



He Knew He Was Right

Anthony Trollope , John Sutherland (Editor)

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Louis Trevelyan seems the most fortunate of mid-Victorian gentlemen: young, rich, well-educated, handsome, and with a beautiful wife. But his life is ruined by ungrounded jealousy. In the later mad scenes, in which the unlucky hero has been utterly consumed by an obsession with his wife's imaginary infidelity, Trollope's writing reaches a Shakespearian pitch unmatched anywhere else in his vast fictional output. In the sub-plot dealing with the marriages of his English and American heroines, Trollope engages head-on the issue of women's rights. And in the person of Miss Jemima Stanbury, the virtuous dragon of Exeter Cathedral Close, Trollope created one of his most notable comic characters.

He Knew He Was Right Details

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From Reader Review He Knew He Was Right for online ebook

Richard Smith says

I've read some 20 of Trollope's novels, but this is the first one I've read twice. For me this is one of Trollope's best, if not the best--a study of pathological jealousy with lots of fun, mainly thwarted love affairs that come right, thrown in. I cared a lot about many of the characters, and enjoyed the usual array of strong minded women and gormless men. The non-judgmental, mildly amused tone of the books is attractive, which is why Trollope is so loved and "such a comfort."

Elizabeth (Alaska) says

In the marriage ceremony, the woman promises "to love, honor and **obey**." When asked to be obedient, Emily Trevelyan agrees to obey in all things except the one thing which has been demanded. Such is the point around which this plot revolves. It makes the novel more full of drama than most of his I have read.

I have said elsewhere that Trollope does a better job with women characterizations than most male authors, especially those 19th Century authors I have read. But even I did not expect this: "*The lot of a woman, as she often told herself, was wretched, unfortunate, almost degrading. For a woman such as herself there was no path open to her energy, other than that of getting a husband.*" Nor this: "*'It is a very poor thing to be a woman,' she said to her sister. 'It is perhaps better than being a dog,' said Nora; 'but, of course, we can't compare ourselves to men.'*"

Trollope always has his sub-plots. It can be expected with Trollope that he gives us plenty of comedy relief. One of the many romances (and there are several) is one of them. "Hell hath no fury as a woman scorned" and the fury that follows brought many smiles to this reader.

As a young man, and for many years, Trollope worked for the Post Office - first as a clerk and then as a postal inspector. He wrote in the early hours before heading to his "day job." He is credited with developing and introducing the red letter box, which I believe still exists. It was with this knowledge that I read:

The post used to come into Nuncombe Putney at about eight in the morning, carried thither by a wooden-legged man who rode a donkey. There is a general understanding that the wooden-legged men in country parishes should be employed as postmen, owing to the great steadiness of demeanour which a wooden leg is generally found to produce. It may be that such men are slower in their operations than would be biped postmen; but as all private employers of labour demand labourers with two legs, it is well that the lame and halt should find a refuge in the less exacting service of the government. The one-legged man who rode his donkey into Nuncombe Putney would reach his post-office not above half an hour after his proper time; but he was very slow in stumping round the village, and seldom reached the Clock House much before ten.

I enjoyed this, but it's hard to equate it with some of his best known works, especially with either of the best of his two series. Nearly all of Trollope is a 5-star read for me, but I won't pretend that I think you will find this of that quality. For that reason, I'm giving it 4 stars.

Posted on the 200th Anniversary of the birth of Anthony Trollope (April 24, 1815 - December 6, 1882).

Ricardo Moedano says

At first the story struck me as though alternate, extended versions of a small event and a similar situation in *Vanity Fair* - with Colonel Osbourne somehow reprising the role of the Marquis of Steyne, whose intimacy with Becky Sharp brought trouble between her and her husband Rawdon. In Trollope's novel *Louis Trevelyan* is driven over the edge by jealousy of the Colonel and obduracy towards his wife Emily (he banishes her from his house, hires a detective to spy on her, arranges to kidnap their child and flees abroad with him). And then, there is Jemima Stanbury, the old maiden aunt with a fortune that many people covet, albeit, contrary to her fellow harridan Miss Crawley in Thackeray's tale, who picks a favourite among her relatives too, demanding absolute submission in all matters according to her whims for the sake of her money... contrary to her, I say, the other Stanburys do not grovel at Miss Jemima's feet in order to find their names written on her will. And when her astute endeavours to marry her niece Dorothy to some clergyman fail (a clergyman already engaged to a family of two daughters of the neighbourhood) and Dorothy falls instead for Brooke Burgess, Miss Jemima's new chosen heir, who stands his ground against Miss Jemima's threats to disinherit him should he stick to his purpose in regard to Dorothy, she ends up, after much quarrelling, solitude and illness, accepting the match and forgiving the affronts.

