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24th Trollope Society Dinner

The Rt Revd Dr Geoffrey Rowell

Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe

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Editorial

Many of you will have enjoyed the splendid Annual Dinner recently held in the Peers' Dining Room of the House of Lords. After Chairman Michael Williamson's welcome, The Toast was given by the Rt Rev Dr Geoffrey Rowell, Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe. Our kind host, The Lord Cormack, DL FSA offered a reply on behalf of members and guests.

As you know, 2015 will mark the bi-centenary of the birth of Trollope and the Society will celebrate this notable event in a variety of ways. In particular we will support the Royal National Institute of Blind People (RNIB) in extending the number of Trollope titles available within their Talking Book Programme. Fortunately many titles have already been provided, but we are anxious to fill some significant omissions. It costs £1,000 for each book and so we need to raise funds over the next two years towards this worthwhile project.

We have already sponsored the inclusion of *The Vicar of Bullhampton,* available later this year, for which the RNIB have sent us the certificate reproduced on page 29. We are also hoping to fund *John Caldigate* and, if possible, *The American Senator* by 2015..

We are very grateful for all donations already received from Seminar Groups and individual Members, and any further ones should be sent to Susan Cooper, Honorary Secretary at the Society's address, clearly marked for the RNIB Appeal. Cheques should be made out to 'The Trollope Society'. Please help us to support this excellent scheme which will be of great benefit to Trollope lovers who are now blind or partially sighted.

Pamela Marshall Barrell
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Forthcoming highlights

Society Events

For full details of all Trollope Society seminar groups, and events see the enclosed Events Form, or visit www.trollopesociety.org.

Tuscany, Florence and Siena

20 - 24th September 2013

In Florence we shall attend a lecture at the British Institute, take a typical 'Victorian' walk, visit the English cemetery, and Fanny's house where Anthony met the young Kate Field. According to Victoria Glendinning in her biography *Trollope*, Kate Field described it thus:

'…. marble pillars, its grim men in armour … its majolica, its old bridal chests and carved furniture, the beautiful terra-cotta of the Virgin and Child by Orgagna, its hundred ogetti of the Cinque Cento'.

We shall also tour Sienna. The cost of £875 per person includes tours, meals and accommodation. For additional information please contact Gina Stipo on ginastipo@yahoo.com or +39 338 774 5487.

Third International Trollope Summer School

6-8th September 2013

The Third International Trollope Summer School will be held in Drumsna in County Leitrim from 6-8th September. Mary Kenny, Harumo Kayama Watanabe and Yvonne Siddle will speak, and the event will be chaired by Michael Williamson. If you would like more details please telephone either 086 151 6858, 087 767 0788, or 087 653 8425 or visit www.trollopesummerschool.com.

The Way We Lived Then and Now

31st October 2013

The 26th Annual Lecture, to be presented by Alex Preston, will be held at the National Liberal Club after the AGM. This will look at the relevance of Trollope to modern exponents of the 'State of the Nation' Novel from Sebastian Faulks to John Lanchester and Amanda Craig. *The Way We Live Now* is regularly cited as the model for attempts to address the post-financial crisis nation – what is the novel's enduring appeal and what lessons can we learn from Trollope with which to address the Britain of 2013?

Alex Preston is a bestselling novelist and journalist. His first book, *This Bleeding City*, won the Spear's and Edinburgh Festival best first book award and *The Revelations* followed in 2012. He is a panelist on *The Review Show* and *Saturday Review*, and writes regularly for *The Observer* and *New Statesman*.

Australia

8 - 21st March 2014

In 1871, Anthony and Rose sailed for Australia on the *SS Great Britain* to visit their younger son Fred on his sheep station. Anthony wrote *Lady Anna* on board, and later recorded his many travels in newspaper articles and *Australia and New Zealand*. He also wrote *Harry Heathcote* based on Fred's station and set part of *John Caldigate* in the goldfields.

Nigel Starck of the University of South Australia and Susannah Fullerton of Australians Studying Abroad have used their professional expertise to plan a literary holiday for the Trollope Society to see Anthony's Australia.

The tour begins in Sydney and ends in Melbourne. Along the way we will enjoy the Hawkesbury River, the Blue Mountains, Gulong which boasts an Opera House, colonial architecture and a pioneer museum; gold-mining country and the site of Fred's station where Nigel Starck will launch his new book on *Trollope in Australia*. In Canberra we will view Trollope's manuscript for *Australia and New Zealand*, before flying to Melbourne.

The detailed itinerary, booking forms and conditions can be downloaded from our website or contact Susannah Fullerton on fullerto@bigpond.net.au

The 24th Trollope Society Dinner

Held in The Peers' Dining Room, The House of Lords, 19th April 2013

Toast to the health of Barchesterian Society by the Rt Rev Dr Geoffrey Rowell, Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe

Barchester, you might say, has infiltrated itself into particular parts of the English DNA. It is surely not without significance that the 'daily story of country-folk', the long-running saga of *The Archers*, has as the metropolis of Ambridge, a town called 'Borchester'. Cathedral settings have a sequence in novels such as Hugh Walpole's *The Cathedral* (1922), Elizabeth Goudge's *City of Bells* (1936) and *The Dean's Watch* (1960) and, most recently, Susan Howatch's series of Starbridge novels.

It is not surprising either that serious studies of the Church of England should have raided Trollope for their titles. I have two on my shelves: Dr Clive Dewey's *The Passing of Barchester – a Real Life Version of Trollope* (1991) and Philip Barrett's fine study of English cathedral life in the 19th century called simply, and appropriately, *Barchester* (1993).

As members of this society will know well Trollope in his *Autobiography* tells of how the first of the Barchester novels came to be:

> "In the course of my job with the General Post Office I visited Salisbury, and whilst wandering there one midsummer evening round the purlieus of the cathedral I conceived the story of *The Warden* – from whence came that series of novels of which Barchester, with its bishops, deans and archdeacon, was the central site. I may as well declare at once that no one at their commencement could have less reason than myself to presume himself to be able to write about clergymen. I have often been asked in what period of my early life I have lived so long in a cathedral city as to have become intimate with the ways of a Close. I have never lived in any cathedral city, - except London, never knew anything of any Close, and at that time had enjoyed no particular intimacy with any clergyman. My archdeacon, who has been said to be lifelike, and for whom I confess that I have all a parent's fond affection, was, I think, the simple result of an effort of my moral consciousness".

The Rt Rev Dr Geoffrey Rowell, Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe
Photo by David Glass

And yet Trollope was not unaware of the church context on which he drew. The Attorney-General, Sir Abraham Haphazard, whom the Warden, Septimus Harding, endeavours to see, and eventually does at a late hour of the evening, is engaged in steering through the House of Commons the Convent Custody Bill, a Bill with a prodigious number of clauses. 1855, when *The Warden* was first published, was only a few years after the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill which prohibited the newly restored Roman Catholic hierarchy from assuming titles of places where there was already a Bishop of the Church of England. So we read in *The Warden*:

> "The hundred and seventh ordered the bodily searching of nuns for Jesuitical symbols by aged clergymen, and was considered to be the real mainstay of the whole Bill. No intention had ever existed to pass such a law as that proposed, but the government did not intend to abandon it till their object was fully attained by the discussion of this clause. It was known that it would be insisted on with terrible vehemence by Protestant Irish members, as vehemently denounced by the Roman Catholic; and it was justly considered that no further union between the parties would be possible after such a battle".

Mr Harding, looking down from the gallery on the Commons' debate, sees a florid-faced Irish MP in full flight saying that "It can be no Christian country, in which the head of the bar, the lagal adviser of the crown – can stand up in his seat in this house … and attempt to lagalise indecent assaults on the bodies of religious ladies".

