



# TROLLOPIANA

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Secrets of the Heart  
Pamela Neville Singleton

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Number 98 ~ Summer 2014

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# Editorial

This issue encompasses the wider family of Anthony Trollope, and some new concepts. The Society has been extremely fortunate to acquire a number of items connected to Anthony which will be kept in storage until we are able to exhibit them. These range from Muriel Rose Trollope's opera glasses, to three oak chairs and three silver-plated spoons donated by Pat Smith, daughter of Muriel's housekeeper. Muriel Rose was the daughter of Anthony's son Henry. She remained unmarried and died in 1953. She features in Lee Lovallo's article on page 18, and a photograph of the opera glasses appears on page 29. A number of books have also been recently bequeathed to us from other sources. We are most excited and grateful to receive all these items.

A few tickets are also still available for the visit to Casewick Manor near Stamford, site of the Trollope baronetcy, courtesy of Mr and Mrs Hugh Trollope. This will be an afternoon tea party with an opportunity to stroll around the gardens and hear Dr Nigel Starck launch his new book on Trollope and the Australasian Odyssey.

Following the popularity of the guided Trollopians walks around London, more will take place during the summer and autumn. As usual information will be available on the website, and with this mailing.

We welcome the formation of a new seminar group in Aldeburgh, a review of which is given on page 30.

The Alliance of Literary Societies (of which the Trollope Society is a member) will be holding their Annual Conference, hosted by the Marlowe Society, in Canterbury on 31<sup>st</sup> May/1<sup>st</sup> June, to which we are cordially invited, on application. Next year, to mark the Trollope bicentenary, we will host the ALS Conference in York, and will hope, of course, that it will be attended by as many of you as possible.



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# Secrets of the Heart

As known by Thomas Adolphus Trollope

by Pamela Neville Sington

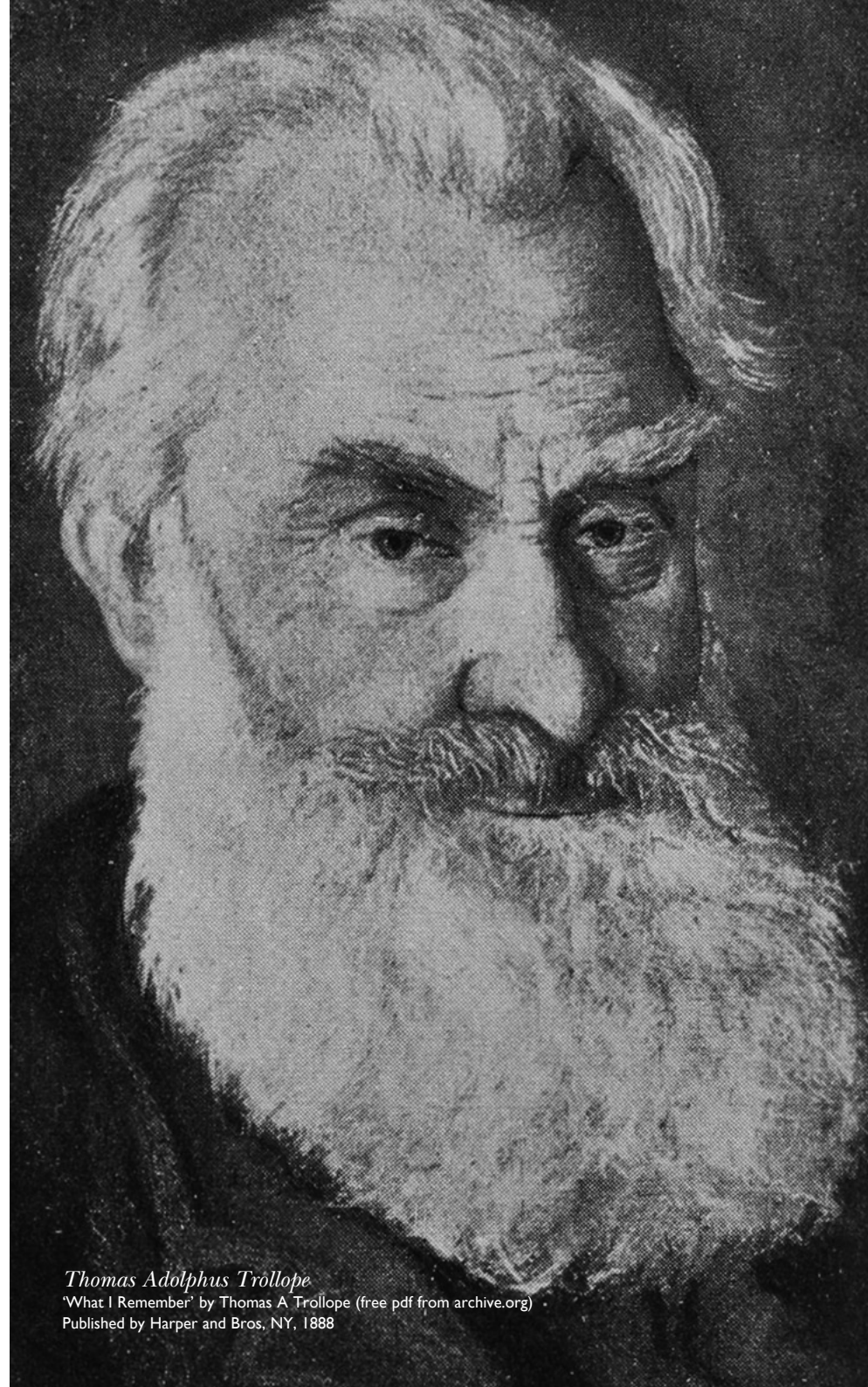
*Author Pamela Neville Sington wrote the entry for Thomas Adolphus Trollope in the New Dictionary of National Biography and is a biographer of Fanny Trollope*

On May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1947, Constance Clinton-Baddeley, mother of crime writer V.C. Clinton-Baddeley, gave a talk on the BBC Third Programme entitled *Recollections of Thomas Adolphus Trollope*. She presumed that her listeners would know him as author of a charming memoir *What I Remember*; son of Fanny Trollope, whose book, *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, was then – and now – still in print, and, most especially, brother of Anthony Trollope. Constance began by describing a Victorian autograph album with “Forget Me Not” written on the cover. One page in particular, “catches at my memory,” as she put it: “T. Adolphus Trollope, 25 February, 1891, written without spectacles and with a fiendish pen, aged 81”. She continued:

“It may sound surprising if I say that I knew him intimately. But it was not in a child’s book that he signed his name. I was a grown-up woman when, on retiring from his work in Rome as [a] correspondent . . . Mr Trollope came to live the last years of his life in Budleigh Salterton, the Devon village where we had our home. It had been the Trollopes’ plan to remain ‘Incog.’ for a little – but on the first walk they took they encountered one of their oldest friends, Mr Edward Pigott, then Controller of the Theatres in Great Britain – that ended their period of retirement . . .”

She further said that

“... the Trollopes knew everybody and had started weekly receptions at [their house, Cliff Corner], which were always crowded. After we had all squashed into the reception room, we went on into the long . . . room where there was always a



*Thomas Adolphus Trollope*

*‘What I Remember’* by Thomas A Trollope (free pdf from archive.org)  
Published by Harper and Bros, NY, 1888

resplendent spread, and Mr Trollope would move around the room talking to everyone. Sometimes we returned to the drawing-room for music and [dramatic readings] . . . But Mrs Trollope was always very careful to see that no one performed at her ‘At Homes’ unless they did it well. Indeed I think she was inclined to find the Devon society a bit stupid – but Mr Trollope enjoyed the ‘At Homes’ and talked hard”.

and described Mr Trollope as having

“a large head covered with a shock of white hair and the merriest blue eyes I ever saw – and he used them to add to the sparkle of his conversation – for he was full of jokes and puns and tales worth listening to – tales of his early days when as a boy he accompanied his parents on their ill-planned journey to America; tales of his life in Florence, with his mother in the days of her triumph; tales of his own later life in Rome, and tales of his younger brother Anthony, of whom he was a devoted admirer. He had been a friend of so many famous people, George Eliot and Charles Dickens among them”.