Indeed, Trollope here shows that you just can't put a price on love, which lesson is given also by Nora Rowley to her prig parents and sister by preferring Hugh Stanbury, a poor, earnest journalist (Hugh was his aunt's original favourite until he abandoned the bar and took to reporting for a radical paper), over Charles Glascock, a peer of the kingdom.

As to the work as a whole, I feel it more focused and well-rounded than *The Eustace Diamonds* (Trollope's version of his friend Collins's *The Moonstone* if you may), whose protagonist Lizzy Greystock, furthermore, seems to have been cast in a Becky-Sharpian mould. Then, if you condone me a quick, last digression to crown my argument, approaching the end of *Can You Forgive Her?*, Glencora Palliser catches a glimpse of the scampish Burgo at some casino in the continent - another parallel to the closing of Thackeray's magnum opus, when Amelia's brother chances on Becky, now among a gypsy caravan, in the same setting. And yet, in *He Knew He Was Right* Trollope did manage to merge the roots from which it stemmed while ministering his own style freely to make it flourish.

Sara says

Anthony Trollope is one of my favorite authors - he writes with such familiarity that you get sucked right into the story, no matter what it is.

Ruthiella says

April 24, 2015 will mark the bicentennial of Anthony Trollope's birthday and Karen at Books and Chocolate is planning a celebration on her blog Books & Chocolate to encourage her readers to pick up as much Trollope as possible between now and then. I had planned already to read the forth book in the *Barsetshire Chronicles* this year as part of Karen's Back to the Classics 2015 challenge, so I could have doubled up, but I felt that instead I should take this opportunity to read one of his stand-alone novels instead.

At first I was worried that this novel would be 800 pages of a back and forth argument between a jealous husband and a headstrong wife (it is actually that - SPOILER ALERT- almost to the last page), but it is

interspersed with several parallel story lines, almost all to do with marriage and courtship. And when about 50 pages in to the story I was introduced to Miss Stansbury, I knew this book would be a winner. And it was. The increasingly serious and tragic story in the title is tempered by the humor and romance of the other narratives. And I loved Miss Stansbury as a character. She can be petty and obstinate, but she is also warm-hearted deep down and very, very funny. I won't go into the plot here, just read the goodreads summary if you want to know, but there a great feminist undertones throughout this book which touch on the absurdity and double-sided unfairness of Victorian upper/middle class society in its treatment of women. And as so many have noted, Trollope's female characters are so much more three dimensional than those in Dickens' novels.

So, over all a really enjoyable and page turning read, in particular all the scenes in Essex, where Miss Stanbury lives. I always say I hate romance, but I sure loved this book which was virtually nothing but romance. I am a little sorry that Colonel Osborn did not get his comeuppance; I will just have to invent one off the page. But let's face it, he was over-the-hill already, just hanging on by the hairs of his dyed whiskers. No doubt, a few years later, he becomes completely obscure, no woman finds him charming and he dies a sorry, solitary death.

Mary Beth says

Trollope has a perceptive understanding concerning how men and women (especially husbands and wives) relate to one another and the tendencies to certain trespasses concerning communication to each other. It's a sad story in that so much heartache could have been avoided if simple amends, humility, and charity had prevailed in small ways and therefore not been allowed to escalate as they did...but I suppose that's the point of the story.

Trollope prevails in his psychological portraits while simultaneously engrossing you in rich story telling.

Ellie says

I so loved this book: really his most brilliant. Good solid prose as always, well-balanced but more passionate and angry than any of his others. One of my top 25 favorites of all books, ever (so far).

Ellie NYC

Laura says

Free download available at Project Gutenberg.

Opening lines:

When Louis Trevelyan was twenty-four years old, he had all the world before him where to choose; and, among other things, he chose to go to the Mandarin Islands, and there fell in love with Emily Rowley, the daughter of Sir Marmaduke, the governor. Sir Marmaduke Rowley, at this period of his life, was a respectable middle-aged public servant, in good repute, who had, however, as yet achieved for himself neither an exalted position nor a large fortune.

