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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK QUOTATIONS FROM GEORGE MEREDITH ***

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WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS

FROM THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EDITION OF THE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

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

D.W.

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QUOTATIONS FROM THE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT, V1 [GM#07][GM07V10.TXT]4401

How little a thing serves Fortune's turn
Ripe with oft telling and old is the tale
The curse of sorrow is comparison!

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT, V2 [GM#08][GM08V10.TXT]4402

Delay in thine undertaking is disaster of thy own making
Lest thou commence to lie--be dumb!
No runner can outstrip his fate
'Tis the first step that makes a path
When to loquacious fools with patience rare I listen

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT, V3 [GM#09][GM09V10.TXT]4403

Arm'd with Fear the Foe finds passage to the vital part
Fear nought so much as Fear itself
If thou wouldst fix remembrance--thwack!
Nought credit but what outward orbs reveal
The overwise themselves hoodwink
The king without his crown hath a forehead like the clown
Vanity maketh the strongest most weak
Where fools are the fathers of every miracle
Who in a labyrinth wandereth without clue

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT, V4 [GM#10][GM10V10.TXT]4404

A woman's at the core of every plot man plotteth
Every failure is a step advanced
Failures oft are but advising friends
Like an ill-reared fruit, first at the core it rotteth
More culpable the sparer than the spared
Persist, if thou wouldst truly reach thine ends
Too often hangs the house on one loose stone

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT, ALL [GM#11][GM11V10.TXT]4405

A woman's at the core of every plot man plotteth
Arm'd with Fear the Foe finds passage to the vital part
Delay in thine undertaking Is disaster of thy own making
Every failure is a step advanced
Failures oft are but advising friends
Fear nought so much as Fear itself
How little a thing serves Fortune's turn
If thou wouldst fix remembrance--thwack!
Lest thou commence to lie--be dumb!
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The overwise themselves hoodwink
'Tis the first step that makes a path
Too often hangs the house on one loose stone
Vanity maketh the strongest most weak

When to loquacious fools with patience rare I listen
Where fools are the fathers of every miracle
Who in a labyrinth wandereth without clue

ORDEAL RICHARD FEVEREL, V1 [GM#12][GM12V10.TXT]4406

A style of affable omnipotence about the wise youth
After five years of marriage, and twelve of friendship
Among boys there are laws of honour and chivalrous codes
An edge to his smile that cuts much like a sneer
Complacent languor of the wise youth
Huntress with few scruples and the game unguarded
It is no use trying to conceal anything from him
It was his ill luck to have strong appetites and a weak stomach
Minutes taken up by the grey puffs from their mouths
No! Gentlemen don't fling stones; leave that to the blackguards
Our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms
Rogue on the tremble of detection
Rumour for the nonce had a stronger spice of truth than usual
She can make puddens and pies
The born preacher we feel instinctively to be our foe
There is for the mind but one grasp of happiness
Those days of intellectual coxcombry
Troublesome appendages of success
Wisdom goes by majorities
Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man

ORDEAL RICHARD FEVEREL, V2 [GM#13][GM13V10.TXT]4407

And so Farewell my young Ambition! and with it farewell all true
And to these instructions he gave an aim: "First be virtuous"
In Sir Austin's Note-book was written: "Between Simple Boyhood..."
It was now, as Sir Austin had written it down, The Magnetic Age
Laying of ghosts is a public duty
On the threshold of Puberty, there is one Unselfish Hour
Seed-Time passed thus smoothly, and adolescence came on
They believe that the angels have been busy about them
Who rises from Prayer a better man, his prayer is answered
Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise
You've got no friend but your bed

ORDEAL RICHARD FEVEREL, V3 [GM#14][GM14V10.TXT]4408

A young philosopher's an old fool!

Cold charity to all
I cannot get on with Gibbon
In our House, my son, there is peculiar blood. We go to wreck!
Our most diligent pupil learns not so much as an earnest teacher

ORDEAL RICHARD FEVEREL, V4 [GM#15][GM15V10.TXT]4409

Although it blew hard when Caesar crossed the Rubicon
As when nations are secretly preparing for war
The world is wise in its way
The danger of a little knowledge of things is disputable
Wise in not seeking to be too wise
Yet, though Angels smile, shall not Devils laugh

ORDEAL RICHARD FEVEREL, V5 [GM#16][GM16V10.TXT]4410

A woman who has mastered sauces sits on the apex of civilization
Behold the hero embarked in the redemption of an erring beauty
Come prepared to be not very well satisfied with anything
Habit had legalized his union with her
Hero embarked in the redemption of an erring beautiful woman
His equanimity was fictitious
His fancy performed miraculous feats
How many instruments cannot clever women play upon
I ain't a speeder of matrimony
Opened a wider view of the world to him, and a colder
Serene presumption
The Pilgrim's Scrip remarks that: Young men take joy in nothing
Threats of prayer, however, that harp upon their sincerity
To be passive in calamity is the province of no woman
Unaccustomed to have his will thwarted
Women are swift at coming to conclusions in these matters

ORDEAL RICHARD FEVEREL, V6 [GM#17][GM17V10.TXT]4411

A maker of Proverbs--what is he but a narrow mind wit
Feeling, nothing beyond a lively interest in her well-being
Further she read, "Which is the coward among us?"
Gentleman who does so much 'cause he says so little
Hermits enamoured of wind and rain
Heroine, in common with the hero, has her ambition to be of use
I rather like to hear a woman swear. It embellishes her!
I beg of my husband, and all kind people who may have the care
Intensely communicative, but inarticulate

Just bad inquirin' too close among men
January was watering and freezing old earth by turns
South-western Island has few attractions to other than invalids
Take 'em somethin' like Providence--as they come
Task of reclaiming a bad man is extremely seductive to good women
This was a totally different case from the antecedent ones

ORDEAL RICHARD FEVEREL, ENTIRE [GM#18][GM18V10.TXT]4412

A woman who has mastered sauces sits on the apex of civilization
A style of affable omnipotence about the wise youth
A maker of Proverbs--what is he but a narrow mind wit
A young philosopher's an old fool!
After five years of marriage, and twelve of friendship
Although it blew hard when Caesar crossed the Rubicon
Among boys there are laws of honour and chivalrous codes
An edge to his smile that cuts much like a sneer
And so Farewell my young Ambition! and with it farewell all true
And to these instructions he gave an aim: "First be virtuous"
As when nations are secretly preparing for war
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Cold charity to all
Come prepared to be not very well satisfied with anything
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Who rises from Prayer a better man, his prayer is answered
Wise in not seeking to be too wise
Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man
Women are swift at coming to conclusions in these matters
Yet, though Angels smile, shall not Devils laugh
You've got no friend but your bed
Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise

SANDRA BELLONI, V1 [GM#19][GM19V10.TXT]4413

Being heard at night, in the nineteenth century
Pleasure sat like an inextinguishable light on her face
Beyond a plot of flowers, a gold-green meadow dipped to a ridge
His alien ideas were not unimpressed by the picture
Hushing together, they agreed that it had been a false move
I had to make my father and mother live on potatoes
I had to cross the park to give a lesson
She was perhaps a little the taller of the two
The circle which the ladies of Brookfield were designing
The gallant cornet adored delicacy and a gilded refinement
The philosopher (I would keep him back if I could)
They had all noticed, seen, and observed

SANDRA BELLONI, V2 [GM#20][GM20V10.TXT]4414

Emilia alone of the party was as a blot to her
I cannot delay; but I request you, that are here privileged
I detest anything that has to do with gratitude
Love, with his accustomed cunning
No nose to the hero, no moral to the tale
Nor can a protest against coarseness be sweepingly interpreted
One of those men whose characters are read off at a glance
The majority, however, had been snatched out of this bliss
Their way was down a green lane and across long meadow-paths
They, meantime, who had a contempt for sleep
Women are wonderfully quick scholars under ridicule

SANDRA BELLONI, V3 [GM#21][GM21V10.TXT]4415

And, ladies, if you will consent to be likened to a fruit
Passion does not inspire dark appetite--Dainty innocence does
The sentimentalists are represented by them among the civilized
The woman follows the man, and music fits to verse,
You have not to be told that I desire your happiness above all
Wilfrid perceived that he had become an old man

SANDRA BELLONI, V4 [GM#22][GM22V10.TXT]4416

A marriage without love is dishonour
Bear in mind that we are sentimentalists--The eye is our servant
I am not ashamed
Love that shrieks at a mortal wound, and bleeds humanly
Love the poor devil
My mistress! My glorious stolen fruit! My dark angel of love
Poor mortals are not in the habit of climbing Olympus to ask
Revived for them so much of themselves
Solitude is pasturage for a suspicion
Victims of the modern feminine'ideal'

SANDRA BELLONI, V5 [GM#23][GM23V10.TXT]4417

Am I ill? I must be hungry!
Depreciating it after the fashion of chartered hypocrites.
Fine Shades were still too dominant at Brookfield
He thinks that the country must be saved by its women as well
I know that your father has been hearing tales told of me
My voice! I have my voice! Emilia had cried it out to herself
She had great awe of the word 'business'

SANDRA BELLONI, V6 [GM#24][GM24V10.TXT]4418

Active despair is a passion that must be superseded
But love for a parent is not merely duty
Had Shakespeare's grandmother three Christian names?
Littlenesses of which women are accused
Love discerns unerringly what is and what is not duty
Our partner is our master
Passion, he says, is noble strength on fire
Silence was their only protection to the Nice Feelings
The dimly-lighted city wore a look of Judgement terrible to see
The sentimentalist goes on accumulating images
True love excludes no natural duty

SANDRA BELLONI, V7 [GM#25][GM25V10.TXT]4419

A plunge into the deep is of little moment
And he passed along the road, adds the Philosopher
It was as if she had been eyeing a golden door shut fast
My engagement to Mr. Pericles is that I am not to write
Man who beats his wife my first question is, 'Do he take his tea?'
Oh! beastly bathos
On a wild April morning
Once my love? said he. Not now?--does it mean, not now?
So it is when you play at Life! When you will not go straight
To know that you are in England, breathing the same air with me
We are, in short, a civilized people
We have now looked into the hazy interior of their systems
What was this tale of Emilia, that grew more and more perplexing

SANDRA BELLONI, ENTIRE [GM#26][GM26V10.TXT]4420

A plunge into the deep is of little moment
A marriage without love is dishonour
Active despair is a passion that must be superseded
Am I ill? I must be hungry!
And, ladies, if you will consent to be likened to a fruit
And he passed along the road, adds the Philosopher
Bear in mind that we are sentimentalists--The eye is our servant
Being heard at night, in the nineteenth century
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Love, with his accustomed cunning
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We have now looked into the hazy interior of their systems
We are, in short, a civilized people
What was this tale of Emilia, that grew more and more perplexing
Wilfrid perceived that he had become an old man
Women are wonderfully quick scholars under ridicule
You have not to be told that I desire your happiness above all

RHODA FLEMING, V1 [GM#27][GM27V10.TXT]4421

But great, powerful London--the new universe to her spirit
But the key to young men is the ambition, or, in the place of it....
But you must be beautiful to please some men
Dahlia, the perplexity to her sister's heart, lay stretched....
Developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women
It was her prayer to heaven that she might save a doctor's bill
Mrs. Fleming, of Queen Anne's Farm, was the wife of a yeoman
My plain story is of two Kentish damsels
The idea of love upon the lips of ordinary men, provoked Dahlia's irony
The kindest of men can be cruel
William John Fleming was simply a poor farmer

RHODA FLEMING, V2 [GM#28][GM28V10.TXT]4422

A fleet of South-westerly rainclouds had been met in mid-sky
Borrower to be dancing on Fortune's tight-rope above the old abyss
Childish faith in the beneficence of the unseen Powers who feed us
Dead Britons are all Britons, but live Britons are not quite brothers
He had no recollection of having ever dined without drinking wine
He tried to gather his ideas, but the effort was like that of a light dreamer
Land and beasts! They sound like blessed things
My first girl--she's brought disgrace on this house
Then, if you will not tell me
To be a really popular hero anywhere in Britain (must be a drinker)
You're a rank, right-down widow, and no mistake

RHODA FLEMING, V3 [GM#29][GM29V10.TXT]4423

All women are the same--Know one, know all
Exceeding variety and quantity of things money can buy
He will be a part of every history (the fool)
I never pay compliments to transparent merit
I haven't got the pluck of a flea
Love dies like natural decay
Pleasant companion, who did not play the woman obtrusively among men

Silence is commonly the slow poison used by those who mean to murder love
The woman seeking for an anomaly wants a master
The backstairs of history (Memoirs)
To be her master, however, one must not begin by writhing as her slave
Wait till the day's ended before you curse your luck
With this money, said the demon, you might speculate
Work is medicine

RHODA FLEMING, V4 [GM#30][GM30V10.TXT]4424

Ashamed of letting his ears be filled with secret talk
Full-o'-Beer's a hasty chap
Gravely reproaching the tobacconist for the growing costliness of cigars
He lies as naturally as an infant sucks
I would cut my tongue out, if it did you a service
Inferences are like shadows on the wall
Marriage is an awful thing, where there's no love
One learns to have compassion for fools, by studying them
Principle of examining your hypothesis before you proceed to decide by it
Rhoda will love you. She is firm when she loves
Sort of religion with her to believe no wrong of you
The unhappy, who do not wish to live, and cannot die
You choose to give yourself to an obscure dog

RHODA FLEMING, V5 [GM#31][GM31V10.TXT]4425

You who may have cared for her through her many tribulations, have no fear
Can a man go farther than his nature?
Cold curiosity
Found by the side of the bed, inanimate, and pale as a sister of death
Sinners are not to repent only in words
So long as we do not know that we are performing any remarkable feat
There were joy-bells for Robert and Rhoda, but none for Dahlia

RHODA FLEMING, ENTIRE [GM#32][GM32V10.TXT]4426

A fleet of South-westerly rainclouds had been met in mid-sky
All women are the same--Know one, know all
Ashamed of letting his ears be filled with secret talk
Borrower to be dancing on Fortune's tight-rope above the old abyss
But you must be beautiful to please some men
But the key to young men is the ambition, or, in the place of it....
But great, powerful London--the new universe to her spirit
Can a man go farther than his nature?

