

## Trollopeans—and Others

Several years ago I was sitting with my friend Michael Sadleir; he remarked that Escott's book was the only book on Trollope and it was high time there was another. "Why don't you write it?" I inquired. "You have the material, the knowledge and the enthusiasm; you do it." Naturally when Mr. Sadleir asked me to read his book and write an introduction to it, I felt bound to do so; and as I read, the duty became a pleasure.

The world is divided into Trollopeans—and others. If you, reader, are not one of us, hasten to become one, for there are few pleasures equal to that of knowing Trollope through and through as Sadleir does, and as Tinker (of Yale) does, and as Osgood (of Princeton) does, and—I should like to add—as I do. I do not say that Trollope is our greatest novelist; I know that he is not, but I can read him with delight when I can't read anyone else. . . .

Trollope's mother (bless her stout heart) kept her family from starving by making fun of us in her first book, *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1832). I "guess" we were pretty raw in those days. And if there is a good deal about Mrs. Trollope and her novels in this book, it will be remembered, as Mr. Sadleir says, "that from her books came, in reality, the greater books of her son, and while his live those that prepared their way should not be altogether forgotten."

And so it is that after almost fifty years of neglect Trollope is again coming into his own, and is being read when those whom we once called the great Victorians are neglected. . . .

People interested Trollope, interested him enormously; cities did not, particularly; nor did the country, except as a place in or on which to hunt the fox. But individuals interested him, and not individuals only, but families, and several generations of families. Not only is Trollope a portrait painter but he is a biographer also. Trollope's novels are, the best of them, biographies; and as such they are unique. And he has described, faultlessly, the social life of a period now, alas! no more.—A. EDWARD NEWTON in "End Papers."

(Boston: Little, Brown.)



# Centenary of a Gentle

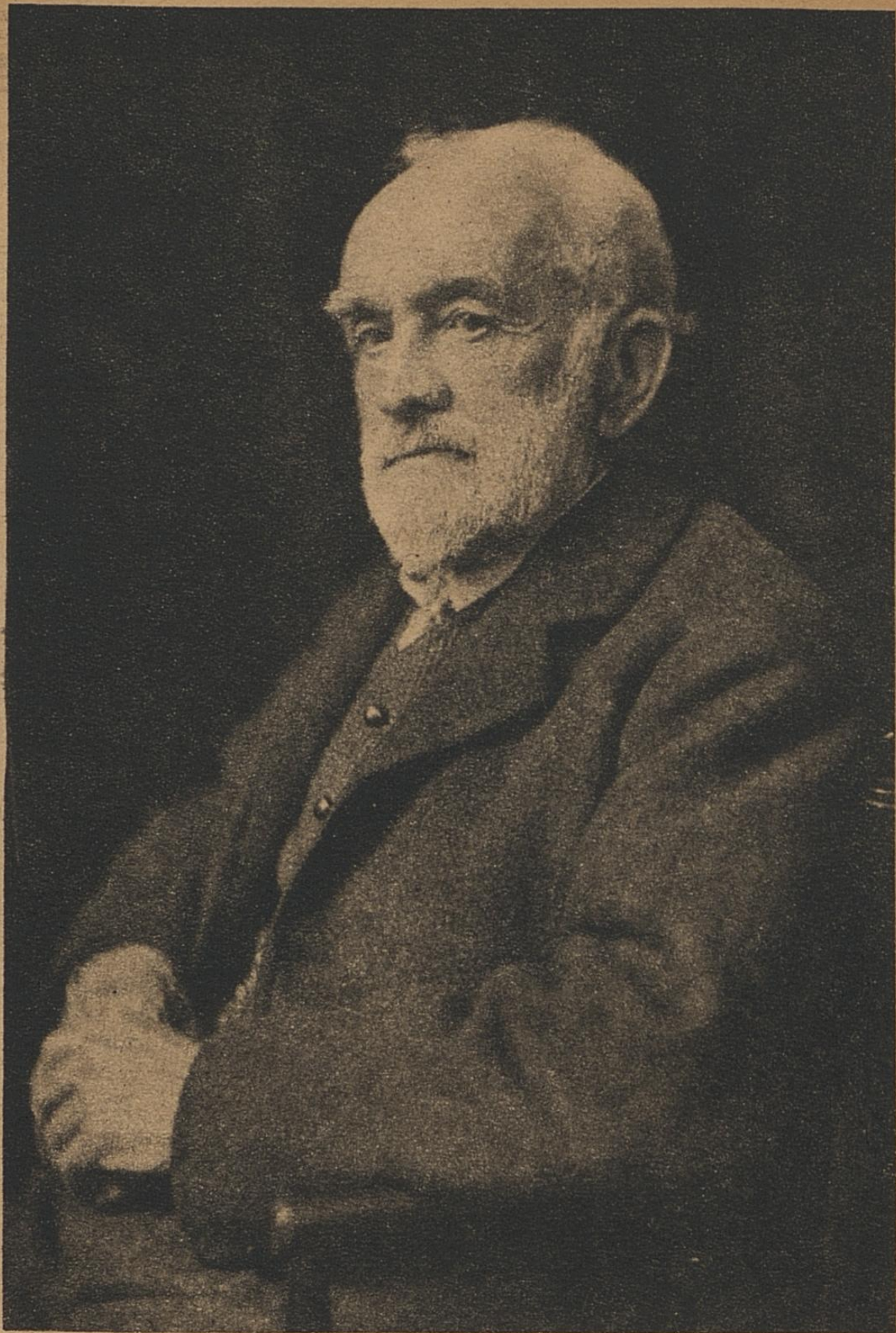
*George MacDonald, Poet and Novelist, Who*



