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The Works of George Meredith, by George Meredith and
David Widger**

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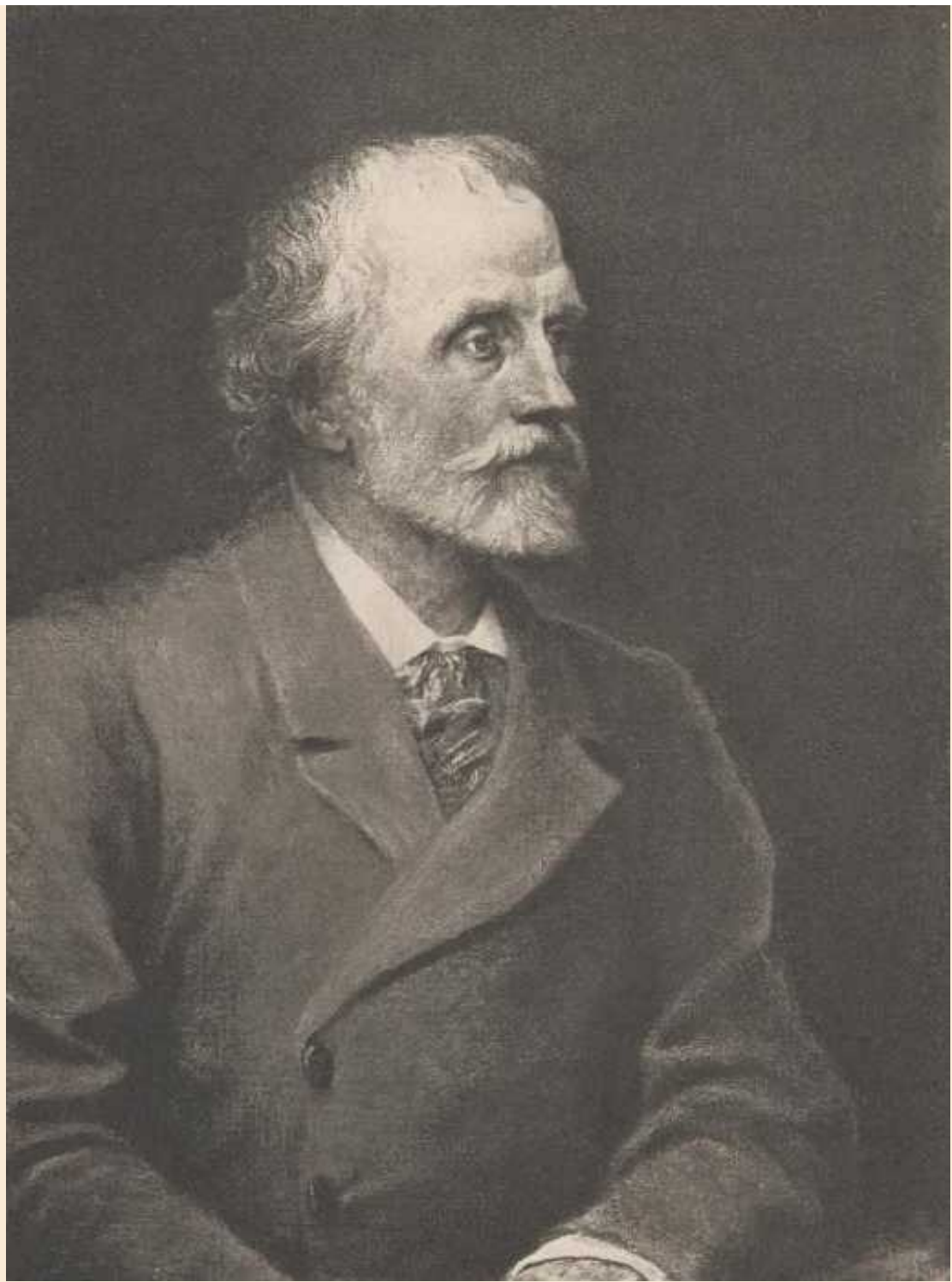
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MEREDITH ***

**THE WORKS OF GEORGE
MEREDITH**

PROSE





LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

George Meredith in 1893
The Sitting Room, Flint Cottage—May 18th 1909
Age 35
Age 68
Age 69
Age 72
Age 80



George Meredith, act. 35.

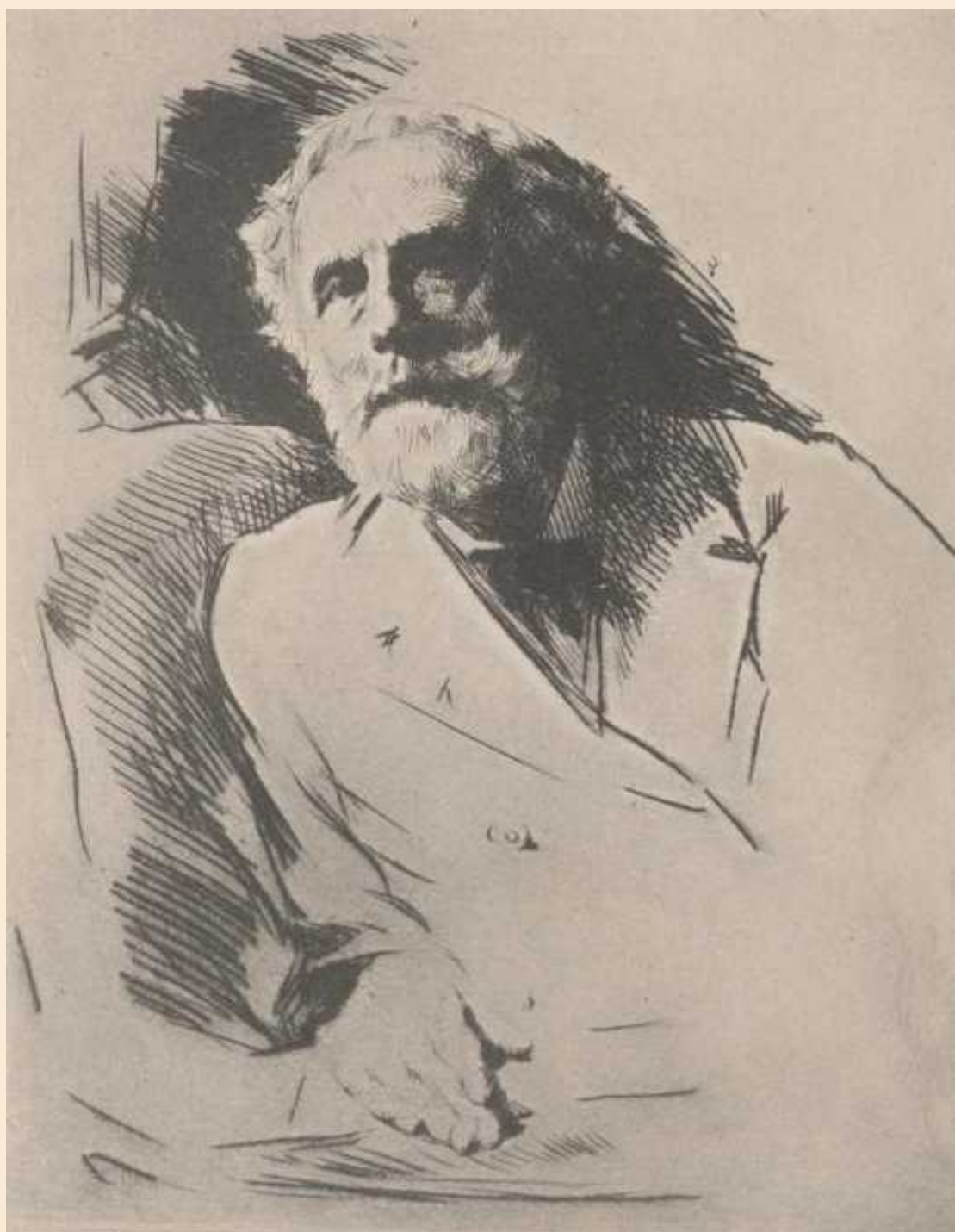


George Meredith, aet 68.





George Meredith, act 69.



George Meredith, act 72.



George Meredith, act. 80.

*A lover must have his delusions, just
as a man must have a skin*

*A madman gets madder when you talk
reason to him*

A night that had shivered repose

*A dash of conventionalism makes the
whole civilized world kin*

A string of pearls: a woman who goes

beyond that's in danger

*A wound of the same kind that we are
inflicting*

*A tear would have overcome him—She had
not wept*

*A tragic comedian: that is, a grand
pretender, a self-deceiver*

*A fleet of South-westerly rain-clouds
had been met in mid-sky*

*A bone in a boy's mind for him to gnaw
and worry*

*A kind of anchorage in case of
indiscretion*

*A cloud of millinery shoots me off a
mile from a woman*

*A woman's at the core of every plot man
plotteth*

*A witty woman is a treasure; a witty
Beauty is a power*

*A high wind will make a dead leaf fly
like a bird*

A kindly sense of superiority

A young philosopher's an old fool!

