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Trollope and Ireland

Haruno Kayama Watanabe

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Editorial

This has been an eventful few months. At the 26th Annual Lecture Alex Preston, novelist and columnist, discussed the influences of *The Way We Live Now* on current authors and on his own debut novel *This Bleeding City*. Readers can appreciate an abridged transcript within these pages, although they will be unable to savour the delicious and substantial canapes and drinks enjoyed by many of us, nor benefit from the post Trollopiian discussion.

During the summer some of us increased our learning at the Wansfell Course led by Howard Gregg, or laughed at the play-reading of Henry Ong's adaptation of *Rachel Ray*, both of which will be summarized in later issues. The Trollope International Conference in Drumsna was also attended by some of us, from which Haruna Watanabe's paper is reproduced below. We are also looking forward to visiting Casewick Manor, home of the Trollope baronetcy, in June 2014.

Omnium Gatherum details a forthcoming visit to Harrow School when we will lunch in the Shepherd Churchill Dining Room and, after a tour, walk across to *Julian Hill*. I am personally greatly looking forward to it and hope you will join us.

Anthony has been particularly topical this last few weeks with several articles and references in the national press. We have also been working with BBC Radio 4 who will be broadcasting the entire Barchester series during 2014/5, with associated support, beginning in January. We can all look forward to that!

And finally, as proof of how relevant Trollope is to 'the way we live now', Alex Preston quotes Plantagenet Palliser as saying:

"A desire for wealth is the source of all progress. Civilization comes from what men call greed".

A statement surely approved of by London's Mayor, Boris Johnson – but one which happily did not create quite the aftermath created by Boris' recent speech!



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Trollope and Ireland

An Eye For An Eye

by Haruno Kayama Watanabe

Haruno Kayama Waatanabe is an Associate Professor at Atomi University in Tokyo, Japan. Her main interest is in Victorian fiction, especially the novels of the Brontes, Dickens and Trollope

Ireland played a significant role in Trollope's life. In 1841, his move to Banagher as a surveyor's clerk was the place of his 'rebirth'. He was liberated from miserable memories as a "pariah" in his boyhood and strained relations with superiors in the London General Post Office, and instead became highly regarded in the Irish Post Office; he had a happy marriage with two sons; enjoyed foxhunting and realized his long-cherished dream of writing novels. In the posthumous *An Autobiography*, Trollope wrote, "It was altogether a very jolly life that I led in Ireland". In *North America* (1862), 20 years later, he said: "It has been my fate to have so close an intimacy with Ireland, that when I meet an Irishman abroad, I always recognize in him more of a kinsman than I do in an Englishman".

Trollope started and ended his literary career with an Irish novel. Their great interest lies in his complex view of the country. He has often been considered an 'imperial' novelist embracing English supremacy. In chapter 41 of *The Landleaguers*, he asserts: "It is necessary, necessary at any rate for England's safety, that Ireland should belong to her ... and I add my own opinion that it is equally necessary for Ireland's welfare". Admitting that there is some truth in Bill Overton's criticism on the "raw ideology" of the book, I think this is only one viewpoint. Irish historian Roy Foster explains Trollope's vehement reaction against Home Rule: "It is the reaction of someone who feels that something is being taken from him: something which he discovered and possessed in his youth, something which became part of his achieved personality ... something which he treasured and loved and celebrated". I believe the narratives in Trollope's Irish novels are often torn between this kind of personal attachment and growing

doubts about the relations, or the unification between England and Ireland. Thus I would like to examine the competing forces in the narrative of *An Eye for an Eye*, as I believe they reflect most vividly Trollope's ambivalent attitude towards Ireland and its problems.

As critics such as John McCourt have pointed out, the reader may perceive in the seduction plot the classic allegory of the problematic "marriage" or union between England and Ireland: "England is the male conqueror, the administrator, the male partner; Ireland is the feminine ... the vanquished, the abandoned, and precisely for these reasons, the potentially violent". Fred Neville, British Army Lieutenant and heir to the Earl of Scroope in Dorsetshire, seduces a beautiful Irish girl, Kate O'Hara, and impregnates her. Though Fred really cares for Kate, because of her 'inferior' social standing as a poor Irish Catholic, he decides that she would be unbecoming as Countess of Scroope. Feeling unable to desert her completely, however, he conceives an idea of "some half valid morganatic marriage".

"If he could have given six months of each year to his Kate, living that yacht-life ... visiting those strange sunny places which his imagination had pictured to him, unshackled by conventionalities, beyond the sound of church bells, unimpeded by any considerations of family – and then have migrated for the other six months to his earldom and his estates, to his hunting and perhaps to Parliament, leaving his Kate behind him, that would have been perfect".

Though Fred never means to make Kate his 'mistress', this might be viewed as his personal exploitation of her, associated with England's colonial exploitation. For instance, comparing *An Eye for an Eye* to *The Macdermots*, Robert Tracy states that both heroines are "violated and abandoned by their English lovers, like symbolic ... popular 19th century emblems of violated and downtrodden Ireland". The above passage is also important in suggesting Fred's romantic bent for seeking adventures as well as his lack of discretion.

Indeed, Fred's erroneously romantic idea of Ireland and its people ultimately costs him his life. As Gertrude M. White indicates, Fred's "false romanticism" is discernible most clearly in his attitude towards Father Marty. Fred totally misreads Father Marty's character and expects the priest to assist him in jumping over the broomstick with Kate, who should be "half a wife and half not".

"He had not yet escaped from the idea that because Father Marty was a Roman Catholic priest, living in a village in the extreme

west of Ireland ... therefore he would be found to be romantic, semi-barbarous, and perhaps more than semi-lawless in his views of life. Irish priests have been made by chroniclers of Irish story to do marvellous things; and Fred Neville thought that this priest ... might be persuaded to do for him something romantic, something marvellous, perhaps something almost lawless”.

However, Father Marty is sensible with a penetrating insight into human nature, and sees through Fred’s resolution not to make Kate his wife: “He has no heart. You may touch his pocket - or his pride, what he calls his pride, a damnable devilish inhuman vanity”. Cynically disparaging the haughtiness of the English upper classes, he confronts Fred with a fundamental question of what a gentleman truly is: “Them folk at Castle Quin now, wouldn’t scruple to say that I’m no gentleman, just because I’m a Popish priest. I say that Captain O’Hara was no gentleman because he ill-treated a woman”. Father Marty may be considered to be a moral touchstone in the novel.

