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An Eye for an Eye - Anthony Trollope's Gothic Novel?

Dr Yvonne Siddle

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Editorial

The 26th AGM and Annual Lecture will take place on 30th October at the National Liberal Club in London at 18.00 p.m. Professor Steven Amarnick, of Kingsborough Community College, City University of New York, and writer of several interesting articles in Trollopiana, will talk on 'The Last Chronicle of Omnium' the painstaking rebirth of *The Duke's Children* based on the original manuscript held at Yale University, containing 25% more text than was eventually published. The new unabridged novel will be re-issued next year as a fine edition by the Folio Society in association with the Trollope Society. It will eventually be available at a special price to Trollope Society members. The AGM and Lecture are free and members can just turn up without booking, but for those who wish to join us for drinks and light refreshments afterwards, it is necessary to order tickets on the enclosed form as soon as possible.

Reports on our stimulating trip to Harrow School and *Julians/ Julian Hill*, the special visit to Casewick, former estate of the Trollope baronetcy, and the insights thereby gained into Trollope's life are also contained within this issue.

We are currently promoting Nigel Starck's new book *The First Celebrity: Anthony Trollope's Australasian Odyssey* and offering members the opportunity to purchase copies at the price of £25 including postage, while stocks remain. Those interested should contact the Office.

We look forward to seeing everyone at the National Liberal Club in October.

Pamela Marshall Barrell
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Visit to Harrow School

by Pamela Marshall Barrell

On Sunday 13th April, on a beautiful late spring day, several members of the Trollope Society met in the small unspoilt town of Harrow on the Hill, with its water pump and lack of chain stores. Harrow school still dominates the hilly main street, with large buildings in an architectural blend of Elizabethan/gothic/Dutch styles. There has been a school on the site since 1243, but the Harrow School of today was formally founded and financed in 1615 by John Lyon, a rich farmer, who also built the main Harrow Road. As his own children had died, he bequeathed money to build a "little school", with some boarders.

After finding a narrow entrance down a sloping passage and descending several stairs, we congregated for coffee on a terrace providing splendid views over London, with Wembley stadium from that angle dwarfing even the skyscrapers. Our well versed and friendly tour guide Anne Hall-Williams, obviously enthusiastic about Trollope, took us back up the steps through Obadiah Slope Alley (named as a tribute to Trollope's character in *The Warden*) and across the road further up the hill to a large imposing building. After climbing many more steps, we entered the ground floor containing the earliest classroom. In fact the room would have originally contained the entire school with a different class occupying each corner, the youngest two classes at the lower end and senior classes at the upper end. The headmaster would have overlooked them all from a high wooden seat and table top combination, rather like a lectern. The room was large and, apart from a white marble fireplace, had dark oak panelling rising two thirds of the way up the walls - panelling now containing scarcely an inch of space uncarved by successive schoolboys. The room is unchanged from its original state, apart from the enlargement of one window, with the other windows remaining small and high up. Even nowadays it would be extremely dark on a winter afternoon, and which in Victorian days would have been lit only by candlelight and consequently particularly gloomy and dark. The boys studied from

Society members walking from the schoolroom to the 'Milling Ground' at Harrow School, photograph by Alan Barrell.

6 a.m. to 6 p.m. with a lunch break. There were two teachers, aided by two monitors (prefects) who changed every week. Next to the Headmaster is a specially built low stool where the boys bent over to receive a caning for perceived misdemeanors, and a locked cupboard containing a selection of birches for them to choose their own punishment.

The panelling would originally have been pristine of course, but one day, when the masters were upstairs having lunch, a child committed the first offence of carving his name above the heavy oak door. He was expelled on the spot as a warning; an obviously unsuccessful feat as successive boys all decided to do it. One particular boy carved his name in letters deemed to be too large and after completing three of them was caned. Nevertheless he continued later and added a couple more even larger letters after which he was expelled. Undeterred, he entered the schoolroom in the dead of night, with his candle, and completed his name with a last even larger letter.

It became impractical to expel everyone and, as whipping was unsuccessful, eventually it became a tradition for every boy's name to be professionally carved on boards displayed in the 12 boarding houses – and the door of the original classroom kept permanently padlocked.

Even though the names are crammed in together filling all the space, most of them are so exquisitely carved that they appear to have been done by skilled craftsmen. Anthony Trollope carved his own name sideways from top to bottom – 'A TROLLOPE' - on the edge of a corner. It must have taken many lunch breaks to do it, a deliberate act of determination, whether caned or not. Nearby is a horizontal 'BYRON' and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, son of the actor who, when chased for debts, fled abroad leaving his son to be bullied, in particular by the son of a surgeon. He responded by saying "… 'tis true my father lives by entertaining, but yours lives by killing". Above the lectern, an earlier carving of the name PALLISER perhaps provided an inspiration for Trollope's well-known character, possibly reinforced by the fact that his two sons were later christened by the Rev Bury Palliser in Clonmel, Ireland.*

Other famous carved signatures are those of Robert Peel, Spencer Percival (the only British Prime Minister to be shot, in 1812), and Fox Talbot, inventor of negative photography, whose chemical experiments on one occasion caused such an explosion that people in the vicinity became deaf for two hours.

Obadiah Slope, photograph by Harry Baker

Perhaps the most famous carving is of the name Byron (all 17 versions of it), whose daughter Allegra died aged four years. He had wanted her to be buried in St Mary's Churchyard, just behind the school, but the vicar, Rev John William Cunningham, a governor of the school, said he would not allow bastards to be buried there (in common with 19th century practice) and consequently she was buried under the porch where in 1980 the Byron Society placed a plaque in her memory. Anthony's heroines often read Byron, and his admiration was further demonstrated in his Autobiography: "In our own century what literary names stand higher than those of Byron, Tennyson, Scott, Dickens, Macaulay, and Carlyle?" The reluctant vicar was the very same Rev Cunningham who later rented *Julian Hill* and whose Evangelism was satirized first by Fanny in *The Vicar of Wrexhill* and later by Anthony as Mr Slope in the Barchester novels.

Anthony's father had been a Wykamist and fellow of New College, and had preferred Winchester for his sons, but:

> " ... as he had friends among the masters at Harrow, and as the school offered an education almost gratuitous to children living in the parish, he, with a certain aptitude to do things differently from others, which accompanied him throughout his life, determined to use that august seminary as a 't'other' school for Winchester, and sent three of us there, one after the other, at the age of seven".

Our guide pointed out that Anthony Trollope was not alone in forgetting to mention in his autobiography that he had won a school prize (for English) as Winston Churchill also omitted to mention his prize. Churchill's Headmaster was Dr Charles Longley who told

him that "you do write very well but Trollope does better than you at present".