This is the world of 19th century no-Popery and anti-Catholicism. It is the world of novels such as *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk* and books with titles like *The Female Jesuit or a Spy in the Family*; or *Jesuit Juggling: Forty Popish Frauds Detected and Disclosed*. Dr Peter L'Estrange, whom many years ago I supervised for his doctorate on the English Province of the Jesuits, delved into the anti-Jesuit strand of this no-popery literature and uncovered some bizarre episodes, of which my two favourites are firstly, a report that Jesuits disguised as Amazons had landed on the Lincolnshire coast and, secondly, a report that someone had seen Jesuits mounted on dromedaries exercising on Hampstead Heath! Convents and the supposed goings-on in them, flagellation with the discipline, and the intrusion into family life, by confessors asking improper questions of respectable married women, all provided narratives which good, upright Protestants could read with propriety and yet have the *frisson* of forbidden sexuality. Anglo-Catholics could also be caught into the same genre with their importing of Popish practices into the Church of England, including convents, as a woman was overheard to say when Dr Pusey went to a church to preach: "There's that Dr Pusey, which is such a friend to the Pope!"

But the ecclesiastical world that Trollope portrays, for all his protestation that he had no immediate personal contact with it, has a verisimilitude with the reality. An example is Mr Harding, killing time before his meeting with Sir Abraham Haphazard, taking refuge in Westminster Abbey and attending morning service, hoping doubtless to have the musical accompaniment to which as Precentor of Barchester he had given such attention. The attendance is not great: an old woman and "a couple of young ladies with their veils down, and gilt crosses conspicuous on their prayer books, an old man on crutches, a party who were seeing the abbey, and thought they might as well hear the service for their twopence".

> "The minor canon … hurried in, somewhat late, in a surplice not in the neatest order, and was followed by a dozen choristers, who were also not as trim as they might have been: they all jostled into their places with a quick hurried step, and the service soon commenced. Soon commenced and soon over – for there was no music, and time was not unnecessarily lost in the chanting".

Dean Merewether at Hereford endeavoured to reform this kind of performance and was met with opposition from the Canons. He expressed his exasperation in no uncertain terms:

> "Is it because I was not content with the plain reading of the Morning Service by one vicar which no residentiary canon ever attended and the evening chanting by two only on that sacred day, but have pressed the re-establishment of both in their regular and proper mode, and have myself assisted by reading the lessons at those services? … Is it because by my efforts and perserverance the Chaunts, the Choral Services, and the Anthems in the morning and evening daily service have been restored, whereas when I first came amongst them they had been content with having only on Wednesdays and Fridays a chaunt through the psalms and services, and to suffer the evening service of every day of the week to be hurried through without an anthem and only one monotonous chaunt throughout the psalms? … Is it because I have reminded some members of the body that both they and their families have largely, very largely, benefitted by its profits, have advocated the performance of duty before the indulgence of luxury, and the necessary demands of the Church before the gratification of family requirements?"

That last sentence surely encapsulates the kind of situation which Trollope described in *The Warden*, of inappropriate benefits from ancient endowments, although I am not sure that Trollope ever reproduced an equivalent of Merewether's successor as Dean Richard Dawes, who regularly, together with the longest serving Canon of the cathedral, Lord Saye and Sele, fell asleep during sermons, "the latter covering his face with a handkerchief soaked in eau-de-cologne". The acerbic Hensley Henson's remarks about a later Dean, the Honourable James Wentworth Leigh, could well have been a character sketch by Trollope:

> "He belonged to the traditional type of Dean. Well born and well bred, with a good presence, a hearty manner, and a kindly disposition, he was everywhere welcome. Even his zeal for total abstinence was condoned as a harmless eccentricity and it was counterbalanced by his prominence as a freemason".

In the first decades of the 19th century the Church of England could still be described as the most medieval church in Christendom, for disparities of endowment, the network of patronage, the accumulation of livings held in plurality, had all simply grown up by historical accident and accretion. It was an easy target for utilitarian reformers. As Clive Dewey analysed the situation in *Barchester Observed: a Real Life Version of Trollope*, judicious use of patronage could bring about mucb needed reforms, and he shows in that book how Dean Lyall of Canterbury with his old High Church connections was able to use the system to good ends. Bishop Spark of Ely used his patronage to provide livings for his family, so that it was said you could find your way in the diocese by the sparklets in the fens. But Dean Lyall was "a broker in a hierarchy of patronage. He obtained preferment from patrons above him and distributed preferment to his relatives below. At the same time he rose by merit". "Patronage was the Trojan Horse through which the arrivistes entered the Church, because patronage was so much more than mere selection; it preserved the clergy's social cachet – the great attraction of a clerical career for the upwardly mobile". Many of Lyall's relatives had significant clerical careers, but even those who didn't could be wistful about what might have been. As Sir James Lyall who became govenor of a major province in India wrote: "a parson's life would have suited me well, or perhaps would suit me now that I have seen the folly of some other's aspirations – most of us have a considerable insight into other people's character and a liberal way of judging them, which I take to be one grand qualification for the [life] of a clergyman". Perhaps that is part of the clue to the attractiveness of Trollope's Barchester in an age

in which both church and society are very different from when Trollope wrote. Two quotes from members of the Lyall family in the early 1870s reflect the meshing of class and clergy in a way which Trollope might have recognized. The first from a Lyall widow:

> "The Cathedral has gained little by the coming of the Rawlinsons – but it is in no respect superior to the time when I first knew it. The present Deanery and his family are really grievously below par socially. I could not dine at the Denaery when asked, but I went to [a] party there – and I assure you Mrs Burridge looked quite 'aristocratic' compared with the greater part of the assembly as well as the host and his family".

'The second from Sir Alfred Lyall in 1873:

> "When the Church of England loses its social rank … it will sink rapidly".

The world of Barchester, the world of an old order of deference and social hierarchy, observed by Trollope with a keen eye for the endlessly intriguing foibles of human relationships played out in the context of small, interconnected communities, can still reproduce itself in many other contexts and places. In the Church of England today, where appointments are governed by the ramifications of Equality Acts and Data Protection; where Curacy Reviews run to 17 pages of A4 with four columns, partly to ensure that no priest can ever sue the church for not providing him or her with sufficient training to ensure appointment or preferment; where a box-ticking culture threatens to strangle vocation, spiritual growth, and the natural human relations that are at the heart of the church's life – might well defeat a present-day Trollope to write similar novels today – and even an ecclesiastical version of *Yes, Minister* might struggle to be free from bureaucratic suffocation. As one of my episcopal colleagues said at a Bishops' meeting when yet another package of paper on process was rolled out: "We are breaking under the burden of good practice". If I am faced with a choice between this and the world of Barchester, I think I prefer Barchester. And on that note I ask you to rise and drink the health of this Barchesterian society!

The Reply to the Toast was made by our kind host The Lord Cormack DL FSA.

A Chronicle of Sermons and Scoundrels

by Patrick Hosking

Patrick Hosking is Financial Editor of The Times.

It was the dead of winter and snow was falling on Barchester. But in the cathedral close, no one so much as glanced at the white blanket prettifying the ancient buttresses, cloisters and almshouses. There was only one topic in the drawing rooms of the clergymen of the city — the departure of old bishop Mervyn and the imminent arrival of his successor, a Mr Carney, an unknown quantity.

"My dear, he's from the colonies," whispered the wife of a minor canon, with a barely suppressed shudder.

"His views on the liturgy are distinctly unorthodox," mused a sad chaplain, who could feel his chances of preferment fading. Mr Carney's writ would shape all their lives, and those of the townsfolk.

"They say his wife has opinions of her own," hissed a disapproving prebendary.

