lords on Friday 19th April 2013. This is a beautiful room with some fine paintings, and Lord Cormack will be our sponsor and host. Also, of course, plans are still proceeding for our trip to Australia.



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The Way We Live Now

Compiled from notes taken by Anne Pugh at a seminar led by Howard Gregg held in York.

The rationale behind *The Way We Live Now* is well known. After a year in Australia in 1872 Trollope was appalled by the sophisticated dishonesty he found on his return to London. His disgust was heightened by the fact that he had moved house from the countryside (a Trollopiian haven of moral certainties!) into the West End, where he was exposed to a degenerate climate. He was also approaching his 60th birthday (considered in the 19th century to be the age a man's powers faded); his novels were sliding from popularity; he had to give up his great pleasure of hunting, and Dickens had recently died at the age of 58.

In his autobiography, Trollope wrote of his great creation:

“... a class of dishonesty, dishonestly magnificent in its proportions, and climbing into high places, has become at the same time so rampant and so splendid that there seems to be some reason for fearing that men and women will be taught to feel that dishonesty, if it can become splendid, will cease to be abominable. If dishonesty can live in a gorgeous palace with pictures on all its walls, and gems in all its cupboards, with marble and ivory in all its comers, and can give Apician dinners, and get into Parliament, and deal in millions, then dishonesty is not disgraceful, and the man dishonest after such a fashion is not a low scoundrel.”

Nor was he alone in his musings. The Industrial Revolution ushered in a century of world economic dominance for Britain, creating what Samuel Smiles termed “a harvest of wealth and prosperity. However, the immense social and economic changes worried and enraged writers and philosophers such as Carlyle, Ruskin



'Mr Melmotte Speculates'

Illustration from the Chatto & Windus new edition of *'The Way We Live Now'*, 1876

and William Morris. Trollope, in pinpointing and satirizing what he saw as contemporary social corruption, followed a well-trodden path. All the vices, ambition and commercialism perceived in Victorian London are embodied in and drive his characters, either to absolute destruction in the case of Melmotte, or, in Lady Carbury's case, to redemption, in spite of herself. And if readers were ever in doubt as to the main thrust, the title is explicit – “the way we live now” quietly seethes with disapproval.

Trollope referred to this as “the Carbury novel”, and the Young Fogey, Roger Carbury, is the rightful hero, unashamedly ‘old fashioned’, exemplifying how things *ought* to be. His friends and relations revere him, but such qualities separate him emotionally from his contemporaries, particularly his would-be lover Hetta Carbury, who is much younger in outlook as well as years. The fact that he is only 38 does not ring entirely true.

While Roger sits at the centre of Trollope's web, Augustus Melmotte dominates the action. He bursts into the scene fully formed as the Great Financier, although on precisely what this reputation is based few know and even fewer care. His origins are mysterious. He says he is English. He is reputed to have untold wealth, and lives in great magnificence. Largely because of this, most people, including leaders of the Conservative party, choose to ignore his slightly odd accent and suspicious ignorance of English manners. Also overlooked are his arrogance, coarseness and bullying. Melmotte selects as his aids men over whom he has a financial hold, like the unfortunate Lord Alfred Grendall, and crudely abuses and torments them in the same way that he abuses and torments his so-called wife and daughter.

London was ripe for exploitation by a man of Melmotte's fraudulent proclivities, and Trollope, when he created him, probably had several real-life financial predators in mind. The City was awash with money, and unlimited credit was available for investment in schemes home and abroad. All that was needed for potential investors to flock to a scheme was obvious personal wealth (manifested by conspicuous consumption) and a reputation for financial ability. It was the obvious place for Melmotte to be after he had exhausted the possibilities of Europe and New York. *Sotto voce* rumours of dubious practices in foreign places are quietly ignored in the face of exciting money-making opportunities.

Taking the South Central Pacific & Mexican Railway as the fraud of choice for Melmotte was clever. In England, the railway

boom had first made itself felt in the 1830s, while the real ‘railway mania’ period happened between 1845-7. By the early 1870s, railways were commonplace, but widely recognized as a fail-safe investment opportunity abroad. Fisker astutely realizes he and Melmotte are soul-mates, and he has no difficulty in alerting Melmotte to the possibilities of selling shares in an exotic railway, outside the Colonies and sufficiently far away to minimize the risk of prying potential investors. One of the more obvious candidates for Trollope to use as a Melmotte role-model was indeed involved in railway speculation. George Hudson, the so-called ‘Railway King’, had the dizziest of all Victorian business careers, which led him first to Westminster and then, after his frauds were unmasked, to gaol. While Melmotte's suicide avoided the latter, the career path is not dissimilar. Trollope may have remembered the statue erected in Hudson's honour in York when he spoke of eventual amnesia by Melmotte's creditors leading to talk of erecting a statue to his memory!

“...Taking the South Central Pacific and Mexican Railway as the fraud of choice for Melmotte was clever.”

Melmotte did indeed live in a gorgeous palace, give Apician dinners and get into Parliament, and became accepted by Society. Scruples are thrust aside in the efforts to sit at his table or entertain him. Even the unremittingly County Longstaffes grit their teeth and invite the Melmottes to their Suffolk home. However, the characters who represent virtue – Paul Montague (although his virtue is a little suspect) Breghert (eventually) and Roger Carbury – are not taken in by Melmotte's wealth and magnificence. Montague is reluctantly sucked into the railway project via Fisker, but is convinced from the outset that he is enmeshed with a gang of swindlers. Carbury sums him up as:

“a miserable imposition, a hollow, vulgar fraud from beginning to end – too insignificant for you and me to talk about, were it not that his position is a sign of the degeneracy of the age.”

Meanwhile Lord Alfred, who endures the indignities of his

servitude for the sake of his impoverished family, sums Melmotte up with great succinctness:

“Beast! Brute! Pig.”

If Melmotte is the epitome of money-grubbing City vice, then the denizens of the Beargarden represent the rotten heart of West End society, about which Trollope is equally scathing. Presided over by a sleekly-dishonest German, it is a cherished haunt for louche, more-or-less aristocratic wastrels, who spend long hours getting drunk and gambling. Morality is topsy-turvy. The ghastly uber-cad Sir Felix Carbury, who shamelessly wastes his widowed mother’s money, is outraged to discover that the sleazy Miles Grendall cheats at cards, and is too cowardly to confront him. They are aware that Herr Vossner, who smooths Beargarden life, is brazenly fleecing them. After Vossner vanishes, they seriously contemplate searching for a suitable successor amenable not only to a wage but also a mutually agreeable level of theft!

