

WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS FROM THE IMMORTALS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

DAVID WIDGER*

CROWNED BY THE FRENCH ACADEMY

CONTENTS: (listed in reversed order)

Apr 2003 Entire PG Edition of The French Immortals [IM87][imewk10.txt]4000
Apr 2003 Entire An "Attic" Philosopher by Souvestre [IM86][im86b10.txt]3999
Apr 2003 An "Attic" Philosopher by E. Souvestre, v3 [IM85][im85b10.txt]3998
Apr 2003 An "Attic" Philosopher by E. Souvestre, v2 [IM84][im84b10.txt]3997
Apr 2003 An "Attic" Philosopher by E. Souvestre, v1 [IM83][im83b10.txt]3996

Apr 2003 The Entire Madame Chrysantheme by Loti [IM82][im82b10.txt]3995
Apr 2003 Madame Chrysantheme by Pierre Loti, v4 [IM81][im81b10.txt]3994
Apr 2003 Madame Chrysantheme by Pierre Loti, v3 [IM80][im80b10.txt]3993
Apr 2003 Madame Chrysantheme by Pierre Loti, v2 [IM79][im79b10.txt]3992
Apr 2003 Madame Chrysantheme by Pierre Loti, v1 [IM78][im78b10.txt]3991

Apr 2003 The Entire Conscience by Hector Malot [IM77][im77b10.txt]3990
Apr 2003 Conscience by Hector Malot, v4 [IM76][im76b10.txt]3989
Apr 2003 Conscience by Hector Malot, v3 [IM75][im75b10.txt]3988
Apr 2003 Conscience by Hector Malot, v2 [IM74][im74b10.txt]3987
Apr 2003 Conscience by Hector Malot, v1 [IM73][im73b10.txt]3986

Apr 2003 The Entire Gerfaut by Charles de Bernard [IM72][im72b10.txt]3885
Apr 2003 Gerfaut by Charles de Bernard, v4 [IM71][im71b10.txt]3984
Apr 2003 Gerfaut by Charles de Bernard, v3 [IM70][im70b10.txt]3983
Apr 2003 Gerfaut by Charles de Bernard, v2 [IM69][im69b10.txt]3982
Apr 2003 Gerfaut by Charles de Bernard, v1 [IM68][im68b10.txt]3981

Apr 2003 The Entire Fromont and Risler, by Daudet [IM67][im67b10.txt]3980
Apr 2003 Fromont and Risler by Alphonse Daudet, v4 [IM66][im66b10.txt]3979
Apr 2003 Fromont and Risler by Alphonse Daudet, v3 [IM65][im65b10.txt]3978
Apr 2003 Fromont and Risler by Alphonse Daudet, v2 [IM64][im64b10.txt]3977
Apr 2003 Fromont and Risler by Alphonse Daudet, v1 [IM63][im63b10.txt]3976

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Apr 2003 Entire The Ink-Stain by Rene Bazin [IM62][im62b10.txt]3975
 Apr 2003 The Ink-Stain by Rene Bazin, v3 [IM61][im61b10.txt]3974
 Apr 2003 The Ink-Stain by Rene Bazin, v2 [IM60][im60b10.txt]3973
 Apr 2003 The Ink-Stain by Rene Bazin, v1 [IM59][im59b10.txt]3972

Apr 2003 Entire Jacqueline by Bentzon (Mme. Blanc) [IM58][im58b10.txt]3971
 Apr 2003 Jacqueline by Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc), v3 [IM57][im57b10.txt]3970
 Apr 2003 Jacqueline by Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc), v2 [IM56][im56b10.txt]3969
 Apr 2003 Jacqueline by Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc), v1 [IM55][im55b10.txt]3968

Apr 2003 Entire Cosmopolis by Paul Bourget [IM54][im54b10.txt]3967
 Apr 2003 Cosmopolis by Paul Bourget, v4 [IM53][im53b10.txt]3966
 Apr 2003 Cosmopolis by Paul Bourget, v3 [IM52][im52b10.txt]3965
 Apr 2003 Cosmopolis by Paul Bourget, v2 [IM51][im51b10.txt]3964
 Apr 2003 Cosmopolis by Paul Bourget, v1 [IM50][im50b10.txt]3963

Apr 2003 Entire Romance of Youth by Francois Coppee [IM49][im49b10.txt]3962
 Apr 2003 A Romance of Youth by Francois Coppee, v4 [IM48][im48b10.txt]3961
 Apr 2003 A Romance of Youth by Francois Coppee, v3 [IM47][im47b10.txt]3960
 Apr 2003 A Romance of Youth by Francois Coppee, v2 [IM46][im46b10.txt]3959
 Apr 2003 A Romance of Youth by Francois Coppee, v1 [IM45][im45b10.txt]3958

Apr 2003 Entire L'Abbe Constantin by Ludovic Halevy [IM44][im44b10.txt]3957
 Apr 2003 L'Abbe Constantin by Ludovic Halevy, v3 [IM43][im43b10.txt]3956
 Apr 2003 L'Abbe Constantin by Ludovic Halevy, v2 [IM42][im42b10.txt]3955
 Apr 2003 L'Abbe Constantin by Ludovic Halevy, v1 [IM41][im41b10.txt]3954

Apr 2003 The Entire Cinq Mars, by Alfred de Vigny [IM40][im40b10.txt]3953
 Apr 2003 Cinq Mars, by Alfred de Vigny, v6 [IM39][im39b10.txt]3952
 Apr 2003 Cinq Mars, by Alfred de Vigny, v5 [IM38][im38b10.txt]3951
 Apr 2003 Cinq Mars, by Alfred de Vigny, v4 [IM37][im37b10.txt]3950
 Apr 2003 Cinq Mars, by Alfred de Vigny, v3 [IM36][im36b10.txt]3949
 Apr 2003 Cinq Mars, by Alfred de Vigny, v2 [IM35][im35b10.txt]3948
 Apr 2003 Cinq Mars, by Alfred de Vigny, v1 [IM34][im34b10.txt]3947

Apr 2003 Entire Monsieur de Camors by Oct. Feuillet [IM33][im33b10.txt]3946
 Apr 2003 Monsieur de Camors by Octave Feuillet, v3 [IM32][im32b10.txt]3945
 Apr 2003 Monsieur de Camors by Octave Feuillet, v2 [IM31][im31b10.txt]3944
 Apr 2003 Monsieur de Camors by Octave Feuillet, v1 [IM30][im30b10.txt]3943

Apr 2003 Entire Child of a Century, Alfred de Musset [IM29][im29b10.txt]3942
 Apr 2003 Child of a Century, Alfred de Musset, v3 [IM28][im28b10.txt]3941
 Apr 2003 Child of a Century, Alfred de Musset, v2 [IM27][im27b10.txt]3940
 Apr 2003 Child of a Century, Alfred de Musset, v1 [IM26][im26b10.txt]3939

Apr 2003 Entire A Woodland Queen, by Andre Theuriet [IM25][im25b10.txt]3938
 Apr 2003 A Woodland Queen, by Andre Theuriet, v3 [IM24][im24b10.txt]3937
 Apr 2003 A Woodland Queen, by Andre Theuriet, v2 [IM23][im23b10.txt]3936
 Apr 2003 A Woodland Queen, by Andre Theuriet, v1 [IM22][im22b10.txt]3935

Apr 2003 The Entire Zebiline by Phillipe de Masa [IM21][im21b10.txt]3934
Apr 2003 Zebiline by Phillipe de Masa, v3 [IM20][im20b10.txt]3933
Apr 2003 Zebiline by Phillipe de Masa, v2 [IM19][im19b10.txt]3932
Apr 2003 Zebiline by Phillipe de Masa, v1 [IM18][im18b10.txt]3931

Apr 2003 The Entire Prince Zilah by Jules Claretie [IM17][im17b10.txt]3930
Apr 2003 Prince Zilah, by Jules Claretie, v3 [IM16][im16b10.txt]3929
Apr 2003 Prince Zilah, by Jules Claretie, v2 [IM15][im15b10.txt]3928
Apr 2003 Prince Zilah, by Jules Claretie, v1 [IM14][im14b10.txt]3927

Apr 2003 The Entire MM.and Bebe by Gustave Droz [IM13][im13b10.txt]3926
Apr 2003 MM.and Bebe by Gustave Droz, v3 [IM12][im12b10.txt]3925
Apr 2003 MM.and Bebe by Gustave Droz, v2 [IM11][im11b10.txt]3924
Apr 2003 MM.and Bebe by Gustave Droz, v1 [IM10][im10b10.txt]3923

Apr 2003 Entire The Red Lily, by Anatole France [IM09][im09b10.txt]3922
Apr 2003 The Red Lily, by Anatole France, v3 [IM08][im08b10.txt]3921
Apr 2003 The Red Lily, by Anatole France, v2 [IM07][im07b10.txt]3920
Apr 2003 The Red Lily, by Anatole France, v1 [IM06][im06b10.txt]3919

Apr 2003 The Entire Serge Panine, by Georges Ohnet [IM05][im05b10.txt]3918
Apr 2003 Serge Panine, by Georges Ohnet, v4 [IM04][im04b10.txt]3917
Apr 2003 Serge Panine, by Georges Ohnet, v3 [IM03][im03b10.txt]3916
Apr 2003 Serge Panine, by Georges Ohnet, v2 [IM02][im02b10.txt]3915
Apr 2003 Serge Panine, by Georges Ohnet, v1 [IM01][im01b10.txt]3914

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE SERIES BY GASTON BOISSIER,
SECRETAIRE PERPETUEL DE L'ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.

The editor-in-chief of the Maison Mazarin—a man of letters who cherishes an enthusiastic yet discriminating love for the literary and artistic glories of France—formed within the last two years the great project of collecting and presenting to the vast numbers of intelligent readers of whom New World boasts a series of those great and undying romances which, since 1784, have received the crown of merit awarded by the French Academy—that coveted assurance of immortality in letters and in art.

In the presentation of this serious enterprise for the criticism and official sanction of The Academy, 'en seance', was included a request that, if possible, the task of writing a preface to the series should be undertaken by me. Official sanction having been bestowed upon the plan, I, as the accredited officer of the French Academy, convey to you its hearty appreciation, endorsement, and sympathy with a project so nobly artistic. It is also my duty, privilege, and pleasure to point out, at the request of my brethren, the peculiar importance and lasting value of this series to all who would know the inner life of a people whose greatness no turns of fortune have been able to diminish.

In the last hundred years France has experienced the most terrible vicissitudes, but, vanquished or victorious, triumphant or abased, never

has she lost her peculiar gift of attracting the curiosity of the world. She interests every living being, and even those who do not love her desire to know her. To this peculiar attraction which radiates from her, artists and men of letters can well bear witness, since it is to literature and to the arts, before all, that France owes such living and lasting power. In every quarter of the civilized world there are distinguished writers, painters, and eminent musicians, but in France they exist in greater numbers than elsewhere. Moreover, it is universally conceded that French writers and artists have this particular and praiseworthy quality: they are most accessible to people of other countries. Without losing their national characteristics, they possess the happy gift of universality. To speak of letters alone: the books that Frenchmen write are read, translated, dramatized, and imitated everywhere; so it is not strange that these books give to foreigners a desire for a nearer and more intimate acquaintance with France.

Men preserve an almost innate habit of resorting to Paris from almost every quarter of the globe. For many years American visitors have been more numerous than others, although the journey from the United States is long and costly. But I am sure that when for the first time they see Paris—its palaces, its churches, its museums—and visit Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Chantilly, they do not regret the travail they have undergone. Meanwhile, however, I ask myself whether such sightseeing is all that, in coming hither, they wish to accomplish. Intelligent travellers—and, as a rule, it is the intelligent class that feels the need of the educative influence of travel—look at our beautiful monuments, wander through the streets and squares among the crowds that fill them, and, observing them, I ask myself again: Do not such people desire to study at closer range these persons who elbow them as they pass; do they not wish to enter the houses of which they see but the facades; do they not wish to know how Parisians live and speak and act by their firesides? But time, alas! is lacking for the formation of those intimate friendships which would bring this knowledge within their grasp. French homes are rarely open to birds of passage, and visitors leave us with regret that they have not been able to see more than the surface of our civilization or to recognize by experience the note of our inner home life.

How, then, shall this void be filled? Speaking in the first person, the simplest means appears to be to study those whose profession it is to describe the society of the time, and primarily, therefore, the works of dramatic writers, who are supposed to draw a faithful picture of it. So we go to the theatre, and usually derive keen pleasure therefrom. But is pleasure all that we expect to find? What we should look for above everything in a comedy or a drama is a representation, exact as possible, of the manners and characters of the dramatis persona of the play; and perhaps the conditions under which the play was written do not allow such representation. The exact and studied portrayal of a character demands from the author long preparation, and cannot be accomplished in a few hours. From, the first scene to the last, each tale must be posed in the

author's mind exactly as it will be proved to be at the end. It is the author's aim and mission to place completely before his audience the souls of the "agonists" laying bare the complications of motive, and throwing into relief the delicate shades of motive that sway them. Often, too, the play is produced before a numerous audience—an audience often distraught, always pressed for time, and impatient of the least delay. Again, the public in general require that they shall be able to understand without difficulty, and at first thought, the characters the author seeks to present, making it necessary that these characters be depicted from their most salient sides—which are too often vulgar and unattractive.