A bird that won't roast or boil or stew

*A woman, and would therefore listen to
nonsense*

*A male devotee is within an inch of a
miracle*

A great oration may be a sedative

A very doubtful benefit

*A generous enemy is a friend on the
wrong side*

*A woman is hurt if you do not confide
to her your plans*

*A woman who has mastered sauces sits on
the apex of civilization*

*A style of affable omnipotence about
the wise youth*

*A maker of Proverbs—what is he but a
narrow mind wit*

*A fortress face; strong and massive,
and honourable in ruin*

A dumb tongue can be a heavy liar

*A common age once, when he married her;
now she had grown old*

*A share of pity for the objects she
despised*

*A woman rises to her husband. But a
man is what he is*

*A stew's a stew, and not a boiling to
shreds*

A marriage without love is dishonour

A plunge into the deep is of little

moment

*A sixpence kindly meant is worth any
crown-piece that's grudged*

*A man to be trusted with the keys of
anything*

*A free-thinker startles him as a kind
of demon*

*A female free-thinker is one of Satan's
concubines*

*A wise man will not squander his
laughter if he can help it*

*A man who rejected medicine in
extremity*

A lady's company-smile

*A country of compromise goes to pieces
at the first cannon-shot*

*A youth who is engaged in the
occupation of eating his heart*

*A whisper of cajolery in season is
often the secret*

*A superior position was offered her by
her being silent*

*A contented Irishman scarcely seems my
countryman*

*Abject sense of the lack of a
circumference*

*Above all things I detest the writing
for money*

*Above Nature, I tell him, or, we shall
be very much below*

*Absolute freedom could be the worst of
perils*

*Accidents are the specific for averting
the maladies of age*

*Accounting his tight blue tail coat and
brass buttons a victory*

*Accounting for it, is not the same as
excusing*

*Accustomed to be paid for by his
country*

*Acting is not of the high class which
conceals the art*

*Active despair is a passion that must
be superseded*

*Add on a tired pipe after dark, and a
sound sleep to follow*

Adept in the lie implied

*Admirable scruples of an inveterate
borrower*

*Admiration of an enemy or oppressor
doing great deeds*

*Admires a girl when there's no married
woman or widow in sight*

*Adversary at once offensive and
helpless provokes brutality*

Advised not to push at a shut gate

Affected misapprehensions

*Affectedly gentle and unusually
roundabout opening*

*After forty, men have married their
habits*

*After five years of marriage, and
twelve of friendship*

*After a big blow, a very little one
scarcely counts*

*Agostino was enjoying the smoke of
paper cigarettes*

*Ah! how sweet to waltz through life
with the right partner*

Ah! we're in the enemy's country now

Ah! we fall into their fictions

Aimlessness of a woman's curiosity

*Alike believe that Providence is for
them*

*All of us an ermined owl within us to
sit in judgement*

*All concessions to the people have been
won from fear*

All passed too swift for happiness

*All women are the same—Know one, know
all*

*All that Matey and Brownie were
forbidden to write they looked*

All are friends who sit at table

All flattery is at somebody's expense

*Allowed silly sensitiveness to prevent
the repair*

*Although it blew hard when Caesar
crossed the Rubicon*

*Always the shout for more produced it
("News")*

Am I ill? I must be hungry!

Am I thy master, or thou mine?

*Americans forgivingly remember, without
mentioning*

*Amiable mirror as being wilfully
ruffled to confuse*

*Among boys there are laws of honour and
chivalrous codes*

*Amused after their tiresome work of
slaughter*

*An edge to his smile that cuts much
like a sneer*

*An obedient creature enough where he
must be*

An angry woman will think the worst

*An incomprehensible world indeed at the
bottom and at the top*

*An instinct labouring to supply the
deficiencies of stupidity*

*An old spoiler of women is worse than
one spoiled by them!*

*And now came war, the purifier and the
pestilence*

*And so Farewell my young Ambition! and
with it farewell all true*

*And he passed along the road, adds the
Philosopher*

*And, ladies, if you will consent to be
likened to a fruit*

*And her voice, against herself, was for
England*

*And one gets the worst of it (in any
bargain)*

*And it's one family where the dog is
pulled by the collar*

*And not any of your grand ladies can
match my wife at home*

*And to these instructions he gave an
aim: "First be virtuous"*

*And not be beaten by an acknowledged
defeat*

*And never did a stroke of work in my
life*

*And life said, Do it, and death said,
To what end?*

*Anecdotalist to slaughter families for
the amusement*

*Anguish to think of having bent the
knee for nothing*

*Anticipate opposition by initiating
measures*

Any man is in love with any woman

Any excess pushes to craziness

*Appealed to reason in them; he would
not hear of convictions*

*Appetite to flourish at the cost of the
weaker*

Arch-devourer Time

*Are we practical?' penetrates the bosom
of an English audience*

Aristocratic assumption of licence

*Arm'd with Fear the Foe finds passage
to the vital part*

*Arrest the enemy by vociferations of
persistent prayer*

Art of despising what he coveted

Art of speaking on politics tersely

*As when nations are secretly preparing
for war*

*As to wit, the sneer is the cloak of
clumsiness*

As secretive as they are sensitive

*As the Lord decided, so it would end!
"Oh, delicious creed!"*

*As well ask (women) how a battle-field
concerns them!*

*As faith comes—no saying how; one
swears by them*

*As if she had never heard him
previously enunciate the formula*

*As little trouble as the heath when the
woods are swept*

As if the age were the injury!

*As for titles, the way to defend them
is to be worthy of them*

*As fair play as a woman's lord could
give her*

*As for comparisons, they are flowers
thrown into the fire*

*As in all great oratory! The key of it
is the pathos*

As becomes them, they do not look ahead

*Ashamed of letting his ears be filled
with secret talk*

Ask not why, where reason never was

*Ask pardon of you, without excusing
myself*

*Assist in our small sphere; not come
mouthing to the footlights*

*At the age of forty, men that love love
rootedly*

*At war with ourselves, means the best
happiness we can have*

*Attacked my conscience on the cowardly
side*

*Automatic creature is subject to the
laws of its construction*

*Avoid the position that enforces
publishing*

*Back from the altar to discover that
she has chained herself*

Bad laws are best broken

*Bad luck's not repeated every day Keep
heart for the good*

Bade his audience to beware of princes

*Banded the weariful shuttlecock of
gallantry*

Barriers are for those who cannot fly

*Be philosophical, but accept your
personal dues*

*Be politic and give her elbow-room for
her natural angles*

Be what you seem, my little one

*Be on your guard the next two minutes
he gets you alone*

Be good and dull, and please everybody

Be the woman and have the last word!

*Bear in mind that we are
sentimentalists—The eye is our servant*

Beauchamp's career

Beautiful servicelessness

*Beautiful women in her position provoke
an intemperateness*

*Beautiful women may believe themselves
beloved*

Beauty is rare; luckily is it rare

*Because you loved something better than
me*

*Because he stood so high with her now
he feared the fall*

*Because men can't abide praise of
another man*

*Becoming air of appropriation that made
it family history*

*Bed was a rock of refuge and fortified
defence*

Began the game of Pull

*Beginning to have a movement to kiss
the whip*

*Behold the hero embarked in the
redemption of an erring beauty*

*Being heard at night, in the nineteenth
century*

*Being in heart and mind the brother to
the sister with women*

*Belief in the narrative by promoting
nausea in the audience*

*Believed in her love, and judged it by
the strength of his own*

*Bent double to gather things we have
tossed away*

*Better for men of extremely opposite
opinions not to meet*

*Between love grown old and indifference
ageing to love*

Beware the silent one of an assembly!

*Beyond a plot of flowers, a gold-green
meadow dipped to a ridge*

*Bitten hard at experience, and know the
value of a tooth*

*Borrower to be dancing on Fortune's
tight-rope above the old abyss*

*Botched mendings will only make them
worse*

*Bound to assure everybody at table he
was perfectly happy*

*Bounds of his intelligence closed their
four walls*

Boys, of course—but men, too!

Boys are unjust

*Boys who can appreciate brave deeds are
capable of doing them*

*Braggadocioing in deeds is only next
bad to mouthing it*

*Brains will beat Grim Death if we have
enough of them*

*Brief negatives are not re-assuring to
a lover's uneasy mind*

*British hunger for news; second only to
that for beef*

Brittle is foredoomed

*Brotherhood among the select who wear
masks instead of faces*

But I leave it to you

*But a woman must now and then
ingratiate herself*

*But great, powerful London—the new
universe to her spirit*

*But to strangle craving is indeed to go
through a death*

*But the flower is a thing of the
season; the flower drops off*

*But you must be beautiful to please
some men*

*But they were a hopeless couple, they
were so friendly*

*But the key to young men is the
ambition, or, in the place of it.....*

*But love for a parent is not merely
duty*

*But a great success is full of
temptations*

*But what is it we do (excepting
cricket, of course)*

But is there such a thing as happiness

*But had sunk to climb on a firmer
footing*

By our manner of loving we are known

By forbearance, put it in the wrong

By resisting, I made him a tyrant

By nature incapable of asking pardon

*Cajoled like a twenty-year-old yahoo at
college*

*Call of the great world's appetite for
more (Invented news)*

Calm fanaticism of the passion of love

*Can you not be told you are perfect
without seeking to improve*

*Can believe a woman to be any age when
her cheeks are tinted*

Can a man go farther than his nature?