The Beargarden provides an amusing arena for discussion of the various plots. Because so many of its members are sucked into Melmotte’s orbit, it effectively becomes an annexe of the railway board. The assorted members are fairly useless. Grasslough is gratuitously offensive and tolerated as someone to win money from. Dolly Longstaffe is feeble and dilatory, except when opposing his father and, most importantly, when he realizes he has been cheated out of money from his property sale. He is at least spurred to engage the sharp lawyer Squercum to enable him to stay on course in the future. Nidderdale is compliant in accepting his father’s desire for him to marry Marie (and the Melmotte millions) but Trollope seems ambivalent about him. On one hand he presents him as heartless, but on the other as a pleasant if ineffectual personality with genuine fondness for Marie. He offers surprising support in the aftermath of her father’s suicide, although there is a faint suggestion that had he followed his inclinations and married her anyway after the collapse, he would have been both truer to himself *and* acquired her squirreled-away fortune.

The final and perhaps most important member of the Beargarden set is Sir Felix Carbury. One wonders who Trollope modelled him on! Is he overdrawn? Roger Carbury feels the world would be greatly improved were Felix removed from it. He is a liar and a cheat, he gropes girls in alleyways, steals from his mother, gets

drunk, is a physical as well as moral coward and utterly lacks anything approaching a conscience. His mother eventually gains her ascendancy of him (with the help of Mr. Broune) while his callous attitude to Marie causes even his erstwhile Beargarden friends to walk away in disgust.

What of the women and their love affairs? The central one is the triangular relationship between Paul Montague, Hetta Carbury and Mrs. Hurtle. Trollope describes the love story of Paul and Hetta as “weak and vapid.” Hetta seems curiously sexless. She seems to have fallen for Paul Montague almost because he was there and, perhaps more importantly, because he wasn’t the sainted Roger. There is little passion about her feelings for him, and her behaviour when Felix enlightens her to the existence of Mrs. Hurtle almost suggests that she was in love with the idea of being in love, but not sufficiently mature to cope with the fact that he had had a previous relationship. And since she is perfectly well aware of her brother’s character, why did she not query whether he was actually telling the truth? Or why seek her mother’s advice when she knows her dearest wish is to destroy such relationship and marry her off to Cousin Roger.

“If Melmotte is the epitome of money-grubbing City vice, then the denizens of the Beargarden represent the rotten heart of West End society

Winifred Hurtle, on the other hand, has real, if somewhat un-Victorian passion (but she is American)! Mrs. Hurtle’s feelings are intense and bold with no maidenly reserve about making her former lover aware of *exactly* how she feels. She senses his emotional weakness and tries to capitalize on it, although he turns out to be firmer than she has given him credit for. Ultimately she realizes, reluctantly, that they would be mismatched and retreats relatively gracefully. It is easy to see how Montague could have fallen for so vibrant and passionate a woman. The mystery is rather how Winifred Hurtle could possibly have fallen so intensely in love with him.

The efforts of the lumbering John Crumb to secure his beloved

are a necessary part of the plot, although Trollope rather labours it. The feisty Ruby is Roger's tenant (or at least her grandfather is) and Felix Carbury her would-be lover. Her aunt's lodging-house conveniently shelters Mrs. Hurtle, and the virtuous Ruby, who has made it clear all along that it is marriage or nothing as far as she is concerned (despite the assumption in Suffolk that going to London automatically means loss of virtue) is the catalyst for the entire chain of events ending in the eclipse of Felix. One cannot help but feel sorry for her; she loves dancing and gaiety, but ends up shackled to the bovine miller, drearily accepting that in return for his undying devotion she will do her best to be a good wife.

“Trollope clearly had issues with authors who shamelessly manipulated the press to inflate their sales.”

Marie Melmotte seems initially to be the one truly tragic figure. Alternatively tyrannized by her father or bought off with trinkets, her fate at the beginning is to be sold off to Lord Nidderdale so that her father can consolidate his social pretensions by alliance with a prestigious aristocratic family. Unhappily, before this can be achieved, she sees Felix Carbury, and decides that perhaps she might dispose of her own person as she, rather than her father, sees fit. Rather like Hetta she is perhaps more in love with the idea of being in love, since she sees past Felix's physical attractions to the inner shallowness fairly early in the relationship, but brushes the knowledge aside. Marie rapidly emerges as a fierce and resourceful personality of considerable strength, which is probably why the ineffectual Nidderdale is so drawn to her. She is, at the end, her father's daughter, as the admiring Fisker recognizes, and not tragic at all. She sees with total clarity that romantic love is a snare and a delusion; she likes Fisker, who perhaps resembles a pleasanter version of her father, and their eventual marriage can be seen as a mutually satisfactory business partnership.

Georgiana Longstaffe's dalliance with the Jewish banker Mr. Bregthert is amusing (especially after he dumps her!) and provides a vehicle for poking fun at spinsters and the unpleasant old-fashioned anti-Semitism typified by Mr. Longstaffe. Trollope initially depicts

the elderly, rich, greasy Jew stereotype (Georgiana must be desperate indeed to contemplate such a marriage) but then negates this by revealing the banker to be a person of sensitivity and honour, in the Victorian traditions of 'manliness'. He similarly teases us with Father Barham, Roger Carbury's tame priest. He begins by suggesting that he will be treated in the same sympathetic manner as Father John in *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, but Father Barham is a convert, and a gentleman at that, and Trollope has scant sympathy for *that* sort of Catholicism.

Finally, there is Lady Carbury, with her literary pretensions and over-indulgence of Felix. Trollope clearly had issues with authors who shamelessly manipulated the press to inflate their sales. We are not invited to sympathize with her or her flirting, vanity and falseness of character. However, there is something admirable in her misplaced love for her vicious son which is possibly what draws Mr. Broune towards her, even if she probably made Felix into the character he became. This mature, slow-burning love affair is perhaps the most satisfying of all the novel's love stories. Paul and Hetta may or may not be happy in their future life. The lively Ruby seems set for a dispiriting future tied to her doting rustic. Marie's marriage is based on nothing stronger than liking and business compatibility. Winifred Hurtle has returned to America, no doubt to further adventures, probably not to emotional happiness. One somehow knows that Mr. Broune and Lady Carbury will live very happily ever after.

If Trollope had set out to prove that he was still capable of writing despite turning 60, he succeeded triumphantly. *The Way We Live Now* is, I believe, his masterpiece. He subsequently wrote a further 15 novels, and if he could no longer hunt, he still rode, and enjoyed the good things in life such as the 48 dozen bottles of fine French wines which he commended on his deathbed to his son Henry!