“... he confronts Fred with a fundamental question of what a gentleman truly is”

As Conor Johnston discusses, Irish Catholic clergymen are generally depicted sympathetically unless they are bigoted, seditious nationalists. Like Father John of *The Macdermots*, Father Marty is deeply loved by his parishioners. His French educated background suggests he comes from a well-off family, which might explain his lack of hostility towards Britain’s Irish policy. “Father Marty was no great politician, and desired no rebellion against England. Even in the days of O’Connell and repeal he had been but luke-warm”. Clearly, Trollope treated him with respect. In the chapter entitled ‘Father Marty’s Hospitality’ there is an amusing dinner scene with the priest giving an unrefined but hearty welcome to Fred and other guests offering them his treasured whisky. Later the reader may warm towards the way in which Father Marty protects Kate, the “fallen woman”, and tries to persuade Fred to marry her. Indeed, it is Father Marty who introduced Fred to Kate and encourages their love so she can make a fine marriage. The priest desires: “... justice for Ireland in the guise of wealthy English husbands for pretty Irish girls ... So little had been given to the Irish in these days that they were bound to take what

they could get”. It is important to note that he makes the most of the colonial situation in Ireland without questioning England’s asserted right to reign over his homeland. Such a practical and moderate view of Father Marty’s is not incompatible with Trollope’s general distrust of rapid social changes; he is quite malleable to colonial manipulation of the narrative. In an essay called “An ‘I’ for an ‘E’, An Ireland for England, *Trollope’s Hiberno-English in An Eye for an Eye*”, John McCourt interestingly demonstrates Trollope’s political intent by examining Father Marty’s use of language. Earlier Trollope stresses the ‘otherness’ of Father Marty by rendering his English distinctively Irish, for example with Mrs. O’Hara in Chapter Six: “I’m getting to be a very *ould* man”; “That’s *thru* for you”; “*Bedad thin, Misthress* O’Hara”; “I’ve taken a fancy to that boy, and he might do pretty much as he *plazes wid* me”(my italics). As the story progresses however, the broad distinctiveness of his Irish is gradually diminished until it is merged almost entirely into formal English, and later Father Marty gravely tells Fred:

“After what has occurred here, your presence has been most anxiously expected ... I love that dear and innocent young face too well to desire anything now but that the owner of it should receive at your hands that which is due to her before God and man”.

Seen in this light, McCourt’s view is apt in suggesting that by manipulating Father Marty’s English, Trollope attempts to “domesticate” the amiable Irish local priest and “incorporate” him into the larger structures of England. In other words, this character’s anglicized way of talking reflects the novelist’s wishful reconciliation between the two countries.

However, as suggested earlier, the novel contains an opposing resistance to such a scheme of assimilation, such as the potentially destructive energy in the character of Mrs. O’Hara. The book begins with the mysterious account of a madwoman in a private asylum in the west of England repeating all day long, “An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth”. Strictly speaking, Mrs. O’Hara is English, as Trollope mentions fleetingly. However, from the outset, she is closely associated with the wild western coastal landscape of the steep cliffs at Moher, the turbulent seas, and the roaring winds.

“She would remain for hours on the rocks, looking down upon the sea ... when the winds blew, and the heavy spray came up in blinding volumes, and the white-headed sea-monsters were

roaring in their fury against the rocks, she would be there alone with her hat in her hand, and her hair drenched”.

Like Bertha Mason of *Jane Eyre* (1847), Mrs. O'Hara is a ferocious madwoman from a colony. As will be made clear, she is confined in the mental institution because she is a murderess; infuriated by Fred's faithless treatment of Kate, she avenges her daughter by pushing him over the cliff.

Her crucial role is to defy unequal relations between the countries and the sexes. Importantly, Mrs. O'Hara is different from Bertha in that she is given a voice to express her wrath against the injustice of such a relationship. In the penultimate chapter, 'On the Cliffs', there is a breathtaking scene where she presses Fred to promise that he will marry Kate.

“I will keep her with me till I die,” he said.

“But not as your wife?”

“She shall have all attention from me - everything that a woman's heart can desire ...”

“But not as your wife?” ...

“Not as Countess of Scroope.”

“You would have her as your mistress then?” As she asked this question the tone of her voice was altogether altered, and the threatening lion-look had returned to her eyes.

In *Irishness and Womanhood in Nineteenth-Century British Writing*, Thomas Tracy perceives Mrs. O'Hara as “an embodiment of Irish nationalism” condemning the political and sexual exploitation by “male” England. It is interesting that although Trollope does not justify her in taking Fred's life, he depicts her agony convincingly to evoke compassion for her, “who had sacrificed everything - her very reason - in avenging the wrongs of her child”.

Indeed, Kate and Mrs. O'Hara are victims of the “double standard”, shrewdly adopted by the English upper-class characters to preserve their own lineage. In Chapter Nine there is an interesting description of the inner thoughts of Lady Scroope, who tries to dissuade Fred from a misalliance with the lowborn Irish girl.

“She almost supposed that heaven had a different code of laws for men and women in her condition of life, and that salvation was offered on very different terms to the two sexes. The breach

of any such promise as the heir of Scroope could have made to such a girl as this Miss O'Hara, would be a perjury at which Jove might certainly be expected to laugh”.

Probably the most disastrous aspect of the affairs between Fred and Kate is that the former is gradually led to internalize such a code to lose interest in his lover, especially after losing her innocence. Viewed from this angle, the following question in Mrs. O'Hara's mind on the cliffs is considered to be her desperate protestation against the arrogant callousness of the English ruling classes:

“Trollope's criticism of the unfairness of the Victorian code of sexual morality”

“Was it possible that he should be able to treat them thus - that he should break his word and go from them scathless, happy, joyous, with all the delights of the world before him, leaving them crushed into dust beneath his feet”?

The reader perceives in these words Trollope's criticism of the unfairness of the Victorian code of sexual morality as well as deep sympathy for the plight of the O'Haras.

The political implication of the tragic conclusion seems to be the novelist's recognition of a 'failed marriage' between England and Ireland. Ultimately the rebellious voice of Mrs. O'Hara, the confined madwoman, is not to be completely suppressed: her obsessive repetition, “An eye for an eye”, undermines the alternative, more optimistic vision of the reconciliation between the two countries.

To conclude, as reflected by Father Marty and Mrs. O'Hara, Trollope's attitude toward Ireland is quite ambivalent: one may see competing forces of a characteristic mixture of possessiveness and doubt about the British colony. Thomas Tracy suggests that after the Famine, Trollope grew increasingly pessimistic about the Union or colonial relations between the countries. Even in *Castle Richmond* and *The Landleaguers*, often regarded as the most conservative or reactionary of his Irish novels, there are moments where harrowing pictures of starved peasants or forceful depictions of the indignant Landleaguers betray the injustice or limitations of what they apparently advocate; namely, England's colonial rule. In this sense, Trollope's vision of Ireland is more complex and perhaps more

radical than it appears to be.

An Eye for an Eye has been generally dismissed as one of Trollope's unsuccessful minor works. When it was published in 1879, save for the *Spectator*, critical responses were not encouraging: the *Athenaeum* gave it only brief attention as "a slight story about commonplace people"; in the *Academy*, R. F. Littledale wrote disapprovingly that Trollope was reviving the "pre-eminently painful" mood of another Irish story. Even today, few critics have paid much attention. My own research has revealed a relative lack of in-depth published studies in recent years. However, as I have suggested, the novel deserves more careful consideration. It is often said that in later years Trollope's works are much concerned with 'outsiders' who deviate in some way from social or cultural norms, including foreigners, maniacs, and fallen women. Seen in this light, *An Eye for an Eye* is particularly interesting in that the characters of Kate and Mrs. O'Hara, "ruined outcasts in the colony", effectively call Victorian beliefs about race, class, and gender into question. Thus, this seemingly "slight story about commonplace people" has potentially subversive aspects, which may be illuminating to modern readers.