Many modern films have been shot at Harrow, including *Harry Potter* and *Lorna Doone*.

Outside again we inspected the Milling Ground where Trollope, bullied for many years, eventually lost patience with a boy called Lewis. He challenged him and reputedly they fought ferociously for an hour. It is said that the boy's injuries were so great that he took three days to recover. Unsurprisingly Trollope was not bullied by him again!

After a delicious lunch of Black Daly's Choice, Dr Wortle's Preference, The Hon Mrs Stantiloup's Weakness and Lady Arabella's Downfall, Trollope Society Chairman Michael Williamson thanked everyone, and pointed out that 'former pupils' John Caldigate, Harry Gilmore, Frank Gresham, Lord Hampstead, Lord Lufton, Peregrine Orme, Mark Robarts and Hugh Stanbury were distinguished Trollopian characters.

"This house is … near enough for Fanny to be daily troubled by … the Rev Cunningham"

After lunch, our "finer emotions … encouraged with a stomach moderately full" (*The Bertrams*) we set off along the route Anthony would have taken to and from school.

After again walking up Obadiah Slope Alley and progressing along the High Street, more built up than in Trollope's day, we turned left into what is still an overgrown narrow lane, roughly gravelled now and consequently not muddy, but which nevertheless is quite rural and 'off the beaten track'.

After a few hundred yards we came to what is now called *Julian Hill* (described by Anthony in *An Autobiography* as *Julians*). The house itself is of a substantial family size and elegant, but with an additional late Victorian wing, so large that it almost eclipses the original building. We were very fortunate in being allowed into the back garden, which we entered up stone steps past prolific hedges and rhododendron bushes. It was a very attractive garden divided into different areas with a large terrace and loggia. As viewed from the gazebo and sunken paved rose garden, the house was gracious with curved walls and floor to ceiling windows.

Anthony had been born at Keppel Street, Bloomsbury, and:

> "… while a baby, was carried down to Harrow, where my father had built a house on a large farm which, in an evil hour, he took on a long lease from Lord Northwick".

As is well known, Anthony's father, Thomas Adolphus, suffered from bad headaches and consequently a bad temper. His clients deserted him and "various purchases of dark gloomy chambers in and about Chancery Lane", always went wrong, and they were forced to let the house out to the aforementioned Rev Cunningham, who particularly annoyed Fanny by constantly referring to their beloved house as 'my house' and 'my garden' thus rubbing salt in her wounds. They also regarded the landlord Lord Northwick "as a cormorant who was eating us up". Again from *An Autobiography*:

> "The house in London was let; and also the house he built at Harrow, from which he descended to a farmhouse on the land, which I have endeavoured to make known to some readers under the name of *Orley Farm*. This place, just as it was when we lived there, is to be seen in the frontispiece to the first edition of that novel, having had the good fortune to be delineated by no less a pencil than that of John Millais".

This house, which later became a Prep School of the same name, is surprisingly near (near enough for Fanny to be daily troubled by the visibility of the Rev Cunningham) – literally behind a group of trees. Originally it was called *Ilot Farm* (renamed *Julian Hill*) which Anthony's father intended to continue working.

> "… it consisted of three buildings of various heights, attached to each other, and standing in a row. The lower contained a large kitchen, which had been the living-room of the farmhouse, and was surrounded by a bakehouse, laundry, dairy, and servants' room, all of fair dimensions. It was two stories high, but the rooms were low, and the roof steep and covered with tiles. The next portion had been added … This also was tiled, and the rooms were nearly as low; but there were three stories, and the building therefore was considerably higher. … added on another step to the house… a good dining-room, with a drawing-room over it, and bedroom over that; and this portion of the edifice was slated. The whole stood in one line fronting on to a large lawn which fell steeply away from the house into an orchard at the bottom".

The cart track indeed slopes down to the house, and as it curves

to the entrance it becomes quite steep. Our guide told us that the Trollope family referred to this as "Damnation Hill" following Fanny's language after sledging down it. It was this house where the bailiffs came to take away the Trollope belongings, shortly after the young Anthony had driven some away in a cart to be sold in the town, and where items were passed through the back hedge to neighbours for safekeeping.

Later, Anthony left Harrow School and boarded at Winchester while his mother was in America, but at age 15 his father moved again to Harrow Weald, three miles away, and he resumed day schooling at Harrow. It was during this time that he endured the 12-mile daily round trip and felt most keenly his muddy dirty condition. He complained he had no friends in the world, and the fact that

> "… a worse thing came than the stoppage of the supplies from the shopkeepers. Every boy had a shilling a week pocket-money, which we called battels, and which was advanced to us out of the pocket of the second master. On one awful day the second master announced to me that my battels would be stopped. …the battels for the last half-year had not been repaid; and he urged his own unwillingness to advance the money. The loss of a shilling a week would not have been much, - even though pocket money from other sources never reached me, - but that the other boys all knew it!"

It was during this time that he had his great fight:

> "I was never a coward, and cared for a thrashing as little as any boy, but one cannot make a stand against the acerbities of three hundred tyrants without a moral courage of which at that time I possessed none. I know that I skulked, and was odious to the eyes of those I admired and envied. At last I was driven to rebellion, and there came a great fight, - at the end of which my opponent had to be taken home for a while. If these words be ever printed I trust that some schoolfellow of those days may still be left alive who will be able to say that, in claiming this solitary glory of my school-days, I am not making a false boast".

We are very grateful to Anne Hall-Williams and her husband Tony for giving such an interesting and informative day.

*Detailed in *How the Trollope Society Went to Ireland.*

A Summer Roundup

Of recent Trollopian visits, books, & television adaptations

An Idyllic Summer's Day at Casewick, 22nd June

This graceful multi-turreted Hall (correctly termed *Casewick in the Bushes*) framed by fine mature trees, ha-ha and sunken garden formed from the original moat, nestles amongst long grass threaded with daises. Sheep graze peacefully along the single track driveway from the village of Uffington, near Stamford, Lincolnshire. Such was the setting for an idyllic Trollope Society garden party.

Casewick has seen many alterations: it was originally a fortified manor house, but enlarged and re-fronted in 1786 in creamy local limestone, and again remodelled in the 17th century by the Trollope family. In December 1964 this Grade I listed building was featured in two consecutive issues of *Country Life*, but later converted into apartments.