Childish faith in the beneficence of the unseen Powers who feed us
Cold curiosity
Dahlia, the perplexity to her sister's heart, lay stretched....
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Work is medicine
You who may have cared for her through her many tribulations, have no fear
You choose to give yourself to an obscure dog
You're a rank, right-down widow, and no mistake

A man who rejected medicine in extremity
A share of pity for the objects she despised
A sixpence kindly meant is worth any crown-piece that's grudged
A youth who is engaged in the occupation of eating his heart
Accustomed to be paid for by his country
British hunger for news; second only to that for beef
Brotherhood among the select who wear masks instead of faces
By forbearance, put it in the wrong
Cheerful martyr
Common voice of praise in the mouths of his creditors
Embarrassments of an uncongenial employment
Empty stomachs are foul counsellors
Equally acceptable salted when it cannot be had fresh
Far higher quality is the will that can subdue itself to wait
Few feelings are single on this globe
Gentlefolks like straight-forwardness in their inferiors
He squandered the guineas, she patiently picked up the pence
His wife alone, had, as they termed it, kept him together
I'll come as straight as I can
Informed him that he never played jokes with money, or on men
It was in a time before our joyful era of universal equality
It's no use trying to be a gentleman if you can't pay for it
Lay no petty traps for opportunity
Looked as proud as if he had just clapped down the full amount
Man without a penny in his pocket, and a gizzard full of pride
Men they regard as their natural prey
Most youths are like Pope's women; they have no character
Occasional instalments--just to freshen the account
Oh! I can't bear that class of people
Partake of a morning draught
Patronizing woman
Propitiate common sense on behalf of what seems tolerably absurd
Rare as epic song is the man who is thorough in what he does
Requiring natural services from her in the button department
Said she was what she would have given her hand not to be
She was at liberty to weep if she pleased
She, not disinclined to dilute her grief
Speech that has to be hauled from the depths usually betrays
Such a man was banned by the world, which was to be despised?
Tenderness which Mrs. Mel permitted rather than encouraged
To be both generally blamed, and generally liked
To let people speak was a maxim of Mrs. Mel's, and a wise one
Toyed with little flowers of palest memory
Tradesman, and he never was known to have sent in a bill
True enjoyment of the princely disposition
What he did, she took among other inevitable matters
Whose bounty was worse to him than his abuse
With a proud humility
You rides when you can, and you walks when you must
Youth is not alarmed by the sound of big sums

EVAN HARRINGTON, V2 [GM#34][GM34V10.TXT]4428

Adept in the lie implied
Commencement of a speech proves that you have made the plunge
Forty seconds too fast, as if it were a capital offence
Friend he would not shake off, but could not well link with
Habit, what a sacred and admirable thing it is
He grunted that a lying clock was hateful to him
He had his character to maintain
I'm a bachelor, and a person--you're married, and an object
I take off my hat, Nan, when I see a cobbler's stall
Incapable of putting the screw upon weak excited nature
It's a fool that hopes for peace anywhere
Men do not play truant from home at sixty years of age
No great harm done when you're silent
Taking oath, as it were, by their lower nature
Tears that dried as soon as they had served their end
That beautiful trust which habit gives
That plain confession of a lack of wit; he offered combat
The ass eats at my table, and treats me with contempt
The grey furniture of Time for his natural wear
You're the puppet of your women!
What's an eccentric? a child grown grey!

EVAN HARRINGTON, V3 [GM#35][GM35V10.TXT]4429

A lover must have his delusions, just as a man must have a skin
A woman rises to her husband. But a man is what he is
Abject sense of the lack of a circumference
Amiable mirror as being wilfully ruffled to confuse
Because men can't abide praise of another man
Brief negatives are not re-assuring to a lover's uneasy mind
But a woman must now and then ingratiate herself
Can you not be told you are perfect without seeking to improve
Command of countenance the Countess possessed
Damsel who has lost the third volume of an exciting novel
English maids are domesticated savage animals
Every woman that's married isn't in love with her husband
Eyes of a lover are not his own; but his hands and lips are
Good nature, and means no more harm than he can help
Graduated naturally enough the finer stages of self-deception
Have her profile very frequently while I am conversing with her
He was in love, and subtle love will not be shamed and smothered
I did, replied Evan. 'I told a lie.'
Is he jealous? 'Only when I make him, he is.'
Make no effort to amuse him. He is always occupied
Married a wealthy manufacturer--bartered her blood for his money
Notoriously been above the honours of grammar

Our comedies are frequently youth's tragedies
Rebukes which give immeasurable rebounds
Recalling her to the subject-matter with all the patience
Remarked that the young men must fight it out together
Rose was much behind her age
Rose! what have I done? 'Nothing at all,' she said
Says you're so clever you ought to be a man
She believed friendship practicable between men and women
The Countess dieted the vanity according to the nationality
The letter had a smack of crabbed age hardly counterfeit
Took care to be late, so that all eyes beheld her
Tried to be honest, and was as much so as his disease permitted
Virtuously zealous in an instant on behalf of the lovely dame
When you run away, you don't live to fight another day
With good wine to wash it down, one can swallow anything
You do want polish
You talk your mother with a vengeance

EVAN HARRINGTON, V4 [GM#36][GM36V10.TXT]4430

Admirable scruples of an inveterate borrower
An obedient creature enough where he must be
Bound to assure everybody at table he was perfectly happy
Confident serenity inspired by evil prognostications
Enamoured young men have these notions
Gossip always has some solid foundation, however small
He kept saying to himself, 'to-morrow I will tell'
I always wait for a thing to happen first
I never see anything, my dear
Love is a contagious disease
Never to despise the good opinion of the nonentities
One seed of a piece of folly will lurk and sprout to confound us
Secrets throw on the outsiders the onus of raising a scandal
She did not detest the Countess because she could not like her
Thus does Love avenge himself on the unsatisfactory Past
Touching a nerve
Unfeminine of any woman to speak continuously anywhere
Vulgarity in others evoked vulgarity in her

EVAN HARRINGTON, V5 [GM#37][GM37V10.TXT]4431

A madman gets madder when you talk reason to him
Ah! how sweet to waltz through life with the right partner
And not any of your grand ladies can match my wife at home
Any man is in love with any woman
Believed in her love, and judged it by the strength of his own
Eating, like scratching, only wants a beginning

Feel no shame that I do not feel!
Feel they are not up to the people they are mixing with
Found it difficult to forgive her his own folly
Good and evil work together in this world
Hated one thing alone--which was 'bother'
He has been tolerably honest, Tom, for a man and a lover
I cannot live a life of deceit. A life of misery--not deceit
If we are to please you rightly, always allow us to play First
It is no insignificant contest when love has to crush self-love
Listened to one another, and blinded the world
Maxims of her own on the subject of rising and getting the worm
My belief is, you do it on purpose. Can't be such rank idiots
No conversation coming of it, her curiosity was violent
One fool makes many, and so, no doubt, does one goose
Play second fiddle without looking foolish
Second fiddle; he could only mean what she meant
Sense, even if they can't understand it, flatters them so
The commonest things are the worst done
The thrust sinned in its shrewdness
Those numerous women who always know themselves to be right
Two people love, there is no such thing as owing between them
Waited serenely for the certain disasters to enthrone her
What will be thought of me? not a small matter to any of us
When testy old gentlemen could commit slaughter with ecstasy
Why, he'll snap your head off for a word

EVAN HARRINGTON, V6 [GM#38][GM38V10.TXT]4432

After a big blow, a very little one scarcely counts
Because he stood so high with her now he feared the fall
Hope which lies in giving men a dose of hysterics
If I love you, need you care what anybody else thinks
Pride is the God of Pagans
Read one another perfectly in their mutual hypocrisies
Refuge in the Castle of Negation against the whole army of facts
Speech is poor where emotion is extreme
The power to give and take flattery to any amount
What a stock of axioms young people have handy
When Love is hurt, it is self-love that requires the opiate
Wrapped in the comfort of his cowardice
You accuse or you exonerate--Nobody can be half guilty

EVAN HARRINGTON, V7 [GM#39][GM39V10.TXT]4433

A man to be trusted with the keys of anything
Because you loved something better than me
Bitten hard at experience, and know the value of a tooth

From head to foot nothing better than a moan made visible
Glimpse of her whole life in the horrid tomb of his embrace
Gratuitous insult
How many degrees from love gratitude may be
In truth she sighed to feel as he did, above everybody
It's us hard ones that get on best in the world
It is better for us both, of course
Never intended that we should play with flesh and blood
She was unworthy to be the wife of a tailor
Sincere as far as she knew: as far as one who loves may be
Small beginnings, which are in reality the mighty barriers
Spiritualism, and on the balm that it was
We deprive all renegades of their spiritual titles

EVAN HARRINGTON, ALL [GM#40][GM40V10.TXT]4434

A woman rises to her husband. But a man is what he is
A share of pity for the objects she despised
A sixpence kindly meant is worth any crown-piece that's grudged
A youth who is engaged in the occupation of eating his heart
A man who rejected medicine in extremity
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Unfeminine of any woman to speak continuously anywhere
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We deprive all renegades of their spiritual titles
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Why, he'll snap your head off for a word
With good wine to wash it down, one can swallow anything
With a proud humility
Wrapped in the comfort of his cowardice
You do want polish
You talk your mother with a vengeance
You accuse or you exonerate--Nobody can be half guilty
You rides when you can, and you walks when you must
You're the puppet of your women!
Youth is not alarmed by the sound of big sums

Footing up a mountain corrects the notion (that I am important)
He saw far, and he grasped ends beyond obstacles
Poetry does much upon reflection, but it has to ripen within you
There is comfort in exercise, even for an ancient creature such as I am

VITTORIA, V2 [GM#42][GM42V10.TXT]4436

Agostino was enjoying the smoke of paper cigarettes
Anguish to think of having bent the knee for nothing
Art of despising what he coveted
Compliment of being outwitted by their own offspring
Hated tears, considering them a clog to all useful machinery
Intentions are really rich possessions
Italians were like women, and wanted--a real beating
Necessary for him to denounce somebody
Profound belief in her partiality for him

VITTORIA, V3 [GM#43][GM43V10.TXT]4437

A fortress face; strong and massive, and honourable in ruin
Defiance of foes and (what was harder to brave) of friends
Do I serve my hand? or, Do I serve my heart?
Good nerve to face the scene which he is certain will be enacted
Government of brain; not sufficient Insurrection of heart
Had taken refuge in their opera-glasses
He postponed it to the next minute and the next
I hope I am not too hungry to discriminate
I know nothing of imagination
In Italy, a husband away, ze friend takes title
Morales, madame, suit ze sun
No intoxication of hot blood to cheer those who sat at home
Not to be feared more than are the general race of bunglers
Patience is the pestilence
People who can lose themselves in a ray of fancy at any season
Question with some whether idiots should live
Rarely exacted obedience, and she was spontaneously obeyed
The divine afflatus of enthusiasm buoyed her no longer
Too weak to resist, to submit to an outrage quietly
We are good friends till we quarrel again
We can bear to fall; we cannot afford to draw back
Who shrinks from an hour that is suspended in doubt
Whole body of fanatics combined to precipitate the devotion
Youth will not believe that stupidity and beauty can go together

VITTORIA, V4 [GM#44][GM44V10.TXT]4438

A common age once, when he married her; now she had grown old
Critical in their first glance at a prima donna
Forgetfulness is like a closing sea
He is inexorable, being the guilty one of the two
Her singing struck a note of grateful remembered delight
It rarely astonishes our ears. It illumines our souls
Madness that sane men enamoured can be struck by
Obedience oils necessity
Our life is but a little holding, lent To do a mighty labour
Simple obstinacy of will sustained her
The devil trusts nobody
Was born on a hired bed

VITTORIA, V5 [GM#45][GM45V10.TXT]4439

An angry woman will think the worst
Be on your guard the next two minutes he gets you alone
No word is more lightly spoken than shame
O heaven! of what avail is human effort?
She thought that friendship was sweeter than love
Taint of the hypocrisy which comes with shame
They take fever for strength, and calmness for submission
Women and men are in two hostile camps

VITTORIA, V6 [GM#46][GM46V10.TXT]4440

As the Lord decided, so it would end! "Oh, delicious creed!"
By our manner of loving we are known
Every church of the city lent its iron tongue to the peal
Fast growing to be an eccentric by profession
I always respected her; I never liked her
Too well used to defeat to believe readily in victory
Will not admit the existence of a virtue in an opposite opinion

VITTORIA, V7 [GM#47][GM47V10.TXT]4441

But is there such a thing as happiness
Conduct is never a straight index where the heart's involved
Deep as a mother's, pure as a virgin's, fiery as a saint's
Foolish trick of thinking for herself
Fortitude leaned so much upon the irony

Grand air of pitying sadness
Ironical fortitude
Longing for love and dependence
Love of men and women as a toy that I have played with
Pain is a cloak that wraps you about
She was sick of personal freedom
Watch, and wait
Went into endless invalid's laughter
Why should these men take so much killing?
You can master pain, but not doubt

VITTORIA, V8 [GM#48][GM48V10.TXT]4442

Confess no more than is necessary, but do everything you can
English antipathy to babblers
He is in the season of faults
Impossible for us women to comprehend love without folly in man
Never, never love a married woman
Speech was a scourge to her sense of hearing

VITTORIA, COMPLETE [GM#49][GM49V10.TXT]4443

A common age once, when he married her; now she had grown old
A fortress face; strong and massive, and honourable in ruin
Agostino was enjoying the smoke of paper cigarettes
An angry woman will think the worst
Anguish to think of having bent the knee for nothing
Art of despising what he coveted
As the Lord decided, so it would end! "Oh, delicious creed!"
Be on your guard the next two minutes he gets you alone
But is there such a thing as happiness
By our manner of loving we are known
Compliment of being outwitted by their own offspring
Conduct is never a straight index where the heart's involved
Confess no more than is necessary, but do everything you can
Critical in their first glance at a prima donna
Deep as a mother's, pure as a virgin's, fiery as a saint's
Defiance of foes and (what was harder to brave) of friends
Do I serve my hand? or, Do I serve my heart?
English antipathy to babblers
Every church of the city lent its iron tongue to the peal
Fast growing to be an eccentric by profession
Foolish trick of thinking for herself
Forgetfulness is like a closing sea
Fortitude leaned so much upon the irony
Good nerve to face the scene which he is certain will be enacted
Government of brain; not sufficient Insurrection of heart

Grand air of pitying sadness
Had taken refuge in their opera-glasses
Hated tears, considering them a clog to all useful machinery
He is in the season of faults
He is inexorable, being the guilty one of the two
He postponed it to the next minute and the next
Her singing struck a note of grateful remembered delight
I always respected her; I never liked her
I hope I am not too hungry to discriminate
I know nothing of imagination
Impossible for us women to comprehend love without folly in man
In Italy, a husband away, ze friend takes title
Intentions are really rich possessions
Ironical fortitude
It rarely astonishes our ears It illumines our souls
Italians were like women, and wanted--a real beating
Longing for love and dependence
Love of men and women as a toy that I have played with
Madness that sane men enamoured can be struck by
Morales, madame, suit ze sun
Necessary for him to denounce somebody
Never, never love a married woman
No intoxication of hot blood to cheer those who sat at home
No word is more lightly spoken than shame
Not to be feared more than are the general race of bunglers
O heaven! of what avail is human effort?
Obedience oils necessity
Our life is but a little holding, lent To do a mighty labour
Pain is a cloak that wraps you about
Patience is the pestilence
People who can lose themselves in a ray of fancy at any season
Profound belief in her partiality for him
Question with some whether idiots should live
Rarely exacted obedience, and she was spontaneously obeyed
She thought that friendship was sweeter than love
She was sick of personal freedom
Simple obstinacy of will sustained her
Speech was a scourge to her sense of hearing
Taint of the hypocrisy which comes with shame
The devil trusts nobody
The divine afflatus of enthusiasm buoyed her no longer
They take fever for strength, and calmness for submission
Too weak to resist, to submit to an outrage quietly
Too well used to defeat to believe readily in victory
Was born on a hired bed
Watch, and wait
We are good friends till we quarrel again
We can bear to fall; we cannot afford to draw back
Went into endless invalid's laughter
Who shrinks from an hour that is suspended in doubt
Whole body of fanatics combined to precipitate the devotion
Why should these men take so much killing?
Will not admit the existence of a virtue in an opposite opinion

Women and men are in two hostile camps
You can master pain, but not doubt
Youth will not believe that stupidity and beauty can go together

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, V1 [GM#50][GM50V10.TXT]4444

A stew's a stew, and not a boiling to shreds
I can't think brisk out of my breeches
Kindness is kindness, all over the world
Learn all about them afterwards, ay, and make the best of them
To hope, and not be impatient, is really to believe
Unseemly hour--unbetimes

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, V2 [GM#51][GM51V10.TXT]4445

Attacked my conscience on the cowardly side
Days when you lay on your back and the sky rained apples
Dogmatic arrogance of a just but ignorant man
He put no question to anybody
I can pay clever gentlemen for doing Greek for me
Irony instead of eloquence
Simplicity is the keenest weapon
The most dangerous word of all--ja
There's ne'er a worse off but there's a better off
Vessel was conspiring to ruin our self-respect

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, V3 [GM#52][GM52V10.TXT]4446

He would neither retort nor defend himself
I laughed louder than was necessary
Tis the fashion to have our tattle done by machinery

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, V4 [GM#53][GM53V10.TXT]4447

Ask pardon of you, without excusing myself
Habit of antedating his sagacity
He thinks or he chews
If you kneel down, who will decline to put a foot on you?
It goes at the lifting of the bridegroom's little finger
Look within, and avoid lying
Mindless, he says, and arrogant

One who studies is not being a fool
The past is our mortal mother, no dead thing
The proper defence for a nation is its history
Then for us the struggle, for him the grief
They seem to me to be educated to conceal their education
We has long overshadowed "I"
Who beguiles so much as Self?