*Cannot be any goodness unless it is a
practiced goodness*

*Canvassing means intimidation or
corruption*

*Capacity for thinking should precede
the act of writing*

Capricious potentate whom they worship

Careful not to smell of his office

*Carry explosives and must particularly
guard against sparks*

*Carry a scene through in virtue's name
and vice's mask*

Causes him to be popularly weighed

*Centres of polished barbarism known as
aristocratic societies*

*Challenged him to lead up to her
desired stormy scene*

*Charges of cynicism are common against
all satirists*

*Charitable mercifulness; better than
sentimental ointment*

*Charity that supplied the place of
justice was not thanked*

*Chaste are wattled in formalism and
throned in sourness*

Cheerful martyr

*Childish faith in the beneficence of
the unseen Powers who feed us*

*Chose to conceive that he thought
abstractedly*

*Circumstances may combine to make a
whisper as deadly as a blow*

*Civil tongue and rosy smiles sweeten
even sour wine*

*Claim for equality puts an end to the
priceless privileges*

*Clotilde fenced, which is half a
confession*

Cock-sure has crowed low by sunset

Cold curiosity

Cold charity to all

*Come prepared to be not very well
satisfied with anything*

*Comfortable have to pay in occasional
panics for the serenity*

*Command of countenance the Countess
possessed*

Commencement of a speech proves that

you have made the plunge

*Common voice of praise in the mouths of
his creditors*

*Common sense is the secret of every
successful civil agitation*

*Compared the governing of the Irish to
the management of a horse*

*Comparisons will thrust themselves on
minds disordered*

*Compassionate sentiments veered round
to irate amazement*

Complacent languor of the wise youth

*Compliment of being outwitted by their
own offspring*

Compromise is virtual death

*Conduct is never a straight index where
the heart's involved*

*Confess no more than is necessary, but
do everything you can*

*Confident serenity inspired by evil
prognostications*

*Consciousness of some guilt when vowing
itself innocent*

Consent to take life as it is

Consent of circumstances

*Conservative, whose astounded state
paralyzes his wrath*

*Consign discussion to silence with the
cynical closure*

Constitutionally discontented

*Consult the family means—waste your
time*

*Contempt of military weapons and
ridicule of the art of war*

*Contemptuous exclusiveness could not go
farther*

*Continued trust in the man—is the
alternative of despair*

*Convict it by instinct without the
ceremony of a jury*

*Convictions we store—wherewith to
shape our destinies*

*Convictions are generally first
impressions*

*Convincing themselves that they
impersonate sagacity*

*Cordiality of an extreme relief in
leaving*

Could we—we might be friends

*Could peruse platitudes upon that theme
with enthusiasm*

*Could not understand enthusiasm for the
schoolmaster's career*

*Could the best of men be simply—a
woman's friend?*

*Could have designed this gabbler for
the mate*

*Could affect me then, without being
flung at me*

*Country can go on very well without so
much speech-making*

*Country enclosed us to make us feel
snug in our own importance*

*Country prizing ornaments higher than
qualities*

*Courage to grapple with his pride and
open his heart was wanting*

*Cover of action as an escape from
perplexity*

*Cowardice is even worse for nations
than for individual men*

*Crazy zigzag of policy in almost every
stroke (of history)*

*Creatures that wait for circumstances
to bring the change*

*Critical fashion of intimates who know
as well as hear*

*Critical in their first glance at a
prima donna*

*Cupid clipped of wing is a destructive
parasite*

*Curious thing would be if curious
things should fail to happen*

*Dahlia, the perplexity to her sister's
heart, lay stretched....*

*Damsel who has lost the third volume of
an exciting novel*

*Dangerous things are uttered after the
third glass*

*Dark-eyed Renee was not beauty but
attraction*

*Days when you lay on your back and the
sky rained apples*

*Dead Britons are all Britons, but live
Britons are not quite brothers*

Death is always next door

*Death within which welcomed a death
without*

*Death is only the other side of the
ditch*

*Death is our common cloak; but Calamity
individualizes*

Debit was eloquent, he was unanswerable

*Decency's a dirty petticoat in the
Garden of Innocence*

Decent insincerity

Decline to practise hypocrisy

*Dedicated to the putrid of the upper
circle*

Deeds only are the title

*Deep as a mother's, pure as a virgin's,
fiery as a saint's*

*Defiance of foes and (what was harder
to brave) of friends*

*Delay in thine undertaking Is disaster
of thy own making*

*Depending for dialogue upon perpetual
fresh supplies of scandal*

*Depreciating it after the fashion of
chartered hypocrites.*

Desire of it destroyed it

*Despises hostile elements and goes
unpunished*

*Despises the pomades and curling-irons
of modern romance*

*Determine that the future is in our
debt, and draw on it*

*Detestable feminine storms enveloping
men weak enough*

*Detested titles, invented by the
English*

*Developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive
men, and very personable women*

Dialectical stiffness

*Dialogue between Nature and
Circumstance*

*Did not know the nature of an oath, and
was dismissed*

*Didn't say a word No use in talking
about feelings*

*Dignitary, and he passed under the
bondage of that position*

*Dignity of sulking so seductive to the
wounded spirit of man*

*Discover the writers in a day when all
are writing!*

*Discreet play with her eyelids in our
encounters*

*Disqualification of constantly
offending prejudices*

*Dissent rings out finely, and approval
is a feeble murmur*

*Distaste for all exercise once
pleasurable*

*Distinguished by his not allowing
himself to be provoked*

*Distrust us, and it is a declaration of
war*

Dithyrambic inebriety of narration

Divided lovers in presence

Do I serve my hand? or, Do I serve my

heart?

Do you judge of heroes as of lesser men?

Dogmatic arrogance of a just but ignorant man

Dogs die more decently than we men

Dogs' eyes have such a sick look of love

Dose he had taken was not of the sweetest

Drank to show his disdain of its powers

Dreaded as a scourge, hailed as a refreshment (Scandal-sheet)

Dreads our climate and coffee too much to attempt the voyage

Drink is their death's river, rolling them on helpless

Dudley was not gifted to read behind words and looks

Earl of Cressett fell from his coach-box in a fit

Eating, like scratching, only wants a beginning

Eccentric behaviour in trifles

Effort to be reticent concerning Nevil, and communicative

Efforts to weary him out of his project were unsuccessful

Elderly martyr for the advancement of his juniors

Embarrassments of an uncongenial employment

Emilia alone of the party was as a blot to her

Eminently servile is the tolerated lawbreaker

Empanelled to deliver verdicts upon the ways of women

Empty stomachs are foul counsellors

Empty magnanimity which his uncle presented to him

Enamoured young men have these notions

Enemy's laugh is a bugle blown in the night

Energy to something, that was not to be had in a market

England's the foremost country of the globe

English antipathy to babblers

English maids are domesticated savage animals

Enjoys his luxuries and is ashamed of his laziness

*Enthusiasm struck and tightened the
loose chord of scepticism*

*Enthusiasm has the privilege of not
knowing monotony*

*Enthusiast, when not lyrical, is
perilously near to boring*

Envy of the man of positive knowledge

*Equally acceptable salted when it
cannot be had fresh*

*Everlastingly in this life the better
pays for the worse*

Every failure is a step advanced

*Every woman that's married isn't in
love with her husband*

*Every church of the city lent its iron
tongue to the peal*

*Everywhere the badge of subjection is a
poor stomach*

*Exceeding variety and quantity of
things money can buy*

*Excellent is pride; but oh! be sure of
its foundations*

*Excess of a merit is a capital offence
in morality*

*Excited, glad of catastrophe if it but
killed monotony*

Expectations dupe us, not trust

Explaining of things to a dull head

*Externally soft and polished,
internally hard and relentless*

Exuberant anticipatory trustfulness

*Exult in imagination of an escape up to
the moment of capture*

*Eyes of a lover are not his own; but
his hands and lips are*

*Face betokening the perpetual smack of
lemon*

Failures oft are but advising friends

*Faith works miracles. At least it
allows time for them*

Fantastical

*Far higher quality is the will that can
subdue itself to wait*

*Fast growing to be an eccentric by
profession*

*Fatal habit of superiority stopped his
tongue*

*Father and she were aware of one
another without conversing*

*Father used to say, four hours for a
man, six for a woman*

Favour can't help coming by rotation

Fear nought so much as Fear itself

Feel no shame that I do not feel!

*Feel they are not up to the people they
are mixing with*

*Feeling, nothing beyond a lively
interest in her well-being*

*Feigned utter condemnation to make
partial comfort acceptable*

*Fell to chatting upon the nothings
agreeably and seriously*

*Feminine pity, which is nearer to
contempt than to tenderness*

*Feminine; coming when she willed and
flying when wanted*

*Festive board provided for them by the
valour of their fathers*

Few feelings are single on this globe

*Few men can forbear to tell a spicy
story of their friends*

Fiddle harmonics on the sensual strings

*Fine eye for celestially directed
consequences is ever haunted*

*Fine Shades were still too dominant at
Brookfield*

Finishing touches to the negligence

Fire smoothes the creases

*Fires in the grates went through the
ceremony of warming nobody*

Fit of Republicanism in the nursery

*Flashes bits of speech that catch men
in their unguarded corner*

Flung him, pitied him, and passed on

*Foamy top is offered and gulped as
equivalent to an idea*

*Foe can spoil my face; he beats me if
he spoils my temper*

*Foist on you their idea of your idea at
the moment*

*Fond, as they say, of his glass and his
girl*

Foolish trick of thinking for herself

*For 'tis Ireland gives England her
soldiers, her generals too*

*Forewarn readers of this history that
there is no plot in it*

Forgetfulness is like a closing sea

Fortitude leaned so much upon the irony

*Forty seconds too fast, as if it were a
capital offence*

*Found by the side of the bed,
inanimate, and pale as a sister of
death*

Found it difficult to forgive her his

own folly

*Found that he 'cursed better upon
water'*

Fourth of the Georges

Frankness as an armour over wariness

*Fretted by his relatives he cannot be
much of a giant*

*Friend he would not shake off, but
could not well link with*

*Friendship, I fancy, means one heart
between two*

*From head to foot nothing better than a
moan made visible*

*Frozen vanity called pride, which does
not seek to be revenged*

Full-o'-Beer's a hasty chap

*Fun, at any cost, is the one object
worth a shot*

*Further she read, "Which is the coward
among us?"*

Generally he noticed nothing

*Gentlefolks like straight-forwardness
in their inferiors*

*Gentleman who does so much 'cause he
says so little*

*Gentleman in a good state of
preservation*

Get back what we give

*Giant Vanity urged Giant Energy to make
use of Giant Duplicity*

*Give our courage as hostage for the
fulfilment of what we hope*

*Give our consciences to the keeping of
the parsons*

*Given up his brains for a lodging to a
single idea*

*Glimpse of her whole life in the horrid
tomb of his embrace*

*Gone to pieces with an injured lover's
babble*

*Good and evil work together in this
world*

*Good nature, and means no more harm
than he can help*

*Good nerve to face the scene which he
is certain will be enacted*

*Good-bye to sorrow for a while—Keep
your tears for the living*

*Good maxim for the wrathful—speak not
at all*

Good jokes are not always good policy

*Goodish sort of fellow; good horseman,
good shot, good character*

*Gossip always has some solid
foundation, however small*

*Government of brain; not sufficient
Insurrection of heart*

Gradations appear to be unknown to you

*Graduated naturally enough the finer
stages of self-deception*

Grand air of pitying sadness

Gratitude never was a woman's gift

Gratuitous insult

*Gravely reproaching the tobacconist for
the growing costliness of cigars*

*Greater our successes, the greater the
slaves we become*

*Greatest of men; who have to learn from
the loss of the woman*

*Grief of an ill-fortuned passion of his
youth*

*Grimaces at a government long-nosed to
no purpose*

Grossly unlike in likeness (portraits)