3* Mrs. General Talboys
3* Christmas at Kirkby Cottage
3* The American Senator
3* Orley Farm
2* Miss Mackenzie
2* The Barchester chronicles
2* He Knew He Was Right
TR The Way We Live Now
TR Lady Anna
TR Castle Richmond
TR The Prime Minister
TR Cousin Henry
TR Travelling Sketches
TR Three Clerks

Palliser series

4* Can You Forgive Her? (Palliser, #1)
3* Phineas Finn (Palliser, #2)
3* The Eustace Diamonds (Palliser, #3)
TR Phineas Redux
TR The Prime Minister
TR The Duke's Children (Palliser, #6)

Chronicles of Barchester series

2* The Warden
TR Barchester Towers
TR Dr. Thorne
2* Framley Parsonage
2* The Small House at Allington
4* The Last Chronicle of Barset

About Trollope:

TR Anthony Trollope by Hugh Walpole

Genia Lukin says

This book is way too misogynistic for me. The whole premise of a husband who is overjealous but a wife who "owes obedience" and by refusing to give it drives him insane is just... too obnoxious for words. I do understand this is 1860s, I just don't have to like it or think it should deserve as much leeway as we give it. After all, what's it all about? The woman sees a guy who is known for being a bit too cozy with the ladies because he's an old family friend. The husband isn't incensed so much because he loves his wife and it's some sort of burning jealousy of this other man who may be her friend - but because his pride and possessiveness of her was damaged. Ugh. Seriously, ugh. If this were a 20th century book, I'd be telling the heroine "divorce the sucker, lady."

Plus any book who can present the sanctimonious, self-righteous, obnoxious bully Miss Stanbury in a half-positive light deserves to be one-starred to oblivion, in my humble opinion, anyway.

Helynn says

Despite its length (99 chapters) and myriads of characters and subplots, this is a smooth, easy and compelling read, beautifully written. I found it to be such a page-turner that I did not give Trollope's style the attention it deserved. This is the kind of book that should be savored in a second and probably third read. The title of the novel comes from the attitude of young Louis Trevelyan, who loves his wife Emily and their small son, but who cannot quell his suspicions when she receives innocent visits from Colonel Osborne, an old family friend. It's true enough that Osborne was presumptuous and indiscreet in his number of visits and that Emily could have been more accommodating to her husband's fears and prejudices for the sake of peace in their marriage. But it is Louis's stubbornness and paranoia that will remain at the forefront of the story, eventually causing separation, sorrow, and trauma for himself, his family, and his friends as well as his own inevitable demise. From Chapter 37: "Now Trevelyan was, in truth, mad on the subject of his wife's alleged infidelity. He had abandoned everything that he valued in the world, and had made himself wretched in every affair of life, because he could not submit to acknowledge to himself the possibility of error on his own part." And it only gets worse. Subplots include the romance of Emily's sister Nora Rowley with Hugh Stanbury, a writer for a liberal newspaper. Nora's parents are furious at her for turning down a proposal of marriage from wealthy aristocrat Mr. Glascock and taking up with this "penny scribbler." Chapter 71 is a key essay in that contains Hugh Stanbury's eloquent defense of the journalism profession to his future father-in-law Sir Marmaduke. "We who write for the press think that our calling is recognized. . . There must be newspapers, and the people trained to write them must be employed. I have been at it now about two years. You know what I earn. Could I have got so far in so short a time as a lawyer, a doctor, a clergyman, a soldier, a sailor, a Government clerk, or in any of those employments which you choose to call professions? I think that is urging a great deal. I think it is urging everything." Hugh has also enraged his rich aunt Jemima Stanbury who put him through law school, then disowned him when he threw all that over to work for a newspaper. Jemima is bossy and meddlesome, and is now trying to push Hugh's sister Dorothy into an undesirable marriage to the local vicar, Mr. Gibson, who is simultaneously being pursued by two local birdbrained sisters, Camilla and Arabella French (with some near-homicidal consequences). Dorothy, meanwhile, has met the man of her dreams, but the aunt will not hear of their union. Jemima at least has the endearing quality of being able to admit (more than once) when she is wrong, and ends up exhibiting the proverbial heart of gold. The convoluted plot of the novel will follow several of the key characters to Italy and back to England before the story resolves itself happily for most of them, but not for all. There is also a stint in Florence where the Trevelyans, Rowleys, Stanburys and Glascocks meet some American friends, and the conversation dwells upon social differences of people on both sides of the Atlantic and how unlikely it is that there could be a successful intercultural marriage. (Predictably, there will be such a marriage, but not before there is a lot of doubt and hand-wringing about its viability). An intriguing, though not particularly sympathetic, character is the American poetess Miss Wallachia Petrie, whose feminist ideas are ahead of her time, but which put her on the outs with the majority of more traditional English folk. Again, this is a marvelous novel and uncommonly enjoyable to read, so five stars to Anthony Trollope for his masterful writing style, for creating such realistic and compelling characters and for intertwining their stories so skillfully together.