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, V5 [GM#54][GM54V10.TXT]4448

Decent insincerity
Discreet play with her eyelids in our encounters
Excellent is pride; but oh! be sure of its foundations
I do not defend myself ever
Nations at war are wild beasts
Only true race, properly so called, out of India--German
Some so-called laws of honour
They are little ironical laughter--Accidents
War is only an exaggerated form of duelling
Winter mornings are divine. They move on noiselessly

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, V6 [GM#55][GM55V10.TXT]4449

Banded the weariful shuttlecock of gallantry
Determine that the future is in our debt, and draw on it
Faith works miracles. At least it allows time for them
He whipped himself up to one of his oratorical frenzies
I was discontented, and could not speak my discontent
No Act to compel a man to deny what appears in the papers
Puns are the smallpox of the language
Stultification of one's feelings and ideas
They dare not. The more I dare, the less dare they
Too prompt, too full of personal relish of his point

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, V7 [GM#56][GM56V10.TXT]4450

All passed too swift for happiness
He clearly could not learn from misfortune
Intimations of cowardice menacing a paralysis of the will
Like a woman, who would and would not, and wanted a master
One in a temper at a time I'm sure 's enough
Simple affection must bear the strain of friendship if it can
Stand not in my way, nor follow me too far
Tension of the old links keeping us together

The thought stood in her eyes
They have not to speak to exhibit their minds
Tight grasps of the hand, in which there was warmth and shyness
To the rest of the world he was a progressive comedy
Was I true? Not so very false, yet how far from truth!
Who so intoxicated as the convalescent catching at health?

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, V8 [GM#57][GM57V10.TXT]4451

Absolute freedom could be the worst of perils
Add on a tired pipe after dark, and a sound sleep to follow
Allowed silly sensitiveness to prevent the repair
As little trouble as the heath when the woods are swept
Bade his audience to beware of princes
But the flower is a thing of the season; the flower drops off
But to strangle craving is indeed to go through a death
Is it any waste of time to write of love?
Not to do things wholly is worse than not to do things at all
Payment is no more so than to restore money held in trust
Self, was digging pits for comfort to flow in
Tears are the way of women and their comfort
The love that survives has strangled craving
The wretch who fears death dies multitudinously
There is more in men and women than the stuff they utter
Those who are rescued and made happy by circumstances
To kill the deer and be sorry for the suffering wretch is common
Twice a bad thing to turn sinners loose
What a man hates in adversity is to see 'faces'
What else is so consolatory to a ruined man?
Who shuns true friends flies fortune in the concrete
Would he see what he aims at? let him ask his heels
You may learn to know yourself through love

ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND, ENTIRE [GM#58][GM58V10.TXT]4452

A stew's a stew, and not a boiling to shreds
Absolute freedom could be the worst of perils
Add on a tired pipe after dark, and a sound sleep to follow
All passed too swift for happiness
Allowed silly sensitiveness to prevent the repair
As little trouble as the heath when the woods are swept
Ask pardon of you, without excusing myself
Attacked my conscience on the cowardly side
Bade his audience to beware of princes
Bandied the weariful shuttlecock of gallantry
But the flower is a thing of the season; the flower drops off
But to strangle craving is indeed to go through a death

Days when you lay on your back and the sky rained apples
Decent insincerity
Determine that the future is in our debt, and draw on it
Discreet play with her eyelids in our encounters
Dogmatic arrogance of a just but ignorant man
Excellent is pride; but oh! be sure of its foundations
Faith works miracles. At least it allows time for them
Habit of antedating his sagacity
He clearly could not learn from misfortune
He thinks or he chews
He would neither retort nor defend himself
He whipped himself up to one of his oratorical frenzies
He put no question to anybody
I can't think brisk out of my breeches
I can pay clever gentlemen for doing Greek for me
I do not defend myself ever
I was discontented, and could not speak my discontent
I laughed louder than was necessary
If you kneel down, who will decline to put a foot on you?
Intimations of cowardice menacing a paralysis of the will
Irony instead of eloquence
Is it any waste of time to write of love?
It goes at the lifting of the bridegroom's little finger
Kindness is kindness, all over the world
Learn all about them afterwards, ay, and make the best of them
Like a woman, who would and would not, and wanted a master
Look within, and avoid lying
Mindless, he says, and arrogant
Nations at war are wild beasts
No Act to compel a man to deny what appears in the papers
Not to do things wholly is worse than not to do things at all
One in a temper at a time I'm sure 's enough
One who studies is not being a fool
Only true race, properly so called, out of India--German
Payment is no more so than to restore money held in trust
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Too prompt, too full of personal relish of his point
Twice a bad thing to turn sinners loose
Unseemly hour--unbetimes
Vessel was conspiring to ruin our self-respect
War is only an exaggerated form of duelling
Was I true? Not so very false, yet how far from truth!
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What else is so consolatory to a ruined man?
Who beguiles so much as Self?
Who so intoxicated as the convalescent catching at health?
Who shuns true friends flies fortune in the concrete
Winter mornings are divine. They move on noiselessly
Would he see what he aims at? let him ask his heels
You may learn to know yourself through love

BEAUCHAMPS CAREER, V1 [GM#59][GM59V10.TXT]4453

A bone in a boy's mind for him to gnaw and worry
A kind of anchorage in case of indiscretion
A night that had shivered repose
Am I thy master, or thou mine?
An instinct labouring to supply the deficiencies of stupidity
And now came war, the purifier and the pestilence
And one gets the worst of it (in any bargain)
Anticipate opposition by initiating measures
Appetite to flourish at the cost of the weaker
As for titles, the way to defend them is to be worthy of them
Boys are unjust
Braggadocioing in deeds is only next bad to mouthing it
Calm fanaticism of the passion of love
Compassionate sentiments veered round to irate amazement
Despises the pomades and curling-irons of modern romance
Disqualification of constantly offending prejudices
Efforts to weary him out of his project were unsuccessful
Empty magnanimity which his uncle presented to him
Energy to something, that was not to be had in a market
Feminine pity, which is nearer to contempt than to tenderness
Fit of Republicanism in the nursery
Forewarn readers of this history that there is no plot in it

Haunted many pillows
He had expected romance, and had met merchandize
He was too much on fire to know the taste of absurdity
Holding to his work after the strain's over--That tells the man
Humour preserved her from excesses of sentiment
I cannot say less, and will say no more
Impudent boy's fling at superiority over the superior
In India they sacrifice the widows, in France the virgins
Incessantly speaking of the necessity we granted it unknowingly
Levelling a finger at the taxpayer
Men had not pleased him of late
Mental and moral neuters
Never was a word fitter for a quack's mouth than "humanity"
No case is hopeless till a man consents to think it is
Peace-party which opposed was the actual cause of the war
Peculiar subdued form of laughter through the nose
Play the great game of blunders
Please to be pathetic on that subject after I am wrinkled
Politics as well as the other diseases
Press, which had kindled, proceeded to extinguished
Presumptuous belief
Ready is the ardent mind to take footing on the last thing done
She was not, happily, one of the women who betray strong feeling
Shuns the statuesque pathetic, or any kind of posturing
Straining for common talk, and showing the strain
Style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation
The people always wait for the winner
The system is cursed by nature, and that means by heaven
The tragedy of the mirror is one for a woman to write
Times when an example is needed by brave men
Tongue flew, thought followed
We could row and ride and fish and shoot, and breed largely
We dare not be weak if we would
We were unarmed, and the spectacle was distressing
We're treated like old-fashioned ornaments!
You're talking to me, not to a gallery

BEAUCHAMPS CAREER, V2 [GM#60][GM60V10.TXT]4454

A dash of conventionalism makes the whole civilized world kin
Aimlessness of a woman's curiosity
All concessions to the people have been won from fear
Appealed to reason in them; he would not hear of convictions
Automatic creature is subject to the laws of its construction
Beautiful servicelessness
Canvassing means intimidation or corruption
Comfortable have to pay in occasional panics for the serenity
Consult the family means--waste your time
Convictions are generally first impressions
Country can go on very well without so much speech-making

Crazy zigzag of policy in almost every stroke (of history)
Dialectical stiffness
Effort to be reticent concerning Nevil, and communicative
Give our consciences to the keeping of the parsons
Hates a compromise
Man owes a duty to his class
Mark of a fool to take everybody for a bigger fool than himself
Martyrs of love or religion are madmen
Never pretend to know a girl by her face
No stopping the Press while the people have an appetite for it
Oratory will not work against the stream, or on languid tides
Parliament, is the best of occupations for idle men
Protestant clergy the social police of the English middle-class
The defensive is perilous policy in war
The family view is everlastingly the shopkeeper's
The infant candidate delights in his honesty
There is no first claim
There's nothing like a metaphor for an evasion
They're always having to retire and always hissing
Those happy men who enjoy perceptions without opinions
Those whose humour consists of a readiness to laugh
Threatened powerful drugs for weak stomachs
To beg the vote and wink the bribe
We can't hope to have what should be
We have a system, not planned but grown
World cannot pardon a breach of continuity

BEAUCHAMPS CAREER, V3 [GM#61][GM61V10.TXT]4455

A cloud of millinery shoots me off a mile from a woman
A string of pearls: a woman who goes beyond that's in danger
Admires a girl when there's no married woman or widow in sight
After forty, men have married their habits
An old spoiler of women is worse than one spoiled by them!
And never did a stroke of work in my life
Are we practical?' penetrates the bosom of an English audience
As to wit, the sneer is the cloak of clumsiness
Contemptuous exclusiveness could not go farther
Discover the writers in a day when all are writing!
Feigned utter condemnation to make partial comfort acceptable
Frozen vanity called pride, which does not seek to be revenged
Half-truth that we may put on the mask of the whole
Hopes of a coming disillusion that would restore him
How angry I should be with you if you were not so beautiful!
I can confess my sight to be imperfect: but will you ever do so?
If there's no doubt about it, how is it I have a doubt about it?
It is not high flying, which usually ends in heavy falling
Let none of us be so exalted above the wit of daily life
No heart to dare is no heart to love!
Oggler's genial piety made him shrink with nausea

Past fairness, vaguely like a snow landscape in the thaw
Planting the past in the present like a perceptible ghost
Pleasure-giving laws that make the curves we recognize as beauty
Practical or not, the good people affectingly wish to be
Shun comparisons
So the frog telleth tadpoles
Socially and politically mean one thing in the end
Story that she believed indeed, but had not quite sensibly felt
The critic that sneers
The language of party is eloquent
The slavery of the love of a woman chained
There may be women who think as well as feel; I don't know them
Trust no man Still, this man may be better than that man
Use your religion like a drug
Who cannot talk!--but who can?
Wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important
Women don't care uncommonly for the men who love them
You are not married, you are simply chained

BEAUCHAMPS CAREER, V4 [GM#62][GM62V10.TXT]4456

Alike believe that Providence is for them
Better for men of extremely opposite opinions not to meet
Convict it by instinct without the ceremony of a jury
Cowardice is even worse for nations than for individual men
Give our courage as hostage for the fulfilment of what we hope
Good maxim for the wrathful--speak not at all
Impossible for him to think that women thought
Leader accustomed to count ahead upon vapourish abstractions
Love, that has risen above emotion, quite independent of craving
Made of his creed a strait-jacket for humanity
Mankind is offended by heterodoxy in mean attire
May not one love, not craving to be beloved?
People with whom a mute conformity is as good as worship
Prayer for an object is the cajolery of an idol
Rebellion against society and advocacy of humanity run counter
Small things producing great consequences
That a mask is a concealment
The girl could not know her own mind, for she suited him exactly
The religion of this vast English middle-class--Comfort
The turn will come to us as to others--and go
Women must not be judging things out of their sphere

BEAUCHAMPS CAREER, V5 [GM#63][GM63V10.TXT]4457

A wound of the same kind that we are inflicting
Affectedly gentle and unusually roundabout opening

Carry a scene through in virtue's name and vice's mask
Cordiality of an extreme relief in leaving
Dark-eyed Renee was not beauty but attraction
Decline to practise hypocrisy
Fine eye for celestially directed consequences is ever haunted
Fretted by his relatives he cannot be much of a giant
Given up his brains for a lodging to a single idea
He never calculated on the happening of mortal accidents
He smoked, Lord Avonley said of the second departure
Heights of humour beyond laughter
Irony provoked his laughter more than fun
Irritability at the intrusion of past disputes
Led him to impress his unchangeableness upon her
Money's a chain-cable for holding men to their senses
On which does the eye linger longest--which draws the heart?
Once called her beautiful; his praise had given her beauty
Passion is not invariably love
People is one of your Radical big words that burst at a query
Scotchman's metaphysics; you know nothing clear
Their not caring to think at all
There is no step backward in life
They have their thinking done for them
They may know how to make themselves happy in their climate
Thirst for the haranguing of crowds
Too many time-servers rot the State
We are chiefly led by hope
Welcomed and lured on an adversary to wild outhitting
What ninnies call Nature in books

BEAUCHAMPS CAREER, V6 [GM#64][GM64V10.TXT]4458

A tear would have overcome him--She had not wept
Art of speaking on politics tersely
Death within which welcomed a death without
Dignity of sulking so seductive to the wounded spirit of man
Grief of an ill-fortuned passion of his youth
He lost the art of observing himself
Immense wealth and native obtuseness combine to disfigure us
Infallibility of our august mother
Inflicted no foretaste of her coming subjection to him
Love's a selfish business one has work in hand
No man has a firm foothold who pretends to it
Silence and such signs are like revelations in black night
The defensive is perilous policy in war
The greater wounds do not immediately convince us of our fate
The rider's too heavy for the horse in England
The weighty and the trivial contended
Their hearts are eaten up by property
Unanimous verdicts from a jury of temporary impressions
We do not see clearly when we are trying to deceive

Well, sir, we must sell our opium
Won't do to be taking in reefs on a lee-shore
Wooing a good man for his friendship

BEAUCHAMPS CAREER, V7 [GM#65][GM65V10.TXT]4459

And life said, Do it, and death said, To what end?
As fair play as a woman's lord could give her
Beauchamp's career
Dogs die more decently than we men
Dreads our climate and coffee too much to attempt the voyage
Had come to be her lover through being her husband
He bowed to facts
He condensed a paragraph into a line
He runs too much from first principles to extremes
I do not think Frenchmen comparable to the women of France
It would be hard! ay, then we do it forthwith
Making too much of it--a trick of the vulgar
More argument I cannot bear
None but fanatics, cowards, white-eyeballed dogmatists
Push indolent unreason to gain the delusion of happiness
Reproof of such supererogatory counsel
She had no longer anything to resent: she was obliged to weep
Slaves of the priests
The healthy only are fit to live
The world without him would be heavy matter
This girl was pliable only to service, not to grief
Virtue of impatience
We women can read men by their power to love
When he's a Christian instead of a Churchman
Where love exists there is goodness
Without a single intimation that he loathed the task
Wonderment that one of her sex should have ideas

