Domesticating the North: Anthony Trollope's Re-writing of Iceland

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Abstract
The nineteenth century saw the golden age of British exploration of Iceland, a country that had long epitomized the inhospitable 'North' in the Western imagination. The interest of British travellers shifted from the scientific attitude of the early explorers, attracted by the island's extraordinary geology and natural phenomena, to the rise of 'saga tourism' in the second half of the century. Iceland provided the perfect site on which British ideals of 'northern' values, cultural and literary heritage could be projected and renegotiated. In this context, Anthony Trollope's travelogue of the visit he paid to the island in June and July 1878 as a guest of John Burns aboard the steamer *Mastiff – How the 'Mastiffs' went to Iceland* (1878) – can be seen as a transitional text where the idea of the North as a place of danger is reshaped as a place of leisure, and partly stripped of its romantic and heroic overtones. In particular, the article investigates Trollope's 'domestication' of Iceland in the interplay between his humorous travel account, revolving around the adventures of the sixteen passengers invited by Burns whom he renames 'the Mastiffs', and the essay "Iceland" he wrote in the same year for the *Fortnightly Review* (1878). Trollope's 'dual' perspective is also discussed in relation to the memoir that Jemima Blackburn, one of the 'Mastiffs' and illustrator of Trollope's book, later wrote for *Good Words* (1879).

Key-words: Iceland, Jemima Blackburn, travel writing, Anthony Trollope.

1. Victorian Iceland(s)

Located in the North Atlantic Ocean, for many centuries Iceland has remained an extreme but indistinct region within the broader and ever-shifting confines of the "North" on the map of Western imagination. As such, it shares with other northern countries certain characteristics that define the cultural categories of ancient "borealism" (Krebs 2010) and more recent "nordicity" (Hamelin

1979) and "arcticality" (Pálsson 2002). Being the product of perceptions and associations connected with a particular place, any idea of North, as Peter Davidson has elucidated, is culturally as well as geographically determined (Davidson: 2005), that is "invented" and "imagined" in some measure (Anderson 2007; Hobsbawn 2000), especially against images of Otherness. As Sumarliði Ísleifsson has shown (Ísleifsson 2008), this is what occurred in Iceland in the nineteenth century, when the visual and literary representations by foreign, especially British travellers, including Anthony Trollope, not only fostered Victorian renegotiations of Britishness, but also served to forge a new sense of Iceland's own national identity in which old and new (self-)images were conflated.

Whereas the interest of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century British explorers was mainly scientific, a different form of tourism to Iceland was later furthered by the awakening interest in Old Norse mythology and Icelandic sagas, especially the so-called 'family sagas' (*Íslendingasögur*). Spurred by the publication of saga literature in English – notably Walter Scott's extracts of *Eyrbyggja saga* (1814 and 1847) and George Webbe Dasent's seminal translation of *Njáls saga* (1861) –, in the 1860s and 1870s a new wave of seafaring writers, artists, and 'saga(wo)men', set sail to Iceland in search of their national as well as personal roots. The focus of Anglo-Icelandic journeys and travel writing thus moved from the stress on the island's alien and wild landscape to the recognition of similarities between the two countries and their inhabitants as descendants of the same Scandinavian breed. From occupying the periphery of the Western world, Iceland came to epitomize its very centre, the cradle of Germanic languages and democracy, hence its (still popular) epithet of "Hellas of the North".

Anthony Trollope's journey to the island in 1878 took place in the very phase of transition from scientific expeditions and saga pilgrimages to modern tourism, specifically in the decade that mostly saw the co-existence of contrasting 'ideas' of Iceland – including those by two writers of international repute like William Morris and Richard Burton[1] – and marked the beginning of Iceland's process of 'domestication' to which Trollope's travel

[1] For a comparison between Burton and Morris's dissimilar views on Iceland, see Wiens (1996) and Brydon (1995).

accounts greatly contributed. At the same time, notwithstanding the abundance of travel literature and the many technological innovations – especially the advent of steamships around 1870 – that made the northern tours easier and safer, the Icelandic jaunt still represented a dangerous and challenging voyage that could not be termed 'touristic' in any conventional sense, especially when compared to coeval routes across the well-trodden Mediterranean regions (see Wawn 2000: 286). It is not surprising, then, that in a letter written on 6th June 1878 even a well-travelled Victorian like Trollope announced his imminent journey to Ellen Ternan (by now Mrs Robinson) with an exclamation: "I am going to Iceland!" (1983: 779).