Morris says

I'm not really reading the printed edition by John Sutherland but an iBooks edition, I forget which, that isn't on the goodreads list. But it's complete with the original illustrations and a text fairly free of typos. I'd recommend the edition (for iPad readers--I'd rather have Sutherland's edition). I'm reading HKHWR because

a friend who has read all of Trollope's novels (yes, *all*, and other related stuff) rates it first in the Trollope canon. I've read a few other T novels and have yet to find one that I didn't like, including this one (I'm about 3/5 of the way through as I write this). For me, Trollope zips right along--I don't feel the reaction that I find so often in the goodreads reviews, that Trollope is repetitive, wordy, tedious, etc. But it'll take me quite a while longer to get through HKHWR because I detour into so much other stuff. Trollope I take only in a few pages at a time--and maybe that accounts for my nonchalance?

Arukiyomi says

... Trollope has done no one any favours by distracting from what could have been an important novel.

Trollope's story of a marriage and a life destroyed by the jealousy of a husband could have been a vivid portrayal of how delicately married life can be balanced. Instead, Trollope watered down a potentially powerful narrative with sub-plots and minor characters that only serve to underline Trollope's trademark verbosity.

When Louis Trevelyan suspects his wife Emily of emotional adultery with Colonel Osbourne, an old family friend, the situation quickly gets out of hand. Louis' lack of trust is met with Emily's equal lack of humility. Despite there being nothing untoward in the initial exchanges, she undermines her position by going against her husband's wishes and meeting Osbourne behind Louis' back. Each spouse, when given the opportunity to pour water on the flames, decides instead to pour aviation fuel. The resulting conflagration not only costs them their marital harmony, it drives one of them out of their mind.

Trollope could have developed so much around this storyline. There's the change in contemporary attitudes towards the role of women in marriage in Victorian England, there are the timeless issues faced by married couples from every era of humanity, there are great themes of jealousy, neglect, humility and of choosing others over yourself. All of these he deals with, but without plumbing the depths of any of them.

Instead, we're whisked away to watch minor characters spar with each other and decide whether or not they want to spend the rest of their lives with each other. There doesn't seem to be any connection between their commitment to lifelong matrimony and the rapidly unravelling Trevelyan household. It's as if no one else realises how likely they too could find themselves in the mire of marital misunderstanding. Again, I feel Trollope missed an opportunity here.

So, while I welcome this rare glimpse into the reality of a disintegrating marriage in Victorian literature, Trollope has done no one any favours by distracting from what could have been an important novel.

Martha says

This is a great story from the first page to the last!

Louis Trevelyan is the first character introduced and his story is the main theme throughout. Trevelyan, at 24 years old is a very handsome, intelligent man with secure investments. In his travels to the Mandarin Islands, Louis falls in love with Emily Rowley, the eldest daughter of four in the Rowley family. The two set off for

England and marry, and settle in on Curzon Street, a nice, comfortable life, good society.

Ah, Curzon Street, “where life is beautiful all the time and I’ll be happy to see those nice young men in their clean white coats . . . and they’re coming to take me away, ha-haaa!” Yes, this is where Louis and his wife Emily start their lives together. The comforts of a nice home, good society – life was so good. They have a child together, Louey, a beautiful baby boy. But, what happened? What events start to change all this serenity? Aha, a good friend of Emily’s father appears at Trevelyan’s front door, a gentleman by the name of Colonel Osborne. Maybe “gentleman” is too kind of an adjective. From the descriptions of the public on Curzon Street, he is described more as a libertine.

Colonel Osborne, a man in his 50’s-- a few years older than his good friend Sir Marmaduke Rowley, visits the “newlywed” couple to see Emily after many, many years. He hadn’t seen her since she was 4 years old. Oh, how she has grown. How beautiful she has become. He just wants to strike up a friendship – after all, he is very good friends with her father. She is accepting of his visits, of his friendship – she is flattered with his attention. Hmm. And so the story begins.