BEAUCHAMPS CAREER, ENTIRE [GM#66][GM66V10.TXT]4460

A cloud of millinery shoots me off a mile from a woman
A kind of anchorage in case of indiscretion
A night that had shivered repose
A tear would have overcome him--She had not wept
A wound of the same kind that we are inflicting
A string of pearls: a woman who goes beyond that's in danger
A dash of conventionalism makes the whole civilized world kin
A bone in a boy's mind for him to gnaw and worry
Admires a girl when there's no married woman or widow in sight
Affectedly gentle and unusually roundabout opening
After forty, men have married their habits

Aimlessness of a woman's curiosity
Alike believe that Providence is for them
All concessions to the people have been won from fear
Am I thy master, or thou mine?
An instinct labouring to supply the deficiencies of stupidity
An old spoiler of women is worse than one spoiled by them!
And life said, Do it, and death said, To what end?
And never did a stroke of work in my life
And now came war, the purifier and the pestilence
And one gets the worst of it (in any bargain)
Anticipate opposition by initiating measures
Appealed to reason in them; he would not hear of convictions
Appetite to flourish at the cost of the weaker
Are we practical?' penetrates the bosom of an English audience
Art of speaking on politics tersely
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As to wit, the sneer is the cloak of clumsiness
As for titles, the way to defend them is to be worthy of them
Automatic creature is subject to the laws of its construction
Beauchamp's career
Beautiful servicelessness
Better for men of extremely opposite opinions not to meet
Boys are unjust
Braggadocioing in deeds is only next bad to mouthing it
Calm fanaticism of the passion of love
Canvassing means intimidation or corruption
Carry a scene through in virtue's name and vice's mask
Comfortable have to pay in occasional panics for the serenity
Compassionate sentiments veered round to irate amazement
Consult the family means--waste your time
Contemptuous exclusiveness could not go farther
Convict it by instinct without the ceremony of a jury
Convictions are generally first impressions
Cordiality of an extreme relief in leaving
Country can go on very well without so much speech-making
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Death within which welcomed a death without
Decline to practise hypocrisy
Despises the pomades and curling-irons of modern romance
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Discover the writers in a day when all are writing!
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Forewarn readers of this history that there is no plot in it
Fretted by his relatives he cannot be much of a giant
Frozen vanity called pride, which does not seek to be revenged
Give our courage as hostage for the fulfilment of what we hope
Give our consciences to the keeping of the parsons
Given up his brains for a lodging to a single idea
Good maxim for the wrathful--speak not at all
Grief of an ill-fortuned passion of his youth
Had come to be her lover through being her husband
Half-truth that we may put on the mask of the whole
Hates a compromise
Haunted many pillows
He was too much on fire to know the taste of absurdity
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He smoked, Lord Avonley said of the second departure
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Heights of humour beyond laughter
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Made of his creed a strait-jacket for humanity
Making too much of it--a trick of the vulgar
Man owes a duty to his class
Mankind is offended by heterodoxy in mean attire
Mark of a fool to take everybody for a bigger fool than himself

Martyrs of love or religion are madmen
May not one love, not craving to be beloved?
Men had not pleased him of late
Mental and moral neuters
Money's a chain-cable for holding men to their senses
More argument I cannot bear
Never was a word fitter for a quack's mouth than "humanity"
Never pretend to know a girl by her face
No heart to dare is no heart to love!
No case is hopeless till a man consents to think it is
No stopping the Press while the people have an appetite for it
No man has a firm foothold who pretends to it
None but fanatics, cowards, white-eyeballed dogmatists
Oggler's genial piety made him shrink with nausea
On which does the eye linger longest--which draws the heart?
Once called her beautiful; his praise had given her beauty
Oratory will not work against the stream, or on languid tides
Parliament, is the best of occupations for idle men
Passion is not invariably love
Past fairness, vaguely like a snow landscape in the thaw
Peace-party which opposed was the actual cause of the war
Peculiar subdued form of laughter through the nose
People with whom a mute conformity is as good as worship
People is one of your Radical big words that burst at a query
Planting the past in the present like a perceptible ghost
Play the great game of blunders
Please to be pathetic on that subject after I am wrinkled
Pleasure-giving laws that make the curves we recognize as beauty
Politics as well as the other diseases
Practical or not, the good people affectingly wish to be
Prayer for an object is the cajolery of an idol
Press, which had kindled, proceeded to extinguished
Presumptuous belief
Protestant clergy the social police of the English middle-class
Push indolent unreason to gain the delusion of happiness
Ready is the ardent mind to take footing on the last thing done
Rebellion against society and advocacy of humanity run counter
Reproof of such supererogatory counsel
Scotchman's metaphysics; you know nothing clear
She was not, happily, one of the women who betray strong feeling
She had no longer anything to resent: she was obliged to weep
Shun comparisons
Shuns the statuesque pathetic, or any kind of posturing
Silence and such signs are like revelations in black night
Slaves of the priests
Small things producing great consequences
So the frog telleth tadpoles
Socially and politically mean one thing in the end
Story that she believed indeed, but had not quite sensibly felt
Straining for common talk, and showing the strain
Style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation
That a mask is a concealment
The girl could not know her own mind, for she suited him exactly

The critic that sneers
The religion of this vast English middle-class--Comfort
The slavery of the love of a woman chained
The turn will come to us as to others--and go
The language of party is eloquent
The defensive is perilous policy in war
The healthy only are fit to live
The system is cursed by nature, and that means by heaven
The world without him would be heavy matter
The weighty and the trivial contended
The rider's too heavy for the horse in England
The greater wounds do not immediately convince us of our fate
The people always wait for the winner
The defensive is perilous policy in war
The family view is everlastingly the shopkeeper's
The infant candidate delights in his honesty
The tragedy of the mirror is one for a woman to write
Their hearts are eaten up by property
Their not caring to think at all
There is no step backward in life
There may be women who think as well as feel; I don't know them
There is no first claim
There's nothing like a metaphor for an evasion
They may know how to make themselves happy in their climate
They have their thinking done for them
They're always having to retire and always hissing
Thirst for the haranguing of crowds
This girl was pliable only to service, not to grief
Those whose humour consists of a readiness to laugh
Those happy men who enjoy perceptions without opinions
Threatened powerful drugs for weak stomachs
Times when an example is needed by brave men
To beg the vote and wink the bribe
Tongue flew, thought followed
Too many time-servers rot the State
Trust no man Still, this man may be better than that man
Unanimous verdicts from a jury of temporary impressions
Use your religion like a drug
Virtue of impatience
We do not see clearly when we are trying to deceive
We women can read men by their power to love
We could row and ride and fish and shoot, and breed largely
We dare not be weak if we would
We were unarmed, and the spectacle was distressing
We can't hope to have what should be
We have a system, not planned but grown
We are chiefly led by hope
We're treated like old-fashioned ornaments!
Welcomed and lured on an adversary to wild outhitting
Well, sir, we must sell our opium
What ninnies call Nature in books
When he's a Christian instead of a Churchman
Where love exists there is goodness

Who cannot talk!--but who can?
Without a single intimation that he loathed the task
Wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important
Women don't care uncommonly for the men who love them
Women must not be judging things out of their sphere
Won't do to be taking in reefs on a lee-shore
Wonderment that one of her sex should have ideas
Wooing a good man for his friendship
World cannot pardon a breach of continuity
You are not married, you are simply chained
You're talking to me, not to a gallery

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS, V1 [GM#67][GM67V10.TXT]4461

Barriers are for those who cannot fly
Be good and dull, and please everybody
Centres of polished barbarism known as aristocratic societies
Clotilde fenced, which is half a confession
Comparisons will thrust themselves on minds disordered
Compromise is virtual death
Conservative, whose astounded state paralyzes his wrath
Creatures that wait for circumstances to bring the change
Dissent rings out finely, and approval is a feeble murmur
Do you judge of heroes as of lesser men?
Empanelled to deliver verdicts upon the ways of women
Fantastical
Finishing touches to the negligence
Gone to pieces with an injured lover's babble
Gradations appear to be unknown to you
He had to go, he must, he has to be always going
He stormed her and consented to be beaten
His violent earnestness, his imperial self-confidence
I have learnt as much from light literature as from heavy
I would wait till he flung you off, and kneel to you
If you have this creative soul, be the slave of your creature
Imagination she has, for a source of strength in the future days
Looking on him was listening
Love the difficulty better than the woman
Metaphysician's treatise on Nature: a torch to see the sunrise
Music in Italy? Amorous and martial, brainless and monotonous
Not much esteem for non-professional actresses
Pact between cowardice and comfort under the title of expediency
Philosophy skimmed, and realistic romances deep-sounded
Polished barbarism
Scorned him for listening to the hesitations (hers)
She felt in him a maker of facts
Strength in love is the sole sincerity
The brainless in Art and in Statecraft
The way is clear: we have only to take the step
The worst of omens is delay

Time and strength run to waste in retarding the inevitable
Time is due to us, and the minutes are our gold slipping away
To have no sympathy with the playful mind is not to have a mind
Two wishes make a will
Venerated by his followers, well hated by his enemies
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
Win you--temperately, let us hope; by storm, if need be
World voluntarily opens a path to those who step determinedly

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS, V2 [GM#68][GM68V10.TXT]4462

Above all things I detest the writing for money
Beginning to have a movement to kiss the whip
Dignitary, and he passed under the bondage of that position
Giant Vanity urged Giant Energy to make use of Giant Duplicity
Hesitating strangeness that sometimes gathers during absences
His apparent cynicism is sheer irritability
I give my self, I do not sell
Night has little mercy for the self-reproachful
Not in a situation that could bear of her blaming herself
O for yesterday!
Professional widows
Self-consoled when they are not self-justified
Want of courage is want of sense
We shall not be rich--nor poor
Work of extravagance upon perceptibly plain matter

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS, V3 [GM#69][GM69V10.TXT]4463

A tragic comedian: that is, a grand pretender, a self-deceiver
At the age of forty, men that love love rootedly
Hosts of men are of the simple order of the comic
Men in love are children with their mistresses
Providence and her parents were not forgiven
She ran through delusion and delusion, exhausting each
Trick for killing time without hurting him
Weak souls are much moved by having the pathos on their side

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS, ENTIRE [GM#70][GM70V10.TXT]4464

A tragic comedian: that is, a grand pretender, a self-deceiver
Above all things I detest the writing for money
At the age of forty, men that love love rootedly
Barriers are for those who cannot fly

Be good and dull, and please everybody
Beginning to have a movement to kiss the whip
Centres of polished barbarism known as aristocratic societies
Clotilde fenced, which is half a confession
Comparisons will thrust themselves on minds disordered
Compromise is virtual death
Conservative, whose astounded state paralyzes his wrath
Creatures that wait for circumstances to bring the change
Dignitary, and he passed under the bondage of that position
Dissent rings out finely, and approval is a feeble murmur
Do you judge of heroes as of lesser men?
Empanelled to deliver verdicts upon the ways of women
Fantastical
Finishing touches to the negligence
Giant Vanity urged Giant Energy to make use of Giant Duplicity
Gone to pieces with an injured lover's babble
Gradations appear to be unknown to you
He had to go, he must, he has to be always going
He stormed her and consented to be beaten
Hesitating strangeness that sometimes gathers during absences
His violent earnestness, his imperial self-confidence
His apparent cynicism is sheer irritability
Hosts of men are of the simple order of the comic
I give my self, I do not sell
I have learnt as much from light literature as from heavy
I would wait till he flung you off, and kneel to you
If you have this creative soul, be the slave of your creature
Imagination she has, for a source of strength in the future days
Looking on him was listening
Love the difficulty better than the woman
Men in love are children with their mistresses
Metaphysician's treatise on Nature: a torch to see the sunrise
Music in Italy? Amorous and martial, brainless and monotonous
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Not much esteem for non-professional actresses
Not in a situation that could bear of her blaming herself
O for yesterday!
Pact between cowardice and comfort under the title of expediency
Philosophy skimmed, and realistic romances deep-sounded
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The brainless in Art and in Statecraft
Time is due to us, and the minutes are our gold slipping away
Time and strength run to waste in retarding the inevitable
To have no sympathy with the playful mind is not to have a mind

Trick for killing time without hurting him
Two wishes make a will
Venerated by his followers, well hated by his enemies
Want of courage is want of sense
We shall not be rich--nor poor
Weak souls are much moved by having the pathos on their side
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
Win you--temperately, let us hope; by storm, if need be
Work of extravagance upon perceptibly plain matter
World voluntarily opens a path to those who step determinedly

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS, V1 [GM#71][GM71V10.TXT]4465

A witty woman is a treasure; a witty Beauty is a power
At war with ourselves, means the best happiness we can have
Beauty is rare; luckily is it rare
Between love grown old and indifference ageing to love
But they were a hopeless couple, they were so friendly
Charitable mercifulness; better than sentimental ointment
Dedicated to the putrid of the upper circle
Dreaded as a scourge, hailed as a refreshment (Scandalsheet)
Elderly martyr for the advancement of his juniors
Favour can't help coming by rotation
Flashes bits of speech that catch men in their unguarded corner
For 'tis Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too
Get back what we give
Goodish sort of fellow; good horseman, good shot, good character
Grossly unlike in likeness (portraits)
He had by nature a tarnishing eye that cast discolouration
He had neat phrases, opinions in packets
He was not a weaver of phrases in distress
He's good from end to end, and beats a Christian hollow (a hog)
Her final impression likened him to a house locked up and empty
Herself, content to be dull if he might shine
His gaze and one of his ears, if not the pair, were given
How immensely nature seems to prefer men to women!
Human nature to feel an interest in the dog that has bitten you
I have and hold--you shall hunger and covet
Idea is the only vital breath
If I'm struck, I strike back
Inclined to act hesitation in accepting the aid she sought
Lengthened term of peace bred maggots in the heads of the people
Loathing for speculation
Mare would do, and better than a dozen horses
Matter that is not nourishing to brains
Music was resumed to confuse the hearing of the eavesdroppers
Needed support of facts, and feared them
O self! self! self!
Or where you will, so that's in Ireland
Our bravest, our best, have an impulse to run

Perused it, and did not recognize herself in her language
Pride in being always myself
Procrastination and excessive scrupulousness
Read deep and not be baffled by inconsistencies
Service of watering the dry and drying the damp (Whiskey)
She had a fatal attraction for antiques
She marries, and it's the end of her sparkling
Smart remarks have their measured distances
Something of the hare in us when the hounds are full cry
Swell and illuminate citizen prose to a princely poetic
That is life--when we dare death to live!
That's the natural shamrock, after the artificial
The burlesque Irishman can't be caricatured
The well of true wit is truth itself
They create by stoppage a volcano
This love they rattle about and rave about
Tooth that received a stone when it expected candy
We live alone, and do not much feel it till we are visited
Weather and women have some resemblance they say
What a woman thinks of women, is the test of her nature
Where she appears, the first person falls to second rank
You are entreated to repress alarm
You beat me with the fists, but my spirit is towering

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS, V2 [GM#72][GM72V10.TXT]4466

