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Author: David Widger

Release Date: February, 2003 [Etext #3749]
[Yes, we are about one year ahead of schedule]
[The actual date this file first posted = 08/19/01]

Edition: 10

Language: English

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WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS

FROM THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EDITION OF THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

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The quotations are in two formats:

1. Small passages from the text.
2. Lists of alphabetized one-liners.

The editor may be contacted at <widger@cecomet.net> for comments, questions or suggested additions to these extracts.

D.W.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 1

[JJ#01][jj01b10.txt]3901

A feeling heart the foundation of all my misfortunes
Being beat like a slave, I judged I had a right to all vices
Degree of sensuality had mingled with the smart and shame
First instance of violence and oppression is so deeply engraved
Hold fast to aught that I have, and yet covet nothing more
Insignificant trash that has obtained the name of education
Law that the accuser should be confined at the same time
Less degree of repugnance in divulging what is really criminal
Money that we possess is the instrument of liberty
Money we lack and strive to obtain is the instrument of slavery
Necessity, the parent of industry, suggested an invention
Neither the victim nor witness of any violent emotions
Passed my days in languishing in silence for those I most admire
Rogues know how to save themselves at the expense of the feeble
Seeking, by fresh offences, a return of the same chastisement
Supposed that certain, which I only knew to be probable
Taught me it was not so terrible to thief as I had imagined
We learned to dissemble, to rebel, to lie

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 2

[JJ#02][jj02b10.txt]3902

A man, on being questioned, is immediately on his guard
A religion preached by such missionaries must lead to paradise!
Aversion to singularity
Avoid putting our interests in competition with our duty
Catholic must content himself with the decisions of others
Disgusted with the idle trifling of a convent
Dissembler, though, in fact, I was only courteous
Ever appearing to feel as little for others as herself
Flattery, or rather condescension, is not always a vice
Hopes, in which self-love was by no means a loser
I did not fear punishment, but I dreaded shame

I felt no dread but that of being detected
I only wished to avoid giving offence
Instead of being delighted with the journey only wished arrival
Left to nature the whole care of my own instruction
Making me sensible of every deficiency
Myself the principal object
Obtain their wishes, without permitting or promising anything
Piety was too sincere to give way to any affectation of it
Placing unbounded confidence in myself and others
Proportioned rather to her ideas than abilities
Protestants, in general, are better instructed
Read the hearts of others by endeavoring to conceal our own
Remorse sleeps in the calm sunshine of prosperity
Remorse wakes amid the storms of adversity
Sometimes encourage hopes they never mean to realize
The conscience of the guilty would revenge the innocent
Where merit consists in belief, and not in virtue
Whole universe would be interested in my concerns
Yielded him the victory, or rather declined the contest

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 3
[JJ#03][jj]03b10.txt]3903

A subject not even fit to make a priest of
Endeavoring to hide my incapacity, I rarely fail to show it
Endeavoring to rise too high we are in danger of falling
Foresight with me has always embittered enjoyment
Hat only fit to be carried under his arm
Love of the marvellous is natural to the human heart
Mistake wit for sense
Priests ought never to have children--except by married women
Rather appeared to study with than to instruct me
Though not a fool, I have frequently passed for one

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 4
[JJ#04][jj]04b10.txt]3904

Have ever preferred suffering to owing
I was long a child, and am so yet in many particulars

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 5
[JJ#05][jj]05b10.txt]3905

Adopted the jargon of books, than the knowledge they contained

Dying for love without an object
Have the pleasure of seeing an ass ride on horseback
Idleness is as much the pest of society as of solitude
If you have nothing to do, you must absolutely speak continually
In a nation of blind men, those with one eye are kings
Injustice of mankind which embitters both life and death
Not so easy to quit her house as to enter it
Sin consisted only in the scandal
Trusting too implicitly to their own innocence
Voltaire was formed never to be (happy)
When everyone is busy, you may continue silent
Whose discourses began by a distribution of millions

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 6
[JJ#06][jj]06b10.txt]3906

All animals are distrustful of man, and with reason
Ardor for learning became so far a madness
Conversations were more serviceable than his prescriptions
Finding in every disease symptoms similar to mine
First time in my life, of saying, "I merit my own esteem"
Looking on each day as the last of my life
Making their knowledge the measure of possibilities
Men, in general, make God like themselves
One of those affronts which women scarcely ever forgive
Prescriptions serve to flatter the hopes of the patient
Read description of any malady without thinking it mine
Read without studying
Return of spring seemed to me like rising from the grave
Slighting her favors, if within your reach, a unpardonable crime
True happiness is indescribable, it is only to be felt

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 7
[JJ#07][jj]07b10.txt]3907

I am charged with the care of myself only
I strove to flatter my idleness
Men of learning more tenaciously retain their prejudices

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 8
[JJ#08][jj]08b10.txt]3908

All your evils proceed from yourselves
Considering this want of decency as an act of courage