The earliest recorded owner was Gunfrid de Cioches in 1087. It was eventually purchased in 1621 by William Trollope (son of John Trollope of Thurlby and Bourne) whose son Sir Thomas became the 1st Baronet in 1641. In 1868 Sir John Trollope, 7th Baronet, was created Baron Kesteven and the 3rd Baron Kesteven (1891-1915) was Thomas Carew Trollope. The name was changed to Trollope-Bellew in 1920.

Bypassing the cattle grid, we pushed through the little side gate down a well-worn path, under the trees opening into a large daisy-strewn field to the marquee. After Chairman Michael Williamson introduced the speakers, Hugh Trollope (Vice-President) explained how he and his wife Barbara came to buy the Dovecote, largely by default. Next Dr Nigel Starck introduced Anthony and Martin

Trollope-Bellew (sons of the first named Trollope-Bellow above) whose grandmother lived there until her death in 1975, and whom they visited as children. Martin, a local Councillor, described how many acres of Collyweston slate roof with lead dressings need constant maintenance and Anthony how cricket was played in the park from 1947-1951, with a 'six' being above a line around two of the trees, and a 'four' being below the line. This improvisation was necessary due to their grandmother (fortunately) ignoring all childish petitions to have them removed.

After Nigel launched *The First Celebrity: Anthony Trollope's Australasian Odyssey* with humorous yet scholarly anecdotes, we joined a long queue for book-signing. Following a walk around the dovecote, the old cattle shed, brewery and stables, it was time for tea, and Michael closed the proceedings with a talk on the future of the society and preparations for the bicentenary in 2015.

It was especially good that as well as several guests from Australia, there were visitors from Wales, the West Country, London, York, Manchester and Oxford, as well as local people, some of whom joined up as new members. A splendid day in splendid surroundings.

We are indebted to Hugh and Barbara Trollope for hosting this wonderful event, and for their original foresight in purchasing the Dovecote, thereby allowing such events to be possible, and also to Anthony Trollope-Bellew for his input into this review.

Pamela Marshall Barrell

Book Review

O My America! Second Acts in a New World by Sara Wheeler

Amid the near universal condemnation of Fanny Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1832) in the fledgling American republic, one famous American dissented. She was, said Mark Twain, "merely telling the truth". Sara Wheeler, a best-selling travel writer, comments in *O My America! Second Acts in a New World*: "He recognized in her his own unquenchable gusto for life". Her title is a combination of John Donne at his most sensuous and a denial of F Scott Fitzgerald's assertion that there are no second acts in American lives.

Mrs Wheeler, who retells the story of Mrs Trollope's dotty adventures in the United States, declares herself a fan of the United States which, she says, is cordially loathed by half the world.

Casewick, photograph by Pamela Marshall Barrell
June 2014

Mrs Trollope and three of her children (Anthony and Thomas Adolphus were left behind), first saw the country with two servants and the French drawing master Auguste Jean Jacques Hervieu, a kind of younger brother to the matriarch Fanny, when their sailing ship arrived off the Mississippi in December 1827. Although thrilled at the muddy river waters, the flights of pelicans and basking alligators, she was soon lost in the excitement of the streets of New Orleans full of exotic people.

Probably every Trollopian will know Mrs Trollope's amazing story. Mrs Wheeler recounts both Fanny's life in the US and her lionization after her book took Europe and the United States by storm, the Europeans to love it, the Americans to revile it.

She tells the stories of six women who went to the United States in the space of half a century before the Wild West was invented and the official British and French had only just departed, although the unofficial British, as immigrants, were very much in evidence. Only a comparatively few decades after that, as some now speculate, the United States' GDP started overtaking the British GDP, Empire and all.

She accompanies their story with her own visits to the scenes of their adventures using, in a stroke of genius, not only modern maps but also contemporary ones. Mrs Wheeler, at 49, was also about their

age and with children when she followed their lead. Her work took three years. Mrs Trollope was addressed by strangers as "old woman". How life has changed. Her dry comments and clever adjectives are never slow to stray beyond her brief if there is an interesting story to tell that does not concern her travellers. One gem is her description of Hervieu's moustache as "heroic." She also underlines the paradox that Mrs Trollope constantly complained of the American obsession to make money whilst not noticing the same objective amongst the British, as chronicled in her own and Anthony's novels.

She points out that Mrs Trollope, emotionally a Georgian rather than a Victorian, was appalled by the American classless world. Her first shock was to be introduced by another customer to the milliner in whose shop she had stepped. The customer and the milliner then enjoyed an "intellectual" conversation. "It was", said Mrs Trollope, "the first symptom of American equality that I perceived". She was also appalled that American servants shared their employer's dining table. Mrs Wheeler comments: "To someone like Fanny, brought up in the stratified society of late Georgian England, dining alongside one's servant was like running naked through the street. In Fanny's interior world, people were born in immutable tiers".

But Mrs Trollope hated slavery with an equal passion. Ohio was not a slave state but bordered one. Her hatred of slavery, the sort that required even children to toil in a factory more than 12 hours a day for a pittance, was the subject of one of her finer novels.

Oddly, Mrs Wheeler's second subject, Fanny Kemble, the great star of the London theatre on a triumphant tour of the eastern United States in 1832, also found her dislike of American equality in a millinery shop. She, too, grew up in the stratified Georgian society and was shocked by the lack of servility displayed by "ordinary people". She claimed not to have read Domestic Manners but said: "She must have spoken the truth now for lies do not rankle so". Her fame added to their lack of obsequiousness. The salesgirl greeted her by name and told her how anxious they all were to make her stay agreeable. Miss Kemble said later: "Even though I had the grace to smile and say thank you, I longed to add, "Be so good as to measure your ribbons and hold your tongue'".

Miss Kemble also hated slavery but inadvertently married a slave owner, 22-year-old Pierce Butler, claiming that when she married him in the North she had not known about "these dreadful possessions of his" in the South. Mrs Wheeler's views on Mrs Trollope's attitudes

are interesting but her story of Fanny Kemble is more riveting to me because so much of it concerns the lives of her husband's slaves and the truly beastly way they were treated. When she went to their new home she discovered that she had married into a family with one of the largest number of slaves in the Land of the Free, at one time a thousand!

"She must have spoken the truth now for lies do not rankle so"

Britain had abolished slavery two years before Miss Kemble's birth in 1809. It is a mystery as to how the Americans, avowedly Christian and proudly free, did not formally outlaw slavery until 1865. Indeed, it is said in my home town of Salisbury that when the American soldiers came to the city ready for the 1944 Normandy landings, pubs and cinemas were pressured into having a sort of apartheid, whites one night, blacks the next. A disgraceful episode in Barchester!