In our comedies and dramas it is not the individual that is drawn, but the type. Where the individual alone is real, the type is a myth of the imagination—a pure invention. And invention is the mainspring of the theatre, which rests purely upon illusion, and does not please us unless it begins by deceiving us.

I believe, then, that if one seeks to know the world exactly as it is, the theatre does not furnish the means whereby one can pursue the study. A far better opportunity for knowing the private life of a people is available through the medium of its great novels. The novelist deals with each person as an individual. He speaks to his reader at an hour when the mind is disengaged from worldly affairs, and he can add without restraint every detail that seems needful to him to complete the rounding of his story. He can return at will, should he choose, to the source of the plot he is unfolding, in order that his reader may better understand him; he can emphasize and dwell upon those details which an audience in a theatre will not allow.

The reader, being at leisure, feels no impatience, for he knows that he can at any time lay down or take up the book. It is the consciousness of this privilege that gives him patience, should he encounter a dull page here or there. He may hasten or delay his reading, according to the interest he takes in his romance—nay, more, he can return to the earlier pages, should he need to do so, for a better comprehension of some obscure point. In proportion as he is attracted and interested by the romance, and also in the degree of concentration with which he reads it, does he grasp better the subtleties of the narrative. No shade of character drawing escapes him. He realizes, with keener appreciation, the most delicate of human moods, and the novelist is not compelled to introduce the characters to him, one by one, distinguishing them only by the most general characteristics, but can describe each of those little individual idiosyncrasies that contribute to the sum total of a living personality.

When I add that the dramatic author is always to a certain extent a slave to the public, and must ever seek to please the passing taste of his time, it will be recognized that he is often, alas! compelled to sacrifice his artistic leanings to popular caprice—that is, if he has the

natural desire that his generation should applaud him.

As a rule, with the theatre-going masses, one person follows the fads or fancies of others, and individual judgments are too apt to be irresistibly swayed by current opinion. But the novelist, entirely independent of his reader, is not compelled to conform himself to the opinion of any person, or to submit to his caprices. He is absolutely free to picture society as he sees it, and we therefore can have more confidence in his descriptions of the customs and characters of the day.

It is precisely this view of the case that the editor of the series has taken, and herein is the *raison d'être* of this collection of great French romances. The choice was not easy to make. That form of literature called the romance abounds with us. France has always loved it, for French writers exhibit a curiosity—and I may say an indiscretion—that is almost charming in the study of customs and morals at large; a quality that induces them to talk freely of themselves and of their neighbors, and to set forth fearlessly both the good and the bad in human nature. In this fascinating phase of literature, France never has produced greater examples than of late years.

In the collection here presented to American readers will be found those works especially which reveal the intimate side of French social life—works in which are discussed the moral problems that affect most potently the life of the world at large. If inquiring spirits seek to learn the customs and manners of the France of any age, they must look for it among her crowned romances. They need go back no farther than Ludovic Halevy, who may be said to open the modern epoch. In the romantic school, on its historic side, Alfred de Vigny must be looked upon as supreme. De Musset and Anatole France may be taken as revealing authoritatively the moral philosophy of nineteenth-century thought. I must not omit to mention the *Jacqueline* of Th. Bentzon, and the "Attic" Philosopher of Emile Souvestre, nor the great names of Loti, Claretie, Coppe, Bazin, Bourget, Malot, Droz, De Massa, and last, but not least, our French Dickens, Alphonse Daudet. I need not add more; the very names of these "Immortals" suffice to commend the series to readers in all countries.

One word in conclusion: America may rest assured that her students of international literature will find in this series of *'ouvrages couronnés'* all that they may wish to know of France at her own fireside—a knowledge that too often escapes them, knowledge that embraces not only a faithful picture of contemporary life in the French provinces, but a living and exact description of French society in modern times. They may feel certain that when they have read these romances, they will have sounded the depths and penetrated into the hidden intimacies of France, not only as she is, but as she would be known.

GASTON BOISSIER

SECRETAIRE PERPETUEL DE L'ACADEMIE FRANCAISE

THE IMMORTALS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

SERGE PANINE, BY GEORGES OHNET

SERGE PANINE, BY GEORGES OHNET, V1
[IM01][im01b10.txt]3914

A man weeps with difficulty before a woman
Antagonism to plutocracy and hatred of aristocrats
Enough to be nobody's unless I belong to him
Even those who do not love her desire to know her
Flayed and roasted alive by the critics
Hard workers are pitiful lovers
He lost his time, his money, his hair, his illusions
He was very unhappy at being misunderstood
I thought the best means of being loved were to deserve it
Men of pleasure remain all their lives mediocre workers
My aunt is jealous of me because I am a man of ideas
Negroes, all but monkeys!
Patience, should he encounter a dull page here or there
Romanticism still ferments beneath the varnish of Naturalism
Sacrifice his artistic leanings to popular caprice
Unqualified for happiness
You are talking too much about it to be sincere

SERGE PANINE, BY GEORGES OHNET, V2
[IM02][im02b10.txt]3915

A uniform is the only garb which can hide poverty honorably
Forget a dream and accept a reality
I don't pay myself with words
Implacable self-interest which is the law of the world
In life it is only nonsense that is common-sense
Is a man ever poor when he has two arms?
Is it by law only that you wish to keep me?
Nothing that provokes laughter more than a disappointed lover
Suffering is a human law; the world is an arena
The uncontested power which money brings
We had taken the dream of a day for eternal happiness
What is a man who remains useless

SERGE PANINE, BY GEORGES OHNET, V3
[IM03][im03b10.txt]3916

Because they moved, they thought they were progressing
Everywhere was feverish excitement, dissipation, and nullity
It was a relief when they rose from the table
Money troubles are not mortal
One amuses one's self at the risk of dying

Scarcely was one scheme launched when another idea occurred
Talk with me sometimes. You will not chatter trivialities
They had only one aim, one passion—to enjoy themselves
Without a care or a cross, he grew weary like a prisoner

SERGE PANINE, BY GEORGES OHNET, V4
[IM04][im04b10.txt]3917

Cowardly in trouble as he had been insolent in prosperity
Heed that you lose not in dignity what you gain in revenge
She would have liked the world to be in mourning
The guilty will not feel your blows, but the innocent

THE ENTIRE SERGE PANINE, BY GEORGES OHNET
[IM05][im05b10.txt]3918

A man weeps with difficulty before a woman
A uniform is the only garb which can hide poverty honorably
Antagonism to plutocracy and hatred of aristocrats
Because they moved, they thought they were progressing
Cowardly in trouble as he had been insolent in prosperity
Enough to be nobody's unless I belong to him
Even those who do not love her desire to know her
Everywhere was feverish excitement, dissipation, and nullity
Flayed and roasted alive by the critics
Forget a dream and accept a reality
Hard workers are pitiful lovers
He lost his time, his money, his hair, his illusions
He was very unhappy at being misunderstood
Heed that you lose not in dignity what you gain in revenge
I thought the best means of being loved were to deserve it
I don't pay myself with words
Implacable self-interest which is the law of the world
In life it is only nonsense that is common-sense
Is a man ever poor when he has two arms?
Is it by law only that you wish to keep me?
It was a relief when they rose from the table
Men of pleasure remain all their lives mediocre workers
Money troubles are not mortal
My aunt is jealous of me because I am a man of ideas
Negroes, all but monkeys!
Nothing that provokes laughter more than a disappointed lover
One amuses one's self at the risk of dying
Patience, should he encounter a dull page here or there
Romanticism still ferments beneath the varnish of Naturalism
Sacrifice his artistic leanings to popular caprice
Scarcely was one scheme launched when another idea occurred
She would have liked the world to be in mourning
Suffering is a human law; the world is an arena
Talk with me sometimes. You will not chatter trivialities

The guilty will not feel your blows, but the innocent
The uncontested power which money brings
They had only one aim, one passion—to enjoy themselves
Unqualified for happiness
We had taken the dream of a day for eternal happiness
What is a man who remains useless
Without a care or a cross, he grew weary like a prisoner
You are talking too much about it to be sincere

THE RED LILY, BY ANATOLE FRANCE

THE RED LILY, BY ANATOLE FRANCE, V1
[IM06][im06b10.txt]3919

A hero must be human. Napoleon was human
Anti-Semitism is making fearful progress everywhere
Brilliance of a fortune too new
Curious to know her face of that day
Do you think that people have not talked about us?
Each had regained freedom, but he did not like to be alone
Fringe which makes an unlovely border to the city
Gave value to her affability by not squandering it
He could not imagine that often words are the same as actions
He does not bear ill-will to those whom he persecutes
He is not intelligent enough to doubt
He studied until the last moment
Her husband had become quite bearable
His habit of pleasing had prolonged his youth
I feel in them (churches) the grandeur of nothingness
I gave myself to him because he loved me
I haven't a taste, I have tastes
It was too late: she did not wish to win
Knew that life is not worth so much anxiety nor so much hope
Laughing in every wrinkle of his face
Learn to live without desire
Life as a whole is too vast and too remote
Life is made up of just such trifles
Life is not a great thing
Love was only a brief intoxication
Made life give all it could yield
Miserable beings who contribute to the grandeur of the past
None but fools resisted the current
Not everything is known, but everything is said
One would think that the wind would put them out: the stars
Picturesquely ugly
Recesses of her mind which she preferred not to open
Relatives whom she did not know and who irritated her
She is happy, since she likes to remember
She pleased society by appearing to find pleasure in it
Should like better to do an immoral thing than a cruel one

So well satisfied with his reply that he repeated it twice
That if we live the reason is that we hope
That sort of cold charity which is called altruism
The discouragement which the irreparable gives
The most radical breviary of scepticism since Montaigne
The violent pleasure of losing
Umbrellas, like black turtles under the watery skies
Was I not warned enough of the sadness of everything?
Whether they know or do not know, they talk

THE RED LILY, BY ANATOLE FRANCE, V2
[IM07][im07b10.txt]3920

A woman is frank when she does not lie uselessly
Disappointed her to escape the danger she had feared
Does not wish one to treat it with either timidity or brutality
He knew now the divine malady of love
I do not desire your friendship
I have known things which I know no more
I wished to spoil our past
Impatient at praise which was not destined for himself
Incapable of conceiving that one might talk without an object
Jealous without having the right to be jealous
Lovers never separate kindly
Magnificent air of those beggars of whom small towns are proud
Nobody troubled himself about that originality
One who first thought of pasting a canvas on a panel
Simple people who doubt neither themselves nor others
Superior men sometimes lack cleverness
The door of one's room opens on the infinite
The one whom you will love and who will love you will harm you
The past is the only human reality—Everything that is, is past
There are many grand and strong things which you do not feel
They are the coffin saying: 'I am the cradle'
To be beautiful, must a woman have that thin form
Trying to make Therese admire what she did not know
Unfortunate creature who is the plaything of life
What will be the use of having tormented ourselves in this world
Women do not always confess it, but it is always their fault
You must take me with my own soul!