Habit had legalized his union with her

Habit of antedating his sagacity

*Habit, what a sacred and admirable
thing it is*

*Had got the trick of lying, through
fear of telling the truth*

*Had come to be her lover through being
her husband*

*Had Shakespeare's grandmother three
Christian names?*

Had taken refuge in their opera-glasses

*Half-truth that we may put on the mask
of the whole*

Half a dozen dozen left

*Half designingly permitted her trouble
to be seen*

*Happiness in love is a match between
ecstasy and compliance*

*Happy the woman who has not more to
speak*

*Happy in privation and suffering if
simply we can accept beauty*

Hard to bear, at times unbearable

*Hard enough for a man to be married to
a fool*

*Hard men have sometimes a warm
affection for dogs*

*Haremed opinion of the unfitness of
women*

*Hated one thing alone—which was
'bother'*

*Hated tears, considering them a clog to
all useful machinery*

Hates a compromise

Haunted many pillows

*Have her profile very frequently while
I am conversing with her*

*Having contracted the fatal habit of
irony*

He was not alive for his own pleasure

He, by insisting, made me a rebel

He bowed to facts

*He grunted that a lying clock was
hateful to him*

*He has been tolerably honest, Tom, for
a man and a lover*

*He kept saying to himself, 'to-morrow I
will tell'*

*He postponed it to the next minute and
the next*

*He prattled, in the happy ignorance of
compulsion*

*He was in love, and subtle love will
not be shamed and smothered*

*He thinks that the country must be
saved by its women as well*

He is in the season of faults

He had his character to maintain

*He squandered the guineas, she
patiently picked up the pence*

*He neared her, wooing her; and she
assented*

He judged of others by himself

*He is inexorable, being the guilty one
of the two*

*He had to shake up wrath over his
grievances*

*He had gone, and the day lived again
for both of them*

*He gave a slight sign of restiveness,
and was allowed to go*

He loathed a skulker

*He clearly could not learn from
misfortune*

He thinks or he chews

*He would neither retort nor defend
himself*

*He whipped himself up to one of his
oratorical frenzies*

He put no question to anybody

*He took small account of the operations
of the feelings*

He began ambitiously—It's the way at

the beginning

He never explained

*He never acknowledged a trouble, he
dispersed it*

He was the prisoner of his word

*He wants the whip; ought to have had it
regularly*

*He had wealth for a likeness of
strength*

*He was a figure on a horse, and naught
when off it*

*He did not vastly respect beautiful
women*

He sinks terribly when he sinks at all

*He was not a weaver of phrases in
distress*

He lies as naturally as an infant sucks

*He tried to gather his ideas, but the
effort was like that of a light dreamer*

*He runs too much from first principles
to extremes*

He gained much by claiming little

*He had by nature a tarnishing eye that
cast discolouration*

*He was too much on fire to know the
taste of absurdity*

*He smoked, Lord Avonley said of the
second departure*

*He had no recollection of having ever
dined without drinking wine*

*He stormed her and consented to be
beaten*

*He will be a part of every history (the
fool)*

*He was the maddest of tyrants—a weak
one*

*He had to go, he must, he has to be
always going*

*He never calculated on the happening of
mortal accidents*

*He had expected romance, and had met
merchandize*

He condensed a paragraph into a line

He lost the art of observing himself

*He had neat phrases, opinions in
packets*

*He's good from end to end, and beats a
Christian hollow (a hog)*

*Hear victorious lawlessness appealing
solemnly to God the law*

*Heart to keep guard and bury the bones
you tossed him*

Heartily she thanked the girl for the

excuse to cry

*Hearts that make one soul do not
separately count their gifts*

*Heathen vindictiveness declaring itself
holy*

Heights of humour beyond laughter

*Her intimacy with a man old enough to
be her grandfather*

Her vehement fighting against facts

*Her peculiar tenacity of the sense of
injury*

*Her feelings—trustier guides than her
judgement in this crisis*

*Her final impression likened him to a
house locked up and empty*

*Her aspect suggested the repose of a
winter landscape*

*Her singing struck a note of grateful
remembered delight*

Her duel with Time

*Here, where he both wished and wished
not to be*

*Here and there a plain good soul to
whom he was affectionate*

Hermits enamoured of wind and rain

*Hero embarked in the redemption of an
erring beautiful woman*

*Heroine, in common with the hero, has
her ambition to be of use*

*Herself, content to be dull if he might
shine*

*Hesitating strangeness that sometimes
gathers during absences*

*Himself in the worn old surplice of the
converted rake*

*His aim to win the woman acknowledged
no obstacle in the means*

*His idea of marriage is, the taking of
the woman into custody*

*His gaze and one of his ears, if not
the pair, were given*

His ridiculous equanimity

*His alien ideas were not unimpressed by
the picture*

His restored sense of possession

*His wife alone, had, as they termed it,
kept him together*

His equanimity was fictitious

His fancy performed miraculous feats

*His violent earnestness, his imperial
self-confidence*

*His apparent cynicism is sheer
irritability*

*Holding to the refusal, for the sake of
consistency*

*Holding to his work after the strain's
over—That tells the man*

*Holy images, and other miraculous
objects are sold*

*Honest creatures who will not accept a
lift from fiction*

*Hope which lies in giving men a dose of
hysterics*

*Hopeless task of defending a woman from
a woman*

*Hopes of a coming disillusion that
would restore him*

*Hosts of men are of the simple order of
the comic*

*How angry I should be with you if you
were not so beautiful!*

How Success derides Ambition!

*How many degrees from love gratitude
may be*

*How immensely nature seems to prefer
men to women!*

*How little a thing serves Fortune's
turn*

*How to compromise the matter for the
sake of peace?*

*How many instruments cannot clever
women play upon*

*How little we mean to do harm when we
do an injury*

*Hug the hatred they packed up among
their bundles*

*Human nature to feel an interest in the
dog that has bitten you*

*Humour preserved her from excesses of
sentiment*

*Huntress with few scruples and the game
unguarded*

*Hushing together, they agreed that it
had been a false move*

I do not defend myself ever

*I have learnt as much from light
literature as from heavy*

*I have and hold—you shall hunger and
covet*

I cannot get on with Gibbon

*I could be in love with her cruelty, if
only I had her near me*

*I married a cook She expects a big
appetite*

*I want no more, except to be taught to
work*

I detest anything that has to do with

gratitude

I know nothing of imagination

I haven't got the pluck of a flea

I hate old age It changes you so

*I would cut my tongue out, if it did
you a service*

I can't think brisk out of my breeches

I look on the back of life

*I never pay compliments to transparent
merit*

*I always respected her; I never liked
her*

I give my self, I do not sell

*I cannot live a life of deceit. A life
of misery—not deceit*

*I was discontented, and could not speak
my discontent*

I laughed louder than was necessary

*I had to cross the park to give a
lesson*

*I cannot delay; but I request you, that
are here privileged*

I ain't a speeder of matrimony

*I beg of my husband, and all kind
people who may have the care*

*I rather like to hear a woman swear.
It embellishes her!*

*I can confess my sight to be imperfect:
but will you ever do so?*

*I do not think Frenchmen comparable to
the women of France*

*I take off my hat, Nan, when I see a
cobbler's stall*

*I would wait till he flung you off, and
kneel to you*

*I had to make my father and mother live
on potatoes*

I am not ashamed

*I hope I am not too hungry to
discriminate*

I cannot say less, and will say no more

I wanted a hero

*I do not see it, because I will not see
it*

*I can pay clever gentlemen for doing
Greek for me*

*I never saw out of a doll-shop, and
never saw there*

*I 'm the warming pan, as legitimately I
should be*

I detest enthusiasm

I baint done yet

*I know that your father has been
hearing tales told of me*

*I never knew till this morning the
force of No in earnest*

*I hate sleep: I hate anything that robs
me of my will*

*I have all the luxuries—enough to
loathe them*

*I who respect the state of marriage by
refusing*

*I make a point of never recommending my
own house*

*I like him, I like him, of course, but
I want to breathe*

*I am a discordant instrument I do not
readily vibrate*

*I don't count them against women
(moods)*

*I 'm a bachelor, and a person—you're
married, and an object*

I did, replied Evan. 'I told a lie.'

I never see anything, my dear

*I always wait for a thing to happen
first*

I'll come as straight as I can

I'm for a rational Deity

*I'm in love with everything she wishes!
I've got the habit*

Idea is the only vital breath

*Ideas in gestation are the dullest
matter you can have*

*If we are really for Nature, we are not
lawless*

*If there's no doubt about it, how is it
I have a doubt about it?*

*If you kneel down, who will decline to
put a foot on you?*

*If I love you, need you care what
anybody else thinks*

*If we are to please you rightly, always
allow us to play First*

*If he had valued you half a grain less,
he might have won you*

*If the world is hostile we are not to
blame it*

*If we are robbed, we ask, How came we
by the goods?*

*If thou wouldst fix remembrance—
thwack!*

If I'm struck, I strike back

*If only been intellectually a little
flexible in his morality*

*If you have this creative soul, be the
slave of your creature*

If I do not speak of payment

*Ignorance roaring behind a mask of
sarcasm*

*Imagination she has, for a source of
strength in the future days*

*Immense wealth and native obtuseness
combine to disfigure us*

*Imparting the usual chorus of yesses to
his own mind*

*Impossible for him to think that women
thought*

*Impossible for us women to comprehend
love without folly in man*

*Impudent boy's fling at superiority
over the superior*

In the pay of our doctors

*In every difficulty, patience is a
life-belt*

*In India they sacrifice the widows, in
France the virgins*

In bottle if not on draught (oratory)

*In our House, my son, there is peculiar
blood. We go to wreck!*

*In Sir Austin's Note-book was written:
"Between Simple Boyhood..."*

*In Italy, a husband away, ze friend
takes title*

*In truth she sighed to feel as he did,
above everybody*

*Incapable of putting the screw upon
weak excited nature*

*Incessantly speaking of the necessity
we granted it unknowingly*

*Inclined to act hesitation in accepting
the aid she sought*

*Increase of dissatisfaction with the
more she got*

Indirect communication with heaven

*Inducement to act the hypocrite before
the hypocrite world*

*Indulged in their privilege of thinking
what they liked*

Infallibility of our august mother

*Infants are said to have their ideas,
and why not young ladies?*

*Infatuated men argue likewise, and
scandal does not move them*

Inferences are like shadows on the wall

*Inflicted no foretaste of her coming
subjection to him*

*Informed him that he never played jokes
with money, or on men*

Injury forbids us to be friends again

Innocence and uncleanness may go together

Insistency upon there being two sides to a case—to every case

Intellectual contempt of easy dupes

Intensely communicative, but inarticulate

Intentions are really rich possessions

Intimations of cowardice menacing a paralysis of the will

Intrusion of the spontaneous on the stereotyped would clash

Intrusion of hard material statements, facts

Invite indecision to exhaust their scruples

Ireland 's the sore place of England

Irishman there is a barrow troling a load of grievances

Irishmen will never be quite sincere

Ironical fortitude

Irony in him is only eulogy standing on its head

Irony that seemed to spring from aversion

Irony instead of eloquence

Irony provoked his laughter more than fun

Irritability at the intrusion of past disputes

Is he jealous? 'Only when I make him, he is.'

Is not one month of brightness as much as we can ask for?

Is it any waste of time to write of love?