Trollope: From Barsetshire to Barnet via *The Bertrams*

Paul Baker

Paul Baker is a City of London Guide in Barnet

The *Bertrams* was written in 1858 and published in 1859. Much of the action takes place in Hadley, 11 miles north of London, described by Pevsner in 1953 as “one of the most felicitous pictures of Georgian visual planning which the neighbourhood of London has to offer.” The name is derived from the old English ‘Hadley’ meaning high clearing. It became a place for the rich in the 18th and 19th centuries because the air was purer than in central London. The original Royal hunting ground of Enfield Chase encompassed eight thousand acres. Hadley still looks out onto it, although all that remains today is Monken Hadley Common. In Chapter Two of *The Bertrams* George Bertram says: “I shall go down to Hadley for a few weeks of course” – his uncle lived in the village of that name in the close vicinity of Barnet’, and in Chapter Five: “Old Mr Bertram ordinarily lived at Hadley, a village about a mile beyond Barnet, just on the border of what used to be called Enfield Chase.” On George’s first visit, his uncle asks “What sort of journey have you had from Oxford? Yes, the railways make it all easy.” In fact this was an error on Trollope’s part as, although written ten years later, the book is set in the 1840s and train journeys to Barnet did not commence until 1852.

The death of Anthony’s brother Henry in 1834 and his father in autumn 1835, both in Le Chateau d’Hondt in Bruges, led his mother Fanny to bring the remaining family back to England. Fanny’s daughter-in-law Frances Ternan wrote in *The Life of Fanny Trollope* that:

“Mrs. Trollope had come to England after her husband’s death to arrange many matters of business, and had taken Emily with her, Tom and Cecilia remaining at the Chateau d’Hondt.”

It was at Hadley that Emily became ill. The doctor reported that her chest was very delicate, that she required the greatest care, and

that it would be safer for her to remain in England until the spring, causing Mrs Trollope to write: “After this opinion, I can have no farther thoughts of Italy for the present. I have therefore determined on looking out for a house near London.” After lodging first in Central London, she moved to Hadley into a house called Grandon, built in 1790, and took over the last three years of a seven-year lease at £90 p.a.

Fanny also wrote “My fears are all directed to one point - the health of my dear Emily. If she is very ill, I much doubt my power of writing”, and

“I am very greatly alarmed about my Emily. She has lost strength rapidly, she eats nothing, her cough is decidedly worse than it has ever been. My anxiety is dreadful and the more so because I dare not show it.”

At this time Cecilia was sent to visit Lady Milman in Pinner. Frances Ternan wrote: “The old lady was growing old and feeble and, being very fond of Cecilia put forth a plea to have her dear young friend with her before her death.”

Fanny continued to nurse Emily devotedly: “... as usual she is about 24 inches from my elbow”. On 12th February 1836 she died, a month short of her 18th birthday. On the same day Anthony wrote to Tom in Bruges:

“It is all over! Poor Emily breathed her last this morning. She died without any pain, and without a struggle. Her little strength had been gradually declining, and her breath left her without the slightest convulsion, or making any change in her features or face. Were it not for the ashy colour, I should think she was sleeping. I never saw anything more beautifully placid and composed. It is much better that it is now, than that her life should have been prolonged only to undergo the agonies which Henry suffered. Cecilia was at Pinner when it happened, and she has not heard of it yet. I shall go for her tomorrow.”

Frances added a postscript:

“I cannot let the news of Emily’s death reach you, dearest Tom, without a line from me. You know how dear she was, and you will pity me, and her poor solitary sister too. God bless you.”

Nearly 50 years later in *Marion Fay* Anthony remembered the symptoms: “hectic cheek, flushed, hot dry skin, languid manner.” In his memoirs *What I Remember* Tom wrote that she was:



Members of The Trollope Society visiting Frances Trollope's house in Hadley.
Photo Lucie Simms

"Full of fun and high spirits ... There is a picture of her exactly as I remember her. She is represented with flowing flaxen curls and wide china-blue eyes, sitting, with a brown Holland pinafore on, before a writing desk, and blowing a prismatically coloured soap-bubble ... Her youngest child had ever been to my mother as the apple of her eye, and her loss was for the passing day a crushing blow."

Frances Ternan wrote of Emily: "Her sweet temper and willingness to some extent lightened her mother's hard task at this time. She was never irritable, never exacting about engrossing her mother's society" as Henry had been.

Anthony attended the funeral. As he had not been to either his father's or his brother Henry's funerals in Bruges, and had been only nine when his brother Arthur died in 1824 aged 12, Emily was the first dear member of his family whose death he witnessed.

On her tomb it says: "Sacred to the memory of Emily Trollope the youngest daughter of Thomas Anthony and Frances Trollope who died on the 12th February 1816 aged 18 years", which is not strictly true, as she was one month short of 18.

A commemorative plaque on the front of *Grandon* (unveiled by Joanna Trollope in 1998) states that: "Frances Trollope, author, and her son Anthony lived in this house 1836-8." This is not strictly true either. During this time Anthony actually lived at 22 Northumberland Street, (now Luxborough Street) off Marylebone Road opposite Madame Tussauds. It was whilst living there that he got into serious debt and, as he wrote in his Autobiography:

"... she paid much for me – paid all that I asked her to pay, and all that she could find out that I owed ... There were two intervals, amounting together to nearly two years, in which I lived with my mother, and therefore lived in comfort."

He also said:

"I hated the office, I hated the work. I was entirely without control – smoking, drinking, cards."

Of his lodgings, which looked out on to the Marylebone workhouse, he wrote:

"... on to the back door of which establishment my room looked out – a most dreary abode."

Anthony often went to Hadley by coach from *The Old Bell Inn* in Holborn which went twice daily. Tom and Cecilia then lived with Fanny, who, although nearly 60, gave regular parties as well as writing *The Vicar of Wrexhill*. Tom wrote:

"Her new home became a centre of social enjoyment and attraction for all, especially the young, who were admitted to it. Our society consisted mainly of friends staying in the house, or of flying visitors from London. As usual too, my mother soon gathered around her a knot of nice girls who made the house bright. For herself she seemed always ready to take part in all the fun and amusement that was going, and was the first to plan dances, and charades, and picnics, and theatricals on a small and unpretending scale. But five o'clock of every morning saw her at her desk."

This claim is supported by Anthony in his Autobiography:

"I was then a clerk in the London Post Office, and I remember well how gay she made the place with little dinners, little dances, and little picnics, while she herself was at work every morning long before others had left their beds."

and by Victoria Glendinning who describes a “hospitable routine of parties and picnics following daily pre-breakfast four hours of writing.”

In July 1836 Fanny went to Vienna and Austria but Anthony could not accompany her. They had a final meeting at Northumberland Street before she left for Dover. During her travels she met Prince Metternich, the Austrian diplomat/statesman, and subsequently wrote both the travel book *Vienna and the Austrians* and a novel, *A Romance of Vienna*. Twelve months later in June 1837 she went back to Hadley where, according to Frances Ternan, she described “her pleasure at finding the roses in bloom, and in the peace and quiet of the place.” Cecilia remained with her mother and Anthony visited often and stayed the night whenever his duties at the Post Office permitted, although Fanny feared coach trips took up too much of his time; a round trip from Marylebone took up to four hours!

It is a remarkable coincidence that both W.M. Thackeray and Dickens frequented the area in the 1830s, the same time as Anthony.