Additional sources include: Pollard, Arthur, Anthony Trollope (1978); Smalley, Donald, ed. Trollope: The Critical Heritage (1969); Terry, R.D. ed. Oxford Reader's Companion to Trollope (1999); Tracy, Robert, 'The Unnatural Ruin': Trollope and 19th Century Irish Fiction (1982).

This Paper was first presented to the Irish International Trollope Summer School, September 2013.

A Tale of Three Sons

by Nigel Starck

Dr Nigel Starck's new book on Trollope's Australian travels and the Trollope family heritage will be launched at Casewick Manor, Lincolnshire, home of the Trollope Baronetcy, in June 2014.

Anthony Trollope had profound reservations about Charles Dickens: "very ignorant and thick-skinned" was his description. But away from the London literati, in colonial Australia, two sons of Dickens and a son of Trollope became friends.

Fate brought them into contact, regardless of geographical and social isolation. The first encounter occurred in New South Wales, where Frederic was farming. It was fashionable in the 1860s to seek one's fortune in the colonies, and at 18 this younger Trollope boy arrived in Australia to pursue that aim. As the *Oxford Reader's Companion to Trollope* states, he had "won an epic fist-fight against a bully bigger and stronger than himself", achieving distinction "more as an athlete than as a scholar".

The arrangement was that he would work at sheep stations for three years and then return home to discuss his future. Consequently, after learning the wool-growing craft Fred sailed home on Brunel's *SS Great Britain* for parental discussions and the 1868-69 hunting season. Anthony observed in his autobiography that there was "no doubt in his own [Fred's] mind as to his settling in Australia". He was back there by July 1869, buying, with his father's money, a sheep station 250 miles west of Sydney.

Alfred Dickens, fourth son of Charles, had displayed similar ambitions. Having emigrated in 1865 at the age of 19, by the early 1870s he was at a station in the same district as Fred's. Applying Australian generous dimensions, they were neighbours close enough to dine together; in a letter of 1872 Anthony refers to a dinner engagement, at his son's homestead, to which Alfred Dickens was invited.

They would not remain neighbours for long, however. Although Alfred invested his father's £7,000 inheritance in the sheep station,

his persuasions were of a commercial kind. He preferred a career in stock and station agency, an Australian phenomenon concerned with auctioneering, property management, selling agricultural supplies and equipment, and marketing produce. Consequently, Alfred quit the farming enterprise and went to Melbourne in the latter half of 1872.

Fred, although celebrating with his wife Susannah the birth of their first child, plainly missed male company. In a letter to his mother in November, Fred says that the baby is “growing a big fellow”, but lapses into regret at his loneliness. “Young Dickens,” he writes, “has left the district ... [and] it makes one neighbour the less with whome [*sic*] you can exchange an idea”.

As Peter Edwards noted in *Anthony Trollope's Son in Australia*, there is no evidence “that Alfred's and Fred's paths ever crossed again”. Alfred married, had two daughters, and went into partnership with a prominent auctioneer at a large country town in Victoria. He appeared set to fulfil his father's great expectations. Then a reverse broke his spirit. His wife Jessie was thrown from a carriage when her ponies bolted. She was taken, unconscious, to her home, where, as a newspaper report explained: “Dr Rohner was promptly in attendance, but at once saw that no human skills could be of any avail as the base of the skull had been fractured”. She died that same night.

Alfred retreated to Melbourne, managing the local branch of an agency launched in conjunction with his brother Edward, who had also migrated to Australia. He married again, but, to quote Mary Lazarus's account of the siblings' lives (*A Tale of Two Brothers*), it “seems probable that Alfred's second marriage was not a happy one”. Following years of genteel seediness, he began capitalizing on his one remaining hope of recognition: that of being the son of a famous father. He reinvented himself as a celebrity lecturer, reminiscing on Charles's life and literature. In 1910, these lecturing opportunities took him overseas, around Britain and America; they paid as much as £300 for one engagement, according to *The New York Times*.

Just as his father had done 40 years earlier, though, he appears to have pushed himself too hard. On arriving in New York at the end of 1911, Alfred was plainly ill. He collapsed in the lobby of the Astor Hotel, from what an incompetent doctor diagnosed as ‘indigestion’ (probably heart failure). He died two days later, and was buried in the grounds of Trinity Church, Manhattan.

The brother with whom he had gone into business back in Australia enjoyed a rather longer association with Fred. Edward



Alfred Dickens

“In a letter of 1872 Anthony refers to a dinner engagement, at his son's homestead, to which Alfred Dickens was invited.”

Dickens (nicknamed ‘Plorn’ since childhood) was despatched to the Australian colonies in 1868, at age 16. He, too, made a living at sheep stations before opening the agency; from 1883, he operated its branch at Wilcannia, a town 600 miles from Sydney set in harsh, semi-arid landscape.

Then came the second meeting of two colonial venturers. Fred, having lost his farm to drought and falling wool prices, arrived in Wilcannia in 1885 as chairman of the local Lands Administration Board. He was desperately unhappy, often forced by the demands of his itinerant form of employment to live apart from his wife and eight children, driven to anguish by the heat, dust storms, and crude living conditions.

In letters to his brother and mother (reproduced in *Anthony Trollope's Son in Australia*), he calls the township “one of those cursed places that no man over 30 years of age ought to be sent to”, and declares: “A worse place for children I cannot immagin [*sic*]”. As the book adds, Fred Trollope's lamentations provide “a vivid illustration ... of the rawness and hardness of colonial life, even for people with education and money, in the last third of the 19th century and the first decade of the 20th”.

A growing friendship with Edward was one of his few rewards.

Fred and 'Plorn' were active in local sporting clubs and became honorary magistrates. The distinguished Australian author Thomas Keneally, in a recent BBC interview, said how he likes to imagine the two of them, waiting to play on what passed in Wilcannia for a cricket field, talking about their fathers' literary heritage. Evidence of their presence survives through notices and reports in the press. In one such instance *The Wilcannia Times* carried lengthy accounts of their involvement in a court case where 'Plorn' was presiding magistrate and Fred the chief prosecution witness.

Fred found a means of escape in 1888, after three years and six months, with a coastal posting. A year later, Edward Dickens had reason for believing he had found refuge too; campaigning as a protectionist candidate (opposed to free trade across Australian inter-colonial borders), he became Wilcannia's member in the New South Wales parliament. The respite only lasted five years, however; electoral boundaries were re-drawn, bringing mining townships into the constituency and enabling his Labour opponent to romp home in the 1894 poll.

This youngest of Dickens's ten children then also went into decline. His agency interests had long collapsed, he made frantic appeals for employment through old acquaintanceships with men of influence, and eventually found work as a government inspector of agricultural properties. His health soon deteriorated, exacerbated by his despatch to Moree, a town of similar climatic character to Wilcannia; in the week before his death, in January 1902 at a hotel where he had struggled to pay his bills, the daytime temperature was constantly at or above 105 degrees.