A kindly sense of superiority
By resisting, I made him a tyrant
Carry explosives and must particularly guard against sparks
Depending for dialogue upon perpetual fresh supplies of scandal
Dose he had taken was not of the sweetest
Friendship, I fancy, means one heart between two
He was the maddest of tyrants--a weak one
He, by insisting, made me a rebel
Her feelings--trustier guides than her judgement in this crisis
I do not see it, because I will not see it
Inducement to act the hypocrite before the hypocrite world
Insistency upon there being two sides to a case--to every case
Intrusion of the spontaneous on the stereotyped would clash
Irony that seemed to spring from aversion
It is the best of signs when women take to her
Mistaking of her desires for her reasons
Mutual deference
Never fell far short of outstripping the sturdy pedestrian Time
Observation is the most, enduring of the pleasures of life
One might build up a respectable figure in negatives
Openly treated; all had an air of being on the surface
Owner of such a woman, and to lose her!
Paint themselves pure white, to the obliteration of minor spots
Quixotry is agreeable reading, a silly performance

Real happiness is a state of dulness
Reluctant to take the life of flowers for a whim
Rewards, together with the expectations, of the virtuous
Sleepless night
Smoky receptacle cherishing millions
Terrible decree, that all must act who would prevail
Vowed never more to repeat that offence to his patience
Was not one of the order whose Muse is the Public Taste
Wife and no wife, a prisoner in liberty
Women are taken to be the second thoughts of the Creator
World is ruthless, dear friends, because the world is hypocrite
World prefers decorum to honesty
Yawns coming alarmingly fast, in the place of ideas

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS, V3 [GM#73][GM73V10.TXT]4467

Beautiful women in her position provoke an intemperateness
Capricious potentate whom they worship
Circumstances may combine to make a whisper as deadly as a blow
Compared the governing of the Irish to the management of a horse
Could have designed this gabbler for the mate
Debit was eloquent, he was unanswerable
Explaining of things to a dull head
Happy in privation and suffering if simply we can accept beauty
He gained much by claiming little
Her peculiar tenacity of the sense of injury
His ridiculous equanimity
Keep passion sober, a trotter in harness
Moral indignation is ever consolatory
Omnipotence, which is in the image of themselves
Strain to see in the utter dark, and nothing can come of that
Tendency to polysyllabic phraseology
The blindness of Fortune is her one merit
They have no sensitiveness, we have too much
Top and bottom sin is cowardice
Touch him with my hand, before he passed from our sight
We must fawn in society
We never see peace but in the features of the dead

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS, V4 [GM#74][GM74V10.TXT]4468

A high wind will make a dead leaf fly like a bird
Beware the silent one of an assembly!
Brittle is foredoomed
Common sense is the secret of every successful civil agitation
Its glee at a catastrophe; its poor stock of mercy
Money is of course a rough test of virtue

Salt of earth, to whom their salt must serve for nourishment
Sentimentality puts up infant hands for absolution
She herself did not like to be seen eating in public
Slightest taste for comic analysis that does not tumble to farce
The greed of gain is our volcano
The man had to be endured, like other doses in politics
Vagrant compassionateness of sentimentalists
What might have been
What the world says, is what the wind says
Without those consolatory efforts, useless between men

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS, V5 [GM#75][GM75V10.TXT]4469

Accidents are the specific for averting the maladies of age
Accounting for it, is not the same as excusing
Assist in our small sphere; not come mouthing to the footlights
Avoid the position that enforces publishing
Capacity for thinking should precede the act of writing
Chaste are wattled in formalism and throned in sourness
Could the best of men be simply--a woman's friend?
Enthusiasm has the privilege of not knowing monotony
Envy of the man of positive knowledge
Expectations dupe us, not trust
Externally soft and polished, internally hard and relentless
Fiddle harmonics on the sensual strings
Heart to keep guard and bury the bones you tossed him
Holding to the refusal, for the sake of consistency
I don't count them against women (moods)
I never knew till this morning the force of No in earnest
I wanted a hero
I'm in love with everything she wishes! I've got the habit
If he had valued you half a grain less, he might have won you
Infatuated men argue likewise, and scandal does not move them
It is the devil's masterstroke to get us to accuse him
Let never Necessity draw the bow of our weakness
Literature is a good stick and a bad horse
Material good reverses its benefits the more nearly we clasp it
Mistake of the world is to think happiness possible to the sense
Nothing is a secret that has been spoken
Nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by
Now far from him under the failure of an effort to come near
Our weakness is the swiftest dog to hunt us
Question the gain of such an expenditure of energy
Rare men of honour who can command their passion
Read with his eyes when you meet him this morning
Sham spiritualism
She had sunk her intelligence in her sensations
Sympathy is for proving, not prating
The debts we owe ourselves are the hardest to pay
Trial of her beauty of a woman in a temper

We don't know we are in halves
We're a peaceful people, but 'ware who touches us
Weighty little word--woman's native watchdog and guardian (No!)
When we despair or discolour things, it is our senses in revolt
Who can really think, and not think hopefully?
Who venerate when they love
With that I sail into the dark
Women with brains, moreover, are all heartless

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS, ENTIRE [GM#76][GM76V10.TXT]4470

A witty woman is a treasure; a witty Beauty is a power
A high wind will make a dead leaf fly like a bird
A kindly sense of superiority
Accidents are the specific for averting the maladies of age
Accounting for it, is not the same as excusing
Assist in our small sphere; not come mouthing to the footlights
At war with ourselves, means the best happiness we can have
Avoid the position that enforces publishing
Beautiful women in her position provoke an intemperateness
Beauty is rare; luckily is it rare
Between love grown old and indifference ageing to love
Beware the silent one of an assembly!
Brittle is foredoomed
But they were a hopeless couple, they were so friendly
By resisting, I made him a tyrant
Capacity for thinking should precede the act of writing
Capricious potentate whom they worship
Carry explosives and must particularly guard against sparks
Charitable mercifulness; better than sentimental ointment
Chaste are wattled in formalism and throned in sourness
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Common sense is the secret of every successful civil agitation
Compared the governing of the Irish to the management of a horse
Could have designed this gabbler for the mate
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Dedicated to the putrid of the upper circle
Depending for dialogue upon perpetual fresh supplies of scandal
Dose he had taken was not of the sweetest
Dreaded as a scourge, hailed as a refreshment (Scandalsheet)
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Flashes bits of speech that catch men in their unguarded corner

For 'tis Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too
Friendship, I fancy, means one heart between two
Get back what we give
Goodish sort of fellow; good horseman, good shot, good character
Grossly unlike in likeness (portraits)
Happy in privation and suffering if simply we can accept beauty
He was not a weaver of phrases in distress
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Money is of course a rough test of virtue
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Read with his eyes when you meet him this morning
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She had a fatal attraction for antiques
Sleepless night
Slightest taste for comic analysis that does not tumble to farce
Smart remarks have their measured distances
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Something of the hare in us when the hounds are full cry
Strain to see in the utter dark, and nothing can come of that
Swell and illuminate citizen prose to a princely poetic
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Weighty little word--woman's native watchdog and guardian (No!)
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With that I sail into the dark
Without those consolatory efforts, useless between men
Women are taken to be the second thoughts of the Creator
Women with brains, moreover, are all heartless
World is ruthless, dear friends, because the world is hypocrite
World prefers decorum to honesty
Yawns coming alarmingly fast, in the place of ideas
You beat me with the fists, but my spirit is towering
You are entreated to repress alarm

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS, V1 [GM#77][GM77V10.TXT]4471

Admiration of an enemy or oppressor doing great deeds
Aristocratic assumption of licence
But what is it we do (excepting cricket, of course)
Consent of circumstances
Continued trust in the man--is the alternative of despair
Critical fashion of intimates who know as well as hear
Despises hostile elements and goes unpunished
Dithyrambic inebriety of narration
Feminine; coming when she willed and flying when wanted
Fire smoothes the creases
Frankness as an armour over wariness
Half a dozen dozen left

Hard to bear, at times unbearable
Harem opinion of the unfitness of women
He neared her, wooing her; and she assented
He never acknowledged a trouble, he dispersed it
He prattled, in the happy ignorance of compulsion
He sinks terribly when he sinks at all
Heathen vindictiveness declaring itself holy
If we are really for Nature, we are not lawless
In bottle if not on draught (oratory)
In the pay of our doctors
Intrusion of hard material statements, facts
Kelts, as they are called, can't and won't forgive injuries
Man with a material object in aim, is the man of his object
Nature and Law never agreed
Nature's logic, Nature's voice, for self-defence
Next door to the Last Trump
Obeseness is the most sensitive of our ailments
Once out of the rutted line, you are food for lion and jackal
One wants a little animation in a husband
People of a provocative prosperity
Self-deceiver may be a persuasive deceiver of another
She was not his match--To speak would be to succumb
Slap and pinch and starve our appetites
Smallest of our gratifications in life could give a happy tone
Smothered in its pudding-bed of the grotesque (obesity)
Snuffle of hypocrisy in her prayer
State of feverish patriotism
Statistics are according to their conjurors
Subterranean recess for Nature against the Institutions of Man
Tale, which leaves the man's mind at home
The effects of the infinitely little
The old confession, that we cannot cook(The English)
They do not live; they are engines
They helped her to feel at home with herself
Thought of differences with him caused frightful apprehensions
Unshamed exuberant male has found the sweet reverse in his mate
We cannot relinquish an idea that was ours
We've all a parlous lot too much pulpit in us

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS, V2 [GM#78][GM78V10.TXT]4472

Ask not why, where reason never was
Cover of action as an escape from perplexity
Honest creatures who will not accept a lift from fiction
Judgeing of the destiny of man by the fate of individuals
Memory inspired by the sensations
Nature could at a push be eloquent to defend the guilty
Satirist too devotedly loves his lash to be a persuasive teacher
Slave of existing conventions
Startled by the criticism in laughter

The impalpable which has prevailing weight
There is little to be learnt when a little is known
They kissed coldly, pressed a hand, said good night
Who enjoyed simple things when commanding the luxuries

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS, V3 [GM#79][GM79V10.TXT]4473

Belief in the narrative by promoting nausea in the audience
Claim for equality puts an end to the priceless privileges
Consent to take life as it is
Dialogue between Nature and Circumstance
Dudley was not gifted to read behind words and looks
Exuberant anticipatory trustfulness
Fell to chatting upon the nothings agreeably and seriously
Greater our successes, the greater the slaves we become
He never explained
How Success derides Ambition!
If only been intellectually a little flexible in his morality
Naturally as deceived as he wished to be
Official wrath at sound of footfall or a fancied one
Optional marriages, broken or renewed every seven years
Pessimism is invulnerable
Repeatedly, in contempt of the disgust of iteration
Satirist is an executioner by profession
Semblance of a tombstone lady beside her lord
The banquet to be fervently remembered, should smoke
The homage we pay him flatters us
We must have some excuse, if we would keep to life

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS, V4 [GM#80][GM80V10.TXT]4474

All of us an ermined owl within us to sit in judgement
Cannot be any goodness unless it is a practiced goodness
Eminently servile is the tolerated lawbreaker
Half designingly permitted her trouble to be seen
Happy the woman who has not more to speak
If we are robbed, we ask, How came we by the goods?
Let but the throb be kept for others--That is the one secret
Love must needs be an egoism
Not to go hunting and fawning for alliances
Portrait of himself by the artist
Put into her woman's harness of the bit and the blinkers
Share of foulness to them that are for scouring the chamber
She disdained to question the mouth which had bitten her
The face of a stopped watch
The worst of it is, that we remember
To do nothing, is the wisdom of those who have seen fools perish

We have come to think we have a claim upon her gratitude
Whimpering fits you said we enjoy and must have in books

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS, V5 [GM#81][GM81V10.TXT]4475

An incomprehensible world indeed at the bottom and at the top
Arrest the enemy by vociferations of persistent prayer
Country prizing ornaments higher than qualities
Death is our common cloak; but Calamity individualizes
How little we mean to do harm when we do an injury
Nation's half made-up of the idle and the servants of the idle
No companionship save with the wound they nurse
Not always the right thing to do the right thing
The night went past as a year
Universal censor's angry spite

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS, ENTIRE [GM#82][GM82V10.TXT]4476

Admiration of an enemy or oppressor doing great deeds
All of us an ermined owl within us to sit in judgement
An incomprehensible world indeed at the bottom and at the top
Aristocratic assumption of licence
Arrest the enemy by vociferations of persistent prayer
Ask not why, where reason never was
Belief in the narrative by promoting nausea in the audience
But what is it we do (excepting cricket, of course)
Cannot be any goodness unless it is a practiced goodness
Claim for equality puts an end to the priceless privileges
Consent of circumstances
Consent to take life as it is
Continued trust in the man--is the alternative of despair
Country prizing ornaments higher than qualities
Cover of action as an escape from perplexity
Critical fashion of intimates who know as well as hear
Death is our common cloak; but Calamity individualizes
Despises hostile elements and goes unpunished
Dialogue between Nature and Circumstance
Dithyrambic inebriety of narration
Dudley was not gifted to read behind words and looks
Eminently servile is the tolerated lawbreaker
Exuberant anticipatory trustfulness
Fell to chatting upon the nothings agreeably and seriously
Feminine; coming when she willed and flying when wanted
Fire smoothes the creases
Frankness as an armour over wariness
Greater our successes, the greater the slaves we become
Half designingly permitted her trouble to be seen

Half a dozen dozen left
Happy the woman who has not more to speak
Hard to bear, at times unbearable
Harem opinion of the unfitness of women
He sinks terribly when he sinks at all
He never acknowledged a trouble, he dispersed it
He never explained
He neared her, wooing her; and she assented
He prattled, in the happy ignorance of compulsion
Heathen vindictiveness declaring itself holy
Honest creatures who will not accept a lift from fiction
How little we mean to do harm when we do an injury
How Success derides Ambition!
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Unshamed exuberant male has found the sweet reverse in his mate
We have come to think we have a claim upon her gratitude
We must have some excuse, if we would keep to life
We cannot relinquish an idea that was ours
We've all a parlous lot too much pulpit in us
Whimpering fits you said we enjoy and must have in books
Who enjoyed simple things when commanding the luxuries

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA, V1 [GM#83][GM83V10.TXT]4477

A female free-thinker is one of Satan's concubines
A free-thinker startles him as a kind of demon
All that Matey and Browny were forbidden to write they looked
Cajoled like a twenty-year-old yahoo at college
Could not understand enthusiasm for the schoolmaster's career
Curious thing would be if curious things should fail to happen
Few men can forbear to tell a spicy story of their friends
He began ambitiously--It's the way at the beginning
He loathed a skulker
I'm for a rational Deity
Loathing of artifice to raise emotion
Nevertheless, inclinations are an infidelity
Published Memoirs indicate the end of a man's activity
The despot is alert at every issue, to every chance
Things were lumpish and gloomy that day of the week
We shall want a war to teach the country the value of courage
You'll have to guess at half of everything he tells you

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

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA, V2 [GM#84][GM84V10.TXT]4478

A woman, and would therefore listen to nonsense
And not be beaten by an acknowledged defeat
Botched mendings will only make them worse
Convincing themselves that they impersonate sagacity
I have all the luxuries--enough to loathe them
Lawyers hold the keys of the great world
Naked original ideas, are acceptable at no time
Not daring risk of office by offending the taxpayer
This female talk of the eternities
To know how to take a licking, that wins in the end
To males, all ideas are female until they are made facts
We cannot, men or woman, control the heart in sleep at night
Who cries, Come on, and prays his gods you won't

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA, V3 [GM#85][GM85V10.TXT]4479