Die without the aid of physicians
I had a numerous acquaintance, yet no more than two friends
Knew how to complain, but not how to act
Moment I acquired literary fame, I had no longer a friend
There is no clapping of hands before the king

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 9
[JJ#09][jj09b10.txt]3909

An author must be independent of success
Cemented by reciprocal esteem
Difficult to think nobly when we think for a livelihood
Dine at the hour of supper; sup when I should have been asleep
Force me to be happy in the manner they should point out
Hastening on to death without having lived
How many wrongs are effaced by the embraces of a friend
I loved her too well to wish to possess her
I never heard her speak ill of persons who were absent
Idea of my not being everything to her
In the course of their lives frequently unlike themselves
Is it possible to dissimulate with persons whom we love?
Letters illustrious in proportion as it was less a trade
Loaded with words and redundancies
Make men like himself, instead of taking them as they were
Manoeuvres of an author to the care of publishing a good book
No longer permitted to let old people remain out of Paris
No sooner had lost sight of men than I ceased to despise them
Not knowing how to spend their time, daily breaking in upon me
Painful to an honest man to resist desires already formed
Rather bashful than modest
This continued desire to control me in all my wishes
To make him my apologies for the offence he had given me
Tyranny of persons who called themselves my friends
Virtuous minds, which vice never attacks openly
When once we make a secret of anything to the person we love
Without the least scruple, freely disposing of my time
Writing for bread would soon have extinguished my genius

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 10
[JJ#10][jj10b10.txt]3910

Indolence, negligence and delay in little duties to be fulfilled
Jean Bapiste Rousseau
My greatest faults have been omissions
Satisfaction of weeping together
The malediction of knaves is the glory of an honest man
There is nothing in this world but time and misfortune

What facility everything which favors the malignity of man
Whence comes it that even a child can intimidate a man

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 11
[JJ#11][jj11b10.txt]3911

Caution is needless after the evil has happened
Her excessive admiration or dislike of everything
More folly than candor in the declaration without necessity
Multiplying persons and adventures
That which neither women nor authors ever pardon

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 12
[JJ#12][jj12b10.txt]3912

Bilboquet
I never much regretted sleep
In company I suffer cruelly by inaction
Indolence of company is burdensome because it is forced
More stunned than flattered by the trumpet of fame
Nothing absurd appears to them incredible
Obliged to pay attention to every foolish thing uttered
Only prayer consisted in the single interjection "Oh!"
Reproach me with so many contradictions
Substituting cunning to knowledge
Wish thus to be revenged of me for their humiliation

ENTIRE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, BOOK 13
[JJ#13][jj13b10.txt]3913

A feeling heart the foundation of all my misfortunes
A religion peached by such missionaries must lead to paradise!
A subject not even fit to make a priest of
A man, on being questioned, is immediately on his guard
Adopted the jargon of books, than the knowledge they contained
All animals are distrustful of man, and with reason
All your evils proceed from yourselves!
An author must be independent of success
Ardor for learning became so far a madness
Aversion to singularity
Avoid putting our interests in competition with our duty
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Catholic must content himself with the decisions of others

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Money we lack and strive to obtain is the instrument of slavery
More stunned than flattered by the trumpet of fame
More folly than candor in the declaration without necessity
Multiplying persons and adventures
My greatest faults have been omissions
Myself the principal object
Necessity, the parent of industry, suggested an invention
Neither the victim nor witness of any violent emotions
No sooner had lost sight of men than I ceased to despise them
No longer permitted to let old people remain out of Paris
Not so easy to quit her house as to enter it
Not knowing how to spend their time, daily breaking in upon me
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Obtain their wishes, without permitting or promising anything
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Read description of any malady without thinking it mine
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Seeking, by fresh offences, a return of the same chastisement
Sin consisted only in the scandal

Slighting her favors, if within your reach, a unpardonable crime
Sometimes encourage hopes they never mean to realize
Substituting cunning to knowledge
Supposed that certain, which I only knew to be probable
Taught me it was not so terrible to thief as I had imagined
That which neither women nor authors ever pardon
The malediction of knaves is the glory of an honest man
The conscience of the guilty would revenge the innocent
There is nothing in this world but time and misfortune
There is no clapping of hands before the king
This continued desire to control me in all my wishes
Though not a fool, I have frequently passed for one
To make him my apologies for the offence he had given me
True happiness is indescribable, it is only to be felt
Trusting too implicitly to their own innocence
Tyranny of persons who called themselves my friends
Virtuous minds, which vice never attacks openly
Voltaire was formed never to be(happy)
We learned to dissemble, to rebel, to lie
What facility everything which favors the malignity of man
When once we make a secret of anything to the person we love
When everyone is busy, you may continue silent
Whence comes it that even a child can intimidate a man
Where merit consists in belief, and not in virtue
Whole universe would be interested in my concerns
Whose discourses began by a distribution of millions
Wish thus to be revenged of me for their humiliation
Without the least scruple, freely disposing of my time
Writing for bread would soon have extinguished my genius
Yielded him the victory, or rather declined the contest

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