The Dickens brothers' old friend Fred in the meantime enjoyed modest prosperity, although his surviving letters attest to a persistent mood of frustration and disappointment. His lasting achievement has been the siring of a dynasty; two of his sons inherited, in succession, a baronetcy which has existed in the family since 1642. Today, his great-grandson is the 17th baronet in the line. The Australian descendants have flourished, and exude a sense of fulfilment that would grace the conclusion of any novel in the Trollope canon.

Perhaps Charles Dickens, ultimately, was right: good fortune could be found in the colonies.



Bookplates and Labels in Anthony Trollope's Library

By Bryan Welch

Ergerton Castle's *English Bookplates* illustrates a plain armorial bookplate (F29845, fig.1, page15 below) as being that of the novelist Anthony Trollope dating it, on stylistic grounds, to around 1860. It bears the Trollope arms, which the author enjoyed by descent from Sir Thomas Trollope the fourth baronet (1641/2). They are shown uninctured but can be blazoned: *vert three stags courant argent, attired or, within a bordure of the second*. There is a second Anthony Trollope bookplate (F29844, fig.2) from *Voltaire* by John Morley (1872) which is printed on thin white paper. The distinguishing features of F29845 are that the centre point in the top of the shield is more acute and reaches down further; the two lines on the right of the mound in the crest do not join before meeting the diagonal; and the faint line below at the right of the shield in the latter is absent.

Castle offers no evidence to support his identification: however examination of both plates in situ confirms they were used by Trollope. The bookplate shown in *English Bookplates* is recorded in a set of Thomas Babington Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays Contributed to the Edinburgh Review* (three volumes 1867) with annotations by Trollope's hand, as identified by Professor George P. Landow and Associate Professor Ernest Chew on the Victorian Web. The photograph of the plate from one of the volumes shows that it is printed on pale blue paper. Additionally in each of the Macaulay and the *Voltaire* there is a small label in the top left corner of the front paste-down, printed in red with a capital letter above a circle. In the Macaulay the marks 'Q' and '4' are written in the circle (fig.3), in the *Voltaire* it is 'E' and '3' (crossed out) appears in the circle with what appears to be 'I' written in above (fig.4).

Finding each of the Trollope plates in conjunction with these labels confirms they both belonged to the same person. We know that Trollope organized his books according to the historic system of

'fixed shelf' locations, where a book's location is identified first by the bookcase and secondly by the shelf; sometimes also by position on the shelf. So the *Voltaire* would have been placed (initially) on the third shelf of bookcase E and the Macaulay on the fourth shelf of bookcase Q. The label in the Macaulay appears to be pasted over an earlier label. The presence of a shelf mark label in a book with a Trollope bookplate confirms that the book was owned by the writer.

"This catalogue has 2,199 entries and lists around 5,000 books on shelves ranging from A1 to T8"

There are two problems with the fixed locations system of organizing a library. The first is that if the books are reorganized then the shelf marks have to be changed. The second is that as the books are not arranged by author or subject it is difficult to find a book when the library expands. Trollope solved the second problem by having catalogues: the first was printed in 1867 when they lived at Waltham House (1859-1871). The second was prepared by Trollope's niece Florence and printed in 1874 after they moved to Montague Square. Each catalogue is known from a unique surviving copy. The 'Montague Square' catalogue is in the V&A. It is a small volume of 86 numbered pages inscribed "John Forster with kindest regards from AT Ap. 1874". This catalogue has 2,199 entries and lists around 5,000 books on shelves ranging from A1 to T8. The catalogue economizes on space by not listing every volume individually: eg *The Complete Works of Voltaire* receives a single listing, though it ran to 92 volumes and occupied four shelves (T4, 6, 7 and 8). Nor are Trollope's own works listed separately; they were found at A4, F5, M3 and H4 and numbered 38 volumes. Whilst the catalogue entries are alphabetical the books are listed mainly by title but also under author or subject. Thus Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays* appears in the entries under "Lord Macaulay" but Morley's *Voltaire* is listed under "Voltaire" rather than "Morley". Each entry follows the format: first shelf number, secondly author, title or subject heading, and finally number of volumes.

Victoria Glendinning describes this as "not a very efficient catalogue" because the books are arranged "indiscriminately by title

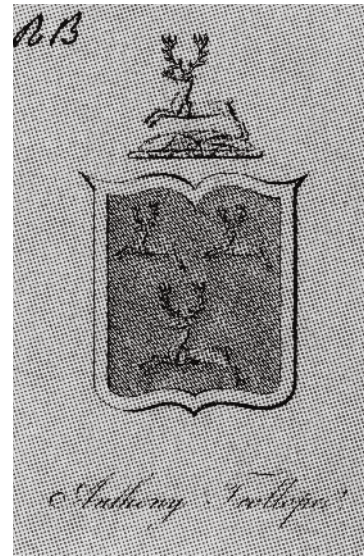


Fig. 1

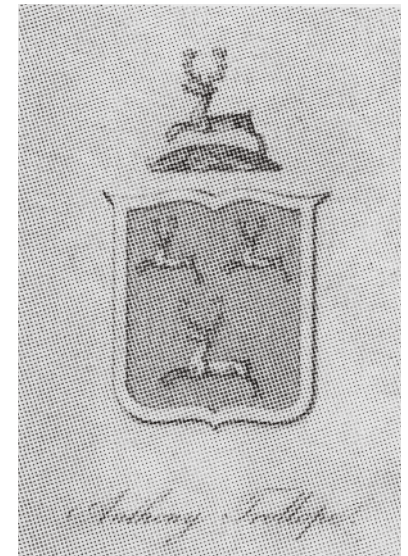
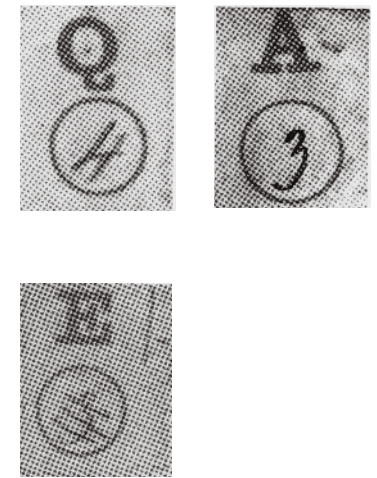


Fig. 2



Fig. 6



Figs. 3, 4 & 5

or author". This criticism seems unfounded: the need for a catalogue flowed from the way the books were organized by shelf marks. The catalogue was designed to enable Trollope to find the shelf mark and accordingly locate the book on the shelf, and it is inconceivable they were not listed as he wanted. The entry in the Montague Square catalogue for Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays* is: "Q4 [Macaulay, Lord] Essays 3". So the shelf mark corresponds to the label on the volume illustrated on the Victorian Web, confirming that this was the author's set and bookplate. The *Voltaire* however is recorded with the shelf mark "G3", and not "E3". It is possible to make out the number "3" written beneath the shelf label so it may be that the shelf mark "G3" was originally written in manuscript on the book before it was moved to shelf "E3" on a later reorganization.