Perhaps the BBC asked Constance Clinton-Baddeley to speak about Thomas Adolphus in 1947 because his brother, Anthony, had seen a boost in popularity during World War II. His novels, especially the Barchester series, allowed the troops abroad to imagine themselves back home in England, an England of Cathedral Closes, pretty drawing rooms and gentle lovers’ quarrels. However, Constance argued that Anthony’s brother, Tom (as I shall call him), was memorable in his own right, and I agree. As an author and journalist whose life spanned the 19<sup>th</sup> century, he was an eloquent witness to great changes, not just in the British Isles but across Europe and especially in Italy, where he played his part in that nation’s bid for nationhood. And, as Constance said, he knew the famous men and women of the age, among them the three giants of the Victorian novel: George Eliot, Charles Dickens, and his brother Anthony. And in the case of these three writers, Tom was also the Keeper of Secrets – secrets of the heart.

Before I get to these secrets, I want to answer the question: Why, if Tom’s wife found Devon society “a bit stupid,” did they retire there? In addition to the beautiful scenery and fresh air Devon had great sentimental value for Tom. He spent many childhood holidays in Exeter where his mother’s cousin, Fanny Bent, welcomed the six Trollope children to her comfortable brick house and garden in

the parish of St Sidwell’s. She was, Tom recalls, “a thoroughgoing Churchwoman and Conservative”.

“Very plain in feature, and dressed with Quaker-like simplicity and utter disregard for appearance, her figure was as well known in Exeter as the cathedral towers. She had a position and enjoyed an amount of respect which was really singular in the case of a very homely-featured old maid of very small fortune”.

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*“... fictional place names, thinly disguised portraits of Exeter and Devon, were Tom’s answer to Anthony’s Barchester and Barsestshire”*

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The much-loved Fanny Bent appears in one guise or another in the novels of all three Trollopes. First as Miss Betsy Compton in Fanny’s *The Widow Barnaby*, (she has a crooked back – a sly allusion to the surname ‘Bent’: in Tom’s novel *Artingale Castle* she is Miss Agnes Artingale who lived amidst the “happily and favourably constituted city” of Sillchester in the county of Sillshire. (These fictional place names, thinly disguised portraits of Exeter and Devon, were Tom’s answer to Anthony’s Barchester and Barsestshire). Finally two years later and, most famously, as Miss Jemima Stanbury in Anthony’s *He Knew He was Right*, which is set in an undisguised Exeter. Budleigh Salterton even gets a mention by Anthony:

“Now there came to [Miss Stanbury] on the day succeeding that on which Miss French had promised to sacrifice her chignon, a certain Mrs Clifford from Budleigh Salterton, to whom she was much attached. Perhaps the distance of Budleigh Salterton from Exeter added somewhat to this affection”.

Tom’s mother, the outgoing, fun-loving Fanny, was a contemporary of Jane Austen and, like Austen, she, with her two siblings, had grown up in the West Country, in Hampshire and in Clifton, above Bristol. (She would have been a young woman when Southey and Coleridge were living in lodgings at the bottom of Clifton Hill, dancing in the streets under the influence of the newly discovered

‘laughing gas’). Fanny’s father, the son of a Bristol saddler, was a good-natured, rather eccentric clergyman who was more interested in inventing gadgets than saving souls.

It was to this genial West Country world, and Devon in particular, that Tom and his family retreated again and again, not just for holidays, but also during their many times of crisis.

At the time of Tom’s birth in 1810, his parents lived in Bloomsbury, London. His father Thomas Anthony, a barrister on a modest income, expected to inherit the family estate in Hertfordshire on the death of his elderly uncle, Adolphus Meetkerke. On family visits to the manor, Tom (whose middle name, Adolphus, reinforced his birthright) was “shown to the tenantry as their future landlord, and all that sort of thing”.

While he waited to inherit, Thomas Anthony moved his family to Harrow and leased, not bought, some farm land on which he built a large house. Then, out of the blue, old uncle Adolphus married and produced an heir. It was, Tom remembers, “a tremendous blow to my father”. Thomas Anthony brooded. His temper (already badly affected by chronic migraine and the mercury based pain-killer) grew even worse. With his law practice dwindling and his farming venture failing, Thomas Anthony put enormous pressure on his four sons, who attended Harrow School as charity day boys, to follow in his footsteps to Winchester College and New College, Oxford.

Tom, aged ten, was duly elected a scholar at Winchester, closely followed by Henry. The third son, Arthur, died of tuberculosis while still at Harrow. Not long after Arthur’s death, Henry disappointed and enraged his father when he left school before the end of his studies, with no means of earning his keep. It was to find a career for Henry while easing the family’s financial burdens at home that their mother Fanny sailed with Henry and two young daughters to America in 1827. Leaving her two other sons behind to finish their education, Fanny charged Tom, as the oldest at 17, to look after Anthony, five years his junior, who had just started at Winchester. Anthony recounts in his autobiography how Tom was allegedly over-zealous in his duties, thrashing his little brother every day “with a big stick”. “In those school-days”, Anthony claims, Tom “was, of all my foes, the worst”. Tom thought this a little unfair and in his own memoirs, published five years later, sought to right the record, by quoting from his schoolboy diary describing how the two brothers thrashed each other with big sticks just for sport. Tom noted that Anthony, his “superior in

quickness and adroitness”, usually got the better of him!

In 1828 Tom, after leaving Winchester and while waiting for a place at New College, travelled with his father to visit his mother and siblings in America. Fanny’s plan had been to join the charismatic reformer Frances Wright at Nashoba, a community in the backwoods of Tennessee dedicated to the education and emancipation of slaves. When her friend’s utopian dream turned out to be a malaria-ridden swamp, Fanny decamped and headed up the Mississippi to Cincinnati, Ohio, then a booming frontier town.

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*“Tom, who described himself as socially shy, liked the Americans he met”*

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Fanny attempted to earn money and set Henry up in business while in Cincinnati. Her most ambitious undertaking was what might be called America’s first shopping mall, the Cincinnati Bazaar.

Tom, who described himself as socially shy, liked the Americans he met and felt they put him at ease. He appreciated their “homely friendliness”, “generous hospitality”, and determination that everyone “have a good time”. (Fanny disagreed in the *Domestic Manners*).

Tom and his father returned to England before the rest of the family to discover, through sheer bad luck, that he was not to have a place at New College after all. He ended up first at Alban Hall, considered “a refuge for the destitute”, then, owing entirely to an argument over money between his father and the principal, at the academically inferior Magdalen Hall.

While Tom was at Oxford, the Trollope family continued to experience upheavals. In 1831 Tom’s mother returned from the US with Henry and the girls, having failed in their business ventures. Even the publication of *Domestic Manners* and subsequent books (as the family’s sole breadwinner) could not save the family from bankruptcy. In the spring of 1834 they fled to Bruges to avoid debtors’ prison, except Tom, who remained in Oxford to study for his finals, and Henry who, too ill to travel, was in Devon in the care of aunt Fanny Bent. He suffered from tuberculosis.

Only two years earlier Henry had been to Devon in very different circumstances: on holiday, just back from America where he had become a keen amateur geologist. After dragging poor Fanny

Bent up and down Tors in pursuit of rock specimens, the seemingly irrepressible Henry wrote to his family at Harrow:

“Do you remember Hawkeye’s boast [from James Fenimore Cooper’s *Last of the Mohicans*] that the crack of his rifle had been heard over the whole northwest America from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains? My boast will be the clink of my hammer on every rock from Ottery & Exeter to the Land’s End & the Lizard . . . Oh my most venerable & much venerated she parent – oh much respected he parent – shades of my ancestors & most loved & loving contemporaries, what sights have my eyes this day beheld!! . . . [But] what,” he asks, “in the name of whatever deity geology is dear to – what am I to do with my specimens?”

What Henry did was send the rocks to London in a hamper to be picked up and paid for by his father!