But Miss Kemble had kept a diary of her tour of the east coast and she published it as *Journal of a Residence in America*, with most of the warts and all. Most but not all because Harriet Martineau, the radical popularizing economist also visiting the new republic, advised her to suppress a number of pages of criticism. There were enough pages left for angry Americans to call her Mrs Trollope's successor.

Miss Kemble, whose marriage was in tatters from an early date, kept up her writing and her acting, and after returning to London, went back to Philadelphia for her divorce proceedings in 1845.

She opposed the Confederacy, no doubt because of slavery. Mrs Trollope cheered on the Confederacy because, like so many English people, she hated the North's democracy. When it looked as if the South would win, Mrs Trollope proclaimed the Civil War a lesson in the failings of democracy. She died before seeing the eventual triumph of the North and democracy (of a sort).

Miss Martineau, on a two-year tour of America, was another who took the place by storm. Rebecca Burlend, a Yorkshire woman whose diary of dreadful years earning a living by farming in Illinois, including ploughing by hand when she was pregnant, is the only working class woman in the study.

Isabella Bird was one of those amazing women who rose from a sickbed in Edinburgh to travel through Colorado on horseback.

And finally Catherine Hubback, Jane Austen's niece with eight novels and three adult children to her credit, rode the railway from New York to San Francisco at the age of 52. These six women have fascinating stories to tell and Mrs Wheeler tells them with zest.

Published by Jonathan Cape at £18.99; Amazon paperback £8.79 or Kindle £5.03.

Peter Blacklock

BBC' Radio 4's 2014 adaptation
The Barchester Chronicles

In the last couple of years we have enjoyed faithful and lively BBC Radio 4 adaptations of *The Eustace Diamonds, Miss McKenzie* and *The American Senator*. The recent version of *The Barchester Chronicles* is surely the most beloved and well-known of Anthony Trollope's work. Expectations amongst avid Trollopians have been high. The Trollope Society supported the project including accompanying producers to Salisbury (the inspiration behind Barchester); to Ireland and the City of London streets frequented by Augustus Melmotte .

Starting with a 30 minute documentary in January 2014 presented by adapter of *The Warden*, poet Michael Symmons Roberts, we began a yearlong journey with a man

> "… raised by high born parents who had lost their money, who was bullied in his teens, who joined the Post Office and took an assignment in Ireland to escape professional and financial difficulties. He took to the Irish people so much that the English literati accused him of 'going native', yet he became one of our best loved novelists. He wrote over 50 books, insisted that he only wrote for money, and penned many of them on trains *en route* to inspect rural post offices".

Symmons Roberts asked: "What kind of a man was he? And why does his work still resonate so strongly for readers across the English-speaking world. Is it, as WH Auden said, because he's one of the only English novelists truly to understand money and work?"

Controversially perhaps, Symmons Roberts introduced the character of Mrs Baxter, a housekeeper employed by the diocese, as a way of progressing the story. "We felt some kind of authorial voice, or guiding voice or commenting voice would be fitting and would suit the spirit of the books", he explained on the BBC's Writer's Room web site. "We wondered whether this would be Trollope himself… and considered Grantly and Eleanor".

The adapter of *Barchester Towers*, Nick Warburton has described "… an extra level of responsibility to the original author who has such a distinctive voice… radio is good at voices… that's half the fun of it. It's harder to adapt than to do original things".

The cast included Tim Pigott-Smith as Harding, Joanna Monro as Mrs Proudie, and Richard Lumsden as Slope (played with a somewhat surprising South London accent). Details of further dramatizations can be found on www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b03sfyzp

Lucia Constanzo

In response to comments from *Radio Times* readers (May 2014), series producer Charlotte Riches responded by writing that whilst the aim was to stay true to Trollope narrative's, they wished to bring a fresh approach. They introduced Mrs Baxter as narrator and added creative decisions such as turning Roger Scatcherd into Scratcherd to give "a nod towards Trollope's habit of giving key characters comedic or reflective names" and conveying a "sense of how Roger is never quite accepted in upper-class society". As they felt the key theme to be the class divide, they gave Mary Thorne a local accent in order to set her apart from Frank Gresham, and also introduced Mrs Baxter as narrator.

Book Review
Phineas at Bay
by John F Wirenius

Assuming no knowledge of Trollope's six Palliser novels, this entertaining sequel involves old and new characters alike, while revolving around the continuing life of Phineas Finn. Author, John F Wirenius' love of all things Trollopian shines through and this will be of interest to many Trollope enthusiasts.

Phineas at Bay is available online in both the US and the UK (UK price is £12.65) and may already be available through Kindle.

Your letters

If you have any questions, comments or observations on anything related to Trollope, 'Trollopiana', or the Trollope Society,please write to us at The Trollope Society, PO Box 505, Tunbridge Wells, TN2 9RW or email info@trollopesociety.org

Dear Pamela,

In Peter Blacklock's excellent review of the film *The Invisible Woman* (*Trollopiana* no.98) he stated what I believe is a common misconception that Frances Eleanor Trollope never met Mrs Fanny Trollope (Anthony's mother). The evidence is to the contrary. Frances Eleanor Ternan (as she was before marrying Thomas Trollope in 1866) went to Florence with her mother in 1858 for a year at Charles Dickens' expense to study singing. She took with her letters of introduction from Charles Dickens addressed *inter alia* to Mrs Fanny Trollope who was then 78 years old. This fact is recorded by Claire Tomalin in her book of the same name, *The Invisible Woman*, chapter eight. This meeting is important since Frances Eleanor Trollope subsequently wrote the two volume biography of Fanny Trollope, *Frances Trollope, her Life and Literary Work* published in 1895. On page 298 of Volume Two of this book, she records "I remember on one occasion the delight with which she [Mrs Trollope] listened to little Bice's [Tom's daughter who was five years old at the time] carolling forth some Tuscan stornello in an adjoining room; and how she clasped her hands together as she listened, exclaiming softly "dear creature! dear creature!" Mrs Trollope died in Florence on 6th October 1863.

David Glass

This is new to me. I have never really looked into Mrs Trollope the Second though I have been trying to find her memoir of her mother-in-law. My authority is Sara Wheeler, the best-selling travel writer, whose new book O My America! Second Acts in a New World *features Fanny Trollope Senior. She writes that the second Fanny "churned out" a biography of her mother-in-law, "whom she had never met." Obviously, Mrs Wheeler is wrong and I am grateful to Mr Glass for correcting me.*

Peter Blacklock

For full review of Sara Wheeler's book, see page 10 of this issue

Dear Pamela

Thank you very much for the copies of your Journal containing Bryan's article on the bookplates …

I was [also] so taken by the reprinted lecture by Alex Preston that I have now purchased and am much enjoying *The Way We Live Now*. I have to confess that my previous experience of Trollope has been limited to the Barchester and Palliser television series!