They looked at one another over their teacups. Who could forget the last time the cathedral chapter was dominated by a bishop's consort — the redoubtable Mrs Proudie, an intolerant, stony-hearted woman whose radical Sabbatarian leanings had divided the city and made whist on Sundays unthinkable.

At the palace, Bishop Mervyn sat on a packing case, brooding. All around him was evidence of his departure. His trunks were packed and the furniture was already gone. A wonky sprig of holly told of Christmas Day just past and a new year dawning. But the old bishop was thinking not of the future but of his legacy.

He peered owlishly at a page of *The Jupiter* for the umpteenth time and frowned. There it was in black and white: a leader suggesting that his eight years at Barchester had not been an altogether ringing success.

He and his clerical brethren were accused of standing idly by while Barchester descended into — what had *The Jupiter* called it? — "a pit of wickedness and sin more appropriate to Sodom and Gomorrah than a West Country cathedral city".

A crotchety stickler on occasions, old Mervyn was nevertheless fair-minded. He conceded to himself that some in Barchester had strayed from the paths of righteousness. The town's money-lenders and bankers in particular seemed to have been caught up in swindle after swindle in recent years. Crime was up and church attendance was down.

But was that his fault? Did no one listen to his sermons? What about that corker on moral hazard only the other day? Impeccably argued, it was enough to give even the most unprincipled scoundrel pause for thought. He kicked moodily at a hassock. What did those small-minded scribblers at *The Jupiter* know? Some of his theological work would stand the test of time and be remembered long after the town's pecuniary setbacks had faded from memory. Not least was his dazzling treatise irrefutably settling for all time just how many angels could dance on the head of a pin.

Just then a pink-coated butler entered the study. Was his lordship ready for evensong?

Sighing, the bishop adjusted his mitre and toyed with his crozier, then brightened. It wasn't too late. He could still preach one last sermon. If only the wretched townsfolk would listen this time . . .

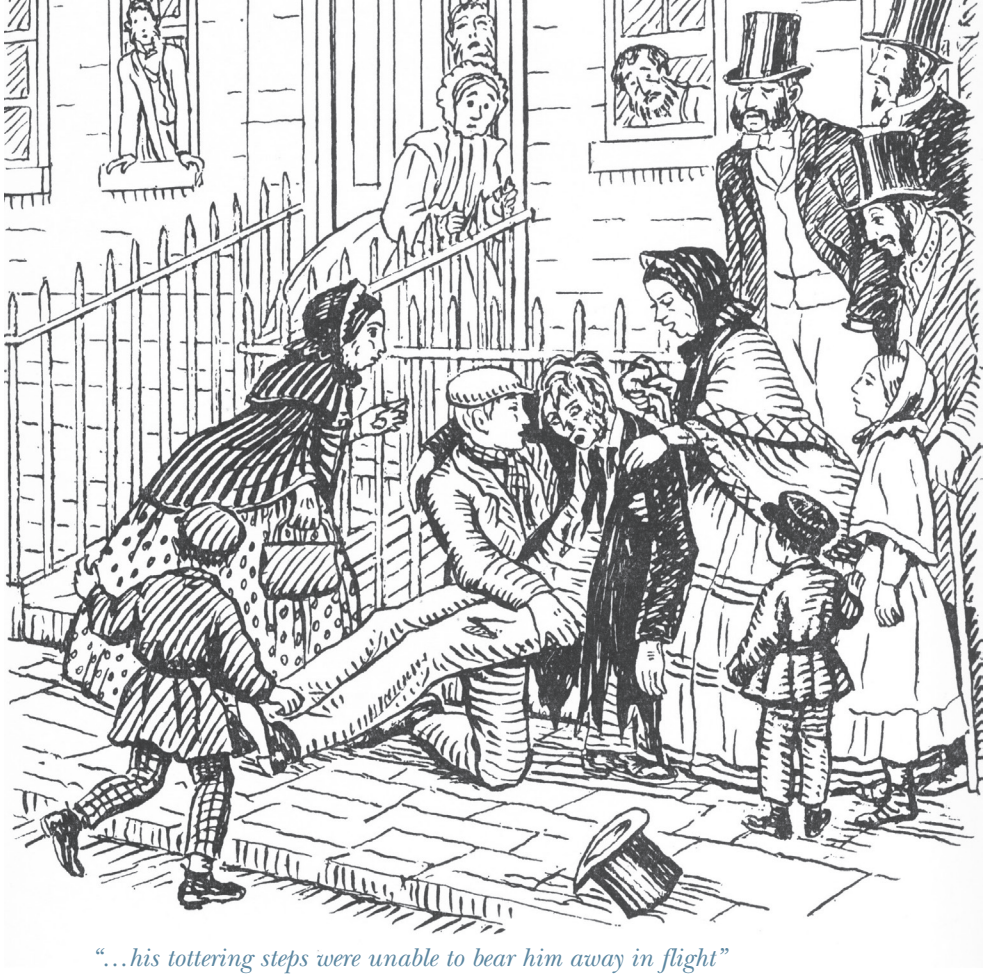
Down in the town, the peal of the cathedral bells could barely be heard above the roistering, the fighting and the drunkenness in the taverns. It was the day of the year when the counting houses and banks of the town paid annual gratuities to their employees.

At the *Dragon of Wantley*, once a respectable coaching inn, the scene was one of debauchery and criminality. Merchants and other swindlers casually picked the pockets of customers, while the town's more credulous tradespeople were queueing to lay wagers on a rigged card game.

The dean, a clever and ambitious bouffant-haired cleric by the name of Adair Turner, was on his way to the cathedral. He peered through the doorway at the Saturnalia within and sniffed with distaste. "If that's not socially useless, what is?" he remarked to himself.

He was about to stride off when he stopped in his tracks, amazed. Wasn't that one of his own clerical colleagues making merry with the very worst of the revellers? It couldn't be, surely?

"Mr Sants?" he shouted into the smoky, noisy din. "Hector! My dear fellow, is that you? What in Heaven's name are you doing in this abominable place?"



"…his tottering steps were unable to bear him away in flight"
illustration by Gwen Raverat in The Bedside Barsetshire compiled by Lance O. Tingay

The man started up guiltily. His clerical collar was askew. He held a foaming tankard in one hand while brandishing gaming dice in the other. He was surrounded by some of the town's more notorious merchants, who appeared to be stuffing his pockets with gold coins.

"Ah, Adair," he said. "This isn't how it looks, I do assure you. Let me explain."

Mr Sants launched into a garbled speech about how he'd thought long and hard and had come to the reluctant conclusion that the only way to combat sinfulness in the town was by joining the recusants and reforming them from the inside.

"Oh, and, by the way, it's not Mr any more. It's Sir Hector."

But Turner was already fleeing the hostelry in horror.

Ten miles from the city in the village of Plumstead Episcopi, the mood was no brighter. The archdeacon, Paul Tucker, gazed out of the window, scowled at the falling snow and cursed his ill fortune. For months, he'd been regarded by all of Barsetshire as the favourite to succeed Mervyn. For years he'd burnished his credentials as the county's soundest, most sagacious clergyman. Tucker really understands Barchester, everyone had said. Tucker never puts a foot astray. Tucker has bottom. Then came disaster.

If only he'd kept more of a distance from that infernal Yankee money-lender — what was his name, Diamond Bob? Tucker shuddered as he recalled how his hopes had come tumbling down. He compared his own stalled vocational path to that of another churchman, Stephen Green, a lay preacher who had also chaired one of the city's largest commercial houses, HSBC (Hawkers and Stockjobbers of Barchester & Co). HSBC had just been implicated in financing a huge smuggling ring at the time Green was in charge. Yet his reward was a peerage and a government post at the Board of Trade.