But in 1834 Henry left Devon an invalid to join his family in Bruges, where he died two days before Christmas. Ten months later his father followed him into the grave: of mercury poisoning and a broken heart. Tom, who left Oxford with a dismal third-class degree, composed the Latin inscriptions which can still be read on their headstones, standing side by side in a pretty cemetery in Bruges\*. The father’s death allowed the family to return to England free of debt, but tragedy followed close upon their heels, and soon the youngest child, Emily, also fell victim to tuberculosis. Through it all Fanny continued to write in order to put bread on the table.

Tom secured a teaching post in Birmingham which he grew to loathe, especially the culture of corporal punishment. He longed to give it up and begin a writing career alongside his mother. But Fanny begged him not to give up his salary, especially while she still had her daughter Cecilia at home to provide for. When Cecilia announced her engagement in the spring of 1838, Fanny finally agreed that Tom should “become her companion and squire”. (Ten years into her marriage, Cecilia became the fourth and last of Tom’s siblings to die of tuberculosis, the family curse).

Tom became his mother’s travel and literary agent, research assistant and editor. Fanny had extraordinary energy, but she would not have been so prolific (six travel books and 35 novels in all) without Tom at her side. For his part, Tom was free at last to pursue his own literary ambitions, which began modestly with two travel books. To boost sales, the publisher placed the name of Mrs Trollope on the title-page of both volumes (‘edited by’). Tom and his mother spent

the next few years moving about, from London to Cumberland, where they built a house to be near Cecilia, but found the north did not suit and, in 1843 while they decided what to do, sought refuge once more in Devon, at a hotel in Exmouth, near Fanny Bent. (Also living nearby, at Ottery St Mary, were Fanny Trollope’s sister and brother-in-law). It was then, Tom recalls, while on a walk in Northernhay Gardens, Exeter that mother and son decided to settle in Italy. It was to be a turning point in their lives.

Italy, Florence in particular, held many charms for both mother and son. Society among the expatriates was easy-going, the climate mild, the cost of living cheap. Tom was fascinated by Italy’s bid for freedom from foreign rule and fell in with the other expatriates, who were all *Italianissimi*. Tom understood that the English back home viewed Florence and Rome (if they thought of them at all) simply as museums rather than living cities. In order to interest the English-speaking world in the affairs of contemporary Italy, Tom started up the *Tuscan Athenaeum* in 1847.

Also involved in this enterprise was a young English poetess, Theodosia Garrow, who had moved to Florence from Torquay in Devon with her family a few years earlier. Tom was handsome enough at 5 feet 10 inches with blond hair and blue eyes, but shy with women unless they could hold their own in an intellectual conversation. Theodosia was more than equal to the challenge, and they were married the following year.

They moved into a three-storey house in Piazza dell’ Indipendenza, which they shared with Tom’s mother and Theodosia’s father, and had one daughter, Beatrice. The Villino Trollope, as the house was called, became a gathering place for English and Italians alike. Visitors were treated to talk of Italian politics, theatricals (Sheridan’s *The Rivals* was especially popular, with Tom as Sir Anthony Absolute and his mother as Mrs Malaprop), and séances (all the rage in the 1850s). Everyone who knew him agreed that Tom had a strong sense of right and wrong and let people know it. He did not even spare the unearthly visitors summoned from the other side. He declared at one séance, “Spirit, you know nothing about what you are talking of, you are [quite] wrong”. A fellow expatriate in Florence, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was enormously fond of Tom, dubbed him “Aristides the Just”.

Below is a wonderful contemporary description of the Trollope’s Florentine home:

“In spring, when the soft winds kiss the budding foliage and warm it into bloom, the beautiful terrace, [opening on to a garden] is transformed into a reception room with . . . lofty pillars, . . . tessellated marble floor, . . . walls inlaid with terracotta, bas reliefs, inscriptions, . . . coats of arms, [and] here and there a niche devoted to some antique Madonna . . . Here of a summer’s night, burning no other light than the stars, and sipping iced lemonade, one of the specialities of the place, the intimates of Villino Trollope sit and talk of Italy’s future, the last mot from Paris and the last allocution at Rome”.

The author of this passage was Kate Field, a young American who first visited the Villino Trollope in 1860. Amongst the other guests sipping lemonade on the terrace that year was Tom’s brother Anthony. Anthony, on holiday from England, was at this time middle-aged and very married, with two sons. And herein lies the first secret that Tom became privy to. Anthony fell madly in love with the beautiful and feisty Kate Field. He continued to see her and write to her. He almost certainly made a fool of himself over her, and soon there was malicious gossip on both sides of the Atlantic, including hoax letters signed “the Black Phantom”. It was all very hurtful, of course, to Anthony’s wife Rose. Tom, who also continued to correspond with Kate, certainly knew all about it. At one point in his autobiography, Anthony acknowledged that there had been “hot words” between him and his brother Tom, and I am sure many of them were over this affair. It was Tom, after all, who had introduced them

While Kate was in Florence, in 1860, she also had occasion to meet George Lewes and Marian Evans at the Villino Trollope, the source of our second secret. They were not there under the happiest of circumstances. The 41-year-old Marian Evans had recently begun to enjoy literary success with *Adam Bede* and *Mill on the Floss* under the pseudonym George Eliot. However she did not keep her identity hidden for long. A whirlwind of gossip followed the revelation that the acclaimed author was not only a woman, but a single woman living with a married man. The couple decided to flee to Italy, that “paradise for exiles and retreat for pariahs” as Shelley put it, for an extended holiday. While there, George Eliot had the idea for a novel set in late 15<sup>th</sup> century Florence, *Romola*. Tom Trollope showed her the city, dragged her around the countryside by donkey and discussed Italian history with her. They became close friends.

It is easy to see why George Eliot took to Tom. First of all, he was a true scholar of the Florentine “renaissance” (a word he coined)

and he wrote from a unique, very modern viewpoint. For Tom, the city’s past was made all the more vivid through, as he said, his “daily and hourly study of living Florentines”. In his book *Filippo Strozzi: A History of the Last Days of the Old Italian Liberty*, Tom thought to recount Florence’s history through the life, not of a famous man, but of one typical of his age, and George Eliot drew heavily from this work for her novel.

Secondly, George Eliot would certainly have applauded Tom’s acknowledgement of women’s role in history. She knew his books, *The Girlhood of Catherine de’ Medici* and *A Decade of Italian Women* where in the latter Tom asserted that “the absolute *sine qua non* for the advancement of a civilization must be the solidarity, co-operation, and mutual influence of both the sexes”. Again, a very modern outlook.

Thirdly, Tom was a kind, caring friend in whom George Eliot felt she could confide. The secret she let slip to Tom that holiday was not her relationship with George Lewes (literary London knew they lived together as man and wife) but the depth of her despair at that time. She told Tom, “I wish I had never been born”. The gossip surrounding her literary identity, the recent death of her sister who had shunned her, as did the rest of her family, was all too much. Tom, truly shocked by her state of mind, did everything he could to make her Italian stay a tranquil one, with no awkward moments. Thus he made sure the American Minister’s wife understood “all that was not strictly normal” (his words) “in the relationship of George Eliot and G. H. Lewes” before introducing them. But it being Florence, the Minister’s wife didn’t bat an eyelid!

The last of our Victorian secrets began two years earlier, in 1858, with the arrival in Florence of a 23-year-old actress with a letter of introduction addressed to the Trollopes from Charles Dickens. The young woman’s name was Frances Ternan.

The Trollopes had enjoyed a long, rather complicated acquaintance with Dickens. Twenty years earlier the young Dickens had viewed Fanny Trollope, old enough to be his mother, as a serious literary rival. Both authors were churning out novels in monthly installments at the time. Halfway through his serialization of *Nicholas Nickleby*, Dickens was preparing to introduce a plotline condemning child labour when Fanny beat him to it by publishing the first number of *Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy*. Dickens felt compelled to abandon his plans and switch the focus of his plot. He was not best pleased and wrote to a friend:

“If Mrs Trollope were even to adopt Ticholas Tickleby as being a better-sounding name than Michael Armstrong, I don’t think it would cost me a wink of sleep, or impair my appetite in the smallest degree. I will express no further opinion of Mrs Trollope,” he added, “than that I think Mr Trollope must have been an old dog and chosen his wife from the same species”.

