

PREFACE

THE beginning of my very juvenile acquaintance with Anthony Trollope has been incidentally, but naturally, mentioned in the body of the present work. Some of my nearest relatives had been with him at Winchester, and had maintained their friendship with him till, during the sixties, there began my own mature knowledge of him and the personal connection, literary or social, that lasted till his death. In or about 1873, I was commissioned by its editor to write for a magazine—now no doubt defunct—"something full of actuality" about Trollope's novels, how he came to write them and who sat to him for his characters. "Be sure," were my editor's instructions, "you put down nothing but what you get from Trollope, and he wishes to appear about himself." Not only, to the best of my ability, did I do this; but, in the little writing-room at his Montagu Square house, he himself went through every word of the proof with me. So pleased did he seem to be with my performance that he supplemented his remarks on it with many personal and literary details about himself and those with whom, at the successive stages of his career, he had to do. The material thus given covered indeed his whole life from his infancy in Keppel Street down to the settlement in Montagu Square, I think in 1873. "May I," I asked, "make some notes to ensure my remembering correctly?" "Certainly," was the answer. "They will be no good for what you have now sent to the printer, but some day, perhaps, you