As well ask (women) how a battle-field concerns them!
Boys who can appreciate brave deeds are capable of doing them
Careful not to smell of his office
Chose to conceive that he thought abstractedly
Consign discussion to silence with the cynical closure
Convictions we store--wherewith to shape our destinies
Death is only the other side of the ditch
Didn't say a word No use in talking about feelings
Enthusiast, when not lyrical, is perilously near to boring
He took small account of the operations of the feelings
Her duel with Time
Hopeless task of defending a woman from a woman
I hate old age It changes you so
Ignorance roaring behind a mask of sarcasm
Men bore the blame, though the women were rightly punished
Never nurse an injury, great or small
No love can be without jealousy
Old age is a prison wall between us and young people
Orderliness, from which men are privately exempt
People were virtuous in past days: they counted their sinners
Professional Puritans
Regularity of the grin of dentistry
That pit of one of their dead silences
The beat of a heart with a dread like a shot in it
The good life gone lives on in the mind
The shots hit us behind you
The spending, never harvesting, world

The terrible aggregate social woman
Venus of nature was melting into a Venus of art

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA, V4 [GM#86][GM86V10.TXT]4480

A bird that won't roast or boil or stew
Acting is not of the high class which conceals the art
Ah! we fall into their fictions
Bad luck's not repeated every day Keep heart for the good
Began the game of Pull
By nature incapable of asking pardon
Consciousness of some guilt when vowing itself innocent
Having contracted the fatal habit of irony
He had to shake up wrath over his grievances
Her vehement fighting against facts
His aim to win the woman acknowledged no obstacle in the means
His restored sense of possession
How to compromise the matter for the sake of peace?
I could be in love with her cruelty, if only I had her near me
Men who believe that there is a virtue in imprecations
Not men of brains, but the men of aptitudes
Not the indignant and the frozen, but the genially indifferent
One is a fish to her hook; another a moth to her light
One night, and her character's gone
Passion added to a bowl of reason makes a sophist's mess
Policy seems to petrify their minds
Rage of a conceited schemer tricked
Respect one another's affectations
To time and a wife it is no disgrace for a man to bend
Uncommon unprogressiveness
When duelling flourished on our land, frail women powerful
Where heart weds mind, or nature joins intellect
With what little wisdom the world is governed

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA, V5 [GM#87][GM87V10.TXT]4481

Affected misapprehensions
Any excess pushes to craziness
Bad laws are best broken
Being in heart and mind the brother to the sister with women
Bounds of his intelligence closed their four walls
Boys, of course--but men, too!
But had sunk to climb on a firmer footing
Challenged him to lead up to her desired stormy scene
Could we--we might be friends
Death is always next door
Desire of it destroyed it

Detestable feminine storms enveloping men weak enough
Distaste for all exercise once pleasurable
Divided lovers in presence
Enthusiasm struck and tightened the loose chord of scepticism
Exult in imagination of an escape up to the moment of capture
Greatest of men; who have to learn from the loss of the woman
He gave a slight sign of restiveness, and was allowed to go
He had gone, and the day lived again for both of them
I look on the back of life
I married a cook She expects a big appetite
I want no more, except to be taught to work
If the world is hostile we are not to blame it
Increase of dissatisfaction with the more she got
Learn--principally not to be afraid of ideas
Look well behind
Lucky accidents are anticipated only by fools
Magnify an offence in the ratio of our vanity
Man who helps me to read the world and men as they are
Meant to vanquish her with the dominating patience
Napoleon's treatment of women is excellent example
Necessity's offspring
One has to feel strong in a delicate position
Our love and labour are constantly on trial
Perhaps inspire him, if he would let her breathe
Person in another world beyond this world of blood
Practical for having an addiction to the palpable
Screams of an uninjured lady
Selfishness and icy inaccessibility to emotion
She had a thirsting mind
She had to be the hypocrite or else--leap
Silence was doing the work of a scourge
Smile she had in reserve for serviceable persons
Snatch her from a possessor who forfeited by undervaluing her
So says the minute Years are before you
The next ten minutes will decide our destinies
The woman side of him
There are women who go through life not knowing love
There is no history of events below the surface
They want you to show them what they 'd like the world to be
Things are not equal
Titles showered on the women who take free breath of air
Violent summons to accept, which is a provocation to deny
We don't go together into a garden of roses
Why he enjoyed the privilege of seeing, and was not beside her
Women are happier enslaved
World against us It will not keep us from trying to serve
Years are the teachers of the great rocky natures

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Snatch her from a possessor who forfeited by undervaluing her
So says the minute Years are before you
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The despot is alert at every issue, to every chance
The spending, never harvesting, world
The shots hit us behind you
The terrible aggregate social woman
The next ten minutes will decide our destinies
The woman side of him
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The beat of a heart with a dread like a shot in it
There is no history of events below the surface
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They want you to show them what they 'd like the world to be
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This female talk of the eternities
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Where heart weds mind, or nature joins intellect
Who cries, Come on, and prays his gods you won't
Why he enjoyed the privilege of seeing, and was not beside her
With what little wisdom the world is governed
Women are happier enslaved
World against us It will not keep us from trying to serve
Years are the teachers of the great rocky natures
You'll have to guess at half of everything he tells you
You're going to be men, meaning something better than women

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE, V1[GM#89][GM89V10.TXT]4483

Accounting his tight blue tail coat and brass buttons a victory
Amused after their tiresome work of slaughter
And her voice, against herself, was for England
As for comparisons, they are flowers thrown into the fire
As if the age were the injury!
Brains will beat Grim Death if we have enough of them
But a great success is full of temptations

Could affect me then, without being flung at me
Country enclosed us to make us feel snug in our own importance
Did not know the nature of an oath, and was dismissed
Dogs' eyes have such a sick look of love
Drank to show his disdain of its powers
Earl of Cressett fell from his coach-box in a fit
Father used to say, four hours for a man, six for a woman
Fond, as they say, of his glass and his girl
Found that he 'cursed better upon water'
Good-bye to sorrow for a while--Keep your tears for the living
Had got the trick of lying, through fear of telling the truth
Hard enough for a man to be married to a fool
He was a figure on a horse, and naught when off it
Her intimacy with a man old enough to be her grandfather
I hate sleep: I hate anything that robs me of my will
Innocence and uncleanness may go together
It was an honest buss, but dear at ten thousand
Limit was two bottles of port wine at a sitting
Little boy named Tommy Wedger said he saw a dead body go by
Mighty Highnesses who had only smelt the outside edge of battle
No enemy's shot is equal to a weak heart in the act
Not afford to lose, and a disposition free of the craving to win
Past, future, and present, the three weights upon humanity
Put material aid at a lower mark than gentleness
Puzzle to connect the foregoing and the succeeding
Seventy, when most men are reaping and stacking their sins
Should we leave a good deed half done
Showery, replied the admiral, as his cocked-hat was knocked off
So indulgent when they drop their blot on a lady's character
So much for morality in those days!
Steady shakes them
Sweetest on earth to her was to be prized by her brother
They could have pardoned her a younger lover
Thus are we stricken by the days of our youth
Truth is, they have taken a stain from the life they lead
Very little parleying between determined men
Warm, is hardly the word--Winter's warm on skates
Woman finds herself on board a rudderless vessel
Writer society delights in, to show what it is composed of
You are to imagine that they know everything
You saw nothing but handkerchiefs out all over the theatre

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE, V2[GM#90][GM90V10.TXT]4484

Cock-sure has crowed low by sunset
Drink is their death's river, rolling them on helpless
Father and she were aware of one another without conversing
Fun, at any cost, is the one object worth a shot
He was the prisoner of his word
Heartily she thanked the girl for the excuse to cry

Hearts that make one soul do not separately count their gifts
Life is the burlesque of young dreams
Make a girl drink her tears, if they ain't to be let fall
On a morning when day and night were made one by fog
Poetic romance is delusion
Push me to condense my thoughts to a tight ball
She endured meekly, when there was no meekness
She seemed really a soaring bird brought down by the fowler
She stood with a dignity that the word did not express
There is no driver like stomach
Touch sin and you accommodate yourself to its vileness
You played for gain, and that was a licenced thieving

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE, V3[GM#91][GM91V10.TXT]4485

Always the shout for more produced it ("News")
Anecdotalist to slaughter families for the amusement
Call of the great world's appetite for more (Invented news)
Enemy's laugh is a bugle blown in the night
He wants the whip; ought to have had it regularly
Magnificent in generosity; he had little humaneness
She was thrust away because because he had offended
Women treat men as their tamed housemates

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE, V4[GM#92][GM92V10.TXT]4486

Be the woman and have the last word!
Charity that supplied the place of justice was not thanked
Courage to grapple with his pride and open his heart was wanting
Deeds only are the title
Detested titles, invented by the English
He did not vastly respect beautiful women
Look backward only to correct an error of conduct in future
Meditations upon the errors of the general man, as a cover
Not to be the idol, to have an aim of our own
Objects elevated even by a decayed world have their magnetism
One idea is a bullet
Quick to understand, she is in the quick of understanding
Religion is the one refuge from women
Scorn titles which did not distinguish practical offices
The divinely damnable naked truth won't wear ornaments
The embraced respected woman
The habit of the defensive paralyzes will
The idol of the hour is the mob's wooden puppet
Their sneer withers
Tighter than ever I was tight I'll be to-night
With one idea, we see nothing--nothing but itself

You want me to flick your indecision

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE, V5[GM#93][GM93V10.TXT]4487

A dumb tongue can be a heavy liar
Advised not to push at a shut gate
As faith comes--no saying how; one swears by them
Bent double to gather things we have tossed away
Contempt of military weapons and ridicule of the art of war
Everlastingly in this life the better pays for the worse
Fatal habit of superiority stopped his tongue
Festive board provided for them by the valour of their fathers
Flung him, pitied him, and passed on
Foe can spoil my face; he beats me if he spoils my temper
He had wealth for a likeness of strength
Himself in the worn old surplice of the converted rake
Ideas in gestation are the dullest matter you can have
Injury forbids us to be friends again
Lies are usurers' coin we pay for ten thousand per cent
Love of pleasure keeps us blind children
Never forgave an injury without a return blow for it
Pebble may roll where it likes--not so the costly jewel
Reflection upon a statement is its lightning in advance
Religion condones offences: Philosophy has no forgiveness
Sensitiveness to the sting, which is not allowed to poison
Strengthening the backbone for a bend of the knee in calamity
Style is the mantle of greatness
That sort of progenitor is your "permanent aristocracy"
There's not an act of a man's life lies dead behind him
Those who have the careless chatter, the ready laugh
Those who know little and dread much
To most men women are knaves or ninnies
Wakening to the claims of others--Youth's infant conscience
We make our taskmasters of those to whom we have done a wrong
We shall go together; we shall not have to weep for one another
Wooing her with dog's eyes instead of words

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE, ENTIRE [GM#94][GM94V10.TXT]4488

A dumb tongue can be a heavy liar
Accounting his tight blue tail coat and brass buttons a victory
Advised not to push at a shut gate
Always the shout for more produced it ("News")
Amused after their tiresome work of slaughter
And her voice, against herself, was for England
Anecdotalist to slaughter families for the amusement
As faith comes--no saying how; one swears by them

As for comparisons, they are flowers thrown into the fire
As if the age were the injury!
Be the woman and have the last word!
Bent double to gather things we have tossed away
Brains will beat Grim Death if we have enough of them
But a great success is full of temptations
Call of the great world's appetite for more (Invented news)
Charity that supplied the place of justice was not thanked
Cock-sure has crowed low by sunset
Contempt of military weapons and ridicule of the art of war
Could affect me then, without being flung at me
Country enclosed us to make us feel snug in our own importance
Courage to grapple with his pride and open his heart was wanting
Deeds only are the title
Detested titles, invented by the English
Did not know the nature of an oath, and was dismissed
Dogs' eyes have such a sick look of love
Drank to show his disdain of its powers
Drink is their death's river, rolling them on helpless
Earl of Cressett fell from his coach-box in a fit
Enemy's laugh is a bugle blown in the night
Everlastingly in this life the better pays for the worse
Fatal habit of superiority stopped his tongue
Father used to say, four hours for a man, six for a woman
Father and she were aware of one another without conversing
Festive board provided for them by the valour of their fathers
Flung him, pitied him, and passed on
Foe can spoil my face; he beats me if he spoils my temper
Fond, as they say, of his glass and his girl
Found that he 'cursed better upon water'
Fun, at any cost, is the one object worth a shot
Good-bye to sorrow for a while--Keep your tears for the living
Had got the trick of lying, through fear of telling the truth
Hard enough for a man to be married to a fool
He did not vastly respect beautiful women
He was a figure on a horse, and naught when off it
He had wealth for a likeness of strength
He wants the whip; ought to have had it regularly
He was the prisoner of his word
Heartily she thanked the girl for the excuse to cry
Hearts that make one soul do not separately count their gifts
Her intimacy with a man old enough to be her grandfather
Himself in the worn old surplice of the converted rake
I hate sleep: I hate anything that robs me of my will
Ideas in gestation are the dullest matter you can have
Injury forbids us to be friends again
Innocence and uncleanness may go together
It was an honest buss, but dear at ten thousand
Lies are usurers' coin we pay for ten thousand per cent
Life is the burlesque of young dreams
Limit was two bottles of port wine at a sitting
Little boy named Tommy Wedger said he saw a dead body go by
Look backward only to correct an error of conduct in future

Love of pleasure keeps us blind children
Magnificent in generosity; he had little humaneness
Make a girl drink her tears, if they ain't to be let fall
Meditations upon the errors of the general man, as a cover
Mighty Highnesses who had only smelt the outside edge of battle
Never forgave an injury without a return blow for it
No enemy's shot is equal to a weak heart in the act
Not afford to lose, and a disposition free of the craving to win
Not to be the idol, to have an aim of our own
Objects elevated even by a decayed world have their magnetism
On a morning when day and night were made one by fog
One idea is a bullet
Past, future, and present, the three weights upon humanity
Pebble may roll where it likes--not so the costly jewel
Poetic romance is delusion
Push me to condense my thoughts to a tight ball
Put material aid at a lower mark than gentleness
Puzzle to connect the foregoing and the succeeding
Quick to understand, she is in the quick of understanding
Reflection upon a statement is its lightning in advance
Religion condones offences: Philosophy has no forgiveness
Religion is the one refuge from women
Scorn titles which did not distinguish practical offices
Sensitiveness to the sting, which is not allowed to poison
Seventy, when most men are reaping and stacking their sins
She seemed really a soaring bird brought down by the fowler
She was thrust away because because he had offended
She stood with a dignity that the word did not express
She endured meekly, when there was no meekness
Should we leave a good deed half done
Showery, replied the admiral, as his cocked-hat was knocked off
So much for morality in those days!
So indulgent when they drop their blot on a lady's character
Steady shakes them
Strengthening the backbone for a bend of the knee in calamity
Style is the mantle of greatness
Sweetest on earth to her was to be prized by her brother
That sort of progenitor is your "permanent aristocracy"
The habit of the defensive paralyzes will
The embraced respected woman
The idol of the hour is the mob's wooden puppet
The divinely damnable naked truth won't wear ornaments
Their sneer withers
There is no driver like stomach
There's not an act of a man's life lies dead behind him
They could have pardoned her a younger lover
Those who have the careless chatter, the ready laugh
Those who know little and dread much
Thus are we stricken by the days of our youth
Tighter than ever I was tight I'll be to-night
To most men women are knaves or ninnies
Touch sin and you accommodate yourself to its vileness
Truth is, they have taken a stain from the life they lead