The very next year, 1840, Dickens set out for the States. He was determined to like the youthful democracy and refute the accusations of greed, hypocrisy and dumbing down made by Mrs Trollope a decade earlier in *Domestic Manners*. However, he was as disappointed in the great democratic experiment as Fanny had been, and critics judged his subsequent book, *American Notes* in terms of the *Domestic Manners*, praising and condemning him alike for “Trolloping”. When Fanny congratulated Dickens on its publication, he graciously conceded that her account was still the best, most accurate and entertaining, of its kind.

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*“[Dickens] was as disappointed in the great democratic experiment as Fanny had been”*

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Tom first met Dickens two years later, in 1844, when the novelist and his young wife called on Mrs Trollope and her son, then newly installed in Florence. Tom recalls his first impression of Dickens, a young man around his own age:

“... [a] dandified, pretty-boy-looking sort of figure, . . . with a slight flavour of the whipper-snapper. . . . His laugh was brimful of enjoyment. There was a peculiar humorous protest in it when recounting or hearing anything specially absurd, as who should say ‘Pon my soul this is too ridiculous! This passes all bounds!’ and bursting out afresh as though the sense of the ridiculous overwhelmed him like a tide”.

Tom was to be a frequent contributor to Dickens’ periodicals, and the two men became good friends.

Thus it was that in 1858 Dickens was quite sure the “Italian Trollopes”, as he called them, would give a warm welcome to Frances Ternan for his sake. The reason Dickens took such an interest in her,

paying her expenses in Italy, including singing lessons, was that she was the sister of his great passion, Ellen Ternan, whom he had met in the theatre the year before. Dickens was confident, I am certain, that if Frances had let slip anything concerning his feelings for her sister, the “Italian Trollopes”, if they didn’t already know, would keep his secret.

Eight years later, in 1866, Frances Ternan, whose singing career had stalled in England, returned to Florence as Beatrice Trollope’s governess. Tom had lost his wife Theodosia the year before and, utterly distraught, hardly knew what to do. With his mother also dead by then, he moved out of the Villino Trollope, which held so many memories, and into a farmhouse south of Florence. It was here that Frances Ternan came and, within a few months, Tom announced to his brother Anthony that they were to marry. She was 25 years his junior. Anthony replied tersely, “Yes, of course! I knew you would”. Dickens was heartier in his congratulations:

“No friend that you have can be more truly attached to you than I am. I congratulate you with all my heart, and believe that your marriage will stand high upon the list of happy ones. . . . I little thought what an important master of ceremonies I was when I first gave your present wife an introduction to your mother”.

Dickens, whose relations with Ellen Ternan continued until his death in 1870, clearly thought of Tom as a brother.

Unlike Dickens and Ellen, Anthony’s passion for Kate Field faded over time, though he retained a very warm regard for her which he acknowledges, without naming her, in his autobiography. There he also says of his relationship with Tom that “few brothers have had more of brotherhood”, that is, brotherly rivalry as well as brotherly love. Anthony tried writing history, like Tom, to enhance his standing as a writer and thinker. However his works on Palmerston and Cicero were not successful. And Tom tried his hand at novels: although not as respectable as history, they made more money. But Tom knew well enough that he was no Dickens, Eliot or Anthony Trollope.

Both Tom and Anthony inherited their mother’s industriousness. Anthony famously got up between 4 and 5am to write his allotted pages before starting his day at the Post Office. Tom wrote every day from 8 am until 2 pm standing at a high desk near the window. The two brothers had an open book on who had written the most, and the fastest. Anthony conceded defeat in the latter category when in 1864 Tom wrote a two-volume novel, *Beppo the Conscript*, in just 24 days.



Tom acted as literary agent not only for his mother but also for Anthony and both his wives: (Frances wrote several novels during their marriage). Tom even furnished his mother and brother with plots: in Anthony's case, *Doctor Thorne*. As Tom once noted in his wry but good-natured way, "I declare that a good 25 per cent of my time is occupied in doing the business of other people".

In 1873 Tom left Florence, where he had been correspondent for the *Daily News* since 1866, and moved to Rome, Italy's new capital, where he lived in the via Nazionale and reported for the *London Standard*. Finally, in 1886, a few years after the death of his only surviving sibling Anthony, and, tragically, the death of his daughter, Beatrice, in childbirth, he and his wife Frances began to think of moving back to England. They spent some time house-hunting and eventually settled in Budleigh Salterton. "At last," Tom wrote at the end of his memoir:

"... on the sweet south coast of sweet Devon we pitched upon the modest cottage under the roof of which I write these lines. We spent some time adapting it to our special wants, and are still of the opinion that we made a good and judicious choice. My medical friends and others at Rome told me that my first winter in England, after never having wintered there for half a century, would assuredly kill me. But it has not done so".

Tom was to survive only two more English winters. At the beginning of the third, in November 1892 he died in his sleep aged 82, on a visit to Clifton, where his mother had spent her girlhood. He had said to his wife, "Mind, where I fall let me lie. Make no fuss. Give no trouble". And so, Frances wrote to a friend, "I left him on the slope of a pretty cemetery close to Bristol". After 26 years of marriage, she continued in the same letter, "I never detected in him one base, insincere, or ungenerous thought. Flaws and errors there must have been, because he was human. But of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness he was incapable".

There are two rather melancholy codas to the story of Thomas Adolphus Trollope. The first involves the family archive. Tom's wife Frances and her sister Ellen between them possessed, as you can imagine, a positive treasure trove of Trollope and Ternan correspondence. (Frances used this material to publish a biography of her mother-in-law in 1895). After the deaths of the two Ternan sisters, these papers passed to Ellen's son Geoffrey, and it was only then that Geoffrey discovered his mother's past: her true age (she had shed

ten years somewhere along the way), her early career in the theatre, and especially her relationship with Charles Dickens. Curiously Ellen had told various people her secret over the years, even Constance Clinton-Baddeley, it seems, who often saw her when she came to visit the Trollopes in Budleigh Salterton. (Ellen was one of the few whom Frances allowed to perform at their At Homes). But Ellen had kept her past hidden from her son, Geoffrey. He was so shocked and hurt that he consigned most of the correspondence to the fire.

The second and final coda concerns bricks and mortar. In 1947 Constance Clinton-Baddeley told her listeners that Thomas Adolphus Trollope's

"... house is still standing in Cliff Terrace, Budleigh Salterton – and the garden which runs up the cliff and which he had designed like his Italian garden in Florence. I put a marble tablet with a Latin inscription on the house to commemorate my old friend, and it remained there for some 45 years. Then it was taken down during some alterations to the house – and not restored. I hope it may be put back some time, for Thomas Adolphus Trollope, less famous than his brother Anthony, was a memorable man . . . and above all . . . a charming and devoted friend."

Sadly, the original house has since been torn down and rebuilt, and the Italian garden is now a car park. However, Constance's marble tablet describing Tom as *scriptor copiosissimus* and *amicus jucundissimus*, has been restored to the site, along with a blue plaque. Constance (and Tom) would be very gratified.



Thanks are given for help supplied by the Budleigh Salterton Literary Festival in enabling me to deliver this talk in September 2009, the theme of which was 'Adolphus and All That'. My grateful thanks are also given to the BBC Written Archives Centre.

\*Members of the Trollope Society attended a ceremony to mark the restoration of the graves in Bruges in two very enjoyable visits in 2001 and 2004.

Film Review

# The Invisible Woman

by Peter Blacklock

Trollopianians will find an extra zest in *The Invisible Woman*, the new film about the middle-aged Charles Dickens' love affair with Nellie Ternan, and Fanny, eventual wife of Thomas Adolphus and consequently sister-in-law of Anthony. As recounted in Pamela Neville Sington's article above, Dickens helped pay for Fanny's singing lessons in Florence and Anthony, who witnessed her marriage in Paris, also helped. Fanny also took up the family business of writing novels, with some success.

Fanny, Nellie's elder sister, was quite a successful, essentially provincial, actress although she also appeared in London, as one of the earliest moments in the film makes clear, in explaining her absence from the Ternan family gathering in Manchester for Dickens' evening performance (he was a Victorian version of a pop star). Fanny toured the country, which may explain why she also tried to start a school, eventually joining the Trollopes in Florence as governess to Bice, Thomas Adolphus's daughter, whose mother had died.