It 's us hard ones that get on best in the world

It was harder to be near and not close

It is not high flying, which usually ends in heavy falling

It is no insignificant contest when love has to crush self-love

It would be hard! ay, then we do it forthwith

It was as if she had been eyeing a golden door shut fast

It is the best of signs when women take to her

It was his ill luck to have strong appetites and a weak stomach

*It rarely astonishes our ears It
illuminates our souls*

*It goes at the lifting of the
bridegroom's little finger*

*It was an honest buss, but dear at ten
thousand*

*It is well to learn manners without
having them imposed on us*

*It was in a time before our joyful era
of universal equality*

*It is the devil's masterstroke to get
us to accuse him*

*It was her prayer to heaven that she
might save a doctor's bill*

It is better for us both, of course

*It was now, as Sir Austin had written
it down, The Magnetic Age*

*It is no use trying to conceal anything
from him*

*It's a fool that hopes for peace
anywhere*

*It's no use trying to be a gentleman if
you can't pay for it*

*Italians were like women, and wanted—a
real beating*

*Its glee at a catastrophe; its poor
stock of mercy*

*January was watering and freezing old
earth by turns*

*Judging of the destiny of man by the
fate of individuals*

Just bad inquirin' too close among men

*Keep passion sober, a trotter in
harness*

*Kelts, as they are called, can't and
won't forgive injuries*

*Kindness is kindness, all over the
world*

*Knew my friend to be one of the most
absent-minded of men*

*Lack of precise words admonished him of
the virtue of silence*

*Land and beasts! They sound like
blessed things*

*Lawyers hold the keys of the great
world*

Lay no petty traps for opportunity

Laying of ghosts is a public duty

*Leader accustomed to count ahead upon
vapourish abstractions*

*Learn all about them afterwards, ay,
and make the best of them*

*Learn—principally not to be afraid of
ideas*

*Led him to impress his unchangeableness
upon her*

Lend him your own generosity

*Lengthened term of peace bred maggots
in the heads of the people*

Lest thou commence to lie—be dumb!

*Let but the throb be kept for others—
That is the one secret*

*Let never Necessity draw the bow of our
weakness*

*Let none of us be so exalted above the
wit of daily life*

Levelling a finger at the taxpayer

*Lies are usurers' coin we pay for ten
thousand per cent*

Life is the burlesque of young dreams

*Like a woman, who would and would not,
and wanted a master*

*Like an ill-reared fruit, first at the
core it rotteth*

*Limit was two bottles of port wine at a
sitting*

*Listened to one another, and blinded
the world*

*Literature is a good stick and a bad
horse*

*Little boy named Tommy Wedger said he
saw a dead body go by*

Littlenesses of which women are accused

Loathing of artifice to raise emotion

Loathing for speculation

Longing for love and dependence

Look within, and avoid lying

Look well behind

*Look backward only to correct an error
of conduct in future*

*Looked as proud as if he had just
clapped down the full amount*

Looking on him was listening

*Loudness of the interrogation precluded
thought of an answer*

Love, with his accustomed cunning

Love the poor devil

Love dies like natural decay

*Love the children of Erin, when not
fretted by them*

*Love of men and women as a toy that I
have played with*

*Love of pleasure keeps us blind
children*

Love and war have been compared—Both

require strategy

*Love that shrieks at a mortal wound,
and bleeds humanly*

*Love discerns unerringly what is and
what is not duty*

Love must needs be an egoism

Love is a contagious disease

*Love the difficulty better than the
woman*

*Love, that has risen above emotion,
quite independent of craving*

*Love's a selfish business one has work
in hand*

*Loves his poets, can almost understand
what poetry means*

*Loving in this land: they all go mad,
straight off*

*Lucky accidents are anticipated only by
fools*

*Made of his creed a strait-jacket for
humanity*

*Madness that sane men enamoured can be
struck by*

*Magnificent in generosity; he had
little humaneness*

*Magnify an offence in the ratio of our
vanity*

*Make no effort to amuse him. He is
always occupied*

*Make a girl drink her tears, if they
ain't to be let fall*

*Making too much of it—a trick of the
vulgar*

*Man with a material object in aim, is
the man of his object*

*Man who beats his wife my first
question is, 'Do he take his tea?'*

Man owes a duty to his class

*Man who helps me to read the world and
men as they are*

*Man without a penny in his pocket, and
a gizzard full of pride*

*Mankind is offended by heterodoxy in
mean attire*

*Mare would do, and better than a dozen
horses*

*Mark of a fool to take everybody for a
bigger fool than himself*

*Marriage is an awful thing, where
there's no love*

*Married at forty, and I had to take her
shaped as she was*

*Married a wealthy manufacturer—
bartered her blood for his money*

Martyrs of love or religion are madmen

*Material good reverses its benefits the
more nearly we clasp it*

Matter that is not nourishing to brains

*Maxims of her own on the subject of
rising and getting the worm*

*May lull themselves with their
wakefulness*

*May not one love, not craving to be
beloved?*

*Meant to vanquish her with the
dominating patience*

*Meditations upon the errors of the
general man, as a cover*

Memory inspired by the sensations

*Men overweeningly in love with their
creations*

*Men do not play truant from home at
sixty years of age*

Men they regard as their natural prey

*Men bore the blame, though the women
were rightly punished*

*Men must fight: the law is only a
quieter field for them*

*Men in love are children with their
mistresses*

*Men love to boast of things nobody else
has seen*

*Men who believe that there is a virtue
in imprecations*

Men had not pleased him of late

Mental and moral neuters

*Metaphysician's treatise on Nature: a
torch to see the sunrise*

*Mighty Highnesses who had only smelt
the outside edge of battle*

Mika! you did it in cold blood?

Mindless, he says, and arrogant

*Minutes taken up by the grey puffs from
their mouths*

*Mistake of the world is to think
happiness possible to the sense*

*Mistaking of her desires for her
reasons*

*Modest are the most easily intoxicated
when they sip at vanity*

*Money is of course a rough test of
virtue*

*Money's a chain-cable for holding men
to their senses*

Moral indignation is ever consolatory

Morales, madame, suit ze sun

More argument I cannot bear

*More culpable the sparer than the
spared*

*Most youths are like Pope's women; they
have no character*

*Mrs. Fleming, of Queen Anne's Farm, was
the wife of a yeoman*

*Music was resumed to confuse the
hearing of the eavesdroppers*

*Music in Italy? Amorous and martial,
brainless and monotonous*

*Must be the moralist in the satirist if
satire is to strike*

Mutual deference

*My engagement to Mr. Pericles is that I
am not to write*

*My mistress! My glorious stolen fruit!
My dark angel of love*

*My plain story is of two Kentish
damsels*

*My first girl—she's brought disgrace
on this house*

*My belief is, you do it on purpose.
Can't be such rank idiots*

*My voice! I have my voice! Emilia had
cried it out to herself*

*Naked original ideas, are acceptable at
no time*

*Napoleon's treatment of women is
excellent example*

*Nation's half made-up of the idle and
the servants of the idle*

Nations at war are wild beasts

*Naturally as deceived as he wished to
be*

Nature and Law never agreed

*Nature is not of necessity always
roaring*

*Nature could at a push be eloquent to
defend the guilty*

*Nature's logic, Nature's voice, for
self-defence*

Naughtily Australian and kangarooly

Necessary for him to denounce somebody

Necessity's offspring

*Needed support of facts, and feared
them*

*Never reckon on womankind for a wise
act*

Never, never love a married woman

*Never intended that we should play with
flesh and blood*

Never forget that old Ireland is

weeping

*Never forgave an injury without a
return blow for it*

*Never to despise the good opinion of
the nonentities*

Never nurse an injury, great or small

*Never was a word fitter for a quack's
mouth than "humanity"*

*Never fell far short of outstripping
the sturdy pedestrian Time*

*Never pretend to know a girl by her
face*

*Nevertheless, inclinations are an
infidelity*

Next door to the Last Trump

*Night has little mercy for the
self-reproachful*

*No nose to the hero, no moral to the
tale*

No runner can outstrip his fate

*No companionship save with the wound
they nurse*

*No Act to compel a man to deny what
appears in the papers*

No great harm done when you're silent

No heart to dare is no heart to love!

*No stopping the Press while the people
have an appetite for it*

*No word is more lightly spoken than
shame*

*No flattery for me at the expense of my
sisters*

*No man has a firm foothold who pretends
to it*

*No enemy's shot is equal to a weak
heart in the act*

*No man can hear the words which prove
him a prophet (quietly)*

*No conversation coming of it, her
curiosity was violent*

*No intoxication of hot blood to cheer
those who sat at home*

*No case is hopeless till a man consents
to think it is*

No love can be without jealousy

*No! Gentlemen don't fling stones; leave
that to the blackguards*

*None but fanatics, cowards,
white-eyed dogmatists*

*Nor can a protest against coarseness be
sweepingly interpreted*

Not every chapter can be sunshine

Not afford to lose, and a disposition

free of the craving to win

*Not men of brains, but the men of
aptitudes*

*Not the indignant and the frozen, but
the genially indifferent*

*Not daring risk of office by offending
the taxpayer*

*Not in love—She was only not unwilling
to be in love*

*Not a page of his books reveals
malevolence or a sneer*

*Not always the right thing to do the
right thing*

*Not to do things wholly is worse than
not to do things at all*

*Not to be feared more than are the
general race of bunglers*

*Not much esteem for non-professional
actresses*

*Not in a situation that could bear of
her blaming herself*

*Not so much read a print as read the
imprinting on themselves*

*Not to go hunting and fawning for
alliances*

*Not to bother your wits, but leave the
puzzle to the priest*

*Not to be the idol, to have an aim of
our own*

*Not the great creatures we assume
ourselves to be*

*Not likely to be far behind curates in
besieging an heiress*

*Nothing is a secret that has been
spoken*

*Nothing desirable will you have which
is not coveted*

*Nothing the body suffers that the soul
may not profit by*

*Notoriously been above the honours of
grammar*

*Nought credit but what outward orbs
reveal*

*Now far from him under the failure of
an effort to come near*

*Nursing of a military invalid awakens
tenderer anxieties*

O for yesterday!

O self! self! self!