THE RED LILY, BY ANATOLE FRANCE, V3
[IM08][im08b10.txt]3921

Does one ever possess what one loves?
Each was moved with self-pity
Everybody knows about that
(Housemaid) is trained to respect my disorder
I can forget you only when I am with you
I have to pay for the happiness you give me

I love myself because you love me
Ideas they think superior to love—faith, habits, interests
Immobility of time
It is an error to be in the right too soon
It was torture for her not to be able to rejoin him
Kisses and caresses are the effort of a delightful despair
Let us give to men irony and pity as witnesses and judges
Little that we can do when we are powerful
Love is a soft and terrible force, more powerful than beauty
Nothing is so legitimate, so human, as to deceive pain
One is never kind when one is in love
One should never leave the one whom one loves
Seemed to him that men were grains in a coffee-mill
Since she was in love, she had lost prudence
That absurd and generous fury for ownership
The politician never should be in advance of circumstances
The real support of a government is the Opposition
There is nothing good except to ignore and to forget
We are too happy; we are robbing life

ENTIRE THE RED LILY, BY ANATOLE FRANCE
[IM09][im09b10.txt]3922

A woman is frank when she does not lie uselessly
A hero must be human. Napoleon was human
Anti-Semitism is making fearful progress everywhere
Brilliancy of a fortune too new
Curious to know her face of that day
Disappointed her to escape the danger she had feared
Do you think that people have not talked about us?
Does not wish one to treat it with either timidity or brutality
Does one ever possess what one loves?
Each had regained freedom, but he did not like to be alone
Each was moved with self-pity
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Gave value to her affability by not squandering it
He could not imagine that often words are the same as actions
He studied until the last moment
He is not intelligent enough to doubt
He does not bear ill-will to those whom he persecutes
He knew now the divine malady of love
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(Housemaid) is trained to respect my disorder
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I can forget you only when I am with you
I wished to spoil our past
I feel in them (churches) the grandeur of nothingness
I have to pay for the happiness you give me

I gave myself to him because he loved me
I haven't a taste, I have tastes
I have known things which I know no more
I do not desire your friendship
Ideas they think superior to love—faith, habits, interests
Immobility of time
Impatient at praise which was not destined for himself
Incapable of conceiving that one might talk without an object
It was torture for her not to be able to rejoin him
It is an error to be in the right too soon
It was too late: she did not wish to win
Jealous without having the right to be jealous
Kisses and caresses are the effort of a delightful despair
Knew that life is not worth so much anxiety nor so much hope
Laughing in every wrinkle of his face
Learn to live without desire
Let us give to men irony and pity as witnesses and judges
Life as a whole is too vast and too remote
Life is made up of just such trifles
Life is not a great thing
Little that we can do when we are powerful
Love is a soft and terrible force, more powerful than beauty
Love was only a brief intoxication
Lovers never separate kindly
Made life give all it could yield
Magnificent air of those beggars of whom small towns are proud
Miserable beings who contribute to the grandeur of the past
Nobody troubled himself about that originality
None but fools resisted the current
Not everything is known, but everything is said
Nothing is so legitimate, so human, as to deceive pain
One would think that the wind would put them out: the stars
One who first thought of pasting a canvas on a panel
One is never kind when one is in love
One should never leave the one whom one loves
Picturesquely ugly
Recesses of her mind which she preferred not to open
Relatives whom she did not know and who irritated her
Seemed to him that men were grains in a coffee-mill
She pleased society by appearing to find pleasure in it
She is happy, since she likes to remember
Should like better to do an immoral thing than a cruel one
Simple people who doubt neither themselves nor others
Since she was in love, she had lost prudence
So well satisfied with his reply that he repeated it twice
Superior men sometimes lack cleverness
That sort of cold charity which is called altruism
That if we live the reason is that we hope
That absurd and generous fury for ownership
The most radical breviary of scepticism since Montaigne

The door of one's room opens on the infinite
The past is the only human reality – Everything that is, is past
The one whom you will love and who will love you will harm you
The violent pleasure of losing
The discouragement which the irreparable gives
The real support of a government is the Opposition
The politician never should be in advance of circumstances
There is nothing good except to ignore and to forget
There are many grand and strong things which you do not feel
They are the coffin saying: 'I am the cradle'
To be beautiful, must a woman have that thin form
Trying to make Therese admire what she did not know
Umbrellas, like black turtles under the watery skies
Unfortunate creature who is the plaything of life
Was I not warned enough of the sadness of everything?
We are too happy; we are robbing life
What will be the use of having tormented ourselves in this world
Whether they know or do not know, they talk
Women do not always confess it, but it is always their fault
You must take me with my own soul!

MADAME, MONSIEUR. AND BEBE BY GUSTAVE DROZ

MM. AND BEBE BY GUSTAVE DROZ, V1
[IM10][im10b10.txt]3923

A ripe husband, ready to fall from the tree
Answer "No," but with a little kiss which means "Yes"
As regards love, intention and deed are the same
Clumsily, blew his nose, to the great relief of his two arms
Emotion when one does not share it
Hearty laughter which men affect to assist digestion
How rich we find ourselves when we rummage in old drawers
Husband who loves you and eats off the same plate is better
I came here for that express purpose
Ignorant of everything, undesirous of learning anything
It is silly to blush under certain circumstances
Love in marriage is, as a rule, too much at his ease
Rather do not give—make yourself sought after
Reckon yourself happy if in your husband you find a lover
There are pious falsehoods which the Church excuses
To be able to smoke a cigar without being sick
Why mankind has chosen to call marriage a man-trap

MM. AND BEBE BY GUSTAVE DROZ, V2
[IM11][im11b10.txt]3924

But she thinks she is affording you pleasure
Do not seek too much
First impression is based upon a number of trifles

Sometimes like to deck the future in the garments of the past
The heart requires gradual changes

MM. AND BEBE BY GUSTAVE DROZ, V3
[IM12][im12b10.txt]3925

Affection is catching
All babies are round, yielding, weak, timid, and soft
And I shall say 'damn it,' for I shall then be grown up
He Would Have Been Forty Now
How many things have not people been proud of
I am not wandering through life, I am marching on
I do not accept the hypothesis of a world made for us
I would give two summers for a single autumn
In his future arrange laurels for a little crown for your own
It (science) dreams, too; it supposes
Learned to love others by embracing their own children
Life is not so sweet for us to risk ourselves in it singlehanded
Man is but one of the links of an immense chain
Recollection of past dangers to increase the present joy
Respect him so that he may respect you
Shelter himself in the arms of the weak and recover courage
The future promises, it is the present that pays
The future that is rent away
The recollection of that moment lasts for a lifetime
Their love requires a return
Ties that unite children to parents are unloosed
Ties which unite parents to children are broken
To love is a great deal—To know how to love is everything
We are simple to this degree, that we do not think we are
When time has softened your grief

THE ENTIRE MM. AND BEBE BY GUSTAVE DROZ
[IM13][im13b10.txt]3926

A ripe husband, ready to fall from the tree
Affection is catching
All babies are round, yielding, weak, timid, and soft
And I shall say 'damn it,' for I shall then be grown up
Answer "No," but with a little kiss which means "Yes"
As regards love, intention and deed are the same
But she thinks she is affording you pleasure
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We are simple to this degree, that we do not think we are
When time has softened your grief
Why mankind has chosen to call marriage a man-trap

PRINCE ZILAH, BY JULES CLARETIE

PRINCE ZILAH, BY JULES CLARETIE, V1
[IM14][im14b10.txt]3927

A man's life belongs to his duty, and not to his happiness
All defeats have their geneses
Foreigners are more Parisian than the Parisians themselves
One of those beings who die, as they have lived, children
Playing checkers, that mimic warfare of old men
Superstition which forbids one to proclaim his happiness
The Hungarian was created on horseback
There were too many discussions, and not enough action
Would not be astonished at anything
You suffer? Is fate so just as that

PRINCE ZILAH, BY JULES CLARETIE, V2

[IM15][im15b10.txt]3928

Life is a tempest
Nervous natures, as prompt to hope as to despair
No answer to make to one who has no right to question me
Nothing ever astonishes me
Poverty brings wrinkles

PRINCE ZILAH, BY JULES CLARETIE, V3
[IM16][im16b10.txt]3929

An hour of rest between two ordeals, a smile between two sobs
Anonymous, that velvet mask of scandal-mongers
At every step the reality splashes you with mud
Bullets are not necessarily on the side of the right
Does one ever forget?
History is written, not made.
I might forgive," said Andras; "but I could not forget
If well-informed people are to be believe
Insanity is, perhaps, simply the ideal realized
It is so good to know nothing, nothing, nothing
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Man who expects nothing of life except its ending
Not only his last love, but his only love
Pessimism of to-day sneering at his confidence of yesterday
Sufferer becomes, as it were, enamored of his own agony
Taken the times as they are
Unable to speak, for each word would have been a sob
What matters it how much we suffer
Why should I read the newspapers?
Willingly seek a new sorrow

THE ENTIRE PRINCE ZILAH BY JULES CLARETIE
[IM17][im17b10.txt]3930ETEXT EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:

A man's life belongs to his duty, and not to his happiness
All defeats have their geneses
An hour of rest between two ordeals, a smile between two sobs
Anonymous, that velvet mask of scandal-mongers
At every step the reality splashes you with mud
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ZEBILINE BY PHILLIPE DE MASA

ZEBILINE BY PHILLIPE DE MASA, V1

[IM18][im18b10.txt]3931

Life goes on, and that is less gay than the stories
Men admired her; the women sought some point to criticise

ZEBILINE BY PHILLIPE DE MASA, V2

[IM19][im19b10.txt]3932

Ambiguity has no place, nor has compromise
But if this is our supreme farewell, do not tell me so!
Chain so light yesterday, so heavy to-day
Every man is his own master in his choice of liaisons
If I do not give all I give nothing
Indulgence of which they stand in need themselves
Ostensibly you sit at the feast without paying the cost
Paris has become like a little country town in its gossip
The night brings counsel
You are in a conquered country, which is still more dangerous

ZEBILINE BY PHILLIPE DE MASA, V3

[IM20][im20b10.txt]3933

All that was illogical in our social code
Only a man, wavering and changeable
Their Christian charity did not extend so far as that
There are mountains that we never climb but once

THE ENTIRE ZEBILINE BY PHILLIPE DE MASA
[IM21][im21b10.txt]3934

All that was illogical in our social code
Ambiguity has no place, nor has compromise
But if this is our supreme farewell, do not tell me so!
Chain so light yesterday, so heavy to-day
Every man is his own master in his choice of liaisons
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Indulgence of which they stand in need themselves
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A WOODLAND QUEEN, BY ANDRE THEURIET

A WOODLAND QUEEN, BY ANDRE THEURIET, V1
[IM22][im22b10.txt]3935

Amusements they offered were either wearisome or repugnant
Dreaded the monotonous regularity of conjugal life
Fawning duplicity
Had not been spoiled by Fortune's gifts
Hypocritical grievances
I am not in the habit of consulting the law
It does not mend matters to give way like that
Opposing his orders with steady, irritating inertia
There are some men who never have had any childhood
To make a will is to put one foot into the grave
Toast and white wine (for breakfast)
Vague hope came over him that all would come right

A WOODLAND QUEEN, BY ANDRE THEURIET, V2
[IM23][im23b10.txt]3936

I measure others by myself
Like all timid persons, he took refuge in a moody silence
Others found delight in the most ordinary amusements
Sensitiveness and disposition to self-blame
Women: they are more bitter than death
Yield to their customs, and not pooh-pooh their amusements
You must be pleased with yourself—that is more essential

A WOODLAND QUEEN, BY ANDRE THEURIET, V3
[IM24][im24b10.txt]3937

Accustomed to hide what I think
Consoled himself with one of the pious commonplaces
How small a space man occupies on the earth
More disposed to discover evil than good
Nature's cold indifference to our sufferings
Never is perfect happiness our lot
Plead the lie to get at the truth
The ease with which he is forgotten
Those who have outlived their illusions
Timidity of a night-bird that is made to fly in the day
Vexed, act in direct contradiction to their own wishes
You have considerable patience for a lover

ENTIRE A WOODLAND QUEEN, BY ANDRE THEURIET
[IM25][im25b10.txt]3938

Accustomed to hide what I think
Amusements they offered were either wearisome or repugnant
Consoled himself with one of the pious commonplaces
Dreaded the monotonous regularity of conjugal life
Fawning duplicity
Had not been spoiled by Fortune's gifts
How small a space man occupies on the earth
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CHILD OF A CENTURY, ALFRED DE MUSSET

CHILD OF A CENTURY, ALFRED DE MUSSET, V1
[IM26][im26b10.txt]3939

A terrible danger lurks in the knowledge of what is possible
Accustomed to call its disguise virtue
All that is not life, it is the noise of life
Become corrupt, and you will cease to suffer
Began to forget my own sorrow in my sympathy for her
Beware of disgust, it is an incurable evil
Death is more to be desired than a living distaste for life
Despair of a man sick of life, or the whim of a spoiled child
Do they think they have invented what they see
Force itself, that mistress of the world
Galileo struck the earth, crying: "Nevertheless it moves!"
Grief itself was for her but a means of seducing
He lives only in the body
Human weakness seeks association
I boasted of being worse than I really was
I can not love her, I can not love another
I do not intend either to boast or abase myself
Ignorance into which the Greek clergy plunged the laity
In what do you believe?
Indignation can solace grief and restore happiness
Is he a dwarf or a giant
Men doubted everything: the young men denied everything
Of all the sisters of love, the most beautiful is pity
Perfection does not exist
Resorted to exaggeration in order to appear original
Sceptic regrets the faith he has lost the power to regain
Seven who are always the same: the first is called hope
St. Augustine
Ticking of which (our arteries) can be heard only at night
When passion sways man, reason follows him weeping and warning
Wine suffuses the face as if to prevent shame appearing there
You believe in what is said here below and not in what is done
You turn the leaves of dead books
Youth is to judge of the world from first impressions

CHILD OF A CENTURY, ALFRED DE MUSSET, V2
[IM27][im27b10.txt]3940

Adieu, my son, I love you and I die
All philosophy is akin to atheism
And when love is sure of itself and knows response
Can any one prevent a gossip
Each one knows what the other is about to say
Good and bad days succeeded each other almost regularly