Her marriage to her employer made her a second Mrs Fanny Trollope and she wrote a three-decker memoir of her distinguished mother-in-law, although I understand she never actually met her.

Fanny is played by Amanda Hale, whose face will be familiar to fans of television programmes such as *The White Queen* and *Persuasion*. She has the right mix of authority and sisterly affection one would expect.

Dickens' affair is well known. The film is based on Claire Tomalin's masterly biography of 1990. It takes some liberties with the book but sticks closely to its spirit. One important divergence is the moving scene where Nellie delivers their stillborn baby. The book reports rumours of this event but is far from convinced by them. Both book and film bring out Dickens' cruelty to his wife, Catherine, who bore him ten children and became a huge woman, in sharp contrast



*The Invisible Woman. Directed by Ralph Fiennes. Starring Ralph Fiennes, Felicity Jones and Kristin Scott Thomas. Released in UK in February 2014.*

to the sylph-like and beautiful Nellie. It also brings out his essentially kindly nature, another contrast.

The film itself is a triumph for Ralph Fiennes, as both director and Dickens himself, and for Felicity Jones, faced with yet another contrast – this time between her role as a great man's young mistress and as the thirtyish respectable wife of a reverend headmaster looking back to her young love.



# Melos in Barsetshire

## References and Metaphors

by Lee T. Lovallo

*Lee T. Lovallo, Ph.D., teaches music at National University in Sacramento, California and pursues antiquarian interests in his pipe organ restoration business. His interest in Trollope began when his work as a church organist found a distant echo in The Barchester Chronicles, the BBC television adaptation that his family inadvertently watched in the early 1980's.*

Anthony Trollope remains one of the most popular novelists of the 19th century, acclaimed for keen insights into character and insightful depiction of social and political life. However, aspects of *music* have scarcely been acknowledged. Some of Trollope's numerous musical references are incidental, while others contribute materially to characterization and plot. This embedded musical culture heightens the compelling attraction of tales of Barsetshire and beyond, and enhances our appreciation of his art.

Despite Richard Mullen's contention that "music was the least important of the arts to Trollope", it played a significant role in Trollope's life beginning with his own enthusiastic activity as a singer.

Male glee clubs were common in Victorian society among the middle and upper classes. Writing to his friend John Merivale in 1856 Trollope considered an appropriate Latin motto for the singing association they and other friends had formed: the Goose and Glee Club. His inventive suggestion was *Cantatoribus anser*, which translates phonetically as "Can't a Tory bus answer?" but from the Latin as "The goose is for the singers". In the same letter he warns against the club's new practice of spoken recitations instead of singing. "What if forty years hence a recitating [sic] president should suggest that singing should be forbidden! How would your ghost lie in its grave at Barton!" (Booth).

R. C. Terry notes that Trollope mentioned the Goose and Glee Club by name in *The Last Chronicle*; it is also referenced in *Did He Steal*

*It?*, when the proprietor of the Dragon of Wantly Inn laments the demise of the club and the business its monthly meetings brought: "There was old Bumpster [Merivale?],- he was President of the Geese, and when he died off they never chose another. A club ain't nothing, sir, without a President, - not for a bit of dinner" and, one presumes, for song or two. Mullen and Munson also point to "Charley Tudor's fondness for singing popular songs and ballads" (*The Three Clerks*): Charley being, of course, a reflection of Trollope's in his early career in the post office.

At Trollope's retirement party in 1867 entertainment was provided by the Moray Minstrels, another of his singing groups. This ensemble arose from monthly entertainments at Moray Lodge in London between 1861 and 1893. Guests included members of the royal family, Dickens, Collins, Rossetti, and Gustave Doré. The Moray Minstrels performed glees, part-songs and madrigals, usually meeting in rooms above a fruit shop in Jermyn Street. They even gave the premiere of an operetta by Sullivan: *Cox and Box* (1866). Mullen reports that among the guests at Trollope's party was Henry, "... perhaps amused at the spectacle of men in their fifties recalling the boisterous songs of their youth."

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*"his enthusiasm for the vocal talents of his niece Beatrice is well documented"*

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Alas, although we know Trollope greatly enjoyed singing, we do not have testimony as to his actual vocal skills or style. However, his enthusiasm for the vocal talents of his niece Beatrice is well documented, from which we can infer at least his familiarity with musical quality. Writing in 1876 Trollope tells a friend, "I wish you could hear our Bice play & sing—(sing especially.) ... Blumenthal & Arthur Sullivan tell me that they know nothing in private life like her voice. She affects me, as nothing else that I know in music".

In her memoir of her grandfather, (*What I Was Told* 1948) Muriel Rose Trollope added:

"Little Bice had inherited her mother's gift, and as a child she sang like a bird. At the age of nine she moved a lady to tears with her rendering of some 'Stornelli' peasant songs of the mountains. ... [she] would quietly sit down to the piano and give song

after song all by heart, to her own accompaniment... Sir Arthur Sullivan pronounced her a most consummate little artist with the smallest of voices”.

somewhat qualifying Trollope’s enthusiastic appreciation of his niece’s talent.

Gilbert and Sullivan included Trollope’s name in the opera *Patience* (1881), in which Colonel Calverley, an officer of the Dragoon Guards, sings a patter song cataloging “all the remarkable people in history”, giving Trollope more or less equal standing with Nelson, Bismarck, Fielding, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Emmanuel, Tennyson, Defoe and Thomas Aquinas. Evidence of a continuing connection between Trollope and contemporary popular culture can be seen in an attribute recorded in 1997 by the New York composer Dave Cantor, whose appreciation of Trollope may be whimsical. Despite its disingenuous title, *I’ll Never Read Trollope Again*, the song’s bias is clear: “There’s one special British author / I find especially sublime / Now Austen is awesome / And Dickens is a kick / But no one packs a wallop / Quite like Trollope” (Cantor, CD notes).

Muriel’s memoir again makes clear that a regular, cultivated appreciation of music ran in her family. She says her father Henry “... thoroughly appreciated his very charming Aunt Theo... [who] was a born musician and loved to invite her friends to enjoy the best known artists of the day”.

Evidence of Anthony’s personal interest in opera is seen in the parallel construction of a scene from Act II of Giuseppe Verdi’s *La Traviata* (1853) in *The Last Chronicle* where a father confronts his son’s proposed fiancé with the intention of dissuading her from pursuing what he regards as an unsatisfactory engagement. In both cases the scene closes with the father recognizing the noble qualities of the woman and the depth of their love: Violetta and Alfredo in the opera, Grace and Henry in the novel. A pseudonymous commentator has kindly brought to my attention not only this parallel but also evidence that Trollope had likely attended a performance of the opera in London in 1866 or earlier, possibly only a few months before writing the passage in question (*Pessimissimo*).

This same source has observed additional instances of Trollope’s ongoing interest in opera: “... characters in *The Kellys and O’Kellys*, *The Bertrams*, *Framley Parsonage* and *The Last Chronicle* attend and/or mention opera, as do characters in the later novels *He Knew He was*

*Right* and *The Eustace Diamonds*. Rachel O’Mahoney in *The Landleaguers* is an opera singer”. In *Framley Parsonage*, chapter XI, Trollope quotes the popular aria, ‘I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls’ from Michael Balfe’s opera *The Bohemian Girl* (1843). Earlier in the same novel Miss Dunstable sings four phrases of an aria from Handel’s oratorio *Samson* (1749), “What tho’ I trace each herb and flower...”, music unfamiliar to her listener, Lord Boanerges, who “did know almost everything, but did not know that”.

In lighter music, Mullen and Munson have also identified Trollope’s use of lines from popular melodies in *The New Zealander* where “It’s gude to be honest and true” comes from a song based on a poem by Robert Burns. This line also is found in *Barchester Towers*, an observation the authors attribute to N. John Hall. The title phrase from the song *Good Time Coming* occurs at least twice in *Phineas Finn*, and lines from a song by Arnold Culley, with a text from Tennyson, form a minor refrain in the opening and closing chapters of *Alice Dugdale* (1878):

“For men may come  
And men may go,  
But I go on forever”.