Trevelyan pondering

The sub plots of this story are creative. Several families are introduced and you might think it difficult to follow, but the character development is so well accomplished you will easily distinguish each family member and his/her unique meaning to this story. The interconnection between all is very well done.

There is a political aspect within this novel that delivers a good dose of spice. Trollope brings in a compare/contrast between America and England. How he works this made me chuckle. He introduces a few female characters from America, one of whom is a true women’s rights activist– Miss Petrie. Oh how extreme she is depicted; it is hilarious. You see Trollope’s ridicule of Americans within this part of the story.

Even though the portrayal of the American woman was a little harsh as I stated above, overall Trollope does portray women in a positive light. His theme from the start is the right of a woman’s choice (choice of men that is). A storyline brings two people together of different monetary stature, and they fall in love. Oh, this is not acceptable to the older generation. A woman should not be marrying a man who cannot provide for her. But, when a woman and a man fall in love, how can you tell them it is not to be just because the money is not proper. The development of independent thinking within these young women is priceless.

As I mentioned above, there are love encounters within this story. These encounters keep your interest high. High in the sense of unpredictability; you expect one scenario to occur and the plot takes off in a completely different direction to confuse the thought process. My page turning became faster and faster.

I felt anger in parts of this book in favor of Louis Trevelyan, and rooted for him throughout this story. I did feel he was right, but poor Louis did go a little too far with his convictions. . . "and, they’re coming to take me away, ha-haaa.”

If you are a skim reader, you may miss the subtle humor within. There were a couple of spots I read a few lines and stopped and said, “Wait, what was said here?” and then, laughed out loud!

This is a great read! I highly recommend it!

Laura says

This was my fourth Trollope novel. I have not really cared for any of them, sadly. The Warden and Barchester Towers were okay, but I really hated *The Way We Live Now*. I like Trollope's writing well enough, but I always have a hard time because most of his characters are so unlikeable. Trollope himself was not fond of *He Knew He Was Right* because Louis Trevelyan was so unsympathetic. I have to agree. It's not good if I like the subplots better than the main plot of a novel! I could not sympathize with Emily either. Yes, she was technically more "right" in the beginning than Louis, but the situation got out of hand largely due to her obstinacy as well as Louis's. The two really needed to have a frank discussion without constantly blaming the other for everything. I do not hesitate in saying this will be my last Trollope novel, since I do not own any others.

Jessica says

Okay, it's partly my anachronistic reading as a twenty-first century feminist, but it's also the strain of being over eight hundred pages long when it only could support around two-thirds that length: I loved this book at the halfway mark, and kind of resented it by the end.

Initially this struck me, like many nineteenth-century British novels, as a black comedy about a crisis created by the extremely unequal status of men and women, whose individual personal relationships were supposed to form the basis of society. Mr and Mrs Trevelyan are a young married couple blessed with all that sweetly smiling Fortune can offer, until a petty jealousy and mutual headstrong refusals to give ground or admit fault unravel the marriage and ultimately destroy their lives. Meanwhile, there is a constellation of unmarried young lady characters and their beaux whose romances start off fun but then are resolved rather early on, leaving us with hundreds of pages of treacly excitement about inevitable and uninteresting weddings to come... zzzz.

So while this book started very strong, ultimately I was disappointed and then relieved when it finally ended. The main problem was that there was way too much endless rehashing and repetition to no purpose at all: the same topics were considered and reconsidered and discussed by the characters so much it seemed Trollope must have been paid by the word -- or the page. And while I'm certainly no expert on the nineteenth-century British novel, I still couldn't help comparing Trollope unfavorably to other major writers: If Thackeray weren't so viciously funny, if Austen weren't such an astute creator of complex, breathing characters, if Dickens weren't such a fierce social critic and weren't very good at making up funny names... Based on this book, I must say Trollope's most stunning talent, the place he surpasses all his peers, is in his incredible, wonderful, inimitable titles. You can't do much better than *He Knew He Was Right*, unless it's with *Can You Forgive Her?* (dare we even mention perhaps THE greatest title in Western literature, *The Way We Live Now??*), and in my view no one has.