All good wishes,

Peter Youatt

Dear Sir,

I have an Anthony Trollope original book together with a letter written by the publisher saying "Andre Deutsch Ltd has pleasure in sending for review a copy of *The Two Heroines of Plumpington* by Anthony Trollope. The price of the book is 12/6, will you please make sure that no review shall appear before the date of publication which is 20th November 1953. We should be pleased to receive a copy of any review that may appear".

I would like to know what interest the book has.

David Button

This short story was first published in the December 1882 edition of Good Cheer. *It then appeared in the five volume collection of Short Stories within Volume 1 Christmas Stories, although it is not particularly Christmassy! It has been published on several occasions since and is reasonably easy to access. Your copy was produced as a separate volume by Andre Deutsch in 1953 and is a nice product. It is probably quite rare now but unlikely to be of particular value. I can see that a used copy sold for 40p in 1978 but I think that it would be worth a little more now. The letter is of interest but does not, of course, refer to the original review of the short story.*

Michael Williamson

An Important Announcement

To all members of The Trollope Society, New York (TSNY)

We are proposing to make changes in our distribution of *Trollopiana* from the beginning of 2015.

1. With effect from the next issue after this one the Trollope Society UK will stop printing and dispatching copies of *Trollopiana* to TSNY Members. US Members who are direct Members of the UK Society or who have dual membership will, of course, continue to receive copies. Other TSNY Members who wish to continue receiving this magazine may do so by joining the UK Society as an Overseas Member at the current cost of £36 per annum including postage. After this issue, no. 99, New York Members will receive one further issue during this financial year under the current arrangements.
2. US Members who wish to continue purchasing books from the Society are asked to place their orders directly with the UK Office. A revised price list will be produced in time for 2015 and will explain the appropriate procedure.
3. We look forward to welcoming any TSNY Members to any events organized by the UK Society and, as now, they should book and pay for tickets directly with the UK Office.

We value our continuing good relationship with New York and hope that the new arrangements will be of benefit to both our organisations. Please do not hesitate to contact the UK Society directly if you are unsure about any of the new procedures

Michael G Williamson JP, DL

An Eye For An Eye

Anthony Trollope's Gothic Novel?

by Yvonne Siddle

Dr Siddle is Senior Lecturer at the University of Chester, specializing in 19th Century literature

The name of Anthony Trollope is not usually to be found in a list of 19th-century Gothic writers such as Mary Shelley, Sheridan Le Fanu, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bram Stoker. This article, however, will argue not only that there is a justification to reach beyond the more obvious categorization of Trollope as a realist novelist, but also that by viewing his novel *An Eye for an Eye* through a Gothic lens a particularly telling pattern emerges which reveals a great deal about Trollope's relationship with Ireland.

Granted, it is with obvious glee that in *An Autobiography* he quotes Nathaniel Hawthorne's assessment of his work as:

> "solid and substantial, …and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were made a show of".

But he also rails against restrictive definitions and categorizations:

"I am realistic" he writes, seeming to mean that this is how he is generally (and perhaps too easily) categorized while by contrast his "friend Wilkie Collins is generally supposed to be sensational". He continues:

> "The readers who prefer one are supposed to take delight in the elucidation of character. Those who hold by the other are charmed by the construction of plot. All this I think is a mistake, - which mistake arises from the inability of the imperfect artist to be at the same time realistic and sensational. A good novel should be both, - and both in the highest degree".

It is partly in this resistance to categorization, this insistence on the good novel as a combination of elements, that I locate my

justification for a Gothic reading of *An Eye for an Eye*. Cases could be made for the novel as sensational, tragic, even comic at points but, laying a Gothic template over the text allows some particularly interesting patterns to emerge.

To explain how this can be argued it is useful to pause here to establish the stock features of the Gothic in literature. Historically Goths were a Germanic tribe who settled in much of Europe from the third to fifth centuries AD but Gothic fiction, far from being an authentic recreation of their world, draws on associations of the Goths with barbarism (linked partly to their role in the fall of the Roman Empire) and, more broadly, notions of wildness, 'otherness', and a fantasized version of a less civilized past. In fiction the setting translates into stock locations such as castles, monasteries, convents, medieval ruins, and ancestral homes (often faded and decaying). Edgar Allan Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher* (1839) shows how the Gothic explores once-grand families brought low by inbreeding, self-absorption and withdrawal from the world. The twins Roderick and Madeline are the last of the line holed up in the house bearing their name, which crumbles when they die, thus bringing an end to the house of Usher in both meanings of the term. Frequently, these buildings are in foreign, potentially hostile, remote locations, where central characters are both physically and socially isolated, and the locals operate by a different set of values and speak a different language. Consider Jonathan Harker travelling to the distant Carpathians, and Count Dracula's remote and craggy castle. The Harker of Stoker's novel is very much the modern, educated English gent who understands his world in terms of the rational, the factual, and the documented, and is thus spectacularly ill-equipped to read and understand the place and people around him. As every well-equipped traveller should, he tries to research the area but significantly discovers it is uncharted territory. He is not able "to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the castle Dracula, there are no maps of this country yet to compare with our own Ordnance Survey maps" and so is left without the customary means of navigation. He largely dismissed local beliefs (including Roman Catholicism) as superstition and so endangers himself by ignoring pleas not to go to the Castle. A local woman tries to stop him as he is about to leave:

> "Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. It was all very ridiculous, but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I could, that I thanked her, but my duty was imperative, and that I must go. She then rose and dried her eyes, and taking a crucifix from her neck offered it to me. I did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been taught to regard such things as in some measure idolatrous, and yet it seemed so ungracious to refuse an old lady".

Competing impulses are at work here. Jonathan in the end does reluctantly accept the crucifix but is also driven by thoughts of ridiculous superstition and that there is business to be done, duties to fulfil, and he insists on continuing to the Castle.

At the latter end of the 18th century when enhanced value was being placed on emotion and imagination and how these inform the intellect, Gothic also began to exploit a contemporary preoccupation with the sublime and, in particular, what constitutes the sublime in landscape. Here the ideas presented by the Irish politician and philosopher Edmund Burke in his 1757 work *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful* (a text which Trollope read and annotated) became very influential. In this work Burke drew an important distinction between the beautiful and the sublime, seeing 'beauty' in the benign nature of rolling hills or a sparkling stream, but 'sublime' in highly dramatic encounters with nature such as tempestuous seas, towering mountains, sheer precipices. Such encounters exude awe and terror, intimations of mortality, and sense of human insignificance. Mary Shelley puts 'sublime' to good use in the dramatic alpine landscapes of Frankenstein. It is also in the remote mountainous area of Count Dracula's castle.