Tucker threw another log on the fire and long into the night pondered on ambition, patronage and fate.

Back in Barchester, evensong was over. Bishop Mervyn cut a solitary figure as he wandered back to the palace. The junior canons and laity ignored him as they eagerly clustered round those they perceived as the coming ecclesiastical men — Messrs Bailey, Wheatley and Haldane. Night was falling. Suddenly, from the other side of the close walls came the sound of shouts and screaming. Some horrid new atrocity was being perpetrated in the town.

The assembled clergymen paused for a moment, shook their heads in sorrow, then returned to their agreeable discussion of ecumenical instability, the desirability of ringfencing (of Sunday schools) and the latest doctrinal shift from Basel.

This article was first printed in The Times *dated 29 December 2012.*

Is Mr Scarborough a Good Father?

by Roger Harvey

Roger Harvey is an active society member who convenes the Oxford Seminar Group.

Mr Scarborough's Family, one of Trollope's later novels, was serialization in *All The Year Round* from 27th May 1882 to 16th June 1883 and bisected by his death on 6th December 1882. It is thus a work in which Trollope, an elderly man with two grown-up sons, explored the relationships between an elderly man and his two grown-up sons. My question "is Mr Scarborough a good father?" arises from the coincidence of mulling over my Introduction for an Oxford seminar, whilst also reading Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*. A couple of paragraphs were particularly apposite in providing links between Butler and Trollope, and links between *The Way of All Flesh* and *Mr Scarborough's Family*.

Samuel Butler had the same life-span as Trollope, being born 20 years after him but dying 20 years later. Both were public school educated, unlike most 19th century canonical authors (although it must be added that Butler's scholastic career was more successful than Trollope's, with a First in Classics from St John's, Cambridge). He had, like Trollope, a clerical grandfather. Actually Trollope had two, but Butler additionally had a clerical father.

As a young man Butler was sent to New Zealand in order to divert him from his chosen path as an artist. He was able to use this experience to write *Erewhon* (and, 29 years later, *Erewhon Revisited*) in the same way Trollope used his experiences in Ireland to launch his novel-writing career with *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* and *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*. *Erewhon* was published in 1872, the same year Trollope visited New Zealand.

Butler also used his writing not only to entertain but to express social concerns, as did Trollope. Both Butler's *Erewhon* and Trollope's *The New Zealander* (although not published until 1872) were written to express concerns.

In particular, I was struck by the fact that Butler and Trollope wrote *The Way of All Flesh* and *Mr Scarborough's Family* at around the same period of the 19th century and would therefore have reflected that time-specific society in their novels. Butler started *The Way of All Flesh* in the early 1870s but put it away in 1884; it was finally published in 1903, the year after he died: as it was strongly autobiographical he did not want it published whilst he was alive in case it upset his family.

Butler noted of his own father: "He never liked me, nor I him; from my earliest recollections I can call to mind no time when I did not fear him and dislike him". It is therefore unsurprising that *The Way of All Flesh* is deeply concerned with the relationships between parents and children. In Chapter Five Butler's narrator, Overton, "a small boy at the beginning of the 19th century", observes that:

> "It must be remembered that at the beginning of the 19th century the relations between parents and children were still far from satisfactory. The violent type of father, as described by Fielding, Richardson, Smollett and Sheridan, is now hardly more likely to find a place in literature than the original advertisement of Messrs. Fairlie & Pontifex's Pious Country Parishioner, but the type was much too persistent not to have been drawn from nature closely. The parents in Miss Austen's novels are less like savage wild beasts than those of her predecessors, but she evidently looks upon them with suspicion, and an uneasy feeling that *le père de famille est capable de tout* makes itself sufficiently apparent throughout the greater part of her writings. In the Elizabethan time the relations between parents and children seem on the whole to have been more kindly. The fathers and the sons are for the most part friends in Shakespeare, nor does the evil appear to have reached its full abomination till a long course of Puritanism had familiarized men's minds with Jewish ideals as those which we should endeavour to reproduce in our everyday life. What precedents did not Abraham, Jephthah and Jonadab the son of Rechab offer? How easy was it to quote and follow them in an age when few reasonable men or women doubted that every syllable of the Old Testament was taken down verbatim from the mouth of God? Moreover, Puritanism restricted natural pleasures; it substituted the Jeremiad for the Pæan, and it forgot that the poor abuses of all times want countenance".

The quotation resonated with me because of its concern with the relationships between parents and children and because of its focus on

literary sources to explore first how that had changed over time, and secondly the extent to which "the violent type of father" had persisted into the 19th century. Butler contrasts that form of father, "as described by Fielding, Richardson, Smollett and Sheridan", with the parents in Miss Austen's novels, "less like savage beasts". He goes on to note that, nonetheless:

"… she evidently looks upon them with suspicion, and an uneasy feeling that *le pere de famille est capable de tout* makes itself sufficiently apparent throughout the greater part of her writings".

This is substantially true, though perhaps a little overstated. Her fictional fathers are predominantly guilty of various forms of benign neglect: Mr Dashwood died too quickly, Mr Bennet ignored his daughters' problems, Lieutenant Price and the Rev Richard Morland fathered large families, and Mr Woodhouse demonstrated relentless hypochondriac selfishness. I think the only father who can be described as achieving active malignity is the vain, improvident, and deeply partial Sir Walter Elliot.

If this uneasy feeling about parents does emerge in her novels, biographical considerations suggest that it may not necessarily have been Austen's observations of society as a whole which prompted the suspicion. David Nokes in his life of Jane Austen wrote:

> "To a child of eight, this sudden loss of yet another brother confirmed how much the home she lived in resembled the strange enchanted lands she read about in fairy tales. One brother [George], whom she had never known, had been mysteriously banished and locked away like a prisoner in some dark and lonely dungeon, his name never mentioned and his affliction unknown. Another brother [Edward], whom she knew and loved, was now mysteriously singled out for glory and riches, like a foundling prince in disguise who had been reclaimed by his true royal parents and taken to a palace in some faraway country. Where would she be taken? What would these people, who called themselves her mother and her father, do with her?"

It is quite possible, therefore, that Austen's suspicion expressed in her novels is not so much a reflection of society around her at the end of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th, as a generalization from her own particular experiences. Trollope himself, of course, had a difficult relationship with his father, which most people are inclined to blame on his father's harsh character. He notes in *An Autobiography* that (like the infant Ernest Pontifex) he was subjected to painful efforts at education by his father from his "very babyhood" - painful both

literally and metaphorically - though Trollope's failings around 1820 were punished by hair-pulling rather than the whippings of Ernest in the fictional 1840s. Trollope adds the words: "I cannot bethink me of aught that he ever did for my gratification": a persistent parental sin of omission to be added to several sins actually committed by Thomas Anthony Trollope.

In *Mr Scarborough's Family*, Mr Scarborough clearly believes that he is a good father, and a better father than most: when Harry Annesley visits him in Chapter Eight, Mr Scarborough tells him:

> "I have done the best I could for my two sons; and in doing it have denied myself many advantages. How many a man would have spent his money on himself, thinking nothing of his boys, and then have gone to his grave with all the dignity of a steady Christian father. Of the two men I prefer myself, but I know that I have been a liar".