*O heaven! of what avail is human
effort?*

Obedience oils necessity

*Obeseness is the most sensitive of our
ailments*

*Objects elevated even by a decayed
world have their magnetism*

*Observation is the most, enduring of
the pleasures of life*

*Occasional instalments—just to freshen
the account*

*Official wrath at sound of footfall or
a fancied one*

*Oggler's genial piety made him shrink
with nausea*

Oh! beastly bathos

Oh! I can't bear that class of people

Old houses are doomed to burnings

*Old age is a prison wall between us and
young people*

*Omnipotence, which is in the image of
themselves*

*On a morning when day and night were
made one by fog*

*On the threshold of Puberty, there is
one Unselfish Hour*

*On which does the eye linger longest—
which draws the heart?*

On a wild April morning

*Once my love? said he. Not now?—does
it mean, not now?*

*Once out of the rutted line, you are
food for lion and jackal*

*Once called her beautiful; his praise
had given her beauty*

*One wants a little animation in a
husband*

One who studies is not being a fool

*One is a fish to her hook; another a
moth to her light*

*One might build up a respectable figure
in negatives*

*One in a temper at a time I'm sure 's
enough*

One night, and her character's gone

*One learns to have compassion for
fools, by studying them*

*One has to feel strong in a delicate
position*

*One of those men whose characters are
read off at a glance*

*One seed of a piece of folly will lurk
and sprout to confound us*

One idea is a bullet

*One fool makes many, and so, no doubt,
does one goose*

*Only to be described in the tongue of
auctioneers*

*Only true race, properly so called, out
of India—German*

*Opened a wider view of the world to
him, and a colder*

*Openly treated; all had an air of being
on the surface*

*Optional marriages, broken or renewed
every seven years*

Or where you will, so that's in Ireland

*Oratory will not work against the
stream, or on languid tides*

*Orderliness, from which men are
privately exempt*

*Our most diligent pupil learns not so
much as an earnest teacher*

*Our weakness is the swiftest dog to
hunt us*

Our partner is our master

*Our comedies are frequently youth's
tragedies*

*Our life is but a little holding, lent
To do a mighty labour*

*Our bravest, our best, have an impulse
to run*

*Our lawyers have us inside out, like
our physicians*

*Our love and labour are constantly on
trial*

Owner of such a woman, and to lose her!

*Pact between cowardice and comfort
under the title of expediency*

Pain is a cloak that wraps you about

*Paint themselves pure white, to the
obliteration of minor spots*

*Parliament, is the best of occupations
for idle men*

Partake of a morning draught

*Passion, he says, is noble strength on
fire*

Passion is not invariably love

*Passion added to a bowl of reason makes
a sophist's mess*

*Passion does not inspire dark appetite—
Dainty innocence does*

*Past, future, and present, the three
weights upon humanity*

*Past fairness, vaguely like a snow
landscape in the thaw*

Patience is the pestilence

Patronizing woman

Paying compliments and spoiling a game!

*Payment is no more so than to restore
money held in trust*

*Peace-party which opposed was the
actual cause of the war*

*Peace, I do pray, for the
husband-haunted wife*

*Pebble may roll where it likes—not so
the costly jewel*

*Peculiar subdued form of laughter
through the nose*

People of a provocative prosperity

*People were virtuous in past days: they
counted their sinners*

*People with whom a mute conformity is
as good as worship*

*People who can lose themselves in a ray
of fancy at any season*

*People is one of your Radical big words
that burst at a query*

*Perhaps inspire him, if he would let
her breathe*

*Period of his life a man becomes too
voraciously constant*

*Persist, if thou wouldst truly reach
thine ends*

*Person in another world beyond this
world of blood*

*Perused it, and did not recognize
herself in her language*

Pessimism is invulnerable

*Petty concessions are signs of weakness
to the unsatisfied*

*Philip was a Spartan for keeping his
feelings under*

*Philosophy skimmed, and realistic
romances deep-sounded*

Pitiful conceit in men

*Planting the past in the present like a
perceptible ghost*

Play the great game of blunders

*Play second fiddle without looking
foolish*

*Pleasant companion, who did not play
the woman obtrusively among men*

*Please to be pathetic on that subject
after I am wrinkled*

*Pleasure-giving laws that make the
curves we recognize as beauty*

*Pleasure sat like an inextinguishable
light on her face*

Poetic romance is delusion

Policy seems to petrify their minds

Polished barbarism

Politics as well as the other diseases

*Poor mortals are not in the habit of
climbing Olympus to ask*

Portrait of himself by the artist

*Practical or not, the good people
affectingly wish to be*

*Practical for having an addiction to
the palpable*

*Prayer for an object is the cajolery of
an idol*

*Press, which had kindled, proceeded to
extinguished*

Presumptuous belief

Pride in being always myself

Pride is the God of Pagans

Primitive appetite for noise

*Principle of examining your hypothesis
before you proceed to decide by it*

*Procrastination and excessive
scrupulousness*

Professional widows

Professional Puritans

*Profound belief in her partiality for
him*

*Propitiate common sense on behalf of
what seems tolerably absurd*

*Protestant clergy the social police of
the English middle-class*

*Providence and her parents were not
forgiven*

*Published Memoirs indicate the end of a
man's activity*

Puns are the smallpox of the language

*Push me to condense my thoughts to a
tight ball*

*Push indolent unreason to gain the
delusion of happiness*

*Put material aid at a lower mark than
gentleness*

*Put into her woman's harness of the bit
and the blinkers*

*Puzzle to connect the foregoing and the
succeeding*

*Question the gain of such an
expenditure of energy*

*Question with some whether idiots
should live*

*Quick to understand, she is in the
quick of understanding*

*Quixotry is agreeable reading, a silly
performance*

Rage of a conceited schemer tricked

Rapture of obliviousness

*Rare as epic song is the man who is
thorough in what he does*

*Rare men of honour who can command
their passion*

*Rarely exacted obedience, and she was
spontaneously obeyed*

*Read deep and not be baffled by
inconsistencies*

*Read with his eyes when you meet him
this morning*

*Read one another perfectly in their
mutual hypocrisies*

*Ready is the ardent mind to take
footing on the last thing done*

Real happiness is a state of dulness

*Rebellion against society and advocacy
of humanity run counter*

*Rebukes which give immeasurable
rebounds*

*Recalling her to the subject-matter
with all the patience*

*Reflection upon a statement is its
lightning in advance*

*Refuge in the Castle of Negation
against the whole army of facts*

Regularity of the grin of dentistry

*Rejoicing they have in their common
agreement*

*Religion condones offences: Philosophy
has no forgiveness*

Religion is the one refuge from women

*Reluctant to take the life of flowers
for a whim*

*Remarked that the young men must fight
it out together*

*Repeatedly, in contempt of the disgust
of iteration*

Reproof of such supererogatory counsel

*Requiring natural services from her in
the button department*

Respect one another's affectations

*Respected the vegetable yet more than
he esteemed the flower*

Revived for them so much of themselves

*Rewards, together with the
expectations, of the virtuous*

*Rhoda will love you. She is firm when
she loves*

*Rich and poor 's all right, if I'm rich
and you're poor*

*Ripe with oft telling and old is the
tale*

Rogue on the tremble of detection

Rose was much behind her age

Rose! what have I done? 'Nothing at all,' she said

Rumour for the nonce had a stronger spice of truth than usual

Said she was what she would have given her hand not to be

Salt of earth, to whom their salt must serve for nourishment

Satirist too devotedly loves his lash to be a persuasive teacher

Satirist is an executioner by profession

Says you're so clever you ought to be a man

Scorn titles which did not distinguish practical offices

Scorned him for listening to the hesitations (hers)

Scotchman's metaphysics; you know nothing clear

Screams of an uninjured lady

Second fiddle; he could only mean what she meant

Secret of the art was his meaning what he said

Secrets throw on the outsiders the onus of raising a scandal

Seed-Time passed thus smoothly, and adolescence came on

Self-soleoed when they are not self-justified

Self, was digging pits for comfort to flow in

Self-incense

Self-worship, which is often self-distrust

Self-deceiver may be a persuasive deceiver of another

Selfishness and icy inaccessibility to emotion

Semblance of a tombstone lady beside her lord

Sense, even if they can't understand it, flatters them so

Sensitiveness to the sting, which is not allowed to poison

Sentimentality puts up infant hands for absolution

Serene presumption

Service of watering the dry and drying the damp (Whiskey)

Seventy, when most men are reaping and stacking their sins

Sham spiritualism

*Share of foulness to them that are for
scouring the chamber*

*She marries, and it's the end of her
sparkling*

*She seems honest, and that is the most
we can hope of girls*

*She had sunk her intelligence in her
sensations*

She had a fatal attraction for antiques

*She had great awe of the word
'business'*

*She ran through delusion and delusion,
exhausting each*

*She, not disinclined to dilute her
grief*

*She was unworthy to be the wife of a
tailor*

*She did not detest the Countess because
she could not like her*

*She endured meekly, when there was no
meekness*

*She was perhaps a little the taller of
the two*

*She thought that friendship was sweeter
than love*

*She herself did not like to be seen
eating in public*

She had a thirsting mind

She was sick of personal freedom

*She believed friendship practicable
between men and women*

*She had to be the hypocrite or else—
leap*

*She was at liberty to weep if she
pleased*

She felt in him a maker of facts

*She was not his match—To speak would
be to succumb*

*She disdained to question the mouth
which had bitten her*

*She had no longer anything to resent:
she was obliged to weep*

*She stood with a dignity that the word
did not express*

*She dealt in the flashes which connect
ideas*

*She began to feel that this was life in
earnest*

*She might turn out good, if well
guarded for a time*

*She sought, by looking hard, to
understand it better*

She was thrust away because because he

had offended

*She seemed really a soaring bird
brought down by the fowler*

She can make puddens and pies

*She was not, happily, one of the women
who betray strong feeling*

Should we leave a good deed half done

*Showery, replied the admiral, as his
cocked-hat was knocked off*

Shun comparisons

*Shuns the statuesque pathetic, or any
kind of posturing*

*Sign that the evil had reached from
pricks to pokes*

*Silence and such signs are like
revelations in black night*

*Silence was their only protection to
the Nice Feelings*

*Silence is commonly the slow poison
used by those who mean to murder love*

Silence was doing the work of a scourge

Simple obstinacy of will sustained her

*Simple affection must bear the strain
of friendship if it can*

Simplicity is the keenest weapon

*Sincere as far as she knew: as far as
one who loves may be*

Sinners are not to repent only in words

Slap and pinch and starve our appetites

Slave of existing conventions

Slaves of the priests

Sleepless night

*Slightest taste for comic analysis that
does not tumble to farce*

*Small beginnings, which are in reality
the mighty barriers*

*Small things producing great
consequences*

*Smallest of our gratifications in life
could give a happy tone*

*Smart remarks have their measured
distances*

*Smile she had in reserve for
serviceable persons*

Smoky receptacle cherishing millions

*Smothered in its pudding-bed of the
grotesque (obesity)*

*Snatch her from a possessor who
forfeited by undervaluing her*

Snuffle of hypocrisy in her prayer

So the frog telleth tadpoles

*So it is when you play at Life! When
you will not go straight*

*So long as we do not know that we are
performing any remarkable feat*

*So says the minute Years are before
you*

*So indulgent when they drop their blot
on a lady's character*

So much for morality in those days!