With monasteries and convents come monks, nuns and priests. It is worth noting that there is a concentration, especially in early Gothic tales, of a capacity in such monks, nuns, and priests to perform the most outrageous acts, which both exploit and fuel anti-Catholic bigotry. Aristocrats and elite equivalents of various kinds populate the castles and ancestral homes possessing power, but also the capacity to abuse it. Other stock characters include the predatory (perhaps aristocratic) darkly attractive male and the vulnerable female. In the conventional Gothic tale, parents are also absent, dead, cruel, or neglectful, and beautiful young daughters are made vulnerable as a result.

Thematically, deranged states of mind, the supernatural, and transgressive sexual behaviour make frequent appearances. Think, for example, of Poe's obsessive and homicidal narrator in *The Tell-Tale*

Heart who kills the old man because of his evil eye. Consider vampires of all sorts who perform bodily penetrations which mimic and disrupt ideas of sexual 'norms'.

A number of critical approaches are routinely used which illuminate further characteristic features of the Gothic. Building on Freud's definition of the uncanny, Gothic is seen to deal in a very particular way with ideas of identity, both personal and national. The uncanny here is understood as a disconcerting sense of the familiar becoming worryingly unfamiliar, and as a disturbing breach of apparently solid boundaries. It is evidenced, for example, in the undead state of the vampire which renders ideas of life and death frighteningly uncertain, and in the deployment of the double in Stevenson's *Jekyll and Hyde* which undermines trust in the stability of the unified single identity of the apparently respectable Dr Jekyll. Gothic texts are also approached as being covertly expressive of anxieties of the time of their creation and as reflecting and interrogating prevailing values and attitudes. It is thus, for example, that *Jekyll and Hyde* has been read as reflecting late 19th century concerns about degeneration, the city and homosexuality.

"Gothic texts are … covertly expressive of anxieties of the time of their creation"

So, how does all of this relate to Trollope and *An Eye for an Eye*? Admittedly, we might struggle to find elements of the supernatural but if pushed could insist that Kate's deranged mother functions as a haunting presence in the text. Other Gothic elements, however, are certainly evident:

- Scroope Manor as the gloomy ancestral home with a threatened blood line;
- The Irish location ready-laden with suggestions of the untamed, the atavistic, the violent and the alien;
- A dangerously influential Roman Catholic priest;
- An initially absent and later hostile, self-serving father;
- An abandoned and therefore disempowered mother;
- A vulnerable and beautiful young woman;
- Fred, an irresistibly attractive but dangerous hero, seducer of the innocent Kate;
- The remote cottage of the marginalized mother and daughter so close to those sublime Cliffs of Moher;
- Transgressive sexual behaviour;
- A deranged asylum inmate.

The genre can be used to invoke and then lay ghosts, to breathe life into and then slay monsters, transform virtuous maidens into sexually aggressive vampires and then safely stake and decapitate them so that they can do no more harm. Alternatively, at the end of some Gothic tales the coffin lid is not securely nailed down with the result that the anxieties which have been aroused are left to haunt and terrify the reader. Thus, Trollope might employ the Gothic to animate an alarmingly wild and dangerous Ireland only to reassuringly disarm, defeat or expel it, or use it even more straightforwardly to reinforce ideas of Ireland as threateningly uncivilized by merely exploiting unsettling stereotypes. But he does something rather more complex and intriguing. For instance, Scroope Manor, the gloomy ancestral home in this text is English, not Irish, and is showing signs of becoming obsolete and irrelevant with its library full of "old books which no one ever touched". The Earl, once handsome, popular, and respected, has withdrawn behind the walls of his domain to a house whose windows face away from the village, defeated by the grief and disappointment caused by the loss of his first wife and daughter and a son who married "a wretched painted prostitute from France", was banished and died childless. His nephew Fred becomes the heir because the continuance of the line is under threat, not from an aggressive Irish Catholic source but, arguably, from its own failure to grow and adapt, a failure to recognize the true nature and value of the 'other'. Scroope unthinkingly rejects Kate as a wife for the heir on the grounds of her nationality and religion. Lady Scroope is instantly appalled at the prospect of this "wild Irish girl"; "A Roman Catholic, one whom no one knew but the priest, a girl who perhaps never had a father! All this was terrible to Lady Scroope". But this is employed to expose Lady Scroope's bigotry, when Kate is revealed as unfailingly virtuous, loyal, and better educated than Fred.

The whole basis of racial/national purity is arguably signalled as fallacious in that Mrs O'Hara, Kate's mother, automatically treated as Irish because of her name, is actually English. Moreover, if she can be charged with endangering her daughter's virtue by allowing her

to spend time with Fred, this is also offered as her doing the best she can as a lone parent in the most trying of circumstances, forced to the edge physically, socially, mentally, and not as a display of predictable Irish maternal fecklessness and loose sexual morality.

Furthermore, Trollope in his Irish Catholic priest employs but then defies Gothic stereotypes, when he exposes Fred's erroneous preconceptions:

> "He [Fred] 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, listening night and day to the roll of the Atlantic and drinking whisky punch, therefore he would be found to be romantic, semi-barbarous, and perhaps more than semi-lawless in his views of life".

"… using the Gothic to … ease anxieties about his English-Irish identity"

Father Marty befriends Fred, places trust in him but refuses to accommodate his irregular request. Further, he confronts him with the consequences of his moral dissembling, causing Fred to face the wall "speechless and sobbing". So, if Ireland proves fatal for Fred it is not because of an inherently dangerous 'otherness', but rather Fred's misreading of it as a place where the usual rules need not apply, his failure to appreciate its true worth. Significantly, Mrs O'Hara becomes insanely murderous because of Fred's refusal to fully respect and marry her daughter. What is being recommended here, therefore, is a re-evaluation and incorporation of the 'other', the formation of a particularly thorough and openly validated union which benefits both parties: rejuvenating the house of Scroope, legitimizing Kate and her child. Transfer this to the national political stage and the threat is not Irish nationalism but the failure on England's part to value and fully incorporate Ireland.