2. Trollope's double vision and Iceland's domestication

In 1878 Trollope had just come back from South Africa, when John Burns, later Lord Inverclyde and partner of the Glasgow-based Cunard Steamship Co., invited him to join a party of fifteen other distinguished guests on an expedition to Iceland on board the *Mastiff*, a yacht Burns had in use before it was employed by the Post Office. The *Mastiff* left Burns's Scottish residence of Castle Wemyss on 22nd June, called in at Campbeltown on the following day, and after two more stopovers – in St Kilda, in the Outer Hebrides, and in the Faroe Islands (a Danish dominion) –, reached the bay of Reykjavik, where it remained anchored for one week before returning to Scotland on 8th July. Besides the sixteen guests that Trollope would dub 'The Mastiffs', the vessel transported a crew of 34 people, including engineers, seamen, firemen, cooks and two captains. Like Lord Dufferin (Hansson 2005), Trollope was clearly embarking on a luxury cruise in the heyday of yachting holidays. As Peck puts it, he "could be in a floating hotel" (2001: 139). Hence, in many respects Trollope's two accounts of his voyage north – the journalistic report written for the *Fortnightly Review* and primarily his travelogue *How the 'Mastiffs' Went to Iceland* – are in step with the emergence of coeval yacht travel literature, also exemplified, along with Lord Dufferin's popular *Letters from High Latitudes* (1857), by Robert Angus Smith's *To Iceland in a Yacht* (1873). According to Peck, this sub-genre signalled the transition in mid-Victorian maritime fiction towards a new perception of the sea,

which was gradually being turned into "little more than a rich man's playground" (2001: 139).

Yet, there are numerous aspects that make Trollope's voyage unique when contrasted both to other Icelandic journeys and to the writer's previous travels. First of all, age and experience distinguish him from the typical Victorian visitor to the island: Trollope set out for Iceland at 63 after having spent many years as a globe-trotter "given to a vagabond life" (Trollope 1983: 780). His long career at the British General Post Office had given him the opportunity to travel widely to distant and diverse places such as Egypt, the West Indies, the United States, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa to name a few. As Buzard observes, "few Englishmen of the age not in the military or the diplomatic corps could rival Trollope in miles covered and countries seen" (2011: 168). These journeys had also occasioned the publication of numerous travel books and periodical pieces. As a consequence, his sense of 'abroad' was very different from the notion of foreignness that most British travellers who ventured to Iceland – perhaps apart from Burton – conveyed in their writings. Compared to the impassioned and mystical tone of Morris's journals and poems[2], for instance, Trollope's response to Iceland appears no doubt tepid and often superficial. At the same time, notwithstanding his extensive travelling, in approaching Reykjavik Trollope feels he has accomplished "something memorable" (1878b: 18). Truth to tell, this is not only his first voyage far north after many journeys to the southern hemisphere, but also his last expedition outside continental Europe and, as he confesses in a letter to Harriet Knower two weeks before leaving for Iceland, he senses it may be one of his last: "I suppose I shall continue to go somewhere, till I take the Great Journey on some nearly approaching day" (1983: 780).

As is known, the same feeling of an impending end had led him to write an *Autobiography* that was to be published posthumously but was completed two years before (1875-1876). For this reason, it contains no mention of the Icelandic expedition, which partly accounts for the scarce critical attention Trollope's writings on Iceland have received[3]. To a certain extent, it is undeniable that their

[2] William Morris, *Poems by the Way* and *Love is Enough* (1902); *Journals of Travel in Iceland*, 1871, 1873 (1911).

[3] See Stone (1998), Peck (2001), Preston (2001), and Kassis (2016).

scope and length is very limited in comparison with other accounts by travellers who had spent longer periods on the island, or with Trollope's own much more comprehensive travelogues of North America and New Zealand. Even so, one of the most interesting aspects of Trollope's pieces on Iceland lies in the 'dual' perspective they offer on how the writer dealt with two different genres and authorial personae while contributing to the process of Iceland's 'domestication'.