Okay but so, while by the end I was tired of the worn material that I didn't think stood up to the mileage and I'd burned out on the simpering heroines and long-anticipated, predictable resolution of some but not all the loose ends... the fact remains that I haven't read any books at all in a very long time because an MFA program and the demands of motherhood seem to have destroyed my capacity to engage with fiction. Yet I sat down happily with this book whenever I had the chance and tore through it, which hasn't happened to me with anything in a very long time and I mostly enjoyed and am grateful for it. Initially I found the central Trevelyan conflict interesting but those two characters the most flat and dull, and I was very interested in the fates and doings of all the novel's many single ladies, who seemed more interesting and more carefully drawn; by the end, that feeling had reversed and I'd lost interest in those other characters but was finally impressed by Trollope's rather nuanced depiction of one man's mental illness. So yes, his tiresome efforts at

satire and much else in this novel did drag on way too long, but while it didn't live up to its initial promise on the whole I enjoyed this book and do plan to give Trollope another try.

Mary Ronan Drew says

Some say this is Trollope's greatest novel. The story is about a couple who struggle for control in what is obviously not a very strong marriage. When the innocent wife refused to say she had an affair with another man as her husband demanded, he broke up their home and slowly went mad because he knew he was right.

This is my fourth recorded reading of the novel, but I may have read it a fifth time back in the 1960s. A fine novel but not my favorite.

Margaret says

One of my favorite things about Anthony Trollope's novels is his talent for penetrating psychological portraits, and *He Knew He Was Right* is one of Trollope's best in this respect. Here, he examines Louis Trevelyan, a man who unjustly accuses his wife Emily of infidelity, and his descent from jealousy and rage into madness. Trollope himself disliked the novel, feeling that he'd failed in his effort to create sympathy for the troubled Trevelyan, yet I felt that he did succeed; the portrait of Trevelyan's disintegration, particularly in his relationship with his wife and their little son, was deeply moving.

In addition to the Trevelyan family, the novel is filled with sharply drawn characters, including some of Trollope's best women: the spinster Miss Stanbury, her sharp-tongued niece Priscilla, and Emily's sister Nora Rowley, who refuses to give up the man she loves in spite of the threat of poverty. There are a lot of characters and a lot of subplots, but Trollope manages to keep them all going without detracting from the story of the Trevelyans' failing marriage; in fact, for me the novel was more about the predicament of women in Victorian society than about the titular hero. Trollope does poke fun at feminists in the person of Wallachia Petrie, the American poetess, but he clearly understood and sympathized with women's plight in a society in which they were largely subject to the wishes of men.

Sarah says

Louis Trevelyan has everything he could wish for. He has money, a respected place in society and a wife, Emily, he deeply loves and who loves him too. He becomes obsessed with Emily's friendship with Colonel Osborne. The Colonel is an older man with a reputation. Osborne is very aware of the problems he is causing between Louis and Emily and he decides to play on their emotions and delights in the game.

Louis and Emily will not compromise and stubbornness and hurt on both sides causes anger and disappointment. The novel is scattered with letters of correspondence between characters and there are numerous sub-plots which add a lighter feel.

Trollope writes with great sensitivity and shows his interest in troubled minds and the destructive effects of uncontrollable jealousy and paranoia. A power play within their marriage begins!

Jilly Gagnon says

One day I thought to myself "Trollope, there's an author I haven't ever tried on for size. I like Dickens, I like George Eliot, why not Trollope?"

So many reasons why not Trollope, at least if this book is any indicator. Of all the verbose Victorians, Trollope is, to me, the one whose "paid by the word" status is most painfully obvious. I like Dickens to ramble on - with this tiring tome (and it is a tome - some 900 pages) I was just bored.

I am a compulsive book-finisher, which means when I hate a book, I get slowed down on my reading. This book took me a full month and a half to plow through.

There were portions worth their salt, to be sure. Unfortunately there was some 700-800 extraneous pages stuffed around said portions.

never again.

Captain Sir Roddy, R.N. (Ret.) says

This is a terrific novel! Okay, having said that though, I have to admit that the primary tale of the disintegration of the Trevelyan's marriage through the increasing madness of Louis Trevelyan because of his belief that his wife was cheating on him did become a bit tiresome after a while. I was much more engaged in the lives and affairs of all of the novel's other characters. But I think Trollope wrote the novel generally knowing that this response would occur in each of his readers. In other words, the portrayal of the hell that was the Trevelyan marriage is superbly counter-balanced by the wonderful romantic relationships and eventual marriages that spring up among many of the other characters. The 'dark-comedy' of the French sisters and the cleric, Mr. Gibson, was priceless and almost felt like something that Dickens would have crafted.

Oh, and for all of you Palliser fans, there was one, and only one, reference to a party at which Lady Glencora attended. I love how Trollope drops those little tidbits into his novels!

Solid 4 of 5 stars for me.