The choice of the Gothic mode by some of its more prominent Irish exponents among the group which used to be called Anglo-Irish writers, such as Sheridan Le Fanu, Bram Stoker and Elizabeth Bowen, has been read as growing out of a sense of displacement, marginalization, out of an anxiety about or sensitivity to issues of

identity. *An Eye for an Eye* would seem in a sense to place Trollope in this company, as using the Gothic to explore and express but, at least in his case, ultimately ease anxieties about his English-Irish identity. If we examine some of Trollope's other works we find more examples of the deployment of a marital metaphor to represent the Union of Britain and Ireland. Notably, in *Phineas Finn*, it is explicitly invoked by the narrator, apparently reflecting the views of Phineas's friend Mr Monk to insist on the continuance of the Union.

> "[I]f it was incumbent on England to force upon Ireland the maintenance of the Union for her own sake, and for England's sake, because England could not afford independence so close to her own ribs it was at any rate necessary to England's character that the bride thus bound in a compulsory wedlock should be endowed with all the best privileges that a wife can enjoy. Let her at least not be a kept mistress. Let it be bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, if we are to live together in the married state".

This reinforces the symbolic significance of the relationship between Fred and Kate portrayed in *An Eye for an Eye*. While *An Eye for an Eye* is not an obviously political work, it has a place in Trollope's unionist literary project. An examination of the novel simply at the level of plot might seem, of course, not to bear this out. Fred Neville, Trollope's English nobleman, far from achieving a happy union with the Irish Catholic Kate O'Hara, is pushed to his death by her maddened mother. On closer investigation, however, a reading is possible which points not to the impossibility of successful union but rather the desire for a more thorough and respectful integration, an insistence on Ireland as the wife and not the mistress. In Trollope's reworking of the Gothic, Fred is no moustache-twirling villain. He struggles to reconcile competing familial and personal, social and moral imperatives but he dies because he offers the Irish woman he has seduced only an irregular, unsanctioned, incomplete union which in her mother's eyes would leave Kate a "harlot". In this reading, the novel is not a cry of despair but a call for clear-sighted, responsible treatment of Ireland. It contests wrong-headed, romantic notions of Ireland as the location for reckless adventures which incur no consequences. The novel recommends instead that the English establishment, in the shape of the moribund House of Scroope, could have benefited from the intellect, vitality and charm of an Irish Catholic Countess.

Importantly, in doing so it secures the Irish component in Trollope's identity. For it was during the 18 years that he was resident

The Cliffs of Moher
Taken on the Trollope Society Trip to Ireland, September 2006

in Ireland (1841-1859) that he became a husband, a father, a valued Post Office official. In Ireland he was transformed from "hobbledehoy" to one of the 19th century's foremost writers. He knew that young men who learned to read and respect the country could go to Ireland without ending up smashed to smithereens at the bottom of a cliff. If, as he explains in his autobiography, he had in his youth learned to think that Ireland was "a land flowing with fun and whiskey, in which irregularity was the rule, and where broken heads were looked upon as honourable badges", he learned to read Ireland more accurately, noting "the Irish people did not murder me, nor did they even break my head". His early experience of Ireland is in one way a complete contrast to that of Fred: if Ireland tests and breaks Fred, it makes Trollope. And he incorporates an Irish element into his sense of self: "When I meet an Irishman abroad", he declares in North America, "I always recognize in him more of a kinsman than I do an Englishman". To contemplate the end of the Union was, for him, to be confronted by the truly uncanny disturbance created when his Irish and English identities threatened to tear asunder.

This union, however, in both senses would prove unsustainable. In 1882 in the last months of his life Trollope, like Fred Neville, was travelling between England and Ireland. He was gathering material for that last unfinished novel, *The Landleaguers*, and balancing conflicting loyalties and impulses. Under Charles Stewart Parnell calls for Irish Home Rule were growing and William Gladstone, in Trollope's eyes, was exacerbating the situation through appeasement. *The Landleaguers* is a bitter and resentful work. Feeling rejected by Ireland, it repudiates the treasured land of his youthful transformation as an "accursed, unhallowed, godless country".

In *An Eye for an Eye*, however, that state of disenchanted rage is yet to come and Trollope brilliantly deploys the dark potential of the Gothic genre to covertly recommend the sunnier prospect of a union which need not end in vengeful mutterings of "an eye for an eye".

The above is adapted from a talk given at the Anthony Trollope International Summer School in Drumsna, Ireland, 2013. It will also feature in the summer Newsletter of the Alliance of Literary Societies and the journal of the Friends of Kensal Green Cemetery.

The First Celebrity

Anthony Trollope's Australasian Odyssey

by Nigel Starck

The Author: Dr Nigel Starck (University of South Australia), a former broadcaster and journalist, has long been fascinated by Anthony Trollope's life and books. He delivered the Annual Trollope Lecture in New York (2007) and London (2011), and has written extensively on the subject for newspapers and journals. *The First Celebrity: Anthony Trollope's Australasian Odyssey* is his fourth book. It discloses stories about Trollope's adventurous odyssey that, until now, have long rested untold. As we know Anthony Trollope was a prolific novelist and inveterate traveler, who explored Australasia and New Zealand in the 1870s – the first celebrity to tour Australasia.

His memoir inspired by those adventures was subsequently described by *The Times* as 'the best account' of those lands 'yet published'. Now, to mark the bicentenary of Trollope's birth, Nigel Starck reveals the full story: encounters with gold prospectors, the indigenous people of Australia and New Zealand, convicts and pioneers; constant battles with the colonial press; the son whose life as a sheep farmer inspired a novel; and the ancient baronetcy inherited by Trollope's Australian descendants after death in war, misadventure, and misfortune elsewhere within the extended family.

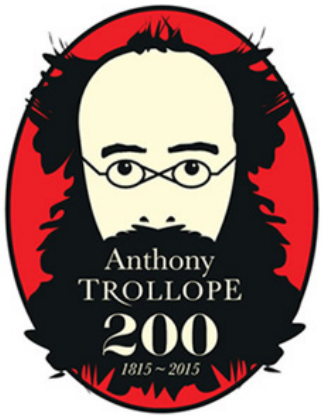
Launched at Casewick (see page 10), *The First Celebrity* can be purchased through the Society for £25 plus p&p

Anthony Trollope 200

A new logo to celebrate Trollope's bicentenary

by Dominic Edwardes

As part of the celebrations for the bicentenary of the birth of Anthony Trollope in 2015, the Trollope Society has been working on developing a new logo for the year.



The bicentanary gives the Society a wonderful opportunity to reach out to people who may not have read a Trollope novel, and say 'Why not give Trollope a go? You may be surprised!' As such any logo needed to be be memorable, and challenge perceptions of Trollope being stuffy or irrelvant to today's readers.