3. "Iceland" (1878)

With the straightforward title of "Iceland", the article for the *Fortnightly Review* was published in August, just one month after Trollope's return to England. It was the latest in a long series of reports that Trollope had regularly submitted to newspapers and magazines, part of which had been collected in *Travelling Sketches* (1866). Predictably, since the journalistic discourse allows little introspection, the narrative voice is objective and dispassionate. In line with Trollope's previous travel books, the article chiefly aims at instructing its readers, and it is noteworthy that in a letter written on 13th August Trollope refers George Eliot to this work, rather than to his upcoming travelogue, as the most accurate source of information regarding his journey: "How I fared in Iceland, and was driven to talk Latin to my guide – in which accomplishment I was barely his inferior – you may see in the *Fortnightly*" (1983: 785). Given its journalistic nature, the narrative does not follow a chronological order, but is arranged in paragraphs on Iceland's history, geography, government, trade, and education.

In lieu of a preface, Trollope attempts a review of the substantial British literature on Iceland he was surprised to find on the *Mastiff*: "I must own that my energies were depressed by this discovery" (1878a: 176). He mentions Dr Holland, George Stuart MacKenzie, Richard Burton, and, needless to say, Dasent's translation of *Burnt Njal*. Crucially, although he defines Ebenezer Henderson's journal as "the fullest work" (p. 175), he declares Lord Dufferin's to be the most popular: "[*High Latitudes*] no doubt to present English readers is more familiar than any other story of travels in the country" (p. 175). Admitting that his own knowledge of the island had been confined to the capital's name and to its political dependence on Denmark,

Trollope proceeds to give details of Icelandic geographical, historical and cultural peculiarities by reiterating some familiar *motifs* – like the lamented absence of trees and of wheeled carriages –, and reporting figures on the demographic growth of the Icelandic population as well as on the frequency and consequences of volcanic eruptions.

In terms of information, Trollope's article adds very little to previous publications on Iceland – a fact the writer acknowledges from the very beginning. What is remarkable about the *Fortnightly* piece is rather the notion of cultural relativity through which Iceland and its 'images' are apprehended. On the one hand, Trollope, the indefatigable voyager, deconstructs a number of stereotypes regarding the country and its people, some of which were disseminated by authoritative sources. For example, he calls into question the description of Iceland's "forbidding" landscape contained in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* by defining the scenery around Thingvellir variously "romantic", magnificent" and "very attractive", and showing a deep awareness of the changes in aesthetic taste that had occurred in the century: "I deny altogether that the country has a forbidding aspect. But it may be that half a century ago the taste for the wilder beauties of nature had not grown to its present strength. A hundred and fifty years ago the Alps and Pyrenees were horrid only, – not beautiful" (p. 188). In addition, having visited New Zealand, he inevitably trivializes Iceland's greatest wonder:

> Had there been no other Geyser, no other little lakes of boiling water known in the world, these in Iceland would be very wonderful. When they were first visited and described, such was perhaps the case. For myself, having seen and described the Geysers in the Northern Island of New Zealand, I cannot be ecstatic about the Geysers in Iceland. (p. 190)

On the other hand, the hallmark of Trollope's article can be detected in the unmasking of the British colonial attitude and of the ethnocentric gaze behind the numerous narratives that had constructed the sign 'Icelandic' until then. The following passage, in this respect, is worth quoting in full:

> We are apt to think in London that we are the very centre and navel of the world. Perhaps we are. But in so thinking we are led too frequently to believe that the people who are distant from us, and altogether unlike us in

these circumstances, must be very much behind us indeed. There are those Icelanders, with almost perpetual night during a great portion of the year, without a tree, living in holes for protection against the snow, – almost we may say without any comfort, – a barbarous unfortunate people certainly! But when I was in Iceland, especially when I was in Reykjavik the capital of Iceland, I did not think the people whom I saw to be at all unfortunate, and certainly in no degree barbarous. Everybody seemed to be comfortable. Everybody was well clothed. Everybody could read and write. I saw no poverty. I saw no case of a drunken man, though I heard of drunkenness. I found a taste for prettiness – notably as shown in the ornaments and dress of the women; a very general appreciation of literary pursuits; a tendency to religious worship; orderly easy comfortable manners, and a mode of life very much removed, indeed, from barbarism. (p. 177)