Within the life of Barchester Cathedral choir music occupies a prominent role that would have required attention to matters liturgical and musical on Trollope’s part. It is not surprising therefore that the principal character in *The Warden* should be Mr. Harding, leader of music, whose chief claim to fame is his anthology, *Harding’s Church Music*, and his published “correct dissertations on Purcell, Crotch and Nares”. Despite Trollope’s report that Mr. Harding “... has greatly improved the quality of the choir, which under his dominion now rivals that of any cathedral in England”, the warden’s taste in music is famously chastised in Mr. Slope’s sermon in *Barchester Towers*: “... how much of the meaning of the words was lost when they were produced with all the meretricious charms of melody! &c.” Naturally, the author makes it clear that his musical sympathies lie with Mr. Harding!

Trollope’s appreciation of music was not limited to vocal performances: a passage cited by Mullen in *Mr. Scarborough’s Family* has the author praising orchestral music heard in a Monte Carlo casino:

“...there are to be heard sounds in a greater perfection of orchestral melody than are to be procured by money and trouble ... at the Philharmonic and St. James’s Hall!”

Writing to Mary Holmes in Australia in 1873, Trollope discusses string instruments and the piano at length:

“I like your enthusiasm about the fiddle ... I do not agree with you in your depreciation of the every-day piano, - not from any love which I bear it myself, or from the conviction that they as regards themselves and their own minds and souls, are better with it than they would be without it. It is said that a little learning is a dangerous thing. I entirely differ from the intended meaning of the proverb. A little learning is very much more dangerous than extended learning, but infinitely less so than utter ignorance. I think the same of music. Any awakening is better than lifeless somnolence” (Booth).

In the same letter Trollope opines, “I have always felt that the fiddle in some of its forms was the finest instrument yet known. I remember well, when I was quite a young man, being moved to weeping by a solo on the violinchello [sic] by Lindley” (Booth).

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*“I remember well, when I was quite a young man, being moved to weeping by a solo on the violinchello”*

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*The Last Chronicle* gives us also a glimpse of Trollope’s familiarity with the organ, that king of instruments: “... he would say his prayers as he had said them for so many years, and listen to the organ, of which he knew all the power and every blemish as though he himself had made the stops and fixed the pipes...” Trollope also wields the organ as a metaphor in many passages, such as in *Phineas Redux*, punning comfortably on the double meaning of the word:

“A leader of a party is nothing without an organ, and an organ came forward to support Mr. Bonteen, - not very creditable to him as a Liberal, being a Conservative organ, - but not the less gratifying to his spirit, inasmuch as the organ not only supported him, but exerted its very loudest pipes in abusing the man whom of all men he hated the most. The People’s Banner was the organ, and Mr. Quintus Slide was, of course, the organist. The following was one of the tunes he played...”

That Trollope reacted strongly to music is related by John

Sutherland, when he reports an apocryphal but plausible explanation for the author’s demise: “Outside, Trollope heard the sound of a German brass band - a popular form of street entertainment in the late Victorian period. Trollope, for obscure reasons, loathed them, together with barrel organs. Why, no one knows. ... They maddened him. He rushed across the room, threw open the window, and shouted furiously. It was injudicious for a man with terminal *angina pectoris*”.

The most significant works to use music metaphorically are *The Warden* and *The Last Chronicle*. In the first and last of the Barsetshire novels the cello becomes the embodiment of Mr. Harding’s soul and is used to express his innermost concerns, audibly and inaudibly. It prominently closes the Barsetshire cycle as discussed by Steven Isserlis in *Trollopiana* no. 81. Mr Harding’s tribulations are expressed through “the saddest of instruments” and, as Sherman Hawkins observed, the bittersweet resolution of his dilemma is acted out in the painstaking process of tuning his cello: “How often were those pegs twisted and re-twisted before our friend found that he had twisted them enough; how many discordant scrapes gave promise of the coming harmony!” Later we read, “Now alone that saddest of instruments tells its touching tale. Silent, and in awe, stand fiddle, flute, and piano, to the sorrows of their wailing brother...”

These are examples of the audible musical metaphors in *The Warden*, but Trollope’s most telling metaphor is the silent cello, when, for example, Mr. Harding must deliver his noble decision to relinquish his post. The warden plays silently:

“... such a tune as never before had graced the chambers of any attorney-general. He was standing up, gallantly fronting Sir Abraham, and his right arm passed with bold and rapid sweeps before him, as though he were embracing some huge instrument, which allowed him to stand thus erect; and the fingers of his left hand he stopped, with preternatural velocity, a multitude of strings...”

Trollope makes clear that Mr. Harding’s silent playing is not merely a psychological crutch or diversion: “...he would rise to a higher melody, sweep the unseen strings with a bolder hand and ... create an ecstatic strain of perfect music, audible to himself and to St. Cecilia, and not without effect”. As Steven Isserlis notes, “The whole incident shows how deeply his relationship with the cello is entwined with his sense of self”. Sherman Hawkins is probably right in dismissing as “going too far” any attempt to impose W. H. Auden’s

image of a cellist “crucified over his instrument” with the cross formed by the bow upon the strings, as suggesting the Christ-like atonement of Mr. Harding, but it is clear that the violoncello has significant metaphorical consequence.

Yet a larger metaphor in *The Warden* and throughout the Barsetshire series is the use of music to signify conflict between the conservative and progressive forces: Mr Harding’s traditional high church music and the unsavory, new and progressive bishop’s assistant, Mr. Slope. This conflict, a metaphor for the ecclesiastical strife of Victorian England, still present in today’s churches, is resolved in the novels, to attain what Trollope calls a “higher melody,” “... an infinite state of freedom and knowledge of good and evil”. This resolution Stearns characterizes as a “sequence of false harmony giving way to discord and resolved in truer harmony [which] underlies the musical shaping of the book”.

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*“the ear comes to covet greedily every atom of tone which the instrument will produce”*

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An even more pervasive role of music (not only as an instrument for effecting change but also a representation of the force of faith and virtue) is seen in *Lotta Schmidt*, in the role of the humble zither. He addresses the reader directly, waxing poetic and passionate, to establish the persuasive power of this folk instrument of old Austria:

“Reader, did you ever hear the zither? When played, as it is sometimes played in Vienna, it combines all the softest notes of the human voice. It sings to you of love and then wails to you of disappointed love, till it fills you with a melancholy from which there is no escaping, - from which you never wish to escape. It speaks to you as no other instrument ever speaks, and reveals to you with wonderful eloquence the sadness in which it delights. It produces a luxury of anguish, a fullness of the satisfaction of imaginary woe, a realization of the mysterious delights of romance, which no words can ever thoroughly supply. While the notes are living, while the music is still in the air, the ear comes to covet greedily every atom of tone which the instrument will produce, so that the slightest extraneous sound becomes an

offence. The notes sink and sink so low and low, with their soft sad wail of delicious woe, that the listener dreads that something will be lost in the struggle of listening. There seems to come some lethargy on his sense of hearing, which he fears will shut out from his brain the last, lowest, sweetest strain, the very pearl of the music, for which he has been watching with all the intensity of prolonged desire. Then the zither is silent, and there remains a fond memory together with a deep regret”.

Though casual use of words such as harmony, counterpoint, music, melody, tune, organ, song, choir, etc. are found regularly throughout Trollope’s oeuvre, in this very short story, words associated with music occur frequently, often in profusion upon a single page. Of course this is largely due to the occupation of Lotta’s suitor, Herr Crippel, musician, conductor and 19<sup>th</sup> century precursor of André Rieu.

This role of the zither is more than a device to charm an impressionable young woman. It is the embodiment of modest but discriminating love. The zither is at the heart of the story, effecting the climax by overcoming young Lotta’s hesitation to an alliance with an older, balding gentleman (common to many of Trollope’s plots, notably *An Old Man’s Love*, and reminiscent of the author’s own affection for Kate Field, reflected in his short story *Miss Ophelia Gledd*).