Anthony visited at Christmas 1837, together with the Grants (friends from Harrow), Mr and Mrs Chandos Hoskins (English friends acquired on a German trip), and other guests. Fanny also enjoyed a visit that winter from Baron Charles Higél, a Viennese acquaintance. Tom, now installed as assistant master in the Grammar School at Birmingham, was able to visit Hadley during the holidays. Fanny told Tom “... on the whole my chambers will be pretty well packed. Pray be in spirits for *bouts rimés*: and the like.” *Bouts rimés* was a very popular Victorian parlour game where one takes the last rhyming word of each line from a famous poem, and uses it to write an entirely new poem, for example ‘day-temperate’ – ‘May-date’. Anthony was very good at this!

When his teaching post at Birmingham did not work out, Tom wrote:

“... after Hadley, and very many walks together round the little quiet garden at Hadley, it was decided between us that I should

send in my resignation of the Birmingham mastership, defer all alternative steps in the direction of any other life career, and devote myself for the present at least, to becoming her[Fanny’s] companion and squire [travel companion].”

After a few weeks recuperating from illness in Dover, in 1838 they installed themselves in 20 York Street, off Marylebone Road, near Anthony’s lodgings.

In his biography of Thackeray, Anthony mentions a “Rev. Mr Thackeray of Hadley whom I knew well as rector of Hadley.” John Richard Thackeray (1772-1846), cousin of William Makepeace Thackeray, was rector of Hadley Church 1819-46. He had one son and two daughters: Marianne (b.1812) and Georgina (b.1814). Anthony evidently liked them both, and was described as being “surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls.”

A letter from Frances in August 1837 reads: “Please to tell Anthony not to come down on Saturday, because all the Thackeray family will be away from home.” This may not necessarily be unfeeling, as the rector’s daughters were important in Anthony’s life at that time, and she may have thought he would not want to endure the four hour travel to see only her, particularly if he was impecunious.

Echoing this arrangement, in *The Bertrams* Chapter Five, Anthony wrote:

“Hitherto George had always passed some of his vacations at Hadley. The amusements there were not of a very exciting nature; but London was close and even at Hadley there were pretty girls with whom he could walk and flirt, and the means of keeping a horse.”

In addition to the girls and stables, in the 1830s there were three pubs in Hadley (not closed down until the 1990s) and Anthony may well have sampled them. In nearby Barnet there were several pubs, many known to be frequented by Dickens, who depicted several Barnet buildings in his journalism and novels, particularly *Oliver Twist*, Chapter Eight. It is a remarkable coincidence that both W.M. Thackeray and Dickens frequented the area in the 1830s, the same time as Anthony, although there is no record that the three actually met until many years later.

In 1838 Anthony brought his friend John Tilley, future Secretary of the Post Office, to Hadley where he met Cecilia and fell in love. They married the following year. When she subsequently died eleven years later in 1849, Anthony wrote to him saying:

“God bless you, my dear John ... I sometimes feel that I led you into more sorrow than happiness in taking you to Hadley.”

In *The Bertrams*, when the Solicitor General Sir Henry Harcourt falls in love, he woos Caroline Waddington at and around her grandfather's house. In Chapter 28 they go for a walk:

“And so they started on their walk. It was the first that they had ever taken together. What Sir Henry may have done before in that line this history says not... There is – or perhaps we should say was, for time, and railways, and straggling new suburban villas, may have now destroyed it all; but there is, or was, a pretty woodland lane, running from the back of Hadley Church, through the last remnants of what was once Enfield Chase. How many lovers' feet have crushed the leaves that used to lie in autumn along that pretty lane. See how he opens the gate that stands by the churchyard paling? Does it stand there yet, I wonder[?] Well, well, we will say it does. And then there was a short pause, and they got on the green grass which runs away into the chase in front of the parsonage windows. I wonder if the wickets are ever standing there now on the summer afternoons!”

The woodland lane behind the church is still there, as is the kissing gate, and the parsonage built in the 1820s by J R Thackeray still overlooks the common. Cricket is still played there. In Chapter 30 Sir Henry and Caroline marry in Hadley Church:

“And then the bells were rung, the Hadley bells, the merry marriage bells... I know full well the tone with which they toll when the soul is ushered to its last long rest. I have stood in that green churchyard when earth has been laid to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust – the ashes and the dust that were loved so well... But now the scene was of another sort. How merrily they rang, those joyous marriage-bells! Out rung the Hadley bells, the happy marriage bells...”

Trollope then describes the ceremony:

“The priest smiles and grasps their hands as he gives them his parting friendly blessing.”

After the ceremony:

“And the merry bells went on ringing as they trooped back to the old manor house. They went in gay carriages though the distance was but some 100 yards. But brides and bridegrooms cannot walk on their wedding day in all their gala garments though it be but a few hundred yards.”

It is indeed 100 yards between Hadley church and *Grandon*, depicted as the fictional home of old George Bertram. Who was the priest who smiled and grasped their hands, and later officiated at old Bertram's funeral? He was most probably based on J R Thackeray, the rector Anthony knew. This is a good example of how Trollope often combined fact and fiction, and wove his time spent in Barnet into *The Bertrams*.

In Chapters 44 & 45, both Mr Bertram's death and the reading of the Will take place in Hadley. Anthony's statement that “2 pm had been named for the reading of the will, seeing that a train arrived at 1.45” is confusing as a carriage from the railway station would take a lot longer than 10 or 15 minutes to get to the church and, in any case, as stated earlier, railways did not operate until 1852 and the book is set “in the year 184” – a typical Victorian description. Whilst old Mr Bertram's body lay upstairs in the house:

“And then the Hadley bells were rung again; but they were not rung loudly. It seemed to Bertram that no one noticed that anything more than usually sad was going on. He could hardly realize it to himself that he was going to put under the ground *almost his nearest relative*. The bells rang out a dirge, but they did it hardly above their breath ... George stood with his back to the empty dining-room fireplace ... And then there was a scuffling heard on the stairs – a subdued, decent undertakers' scuffling – as some hour or two before had been heard the muffled clink of a hammer. Feet scuffled down the stairs, outside the dining-room door, and along the passage. And then the door was opened, and in low, decent undertakers' voice, red-nosed, sombre, well-fed Mr Mortmain told them that they were ready.”

It is almost inconceivable that Trollope didn't have the death of his dear sister Emily, ‘almost his nearest relative’, in mind when he wrote these intensely moving lines.



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 Editor

[Following] Anthony Waterman's article in *Trollopiana* ('Be the Vicar of Bull'umpton Gay?') I believe John Halpern is mistaken in his claim that Trollope [depicts] Frank Fenwick engaged in homosexual relations with Sam Brattle [and that] *The Vicar of Bullhampton* is his only novel dealing with homosexuality. Lucinda Roanoke in *The Eustace Diamonds* is a lesbian, and in *Castle Richmond* there is a brief homosexual relationship between Owen Fitzgerald and the young earl of Desmond. But the clearest portrayal of homosexuality is Bertie Stanhope in *Barchester Towers*. The case rests on Bertie's appearance, clothes, aversion to marriage, and association with a lower-class boy.