A further point of interest is the inscription "R.B." on the print of F29845. It has been suggested that this was Trollope's way of marking the books from the library of Robert Bell (1800-1867), a close friend, which he purchased from Bell's executors. Bell was a journalist and writer whose most important work, an annotated edition of the English Poets, was unfinished at 29 volumes when he died. Trollope wrote a tribute to him on his death and worked to obtain a pension for his widow. When she was forced to put her husband's books up for auction, Trollope purchased the entire library of some 4,000 volumes at a generous price. Trollope later gave some of Bell's books to Walter, the son of Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, friends in Montague Square.

In June 1880 the Trollopes moved from Montague Square to *Harting* in Petersfield. Trollope wrote to his eldest son Henry on 23rd July 1880 saying that they are in the house but "not yet half settled in", continuing:

"You may imagine what a trouble the library has been. At present though the bulk of the books are placed; and are placed on their old shelves and with their own numbers, still that which is not the bulk, but which forms a numerous portion, is all in confusion so that sometimes I am almost hopeless. I cannot describe to you the room. It is very much larger than the library in London, but still will not hold as many books. It is two shelves lower, and let a room be ever so long or broad you can only put books on the outside; round the walls. Now in London there was much wall space every inch of which was utilized. So it is here, - but still there is not room for so many books. Nevertheless I

hope to get them in order before you come, merely leaving for you the task of preparing the alterations in the catalogue. I fear that I must have another catalogue printed".

Whether this further catalogue was made or printed is not known.

In his Will Trollope left his books and pamphlets, which he valued at £1,000, to his eldest son Henry (1846-1926). The Trollope Collection at Winchester includes one volume with the shelf label "A3" (fig.5) and Henry's bookplate (Fig.6). This single armorial is very similar to those used by his father except that the border at the top of the shield is straight.

The bookcase used by Trollope, now loaned to Winchester College, is of an unusual design: the base contains two bays of three shelves each, above which are a long and a short shelf placed centrally forming the outline of a step pyramid. The letter "T" on a small circular ivory disc is attached to the top of the central pillar: a further bookcase with the label "S" is owned by the lender. I am grateful to Anthony Pincott for images of the second Trollope bookplate and for visiting the British Museum to identify the bookplates in the Franks Collection; to Dr Geoffrey Day, Fellows' Librarian, for information about Trollope items in the Trollope Collection at Winchester College, and to the V & A for enabling me to examine the Montague Square Catalogue.



Sources include: *English Bookplates*, (1892); *Winchester College*; *Notes and Queries from Victorian Web* (2001); *The Book on the Bookshelf*, Henry Petrovski (1999); *Anthony Trollope's Libraries*, Richard H Grossman and Andrew Wright (June 1976); *Autographs of New York*, David J Holmes (2009); *The Letters of Anthony Trollope*, N John Hall (1983).

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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

Hello Pamela

It was my absolute pleasure to meet all of you...

We're now finally back in L.A. And thank you for reading the play*. It was such a joy to have members of the Society perform it. And yes, I plan to come to London again. I feel as if I made some lovely friends, and I hope you'll welcome me to your fold again. I would love to join you in Australia!**

Henry Ong

*The play was Henry's adaptation of Rachel Ray. It was performed/read by members of the society in London on 7th November. It was a very jolly occasion.

**Regrettably next year's planned trip to Australia has had to be postponed due to too many conflicting activities during the run up to the bicentenary.

Dear Chairman

I am delighted to tell you that *Fanny Trollope, A Remarkable Life*, is now available in ebook format.

It can be found on Amazon (Kindle), Apple (ipad), Barnes & Noble, Gardners, Google, Ingram, Kobo and Overdrive.

I would be grateful if you could pass this on to the T.S members, perhaps in *Trollopiana*.

It has been a great opportunity for me to revise and re-organize some of the script.

Many thanks

Teresa Ransom

Good luck Teresa with sales in the new format

Greetings Pamela

... I want to draw your attention to a vignette that appears in Michael Ignatieff's biography *Isaiah Berlin* (Penguin Canada, 2000). During a visit to Moscow in 1945 Sir Isaiah Berlin met Russian literary critic Korney Chukovsky at an embassy dinner. "At the embassy dinner table [Chukovsky] took out of his vest-pocket the penny edition of Thomas Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, which he had used to teach himself English in London before the First World War. To Isaiah, he confessed a yearning for the novels of Trollope, especially the parsons and vicars of Barchester. His friend Ivy Litvinov, British-born wife of the disgraced ex-Foreign Minister, shared his love of Trollope but judged it too risky to send to England for more. Isaiah promised to oblige (and on his return to England duly sent Chukovsky a package full of Trollope)" p. 189.

How Anthony Trollope would have loved to know that he brought solace to persecuted Russian intellectuals during the dark days and nights of the Stalinist terror. One can almost hear him laughing uproariously at the suggestion that to read his novels would challenge the rigidities of the Soviet ideology. "Too risky" indeed! One can hear him shout!

Best wishes across "the pond".

Fred Vaughan

Dear Editor

Members will be delighted to know that the BBC seems to be shaping up to broadcast a Radio 4 programme on Trollope's 200th birthday anniversary. As your man around Barchester, I can report that the gossip in Salisbury Cathedral is that the Very Rev June Osborne, Dean of Salisbury, has been asked to appear on a programme about Trollope and Salisbury Cathedral, or Trollope and Cathedrals.

The Dean, to her shame, said she knew nothing about Trollope and referred them to Canon Edward Probert, Chancellor of the Cathedral, who, members will remember, addressed a Trollope Society seminar in Sarum College a few years ago, winning good opinions all round. Canon Probert, who, I regret to say, has one serious flaw, namely that he prefers Disraeli among 19th century novelists, is expected to record some remarks soon. The Beeb insisted on someone connected with the Cathedral and not someone, like me, who only lives near it!

Best wishes

Peter Blacklock

26th Annual Lecture

The Way We Live Now

by Alex Preston

Author and Journalist, with regular columns in The Observer and GQ Magazine

I came to Trollope earlier than intended, having imagined him as an author I'd reach once contemporary novels scared me with their vigour. But three years ago my grandfather suggested I read *The Way We Live Now*.

I was instantly transfixed. During the financial crisis of 2008 I was a banker working near Augustus Melmotte's offices in Abchurch Lane. I thought I'd read everything worth reading about the financial world until I read *The Way We Live Now*. It should have been merely historical but instead it spoke with exquisite clarity of our contemporary world of dodgy mortgages and stock market crashes, exhibiting a villain so uncomfortably close to Bernie Madoff.

Trollope is an author of supreme relevance, whose distinctly moral voice is needed more than ever. Authors of State of the Nation novels, such as myself – my novel *This Bleeding City* was the first attempt to tackle the Credit Crunch in fiction – have been influenced by him and his capture of the obscure workings of the world of finance.