While Lotta initially describes the effect of Herr Crippel’s violin playing as “... sending us out of this world into another,” it is only when he resorts to the old folk instrument that the course of events is altered: “... he soon forgot everything but his zither and his desire to do it justice. ... And then at last the zither was silent, and no one could have marked the moment when it had ceased to sing”. Unable to compete with the dashing and confident demeanor of a younger suitor, Herr Crippel loses himself in his zither in an attempt to “do it justice”. In the end it is the humble zither that gently closes its own song, and Lotta’s spirit is opened to attractions of a subtler sort.

The story closes with Lotta’s acknowledgement of the power of music in a line that seems trivial today but has substantial meaning in its proper context, “It was all because of the zither... If he had not played the zither that night I should not have been here now”.

A future exploration of Trollope’s work will provide an analysis of its parallels with musical forms. Let us first acknowledge the frequent reference to counterpoint in Trollope’s writing and that of his critics, suggestive of a multi-layered, co-ordinated organization of

his thematic material, as maintained by Sherman Hawkins in referring to the archdeacon and *The Jupiter's* editor (*The Warden*): "The[ir] contending interests are played off against each other in vigorous counterpoint; the theme is doubled, inverted, transposed till all its complexities are before us..." Thus music in Trollope's writing goes beyond the references and metaphors that add so much to its timbre, and is also signaled from within by its (musical) texture.



*Sources also include:* Pessimississimo (pseudonym). "The Victorians and opera: Trollope meets Verdi." *Exotic and Irrational Entertainment* (2011); Sutherland, John. *Curiosities of Literature: A Feast for Book Lovers* (2011); Gilbert, W. S. and Arthur Sullivan. *Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride* (1881); Goodwin, Andrew. *Gilbert and Sullivan's London* (2000); Hawkins, Sherman. "Mr. Harding's Church Music." *English Literary History* (1962); Booth, Bradford Allen, ed. *The Letters of Anthony Trollope* (1951); Cantor, Dave "I'll Never Read Trollope Again". *Sex without Bodies*: Chesky Records (1999); Trollope, Muriel R. "What I Was Told." *The Trollopian: A Journal of Victorian Fiction* (1948)

## Garden Party & Book Launch

Sunday, 22nd June 2014 from 1.00 – 4.15pm

Mr and Mrs Hugh Trollope will graciously host a garden party with afternoon tea in the grounds of Casewick Hall in Lincolnshire for Trollope Society Members.

*The First Celebrity:*

*Anthony Trollope's Australasian Odyssey*

by Dr Nigel Starck of the University of Western Australia

Nigel, who delivered our Annual Lecture in 2011, has made some interesting discoveries about Anthony's travels in Australia and New Zealand. He will sign copies of his book which will be available to Society Members at a special price of £20.

Casewick Hall (pronounced Kessick) will be an appropriate, and very special, venue for this event as it was the ancient home of the Trollope baronetcy for many generations and would have been familiar to Anthony. The baronetcy has now descended to Anthony's direct family line in Australia, through his younger son, Fred, and is currently held by Hugh's older brother Sir Anthony. Hugh and his wife, Barbara, have been keen supporters of the Society for several years and Hugh is, of course, one of our honoured Vice-Presidents. They have now purchased a summer home on the Casewick estate. Guests at the event will be able to explore the grounds which are not usually open to the public.

Tickets £25. To order please write enclosing a cheque to:  
The Trollope Society, PO Box 505, Tunbridge Wells, TN2 9RW.

# Ivory and Orange Blossom

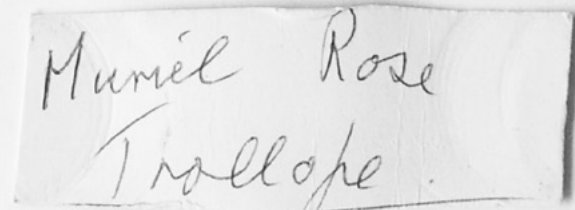
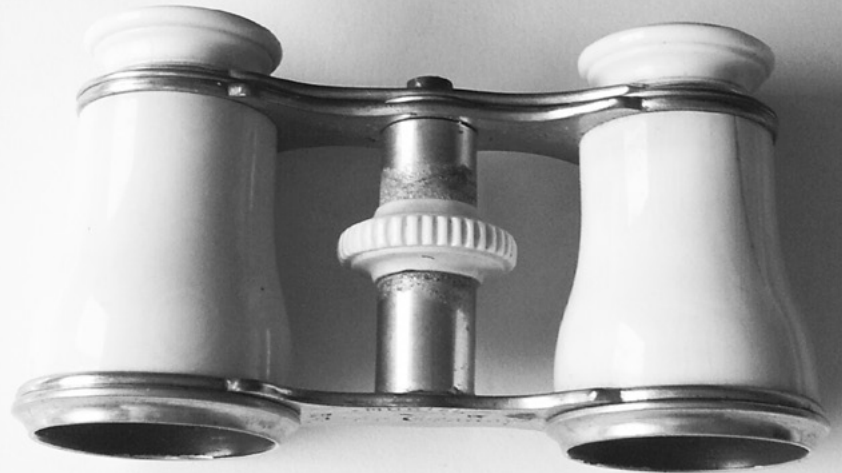
How they were all married and lived happy ever after

By Michael Williamson

A short time ago the Society was contacted by a bride-to-be who was saving towards her wedding next year and whose mother had given her a few items to sell to help contribute towards the cost. Among these items were the ivory opera glasses formerly owned by Muriel Rose Trollope and given by her to her maid as an expression of thanks. This maid had been the paternal great-aunt of our bride and the glasses had been passed down through her family. Muriel Rose was, of course, the grand-daughter of Anthony and the daughter of his elder son, Henry. She was named after her grandmother, Anthony's wife, Rose.

Muriel Rose died in 1953 having been pre-deceased by her younger brother, Thomas Anthony. Her death brought Henry's line to an end and the direct family line now only continues through Anthony's younger son, Fred, and his descendants in Australia.

The ivory glasses are small and delicate and engraved with Muriel's full name while the case is monogrammed. We are very grateful to the family for giving the Society the opportunity to acquire them and they have been purchased by donation. We would all like to wish Kate and Paul a wonderful wedding day in 2014 and a long and happy life together.



*Opposite: Muriel Rose Trollope's engraved ivory opera glasses and monogrammed case.*



# Seminar Groups

A review of Seminar Discussions

The Trollope Society has Seminar Groups up and down the UK, from London to Edinburgh. All members are most welcome to attend. For information on forthcoming groups visit [www.trollopesociety.org](http://www.trollopesociety.org)



London: 7<sup>th</sup> November, 2014

Contact [martin.chown@cantab.net](mailto:martin.chown@cantab.net)

*Play reading of Rachel Ray*

We had a most enjoyable session devoted to a play reading of a dramatization of *Rachel Ray*. Playwright Henry Ong not only gave us the script but came over from Los Angeles with his partner and friends to hear us read it, and Michael Williamson direct it. Henry's sister from Scotland also joined us. Two of their party took part - brilliantly.

We changed the date in order to allow an extended session of afternoon and evening, and had a good attendance for a most successful literary and social event. We had time for a good discussion about dramatizing Trollope and Henry's work in particular, and managed to read the whole play without cuts. The readers were excellent, and Henry wrote later:

"I was absolutely thrilled that members of the Society read the parts. Here, [Los Angeles] most of the time, readings are done by professional actors, and often they are more intent of showing off than in doing justice to the written word. With the Society members, it was approached with such love and care, I couldn't have asked for better readers. And John was lovely both as Luke and Mr Prong".

Henry told us how he came to write the play, and subsequently become a keen reader of Trollope. He had needed a book the right length for a nine-hour flight, and hastily picked one of the right thickness which turned out to be *Rachel Ray* by an author he had not read before. During the flight the idea came upon him that he had to create a play from it (regardless of whether it would be staged). He captured the essence of Trollope's depiction of character so well that we could hardly believe he wrote it without having read any other Trollope books. The minor characters as well as the principal ones came memorably to life, and the underlying humour was well brought out. He subsequently made up for lost time and has read all the novels - which led to a discussion on which novel we hope he will tackle next!