Trollope's novels [straddle] the transition of England from an agricultural society of Crown, Church, and Landed Aristocracy, to an urban industrial society with limited monarchy, religious diversity, and political democracy. The Stanhope family epitomizes the corruption of the 18th century church: the father collects his income and butterflies [beside] Lake Como while his curate works for a pittance; the mother collects clothes; Madeleine collects men's hearts while Charlotte tries ... to keep the family afloat. I believe Bertie's corruption is homosexuality.

In appearance he was "the most singular of human beings" with "his very long silky light hair coming down over his coat; his remarkable blue eyes; his glossy, soft, clean beard, which was never trimmed. His complexion was fair and almost pink; he was small in height; slender in limb; with a voice of peculiar sweetness."

Trollope continues: "In manner of dress he was equally remarkable...His costume cannot be described, because it was

so various; ... totally opposed in every principle of colour and construction to the dress of those with whom he ... consorted." But ten pages later Trollope describes Bertie's dress: "Ethelbert Stanhope was dressed in light blue from head to foot. He had on the loosest possible blue coat ... lined in silk of blue azure ... a blue satin waistcoat, a blue neck-handkerchief ... fastened with a coral ring ... and blue trousers which almost covered his feet ... His soft glossy beard was softer and more glossy than ever." Bishop Proudie took him for a servant. Such physical characteristics and flamboyant costume would clearly identify him as a (caricature) of a homosexual.

Bertie was popular with men and women. "He had no heart to touch himself, and was literally unaware that humanity was subject to such affliction." His acquaintance embraced people of all rank ... "He was above, or rather below, all prejudices. No virtue could charm him, *no vice could shock him.*" He had no principles, no regard for others, no self-respect, no desire than to be other than a drone in the hive."

At the Ullathorne's sports festival we find Bertie "comfortably ensconced in the ha-ha, ... back to the slope, smoking a cigar, and eagerly engaged in conversation with some youngster from the further side of the county, ... who was also smoking under Bertie's pupillage and listening with open ears to an account ... of some of the pastimes of Eastern clime." When he describes the pastimes of Arab boys ... it is unlikely he is talking about chess.

[Later he] proposed to Eleanor Bold: "He had made up his mind to marry Eleanor Bold if he could" ... but his proposal consists in his telling Eleanor that Charlotte wants him to marry her. As Eleanor observes, "You and Charlotte differ." Bertie's aversion to the marriage is ascribed to his being coerced into it and not to any sexual aversion. He knows his love-making amounts to nothing and knows he will never marry. He understands his sexual predilections.

... There is no hint that Bertie actually engaged in homosexual relations, but I think Trollope has strewn his text with unmistakable hints of his sexual orientation.

Barbara L. Solow



Shilly-Shally Redux

Barbara Lauriat

Barbara is Lecturer in Law at King's College, London

When Trollope's autobiography was published posthumously in 1883, his son Henry Merivale (Harry) exercised his right under his father's instructions, to omit, but not alter, parts of the work. He claimed to omit very little: "not more than would amount to two printed pages." This included a paragraph relating to the novelist and dramatist Charles Reade's unauthorized adaptation of *Ralph the Heir*, entitled *Shilly-Shally*. The only means of "escape from the absurdity of a personal quarrel with a man I esteemed," wrote Trollope, was to suggest that "nothing more should be said about it by either of us." But a personal quarrel had occurred, and they went for years without speaking.

The argument between these once intimate friends was fought publically in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Daily Telegraph* and the Garrick Club. Despite Harry's omission, later biographers have recounted the story. Bradford A. Booth wrote on the affair in 1947 and 1951, but did not have access to several letters relating to the dispute, later compiled in N. John Hall.

I shall now argue that the affair was more than a literary footnote, which requires reconsideration to correct the record and highlight its historical and literary significance. In fact, the episode helped reform copyright law in the 1870s leading to the formation of the Royal Commission on Copyright, in turn influencing changes to the law.

In 'Charles Reade's Roles in the Drama of Victorian Dramatic Copyright', *Columbia Journal of Law and the Arts*, 33, no. 3, (2009) I examined the way in which Reade's unauthorized adaptation of *Ralph the Heir* helped build a case for reserving to novelists the dramatization right. It did so in three important ways: by establishing a relationship between Reade and the producer John Hollingshead and built a case for changing the law; by inspiring Trollope to fight for an adaptation right as a member of the Royal Commission on Copyright; and by

providing an example of the ways such an adaptation could potentially damage the author of the original novel. The episode must be appreciated in the context of both men's involvement in lobbying for author's rights and copyright reform.

Booth was convinced Trollope had not responded directly to Reade but instead contacted newspapers and communicated through Harry or Henry O'Neil. Evidence supports Hollingshead's assertion that it was Reade's idea to produce the adaptation.

"[Reade]gave Ralph-who-is-not-the-heir a new Christian name, and centered the piece on Neefit, the social-climbing tailor."

In 1871, *Ralph the Heir* was serialized in *Saint Paul's* from January to July; the three-volume edition was released in April; the Trollopes sailed for Australia in May, and Reade probably wrote *Shilly-Shally* in August/early September. In a letter to an unknown recipient dated 19th August, Reade requested two copies of the novel: "Novelists as a rule do not buy novels. Must propose buying 2 copies *Ralph the Heir* . . . You can have two *Terrible Temptations*, for them if you prefer it." This suggests he saw *Ralph the Heir* during serialization, and then made short work of the adaptation. He retained much dialogue, eliminated many characters, hacked away a few romantic plots and the political subplot, gave Ralph-who-is-not-the-heir a new Christian name, and centered the piece on Neefit, the social-climbing tailor. Reade's handwritten manuscript includes the following note, dated September 1871:

"This is the rough draft . . . of *Shilly Shally Comedy* in 3 Acts founded in Trollope's *Ralph the Heir*. Trollope's dialogue and two of his characters Neefit & Polly are so delicious that they will merit the stage. Unfortunately in the article of construction the author's genius is essentially undramatic so that it was damndest hard to shape it. This trifle actually cost me ten days hard work."

He sent copies to Hollingshead, proprietor of the Gaiety

Theatre, dramatist and Garrick Club member whose initial response was dated February 2, 1872:

"I have read the comedy: it is a comedy : the story is slight : the characters are excellent. The scenery seems unnecessarily complicated: the 2nd act & the last especially, & the ending appears unsatisfactory. I will speak to [the actor John] Toole about it, but I write this at once."

This belies Reade's later protestation that he did not write to Trollope sooner because he did not expect the play to be produced until October 1872. More than a month later Reade sent to Trollope his brazen announcement that he had dramatized *Ralph the Heir*:

"Though the law, as I know to my cost, gives any one the right to dramatize a novelist's story, I would not have taken this liberty without consulting you if you had been accessible. Having done it I now propose to give the inventor that just honor, which has too often been denied him in theatrical announcements."