To a certain extent Trollope's perspective is unavoidably Eurocentric, and by his own admission he is not completely immune to ingrained ethnic prejudices: "Perhaps my surprise in Iceland was occasioned by previous misconception on my part, – by a mistaken idea that an Icelander was no better than a semi-Esquimaux" (p. 183). Nonetheless, the *Fortnightly* article reveals the figure of an intellectual well aware of Britain's colonial dynamics of cultural 'appropriation'. The imperial discourse is clearly brought to light when, in commenting on the Icelanders' good mastering of foreign languages, Trollope tellingly equates the British tourists' assumption of hearing English in every country they visit with the sense of superiority felt by ancient Romans: "In the old Roman days, the great Roman held it to be below his dignity to talk to any barbarian in other than his own language. The normal Englishman is somewhat like the great Roman" (p. 179). Similar to modern Romans, in Trollope's eyes his countrymen seem to be driven by the same thirst to conquer the whole world on the pretext of civilizing it, on which image the article ends:

I was much amused by finding at the end of Sir George Mackenzie's book[4] a recommendation that England should take possession of Ice-land! What part of the world has it not been thought at some time expedient that we take into our own hands or under our protection! Sir George tells us that his friend Mr. Hooker had thought this to be the only way of 'relieving' the

[4] Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, *Travels in the Island of Iceland, During the Summer of the Year MDCCCX* (1811).

inhabitants, and that he thoroughly agreed with Mr. Hooker! Happily for ourselves, happily for Iceland probably, we abstained. (p. 190)

4. *How the 'Mastiffs' went to Iceland* (1878)

Trollope's questioning of Iceland's two-faced construction as an alien and barbarous country or as a mythical place is further carried out in *How the 'Mastiffs' went to Iceland*, the last of his travelogues (from now on HMWI). Both the title and the humorous style reflect the nature and circumstances of its publication: the booklet was privately printed at the end of the year by John Burns with two photographs and fourteen illustrations by Jemima Blackburn, a Scottish "talented artist" (Glendinning 1992: 459) whose own account appeared the following year in *Good Words*[5]. While Blackburn's style is more measured and impersonal – she only names Mr Burns although Trollope features in most illustrations –, the two travelogues can be read in parallel for they often discuss similar points – the want of a bank or the high level of education in the country[6] – and subvert the same stereotypes, such as the supposed drunkenness and uncleanliness of Icelanders[7]. Blackburn is naturally drawn to the scenery and to the people's appearance, whereas Trollope's narrative seems somewhat fictionalised. Primarily intended for the members of the party – whom in this case he wanted to amuse, not to instruct –, HMWI is imbued with a pervading jocularity and recurring references to in-jokes, which, together with mocking allusions to

[5] In 1876 the popular monthly magazine had already welcomed Elizabeth Jane Oswald's travelogue of Iceland, later printed as *By Fell and Fjord* (1882).

[6] Like Trollope, Blackburn admits her prior misinformation about the island – "in my geographical ignorance I expected to find Iceland about the size of the Isle of Wight, with a volcano in the middle of it, and to see the whole island as we rode to Geysir" (1879: 480) –, and similarly refers the reader to Henderson, Dufferin and Dasent as sources of information (p. 480).

[7] On this topic Blackburn returns time and again. While she praises the cleanliness and singularity of Reykjavik – "there are no wheeled vehicles, soldiers, policemen, or sparrows; and there is an utter absence of amenities, such as gardens, parks, promenades, or seats" (1879: 482) –, it is revealing that she evokes opposite images of southern destinations epitomized in Naples – to which the Icelandic capital "presents the most striking contrast" (pp. 482-483) – to conclude that "cleanliness, after all, is only comparative" (p. 483).

standard features of Iceland travel literature, act in counterpoint both to the journalistic 'unsentimental' account in the *Fortnightly* and to most British travelogues depicting "the Icelandic utopia" (Kassis 2016). The fictionalising process underway becomes apparent from the outset, for Trollope provides a complete list of the Mastiffs as dramatis personae, which is reminiscent of Dufferin's opening. Each one is given a role name: Mr Shaw Stewart, a parliamentary man off-duty, is "An Ancient Mariner", Captain Colquhoun – being the supplier of tea as they rode – "A beneficent Providence", Mr James Burns "Our Packer in General", Mrs Blackburn "Our Artist" and so forth, with Trollope appointing himself as "Our Chronicler".

