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Author: David Widger

Release Date: May, 2003 [Etext #4001]  
[Yes, we are about one year ahead of schedule]  
[The actual date this file first posted = 10/06/01]

Edition: 10

Language: English

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D.W.

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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 couronnes' 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  
[IM#01][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  
[IM#02][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  
[IM#03][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  
[IM#04][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

[IM#05][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?  
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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  
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The guilty will not feel your blows, but the innocent  
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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

[IM#06][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

[IM#07][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

[IM#08][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

[IM#09][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  
Brilliance 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?  
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Each was moved with self-pity  
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Gave value to her affability by not squandering it  
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He studied until the last moment  
He is not intelligent enough to doubt  
He does not bear ill-will to those whom he persecutes  
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Her husband had become quite bearable  
His habit of pleasing had prolonged his youth  
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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  
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Impatient at praise which was not destined for himself

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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  
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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  
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There are many grand and strong things which you do not feel  
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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

[IM#10][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

[IM#11][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

[IM#12][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

[IM#13][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  
Clumsily, blew his nose, to the great relief of his two arms  
Do not seek too much  
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Husband who loves you and eats off the same plate is better  
I would give two summers for a single autumn  
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Love in marriage is, as a rule, too much at his ease  
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Reckon yourself happy if in your husband you find a lover  
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  
Sometimes like to deck the future in the garments of the past  
The heart requires gradual changes  
The future that is rent away  
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The future promises, it is the present that pays  
Their love requires a return  
There are pious falsehoods which the Church excuses  
Ties that unite children to parents are unloosed  
Ties which unite parents to children are broken  
To be able to smoke a cigar without being sick  
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  
Why mankind has chosen to call marriage a man-trap

PRINCE ZILAH, BY JULES CLARETIE

PRINCE ZILAH, BY JULES CLARETIE, V1  
[IM#14][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

[IM#15][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

[IM#16][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

[IM#17][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  
Bullets are not necessarily on the side of the right



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What matters it how much we suffer  
Why should I read the newspapers?  
Willingly seek a new sorrow  
Would not be astonished at anything  
You suffer? Is fate so just as that

#### ZEBILINE BY PHILLIPE DE MASA

ZEBILINE BY PHILLIPE DE MASA, V1

[IM#18][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

[IM#19][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

[IM#20][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

[IM#21][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  
If I do not give all I give nothing  
Indulgence of which they stand in need themselves  
Life goes on, and that is less gay than the stories  
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The night brings counsel  
Their Christian charity did not extend so far as that  
There are mountains that we never climb but once  
You are in a conquered country, which is still more dangerous

A WOODLAND QUEEN, BY ANDRE THEURIET

A WOODLAND QUEEN, BY ANDRE THEURIET, V1

[IM#22][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  
[IM#23][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  
[IM#24][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  
[IM#25][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  
Hypocritical grievances  
I am not in the habit of consulting the law  
I measure others by myself  
It does not mend matters to give way like that  
Like all timid persons, he took refuge in a moody silence  
More disposed to discover evil than good  
Nature's cold indifference to our sufferings  
Never is perfect happiness our lot  
Opposing his orders with steady, irritating inertia  
Others found delight in the most ordinary amusements  
Plead the lie to get at the truth  
Sensitiveness and disposition to self-blame  
The ease with which he is forgotten  
There are some men who never have had any childhood  
Those who have outlived their illusions  
Timidity of a night-bird that is made to fly in the day  
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  
Vexed, act in direct contradiction to their own wishes  
Women: they are more bitter than death  
Yield to their customs, and not pooh-pooh their amusements  
You have considerable patience for a lover  
You must be pleased with yourself--that is more essential

#### CHILD OF A CENTURY, ALFRED DE MUSSET

CHILD OF A CENTURY, ALFRED DE MUSSET, V1  
[IM#26][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  
[IM#27][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

[IM#28][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

[IM#29][im29b10.txt]3942

A terrible danger lurks in the knowledge of what is possible  
Accustomed to call its disguise virtue  
Adieu, my son, I love you and I die  
All philosophy is akin to atheism  
All that is not life, it is the noise of life  
And when love is sure of itself and knows response  
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  
Beware of disgust, it is an incurable evil  
Can any one prevent a gossip  
Cold silence, that negative force  
Contrive to use proud disdain as a shield  
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  
Each one knows what the other is about to say  
Fool who destroys his own happiness  
Force itself, that mistress of the world  
Funeral processions are no longer permitted  
Galileo struck the earth, crying: "Nevertheless it moves!"  
Good and bad days succeeded each other almost regularly  
Great sorrows neither accuse nor blaspheme--they listen