Great sorrows neither accuse nor blaspheme—they listen
Happiness of being pursued
He who is loved by a beautiful woman is sheltered from every blow
I neither love nor esteem sadness
It is a pity that you must seek pastimes
Man who suffers wishes to make her whom he loves suffer
No longer esteemed her highly enough to be jealous of her
Pure caprice that I myself mistook for a flash of reason
Quarrel had been, so to speak, less sad than our reconciliation
She pretended to hope for the best
Terrible words; I deserve them, but they will kill me
There are two different men in you
We have had a mass celebrated, and it cost us a large sum
What human word will ever express thy slightest caress
What you take for love is nothing more than desire

CHILD OF A CENTURY, ALFRED DE MUSSET, V3
[IM28][im28b10.txt]3941

Because you weep, you fondly imagine yourself innocent
Cold silence, that negative force
Contrive to use proud disdain as a shield
Fool who destroys his own happiness
Funeral processions are no longer permitted
How much they desire to be loved who say they love no more
I can not be near you and separated from you at the same moment
Is it not enough to have lived?
Make a shroud of your virtue in which to bury your crimes
Reading the Memoirs of Constant
Sometimes we seem to enjoy unhappiness
Speak to me of your love, she said, "not of your grief
Suffered, and yet took pleasure in it
Suspicious that are ever born anew
"Unhappy man!" she cried, "you will never know how to love
Who has told you that tears can wash away the stains of guilt
You play with happiness as a child plays with a rattle
Your great weapon is silence

ENTIRE CHILD OF A CENTURY, ALFRED DE MUSSET
[IM29][im29b10.txt]3942

A terrible danger lurks in the knowledge of what is possible
Accustomed to call its disguise virtue
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 What you take for love is nothing more than desire
 What human word will ever express thy slightest caress
 When passion sways man, reason follows him weeping and warning
 Who has told you that tears can wash away the stains of guilt
 Wine suffuses the face as if to prevent shame appearing there
 You believe in what is said here below and not in what is done
 You play with happiness as a child plays with a rattle
 You turn the leaves of dead books
 Your great weapon is silence
 Youth is to judge of the world from first impressions

MONSIEUR DE CAMORS BY OCTAVE FEUILLET

MONSIEUR DE CAMORS BY OCTAVE FEUILLET, V1
 [IM30][im30b10.txt]3943

Bad to fear the opinion of people one despises
 Camors refused, hesitated, made objections, and consented
 Confounding progress with discord, liberty with license
 Contempt for men is the beginning of wisdom
 Cried out, with the blunt candor of his age
 Dangers of liberty outweighed its benefits
 Demanded of him imperatively—the time of day
 Do not get angry. Rarely laugh, and never weep
 Every cause that is in antagonism with its age commits suicide
 Every one is the best judge of his own affairs
 Every road leads to Rome—and one as surely as another
 God—or no principles!
 He is charming, for one always feels in danger near him
 Intemperance of her zeal and the acrimony of her bigotry
 Man, if he will it, need not grow old: the lion must
 Never can make revolutions with gloves on
 Once an excellent remedy, is a detestable regimen
 Pleasures of an independent code of morals
 Police regulations known as religion
 Principles alone, without faith in some higher sanction
 Property of all who are strong enough to stand it
 'Semel insanivimus omnes.' (every one has his madness)
 Slip forth from the common herd, my son, think for yourself
 Suspicion that he is a feeble human creature after all!
 There will be no more belief in Christ than in Jupiter
 Ties that become duties where we only sought pleasures
 Truth is easily found. I shall read all the newspapers
 Whether in this world one must be a fanatic or nothing
 Whole world of politics and religion rushed to extremes
 With the habit of thinking, had not lost the habit of laughing

You can not make an omelette without first breaking the eggs

MONSIEUR DE CAMORS BY OCTAVE FEUILLET, V2
[IM31][im31b10.txt]3944

A defensive attitude is never agreeable to a man
Believing that it is for virtue's sake alone such men love them
Determined to cultivate ability rather than scrupulousness
Disenchantment which follows possession
Have not that pleasure, it is useless to incur the penalties
Inconstancy of heart is the special attribute of man
Knew her danger, and, unlike most of them, she did not love it
Put herself on good terms with God, in case He should exist
Two persons who desired neither to remember nor to forget

MONSIEUR DE CAMORS BY OCTAVE FEUILLET, V3
[IM32][im32b10.txt]3945

A man never should kneel unless sure of rising a conqueror
One of those pious persons who always think evil

ENTIRE MONSIEUR DE CAMORS BY OCT. Feuille
[IM33][im33b10.txt]3946

A man never should kneel unless sure of rising a conqueror
A defensive attitude is never agreeable to a man
Bad to fear the opinion of people one despises
Believing that it is for virtue's sake alone such men love them
Camors refused, hesitated, made objections, and consented
Confounding progress with discord, liberty with license
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Once an excellent remedy, is a detestable regimen
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Principles alone, without faith in some higher sanction
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Whether in this world one must be a fanatic or nothing
Whole world of politics and religion rushed to extremes
With the habit of thinking, had not lost the habit of laughing
You can not make an omelette without first breaking the eggs

CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY

CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY, V1
[IM34][im34b10.txt]3947

Adopted fact is always better composed than the real one
Advantage that a calm temper gives one over men
Art is the chosen truth
Artificialities of style of that period
Artistic Truth, more lofty than the True
As Homer says, "smiling under tears"
Difference which I find between Truth in art and the True in fac
Happy is he who does not outlive his youth
He did not blush to be a man, and he spoke to men with force
History too was a work of art
In every age we laugh at the costume of our fathers
It is not now what it used to be
It is too true that virtue also has its blush
Lofty ideal of woman and of love
Money is not a common thing between gentlemen like you and me
Monsieur, I know that I have lived too long
Neither idealist nor realist
No writer had more dislike of mere pedantry
Offices will end by rendering great names vile
Princesses ceded like a town, and must not even weep
Principle that art implied selection
Recommended a scrupulous observance of nature
Remedy infallible against the plague and against reserve
True talent paints life rather than the living
Truth, I here venture to distinguish from that of the True
Urbain Grandier
What use is the memory of facts, if not to serve as an example
Woman is more bitter than death, and her arms are like chains

Yes, we are in the way here

CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY, V2
[IM35][im35b10.txt]3948

Doubt, the greatest misery of love
Never interfered in what did not concern him
So strongly does force impose upon men
The usual remarks prompted by imbecility on such occasions

CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY, V3
[IM36][im36b10.txt]3949

Ambition is the saddest of all hopes
Assume with others the mien they wore toward him
Men are weak, and there are things which women must accomplish

CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY, V4
[IM37][im37b10.txt]3950

A queen's country is where her throne is
All that he said, I had already thought
Always the first word which is the most difficult to say
Dare now to be silent when I have told you these things
Daylight is detrimental to them
Friendship exists only in independence and a kind of equality
I have burned all the bridges behind me
In pitying me he forgot himself
In times like these we must see all and say all
Reproaches are useless and cruel if the evil is done
Should be punished for not having known how to punish
Tears for the future
The great leveller has swung a long scythe over France
The most in favor will be the soonest abandoned by him
This popular favor is a cup one must drink
This was the Dauphin, afterward Louis XIV

CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY, V5
[IM38][im38b10.txt]3951

They have believed me incapable because I was kind
They tremble while they threaten

CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY, V6
[IM39][im39b10.txt]3952

A cat is a very fine animal. It is a drawing-room tiger
But how avenge one's self on silence?
Deny the spirit of self-sacrifice
Hatred of everything which is superior to myself

Hermits can not refrain from inquiring what men say of them
Princes ought never to be struck, except on the head
These ideas may serve as opium to produce a calm
They loved not as you love, eh?

THE ENTIRE CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY
[IM40][im40b10.txt]3953

A cat is a very fine animal. It is a drawing-room tiger
A queen's country is where her throne is
Adopted fact is always better composed than the real one
Advantage that a calm temper gives one over men
All that he said, I had already thought
Always the first word which is the most difficult to say
Ambition is the saddest of all hopes
Art is the chosen truth
Artificialities of style of that period
Artistic Truth, more lofty than the True
As Homer says, "smiling under tears"
Assume with others the mien they wore toward him
But how avenge one's self on silence?
Dare now to be silent when I have told you these things
Daylight is detrimental to them
Deny the spirit of self-sacrifice
Difference which I find between Truth in art and the True in fact
Doubt, the greatest misery of love
Friendship exists only in independence and a kind of equality
Happy is he who does not outlive his youth
Hatred of everything which is superior to myself
He did not blush to be a man, and he spoke to men with force
Hermits can not refrain from inquiring what men say of them
History too was a work of art
I have burned all the bridges behind me
In pitying me he forgot himself
In every age we laugh at the costume of our fathers
In times like these we must see all and say all
It is not now what it used to be
It is too true that virtue also has its blush
Lofty ideal of woman and of love
Men are weak, and there are things which women must accomplish
Money is not a common thing between gentlemen like you and me
Monsieur, I know that I have lived too long
Neither idealist nor realist
Never interfered in what did not concern him
No writer had more dislike of mere pedantry
Offices will end by rendering great names vile
Princes ought never to be struck, except on the head
Princesses ceded like a town, and must not even weep
Principle that art implied selection
Recommended a scrupulous observance of nature

Remedy infallible against the plague and against reserve
 Reproaches are useless and cruel if the evil is done
 Should be punished for not having known how to punish
 So strongly does force impose upon men
 Tears for the future
 The great leveller has swung a long scythe over France
 The most in favor will be the soonest abandoned by him
 The usual remarks prompted by imbecility on such occasions
 These ideas may serve as opium to produce a calm
 They tremble while they threaten
 They have believed me incapable because I was kind
 They loved not as you love, eh?
 This popular favor is a cup one must drink
 This was the Dauphin, afterward Louis XIV
 True talent paints life rather than the living
 Truth, I here venture to distinguish from that of the True
 Urbain Grandier
 What use is the memory of facts, if not to serve as an example
 Woman is more bitter than death, and her arms are like chains
 Yes, we are in the way here

L'ABBE CONSTANTIN BY LUDOVIC HALEVY

L'ABBE CONSTANTIN BY LUDOVIC HALEVY, V1
 [IM41][im41b10.txt]3954

Ancient pillars of stone, embrowned and gnawed by time
 And they are shoulders which ought to be seen
 But she will give me nothing but money
 Duty, simply accepted and simply discharged
 God may have sent him to purgatory just for form's sake
 He led the brilliant and miserable existence of the unoccupied
 If there is one! (a paradise)
 Never foolish to spend money. The folly lies in keeping it
 Often been compared to Eugene Sue, but his touch is lighter
 One half of his life belonged to the poor
 Succeeded in wearying him by her importunities and tenderness
 The history of good people is often monotonous or painful
 The women have enough religion for the men

L'ABBE CONSTANTIN BY LUDOVIC HALEVY, V2
 [IM42][im42b10.txt]3955

Believing themselves irresistible
 Frenchman has only one real luxury—his revolutions
 Great difference between dearly and very much
 Had not told all—one never does tell all
 In order to make money, the first thing is to have no need of it
 To learn to obey is the only way of learning to command

L'ABBE CONSTANTIN BY LUDOVIC HALEVY, V3
[IM43][im43b10.txt]3956

Love and tranquillity seldom dwell at peace in the same heart
One may think of marrying, but one ought not to try to marry

APR 2003 ENTIRE L'ABBE CONSTANTIN BY LUDOVIC HALEVY
[IM44][im44b10.txt]3957

Ancient pillars of stone, embrowned and gnawed by time
And they are shoulders which ought to be seen
Believing themselves irresistible
But she will give me nothing but money
Duty, simply accepted and simply discharged
Frenchman has only one real luxury—his revolutions
God may have sent him to purgatory just for form's sake
Great difference between dearly and very much
Had not told all—one never does tell all
He led the brilliant and miserable existence of the unoccupied
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The women have enough religion for the men
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To learn to obey is the only way of learning to command

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE, V1
[IM45][im45b10.txt]3958

Break in his memory, like a book with several leaves torn out
Inoffensive tree which never had harmed anybody
It was all delightfully terrible!
Mild, unpretentious men who let everybody run over them
Now his grief was his wife, and lived with him
Tedium seems to ooze out through their bindings
Tired smile of those who have not long to live
Trees are like men; there are some that have no luck
Voice of the heart which alone has power to reach the heart
When he sings, it is because he has something to sing about

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE, V2
[IM46][im46b10.txt]3959

Dreams, instead of living
Fortunate enough to keep those one loves

Learned that one leaves college almost ignorant
Paint from nature
The sincere age when one thinks aloud
Upon my word, there are no ugly ones (women)
Very young, and was in love with love

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE, V3
[IM47][im47b10.txt]3960

Good form consists, above all things, in keeping silent
Intimate friend, whom he has known for about five minutes
My good fellow, you are quite worthless as a man of pleasure
Society people condemned to hypocrisy and falsehood

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE, V4
[IM48][im48b10.txt]3961

Egotists and cowards always have a reason for everything
Eternally condemned to kill each other in order to live
God forgive the timid and the prattler!
Happiness exists only by snatches and lasts only a moment
He almost regretted her
He does not know the miseries of ambition and vanity
How sad these old memories are in the autumn
Never travel when the heart is troubled!
Not more honest than necessary
Poor France of Jeanne d'Arc and of Napoleon
Redouble their boasting after each defeat
Take their levity for heroism
The leaves fall! the leaves fall!
Universal suffrage, with its accustomed intelligence
Were certain against all reason

ENTIRE ROMANCE OF YOUTH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE
[IM49][im49b10.txt]3962

Break in his memory, like a book with several leaves torn out
Dreams, instead of living
Egotists and cowards always have a reason for everything
Eternally condemned to kill each other in order to live
Fortunate enough to keep those one loves
God forgive the timid and the prattler!
Good form consists, above all things, in keeping silent
Happiness exists only by snatches and lasts only a moment
He does not know the miseries of ambition and vanity
He almost regretted her
How sad these old memories are in the autumn
Inoffensive tree which never had harmed anybody
Intimate friend, whom he has known for about five minutes
It was all delightfully terrible!