However, it is clear that besides Mr Scarborough's notions of parenthood and his up-and-down father-and-son relationships with Mountjoy and Augustus, there are two additional and powerful elements at work in his parental activities: his cavalier approach to the law and his detestation of the law of entail. These two appear at times dominant in Mr Scarborough's psyche, so much so that he appears to treat Mountjoy and Augustus as pawns rather than as his flesh and blood. His treatment of Augustus is, at the end, violent: not physically violent but, in its own form, as violent as any abuse, physical or mental, which Ernest Pontifex experiences in *The Way of All Flesh,* and much more violent than anything Austen's characters experience. Does this make him a bad or a good father? There are few relationships that, on both sides, are as subjective as those of parent and child. These inform the perspective of the reader as well as the views of the fictional father, mother, daughter or son. As someone who seeks to be compliant with the law, who has had no necessity to concern himself on the subject of entails, and who believes in treating his children equally, I veer towards the view that he is a bad man and a bad father. But, of course, reading Trollope over many years has taught me that such situations are never black and white, that all characters (or nearly all) are a blend of the good and the bad, and that most judgements on such matters are complex and usually faulty.

The above was delivered to the Oxford Seminar group in December 2012.

Your letters

If you have any questions, comments or observations on anything related to Torllope, '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 Members

In this year of 2013, when we are celebrating the 150th anniversary of the opening of the first underground railway which ran from Paddington Station to the Farringdon Street Terminus, we should remember that Trollope was among the first imaginative writers to incorporate this development into his fictional world.

He was quick off the mark when planning *The Claverings* in late 1863, in having his protagonist, Harry, work for the engineers for the new line. The novel was written between 14th August and 31st December 1864, for serialization from January 1864, but George Smith, publisher of the *Cornhill Magazine*, delayed it from February 1866 until May 1867. The delay in itself is unimportant, but it obscures the topicality of Trollope's fiction. Perhaps this accounts for the joke in *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1866-67) that Johnny Eames requires an Austrian passport in order to visit Venice "as was necessary in those bygone days of Venetia's thralldom". These 'bygone days' were the period up to 1866, the year publication of the *Last Chronicle* commenced and Venetia was incorporated into the new Kingdom of Italy, having been ruled by Austria since 1815. The 13 months' delay in publication of *The Claverings* sets the novel back into similarly 'bygone' days. We cannot understand what was so exciting about Trollope's novels of the 1860s if we ignore that their topicality was such that a year was an age. As far as the underground is concerned, the novelist soon absorbed it into his action, and in the mid 'seventies both Sir Felix Carbury and Ferdinand Lopez use the new line under the Victoria Embankment to move between their brokers' and clubs. Despite the morals of these two characters, there is no association made between the underground railway and the infernal regions.

Professor David Skilton

Dear Ms Barrell

I am writing on behalf of the Governors of the Library to thank [the Society] for your generous donations of various editions of *Trollopiana* to the Irish Periodicals Collections.

It is support of this kind that helps make the Linen Hall Library [Belfast] the unrivalled resource that it is.

George Priestley OBE

Dear Pamela

…The Palliser Estate is a significant wine producing company in the Martinborough region of the North Island. … Most of the wine companies in the region are family affairs. The Palliser* estate is not so and … the boss … is the senior business person representing several outside investors. I do know his agent in the UK and could contact him re the supply of Palliser wines for a subsequent annual dinner … I remember, some years ago, when Ayala Champagne** was served at dinner.

The wine company is named after Cape Palliser, a nearby geographical feature which in turn was named after an admiral who had sailed with Darwin as a young officer. Anthony's visit to New Zealand was after the publication of the first Palliser novels. The 'sous-marque' of the Palliser Estate is Pencarrow, which is interesting to me as a long time Cornish resident.

I returned home via Melbourne and stayed with a relative at Croydon, a north eastern suburb. I noticed that the next town up the Yarra valley is called Lilydale…

John Hawes

* Members on the original tour of Ireland in 2006 discovered that the a Rev Bury Palliser baptized Trollope's two sons during their stay in Clonmel.

** At the recent dinner in the House of Lords, members enjoyed *Lord Chiltern's Hunting Cup, Lord De Terrier's Partiality, Lady Glencora's Delight , Lady Eustace's Downfall*, and the *Duke of St Bungay's Particular.*

Anthony Trollope's South Africa

by Dr Edna Bradlow
Adapted by Tony Westby-Nunn

First published in London 1877. 4th Edition 1878. Abridged 1879 from the 4th edition by the author. Reprinted 1968, Dawsons of Pall Mall with introduction and notes by J.H. Davidson, 1973.

Anthony Trollope is best known for his Barsetshire novels, but he also produced further insightful works: "In all his styles and on every topic, he always told the truth as he saw it".

Between 1857-1867 Trollope travelled extensively whilst writing several political-travel commentaries, a lesser-known one being *South Africa*, completed within 12 months. His visit coincided with that of Theophilus Shepstone (Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal) who proclaimed annexation by Britain.

The introduction to Volume I is, broadly speaking, a case for racial acculturation. Trollope considered the best way to show friendship to the indigenous inhabitants was to ensure that terms for blacks and whites were fair, and thought work alone would civilize Africans. This close 'connection' between the races contradicted "the friend of the aboriginal", Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and his 'Exeter Hall' adherents.

Trollope acknowledged gratitude to officials, parliamentarians, governors and judges "without whose aid my task would have been hopeless". He acknowledged his unsuitability to write this history, but wanted to do so in order to make existing conditions intelligible.

Despite crises such as the Frontier Wars, Trollope emphasized improvements in education, and the genesis of an English Parliamentary and legal system. The attitudes of individual governors depended primarily on the extent to which the interests of the colonists were conceived as paramount. The 'Anti-Convict Agitation' of 1849 is a case in point. It signified the local inhabitants' opposition to the Colonial Office's plans to settle conflicts at the Cape, on the grounds that the colony would be adversely affected.

Trollope introduced "the great question of the day" – Federation - twice, in virtually the same terms. The passing, in Britain in 1877, of the *Federation Permissive Bill*, led to his conclusion that it should also be passed immediately in South Africa, although he later queried its practicality and advisability.

In Volume I, Chapters Four to Six, Trollope outlined how the various parts of South Africa were to be constituted and ruled with "fitness to vote", ultimately for all men.

In 1854 Representative Government was introduced. In 1872, under Responsible Government, the Cape achieved, in Trollope's phrase, "the acme of independence". Against this background Chapter Five describes physical and cultural features and components of the population in terms of descent, social importance, religion, and labour supply.

Trollope travelled by sea from Cape Town to the Eastern Province, on to Natal, and overland to the Transvaal, the Diamond Fields and the Orange Free State (OFS): he was fully aware of the "awful nature of the enterprise"; such 1,500 mile journey in "rough circumstances" which "struck my very soul with dismay". The slow-moving "mail conveniences" were "quite unfitted" for a man of his age, often held up by impassable rivers, dying horses and occasionally, dying passengers. At this stage Trollope engaged a privately equipped vehicle.

Britain took possession of Natal in 1843, and Trollope provided comprehensive information on the introduction of Indian labour and the development of sugar. During the 1850s government-sponsored British and German Settlement Schemes further increased European numbers. The essential component of Natal's indigenous population was the Zulu, a militant group with a problematic relationship with whites. Dissension within the tribe further increased white immigration.

A leading white figure was J. W. Colenso, Bishop of Natal from 1853, who attempted to "uplift" the indigenous Zulu people. He learnt their language and produced Zulu publications, including a Scriptural translation considered "peculiar" by Trollope.

Relations between the Zulu and the British deteriorated further when Lord Chelmsford invaded Zululand in 1879. The initial defeat of the British Force was followed by the Zulu reversal at Ulundi. Cetshwayo, then Zulu leader, was exiled to Cape Town.

Trollope described the capital of Natal, Pietermaritzburg, as the place he probably liked best in South Africa:

> "… the one in which the native element is the most prominent", where blacks performed almost all "the manual and domestic work".

He provided basic information on the prices of food and clothing, and commented on the excellence of after-dinner speeches! He thought Zulu families in Natal were unique in occupying kraals (different from government-granted locations), providing the men worked for wages. He even visited post offices, "feeling certain that I may be able to give a little good advice", which never appears to have been accepted!