Group of Contemporary Writers.

Standing—George MacDonald, J. A. Froude, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope,  
Seated—W. M. Thackeray, Lord Macaulay, Bulwer-Lytton, Thomas Carlyle,  
Charles Dickens.





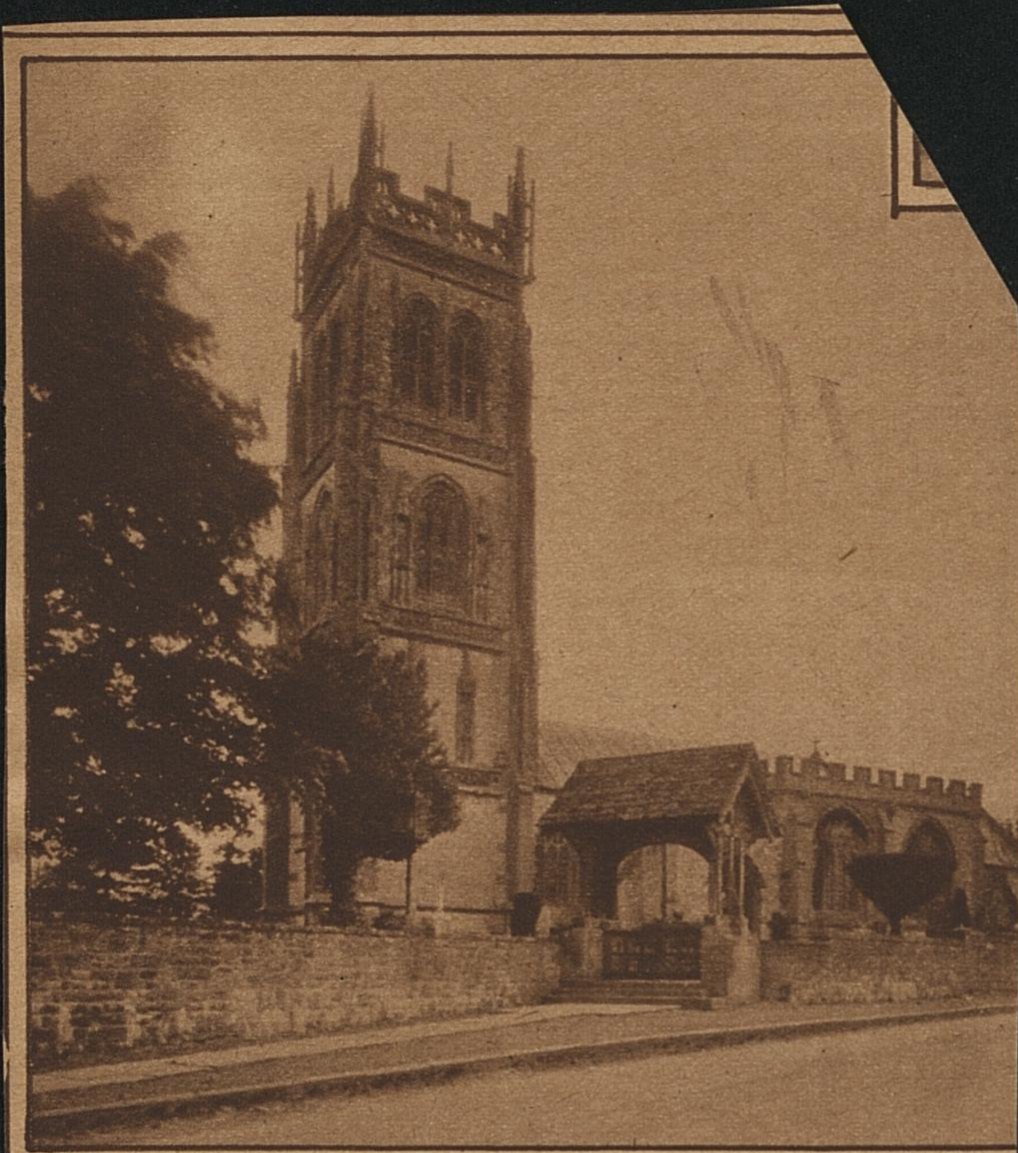
William Hale White.

Mark Rutherford

They were greatly dependent on each other, as the diary tells the story of their relations, so complete was their intellectual and personal communion

with that elusive factor of character called temperament and their respective temperaments were not always so closely in accord as were





(Above) HUISH  
EPISCOPI. Trollope's  
description of Plum-  
stead Episcopi in "Bar-  
chester Towers" is  
almost an exact picture  
of this old parish  
church in Somers-  
shire.





(At left) THE  
D E A N E R Y,  
W I N C H E S T E R.  
The close of the  
Cathedral of  
Winchester sup-  
plied much of the  
background for  
"The Warden"  
and "Barchester  
Towers."





(Above)  
BANAGHER,  
IRELAND.  
The village, un-  
changed since  
Trollope's time,  
where he lived  
immediately after  
his marriage, and  
where he first  
discovered his  
ability as a  
writer.