140 years ago, Trollope returned to an England changed beyond recognition: "... the novelist who hunted the fox", as Henry James dubbed him, found even his country friends caught up in punting railway stocks and underwriting mining ventures. He discovered that:

"... a certain class of dishonesty, dishonesty 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 reason for fearing that men and women will be taught to feel that dishonesty, if it can become splendid, will cease to be abominable".

Even the title – *The Way We Lived Now* – was radical. We forget that most of the major Victorian novels were historical. We think of



Alex Preston
Photograph by David Glass

George Eliot as the author of mid-Victorian England, and yet *Middlemarch* (1871) was set in the early 1830s. *Vanity Fair*, *Great Expectations*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Bleak House* were all historical. The ‘Now’ in Trollope’s title is the engine driving the novel, making it more daring and enduring than anything else he wrote.

In his preparatory notes, Trollope referred to it as “The Carbury Novel”: it opens with Lady Carbury, a tuft-hunting author of historical fluff, attempting to curry favourable reviews. Swiftly, though, the shady figure of Augustus Melmotte, a foreign banker who “could make or mar any company by buying or selling stock, and make money dear or cheap as he pleased”, becomes centre stage. There is something glorious in watching Melmotte, the “horrid, big, rich scoundrel... the bloated swindler, the vile city ruffian... this surfeited sponge of speculation, this crammed commercial cormorant” seize the reins of the narrative, until we become almost entirely focused on “the Melmotte era” – the six weeks during which he and his South Central Pacific and Mexican Railway scam came to dominate London, and the mysterious financier (a word first recorded in 1867) rose to a seat in parliament, to entertain royalty and bewitch aristocratic foppish sons.

The novelist Amanda Craig said: “What Trollope teaches you is that if you write a really accurate contemporary novel, it becomes a historical document of the future more valuable than any journalism”. *The Way We Live Now* is an extraordinary record of social change in late-Victorian England. George Orwell wrote that:

“After 1832, the old landowning aristocracy steadily lost power, but instead of disappearing or becoming a fossil, they simply intermarried with the merchants, manufacturers and financiers who replaced them, and soon turned them into accurate copies of themselves”.

The novel can be read as an angry lamentation for the passing of an age of certainty, with the author represented by the “rusty” Carbury, out of tune with an era of speculative greed: “I can’t quite sympathize with your mother in all her feelings about this marriage, because I do not think that I recognize ... the necessity of money”. Later, he says “People live now in a way that I don’t comprehend”. He ends the book symbolically dispossessed, replaced in his home, and Hetta’s heart, by the more adventurous (although forgettable) Paul Montague.

Carbury is the author feeling that the world he inhabited has vanished. Perhaps the reason *The Way We Live Now* was panned by

contemporary critics, forgotten for 70 years, and only recently acknowledged, is that it is a dramatic departure – in time, place, authorial voice and attitudes. The world more generally associated with Trollope, of country squires and Cathedral Close intrigue is replaced by an age of stock speculation and Disraelian adventuring.

“The ‘Now’ in Trollope’s title is the engine driving the novel, making it more daring and enduring than anything else he wrote”

It is not, however, its historical significance that makes the book exceptional. Many novels capture the spirit of their age. It is the way it has echoed down to the present, with that eternal ‘Now’, making Trollope as important in 2013 as in 1873.

Mark Lawson, whom I interviewed about his recent novel *The Deaths*, a satirical whodunit peppered with references to *The Way We Live Now*, gave me an anecdote: “The late American novelist and journalist Dominick Dunne, an obsessive Trollopiian, told me that he could never forgive Trollope for having used that title first but that it should be the motto of anyone writing contemporary fiction”. Reading the recent handful of excellent State of the Nation novels, one is struck by how closely their authors have followed this advice.

In an October 2008 article in *The Observer*, William Skidelsky noted that:

“... it seems odd... that the financial haymaking that has been going on in recent times has largely escaped the attention of writers. The wealth accumulation of the past few years has been considerably more spectacular than that of any previous era, yet the 21st-century Masters of the Universe have remained stubbornly absent from fiction”.

He lamented that there was no Trollope or Augustus Melmotte for our times. He suggested this was because “so few of us can understand, let alone sympathize with, the issues that cause bankers to break out in sweats. The drama surrounding a fine adjustment in

the value of a derivative, or a 10-point fall in the Dow Jones, is not something that can be easily captured on the page”.

As if answering Skidelsky’s rallying cry, a wave of State of the Nation novels appeared, all deeply indebted to Trollope and *The Way We Live Now*. Perhaps the most Trollopian of them is Amanda Craig, whose recent novel, *Hearts and Minds*, follows a cast of characters through a tawdry London immediately before the crash. An earlier book, *A Vicious Circle*, has a conceited media mogul antagonist, Max de Monde, almost Melmotte’s twin brother. When asked what first drew her to Trollope, she said:

“... I read nothing but Trollope and Balzac between the ages of 24 and 29. It was during the last recession and I found his writing so enormously attractive because he’s so frank about money, income and prospects: only Austen is anywhere near as good. This is very appealing for young adults as they come to think about the two big subjects, love and money”.

“Brehgert is important because he complicates the moral picture of ‘The Way We Live Now’”.

Craig’s *Hearts and Minds* was swiftly followed by Sebastian Faulks’ *A Week in December*, whose hedge funder anti-hero, John Veals, is just the Melmotte-ish machiavel Skidelsky was calling for. Looking at those 19th century financier models for Augustus Melmotte: George Hudson, (crooked Railway King), Albert Gottheimer, (massive banking frauds), and the aptly-named Charles Lefevre, we might disagree.

Certainly, John Veals gives Melmotte a run for his money in terms of wickedness. He is described as “a creature whose heart only beat to market movements”, and moves lizard-like through the London of December 2007, accumulating riches and destroying lives, including those of his family. His origins are uncertain – potentially Jewish, certainly European. The novel finishes with a victorious Veals surveying his domain. “A rare surge of feeling, of something like vindication, came from the pit of his belly and spread out until it sang in his veins”.

After Faulks’ Veals, something strange happens. Rather than finding fictional representations of the puffed-up princes of Wall Street/Canary Wharf preening themselves while stock markets burn, we begin to find something human, even sympathetic in the State of the Nation bankers. Far from being latter-day Augustus Melmottes, these figures are closer to the derivative speculating hero of Frank Norris’s unjustly forgotten novel *The Pit*, Curtis Jadwin, or, to call upon a minor but important figure in *The Way We Live Now*, Trollope’s good banker, Ezekiel Brehgert, that “fat, greasy man of fifty, conspicuous for hair-dye”. One can’t help wishing that he could have been included in the rush to the altar.

Brehgert is important because he complicates the moral picture of *The Way We Live Now*. It must be remembered that, earlier in his career, Trollope preceded Michael Douglas’s Gordon Gecko by 120 years in declaring “Greed is good”. In *Can You Forgive Her*, Plantagenet Palliser states:

“There is no vulgar error so vulgar, - that is to say, common or erroneous - as that by which men have been taught to say that mercenary tendencies are bad. A desire for wealth is the source of all progress. Civilization comes from what men call greed”.