*Martin Chown*

*Martin's thoughtful cello playing between scenes added to the ambience*

East Suffolk: January 2014

Contact [fyfeian@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:fyfeian@tiscali.co.uk)

*He Knew He Was Right*

Louis Trevelyan was not alone in knowing he was right. Almost as obstinate were his wife Emily, her sister Nora and pompous father Sir Marmaduke, the raffish Colonel Osborne (a role perfect for Bill Nighy, who played him in the 2004 BBC series), the upright spinster Miss Stanbury, and the wonderfully-named American poetess Wallachia Petrie. The difference between Trevelyan and the others is that they sometimes learn to compromise, even if grudgingly. At the outset, Trevelyan and his wife appear equally at fault, he for his suspicions about her relationship with Osborne, and she for her disingenuous attitude towards the Colonel, whose motives are more than those of an old family friend. But in demanding his wife's obedience, Trevelyan is asking her to accept that he no longer trusts her. He does not see this, but she does.

Trollope believed this novel to be "nearly altogether bad" as the result of his failure to create sympathy for Trevelyan. We felt this judgment was too harsh. Trevelyan's character and descent into obsessive madness are clearly and sensitively described. It is not easy to generate sympathy for someone who refuses all help and advice, but

Trollope succeeds in the scenes where he contrasts Trevelyan's defiant words with his increasing frailty.

We thought Miss Stanbury was the most vivid character, with her own tragedy – abandoned by her wealthy suitor Burgess, then ostracized by his family when he leaves her all his money. She lives by a rigid but eccentric code, cutting her nephew off when he makes a career writing for penny newspapers. She is determined that her property will be returned to the Burgesses on her death, and that she and her family will benefit only from the income. Her defences and scruples are overwhelmed by her quiet but determined niece Dorothy, her companion.

Of the minor characters, Mr Bozzle must be one of the earliest examples of a paid private detective in a novel. An ex-policeman, he habitually believes the worst of those he is set to watch, and is not above fabricating the evidence. His wife has sounder instincts. Perhaps she is right to blame arguments like the Trevelyans' on "just hidleness – cause there ain't a ha'pworth for 'em to do". Some of the other minor characters, such as Martha, Miss Stanbury's housekeeper, and Nora's unsuccessful suitor Mr Glascock are less fully realized. Mr Spalding, the chauvinistic American Minister in Florence, appears to be a trial run for *The American Senator*, but succeeds in boring the reader as well as the other characters.

Overall we felt the book to be too long. We wondered if Trollope's many repetitions of the central argument are due to serial publication, like the constant recapitulations in a TV series. Or is he trying, over and over, to break through and gain our sympathy for Trevelyan? We thought at least one sub-plot might be removed, perhaps the rather bitter story of the French sisters in Exeter, although Trollope does have a great deal of fun with Arabella French's monstrous chignon. The last 100 pages suffer from an excess of nuptials, with no less than four weddings, although we are spared Trevelyan's funeral!

Ian Fyfe



# Omnium Gatherum

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

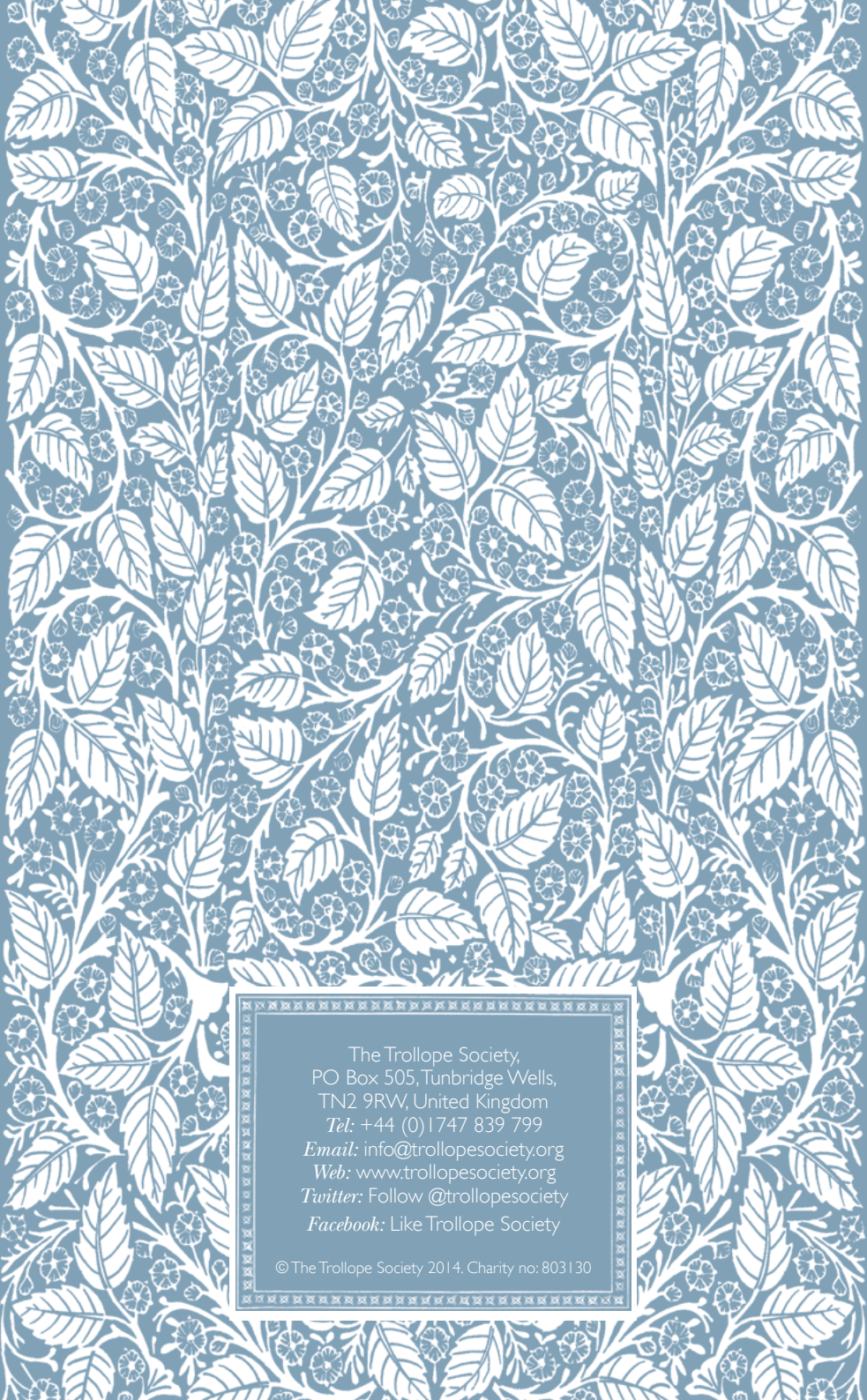
Trollope would be delighted to know that although he failed in his attempt to become an MP, his name is occasionally mentioned in both Houses of Parliament. So far in 2014, Trollope has been mentioned twice, once by Michael Fallon in a debate on the Post Office Museum on 27 February and again by Lord Nash in a debate on 'Education: Social Mobility' on 13 March. To sign up for an email alert when Trollope (or any other subject) is mentioned in Parliament, visit [theyworkforyou.com](http://theyworkforyou.com)

Find out what other books lovers of Trollope have in their libraries at [www.librarything.com](http://www.librarything.com). Over 2,800 people have *Barchester Towers* listed in their libraries. Famous authors who had a copy in their libraries include Barbara Pym and Earnest Hemmingway.

You may have enjoyed listening to BBC Radio Four's new adaptation of *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* in the Classic Serial slot on Sunday afternoon in January and February. Look out for the remaining four novels of the Barsetshire novels, to be broadcast over the next year.

The Alliance of Literary Societies AGM weekend is being hosted by the Marlow Society in Canterbury on May 31st 2014 at The King's School. Next year will be the turn of the Trollope Society to host the event, which will be held in York in June 2015. Keep an eye out for details in Trollopiana and on [www.trollopesociety.org](http://www.trollopesociety.org)

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



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