*So are great deeds judged when the
danger's past (as easy)*

*Socially and politically mean one thing
in the end*

*Soft slumber of a strength never yet
called forth*

Solitude is pasturage for a suspicion

Some so-called laws of honour

*Something of the hare in us when the
hounds are full cry*

*Sort of religion with her to believe no
wrong of you*

*South-western Island has few
attractions to other than invalids*

*Spare me that word "female" as long as
you live*

*Speech that has to be hauled from the
depths usually betrays*

Speech is poor where emotion is extreme

*Speech was a scourge to her sense of
hearing*

*Spiritualism, and on the balm that it
was*

*Stand not in my way, nor follow me too
far*

Startled by the criticism in laughter

State of feverish patriotism

*Statesman who stooped to conquer fact
through fiction*

*Statistics are according to their
conjurers*

Steady shakes them

*Story that she believed indeed, but had
not quite sensibly felt*

*Strain to see in the utter dark, and
nothing can come of that*

*Straining for common talk, and showing
the strain*

Strength in love is the sole sincerity

*Strengthening the backbone for a bend
of the knee in calamity*

*Stultification of one's feelings and
ideas*

Style is the mantle of greatness

*Style resembling either early
architecture or utter dilapidation*

*Subterranean recess for Nature against
the Institutions of Man*

*Such a man was banned by the world,
which was to be despised?*

*Suggestion of possible danger might
more dangerous than silence*

Sunning itself in the glass of Envy

*Suspects all young men and most young
women*

Suspicion was her best witness

*Sweet treasure before which lies a
dragon sleeping*

*Sweetest on earth to her was to be
prized by her brother*

*Swell and illuminate citizen prose to a
princely poetic*

Sympathy is for proving, not prating

*Taint of the hypocrisy which comes with
shame*

*Take 'em somethin' like Providence—as
they come*

*Taking oath, as it were, by their lower
nature*

*Tale, which leaves the man's mind at
home*

*Task of reclaiming a bad man is
extremely seductive to good women*

*Taste a wound from the lightest touch,
and they nurse the venom*

*Tears of such a man have more of blood
than of water in them*

*Tears are the way of women and their
comfort*

*Tears that dried as soon as they had
served their end*

Tears of men sink plummet-deep

*Telling her anything, she makes half a
face in anticipation*

Tendency to polysyllabic phraseology

*Tenderness which Mrs. Mel permitted
rather than encouraged*

*Tension of the old links keeping us
together*

*Terrible decree, that all must act who
would prevail*

*That which fine cookery does for the
cementing of couples*

That beautiful trust which habit gives

That a mask is a concealment

That fiery dragon, a beautiful woman

with brains

*That sort of progenitor is your
"permanent aristocracy"*

*That plain confession of a lack of wit;
he offered combat*

*That is life—when we dare death to
live!*

That pit of one of their dead silences

*That's the natural shamrock, after the
artificial*

*The exhaustion ensuing we named
tranquillity*

The most dangerous word of all—ja

*The impalpable which has prevailing
weight*

The world is wise in its way

*The danger of a little knowledge of
things is disputable*

*The infant candidate delights in his
honesty*

*The rider's too heavy for the horse in
England*

*The Pilgrim's Scrip remarks that: Young
men take joy in nothing*

*The tragedy of the mirror is one for a
woman to write*

The worst of it is, that we remember

*The old confession, that we cannot
cook (The English)*

*The sentimentalists are represented by
them among the civilized*

*The born preacher we feel instinctively
to be our foe*

The face of a stopped watch

*The banquet to be fervently remembered,
should smoke*

*The woman follows the man, and music
fits to verse,*

*The circle which the ladies of
Brookfield were designing*

*The majority, however, had been
snatched out of this bliss*

The effects of the infinitely little

*The way is clear: we have only to take
the step*

The devil trusts nobody

*The divine afflatus of enthusiasm
buoyed her no longer*

The weighty and the trivial contended

The backstairs of history (Memoirs)

The defensive is perilous policy in war

The family view is everlastingly the

shopkeeper's

*The unhappy, who do not wish to live,
and cannot die*

The homage we pay him flatters us

The worst of omens is delay

The people always wait for the winner

The healthy only are fit to live

The defensive is perilous policy in war

*The past is our mortal mother, no dead
thing*

*The wretch who fears death dies
multitudinously*

*The proper defence for a nation is its
history*

The thought stood in her eyes

*The love that survives has strangled
craving*

*The grey furniture of Time for his
natural wear*

*The world without him would be heavy
matter*

*The despot is alert at every issue, to
every chance*

The spending, never harvesting, world

The shots hit us behind you

The terrible aggregate social woman

*The next ten minutes will decide our
destinies*

The woman side of him

The good life gone lives on in the mind

*The beat of a heart with a dread like a
shot in it*

*The girl could not know her own mind,
for she suited him exactly*

The critic that sneers

*The blindness of Fortune is her one
merit*

*The religion of this vast English
middle-class—Comfort*

*The slavery of the love of a woman
chained*

*The idea of love upon the lips of
ordinary men, provoked Dahlia's irony*

The brainless in Art and in Statecraft

The well of true wit is truth itself

*The debts we owe ourselves are the
hardest to pay*

The greed of gain is our volcano

*The burlesque Irishman can't be
caricatured*

*The man had to be endured, like other
doses in politics*

*The greater wounds do not immediately
convince us of our fate*

*The system is cursed by nature, and
that means by heaven*

*The turn will come to us as to others—
and go*

*The woman seeking for an anomaly wants
a master*

The language of party is eloquent

*The philosopher (I would keep him back
if I could)*

*The gallant cornet adored delicacy and
a gilded refinement*

*The sentimentalist goes on accumulating
images*

*The dimly-lighted city wore a look
of Judgement terrible to see*

The kindest of men can be cruel

The night went past as a year

*The social world he looked at did not
show him heroes*

The overwise themselves hoodwink

*The king without his crown hath a
forehead like the clown*

The curse of sorrow is comparison!