Whilst Trollope’s bankers tend to the bad (Ferdinand Lopez in *The Prime Minister*) they can also be good. Brehgert provides a moral centre equal to that of Roger Carbury. His decency towards Georgiana when he learns of the losses he will suffer from Melmotte’s “burst” (he “had lost heavily without dishonesty”) is more than she deserves. Brehgert maintained his dignity in spite of the efforts of those around him, and perhaps this is the best answer to the charges of anti-Semitism. We may feel that Trollope achieves it despite himself, but Brehgert emerges as one of the novel’s heroes, and solidifies the link between personal and financial integrity.

To make a banker, a Jewish one, a sympathetic character must have presented a challenge, one accepted with gusto by Trollope’s 21st century descendants. In Justin Cartwright’s *Other People’s Money* the leading banker figure, Julian Trevelyan-Tubal, is far from Melmotte-ian malevolence, but a bungling throwback, at sea in the world of derivatives and fast money. He loves his children deeply and dreams about his childhood pony. I asked Cartwright about his protagonist: he replied that *The Way We Live Now* was a major influence on the novel, but that:

“I did not regard Julian, chairman of Tubal and Co, as a crook. Although, of course, he was. But it struck me that certain ancient loyalties probably would have come into play, and his was to his family, particularly his young children. Not considerations that troubled August Melmotte”.

Similarly, Roger Yount, the banker hero of John Lanchester’s sprawling novel of London life, *Capital*, is a sympathetic character, at the mercy of his manipulative wife. He is described early as “not personally ambitious; he mainly wanted life not to make too many demands on him”. Yount’s moral journey sees him find solace in the love of his children, and goodness of a nanny. He, like Julian Trevelyan-Tubal, is fragile and essentially good, far from the Melmotte model.

To return to Mark Lawson and *The Deaths*, a novel of wealth and greed in a semi-fictionalized 2011, charting the rise and fall of four families living in Buckinghamshire mansions. Lawson told me that, while he wasn’t an obsessive Trollopian, “... there are certain books of his, for example *The Prime Minister*, and ... *The Way We Live Now*, which have been huge influences on me in trying to write about politics and contemporary society. Probably in common with many in my generation, I was introduced to Trollope through the TV series *Barchester Towers* and *The Pallisers* ... and the latter led me to *The Prime Minister*. Because it is set during a coalition government, I re-read it last year, found it very apt and developed fantasies of adapting it for radio or stage or perhaps writing a modern version”.

Few of the characters in *The Deaths* can be described as likeable, but the closest is Nicky Mortimer, a banker, “... more corporate finance, really”. He is outside the main subjects of Lawson’s satire, and we the readers find ourselves yoking our perspective to him, surveying the horrors of gruesome yuppies. I asked Lawson whether this was a deliberate strategy: “I remember thinking early on that to have a “good” banker in a contemporary novel would be some kind of modern equivalent of the “good German” in war films. And, certainly, I wanted to avoid the obvious cliché. For the same reason, a jolly nice doctor in the book may, on closer examination, have been responsible for the deaths of several patients. Also, because the structure depends on readers knowing that five people have been murdered, but not which ones – I wanted to tempt people into thinking that certain people might deserve to die because they were: rich, adulterous, addicted to porn, or, indeed, a banker”.

Now to relate my first run-in with what Trollope facetiously refers to as the favours game of literary reviewing. It’s still a painful thing to revisit the only hatchet-job carved on my young writing career. I felt paternally towards *This Bleeding City*, born the same day as my daughter, and it was physically painful to read: “Bankers asking the rest of us to feel sorry for them smacks of self-absorption”. The matronly hack called Rosamund, continued: “Yet this is the reaction that financier Alex Preston seems to want from his debut novel, *This Bleeding City*”. I should have remembered Lady Carbury’s publisher’s advice to her:

“Anything is better than indifference ... a great many people remember simply that the book has been noticed, but carry away nothing as to the purport of the review. It’s a very good advertisement”.

Other reviewers were kinder, and understood that far from wanting to exculpate the bankers, my book was intended to lift their cloth of secrecy. It was not their villainy, but their humanity, that rendered them terrifying. I hoped that, by showing the brief instances when their powerful carapaces slipped, we’d begin to understand why the catastrophe happened.

In the wake of the credit crisis came a wave of factual books by worthy economists that missed the point entirely. It wasn’t CDS or CDOs or even sub-prime mortgages that caused the crash; at worst these things were neutral, sub-prime was positively benevolent, a way of extending the (admittedly fishy) American dream of home-ownership to a greater proportion of the population. The evil came from the people who manipulated these financial instruments. Trollope is never over-specific about the functioning of the City: the world of finance remains enigmatic, and we are given just enough information about Melmotte’s railway scam to find it credible:

“There was not one of them then present who had not after some fashion been given to understand that his fortune was to be made, not by the construction of the railway, but by the floating of the railway shares”.

WH Auden said “Of all novelists in any country, Trollope best understands the role of money. Compared with him even Balzac is a romantic”. If it is not in the specifics of the financial markets that Trollope shows his understanding of the role of money, where is it? It is his focus on character, exactly the same kind of unpicking of

motivation that I attempted in *This Bleeding City*. Like Tolstoy, Trollope takes us deep into the interior lives of his creations and allows us to watch them change under the pressure of circumstance. As the critic Clara Claiborn Park put it in a fine essay of 1963, “Trollope added the dimension of time to the ‘three dimensional character’”. In his autobiography, he referred to this method of characterization as “the state of progressive change”. It means that in *The Way We Live Now*, rather than focusing on the external world of stocks and bonds, we understand the financial world through the hearts and minds of his characters. As Warren Buffett will tell you, the stock markets are but a reflection of the fear and greed of individual investors – to understand them, you need to fathom the inner workings of the human animal.

“Our modern novelists no longer inhabit the authorial voice with the ease of their 19th century predecessors”.

As Trollope stressed repeatedly, in *An Autobiography* and elsewhere, it was a matter of “deep conscience” how he portrayed his characters. Certainly, “the writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing”. But the novelist must not sacrifice truth for effect. In this respect, the novelist’s task resembles the poet’s: both work toward “the same end”:

“By either, false sentiments may be fostered; false notions of humanity may be engendered; false honour, false love, false worship may be created; by either, vice instead of virtue may be taught”.

Through this focus on character and sympathetic understanding, Trollope wrapped us, his readers, deep within the world of his novel, so that we instinctively understand the labyrinthine workings of Melmotte’s empire.

A final word about Trollope today. The Victorian certainties whose erosion *The Way We Live Now* rails against, continued to decline over the decades. Our modern novelists no longer inhabit the authorial voice with the ease of their 19th century predecessors. No

one, except in jest or irony, would attempt the kind of regular interjection which makes us feel (despite what John Sutherland calls the “strong charge of personal irritability” in Trollope’s voice) that the moral universe of *The Way We Live Now* is a joint-venture between author and reader. Clara Claiborn Park tried to explain the latest Trollope revival in her 1963 essay. She put it down to “simple envy of our opposite numbers 100 years ago; we readers are, in general, the privileged, with money in the bank and correct grammar, and Trollope’s vanished amenities once seemed to be our heritage. Trollope made ordinary upper-class life interesting. Time has made it into an Arcadia”.