He suggested Trollope might oversee and obtain profits from an Australian production. He possibly suffered pangs of conscience after rehearsals began; as Booth reports, he also wrote to Harry expressing his intent to include Trollope's name on the playbill:

"I . . . venture to hope – which is indeed my one misgiving – that your father will not feel ashamed of being thus as it were associated with me in a piece that is tolerably secure agst failure, - thanks to the intrinsic value of the types and the dialogue; my own experience of dramatic construction, & the popular actors I have secured."

Opening night was the 1st April and *The Times*' advertisement placed Trollope's name on the first line.

After months travelling throughout Australia and New Zealand, writing, reading, speaking, and visiting his younger son, Trollope joined his wife in Victoria, on 16th May, 1872 with the intention of travelling to Melbourne on the 20th. Before their departure that morning, he received Reade's letter and immediately responded:

"No man admires your genius more than I do, or is more fully aware of the power of your imagination. I am, indeed, opposed to all literary partnerships; but if I made such a partnership with any one, I would do it with you as soon as with any man living. But I cannot think it right that you should take my work and my name in my absence and without my leave."

My dear Reade,

I have just received your second letter and the copy of the play,—for which I am obliged. You will have received a letter from me by last post. I cannot alter my opinion. Let the law be as it may I do not think it right that one man should put another man [sic] name on a play bill or a title page without the sanction of that other man, nor that a play writer should take the plot of a contemporary writer without his sanction. I have not as yet looked at the play, being desirous of reiterating my opinions on this head without reference to the merits of the piece. I perceive that certain charges are brought against the piece - very probably without any just cause. I write to the *Daily Telegraph* by this post to say that whether the play be decent or indecent, delicate or indelicate, I have nothing to do with it; - and that I am responsible solely for the novel, - which has been used without my sanction.

I admire your genius and value your friendship, and am anxious that there should be no quarrel between us. But I think you have done towards me what should not have been done, and I should be pusillanimous were I not to express my opinion.

Feeling as I do of course I shall take no steps to have the play acted here. Disapproving of the use you have made of my name without my sanction at home, I cannot of course use the joint names here by my own action.

Faithfully yours

Anthony Trollope

In *An Autobiography* (1876) Trollope wrote:

"There is no writer of the present day who has so much puzzled me by his eccentricities, impracticabilities, and capabilities as Charles Reade. I look upon him as endowed almost with genius, but as one who has not been gifted by nature with ordinary powers of reasoning. He can see what is grandly noble, and admire it with all his heart. He can see too what is foully vicious and hate it with equal ardour. But in the common affairs of life he cannot see what is right or wrong; and as he is altogether unwilling to be guided by the opinion of others he is constantly making mistakes in his literary career and subjecting himself to reproach which he hardly deserves. He means to be honest. He means to be especially honest - more honest than other people. . . . He makes an appeal to the British Parliament and the British People on behalf of literary honesty declaring that, should he fail, 'I shall have to go on blushing for the people I was born among'. And yet, of all the writers of my day, he has seemed to me to understand literary honesty the least."

He threatened to write to the papers, but said he would “not trouble the lawyers.” As to the law, he told Reade, “... you say you have the law on your side. I did think that the copyright law was against you, but I take it for granted you are right.” Nevertheless, Trollope was clear that “... according to my ideas of right and wrong in such matters, you are wrong.” Later that day, at the Melbourne Club, he also sent a letter to George Smith at the *Pall Mall Gazette* enclosing a statement for publication. It was too late.

Intelligence soon reached Trollope that his name had been included on the playbill and that *Shilly-Shally* had been criticized in the popular press for indecency. He then received a second letter from Reade, sent shortly after the first and before having received Trollope’s reply. This letter has not survived, but we can see from Trollope’s response that it included a copy of the play and an offer to share profits.

“Under this circumstance,” he wrote, “I hope for both our sakes the letter has not been printed”

In the letter to the *Telegraph* Trollope once again disclaimed any knowledge of or contribution to *Shilly-Shally*.

By mid-June, still not knowing of Trollope’s annoyance, Reade discussed terms for another production of *Shilly-Shally* “at a West-end Theatre.” He noted that Hollingshead “paid me £3 per night and £1 per act,” but he would “make a concession” if the producer meant “to take charge of the piece and fight for it as it deserves.” He added, “*Shilly Shally* is a much better comedy than people have been led to think.”

Reade did not immediately learn of Trollope’s unhappy reaction. On 21st July, he told George Smith: “Young Trollope has forwarded me a letter from his father and also [a] letter to be sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette*.” In Reade’s view, the letter to the press was “written under a strange misapprehension, and is an insult to me.” Since writing the letter, Trollope “must have received from me a copy of the play and a request that he would make a little money for us in Australia as I should try to do in England.” Reade explained that he had consulted

with Harry and decided to place Trollope’s name on the bill alongside his own because he had taken so much of the original dialogue. “Under this circumstance,” he wrote, “I hope for both our sakes the letter has not been printed.”

However, Trollope’s letters were printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on 16th July, and the *Daily Telegraph* on 6th August. Reade responded to the *Telegraph* with a letter asserting that when he first wrote to Trollope he had thought that *Shilly-Shally* would not be produced until October and protesting that he had offered up half the profits.

Henry O’Neil, artist and Garrick Club member, whose 1872 portrait of Trollope still hangs in the club, acted as self-appointed mediator. But Reade could not accept his offer of forgiveness. In an undated letter on Garrick Club stationery, Reade wrote to O’Neil explaining how he had offered Trollope the profits and accusing Trollope of having perversely misunderstood. He confessed:

“I had taken his sweat without his leave, and so given him one just cause of offence. I did not feel at Peace on that cause. So I paid half the English profits to his credit. He might have declined them without affronting me. But he did affront me. And it seems to me that in his letter he clings to the affront. And says he will not be brought to believe I intended to pay him any money when I wrote out the play.”

Compton Reade reported that his uncle attempted to apologize to Trollope but could not comprehend why he was so upset, increasing the latter’s annoyance. By August, everyone knew of the long-distance row. The *Illustrated Review* reported:

“Mr. Anthony Trollope is very much annoyed at finding one of his novels dramatized without his consent. Curiously enough the dramatist was Mr. Charles Reade, a gentleman whose quarrels with dramatic adapters of his own novels should have kept him from laying violent hands on Ralph the Heir.”

John Blackwood was informed by an assistant that Trollope was:

“... involved in a quarrel with Charles Reade about dramatizing Ralph the Heir - that is C. R. quarrels but Trollope will not. I am sorry for I have always stood up for Reade but in this case he was wrong from the beginning and has at last written a very bad letter headed ‘Mr Trollope,’ getting himself more into the mud at every step he has taken. . . .”