Learned that one leaves college almost ignorant
Mild, unpretentious men who let everybody run over them
My good fellow, you are quite worthless as a man of pleasure
Never travel when the heart is troubled!
Not more honest than necessary
Now his grief was his wife, and lived with him
Paint from nature
Poor France of Jeanne d'Arc and of Napoleon
Redouble their boasting after each defeat
Society people condemned to hypocrisy and falsehood
Take their levity for heroism
Tediousness seems to ooze out through their bindings
The leaves fall! the leaves fall!
The sincere age when one thinks aloud
Tired smile of those who have not long to live
Trees are like men; there are some that have no luck
Universal suffrage, with its accustomed intelligence
Upon my word, there are no ugly ones (women)
Very young, and was in love with love
Voice of the heart which alone has power to reach the heart
Were certain against all reason
When he sings, it is because he has something to sing about

COSMOPOLIS BY PAUL BOURGET

COSMOPOLIS BY PAUL BOURGET, V1
[IM50][im50b10.txt]3963

Follow their thoughts instead of heeding objects
Has as much sense as the handle of a basket
Mediocre sensibility
No flies enter a closed mouth
Pitiful checker-board of life
Scarcely a shade of gentle condescension
That you can aid them in leading better lives?
The forests have taught man liberty
There is an intelligent man, who never questions his ideas
Thinking it better not to lie on minor points
Too prudent to risk or gain much
Walked at the rapid pace characteristic of monomaniacs

COSMOPOLIS BY PAUL BOURGET, V2
[IM51][im51b10.txt]3964

Conditions of blindness so voluntary that they become complicity
Despotism natural to puissant personalities
Egyptian tobacco, mixed with opium and saltpetre
Have never known in the morning what I would do in the evening
I no longer love you
Imagine what it would be never to have been born

Melancholy problem of the birth and death of love
Only one thing infamous in love, and that is a falsehood
Words are nothing; it is the tone in which they are uttered

COSMOPOLIS BY PAUL BOURGET, V3
[IM52][im52b10.txt]3965

One of those trustful men who did not judge when they loved
That suffering which curses but does not pardon

COSMOPOLIS BY PAUL BOURGET, V4
[IM53][im53b10.txt]3966

Mobile and complaisant conscience had already forgiven himself
Not an excuse, but an explanation of your conduct
Sufficed him to conceive the plan of a reparation
There is always and everywhere a duty to fulfil

ENTIRE COSMOPOLIS BY PAUL BOURGET
[IM54][im54b10.txt]3967

Conditions of blindness so voluntary that they become complicity
Despotism natural to puissant personalities
Egyptian tobacco, mixed with opium and saltpetre
Follow their thoughts instead of heeding objects
Has as much sense as the handle of a basket
Have never known in the morning what I would do in the evening
I no longer love you
Imagine what it would be never to have been born
Mediocre sensibility
Melancholy problem of the birth and death of love
Mobile and complaisant conscience had already forgiven himself
No flies enter a closed mouth
Not an excuse, but an explanation of your conduct
One of those trustful men who did not judge when they loved
Only one thing infamous in love, and that is a falsehood
Pitiful checker-board of life
Scarcely a shade of gentle condescension
Sufficed him to conceive the plan of a reparation
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That you can aid them in leading better lives?
The forests have taught man liberty
There is an intelligent man, who never questions his ideas
There is always and everywhere a duty to fulfil
Thinking it better not to lie on minor points
Too prudent to risk or gain much
Walked at the rapid pace characteristic of monomaniacs
Words are nothing; it is the tone in which they are uttered

JACQUELINE BY TH. BENTZON (MME. BLANC)

JACQUELINE BY TH. BENTZON (MME. BLANC), V1
[IM55][im55b10.txt]3968

Great interval between a dream and its execution
Music—so often dangerous to married happiness
Old women—at least thirty years old!
Seldom troubled himself to please any one he did not care for
Small women ought not to grow stout
Sympathetic listening, never having herself anything to say
The bandage love ties over the eyes of men
Waste all that upon a thing that nobody will ever look at
Women who are thirty-five should never weep

JACQUELINE BY TH. BENTZON (MME. BLANC), V2
[IM56][im56b10.txt]3969

A mother's geese are always swans
Bathers, who exhibited themselves in all degrees of ugliness
Fred's verses were not good, but they were full of dejection
Hang out the bush, but keep no tavern
A familiarity which, had he known it, was not flattering
His sleeplessness was not the insomnia of genius
Importance in this world are as easily swept away as the sand
Natural longing, that we all have, to know the worst
Notion of her husband's having an opinion of his own
Pride supplies some sufferers with necessary courage
Seemed to enjoy themselves, or made believe they did
This unending warfare we call love
Unwilling to leave him to the repose he needed

JACQUELINE BY TH. BENTZON (MME. BLANC), V3
[IM57][im57b10.txt]3970

As we grow older we lay aside harsh judgments and sharp words
Blow which annihilates our supreme illusion
Death is not that last sleep
Fool (there is no cure for that infirmity)
The worst husband is always better than none

ENTIRE JACQUELINE BY BENTZON (MME. BLANC)
[IM58][im58b10.txt]3971

A familiarity which, had he known it, was not flattering
A mother's geese are always swans
As we grow older we lay aside harsh judgments and sharp words
Bathers, who exhibited themselves in all degrees of ugliness
Blow which annihilates our supreme illusion
Death is not that last sleep
Fool (there is no cure for that infirmity)

Fred's verses were not good, but they were full of dejection
Great interval between a dream and its execution
Hang out the bush, but keep no tavern
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This unending warfare we call love
Unwilling to leave him to the repose he needed
Waste all that upon a thing that nobody will ever look at
Women who are thirty-five should never weep

THE INK-STAIN BY RENE BAZIN

THE INK-STAIN BY RENE BAZIN, V1
[IM59][im59b10.txt]3972

Happy men don't need company
Lends—I should say gives
Natural only when alone, and talk well only to themselves
One doesn't offer apologies to a man in his wrath
Silence, alas! is not the reproof of kings alone
The looks of the young are always full of the future
You a law student, while our farmers are in want of hands

THE INK-STAIN BY RENE BAZIN, V2
[IM60][im60b10.txt]3973

Came not in single spies, but in battalions
Men forget sooner
Skilful actor, who apes all the emotions while feeling none
Sorrows shrink into insignificance as the horizon broadens
Surprise goes for so much in what we admire
To be your own guide doubles your pleasure
You must always first get the tobacco to burn evenly

THE INK-STAIN BY RENE BAZIN, V3
[IM61][im61b10.txt]3974

All that a name is to a street—its honor, its spouse
Distrust first impulse

Felix culpa
Hard that one can not live one's life over twice
He always loved to pass for being overwhelmed with work
I don't call that fishing
If trouble awaits us, hope will steal us a happy hour or two
Obstacles are the salt of all our joys
People meeting to "have it out" usually say nothing at first
The very smell of books is improving
There are some blunders that are lucky; but you can't tell
You ask Life for certainties, as if she had any to give you

ENTIRE THE INK-STAIN BY RENE BAZIN
[IM62][im62b10.txt]3975

All that a name is to a street—its honor, its spouse
Came not in single spies, but in battalions
Distrust first impulse
Felix culpa
Happy men don't need company
Hard that one can not live one's life over twice
He always loved to pass for being overwhelmed with work
I don't call that fishing
If trouble awaits us, hope will steal us a happy hour or two
Lends—I should say gives
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To be your own guide doubles your pleasure
You a law student, while our farmers are in want of hands
You must always first get the tobacco to burn evenly
You ask Life for certainties, as if she had any to give you

FROMONT AND RISLER BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

FROMONT AND RISLER BY ALPHONSE DAUDET, V1
[IM63][im63b10.txt]3976

Affectation of indifference
Always smiling condescendingly
Convent of Saint Joseph, four shoes under the bed!
Deeming every sort of occupation beneath him

Dreams of wealth and the disasters that immediately followed
He fixed the time mentally when he would speak
Little feathers fluttering for an opportunity to fly away
No one has ever been able to find out what her thoughts were
Pass half the day in procuring two cakes, worth three sous
She was of those who disdain no compliment
Such artificial enjoyment, such idiotic laughter
Superiority of the man who does nothing over the man who works
Terrible revenge she would take hereafter for her sufferings
The groom isn't handsome, but the bride's as pretty as a picture
The poor must pay for all their enjoyments

FROMONT AND RISLER BY ALPHONSE DAUDET, V2
[IM64][im64b10.txt]3977

Charm of that one day's rest and its solemnity
Clashing knives and forks mark time
Faces taken by surprise allow their real thoughts to be seen
Make for themselves a horizon of the neighboring walls and roofs
Wiping his forehead ostentatiously

FROMONT AND RISLER BY ALPHONSE DAUDET, V3
[IM65][im65b10.txt]3978

Abundant details which he sometimes volunteered
Exaggerated dramatic pantomime
Void in her heart, a place made ready for disasters to come
Would have liked him to be blind only so far as he was concerned

FROMONT AND RISLER BY ALPHONSE DAUDET, V4
[IM66][im66b10.txt]3979

A man may forgive, but he never forgets
Word "sacrifice," so vague on careless lips

THE ENTIRE FROMONT AND RISLER, BY DAUDET
[IM67][im67b10.txt]3980

A man may forgive, but he never forgets
Abundant details which he sometimes volunteered
Affectation of indifference
Always smiling condescendingly
Charm of that one day's rest and its solemnity
Clashing knives and forks mark time
Convent of Saint Joseph, four shoes under the bed!
Deeming every sort of occupation beneath him
Dreams of wealth and the disasters that immediately followed
Exaggerated dramatic pantomime
Faces taken by surprise allow their real thoughts to be seen
He fixed the time mentally when he would speak

Little feathers fluttering for an opportunity to fly away
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Superiority of the man who does nothing over the man who works
Terrible revenge she would take hereafter for her sufferings
The poor must pay for all their enjoyments
The groom isn't handsome, but the bride's as pretty as a picture
Void in her heart, a place made ready for disasters to come
Wiping his forehead ostentatiously
Word "sacrifice," so vague on careless lips
Would have liked him to be blind only so far as he was concerned

GERFAUT, BY CHARLES DE BERNARD

GERFAUT BY CHARLES DE BERNARD, V1
[IM68][im68b10.txt]3981

Evident that the man was above his costume; a rare thing!
Mania for fearing that she may be compromised
Material in you to make one of Cooper's redskins
Recourse to concessions is often as fatal to women as to kings
Those whom they most amuse are those who are best worth amusing
Trying to conceal by a smile (a blush)
When one speaks of the devil he appears
Wiped his nose behind his hat, like a well-bred orator

GERFAUT BY CHARLES DE BERNARD, V2
[IM69][im69b10.txt]3982

I believed it all; one is so happy to believe!
It is a terrible step for a woman to take, from No to Yes
Lady who requires urging, although she is dying to sing
Let them laugh that win!
Let ultra-modesty destroy poetry
Misfortunes never come single
No woman is unattainable, except when she loves another
These are things that one admits only to himself
Topics that occupy people who meet for the first time
You are playing 'who loses wins!'