Compared to the article, Trollope's Icelandic travelogue is more accurate and personal. First of all, HMWI also includes chapters devoted to St Kilda and Tórshavn, the capital of the Faroe Islands, which were briefly visited on the outward journey but omitted in the *Fortnightly* piece. Moreover, in contrast to standard travel accounts, the focus of the narration is not so much on the island's wonders and 'foreign' landscape, but rather on social and practical aspects of Icelanders' everyday life. In terms of narrative materials, Trollope's book exhibits a more 'feminine' mode of writing, discernible in some of the gender markers identified by Susan Bassnett, notably "attention to details of clothing, accounts of domestic life, or the inclusion of romantic episodes" (2002: 239)[8]. In this respect, HMWI is more similar to Jemima Blackburn's own account of the Icelandic journey, equally focusing on Icelanders' daily life, typically their domestic and farming activities, sanitation, clothing and horse breeding, including a long section on ponies[9]. That said, Trollope's narration foregrounds with greater emphasis the relationship between the travel writer as individual and the society in which he moves. Perhaps also on account of his *coterie* audience, Trollope's attention seems to be catalysed by the manners of the Icelanders,

[8] The latter aspect can be recognized in the amusing evocation of Wilson's courtship of "Thora the divine" (Trollope 1878b: 24), the Reykjavik Bishop's daughter who, on account of her amiability and excellent command of English, was considered "almost a Mastiff" (p. 27).

[9] William Morris likewise repeatedly described Icelandic ponies in his letters from Iceland, and eventually brought home the one he had ridden in his first journey (named Mouse) as a gift for his daughters. Also in Edward Burne-Jones's affectionate caricatures of Morris ('Topsy') in Iceland, he is portrayed on his horse.

their attire (minutely described) and social conduct – he notices the absence of an upper class and of privileges –, as well as by the Mastiffs' conversation, foibles, and on the material arrangements for feeding the sixteen guests on the yacht. His detailed chronicle of the picnic on the Island of Viðey and of the special dinner and ball organised by Burns on the *Mastiff*, which was attended by fourteen local personalities, offer lively and unusual snapshots of both Icelandic society and British beau-monde lifestyle.

Consistent with mid- and late Victorian sea fiction, the marine dimension no longer represents a world apart, but life on board is presented as a microcosm of life ashore, or, as Peck puts it, as "an intensified version of ordinary life" (2000: 140). This also implies a 'feminization' of seafaring – which is not for a moment associated with risk and danger –, and a concurrent 'domestication' of the Icelandic landscape. Defying the myth of the fit and manly northern explorer, Trollope repeatedly presents himself as an aged anti-hero, particularly so in the humorous scene in which the Chronicler realized "the unpleasant fact that I was the heaviest of the party – very much the heaviest" (1878b: 31) before engaging in a long struggle with his pony, "the most pernicious brute that ever was foaled in any country that ever possessed mares!" (p. 32) The Icelandic landscape is likewise stripped of many of its 'masculine' and exceptional attributes. Although fascinated by the green nooks of the countryside around Thingvellir (or Thingvalla, as Trollope spells it), "worthy, in itself, of a journey" (p. 33), Trollope is completely untouched by the place's symbolic status – "the Parliament was, probably, rather judicial than legislative" (p. 34). Overall, Preston finds Trollope's response to the Icelandic landscape "cool and detached" (2001: 16), and this is certainly the case in terms of his emotional involvement. If several passages reiterate the impressions expressed in the *Fortnightly*, in HMWI the process of domestication affects the scenery to a larger extent. The Geysers, which in the article had left Trollope unimpressed, are now termed "second-class" (p. 40) – "if a "Mastiff" may be allowed to use a slang-phrase" (p. 40) –, while the hot springs are situated in a spot that Trollope judges to be "wanting in beauty and prettiness" (p. 41), "curious no doubt, but not beautiful" (p. 41). It is notable that the most frequent adjective used to describe Icelandic views is "picturesque", which also connotes the people's traditional dress. The only passage in which Trollope

seems to adopt the sublime vocabulary of his predecessors is in the depiction of the "dark, black, deep water, most mysterious, almost infernal to be looked upon" (p. 34) that runs at the bottom of the deep rifts surrounding the Althing (the place where the meetings of the old Icelandic parliament were held)[10]. For the most part, Trollope's attention is concentrated on the human landscape: "Our ride to and from the Geysers, with Thingvalla, the Brüarä, and our galloping 'Mastiffs', will always be dearer to me than the Geysers themselves" (p. 38).