Trollope followed the main route from Durban via Newcastle and Heidelberg, the only place between Newcastle and Pretoria "worthy" of the term "town". Its inhabitants were learning "to spend money". His empathy was obvious in his analysis that farms were too large and the consequent distances between them isolated the population causing problems ranging from education to "freying" (making love)!

In Volume II, Chapter Two, Trollope analyzed Britain's relationship with the Transvaal, extended to deal with the Boers in South Africa generally. Britain recognized Transvaal independence, prohibited slavery, and barred alliances with Africans north of the Vaal river. Following ownership disputes of the recently discovered diamond diggings, the Keate Award in 1871 strengthened the opposition of the Boer Republics to the British role north of the Orange River.

Trollope admitted he thought Shepstone's annexation of the Transvaal was precipitate but justified. His argument of it being beneficial to all is somewhat dubious, but it undoubtedly improved the economic position of the Transvaal, in particular being linked to British financial institutions.

Chapter Four introduces Pretoria, the Transvaal capital succeeding Potchefstroom. Trollope's description of its educational system suggests a diverse problem.

By the time Trollope reached the Zoutspansberg (northern salt pans), he was clearly exhausted:

> "… my heart began to turn homeward very strongly. I had come out to see Pretoria, and having seen it, was intent upon seeing London once again".

Chapter Five indicates his impressions before the exploitation of the Witwatersrand goldfields where his prediction of success was premature.

Subsequent halts were at Potchefstroom (educational/religious centre founded in 1838 by Voortrekker A H Potgieter, where an opening shot began the Boer War); Klerksdorp (named after J. de Clercq), and Maquassi, an area claimed by the Transvaal. Griqualand West, known in England as the Diamond Fields, following a few days of extremely uncomfortable travel, led Trollope again to compare the merits of private conveyance and public mail cart. He now found the latter less stressful.

"The British cabinet system, he commented, was 'particularly open' to mistakes."

The Diamond Fields had for some years been a separate Crown Colony, governed by what Trollope referred to as "a resident administrator". The Colonial Office however, to avoid additional expense, was negotiating its annexation to the Cape. Yet again Trollope raised the subject of the enfranchisement of blacks, which he personally felt was "not at all adapted to the population of the Diamond Fields". When annexation was ratified in 1879 they were the "richest diamond fields in the world".

The town's hub was Kimberley mine, a man-made circular "crater" in the town centre. Trollope described the "weird and wonderful" site of the Big Hole by moonlight, which "may almost be called sublime in its peculiar strangeness"; a site he recommended be seen by every visitor. In 1877 the census return for the adjacent area recorded 18,000 residents making it the second largest town, with 10,000 "coloured" and 3,200 white females.

Again Trollope reiterated that it is "essentially necessary" to remember Africa is a land of black men, and that the most desirable "progress" is to induce them to live like whites. "Civilizing" by religion or philanthropy, he regarded as "terribly slow"; by contrast, love of money "works very fast", and blacks come to places like Kimberley because of the "loveliness" of earning regular weekly wages. Work, he

again emphasized (like T. H. Huxley) is "the greatest civilizer of the world". When he looked down on the workers in the Kimberley mine he felt he was "looking at three or four thousand growing Christians". He regarded Kimberley as one of the most interesting places in the world, where "the work of civilizing a savage is being carried on with so signal a success".

Yet the town itself was "distasteful" with heat, flies, poor food and "hideous" corrugated buildings. The diamond quality was variable, cutting inefficient, and dealing precarious. Nevertheless the Colony benefited from increased customs duties, public expenditure and dividend-paying companies.

Trollope opened his section on the OFS with general remarks on British Colonial policy, before opining that "the right course has not been plainly seen". The British cabinet system, he commented, was "particularly open" to mistakes.

While the Transvaal and OFS shared similar histories, their differences could be attributed to individual authorities and their relationships with the indigenous rulers. In 1848 the area north of the Orange River was constituted the Orange River Sovereignty (British territory) whose relations with the Sotho were regulated by law. In England the new colony was neither popular nor profitable, and consequently the British withdrew.

In 1860 M. W. Pretorius, son of Andries Pretorius, was elected OFS president. Faced with insurmountable difficulties, he resigned and in 1864 was replaced by J. H. Brand who was re-elected four times and still in occupation when Trollope wrote *South Africa*.

Continued hostilities between the Sotho and the OFS (1868) resulted in Sotho's incorporation into the British Empire "to escape the wrath of their Dutch enemies". Eventually the OFS accepted the boundary drawn up by the British. Trollope attributed the Republic's socio-economic prosperity to the good fortune that the Diamond Fields had to be "reached through" this area. Trollope dismissed the English belief that, once prosperous, the OFS would apply, yet again, for British protection.

There was no census for registering the size of the population, which comprised twice as many whites as "coloureds". Most of the farmers were Dutch, with some British stock. Knowledge of English was useful, and the OFS Boer seems to have been better educated than the Transvaaler. The Volksraad (parliament) comprised a single chamber of 54 members, one for each town, elected for four years, "almost exclusively by the rural interest"; yet wealth was largely in English hands. Executive power was under presidential control, assisted by a council of five members. Elected for five years, under the Constitution the president could be re-elected for any number of terms, a provision in process of being reduced to one four-year term.

Trollope's infinite detail ranges from the collection of customs dues; burgher military service; voting rights; land grants; and the duties of officials. Black exclusion from voting rights, would, he commented, be inadmissible in a constitution such as the British "which is absolutely and vehemently opposed to any exclusion based on colour".

Bloemfontein, capital of the Republic, was laid out on land originally acquired from local Africans. Trollope described it as "a pleasant little town", in the "very centre" of South Africa, "requiring much labour and trouble in reaching and leaving". Its dry climate was beneficial to lung sufferers. In the "excellent" schools "the English language is elbowing out the Dutch". The Inspector of Schools was John Brebner, Scottish-born Presbyterian minister with enlightened ideas. In church matters, 16 of the 18 Dutch Reformed congregations received "government support"; as in the Transvaal, congregants travelled every three months by wagon to celebrate Nagmaal. Though the British had "repudiated" the OFS, Trollope found it "singular" that the local Dutch authorities accepted an Anglican bishop appointed in England, to administer religious affairs with the congregation praying in English for the Queen, before the Presidential blessing.

'Native Territories' in the final section consists of potted histories, biographies and excerpts from official records. However, in Chapter 14 Trollope pronounced the coast between East London and Durban to be "the prettiest". He visited Thaba Nchu ("native town constructed with some idea of municipal regularity") with J. F. R. K. Höhne, whose negotiations during the Diamond Fields dispute in 1870 had resulted in £90,000 compensation from the British.

Trollope then proceeded to the Transkei between the Great Kei River and Natal, including three "thriving" towns and a number of Xhosa-speaking, politically independent tribes. "There is nothing more puzzling in South Africa", Trollope noted, "than the genealogy and nomenclature of the Kafir [*sic*] tribes".

His discussion included marriage customs, adultery and lobola. He refuted the assertion often made at the time, even in the House of Commons, that "wives are bought and sold among the Kafirs" [*sic*].

However he admitted that "[A] Kafir always buys his wife" although could not sell her. Included in these cultural "habits" (with which the British authorities rarely interfered) were questions of land disposal; punishment for violence; and religious rites and ceremonies - which Trollope believed would not interest his readers! However he noted that as more contact with the white "attitudes" developed, the more "repulsive" rituals existing in African culture would die out. An essential component of indigenous culture were witch doctors and "rain makers" but above all the "essence of Kafir customs and Kafir life is reverence for the chief".