GERFAUT BY CHARLES DE BERNARD, V3
[IM70][im70b10.txt]3983

Antipathy for her husband bordering upon aversion
Attractions that difficulties give to pleasure
Consented to become a wife so as not to remain a maiden
Despotic tone which a woman assumes when sure of her empire

Love is a fire whose heat dies out for want of fuel
Regards his happiness as a proof of superiority
She said yes, so as not to say no

GERFAUT BY CHARLES DE BERNARD, V4
[IM71][im71b10.txt]3984

Attractive abyss of drunkenness
Obstinacy of drunkenness

THE ENTIRE GERFAUT BY CHARLES DE BERNARD
[IM72][im72b10.txt]3985

Antipathy for her husband bordering upon aversion
Attractions that difficulties give to pleasure
Attractive abyss of drunkenness
Consented to become a wife so as not to remain a maiden
Despotic tone which a woman assumes when sure of her empire
Evident that the man was above his costume; a rare thing!
I believed it all; one is so happy to believe!
It is a terrible step for a woman to take, from No to Yes
Lady who requires urging, although she is dying to sing
Let them laugh that win!
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Topics that occupy people who meet for the first time
Trying to conceal by a smile (a blush)
When one speaks of the devil he appears
Wiped his nose behind his hat, like a well-bred orator
You are playing 'who loses wins!'

CONSCIENCE BY HECTOR MALOT

CONSCIENCE BY HECTOR MALOT, V1
[IM73][im73b10.txt]3986

As free from prejudices as one may be, one always retains a few
As ignorant as a schoolmaster
Confidence in one's self is strength, but it is also weakness
Conscience is a bad weighing-machine

Conscience is only an affair of environment and of education
Find it more easy to make myself feared than loved
Force, which is the last word of the philosophy of life
I believed in the virtue of work, and look at me!
Intelligent persons have no remorse
It is only those who own something who worry about the price
Leant—and when I did not lose my friends I lost my money
Leisure must be had for light reading, and even more for love
People whose principle was never to pay a doctor
Power to work, that was never disturbed or weakened by anything
Reason before the deed, and not after
Will not admit that conscience is the proper guide of our action

CONSCIENCE BY HECTOR MALOT, V2
[IM74][im74b10.txt]3987

For the rest of his life he would be the prisoner of his crime
In his eyes everything was decided by luck
Looking for a needle in a bundle of hay
Neither so simple nor so easy as they at first appeared

CONSCIENCE BY HECTOR MALOT, V3
[IM75][im75b10.txt]3988

It is the first crime that costs
Repeated and explained what he had already said and explained
You love me, therefore you do not know me

CONSCIENCE BY HECTOR MALOT, V4
[IM76][im76b10.txt]3989

He did not sleep, so much the better! He would work more
One does not judge those whom one loves
She could not bear contempt
The strong walk alone because they need no one
We are so unhappy that our souls are weak against joy
We weep, we do not complain

THE ENTIRE CONSCIENCE BY HECTOR MALOT
[IM77][im77b10.txt]3990

As ignorant as a schoolmaster
As free from prejudices as one may be, one always retains a few
Confidence in one's self is strength, but it is also weakness
Conscience is a bad weighing-machine
Conscience is only an affair of environment and of education
Find it more easy to make myself feared than loved
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The strong walk alone because they need no one
We are so unhappy that our souls are weak against joy
We weep, we do not complain
Will not admit that conscience is the proper guide of our action
You love me, therefore you do not know me

MADAME CHRYSANTHEME BY PIERRE LOTI

MADAME CHRYSANTHEME BY PIERRE LOTI, V1
[IM78][im78b10.txt]3991

Efforts to arrange matters we succeed often only in disarranging
Irritating laugh which is peculiar to Japan
Ordinary, trivial, every-day objects
Seeking for a change which can no longer be found

MADAME CHRYSANTHEME BY PIERRE LOTI, V2
[IM79][im79b10.txt]3992

Ah! the natural perversity of inanimate things
Found nothing that answered to my indefinable expectations
Habit turns into a makeshift of attachment
I know not what lost home that I have failed to find
When the inattentive spirits are not listening

MADAME CHRYSANTHEME BY PIERRE LOTI, V3
[IM80][im80b10.txt]3993

Dull hours spent in idle and diffuse conversation
Prayers swallowed like pills by invalids at a distance
Trees, dwarfed by a Japanese process
Which I should find amusing in any one else,—any one I loved

MADAME CHRYSANTHEME BY PIERRE LOTI, V4
[IM81][im81b10.txt]3994

Japanese habit of expressing myself with excessive politeness
Contemptuous pity, both for my suspicions and the cause of them

THE ENTIRE MADAME CRYSANTHEME BY LOTI
[IM82][im82b10.txt]3995

Ah! the natural perversity of inanimate things
Contemptuous pity, both for my suspicions and the cause of them
Dull hours spent in idle and diffuse conversation
Efforts to arrange matters we succeed often only in disarranging
Found nothing that answered to my indefinable expectations
Habit turns into a makeshift of attachment
I know not what lost home that I have failed to find
Irritating laugh which is peculiar to Japan
Japanese habit of expressing myself with excessive politeness
Ordinary, trivial, every-day objects
Prayers swallowed like pills by invalids at a distance
Seeking for a change which can no longer be found
Trees, dwarfed by a Japanese process
When the inattentive spirits are not listening
Which I should find amusing in any one else,—any one I loved

AN "ATTIC PHILOSOPHER" BY E. SOUVESTRE

AN "ATTIC PHILOSOPHER" BY E. SOUVESTRE, V1
[IM83][im83b10.txt]3996

Brought them up to poverty
Carn-ival means, literally, "farewell to flesh!"
Coffee is the grand work of a bachelor's housekeeping
Defeat and victory only displace each other by turns
Did not think the world was so great
Do they understand what makes them so gay?
Each of us regards himself as the mirror of the community
Ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness
Every one keeps his holidays in his own way
Favorite and conclusive answer of his class—"I know"
Fear of losing a moment from business
Finishes his sin thoroughly before he begins to repent
Her kindness, which never sleeps
Hubbub of questions which waited for no reply
Moderation is the great social virtue
No one is so unhappy as to have nothing to give
Our tempers are like an opera-glass
Poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress
Prisoners of work
Question is not to discover what will suit us
Ruining myself, but we must all have our Carnival
Two thirds of human existence are wasted in hesitation

What a small dwelling joy can live

AN "ATTIC" PHILOSOPHER BY E. SOUVESTRE, V2
[IM84][im84b10.txt]3997

Always to mistake feeling for evidence
Fame and power are gifts that are dearly bought
Fortune sells what we believe she gives
Make himself a name: he becomes public property
My patronage has become her property
Not desirous to teach goodness
Power of necessity
Progress can never be forced on without danger
So much confidence at first, so much doubt at last
The man in power gives up his peace
Virtue made friends, but she did not take pupils
We are not bound to live, while we are bound to do our duty

AN "ATTIC" PHILOSOPHER BY E. SOUVESTRE, V3
[IM85][im85b10.txt]3998

Ambroise Pare: 'I tend him, God cures him!'
Are we then bound to others only by the enforcement of laws
Attach a sense of remorse to each of my pleasures
But above these ruins rises a calm and happy face
Contemptuous pride of knowledge
Death, that faithful friend of the wretched
Houses are vessels which take mere passengers
I make it a rule never to have any hope
Ignorant of what there is to wish for
Looks on an accomplished duty neither as a merit nor a grievance
More stir than work
Nothing is dishonorable which is useful
Richer than France herself, for I have no deficit in my budget
Satisfy our wants, if we know how to set bounds to them
Sensible man, who has observed much and speaks little
Sullen tempers are excited by the patience of their victims
The happiness of the wise man costs but little
We do not understand that others may live on their own account
What have you done with the days God granted you
You may know the game by the lair

ENTIRE AN "ATTIC" PHILOSOPHER BY SOUVESTRE
[IM86][im86b10.txt]3999

Always to mistake feeling for evidence
Ambroise Pare: 'I tend him, God cures him!'
Are we then bound to others only by the enforcement of laws
Attach a sense of remorse to each of my pleasures
Brought them up to poverty

But above these ruins rises a calm and happy face
 Carn-ival means, literally, "farewell to flesh!"
 Coffee is the grand work of a bachelor's housekeeping
 Contemptuous pride of knowledge
 Death, that faithful friend of the wretched
 Defeat and victory only displace each other by turns
 Did not think the world was so great
 Do they understand what makes them so gay?
 Each of us regards himself as the mirror of the community
 Ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness
 Every one keeps his holidays in his own way
 Fame and power are gifts that are dearly bought
 Favorite and conclusive answer of his class—"I know"
 Fear of losing a moment from business
 Finishes his sin thoroughly before he begins to repent
 Fortune sells what we believe she gives
 Her kindness, which never sleeps
 Houses are vessels which take mere passengers
 Hubbub of questions which waited for no reply
 I make it a rule never to have any hope
 Ignorant of what there is to wish for
 Looks on an accomplished duty neither as a merit nor a grievance
 Make himself a name: he becomes public property
 Moderation is the great social virtue
 More stir than work
 My patronage has become her property
 No one is so unhappy as to have nothing to give
 Not desirous to teach goodness
 Nothing is dishonorable which is useful
 Our tempers are like an opera-glass
 Poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress
 Power of necessity
 Prisoners of work
 Progress can never be forced on without danger
 Question is not to discover what will suit us
 Richer than France herself, for I have no deficit in my budget
 Ruining myself, but we must all have our Carnival
 Satisfy our wants, if we know how to set bounds to them
 Sensible man, who has observed much and speaks little
 So much confidence at first, so much doubt at las
 Sullen tempers are excited by the patience of their victims
 The happiness of the wise man costs but little
 The man in power gives up his peace
 Two thirds of human existence are wasted in hesitation
 Virtue made friends, but she did not take pupils
 We do not understand that others may live on their own account
 We are not bound to live, while we are bound to do our duty
 What have you done with the days God granted you
 What a small dwelling joy can live
 You may know the game by the lair

ENTIRE PG EDITION OF THE FRENCH IMMORTALS

ENTIRE PG EDITION OF THE FRENCH IMMORTALS
[IM87][imewkxxx.xxx]4000

A uniform is the only garb which can hide poverty honorably
A man may forgive, but he never forgets
A mother's geese are always swans
A queen's country is where her throne is
A ripe husband, ready to fall from the tree
A terrible danger lurks in the knowledge of what is possible
A cat is a very fine animal. It is a drawing-room tiger
A familiarity which, had he known it, was not flattering
A defensive attitude is never agreeable to a man
A man weeps with difficulty before a woman
A hero must be human. Napoleon was human
A woman is frank when she does not lie uselessly
A man's life belongs to his duty, and not to his happiness
A man never should kneel unless sure of rising a conqueror
Abundant details which he sometimes volunteered
Accustomed to call its disguise virtue
Accustomed to hide what I think
Adieu, my son, I love you and I die
Adopted fact is always better composed than the real one
Advantage that a calm temper gives one over men
Affectation of indifference
Affection is catching
Ah! the natural perversity of inanimate things
All that a name is to a street—its honor, its spouse
All that was illogical in our social code
All that he said, I had already thought
All that is not life, it is the noise of life
All philosophy is akin to atheism
All babies are round, yielding, weak, timid, and soft
All defeats have their geneses
Always to mistake feeling for evidence
Always smiling condescendingly
Always the first word which is the most difficult to say
Ambiguity has no place, nor has compromise
Ambition is the saddest of all hopes
Ambroise Pare: 'I tend him, God cures him!'
Amusements they offered were either wearisome or repugnant
An hour of rest between two ordeals, a smile between two sobs
Ancient pillars of stone, embrowned and gnawed by time
And I shall say 'damn it,' for I shall then be grown up
And they are shoulders which ought to be seen
And when love is sure of itself and knows response
Anonymous, that velvet mask of scandal-mongers
Answer "No," but with a little kiss which means "Yes"

Antagonism to plutocracy and hatred of aristocrats
Anti-Semitism is making fearful progress everywhere
Antipathy for her husband bordering upon aversion
Are we then bound to others only by the enforcement of laws
Art is the chosen truth
Artificialities of style of that period
Artistic Truth, more lofty than the True
As ignorant as a schoolmaster
As free from prejudices as one may be, one always retains a few
As Homer says, "smiling under tears"
As we grow older we lay aside harsh judgments and sharp words
As regards love, intention and deed are the same
Assume with others the mien they wore toward him
At every step the reality splashes you with mud
Attach a sense of remorse to each of my pleasures
Attractions that difficulties give to pleasure
Attractive abyss of drunkenness
Bad to fear the opinion of people one despises
Bathers, who exhibited themselves in all degrees of ugliness
Because they moved, they thought they were progressing
Because you weep, you fondly imagine yourself innocent
Become corrupt, and you will cease to suffer
Began to forget my own sorrow in my sympathy for her
Believing that it is for virtue's sake alone such men love them
Believing themselves irresistible
Beware of disgust, it is an incurable evil
Blow which annihilates our supreme illusion
Break in his memory, like a book with several leaves torn out
Brilliancy of a fortune too new
Brought them up to poverty
Bullets are not necessarily on the side of the right
But above these ruins rises a calm and happy face
But she thinks she is affording you pleasure
But how avenge one's self on silence?
But if this is our supreme farewell, do not tell me so!
But she will give me nothing but money
Came not in single spies, but in battalions
Camors refused, hesitated, made objections, and consented
Can any one prevent a gossip
Carn-ival means, literally, "farewell to flesh!"
Chain so light yesterday, so heavy to-day
Charm of that one day's rest and its solemnity
Clashing knives and forks mark time
Clumsily, blew his nose, to the great relief of his two arms
Coffee is the grand work of a bachelor's housekeeping
Cold silence, that negative force
Conditions of blindness so voluntary that they become complicity
Confidence in one's self is strength, but it is also weakness
Confounding progress with discord, liberty with license
Conscience is a bad weighing-machine