Very little parleying between determined men
Wakening to the claims of others--Youth's infant conscience
Warm, is hardly the word--Winter's warm on skates
We make our taskmasters of those to whom we have done a wrong
We shall go together; we shall not have to weep for one another
With one idea, we see nothing--nothing but itself
Woman finds herself on board a rudderless vessel
Women treat men as their tamed housemates
Wooing her with dog's eyes instead of words
Writer society delights in, to show what it is composed of
You played for gain, and that was a licenced thieving
You saw nothing but handkerchiefs out all over the theatre
You are to imagine that they know everything
You want me to flick your indecision

CELT AND SAXON, V1 [GM#95][GM95V10.TXT]4489

A contented Irishman scarcely seems my countryman
A country of compromise goes to pieces at the first cannon-shot
A lady's company-smile
A superior position was offered her by her being silent
And it's one family where the dog is pulled by the collar
Arch-devourer Time
As if she had never heard him previously enunciate the formula
As secretive as they are sensitive
Be politic and give her elbow-room for her natural angles
Becoming air of appropriation that made it family history
Constitutionally discontented
Decency's a dirty petticoat in the Garden of Innocence
England's the foremost country of the globe
Enjoys his luxuries and is ashamed of his laziness
Fires in the grates went through the ceremony of warming nobody
Foist on you their idea of your idea at the moment
Grimaces at a government long-nosed to no purpose
He judged of others by himself
Hear victorious lawlessness appealing solemnly to God the law
Her aspect suggested the repose of a winter landscape
Here, where he both wished and wished not to be
I'm the warming pan, as legitimately I should be
I detest enthusiasm
I never saw out of a doll-shop, and never saw there
Indirect communication with heaven
Ireland 's the sore place of England
Irishman there is a barrow trolling a load of grievances
Irony in him is only eulogy standing on its head
Lack of precise words admonished him of the virtue of silence
Married at forty, and I had to take her shaped as she was
Men must fight: the law is only a quieter field for them
Mika! you did it in cold blood?
No man can hear the words which prove him a prophet (quietly)

Not so much read a print as read the imprinting on themselves
Not to bother your wits, but leave the puzzle to the priest
Old houses are doomed to burnings
Our lawyers have us inside out, like our physicians
Philip was a Spartan for keeping his feelings under
Taste a wound from the lightest touch, and they nurse the venom
That fiery dragon, a beautiful woman with brains
The race is for domestic peace, my boy
We're all of us hit at last, and generally by our own weapon
We're smitten to-day in our hearts and our pockets
Welsh blood is queer blood
Where one won't and can't, poor t' other must
Winds of panic are violently engaged in occupying the vacuum
With a frozen fish of admirable principles for wife
Withdrew into the entrenchments of contempt
You'll tell her you couldn't sit down in her presence undressed

CELT AND SAXON, V2 [GM#96][GM96V10.TXT]4490

A whisper of cajolery in season is often the secret
Ah! we're in the enemy's country now
Beautiful women may believe themselves beloved
Could peruse platitudes upon that theme with enthusiasm
Foamy top is offered and gulped as equivalent to an idea
Hard men have sometimes a warm affection for dogs
He was not alive for his own pleasure
Hug the hatred they packed up among their bundles
I baint done yet
Irishmen will never be quite sincere
Loudness of the interrogation precluded thought of an answer
Love the children of Erin, when not fretted by them
Loves his poets, can almost understand what poetry means
May lull themselves with their wakefulness
Never forget that old Ireland is weeping
Not every chapter can be sunshine
Not likely to be far behind curates in besieging an heiress
Not the great creatures we assume ourselves to be
Nursing of a military invalid awakens tenderer anxieties
Paying compliments and spoiling a game!
Secret of the art was his meaning what he said
Suggestion of possible danger might more dangerous than silence
Tears of men sink plummet-deep
Tears of such a man have more of blood than of water in them
They laugh, but they laugh extinguishingly
Time, whose trick is to turn corners of unanticipated sharpness
Twisted by a nature that would not allow of open eyes
With death; we'd rather not, because of a qualm
Woman's precious word No at the sentinel's post, and alert
Would like to feel he was doing a bit of good

A country of compromise goes to pieces at the first cannon-shot
A lady's company-smile
A superior position was offered her by her being silent
A whisper of cajolery in season is often the secret
A contented Irishman scarcely seems my countryman
Ah! we're in the enemy's country now
And it's one family where the dog is pulled by the collar
Arch-devourer Time
As secretive as they are sensitive
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Twisted by a nature that would not allow of open eyes
We're all of us hit at last, and generally by our own weapon
We're smitten to-day in our hearts and our pockets
Welsh blood is queer blood
Where one won't and can't, poor t' other must
Winds of panic are violently engaged in occupying the vacuum
With a frozen fish of admirable principles for wife
With death; we'd rather not, because of a qualm
Withdrew into the entrenchments of contempt
Woman's precious word No at the sentinel's post, and alert
Would like to feel he was doing a bit of good
You'll tell her you couldn't sit down in her presence undressed

FARINA [GM#98][GM98V10.TXT]4492

A generous enemy is a friend on the wrong side
All are friends who sit at table
Be what you seem, my little one
Bed was a rock of refuge and fortified defence
Civil tongue and rosy smiles sweeten even sour wine
Dangerous things are uttered after the third glass
Everywhere the badge of subjection is a poor stomach
Face betokening the perpetual smack of lemon
Gratitude never was a woman's gift
It was harder to be near and not close
Loving in this land: they all go mad, straight off
Never reckon on womankind for a wise act
Self-incense
Sign that the evil had reached from pricks to pokes
So are great deeds judged when the danger's past (as easy)
Soft slumber of a strength never yet called forth

Suspicion was her best witness
Sweet treasure before which lies a dragon sleeping
We like well whatso we have done good work for
Weak reeds who are easily vanquished and never overcome
Weak stomach is certainly more carnally virtuous than a full one
Wins everywhere back a reflection of its own kindliness

CASE OF GENERAL OPEL [GM#99][GM99V10.TXT]4493

Can believe a woman to be any age when her cheeks are tinted
Modest are the most easily intoxicated when they sip at vanity
Nature is not of necessity always roaring
Only to be described in the tongue of auctioneers
Respected the vegetable yet more than he esteemed the flower
She seems honest, and that is the most we can hope of girls
Spare me that word "female" as long as you live
The mildness of assured dictatorship
When we see our veterans tottering to their fall

THE TALE OF CHLOE [GM#100][GN00V10.TXT]4494

All flattery is at somebody's expense
Be philosophical, but accept your personal dues
But I leave it to you
Distrust us, and it is a declaration of war
Happiness in love is a match between ecstasy and compliance
If I do not speak of payment
Intellectual contempt of easy dupes
Invite indecision to exhaust their scruples
Is not one month of brightness as much as we can ask for?
No flattery for me at the expense of my sisters
Nothing desirable will you have which is not coveted
Primitive appetite for noise
She might turn out good, if well guarded for a time
The alternative is, a garter and the bedpost
They miss their pleasure in pursuing it
This mania of young people for pleasure, eternal pleasure
Wits, which are ordinarily less productive than land

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH [GM#101][GN01V10.TXT]4495

Adversary at once offensive and helpless provokes brutality
Causes him to be popularly weighed
Distinguished by his not allowing himself to be provoked

Eccentric behaviour in trifles
Excited, glad of catastrophe if it but killed monotony
Generally he noticed nothing
Good jokes are not always good policy
I make a point of never recommending my own house
Indulged in their privilege of thinking what they liked
Infants are said to have their ideas, and why not young ladies?
Lend him your own generosity
Men love to boast of things nobody else has seen
Naughtily Australian and kangarooly
Not in love--She was only not unwilling to be in love
Rich and poor 's all right, if I'm rich and you're poor
She began to feel that this was life in earnest
She dealt in the flashes which connect ideas
She sought, by looking hard, to understand it better
Sunning itself in the glass of Envy
That which fine cookery does for the cementing of couples
The intricate, which she takes for the infinite
Tossed him from repulsion to incredulity, and so back
Two principal roads by which poor sinners come to a conscience

THE GENTLEMAN OF FIFTY [GM#102][GN02V10.TXT]4496

A wise man will not squander his laughter if he can help it
A woman is hurt if you do not confide to her your plans
Gentleman in a good state of preservation
Imparting the usual chorus of yesses to his own mind
In every difficulty, patience is a life-belt
Knew my friend to be one of the most absent-minded of men
Rapture of obliviousness
Telling her anything, she makes half a face in anticipation
When you have done laughing with her, you can laugh at her

THE SENTIMENTALISTS(PLAY) [GM#103][GN03V10.TXT]4497

A great oration may be a sedative
A male devotee is within an inch of a miracle
Above Nature, I tell him, or, we shall be very much below
As in all great oratory! The key of it is the pathos
Back from the altar to discover that she has chained herself
Cupid clipped of wing is a destructive parasite
Excess of a merit is a capital offence in morality
His idea of marriage is, the taking of the woman into custody
I am a discordant instrument I do not readily vibrate
I like him, I like him, of course, but I want to breathe
I who respect the state of marriage by refusing
Love and war have been compared--Both require strategy

Peace, I do pray, for the husband-haunted wife
Period of his life a man becomes too voraciously constant
Pitiful conceit in men
Rejoicing they have in their common agreement
Self-worship, which is often self-distrust
Suspects all young men and most young women
Their idol pitched before them on the floor
Were I chained, For liberty I would sell liberty
Woman descending from her ideal to the gross reality of man
Your devotion craves an enormous exchange

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE [GM#104][GN04V10.TXT]4498

A very doubtful benefit
Americans forgivingly remember, without mentioning
As becomes them, they do not look ahead
Charges of cynicism are common against all satirists
Fourth of the Georges
Here and there a plain good soul to whom he was affectionate
Holy images, and other miraculous objects are sold
It is well to learn manners without having them imposed on us
Men overweeningly in love with their creations
Must be the moralist in the satirist if satire is to strike
Not a page of his books reveals malevolence or a sneer
Petty concessions are signs of weakness to the unsatisfied
Statesman who stooped to conquer fact through fiction
The social world he looked at did not show him heroes
The exhaustion ensuing we named tranquillity
Utterance of generous and patriotic cries is not sufficient
We trust them or we crush them
We grew accustomed to periods of Irish fever

THE ENTIRE SHORT WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH [GM#105][GN05V10.TXT]4499

A wise man will not squander his laughter if he can help it
A woman is hurt if you do not confide to her your plans
A generous enemy is a friend on the wrong side
A very doubtful benefit
A great oration may be a sedative
A male devotee is within an inch of a miracle
Above Nature, I tell him, or, we shall be very much below
Adversary at once offensive and helpless provokes brutality
All are friends who sit at table
All flattery is at somebody's expense
Americans forgivingly remember, without mentioning
As becomes them, they do not look ahead
As in all great oratory! The key of it is the pathos
Back from the altar to discover that she has chained herself

Be what you seem, my little one
Be philosophical, but accept your personal dues
Bed was a rock of refuge and fortified defence
But I leave it to you
Can believe a woman to be any age when her cheeks are tinted
Causes him to be popularly weighed
Charges of cynicism are common against all satirists
Civil tongue and rosy smiles sweeten even sour wine
Cupid clipped of wing is a destructive parasite
Dangerous things are uttered after the third glass
Distinguished by his not allowing himself to be provoked
Distrust us, and it is a declaration of war
Eccentric behaviour in trifles
Everywhere the badge of subjection is a poor stomach
Excess of a merit is a capital offence in morality
Excited, glad of catastrophe if it but killed monotony
Face betokening the perpetual smack of lemon
Fourth of the Georges
Generally he noticed nothing
Gentleman in a good state of preservation
Good jokes are not always good policy
Gratitude never was a woman's gift
Happiness in love is a match between ecstasy and compliance
Here and there a plain good soul to whom he was affectionate
His idea of marriage is, the taking of the woman into custody
Holy images, and other miraculous objects are sold
I who respect the state of marriage by refusing
I make a point of never recommending my own house
I like him, I like him, of course, but I want to breathe
I am a discordant instrument I do not readily vibrate
If I do not speak of payment
Imparting the usual chorus of yesses to his own mind
In every difficulty, patience is a life-belt
Indulged in their privilege of thinking what they liked
Infants are said to have their ideas, and why not young ladies?
Intellectual contempt of easy dupes
Invite indecision to exhaust their scruples
Is not one month of brightness as much as we can ask for?
It was harder to be near and not close
It is well to learn manners without having them imposed on us
Knew my friend to be one of the most absent-minded of men
Lend him your own generosity
Love and war have been compared--Both require strategy
Loving in this land: they all go mad, straight off
Men love to boast of things nobody else has seen
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Primitive appetite for noise
Rapture of obliviousness
Rejoicing they have in their common agreement
Respected the vegetable yet more than he esteemed the flower
Rich and poor 's all right, if I'm rich and you're poor
Self-incense
Self-worship, which is often self-distrust
She seems honest, and that is the most we can hope of girls
She sought, by looking hard, to understand it better
She might turn out good, if well guarded for a time
She began to feel that this was life in earnest
She dealt in the flashes which connect ideas
Sign that the evil had reached from pricks to pokes
So are great deeds judged when the danger's past (as easy)
Soft slumber of a strength never yet called forth
Spare me that word "female" as long as you live
Statesman who stooped to conquer fact through fiction
Sunning itself in the glass of Envy
Suspects all young men and most young women
Suspicion was her best witness
Sweet treasure before which lies a dragon sleeping
Telling her anything, she makes half a face in anticipation
That which fine cookery does for the cementing of couples
The intricate, which she takes for the infinite
The social world he looked at did not show him heroes
The alternative is, a garter and the bedpost
The exhaustion ensuing we named tranquillity
The mildness of assured dictatorship
Their idol pitched before them on the floor
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This mania of young people for pleasure, eternal pleasure
Tossed him from repulsion to incredulity, and so back
Two principal roads by which poor sinners come to a conscience
Utterance of generous and patriotic cries is not sufficient
We grew accustomed to periods of Irish fever
We like well whatso we have done good work for
We trust them or we crush them
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Weak stomach is certainly more carnally virtuous than a full one
Were I chained, For liberty I would sell liberty
When we see our veterans tottering to their fall
When you have done laughing with her, you can laugh at her
Wins everywhere back a reflection of its own kindliness
Wits, which are ordinarily less productive than land
Woman descending from her ideal to the gross reality of man
Your devotion craves an enormous exchange

A young philosopher's an old fool!
A string of pearls: a woman who goes beyond that's in danger
A wound of the same kind that we are inflicting
A sixpence kindly meant is worth any crown-piece that's grudged
A share of pity for the objects she despised
A style of affable omnipotence about the wise youth
A dumb tongue can be a heavy liar
A male devotee is within an inch of a miracle
A night that had shivered repose
A madman gets madder when you talk reason to him
A youth who is engaged in the occupation of eating his heart
A bone in a boy's mind for him to gnaw and worry
A kindly sense of superiority
A high wind will make a dead leaf fly like a bird
A witty woman is a treasure; a witty Beauty is a power
A kind of anchorage in case of indiscretion
A tragic comedian: that is, a grand pretender, a self-deceiver
A great oration may be a sedative
A country of compromise goes to pieces at the first cannon-shot
A lady's company-smile
A superior position was offered her by her being silent
A whisper of cajolery in season is often the secret
A contented Irishman scarcely seems my countryman
A woman who has mastered saucers sits on the apex of civilization
A man who rejected medicine in extremity
A maker of Proverbs--what is he but a narrow mind wit
A dash of conventionalism makes the whole civilized world kin
A lover must have his delusions, just as a man must have a skin
A cloud of millinery shoots me off a mile from a woman
A tear would have overcome him--She had not wept
A fleet of South-westerly rainclouds had been met in mid-sky
A common age once, when he married her; now she had grown old
A fortress face; strong and massive, and honourable in ruin
A very doubtful benefit
A generous enemy is a friend on the wrong side
A woman's at the core of every plot man plotteth
A marriage without love is dishonour
A plunge into the deep is of little moment
A woman is hurt if you do not confide to her your plans
A wise man will not squander his laughter if he can help it
A woman rises to her husband. But a man is what he is
A stew's a stew, and not a boiling to shreds
A man to be trusted with the keys of anything
A bird that won't roast or boil or stew
A female free-thinker is one of Satan's concubines
A free-thinker startles him as a kind of demon
A woman, and would therefore listen to nonsense