Trollope felt the Sotho needed further exposure because of their important role in indigenous affairs. Through the publications of the Rev Casalis and two other missionaries, Rolland and Arbousset, the people became a strong entity.

Some 12,700 Sotho purportedly settled in Lesotho and, although loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, paid their taxes to the Colony. The fighting men constituted about one-sixth of the tribe. Trollope described them as "… peculiarly flourishing people", and "great growers of corn, lovers of trade, lovers of money, growers of wool, and friends of the English".

Between 1858 and 1868 the OFS were involved in three wars with the Sotho, leading to their annexation by the British. The rich lands of the so-called Conquered Territory were ceded to the OFS.

Trollope also discussed Namaqualand, now the centre of modern Namibia. 'Little Namaqualand', South of the Orange River, provided one of the electoral divisions in the Cape, and was, in Trollope's phrase, an "uncomfortable district".

'Namaqua', plural of 'Nama', is the Khoi name for the large tribe living in the area. In 1685 Simon van der Stel discovered copper, but difficulties prevented its exploitation until 1835 when it became a flourishing area until 1852 when it was again abandoned. The OKiep mine, however, is recorded as "the centre and source of Namaqualand prosperity". Mining interests built, at huge cost, a narrow gauge railway to Port Nolloth, 400 miles north west of the Cape. Trollope described the area as "destitute of all good things". Nevertheless, "copper fury", meant ships arrived even from Wales to fetch the ore; and fortnightly supplies came from Cape Town. *Silver's South African Guide Book Gazetteer*, quoted by Trollope, indicates that the South African copper is smelted more easily in Europe:

> "… than the ore of any other mines whatever, and the deposit of copper ore in the locality seems quite unlimited".

Trollope maintained Namaqualand would prove to be "one of the great copper countries of the earth" (verified by *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 15th edition, Volume V), but its inhabitants, he reiterated, were "as low a form of humanity as there is on the earth" except for the "quickly departing" [*sic*] Australian Aboriginal

On both sides of the Orange River, the London Missionary Society was the foremost religious organization but was later taken over first by the Methodists, then the Rhenish Missionary Society and then N. G. Kerk. Despite his caveat about religion's efficacy as a civilizing agent, Trollope grudgingly admitted that prosletyzing attempts had probably:

> "… done something, if only a little, both towards raising the intellect and relieving the wants of those among whom they have placed themselves".

Trollope began the concluding chapter on his way home. He refuted the prevailing belief that "the Boer was a European who had retrograded from civilisation and had become savage, barbaric and unkindly". On the contrary, he asserted that:

> "… the courtesies of life are as dear to him as to any European . . . The Dutch Boer with all his roughness is a gentleman in his manner from his head to his heels".

Dominating his Conclusion was Trollope's conviction that blacks must be regarded as equal to whites in all respects, except that the former should not be given the vote until they equalled whites in education. He argued his book might "possibly have something in it of freshness to atone for its inaccuracies" and repetitiveness.

"The first thing an Englishman has to understand in the story of South Africa", he averred, was that the "almost unnatural" extension of English colonisation had been achieved through the "continued desire" of the Dutch to escape "English attitudes and laws", exemplified by Exeter Hall. From this he reiterated (almost *ad nauseam*) that the British had become the arbiters of millions of blacks, and would continue to be so.

Earlier in this chapter Trollope noted the adverse result the economic success of English settlement in Australia had precipitated for the Aboriginal population. Conversely, he claimed the British had:

> "… not come as a blighting poison to the races whom we have found in the country of our adoption. This I think ought to endear South Africa to us".

Was Trollope being emotional here? Consequently the conclusion of *South Africa* is rather romanticised:

> "Looking back at our dominion over South Africa which has now lasted for nearly three quarters of a century, I think we have cause for national pride. We have, on the whole been honest and humane, and that errors into which we have fallen, have not been greater than the extreme difficulty of the situation, has made if not necessary, at any rate natural".

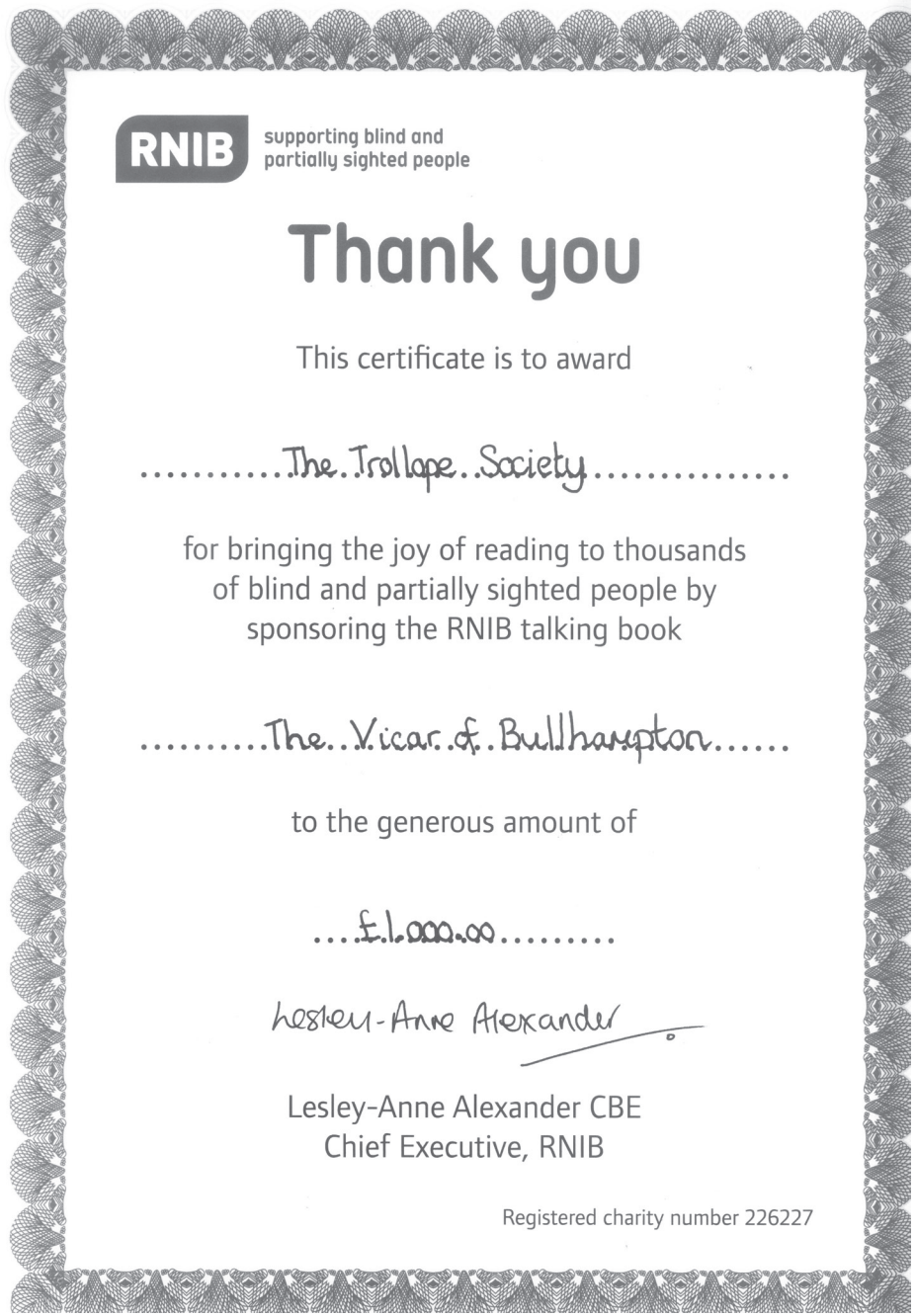
He admitted that British policy towards the Dutch was vacillating, and therefore foolish in its consequences; but nevertheless, totally without "lust of power" or dishonesty.