Conscience is only an affair of environment and of education
Consented to become a wife so as not to remain a maiden
Consoled himself with one of the pious commonplaces
Contempt for men is the beginning of wisdom
Contemptuous pride of knowledge
Contemptuous pity, both for my suspicions and the cause of them
Contrive to use proud disdain as a shield

Convent of Saint Joseph, four shoes under the bed!
Cowardly in trouble as he had been insolent in prosperity
Cried out, with the blunt candor of his age
Curious to know her face of that day
Dangers of liberty outweighed its benefits
Dare now to be silent when I have told you these things
Daylight is detrimental to them
Death is more to be desired than a living distaste for life
Death is not that last sleep
Death, that faithful friend of the wretched
Deeming every sort of occupation beneath him
Defeat and victory only displace each other by turns
Demanded of him imperatively—the time of day
Deny the spirit of self-sacrifice
Despair of a man sick of life, or the whim of a spoiled child
Despotic tone which a woman assumes when sure of her empire
Despotism natural to puissant personalities
Determined to cultivate ability rather than scrupulousness
Did not think the world was so great
Difference which I find between Truth in art and the True in fact
Disappointed her to escape the danger she had feared
Disenchantment which follows possession
Distrust first impulse
Do you think that people have not talked about us?
Do they understand what makes them so gay?
Do they think they have invented what they see
Do not seek too much
Do not get angry. Rarely laugh, and never weep
Does not wish one to treat it with either timidity or brutality
Does one ever forget?
Does one ever possess what one loves?
Doubt, the greatest misery of love
Dreaded the monotonous regularity of conjugal life
Dreams, instead of living
Dreams of wealth and the disasters that immediately followed
Dull hours spent in idle and diffuse conversation
Duty, simply accepted and simply discharged
Each was moved with self-pity
Each had regained freedom, but he did not like to be alone
Each one knows what the other is about to say
Each of us regards himself as the mirror of the community
Ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness

Efforts to arrange matters we succeed often only in disarranging
Egotists and cowards always have a reason for everything
Egyptian tobacco, mixed with opium and saltpetre
Emotion when one does not share it
Enough to be nobody's unless I belong to him
Eternally condemned to kill each other in order to live
Even those who do not love her desire to know her
Every man is his own master in his choice of liaisons
Every one keeps his holidays in his own way
Every one is the best judge of his own affairs
Every road leads to Rome—and one as surely as another
Every cause that is in antagonism with its age commits suicide
Everybody knows about that
Everywhere was feverish excitement, dissipation, and nullity
Evident that the man was above his costume; a rare thing!
Exaggerated dramatic pantomime
Faces taken by surprise allow their real thoughts to be seen
Fame and power are gifts that are dearly bought
Favorite and conclusive answer of his class—"I know"
Fawning duplicity
Fear of losing a moment from business
Felix culpa
Find it more easy to make myself feared than loved
Finishes his sin thoroughly before he begins to repent
First impression is based upon a number of trifles
Flayed and roasted alive by the critics
Follow their thoughts instead of heeding objects
Fool (there is no cure for that infirmity)
Fool who destroys his own happiness
For the rest of his life he would be the prisoner of his crime
Force itself, that mistress of the world
Force, which is the last word of the philosophy of life
Foreigners are more Parisian than the Parisians themselves
Forget a dream and accept a reality
Fortunate enough to keep those one loves
Fortune sells what we believe she gives
Found nothing that answered to my indefinable expectations
Fred's verses were not good, but they were full of dejection
Frenchman has only one real luxury—his revolutions
Friendship exists only in independence and a kind of equality
Fringe which makes an unlovely border to the city
Funeral processions are no longer permitted
Galileo struck the earth, crying: "Nevertheless it moves!"
Gave value to her affability by not squandering it
God forgive the timid and the prattler!
God may have sent him to purgatory just for form's sake
God—or no principles!
Good and bad days succeeded each other almost regularly
Good form consists, above all things, in keeping silent
Great interval between a dream and its execution

Great sorrows neither accuse nor blaspheme—they listen
Great difference between dearly and very much
Grief itself was for her but a means of seducing
Habit turns into a makeshift of attachment
Had not been spoiled by Fortune's gifts
Had not told all—one never does tell all
Hang out the bush, but keep no tavern
Happiness of being pursued
Happiness exists only by snatches and lasts only a moment

Happy men don't need company
Happy is he who does not outlive his youth
Hard that one can not live one's life over twice
Hard workers are pitiful lovers
Has as much sense as the handle of a basket
Hatred of everything which is superior to myself
Have never known in the morning what I would do in the evening
Have not that pleasure, it is useless to incur the penalties
He Would Have Been Forty Now
He always loved to pass for being overwhelmed with work
He almost regretted her
He fixed the time mentally when he would speak
He does not know the miseries of ambition and vanity
He knew now the divine malady of love
He lives only in the body
He did not blush to be a man, and he spoke to men with force
He was very unhappy at being misunderstood
He lost his time, his money, his hair, his illusions
He is charming, for one always feels in danger near him
He does not bear ill-will to those whom he persecutes
He could not imagine that often words are the same as actions
He studied until the last moment
He who is loved by a beautiful woman is sheltered from every blow
He is not intelligent enough to doubt
He led the brilliant and miserable existence of the unoccupied
He did not sleep, so much the better! He would work more
Hearty laughter which men affect to assist digestion
Heed that you lose not in dignity what you gain in revenge
Her husband had become quite bearable
Her kindness, which never sleeps
Hermits can not refrain from inquiring what men say of them
His habit of pleasing had prolonged his youth
His sleeplessness was not the insomnia of genius
History too was a work of art
History is written, not made.
Houses are vessels which take mere passengers
(Housemaid) is trained to respect my disorder
How sad these old memories are in the autumn
How many things have not people been proud of
How much they desire to be loved who say they love no more

How small a space man occupies on the earth
 How rich we find ourselves when we rummage in old drawers
 Hubbub of questions which waited for no reply
 Human weakness seeks association
 Husband who loves you and eats off the same plate is better
 Hypocritical grievances
 I do not intend either to boast or abase myself
 I came here for that express purpose
 I do not accept the hypothesis of a world made for us
 I don't call that fishing
 I measure others by myself
 I am not wandering through life, I am marching on
 I would give two summers for a single autumn
 I believed in the virtue of work, and look at me!
 I neither love nor esteem sadness
 I might forgive," said Andras; "but I could not forget
 I believed it all; one is so happy to believe!
 I am not in the habit of consulting the law
 I have burned all the bridges behind me
 I know not what lost home that I have failed to find
 I can forget you only when I am with you
 I do not desire your friendship
 I can not love her, I can not love another
 I can not be near you and separated from you at the same moment
 I have known things which I know no more
 I haven't a taste, I have tastes
 I no longer love you
 I boasted of being worse than I really was
 I thought the best means of being loved were to deserve it
 I don't pay myself with words
 I have to pay for the happiness you give me
 I feel in them (churches) the grandeur of nothingness
 I love myself because you love me
 I gave myself to him because he loved me
 I wished to spoil our past
 I make it a rule never to have any hope
 Ideas they think superior to love—faith, habits, interests
 If there is one! (a paradise)
 If I do not give all I give nothing
 If well-informed people are to be believe
 If trouble awaits us, hope will steal us a happy hour or two
 Ignorance into which the Greek clergy plunged the laity
 Ignorant of what there is to wish for
 Ignorant of everything, undesirous of learning anything
 Imagine what it would be never to have been born
 Immobility of time
 Impatient at praise which was not destined for himself
 Implacable self-interest which is the law of the world
 Importance in this world are as easily swept away as the sand
 In order to make money, the first thing is to have no need of it

In his future arrange laurels for a little crown for your own
In his eyes everything was decided by luck
In times like these we must see all and say all
In what do you believe?
In pitying me he forgot himself
In life it is only nonsense that is common-sense
In every age we laugh at the costume of our fathers
Incapable of conceiving that one might talk without an object
Inconstancy of heart is the special attribute of man
Indignation can solace grief and restore happiness
Indulgence of which they stand in need themselves

Inoffensive tree which never had harmed anybody
Insanity is, perhaps, simply the ideal realized
Intelligent persons have no remorse
Intemperance of her zeal and the acrimony of her bigotry
Intimate friend, whom he has known for about five minutes
Irritating laugh which is peculiar to Japan
Is it not enough to have lived?
Is he a dwarf or a giant
Is a man ever poor when he has two arms?
Is it by law only that you wish to keep me?
It is a pity that you must seek pastimes
It is not now what it used to be
It is silly to blush under certain circumstances
It is too true that virtue also has its blush
It was a relief when they rose from the table
It is an error to be in the right too soon
It was torture for her not to be able to rejoin him
It was all delightfully terrible!
It was too late: she did not wish to win
It (science) dreams, too; it supposes
It is a terrible step for a woman to take, from No to Yes
It is so good to know nothing, nothing, nothing
It is only those who own something who worry about the price
It does not mend matters to give way like that
It is the first crime that costs
Japanese habit of expressing myself with excessive politeness
Jealous without having the right to be jealous
Kisses and caresses are the effort of a delightful despair
Knew her danger, and, unlike most of them, she did not love it
Knew that life is not worth so much anxiety nor so much hope
Lady who requires urging, although she is dying to sing
Laughing in every wrinkle of his face
Leant—and when I did not lose my friends I lost my money
Learn to live without desire
Learned that one leaves college almost ignorant
Learned to love others by embracing their own children
Leisure must be had for light reading, and even more for love
Lends—I should say gives

Let us give to men irony and pity as witnesses and judges
Let them laugh that win!
Let ultra-modesty destroy poetry
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Life is made up of just such trifles
Life as a whole is too vast and too remote
Life goes on, and that is less gay than the stories
Life is not a great thing
Life is not so sweet for us to risk ourselves in it singlehanded
Life is a tempest
Like all timid persons, he took refuge in a moody silence
Little feathers fluttering for an opportunity to fly away
Little that we can do when we are powerful
Lofty ideal of woman and of love
Looking for a needle in a bundle of hay
Looks on an accomplished duty neither as a merit nor a grievance
Love in marriage is, as a rule, too much at his ease
Love is a fire whose heat dies out for want of fuel
Love was only a brief intoxication
Love and tranquillity seldom dwell at peace in the same heart
Love is a soft and terrible force, more powerful than beauty
Lovers never separate kindly
Made life give all it could yield
Magnificent air of those beggars of whom small towns are proud
Make himself a name: he becomes public property
Make a shroud of your virtue in which to bury your crimes
Make for themselves a horizon of the neighboring walls and roofs
Man who expects nothing of life except its ending
Man who suffers wishes to make her whom he loves suffer
Man, if he will it, need not grow old: the lion must
Man is but one of the links of an immense chain
Mania for fearing that she may be compromised
Material in you to make one of Cooper's redskins
Mediocre sensibility
Melancholy problem of the birth and death of love
Men of pleasure remain all their lives mediocre workers
Men are weak, and there are things which women must accomplish
Men admired her; the women sought some point to criticise
Men forget sooner
Men doubted everything: the young men denied everything
Mild, unpretentious men who let everybody run over them
Miserable beings who contribute to the grandeur of the past
Misfortunes never come single
Mobile and complaisant conscience had already forgiven himself
Moderation is the great social virtue
Money troubles are not mortal
Money is not a common thing between gentlemen like you and me
Monsieur, I know that I have lived too long
More disposed to discover evil than good
More stir than work

Music—so often dangerous to married happiness
My aunt is jealous of me because I am a man of ideas
My good fellow, you are quite worthless as a man of pleasure
My patronage has become her property
Natural longing, that we all have, to know the worst
Natural only when alone, and talk well only to themselves
Nature's cold indifference to our sufferings
Negroes, all but monkeys!
Neither so simple nor so easy as they at first appeared
Neither idealist nor realist
Nervous natures, as prompt to hope as to despair
Never interfered in what did not concern him
Never can make revolutions with gloves on