We worked with design agency, Felton Communications, to come up with a number of logo designs, which we then tested with over 100 people. We asked four simple questions, and requested that people describe how the logo made them feel in one word. One design was a clear winner, with 76% of respondents saying that they thought the proposed logo was clear, 53% saying that it made them want to find out more about Trollope, 87% saying that they thought the logo was memorable, and 81% finding the logo surprising.

The logo evoked strong emotions in some, both positive and negative. A common theme was that his hair and beard made him look too frantic, and we will be making some minor changes to the logo before finalising the design which will be used on all Trollope Society materials throughout 2015. We hope that whether you love it, or hate it, you will agree that the new logo will help encourage people who haven't read Trollope to give him a second look.

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: July 2012
An Autobiography

We focused on the chapter titled 'On English Novelists of the Present Day', in the assumption that Trollope may have sought to establish a public persona, and might reveal something of himself. First, there was the issue of which authors he chose to include and, significantly, left out. Notable absentees were Elizabeth Gaskell and Charles Kingsley (too radical?), Mary Braddon and Ellen Wood (too sensational?), and Mrs Oliphant (possibly the model for Lady Carbury). Secondly, there was what Trollope admired in the novels and novelists and what he rejected: Thackeray's and Charlotte Bronte's characterizations are admired but Dickens's characters are rejected as puppet-like; the intellectuality of Eliot and Bulwer is lauded but the obviousness of their efforts to achieve an effect is deplored. Perhaps most revealing is Trollope's wistful acknowledgement of Bronte's ability to create the "thrilling" interest in "Rochester and the governess in the second volume of *Jane Eyre*".

We noted Trollope's comments on Dickens and their fraught relationship; and considered whether Trollope's presentation of misery at Harrow was analogous to Dickens's at the blacking factory. Trollope's time in Ireland, his attitude to the potato famine, and the efforts of the British government were discussed. We wondered how Trollope could be so prolific: perhaps his Post Office hours left time and energy for other activities; that hunting, far from being distracting would have included much waiting around, thus allowing thinking time; and no distractions from television! The need for discipline and the role of assistants in novel-writing brought Kingsley Amis into our discussion, which broadened to include Frances and Thomas Adolphus Trollope, and their speed of writing. This led on to Fanny's travel writing and probable dangers in her 1835 visit to Paris; her possessing the attributes of an excellent diplomat/spy; and the point that a recent visit to Vienna revealed it was still possible to use her *Vienna and the Austrians* as a guide book.

Roger Harvey

Wansfell College 2-day course, October 2012
The Dark Satanic Mills

Our purpose was to compare Fanny's *The Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong the Factory Boy* with Elizabeth Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, against expert tutor Howard Gregg's historical background.

Both novels, set in and around cotton mills in the north of England in the 1840s, a time of social deprivation and unrest, were an attempt to change the public's lack of awareness in the fate of factory workers, especially women and children.

Michael Armstrong (1844) was written at the behest of Lord Ashley, later Lord Shaftesbury. He asked Frances to research the conditions, particularly for children, and report back. Her resulting novel represented the children who suffered. She noted the violence, incessant noise, long hours (12 or more), children as young as four exploited in the notorious 'apprentice' scheme, the poverty, and general hopeless state of the enslaved families. Although the picture was grim, some of the characters were almost Dickensian. Painstakingly observed, the book contains a stark message involving the uncaring mill owners' attitude and treatment of workers, whom they literally worked to death. After many adventures, Michael is saved by a caring friend whom he marries. The graphic illustrations by Auguste Hervieu, drawn from life, were wrongly dismissed by the critics as untrue caricatures.

Mary Barton (1848) is Elizabeth Gaskell's first novel. As the wife of a Unitarian Minister in Manchester, she depicted the Barton family as typical poor mill workers of the community where she lived. As times grew worse and wages lowered, the power of the mill owners became despotic. The workers helped each other down to the last crust of bread, but many died from starvation. An attempt to form

a union to protect their jobs was perceived as almost criminal and crushed. The lives of the characters, treated here with compassion, are in many ways as deprived as those in Fanny's book, and yet they are so well drawn that we are better able to understand and identify with them. After many deaths and tragic losses, Mary marries her childhood sweetheart, and escapes to Canada.

These two very different and powerful books were both dismissed as 'incendiary' by contemporary authoritarian critics.

Teresa Ransom

The Pallisers, BBC2, 26 episodes
May – June 2014

I found this 1974 Simon Raven adaptation refreshing with every word clearly enunciated and every credit easily read. Actors frequently faced the camera as they would in a stage production. The sumptuous costumes mirrored the changing fashions from mid to late Victorian, matching the aging of the characters and hairstyles, including men's bushy(er) side burns. There were many fresh unknown faces such as Jeremy Irons and Anthony Andrews (who later paired up in *Brideshead Revisited*) Penelope Keith, Derek Jacobi, Martin Jarvis.

A seamless adaptation of six novels was an ambitious undertaking, but the glue of Dolly Longestaffe's laconic explanations stuck it together. Nevertheless a minor criticism would be that the first couple of episodes were rather slow whilst the last few were rushed. Trollope's phrases and themes were all there: Lady Rosina's cork soles, sleazy hacks, city slickers, worry about foreigners, debts, love, ambition, and politics being "the highest calling". The only disappointing note was the casting of Donal McCann as Phineas who seemed too old, plump and staid for the part – not nearly glamorous enough to merit his many female conquests!

Sadly just as the series ended Barbara Murray, who played Madame Max, and Ronnie Wilson, director of the last 13 episodes, both died aged 84. Wilson's casting skills were responsible for finding Jeremy Irons.

Mollie Marshall

Omnium Gatherum

A collection of all sorts of things of interest to Trollopians

As Members will already be aware, next year marks the bicentenary of Anthony Trollope's birth in 1815. Many events and activities will be taking place throughout the year and you may like to note some of the more significant dates for which tickets will shortly be available.

The next issue of *Trollopiana* will include ticket application forms.

Key Bicentenary Events

Friday, 24th April 2015

Birthday Dinner at the Athenæum. Guest Speakers will include the Rt Hon Lord Fellowes DL.

29th/31st May 2015

The Trollope Society will be hosting the AGM Weekend of the Alliance of Literary Societies in York. This will include a Dinner in the Chamber of the Council of the North.

Thursday, 29th October 2015

Trollope Society AGM and Annual Lecture at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place. Speaker: Geordie Grieg, Editor of *The Mail on Sunday*.

Friday, 4th December 2015

Evensong at Westminster Abbey followed by a wreath laying ceremony in Poets' Corner. This in turn will be followed by a reception and Dinner at the House of Lords.

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

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