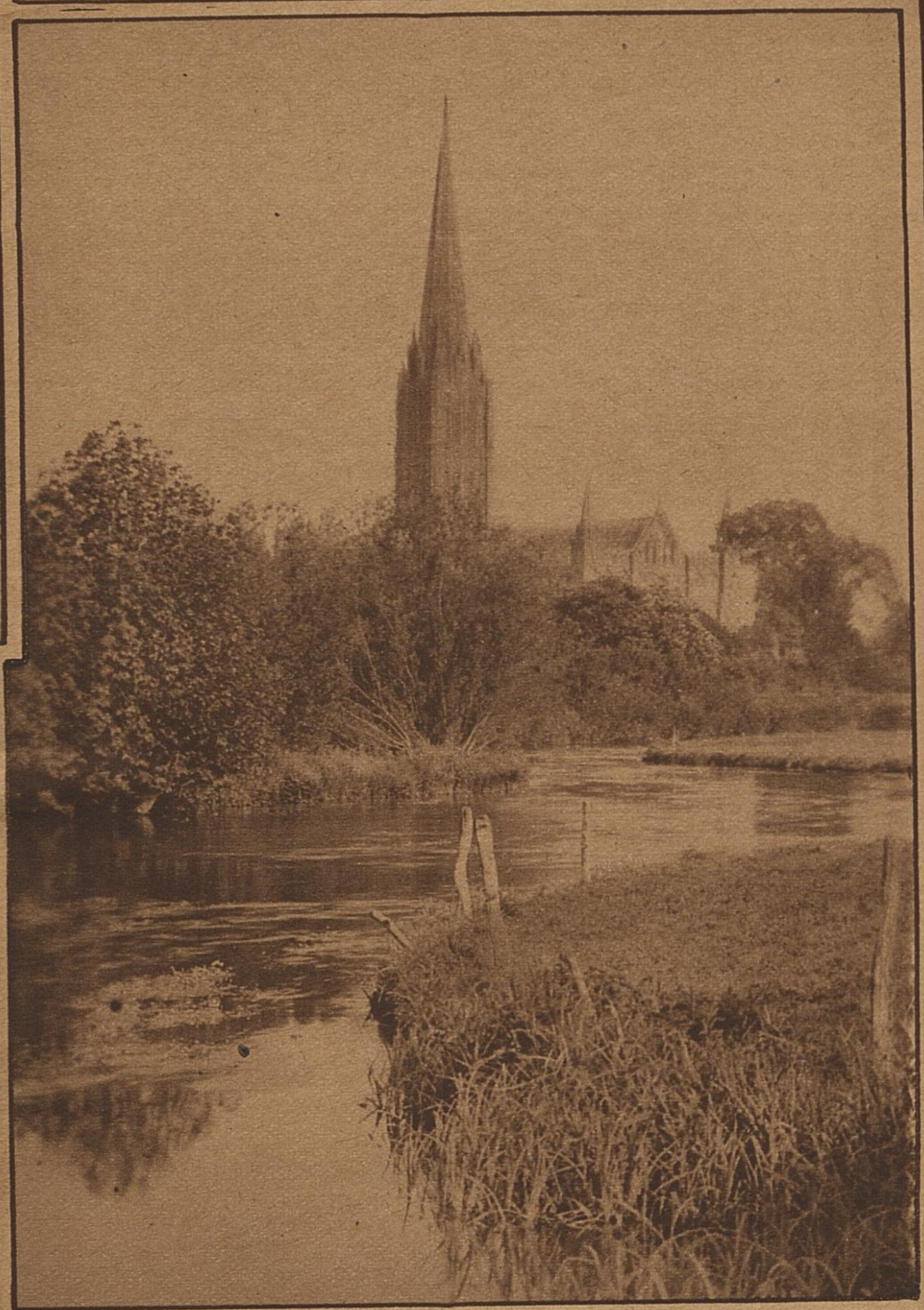
**A FINE OLD ELIZABETHAN MANSION.** This country estate in Somersetshire is considered one of the purest examples of Tudor architecture in England. It suggested to Mr. Olcott the home of Squire Creshanbury in "Dr. Thorne."





**ST. CROSS'S HOSPITAL, Winchester, England.** A legal entanglement concerning this institution furnished Trollope the theme of "The Warden," the first of the Bassetshire series.





**SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.** Trollope's imaginary town of Barchester was drawn from his personal familiarity with Salisbury—with some touches of Winchester and Wells.





**A SOMERSETSHIRE GARDEN**, one of the charming photographs made by Charles S. Olcott of Houghton Mifflin Company, who has undertaken to "discover" Trollope's Bassetshire—not on the map, but "somewhere in England," with its cathedral towns, churches, parsonages, villages, gardens and pleasant rural byways. Nine of Mr. Olcott's pictures are shown on this page.