In his preface to the fourth edition he again reiterated that all facets of the African's life were better than that prior to the arrival of whites. The "burning question" was primarily the policy towards blacks to be implemented in the eastern areas of the country.

> "As savages they are intelligent, as human beings they are healthy, as neighbours and fellow-countrymen they are pleasant once they have been made accustomed to our ways. We cannot get rid of them. God forbid that we should wish to do so. And as we must govern them, our chief object should be to govern them for their own good".

In South Africa Trollope felt there had been a lack of "official tradition". Nevertheless British policy had been characterised by justice and wisdom. Transferred from Barsetshire to Africa, such policy manifested sensible, just, workable solutions to apparently intractable problems, thereby fulfilling Britain's obligations to both its "coloured" and white subjects.

NB Modern spellings of Dutch and African names have been used throughout.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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: November 2012, contact peter.lee@york.ac.uk

Linda Tressel

Tony Dale gave a judicious introduction to this frustrating and disappointing *novella*, evidently tossed off by Trollope as he approached the peak of his powers. None of us especially liked it, partly because Trollope seemed uninterested in developing either a background, character, incident or theme. We contrasted the narrative of multiple incident upon deadlocked incident with the fullness and depth of Jeanette Winterson's treatment of her mother in both *Oranges are not the only Fruit* and *Why be happy when you can be normal?* We felt poor Linda Tressel and her Aunt Charlotte tussle without resolution or understanding, and Linda's (slightly saccharine) death to be too convenient. What prompts Aunt Charlotte's grotesque treatment of her niece at the end is unclear, though we agreed that the house probably exerted an influence. Also her conniving with the repulsive and clownish Steinmarc is far too vague and problematic to provide a satisfying counterweight. We compared Linda's course in the book to Katie's in *The Three Clerks,* and Emily Hotspur's and Aunt Charlotte's with, in particular, Mrs Bolton in *John Caldigate*, all of which highlighted the absence of any developed and substantiating context. We wished that Trollope had listened to Blackwood, and were disconcerted that no-one in the book, Steinmarc aside, 'comes through' (most unTrollopian). We were particularly disconcerted that Henry James praised *Linda Tressel* and that Sadleir awarded it one star.

Anne Pugh

Cambridge 13th January 2013, contact michael@thecleeve.fresserve.co.uk

Orley Farm

The enormous popularity for this book ensured a good turn-out on a bitter winter's day with threat of heavy snow. Everyone agreed to an altered sense of morality due to wishing Mrs Mason would get away with her crime of forging her husband's Will in favour of Lucius, the son of her second marriage, at this a second trial 20 years later. Unresponsive to her pleas, her dying husband had called their son 'a brat'. Some members expressed pity for this young man who knew nothing about the deed, but who stood to lose his estate, livelihood and good name, whereas all the attention, help and sympathy were given throughout to Mrs Mason, who herself deserted him at this time in favour of influential friends. Even though readers knew of Mrs Mason's guilt early in the book, attention was held right to the end, interwoven with sub-plots of young lovers. Some wondered why Madeline Staveley rejected the cosseted Peregrine Orme in favour of the poor and ugly Felix Graham, an unlikely lawyer and would-be journalist, but perhaps he echoed Trollope's earlier feelings about himself. Comedy was provided by the commercial travellers and Mr Moulder's family suppers, and especially by the obsessively mean behaviour of Mrs Mason's daughter-in-law, to the point of almost starving her family (echoes of the dinner party in *Miss Mackenzie*) and paying for piano lessons by giving half a set of cheap, gawdy and broken metal furniture to the bewildered Curate and his wife. The lawyers went about their work but were gently biased toward the attractive and needful Lady Mason, apart from Dockwrath who instigated the proceedings out of spite, and who knew that he would easily enlist the son of the first marriage, Joseph Mason.

Several place names in the book were references to earlier Trollope dwellings, such as Keppel Street and Marylebone workhouse.

A delightful family Christmas scene was surprisingly modern with riotous games for the children, and many comments about people eating too much turkey, beef, plum pudding and mince pies, the latter being intriguingly illuminated.

Pamela Marshall Barrell

London: 31st January 2013, contact martin.chown@tesco.net

The Warden, as produced by Traffic of the Stage Productions

In this jolly afternoon seminar members discussed the performance of the recent play at Upstairs-at-the-Gatehouse in Highgate Village, and the costs and difficulties of writing, acting and mounting such a production. Members were joined by writer David Witherow, Director Harry Meacher, actress Laura Henna who played Eleanor, and actor Tim Thomas who took the part of Mr Harding. Both 'Eleanor' and 'Mr Harding' treated us to dialogue between them

where 'Eleanor' tried to reassure her father, and 'Mr Harding' enacted the frustration/anger/sadness of his visit to a solicitor concerning his wardenship and the question of 'damages'.

Pamela Marshall Barrell

York, 24th January 2013 contact peter.lee@york.ac.uk

An Eye for an Eye

Howard Gregg introduced this sombre and compelling *novella*, which taps boldly and intelligently into contemporary anti-Catholic and anti-Irish feeling and is distinguished for the control, compression, and narrative clarity that Trollope sometimes draws on in his shorter fiction. We discussed the antithesis of two sharply differing worlds and Trollope's development of it, and had a good deal to say about the ruinous (but, of course, principled) cruelties entailed by the Protestant Proprieties as they are figured in Scroope Manor and Lady Scroope herself. Trollope made economical use of natural detail in the book, with the cliffs themselves, their fatal pairing with Fred and the implication of the landscape in the progressive disillusion that poor Fred undergoes; and we appreciated his sympathetic and dispassionate account of the central infatuation. We saw these as synonymous with other fantasies (or stupid, gross imaginings, such as those of Lady Scroope) which play an important part in the destruction of Fred and Kate. The presentation of both Kate's betrayal and of Fr Marty impressed us all – we felt that the depth and warmth of Trollope's feeling for poor Kate were both remarkable and courageous. Equally impressive was the pungent economy used on the relatively minor characters, which helps define the almost hopeless chasm between the novella's two worlds. The book's unresolved ambiguities and complexities prompted much debate; and, although we could not agree as to whether they were weaknesses or not, we did agree that the *novella*, with its perspicuous construction and understated richness, rewards repeated re-reading.

Anne Pugh

Omnium Gatherum

A collection of all sorts of things of interest to Trollopians

The following quotation from *Team of Rivals* by Doris Kearns Goodwin, Chapter 14, was sent in by Peter Lee:

> "The following night, Seward hosted a dinner party to which he invited Senators Crittenden and Conkling and their wives, Orville Browning, Charles Sumner, Preston King, and the English novelist Anthony Trollope, whom Fanny described as 'a great homely, red, stupid faced Englishman, with a disgusting beard of iron grey'".

Professor David Skilton reminds us of a review of Roger Hormiston's book in *The Sunday Times,* 7th April 13:

> "He seems content there (Moscow) and entirely without remorse, and likes to wear the faux proletarian flat cap bequeathed to him by the Cambridge spy Donald Maclean. The victims of Blake's treachery might be modestly comforted by the thought that the system for which he betrayed his country and his friends collapsed around his ears as he sat in the Russian woods, reading Trollope".

And finally, readers in 2013 will resonate with the following quotation from *The Claverings*:

> "It was now the middle of May, and the Spring was giving way to the early Summer almost before the Spring had itself arrived. It is so, I think, in these latter years. The sharpness of March prolongs itself almost through April, and then, while we are still hoping for the Spring, there falls upon us suddenly a bright, dangerous, delicious gleam of Summer".

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@artsviews.co.uk

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