

gained the cottage at Harrow, to find it in the bailiffs' hands. The landlord, Lord Northwick, had in fact put in an execution. The Trollopes, however, had made substantial and loyal friends in the Harrow district. To know Mrs. Trollope was to admire her courageous activity under calamities, crushing or paralysing in their character and degree. When her own roof-tree had been rooted up, offers of hospitality poured in from every side. Still the eventual necessity of securing a home remained. The father of the family had found the conventional ambulatory solution of the difficulty, and, giving his creditors the security of "leg-bail," had fled, as we have seen, across the Channel. For the present their settlement was Bruges, a house called the Château D'Hondt, just outside St. Catharine Gate. Here the father recedes into the background. The central figure of the whole Belgian episode is his wife, who during these years left the impress of her own personality, moral and intellectual, in characters so distinct upon her son that her example decided for him what was to be his life's business. Her pen formed the staff on which the whole family leaned, and alone supported the roof which sheltered them. Her husband's days were visibly numbered. Lung disease of a hopeless kind had set in with her son Henry and her daughter Emily. Always nursing her invalids, she never failed to produce her daily tale of "copy" for the printer.

At the time of her husband's death in 1835 she was busy at, and soon after published, her work on Paris and the French. The vivacity and truth of this volume made it a success within a few weeks of its coming out. It was not till some years later, when her son Anthony, preparing at the time for authorship, directed attention to it, that its chapter devoted to George Sand was discovered to be the best thing of its kind that had yet come from an English pen. Mrs. Trollope's books, beginning with *Domestic Manners of the Americans* in 1832 and, twenty-four years later, ending with *Fashionable Life*, were mostly written in the intervals of nursing, feeding, and in all ways caring for husband and children smitten with a mortal