Meanwhile Reade’s decision to sue the anonymous critics at the

Morning Advertiser for libel kept the episode in the public eye.

Trollope returned to England in December 1872. It was not an easy homecoming. They had given up their beloved Waltham residence before departure and were settling into a new home. Trollope was immediately greeted with news that Harry was involved with a “woman of the town.” Within a week he had packed Harry off to Australia. Under these stressful circumstances one can only imagine how he might have reacted to seeing Reade for the first time.

When did the feud end? Booth says four years, while Glendinning and Richard Mullen claim five. Yet there is evidence that the rift was healing before 1877. In 1874, Reade presented a signed copy of *A Hero and a Martyr* to “Anthony Trollope with C Reade’s kind regards.” Even more telling, in July 1874 Reade wrote to Trollope asking him about the possibility of printing *Shilly-Shally*. Almost two months later Trollope responded:

“My dear Reade,

On my return to town today I got your letter of 27 July. I am sure you will not think that I omitted to answer it after receiving it.

Print *Shilly Shally* with or without any notice as you may please.

Yours always

Anthony Trollope”

From Trollope’s form of address, his desire that his unresponsiveness not be misinterpreted, his brevity, and closing, one may deduce that they had returned to some degree of friendly relations. Reade never did print *Shilly-Shally*.

It certainly seems that most of the blame is attributable to Reade, contrary to the assessment of his biographer Malcom Elwin, and Booth’s assertion that “[o]bviously, both Reade and Trollope were at fault.” The actor and playwright John Coleman, who collaborated with Reade, also thought both had behaved badly, describing them as “singularly irascible men.” Still, it was not unreasonable for Trollope to view Reade’s act as a betrayal. Booth’s criticism of Trollope for not writing to Reade directly is nullified by the existence of the two firm, but respectful, letters. Furthermore, Reade should have known better. As difficult as it is to understand his actions, they are incomprehensible when placed in the context of his own experience and activities championing the rights of authors. Throughout the 1850s Reade kept a notebook on matters of copyright, literary property, and plagiarism.

He took other men to court for similar treatment. He published articles and books calling for greater protection for literary property. The week after sending his first letter to Trollope he attended a meeting for the formation of a copyright association.

Reade was a non-practicing barrister, a fellow in law at Magdalen College, Oxford, and a remarkably litigious individual: he spent decades before the *Shilly-Shally* affair, suing or threatening to sue, anyone who produced his plays or used his plots without permission, including those he had simply translated and adapted from French originals. It was clear that an author could not legally prevent another author from lifting the plot and characters from his/her novel and adapting it in dramatic form. In the 1860s, however, the cases of *Reade v. Lacey*, *Reade v. Conquest (I)*, and *Reade v. Conquest (II)* clarified the law relating to the dramatic adaptation of novels adapted from plays: where a play had been written, subsequently adapted into a novel, then re-dramatized by an unauthorized third party, the new play must not infringe the old play.

In 1860 Reade self-published *The Eighth Commandment* (Thou shalt not steal). This eclectic work decried the evils of literary theft; served as a polemic against theatrical practices considered damaging to British drama; defended accusations of his own literary misconduct; called for international recognition of copyright, and described his reaction to George Conquest’s dramatization of his own novelization of his drama:

“In the year 1853, I produced a drama called Gold at Drury Lane, which theatre it saved from closing. It did not, however, run a hundred nights, and therefore I took the characters and some of the scenes, and incorporated them into a novel - *It is never too late to Mend*. Here then by two honest acts of labour I possess (in theory of law) two properties. But Mr. Conquest of the Grecian theatre, kidnaps my novel and dramatizes it, and takes indifferently the original scenes of the novel and those which first saw the light as dramatic property. Thus he robs me of one property entirely (the play), damages another, and deprives me of my right to dramatize my story: my two properties are reduced to half one.”

Trollope also had a keen interest in copyright law, particularly in achieving international recognition of copyrights; he attempted to negotiate a copyright treaty with the United States and delivered a lecture on the subject for the National Association for the Promotion

of Social Science in 1867. Trollope read *The Eighth Commandment*, which he later deemed “a wonderful work . . . that must have taken great labour and have been written - as indeed he declares that it was written - without the hope of pecuniary reward.”

“Trollope also had a keen interest in copyright law, particularly in achieving international recognition of copyrights”

The *Shilly-Shally* affair was hardly an aberration: Victor Bonham-Carter observed that Reade:

“... adapted two works - one by Trollope and one by Frances Hodgson Burnett - without specific permission; and although he made excuses, no one accepted them. Quite simply these two actions were inexcusable lapses in an otherwise single-minded struggle for reform communicated through entertainment.”

Reade was also charged with hypocrisy for adapting French originals into English dramas without attributing the original authors even if, as he claimed, he did pay the French playwrights. Although everyone did it, others were not vocally opposed to the practice. In *The Eighth Commandment* Reade labelled the relevant loophole in the Anglo-French treaty the “Satanic proviso.”

Both men continued to work on copyright law reform throughout the 1870s. Reade assisted Hollingshead and Toole with the litigation in *Toole v. Young*, over an unauthorized dramatization of Hollingshead’s novel, a suit which they lost. Shortly after, Reade and Hollingshead helped found the Association to Protect the Rights of Authors. Reade also published a series of 13 letters to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on literary property and international copyright entitled *The Rights and Wrongs of Authors*. In 1875 Reade published *Trade Malice*, an attack on perceived and actual literary enemies and a further defense against the accusations of plagiarism. It may be questioned whether its principles were intended to be of wider applicability or were meant to be Reade-specific.

Partly owing to the association’s efforts, the government formed a Royal Commission on Copyright in 1875/6, on which Trollope

served. Hollingshead appeared before the commission as a witness, and submitted as evidence a document reproducing letters from novelists and jurists stating their opinions on altering the law to give novelists the right to prevent unauthorized dramatizations. Reade’s contribution said simply: “I consider it a heartless and wicked act to dramatize a story written by a dramatist, because you must know he wishes to dramatize it himself.” Since Trollope was not a dramatist and Reade was, the statement hints that he considered the dramatization of *Ralph the Heir* to be a service that prevented the waste of perfectly good property.

Trollope made a few corrections in his autobiography in 1878 after he and Reade had restored their relations to a level of civility. We can therefore suppose that his impressions of Reade in *An Autobiography* were not the result of still bitter feelings, as some, such as Coleman believed, although as noted above, Harry exercised his right to omit the offending passage. Perhaps Harry (not unreasonably) feared a libel suit brought by Reade, who lived until 1884. It is also possible that he felt lingering guilt over his own contribution by failing to prevent the adaptation.

We can conclude that Trollope’s description of Reade in his autobiography was simultaneously accurate and generous.



Note: This is an abridged version of an article published in the *Princeton University Library Chronicle*, Spring 2011.