The race is for domestic peace, my boy

*The divinely damnable naked truth won't
wear ornaments*

*The idol of the hour is the mob's
wooden puppet*

The embraced respected woman

*The habit of the defensive paralyzes
will*

*The intricate, which she takes for the
infinite*

The mildness of assured dictatorship

*The alternative is, a garter and the
bedpost*

*The ass eats at my table, and treats me
with contempt*

*The Countess dieted the vanity
according to the nationality*

*The letter had a smack of crabbed age
hardly counterfeit*

The commonest things are the worst done

The thrust sinned in its shrewdness

*The power to give and take flattery to
any amount*

Their sneer withers

Their not caring to think at all

*Their idol pitched before them on the
floor*

Their hearts are eaten up by property

*Their way was down a green lane and
across long meadow-paths*

*Then for us the struggle, for him the
grief*

Then, if you will not tell me

*There is little to be learnt when a
little is known*

*There is no history of events below the
surface*

There is no first claim

There is no step backward in life

*There is more in men and women than the
stuff they utter*

There is no driver like stomach

*There were joy-bells for Robert and
Rhoda, but none for Dahlia*

*There is for the mind but one grasp of
happiness*

*There may be women who think as well as
feel; I don't know them*

*There are women who go through life not
knowing love*

*There's nothing like a metaphor for an
evasion*

*There's not an act of a man's life lies
dead behind him*

*There's ne'er a worse off but there's a
better off*

*They have no sensitiveness, we have too
much*

*They may know how to make themselves
happy in their climate*

*They dare not. The more I dare, the
less dare they*

*They have not to speak to exhibit their
minds*

*They had all noticed, seen, and
observed*

*They seem to me to be educated to
conceal their education*

They miss their pleasure in pursuing it

*They could have pardoned her a younger
lover*

*They take fever for strength, and
calmness for submission*

*They are little ironical laughter—
Accidents*

They have their thinking done for them

*They laugh, but they laugh
extinguishingly*

*They kissed coldly, pressed a hand,
said good night*

They create by stoppage a volcano

*They want you to show them what they 'd
like the world to be*

*They, meantime, who had a contempt for
sleep*

*They believe that the angels have been
busy about them*

*They helped her to feel at home with
herself*

They do not live; they are engines

*They're always having to retire and
always hissing*

Things are not equal

*Things were lumpish and gloomy that day
of the week*

Thirst for the haranguing of crowds

*This was a totally different case from
the antecedent ones*

*This mania of young people for
pleasure, eternal pleasure*

*This love they rattle about and rave
about*

*This girl was pliable only to service,
not to grief*

This female talk of the eternities

*Those happy men who enjoy perceptions
without opinions*

Those who know little and dread much

Those days of intellectual coxcombry

*Those numerous women who always know
themselves to be right*

*Those whose humour consists of a
readiness to laugh*

*Those who have the careless chatter,
the ready laugh*

*Those who are rescued and made happy by
circumstances*

*Thought of differences with him caused
frightful apprehensions*

*Threatened powerful drugs for weak
stomachs*

*Threats of prayer, however, that harp
upon their sincerity*

*Thus does Love avenge himself on the
unsatisfactory Past*

*Thus are we stricken by the days of our
youth*

*Tight grasps of the hand, in which
there was warmth and shyness*

*Tighter than ever I was tight I'll be
to-night*

*Time and strength run to waste in
retarding the inevitable*

*Time is due to us, and the minutes are
our gold slipping away*

*Time, whose trick is to turn corners of
unanticipated sharpness*

*Times when an example is needed by
brave men*

*Tis the fashion to have our tattle done
by machinery*

Tis the first step that makes a path

*Titles showered on the women who take
free breath of air*

*To be a really popular hero anywhere in
Britain (must be a drinker)*

*To hope, and not be impatient, is
really to believe*

*To males, all ideas are female until
they are made facts*

*To be both generally blamed, and
generally liked*

*To let people speak was a maxim of Mrs.
Mel's, and a wise one*

*To kill the deer and be sorry for the
suffering wretch is common*

*To be passive in calamity is the
province of no woman*

*To the rest of the world he was a
progressive comedy*

*To know how to take a licking, that
wins in the end*

*To have no sympathy with the playful
mind is not to have a mind*

*To time and a wife it is no disgrace
for a man to bend*

*To know that you are in England,
breathing the same air with me*

*To be her master, however, one must not
begin by writhing as her slave*

*To do nothing, is the wisdom of those
who have seen fools perish*

To most men women are knaves or ninnies

To beg the vote and wink the bribe

Tongue flew, thought followed

*Too well used to defeat to believe
readily in victory*

*Too prompt, too full of personal relish
of his point*

Too many time-servers rot the State

*Too weak to resist, to submit to an
outrage quietly*

*Too often hangs the house on one loose
stone*

*Took care to be late, so that all eyes
beheld her*

*Tooth that received a stone when it
expected candy*

Top and bottom sin is cowardice

*Tossed him from repulsion to
incredulity, and so back*

*Touch him with my hand, before he
passed from our sight*

*Touch sin and you accommodate yourself
to its vileness*

Touching a nerve

*Toyed with little flowers of palest
memory*

*Tradesman, and he never was known to
have sent in a bill*

*Trial of her beauty of a woman in a
temper*

*Trick for killing time without hurting
him*

*Tried to be honest, and was as much so
as his disease permitted*

Troublesome appendages of success

True love excludes no natural duty

*True enjoyment of the princely
disposition*

*Trust no man Still, this man may be
better than that man*

*Truth is, they have taken a stain from
the life they lead*

Twice a bad thing to turn sinners loose

*Twisted by a nature that would not
allow of open eyes*

Two wishes make a will

*Two principal roads by which poor
sinners come to a conscience*

*Two people love, there is no such thing
as owing between them*

Unaccustomed to have his will thwarted

*Unanimous verdicts from a jury of
temporary impressions*

Uncommon unprogressiveness

*Unfeminine of any woman to speak
continuously anywhere*

Universal censor's angry spite

Unseemly hour—unbetimes

*Unshamed exuberant male has found the
sweet reverse in his mate*

Use your religion like a drug

*Utterance of generous and patriotic
cries is not sufficient*

Vagrant compassionateness of

sentimentalists

Vanity maketh the strongest most weak

*Venerated by his followers, well hated
by his enemies*

*Venus of nature was melting into a
Venus of art*

*Very little parleying between
determined men*

*Vessel was conspiring to ruin our
self-respect*

Victims of the modern feminine 'ideal'

*Violent summons to accept, which is a
provocation to deny*

Virtue of impatience

*Virtuously zealous in an instant on
behalf of the lovely dame*

*Vowed never more to repeat that offence
to his patience*

*Vulgarity in others evoked vulgarity in
her*

*Wait till the day's ended before you
curse your luck*

*Waited serenely for the certain
disasters to enthrone her*

*Wakening to the claims of others—
Youth's infant conscience*

Want of courage is want of sense

*War is only an exaggerated form of
duelling*

*Warm, is hardly the word—Winter's warm
on skates*

*Was I true? Not so very false, yet how
far from truth!*

*Was not one of the order whose Muse is
the Public Taste*

Was born on a hired bed

Watch, and wait

We are, in short, a civilized people

We shall not be rich—nor poor

*We could row and ride and fish and
shoot, and breed largely*

We has long overshadowed "I"

*We are good friends till we quarrel
again*

We are chiefly led by hope

We have a system, not planned but grown

*We can bear to fall; we cannot afford
to draw back*

We can't hope to have what should be

We don't know we are in halves

We must fawn in society

*We never see peace but in the features
of the dead*

*We live alone, and do not much feel it
till we are visited*

We dare not be weak if we would

*We do not see clearly when we are
trying to deceive*

*We women can read men by their power to
love*

*We were unarmed, and the spectacle was
distressing*

We trust them or we crush them

*We shall go together; we shall not have
to weep for one another*

*We make our taskmasters of those to
whom we have done a wrong*

*We cannot relinquish an idea that was
ours*

*We deprive all renegades of their
spiritual titles*

*We like well whatso we have done good
work for*

*We grew accustomed to periods of Irish
fever*

*We have come to think we have a claim
upon her gratitude*

*We must have some excuse, if we would
keep to life*

*We shall want a war to teach the
country the value of courage*

*We cannot, men or woman, control the
heart in sleep at night*

*We have now looked into the hazy
interior of their systems*

*We don't go together into a garden of
roses*

*We're treated like old-fashioned
ornaments!*

*We're all of us hit at last, and
generally by our own weapon*

*We're a peaceful people, but 'ware who
touches us*

*We're smitten to-day in our hearts and
our pockets*

*We've all a parlous lot too much pulpit
in us*

*Weak stomach is certainly more carnally
virtuous than a full one*

*Weak reeds who are easily vanquished
and never overcome*

*Weak souls are much moved by having the
pathos on their side*

*Weather and women have some resemblance
they say*

*Weighty little word—woman's native
watchdog and guardian (No!)*

*Welcomed and lured on an adversary to
wild outhitting*

Well, sir, we must sell our opium

Welsh blood is queer blood

Went into endless invalid's laughter

*Were I chained, For liberty I would
sell liberty*

What might have been

*What the world says, is what the wind
says*

*What will be thought of me? not a small
matter to any of us*

*What he did, she took among other
inevitable matters*

*What a stock of axioms young people
have handy*

*What a woman thinks of women, is the
test of her nature*

*What else is so consolatory to a ruined
man?*

*What was this tale of Emilia, that grew
more and more perplexing*

What ninnies call Nature in books

*What a man hates in adversity is to see
'faces'*

*What's an eccentric? a child grown
grey!*

*When you run away, you don't live to
fight another day*

*When we see our veterans tottering to
their fall*

*When to loquacious fools with patience
rare I listen*

*When testy old gentlemen could commit
slaughter with ecstasy*

*When he's a Christian instead of a
Churchman*

*When Love is hurt, it is self-love that
requires the opiate*

*When duelling flourished on our land,
frail women powerful*

*When we despair or discolour things, it
is our senses in revolt*

*When you have done laughing with her,
you can laugh at her*

*Where fools are the fathers of every
miracle*

*Where one won't and can't, poor
t' other must*

*Where she appears, the first person
falls to second rank*

Where heart weds mind, or nature joins

intellect

Where love exists there is goodness

*Whimpering fits you said we enjoy and
must have in books*

Who venerate when they love

Who cannot talk!—but who can?

*Who rises from Prayer a better man, his
prayer is answered*

Who beguiles so much as Self?

*Who shrinks from an hour that is
suspended in doubt*

*Who in a labyrinth wandereth without
clue*

*Who enjoyed simple things when
commanding the luxuries*

*Who can really think, and not think
hopefully?*

*Who cries, Come on, and prays his gods
you won't*

*Who so intoxicated as the convalescent
catching at health?*

*Who shuns true friends flies fortune in
the concrete*

*Who ever loved that loved not at first
sight?*

*Whole body of fanatics combined to
precipitate the devotion*

*Whose bounty was worse to him than his
abuse*

*Why should these men take so much
killing?*

*Why, he'll snap your head off for a
word*

*Why he enjoyed the privilege of seeing,
and was not beside her*

Wife and no wife, a prisoner in liberty

*Wilfrid perceived that he had become an
old man*

*Will not admit the existence of a
virtue in an opposite opinion*

*William John Fleming was simply a poor
farmer*

*Win you—temperately, let us hope; by
storm, if need be*

*Winds of panic are violently engaged in
occupying the vacuum*

*Wins everywhere back a reflection of
its own kindness*

*Winter mornings are divine. They move
on noiselessly*

Wise in not seeking to be too wise

With that I sail into the dark

With good wine to wash it down, one can

swallow anything

*With what little wisdom the world is
governed*

*With death; we'd rather not, because of
a qualm*

*With one idea, we see nothing—nothing
but itself*

*With a frozen fish of admirable
principles for wife*

*With this money, said the demon, you
might speculate*

With a proud humility

*Withdrew into the entrenchments of
contempt*

*Without a single intimation that he
loathed the task*

*Without those consolatory efforts,
useless between men*

*Wits, which are ordinarily less
productive than land*

*Wives are only an item in the list, and
not the most important*

*Woman descending from her ideal to the
gross reality of man*

*Woman will be the last thing civilized
by Man*

*Woman finds herself on board a
rudderless vessel*

*Woman's precious word No at the
sentinel's post, and alert*

*Women are wonderfully quick scholars
under ridicule*

*Women with brains, moreover, are all
heartless*

*Women are taken to be the second
thoughts of the Creator*

*Women don't care uncommonly for the men
who love them*

*Women must not be judging things out of
their sphere*

Women and men are in two hostile camps

*Women treat men as their tamed
housemates*

*Women are swift at coming to
conclusions in these matters*

Women are happier enslaved

*Won't do to be taking in reefs on a
lee-shore*

*Wonderment that one of her sex should
have ideas*

*Wooing her with dog's eyes instead of
words*

Wooing a good man for his friendship

Work of extravagance upon perceptibly

plain matter

Work is medicine

*World cannot pardon a breach of
continuity*

*World against us It will not keep us
from trying to serve*

*World is ruthless, dear friends,
because the world is hypocrite*

World prefers decorum to honesty

*World voluntarily opens a path to those
who step determinedly*

*Would like to feel he was doing a bit
of good*

*Would he see what he aims at? let him
ask his heels*

Wrapped in the comfort of his cowardice

*Writer society delights in, to show
what it is composed of*

*Yawns coming alarmingly fast, in the
place of ideas*

*Years are the teachers of the great
rocky natures*

*Yet, though Angels smile, shall not
Devils laugh*

*You accuse or you exonerate—Nobody can
be half guilty*

*You choose to give yourself to an
obscure dog*

*You rides when you can, and you walks
when you must*

You talk your mother with a vengeance

You do want polish

*You who may have cared for her through
her many tribulations, have no fear*

You are entreated to repress alarm

*You beat me with the fists, but my
spirit is towering*

You can master pain, but not doubt

*You are not married, you are simply
chained*

*You have not to be told that I desire
your happiness above all*

*You are to imagine that they know
everything*

*You may learn to know yourself through
love*

You want me to flick your indecision

*You saw nothing but handkerchiefs out
all over the theatre*

*You played for gain, and that was a
licenced thieving*

*You'll have to guess at half of
everything he tells you*

*You'll tell her you couldn't sit down
in her presence undressed*

You're the puppet of your women!

You're talking to me, not to a gallery

*You're a rank, right-down widow, and no
mistake*

*You're going to be men, meaning
something better than women*

You've got no friend but your bed

*Young as when she looked upon the
lovers in Paradise*

*Your devotion craves an enormous
exchange*

*Youth will not believe that stupidity
and beauty can go together*

*Youth is not alarmed by the sound of
big sums*

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