Never foolish to spend money. The folly lies in keeping it
Never is perfect happiness our lot
Never travel when the heart is troubled!
No answer to make to one who has no right to question me
No longer esteemed her highly enough to be jealous of her
No one has ever been able to find out what her thoughts were
No woman is unattainable, except when she loves another
No flies enter a closed mouth
No one is so unhappy as to have nothing to give
No writer had more dislike of mere pedantry
Nobody troubled himself about that originality
None but fools resisted the current
Not everything is known, but everything is said
Not only his last love, but his only love
Not more honest than necessary
Not desirous to teach goodness
Not an excuse, but an explanation of your conduct
Nothing is dishonorable which is useful
Nothing is so legitimate, so human, as to deceive pain
Nothing that provokes laughter more than a disappointed lover
Nothing ever astonishes me
Notion of her husband's having an opinion of his own
Now his grief was his wife, and lived with him
Obstacles are the salt of all our joys
Obstinacy of drunkenness
Of all the sisters of love, the most beautiful is pity
Offices will end by rendering great names vile
Often been compared to Eugene Sue, but his touch is lighter
Old women—at least thirty years old!
Once an excellent remedy, is a detestable regimen
One who first thought of pasting a canvas on a panel
One of those beings who die, as they have lived, children
One is never kind when one is in love
One half of his life belonged to the poor
One would think that the wind would put them out: the stars
One of those pious persons who always think evil

One of those trustful men who did not judge when they loved
 One does not judge those whom one loves
 One should never leave the one whom one loves
 One may think of marrying, but one ought not to try to marry
 One amuses one's self at the risk of dying
 One doesn't offer apologies to a man in his wrath
 Only a man, wavering and changeable
 Only one thing infamous in love, and that is a falsehood
 Opposing his orders with steady, irritating inertia
 Ordinary, trivial, every-day objects
 Ostensibly you sit at the feast without paying the cost
 Others found delight in the most ordinary amusements
 Our tempers are like an opera-glass
 Paint from nature
 Paris has become like a little country town in its gossip
 Pass half the day in procuring two cakes, worth three sous
 Patience, should he encounter a dull page here or there
 People meeting to "have it out" usually say nothing at first
 People whose principle was never to pay a doctor
 Perfection does not exist
 Pessimism of to-day sneering at his confidence of yesterday
 Picturesquely ugly
 Pitiful checker-board of life
 Playing checkers, that mimic warfare of old men
 Plead the lie to get at the truth
 Pleasures of an independent code of morals
 Police regulations known as religion
 Poor France of Jeanne d'Arc and of Napoleon
 Poverty brings wrinkles
 Poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress
 Power to work, that was never disturbed or weakened by anything
 Power of necessity
 Prayers swallowed like pills by invalids at a distance
 Pride supplies some sufferers with necessary courage
 Princes ought never to be struck, except on the head
 Princesses ceded like a town, and must not even weep
 Principle that art implied selection
 Principles alone, without faith in some higher sanction
 Prisoners of work
 Progress can never be forced on without danger
 Property of all who are strong enough to stand it
 Pure caprice that I myself mistook for a flash of reason
 Put herself on good terms with God, in case He should exist
 Quarrel had been, so to speak, less sad than our reconciliation
 Question is not to discover what will suit us
 Rather do not give—make yourself sought after
 Reading the Memoirs of Constant
 Reason before the deed, and not after
 Recesses of her mind which she preferred not to open
 Reckon yourself happy if in your husband you find a lover

Recollection of past dangers to increase the present joy
Recommended a scrupulous observance of nature
Recourse to concessions is often as fatal to women as to kings
Redouble their boasting after each defeat
Regards his happiness as a proof of superiority
Relatives whom she did not know and who irritated her
Remedy infallible against the plague and against reserve
Repeated and explained what he had already said and explained
Reproaches are useless and cruel if the evil is done
Resorted to exaggeration in order to appear original
Respect him so that he may respect you
Richer than France herself, for I have no deficit in my budget
Romanticism still ferments beneath the varnish of Naturalism
Ruining myself, but we must all have our Carnival
Sacrifice his artistic leanings to popular caprice

Satisfy our wants, if we know how to set bounds to them
Scarcely a shade of gentle condescension
Scarcely was one scheme launched when another idea occurred
Sceptic regrets the faith he has lost the power to regain
Seeking for a change which can no longer be found
Seemed to enjoy themselves, or made believe they did
Seemed to him that men were grains in a coffee-mill
Seldom troubled himself to please any one he did not care for
Semel insanivimus omnes.' (every one has his madness)
Sensible man, who has observed much and speaks little
Sensitiveness and disposition to self-blame
Seven who are always the same: the first is called hope
She pretended to hope for the best
She said yes, so as not to say no
She is happy, since she likes to remember
She was of those who disdain no compliment
She pleased society by appearing to find pleasure in it
She would have liked the world to be in mourning
She could not bear contempt
Shelter himself in the arms of the weak and recover courage
Should be punished for not having known how to punish
Should like better to do an immoral thing than a cruel one
Silence, alas! is not the reproof of kings alone
Simple people who doubt neither themselves nor others
Since she was in love, she had lost prudence
Skilful actor, who apes all the emotions while feeling none
Slip forth from the common herd, my son, think for yourself
Small women ought not to grow stout
So much confidence at first, so much doubt at last
So well satisfied with his reply that he repeated it twice
So strongly does force impose upon men
Society people condemned to hypocrisy and falsehood
Sometimes we seem to enjoy unhappiness
Sometimes like to deck the future in the garments of the past

Sorrows shrink into insignificance as the horizon broadens
 Speak to me of your love, she said, "not of your grief
 St. Augustine
 Succeeded in wearying him by her importunities and tenderness
 Such artificial enjoyment, such idiotic laughter
 Suffered, and yet took pleasure in it
 Sufferer becomes, as it were, enamored of his own agony
 Suffering is a human law; the world is an arena
 Sufficed him to conceive the plan of a reparation
 Sullen tempers are excited by the patience of their victims
 Superior men sometimes lack cleverness
 Superiority of the man who does nothing over the man who works
 Superstition which forbids one to proclaim his happiness
 Surprise goes for so much in what we admire
 Suspicion that he is a feeble human creature after all!
 Suspicions that are ever born anew
 Sympathetic listening, never having herself anything to say
 Take their levity for heroism
 Taken the times as they are
 Talk with me sometimes. You will not chatter trivialities
 Tears for the future
 Tediousness seems to ooze out through their bindings
 Terrible words; I deserve them, but they will kill me
 Terrible revenge she would take hereafter for her sufferings
 That suffering which curses but does not pardon
 That you can aid them in leading better lives?
 That if we live the reason is that we hope
 That sort of cold charity which is called altruism
 That absurd and generous fury for ownership
 The bandage love ties over the eyes of men
 The future promises, it is the present that pays
 The discouragement which the irreparable gives
 The heart requires gradual changes
 The future that is rent away
 The most radical breviary of scepticism since Montaigne
 The door of one's room opens on the infinite
 The very smell of books is improving
 The looks of the young are always full of the future
 The recollection of that moment lasts for a lifetime
 The worst husband is always better than none
 The past is the only human reality—Everything that is, is past
 The man in power gives up his peace
 The happiness of the wise man costs but little
 The history of good people is often monotonous or painful
 The one whom you will love and who will love you will harm you
 The women have enough religion for the men
 The violent pleasure of losing
 The poor must pay for all their enjoyments
 The great leveller has swung a long scythe over France
 The real support of a government is the Opposition

The politician never should be in advance of circumstances
The uncontested power which money brings
The strong walk alone because they need no one
The leaves fall! the leaves fall!
The guilty will not feel your blows, but the innocent
The forests have taught man liberty
The ease with which he is forgotten
The Hungarian was created on horseback
The most in favor will be the soonest abandoned by him
The usual remarks prompted by imbecility on such occasions
The night brings counsel
The sincere age when one thinks aloud
The groom isn't handsome, but the bride's as pretty as a picture
Their Christian charity did not extend so far as that
Their love requires a return
There are many grand and strong things which you do not feel
There is an intelligent man, who never questions his ideas

There are some men who never have had any childhood
There were too many discussions, and not enough action
There are mountains that we never climb but once
There are pious falsehoods which the Church excuses
There is always and everywhere a duty to fulfil
There is nothing good except to ignore and to forget
There are some blunders that are lucky; but you can't tell
There will be no more belief in Christ than in Jupiter
There are two different men in you
These are things that one admits only to himself
These ideas may serve as opium to produce a calm
They tremble while they threaten
They loved not as you love, eh?
They had only one aim, one passion—to enjoy themselves
They are the coffin saying: 'I am the cradle'
They have believed me incapable because I was kind
Thinking it better not to lie on minor points
This popular favor is a cup one must drink
This was the Dauphin, afterward Louis XIV
This unending warfare we call love
Those whom they most amuse are those who are best worth amusing
Those who have outlived their illusions
Ticking of which (our arteries) can be heard only at night
Ties that unite children to parents are unloosed
Ties that become duties where we only sought pleasures
Ties which unite parents to children are broken
Timidity of a night-bird that is made to fly in the day
Tired smile of those who have not long to live
To make a will is to put one foot into the grave
To learn to obey is the only way of learning to command
To love is a great deal—To know how to love is everything
To be able to smoke a cigar without being sick

To be beautiful, must a woman have that thin form
 To be your own guide doubles your pleasure
 Toast and white wine (for breakfast)
 Too prudent to risk or gain much
 Topics that occupy people who meet for the first time
 Trees, dwarfed by a Japanese process
 Trees are like men; there are some that have no luck
 True talent paints life rather than the living
 Truth is easily found. I shall read all the newspapers
 Truth, I here venture to distinguish from that of the True
 Trying to conceal by a smile (a blush)
 Trying to make Therese admire what she did not know
 Two persons who desired neither to remember nor to forget
 Two thirds of human existence are wasted in hesitation
 Umbrellas, like black turtles under the watery skies
 Unable to speak, for each word would have been a sob
 Unfortunate creature who is the plaything of life
 Unhappy man!" she cried, "you will never know how to love
 Universal suffrage, with its accustomed intelligence
 Unqualified for happiness
 Unwilling to leave him to the repose he needed
 Upon my word, there are no ugly ones (women)
 Urbain Grandier
 Vague hope came over him that all would come right
 Very young, and was in love with love
 Vexed, act in direct contradiction to their own wishes
 Virtue made friends, but she did not take pupils
 Voice of the heart which alone has power to reach the heart
 Void in her heart, a place made ready for disasters to come
 Walked at the rapid pace characteristic of monomaniacs
 Was I not warned enough of the sadness of everything?
 Waste all that upon a thing that nobody will ever look at
 We are too happy; we are robbing life
 We had taken the dream of a day for eternal happiness
 We weep, we do not complain
 We are so unhappy that our souls are weak against joy
 We have had a mass celebrated, and it cost us a large sum
 We are not bound to live, while we are bound to do our duty
 We do not understand that others may live on their own account
 We are simple to this degree, that we do not think we are
 Were certain against all reason
 What is a man who remains useless
 What will be the use of having tormented ourselves in this world
 What use is the memory of facts, if not to serve as an example
 What you take for love is nothing more than desire
 What matters it how much we suffer
 What human word will ever express thy slightest caress
 What have you done with the days God granted you
 What a small dwelling joy can live
 When passion sways man, reason follows him weeping and warning

When one speaks of the devil he appears
When he sings, it is because he has something to sing about
When the inattentive spirits are not listening
When time has softened your grief
Whether they know or do not know, they talk
Whether in this world one must be a fanatic or nothing
Which I should find amusing in any one else,—any one I loved
Who has told you that tears can wash away the stains of guilt
Whole world of politics and religion rushed to extremes
Why should I read the newspapers?
Why mankind has chosen to call marriage a man-trap
Will not admit that conscience is the proper guide of our action
Willingly seek a new sorrow
Wine suffuses the face as if to prevent shame appearing there
Wiped his nose behind his hat, like a well-bred orator
Wiping his forehead ostentatiously
With the habit of thinking, had not lost the habit of laughing
Without a care or a cross, he grew weary like a prisoner
Woman is more bitter than death, and her arms are like chains

Women who are thirty-five should never weep
Women: they are more bitter than death
Women do not always confess it, but it is always their fault
Word "sacrifice," so vague on careless lips
Words are nothing; it is the tone in which they are uttered
Would not be astonished at anything
Would have liked him to be blind only so far as he was concerned
Yes, we are in the way here
Yield to their customs, and not pooh-pooh their amusements
You are in a conquered country, which is still more dangerous
You play with happiness as a child plays with a rattle
You love me, therefore you do not know me
You have considerable patience for a lover
You are talking too much about it to be sincere
You can not make an omelette without first breaking the eggs
You must be pleased with yourself—that is more essential
You are playing 'who loses wins!'
You suffer? Is fate so just as that
You ask Life for certainties, as if she had any to give you
You must always first get the tobacco to burn evenly
You a law student, while our farmers are in want of hands
You believe in what is said here below and not in what is done
You turn the leaves of dead books
You must take me with my own soul!
You may know the game by the lair
Your great weapon is silence
Youth is to judge of the world from first impressions