Authors, as a whole, aren’t decent. Tolstoy, I think, probably was, at least before he dived into religious mania. Graham Greene, perhaps. George Eliot. But decency is what makes Trollope Trollope, and it’s the honesty and integrity of his voice that calls out to us down the ages. Henry James spoke of “the good-natured, moderate, conciliatory view ... the natural decorum of the English spirit” that we find in Trollope. To quote Clara Claiborn Park again,

“Trollope tells us what we need to hear: be reasonable, be moderate, in action, in desire, in expectation, and you will be fairly happy. In this bloody and immoderate age, Trollope is the laureate of compromise”.

Following the boom years of the last decade, when selfish capitalism cast a spell over the highest in our land, and now, surveying the wreckage of the post-crisis financial system, surely what we need is reason and moderation. It’s why Trollope’s masterpieces continue to tell us so much about the way we live now.



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



Oxford, 12th March 2012

Contact hrogerharvey@aol.com

Orley Farm

St. Edmund Hall in The Old Library combines splendour with intimacy. Jennifer Sugden's introduction explored the legal debate that raged (with public contributions from, *inter alia*, Dickens) from the 1820s up to, and beyond, the novel's publication in 1861/2. The issues were first, whether in a felony case it should be the accused or counsel who addressed the court, and then, whether counsel should be prepared to act for a defendant whom counsel knew to be guilty. The latter is the central theme of the novel, with Mr Furnival as its embodiment, and this theme and the character of Mr Furnival were the foci of Jennifer's very informative talk. Alongside, Trollope presents the contrast between legal justice and natural justice, and also the social pressures that provide the resolution. We assessed the character of Lady Mason, and brought in observations on other authors' works (*Lady Audley's Secret* and *No Name*) in which women placed in disadvantaged situations responded well or badly. We showed a wide spectrum in our views between sympathy for Lady Mason and strong condemnation, and whether her fate was appropriate. Charles Hebditch presented a table in which the monetary references in the work were updated to 2012 values. These references have a significant role in Trollope's character development and plot delineation, and we found much of surprise and interest in the table. However, there was little attention paid to the various love interests, though Sophia Furnival attracted some enthusiasm, with a parallel enthusiasm noted elsewhere for Lizzie Eustace. Various episodes had been enjoyed: the contrasting Christmases and the fox-hunting, especially with the two Misses Tristrams, but the relevance of the minor characters such as the Moulders was questioned.

Roger Harvey

Cambridge, 15th July 2012

Contact Michael@thecleeve.freeserve.co.uk

Doctor Thorne

Trollope's great grandson Hugh and his wife Barbara, with a couple of other visitors, joined us at the hospitable home of Pamela Barrell.

Everyone present agreed that Doctor Thorne was one of their favourite novels and that the characters were drawn beautifully, giving us real living people in whose life one could get involved. There was some discussion as to who was the real hero of the book: Doctor Thorne or Frank Gresham, but the former was generally viewed as the more rounded and mature character. Mary was of course everyone's heroine, who escaped from being too good by having a mind of her own. The lesser characters, such as Sir Roger and Lady Scatcherd, their revolting son, Lady Arabella, the delightful Miss Dunstable, and the de Courcy clan, also came in for positive comment.

The tea was even more sumptuous and delicious than usual and we could at least pretend that it was summer.

Mirjam Foot

York, 12th June 2013

Contact peter.lee@york.ac.uk

Barchester Towers

Ruth Orr introduced this comic masterpiece which escapes brilliantly and inventively from its genesis in 19th century ecclesiastical history to become something quite other; a testimony to the development of powers which Trollope has displayed with intermittent and qualified success. We laughed a lot while discussing the humour, and Trollope's accomplishment in handling it, whether dialogue, comedy of situation, burlesque or patterned artifice, generally characterised by a marked rhetorical crispness. 'Almost unbelievably horrible', a creature of positively satanic sophistry, contented with his monumental ignorance of himself (and others), the wonderful, abominable Slope featured prominently in our discussion: we loved and found irresistible the fertile delight with which Trollope wrote about him.

We also talked about the picture of the church offered by Trollope, from the harsh zealotry of Evangelicalism (perfectly

emblematised in Mrs Proudie's 'hyena laugh'), through Harding, who might be deemed culpably unworldly, to the staggering laxity embodied in the complacent Stanhope; we agreed that Trollope's embodiment of tensions and injustices of the church (Quiverful), is dramatic and subtle. We regretted that he never returned to the Stanhopes and were unanimous in our praise for the tenderness and understanding in his portrayal of Eleanor and Arabin. Too briefly, we touched on the expansiveness of the novel, with its nice sense of places – and a country – aside from Barchester itself.

Anne Pugh

London, 13th October 2013

Contact martin.chown@cantab.net

Walking in the footsteps of Trollope

London may have changed since Trollope's time but many buildings and sights that played a part in Anthony's life and inspired his novels, still leave traces.

Members and friends had the opportunity to take part in two walks in August and October with City of London Guide Paul Baker. August's focused on the world of the Pallisers including: a stop at John Grey's lodgings in Suffolk Street where George Vavasor tried to kill him in *Can You Forgive Her?*; Carlton House Terrace and the town house of the Duke of Omnium; and the spot where Mr Bonteen was murdered. Of course there was a chance to pay homage at number 39 Montagu Square which boasts a plaque honouring Trollope.

The October walk moved to the City of London, greatly destroyed by bombing in WW2, where Paul focussed on locations from *The Way We Live Now*. Abchurch Lane is now a narrow street of modern offices, but once inspired Melmotte's shady city chambers. Fetter Lane, where lawyer Mr Squercum practiced, bears some traces of its Victorian past still. Sadly, the neo-classical general Post Office at St Martin le Grand where Trollope began work as a clerk in 1834 was demolished in 1911, though some stonework remains in a wall near the site.

Lucia Constanzo



Omnium Gatherum

A collection of all sorts of things of interest to Trollopians

A Harrowing Pilgrimage

"From the first to the last there was nothing satisfactory in my school career. It was the horror of those dreadful walks backwards and forwards that made my life bad".

Our Spring Event for 2014 will take the form of a special luncheon on Sunday, 13th April in the Shepherd Churchill Room of Harrow School. Due to holiday dates, this was as near to the birthdate that we could manage. As many of you will know, this room, approached by the 'Obadiah Slope', benefits from a magnificent view of London. The Luncheon will be preceded by a reception and a short tour focussing on Trollope connections at the School. We are also hoping to follow Anthony's daily footsteps to and from *Julian Hill*.

Tickets are strictly limited, but we hope that many of you will be able to join us on this nostalgic visit to the site of Anthony's early schooldays.

A unique point of view from Sir Max Hastings in *The Sunday Times*:

"Of course the book [The Last Chronicle of Barset] is not among the very greatest of novels, but it commands my love as comfort food when the world seems especially full of prickles and troubles, and brilliantly displays the writer's generosity of spirit, the quality that in literature as in life seems most deserving of respect."

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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