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



York: 8th June 2011, contact peter.lee@york.ac.uk

Is he Popenjoy?

This novel, introduced by William Grant, is about power and abuse, namely by the Marquis, possibly influenced by Trollope's father. This dysfunctional family, complicated by the interdependence of the brothers, with actual and spiritual poverty making them withdraw into themselves, remedied by the vitality of the Dean of Brotherton, elicits wonderfully exuberant writing from Trollope.

We praised the union of the ingenuous Lord George and Mary leading to their enlightenment. We enjoyed unlikely scenes, including the would-be seducer Jack de Baron and Mrs Montacute Jones, a worldly fairy godmother, and agreed on good nature in Trollope's mitigation and purge of everything the Marquis embodies.

Nevertheless we had several reservations: 'Too much lazy routine writing', particularly where done *en route* to Australia. Why does the question of the Young Pretender's origins and legitimacy fizzle out so disappointingly? Why did Trollope crudely satirize the Baroness and the Ladies of the Disabilities? We wondered if this novel was transitional, as it anticipates the more assured *Ayala's Angel*, and Bagwax's comic forensic labours in the interests of truth in *John Caldigate*.

Anne Pugh

Cambridge: 26 June 2011, contact michael@thecleeve.freeseve.co.uk

Marion Fay

Michael Williamson provided a brief background: although fairly late the novel was written while Trollope was still at the height of his powers, yet had received only a lukewarm reception from contemporary reviewers. It includes many autobiographical touches such as sketches of Civil Service life and place names recalled from Trollope's youth. The

description of Marion's death from tuberculosis brought to mind the loss of Trollope's sister Cecilia. Detailed notes exist showing Trollope's plan for the exact layout of Paradise Row. The working title was originally 'Lord Hampstead', which we agreed more accurately reflected the content.

Most members thought the book was under-rated. Despite minority reservations ('the only Trollope novel I haven't liked'; 'almost more like a pastiche than the genuine article'; 'I expect happy endings from Trollope') everyone found much to enjoy. Lord Hampstead was generally thought to be more substantial and attractive than many other young 'heroes', but the chief charm lay in minor characters, such as the egregious Samuel Croker, and Lady Amaldina Hauteville with husband-to-be Lord Llwdythlw. The group felt that the latter's name was surely a Trollopean joke and intentionally unpronounceable – noting Lady Amaldina's own declaration that "When you once know how to pronounce it, it is the prettiest word that poetry ever produced!"

Kate Merrill

Cambridge: 25th September 2011, contact michael@thecleeve.freeseve.co.uk

Phineas Redux

As Michael Williamson pointed out in his introduction, Phineas was always destined to return. In fact Trollope may not have contemplated *The Pallisers* as a series until writing *Phineas Redux*. The election and subsequent corruption trial were particularly well done and very apposite with the link to the recent MPs' expenses scandal. With a murder and second trial this is an exciting book with a strong plot.

However we also see well-drawn portraits of three very different women. Lady Glendora's character develops as she becomes more involved in politics. We agreed that she is one of Trollope's most delightful creations. Lady Laura, in contrast, is a tragic figure, whose life is blighted by her fatal mistake of marrying Robert Kennedy. Her plight as a separated wife is sympathetically portrayed, with Trollope's usual understanding of women's lives at the time. We identified an interesting link between Kennedy's mental decline and that of Louis Trevelyan in *He Knew He Was Right*.

In *Madam Max* we see a more rounded, and possibly younger person than in previous encounters. Her steadfast and courageous support for Phineas gains its reward at the conclusion. She is also impressively diplomatic with Lady Glencora, whose friendship is important to her.

Many minor characters were enjoyed such as Mr Spooner and Lady Hartletpot, and the death scene of the Duke of Omnium was admired.

Trollope didn't expect readers to remember Phineas after six years, but his return in such a well plotted novel was well received on its publication, as it was by our seminar group.

Frankie Owens

York: 23rd November, 2011, contact peter.lee@york.ac.uk
The Struggles of Brown, Jones and Robinson

This anomalous novel, introduced by Tony Pook, provoked animated discussion ranging from wholly negative to qualified admiration, particularly for skilful characterisation, largely through dialogue. Most of us had reservations about the limited preoccupations, and wondered whether, given its prolonged incubation and chequered publication history, Trollope had doubts too.

The book returns to the themes of money and its absence deployed in *The Three Clerks*, a close predecessor. Despite the liveliness of the 'Goose and Gridiron' and 'Hall of Harmony', we felt the characters need more depth, freedom, and self-awareness as each struggles with compulsions. None of us warmed to them. The series of episodes provides a slack narrative, although Trollope obviously gained pleasure from Mrs Moroney and Brisket - truly of the flesh and an important, if predictable, counterweight to the fantasist Robinson. Mrs Moroney accelerates rather than signals the decline of the firm.

The use of the first-person narrative is problematic. Delectable though Trollope's ironies are at the expense of Robinson's vulgar imagination, the author's voice prevails disconcertingly.

We wondered why Trollope had strayed, in such detached and experimental fashion, into Pooterish *mediocritas*, a comparatively thin precursor to Wells and Bennett. The distorting power of the advertising world touched on a contemporary anxiety, but its dovetailing with his interest in the destructiveness of fantasy must have commended it to him. Besides this, with Barchester behind him, and the seed sown in *The Small House at Allington* awaiting *Can You Forgive Her?* to bear fruit in Palliser, does this mixed and almost offhand novel register nothing more clearly than Trollope's prospecting for gold anywhere it might be found?

Anne Pugh



Omnium Gatherum

A collection of all sorts of things of interest to Trollopians

An informal way of discussing Trollope has been adopted by eleanor.bellett@bigpond.com in Western Australia. She and one other person meet occasionally at a restaurant to exchange views on a chosen novel. After selecting the next topic they only meet again when ready, with no rush or deadline.

"A voracious reader and autodidact whose knowledge covered a remarkable range, Carron Greig assembled one of the most complete collections of Trollope first editions in private hands." So states *The Daily Telegraph* Obituary of Sir Carron Greig, Deputy Lieutenant of Hampshire, Extra Gentleman Usher, Company Director, farmer and sailor.

A question posed by Brooke Allen in *City Journal* (1993), following the New York Society Annual Dinner, is still relevant: "Why the renewed interest in Anthony Trollope? Perhaps it is because the values he exemplifies—common sense, decorum, and modesty—are values that, while unglamorous, have proven to be above price in this century of violence, upheaval, and hatred."

Simon Jenkins recently announced in *The Guardian* that "In Dickens and Trollope women are cardboard, in Austen and Eliot they are passionate and alive ..." Michael Williamson, Chairman, suggests this may have been a repetition of the 'stereotype' that only a woman can write about love, perhaps in response to an article by Jeanette Winterson. Nevertheless he suggests that anyone disagreeing with this statement should add a comment on the *Guardian* website.

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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