Trollope's recurrent emphasis on the recreational nature of his Icelandic trip, his 'external' perspective and domesticating strategies – his self-mocking tone and semi-fictional approach – add to the 'emasculation' of northern landscape and the journey which, inaugurated by Dufferin, ushers in the era of tourism. In point of fact, one of the most singular features of HMWI can be identified in the tourist discourse and critique underlying the narration. On the one hand, the Chronicler makes it clear that recreation was meant to be the primary objective of the sea voyage; hence he was conscious of his (new) role as a tourist (rather than a traveller). In many ways, Trollope's journey closely resembled one of Thomas Cook's package tours, in which everything had already been planned and arranged for – travel, food, guides, and horses –, and the visitors were left on their own only for a few hours of shopping. Further, Trollope's party takes the 'orthodox' Icelandic route to Thingvellir and the hot springs, which, together with the waterfall of Gullfoss, is now called the 'Golden Circle' and even today represents the most popular Icelandic expedition. Differently from the majority of Victorian travellers to Iceland, including Morris and Burton, the 'Mastiffs' are welcomed by the island's authorities and locals like celebrities, virtually a kind of British delegation, a circumstance that accentuates the luxury and leisurely nature of their journey. Their perspective thus inevitably remains 'external' and distorted in some measure, also considering the fact that they spent less than a week on the island, did not visit the interior and only ate British food.

[10] Blackburn more conventionally employs a similar vocabulary, tinged with Miltonic and Dantean echoes, in the description of the "ashy hill" (1879: 623) surrounding Geyser and the other hot springs: "*infernal* would not be too strong a word for the situation" (p. 623).

At the same time, his cultural position as an 'outsider' allows Trollope to develop a narrative voice that at several points articulates a calculated and very modern criticism of the phenomenon of tourism. This is most apparent in the passages that describe the high-speed pace of the ride to Thingvellir – in sharp contrast with the meditative attitude of sagamen like Morris – and especially the Mastiffs' shopping expeditions in Reykjavik, which the Chronicler considers as "frivolous pursuits" (p. 24). In particular, Trollope humorously emphasizes both the rapidity with which local handicrafts are displayed in Icelander's shops and houses, and the eagerness with which British travellers buy them:

> Old silver ornaments, silvered belts and filigree work, *all of which had probably come some years ago from Denmark, and some of which had possibly come from Birmingham*, was there for sale, – and were sold. Each 'Mastiff' *wanted* some *token to take* home to England, and the *tokens* were for the most part *taken* home in the shape of these ornaments. And we were frequent at the shop of a certain saddler who sold leather sachels and whips for riding. Every 'Mastiff,' male and female, *required* a whip and a sachel, – for had it not been appointed for us that we were to ride up to the Geysers; and *how could* we ride unknown ponies unless armed with whips, and *how could* we endure to be separated from our baggage, as must be the case, unless provided with some means of carrying our *most needed* little treasures? We *emptied* the shop of whips and sachels and left the saddler, I should hope, happy in his mind. (p. 20, my emphases)

The anaphoric syntax and the recurrence of verbs such as "want", "take", "require", and "need" aptly unveil the dynamics by which the Mastiffs' compulsive search for a souvenir, whose authenticity is overtly questioned, is based on fabricated needs and 'invented' traditions. Likewise, the repetition of "tokens" and of the coveted items – whips and sachels – reinforces the materialistic notion of mementoes as 'possessions' to take home. The contrast with Morris's attitude to local handicraft, in this connection, could not be more striking. In Morris's view, the many artefacts he brought back from Iceland and continued to use in his daily life and household – silverware, carved horn objects and embroideries – acted as a reminder of the relations between people and countries (Parkins 2014). In the above-quoted passage, instead, the act of

buying becomes a metaphor for the tourist-as-colonizer's cultural 'appropriation' of Iceland, thereby revealing Trollope's profound consciousness of the consumerist side of tourism, and of the 'imagined' nature of places.

It is precisely this multi-focal gaze that sets Trollope apart from most Victorian Islandophiles when it comes to the perception of cultural difference and relativity, and which mostly informs his 'idea' and double re-writing of Iceland.

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