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Happiness of being pursued  
He who is loved by a beautiful woman is sheltered from every blow  
He lives only in the body  
How much they desire to be loved who say they love no more  
Human weakness seeks association  
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I can not love her, I can not love another  
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I neither love nor esteem sadness  
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  
Is it not enough to have lived?  
It is a pity that you must seek pastimes  
Make a shroud of your virtue in which to bury your crimes  
Man who suffers wishes to make her whom he loves suffer  
Men doubted everything: the young men denied everything  
No longer esteemed her highly enough to be jealous of her  
Of all the sisters of love, the most beautiful is pity  
Perfection does not exist  
Pure caprice that I myself mistook for a flash of reason  
Quarrel had been, so to speak, less sad than our reconciliation  
Reading the Memoirs of Constant  
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  
She pretended to hope for the best  
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St. Augustine  
Suffered, and yet took pleasure in it  
Suspicious that are ever born anew  
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There are two different men in you  
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"Unhappy man!" she cried, "you will never know how to love"  
We have had a mass celebrated, and it cost us a large sum  
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

[IM#30][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

[IM#31][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  
[IM#32][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  
[IM#33][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  
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  
Determined to cultivate ability rather than scrupulousness  
Disenchantment which follows possession  
Do not get angry. Rarely laugh, and never weep  
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  
God--or no principles!  
Have not that pleasure, it is useless to incur the penalties  
He is charming, for one always feels in danger near him  
Inconstancy of heart is the special attribute of man  
Intemperance of her zeal and the acrimony of her bigotry  
Knew her danger, and, unlike most of them, she did not love it  
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  
One of those pious persons who always think evil  
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  
Put herself on good terms with God, in case He should exist  
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  
Two persons who desired neither to remember nor to forget  
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

[IM#34][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 fact  
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

[IM#35][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

[IM#36][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

[IM#37][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

[IM#38][im38b10.txt]3951

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

CINQ MARS, BY ALFRED DE VIGNY, V6

[IM#39][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

[IM#40][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

[IM#41][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

[IM#42][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

[IM#43][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

[IM#44][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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Succeeded in wearying him by her importunities and tenderness  
The women have enough religion for the men  
The history of good people is often monotonous or painful  
To learn to obey is the only way of learning to command

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE, V1

[IM#45][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  
Tediousness 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

[IM#46][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

[IM#47][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

[IM#48][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

[IM#49][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  
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Learned that one leaves college almost ignorant  
Mild, unpretentious men who let everybody run over them  
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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

[IM#50][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

[IM#51][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

[IM#52][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

[IM#53][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

[IM#54][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  
That suffering which curses but does not pardon  
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

[IM#55][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  
[IM#56][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  
[IM#57][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)  
[IM#58][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  
His sleeplessness was not the insomnia of genius  
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Music--so often dangerous to married happiness  
Natural longing, that we all have, to know the worst  
Notion of her husband's having an opinion of his own  
Old women--at least thirty years old!  
Pride supplies some sufferers with necessary courage  
Seemed to enjoy themselves, or made believe they did  
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  
The worst husband is always better than none  
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

[IM#59][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

[IM#60][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

[IM#61][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

[IM#62][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  
Men forget sooner  
Natural only when alone, and talk well only to themselves  
Obstacles are the salt of all our joys  
One doesn't offer apologies to a man in his wrath  
People meeting to "have it out" usually say nothing at first  
Silence, alas! is not the reproof of kings alone  
Skillful 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  
The very smell of books is improving  
The looks of the young are always full of the future  
There are some blunders that are lucky; but you can't tell  
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

[IM#63][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

[IM#64][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

[IM#65][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

[IM#66][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

[IM#67][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  
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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

[IM#68][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

[IM#69][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

[IM#70][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

[IM#71][im71b10.txt]3984

Attractive abyss of drunkenness  
Obstinacy of drunkenness

THE ENTIRE GERFAUT BY CHARLES DE BERNARD

[IM#72][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!  
Let ultra-modesty destroy poetry  
Love is a fire whose heat dies out for want of fuel  
Mania for fearing that she may be compromised  
Material in you to make one of Cooper's redskins  
Misfortunes never come single  
No woman is unattainable, except when she loves another  
Obstinacy of drunkenness  
Recourse to concessions is often as fatal to women as to kings  
Regards his happiness as a proof of superiority  
She said yes, so as not to say no  
These are things that one admits only to himself  
Those whom they most amuse are those who are best worth amusing  
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

[IM#73][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

[IM#74][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

[IM#75][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

[IM#76][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

[IM#77][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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Intelligent persons have no remorse

It is the first crime that costs  
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  
Looking for a needle in a bundle of hay  
Neither so simple nor so easy as they at first appeared  
One does not judge those whom one loves  
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  
Repeated and explained what he had already said and explained  
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  
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  
[IM#78][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  
[IM#79][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  
[IM#80][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

[IM#81][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 CHRYSANTHEME BY LOTI

[IM#82][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

[IM#83][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  
[IM#84][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  
[IM#85][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  
[IM#86][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  
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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  
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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

[IM#87][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  
Brilliance 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!  
Suspicious 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

End of this Project Gutenberg Etext of Widger's Quotations,  
from The Immortals of the French Academy, by David Widger

ademy, by David Widger

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

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