Abject sense of the lack of a circumference
Above Nature, I tell him, or, we shall be very much below
Above all things I detest the writing for money
Absolute freedom could be the worst of perils
Accidents are the specific for averting the maladies of age
Accounting for it, is not the same as excusing
Accounting his tight blue tail coat and brass buttons a victory
Accustomed to be paid for by his country
Acting is not of the high class which conceals the art
Active despair is a passion that must be superseded
Add on a tired pipe after dark, and a sound sleep to follow
Adept in the lie implied
Admirable scruples of an inveterate borrower
Admiration of an enemy or oppressor doing great deeds
Admires a girl when there's no married woman or widow in sight
Adversary at once offensive and helpless provokes brutality
Advised not to push at a shut gate
Affected misapprehensions
Affectedly gentle and unusually roundabout opening
After five years of marriage, and twelve of friendship
After a big blow, a very little one scarcely counts
After forty, men have married their habits
Agostino was enjoying the smoke of paper cigarettes
Ah! we fall into their fictions
Ah! how sweet to waltz through life with the right partner
Ah! we're in the enemy's country now
Aimlessness of a woman's curiosity
Alike believe that Providence is for them
All passed too swift for happiness
All are friends who sit at table
All concessions to the people have been won from fear
All flattery is at somebody's expense
All of us an ermined owl within us to sit in judgement
All women are the same--Know one, know all
All that Matey and Brownie were forbidden to write they looked
Allowed silly sensitiveness to prevent the repair
Although it blew hard when Caesar crossed the Rubicon
Always the shout for more produced it ("News")
Am I ill? I must be hungry!
Am I thy master, or thou mine?
Americans forgivingly remember, without mentioning
Amiable mirror as being wilfully ruffled to confuse
Among boys there are laws of honour and chivalrous codes
Amused after their tiresome work of slaughter
An old spoiler of women is worse than one spoiled by them!
An obedient creature enough where he must be
An edge to his smile that cuts much like a sneer
An angry woman will think the worst
An incomprehensible world indeed at the bottom and at the top
An instinct labouring to supply the deficiencies of stupidity
And her voice, against herself, was for England
And, ladies, if you will consent to be likened to a fruit
And so Farewell my young Ambition! and with it farewell all true

And now came war, the purifier and the pestilence
And to these instructions he gave an aim: "First be virtuous"
And life said, Do it, and death said, To what end?
And never did a stroke of work in my life
And not any of your grand ladies can match my wife at home
And one gets the worst of it (in any bargain)
And he passed along the road, adds the Philosopher
And it's one family where the dog is pulled by the collar
And not be beaten by an acknowledged defeat
Anecdotalist to slaughter families for the amusement
Anguish to think of having bent the knee for nothing
Anticipate opposition by initiating measures
Any excess pushes to craziness
Any man is in love with any woman
Appealed to reason in them; he would not hear of convictions
Appetite to flourish at the cost of the weaker
Arch-devourer Time
Are we practical?' penetrates the bosom of an English audience
Aristocratic assumption of licence
Arm'd with Fear the Foe finds passage to the vital part
Arrest the enemy by vociferations of persistent prayer
Art of speaking on politics tersely
Art of despising what he coveted
As faith comes--no saying how; one swears by them
As for comparisons, they are flowers thrown into the fire
As in all great oratory! The key of it is the pathos
As the Lord decided, so it would end! "Oh, delicious creed!"
As to wit, the sneer is the cloak of clumsiness
As fair play as a woman's lord could give her
As when nations are secretly preparing for war
As if she had never heard him previously enunciate the formula
As secretive as they are sensitive
As well ask (women) how a battle-field concerns them!
As becomes them, they do not look ahead
As for titles, the way to defend them is to be worthy of them
As if the age were the injury!
As little trouble as the heath when the woods are swept
Ashamed of letting his ears be filled with secret talk
Ask pardon of you, without excusing myself
Ask not why, where reason never was
Assist in our small sphere; not come mouthing to the footlights
At war with ourselves, means the best happiness we can have
At the age of forty, men that love love rootedly
Attacked my conscience on the cowardly side
Automatic creature is subject to the laws of its construction
Avoid the position that enforces publishing
Back from the altar to discover that she has chained herself
Bad laws are best broken
Bad luck's not repeated every day Keep heart for the good
Bade his audience to beware of princes
Bandied the weariful shuttlecock of gallantry
Barriers are for those who cannot fly
Be the woman and have the last word!

Be on your guard the next two minutes he gets you alone
Be good and dull, and please everybody
Be philosophical, but accept your personal dues
Be what you seem, my little one
Be politic and give her elbow-room for her natural angles
Bear in mind that we are sentimentalists--The eye is our servant
Beauchamp's career
Beautiful women may believe themselves beloved
Beautiful women in her position provoke an intemperateness
Beautiful servicelessness
Beauty is rare; luckily is it rare
Because you loved something better than me
Because men can't abide praise of another man
Because he stood so high with her now he feared the fall
Becoming air of appropriation that made it family history
Bed was a rock of refuge and fortified defence
Began the game of Pull
Beginning to have a movement to kiss the whip
Behold the hero embarked in the redemption of an erring beauty
Being in heart and mind the brother to the sister with women
Being heard at night, in the nineteenth century
Belief in the narrative by promoting nausea in the audience
Believed in her love, and judged it by the strength of his own
Bent double to gather things we have tossed away
Better for men of extremely opposite opinions not to meet
Between love grown old and indifference ageing to love
Beware the silent one of an assembly!
Beyond a plot of flowers, a gold-green meadow dipped to a ridge
Bitten hard at experience, and know the value of a tooth
Borrower to be dancing on Fortune's tight-rope above the old abyss
Botched mendings will only make them worse
Bound to assure everybody at table he was perfectly happy
Bounds of his intelligence closed their four walls
Boys who can appreciate brave deeds are capable of doing them
Boys, of course--but men, too!
Boys are unjust
Braggadocioing in deeds is only next bad to mouthing it
Brains will beat Grim Death if we have enough of them
Brief negatives are not re-assuring to a lover's uneasy mind
British hunger for news; second only to that for beef
Brittle is foredoomed
Brotherhood among the select who wear masks instead of faces
But great, powerful London--the new universe to her spirit
But the key to young men is the ambition, or, in the place of it.....
But to strangle craving is indeed to go through a death
But a woman must now and then ingratiate herself
But a great success is full of temptations
But is there such a thing as happiness
But what is it we do (excepting cricket, of course)
But the flower is a thing of the season; the flower drops off
But love for a parent is not merely duty
But they were a hopeless couple, they were so friendly
But I leave it to you

But you must be beautiful to please some men
But had sunk to climb on a firmer footing
By nature incapable of asking pardon
By forbearance, put it in the wrong
By resisting, I made him a tyrant
By our manner of loving we are known
Cajoled like a twenty-year-old yahoo at college
Call of the great world's appetite for more (Invented news)
Calm fanaticism of the passion of love
Can you not be told you are perfect without seeking to improve
Can a man go farther than his nature?
Can believe a woman to be any age when her cheeks are tinted
Cannot be any goodness unless it is a practiced goodness
Canvassing means intimidation or corruption
Capacity for thinking should precede the act of writing
Capricious potentate whom they worship
Careful not to smell of his office
Carry explosives and must particularly guard against sparks
Carry a scene through in virtue's name and vice's mask
Causes him to be popularly weighed
Centres of polished barbarism known as aristocratic societies
Challenged him to lead up to her desired stormy scene
Charges of cynicism are common against all satirists
Charitable mercifulness; better than sentimental ointment
Charity that supplied the place of justice was not thanked
Chaste are wattled in formalism and throned in sourness
Cheerful martyr
Childish faith in the beneficence of the unseen Powers who feed us
Chose to conceive that he thought abstractedly
Circumstances may combine to make a whisper as deadly as a blow
Civil tongue and rosy smiles sweeten even sour wine
Claim for equality puts an end to the priceless privileges
Clotilde fenced, which is half a confession
Cock-sure has crowed low by sunset
Cold charity to all
Cold curiosity
Come prepared to be not very well satisfied with anything
Comfortable have to pay in occasional panics for the serenity
Command of countenance the Countess possessed
Commencement of a speech proves that you have made the plunge
Common voice of praise in the mouths of his creditors
Common sense is the secret of every successful civil agitation
Compared the governing of the Irish to the management of a horse
Comparisons will thrust themselves on minds disordered
Compassionate sentiments veered round to irate amazement
Complacent languor of the wise youth
Compliment of being outwitted by their own offspring
Compromise is virtual death
Conduct is never a straight index where the heart's involved
Confess no more than is necessary, but do everything you can
Confident serenity inspired by evil prognostications
Consciousness of some guilt when vowing itself innocent
Consent to take life as it is

Consent of circumstances
Conservative, whose astounded state paralyzes his wrath
Consign discussion to silence with the cynical closure
Constitutionally discontented
Consult the family means--waste your time
Contempt of military weapons and ridicule of the art of war
Contemptuous exclusiveness could not go farther
Continued trust in the man--is the alternative of despair
Convict it by instinct without the ceremony of a jury
Convictions we store--wherewith to shape our destinies
Convictions are generally first impressions
Convincing themselves that they impersonate sagacity
Cordiality of an extreme relief in leaving
Could not understand enthusiasm for the schoolmaster's career
Could peruse platitudes upon that theme with enthusiasm
Could affect me then, without being flung at me
Could we--we might be friends
Could the best of men be simply--a woman's friend?
Could have designed this gabbler for the mate
Country can go on very well without so much speech-making
Country prizing ornaments higher than qualities
Country enclosed us to make us feel snug in our own importance
Courage to grapple with his pride and open his heart was wanting
Cover of action as an escape from perplexity
Cowardice is even worse for nations than for individual men
Crazy zigzag of policy in almost every stroke (of history)
Creatures that wait for circumstances to bring the change
Critical in their first glance at a prima donna
Critical fashion of intimates who know as well as hear
Cupid clipped of wing is a destructive parasite
Curious thing would be if curious things should fail to happen
Dahlia, the perplexity to her sister's heart, lay stretched....
Damsel who has lost the third volume of an exciting novel
Dangerous things are uttered after the third glass
Dark-eyed Renee was not beauty but attraction
Days when you lay on your back and the sky rained apples
Dead Britons are all Britons, but live Britons are not quite brothers
Death is only the other side of the ditch
Death within which welcomed a death without
Death is our common cloak; but Calamity individualizes
Death is always next door
Debit was eloquent, he was unanswerable
Decency's a dirty petticoat in the Garden of Innocence
Decent insincerity
Decline to practise hypocrisy
Dedicated to the putrid of the upper circle
Deeds only are the title
Deep as a mother's, pure as a virgin's, fiery as a saint's
Defiance of foes and (what was harder to brave) of friends
Delay in thine undertaking Is disaster of thy own making
Depending for dialogue upon perpetual fresh supplies of scandal
Depreciating it after the fashion of chartered hypocrites.
Desire of it destroyed it

Despises hostile elements and goes unpunished
Despises the pomades and curling-irons of modern romance
Determine that the future is in our debt, and draw on it
Detestable feminine storms enveloping men weak enough
Detested titles, invented by the English
Developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women
Dialectical stiffness
Dialogue between Nature and Circumstance
Did not know the nature of an oath, and was dismissed
Didn't say a word No use in talking about feelings
Dignitary, and he passed under the bondage of that position
Dignity of sulking so seductive to the wounded spirit of man
Discover the writers in a day when all are writing!
Discreet play with her eyelids in our encounters
Disqualification of constantly offending prejudices
Dissent rings out finely, and approval is a feeble murmur
Distaste for all exercise once pleasurable
Distinguished by his not allowing himself to be provoked
Distrust us, and it is a declaration of war
Dithyrambic inebriety of narration
Divided lovers in presence
Do you judge of heroes as of lesser men?
Do I serve my hand? or, Do I serve my heart?
Dogmatic arrogance of a just but ignorant man
Dogs die more decently than we men
Dogs' eyes have such a sick look of love
Dose he had taken was not of the sweetest
Drank to show his disdain of its powers
Dreaded as a scourge, hailed as a refreshment (Scandalsheet)
Dreads our climate and coffee too much to attempt the voyage
Drink is their death's river, rolling them on helpless
Dudley was not gifted to read behind words and looks
Earl of Cressett fell from his coach-box in a fit
Eating, like scratching, only wants a beginning
Eccentric behaviour in trifles
Effort to be reticent concerning Nevil, and communicative
Efforts to weary him out of his project were unsuccessful
Elderly martyr for the advancement of his juniors
Embarrassments of an uncongenial employment
Emilia alone of the party was as a blot to her
Eminently servile is the tolerated lawbreaker
Empanelled to deliver verdicts upon the ways of women
Empty magnanimity which his uncle presented to him
Empty stomachs are foul counsellors
Enamoured young men have these notions
Enemy's laugh is a bugle blown in the night
Energy to something, that was not to be had in a market
England's the foremost country of the globe
English maids are domesticated savage animals
English antipathy to babblers
Enjoys his luxuries and is ashamed of his laziness
Enthusiasm has the privilege of not knowing monotony
Enthusiasm struck and tightened the loose chord of scepticism

Enthusiast, when not lyrical, is perilously near to boring
Envy of the man of positive knowledge
Equally acceptable salted when it cannot be had fresh
Everlastingly in this life the better pays for the worse
Every church of the city lent its iron tongue to the peal
Every failure is a step advanced
Every woman that's married isn't in love with her husband
Everywhere the badge of subjection is a poor stomach
Exceeding variety and quantity of things money can buy
Excellent is pride; but oh! be sure of its foundations
Excess of a merit is a capital offence in morality
Excited, glad of catastrophe if it but killed monotony
Expectations dupe us, not trust
Explaining of things to a dull head
Externally soft and polished, internally hard and relentless
Exuberant anticipatory trustfulness
Exult in imagination of an escape up to the moment of capture
Eyes of a lover are not his own; but his hands and lips are
Face betokening the perpetual smack of lemon
Failures oft are but advising friends
Faith works miracles. At least it allows time for them
Fantastical
Far higher quality is the will that can subdue itself to wait
Fast growing to be an eccentric by profession
Fatal habit of superiority stopped his tongue
Father used to say, four hours for a man, six for a woman
Father and she were aware of one another without conversing
Favour can't help coming by rotation
Fear nought so much as Fear itself
Feel they are not up to the people they are mixing with
Feel no shame that I do not feel!
Feeling, nothing beyond a lively interest in her well-being
Feigned utter condemnation to make partial comfort acceptable
Fell to chatting upon the nothings agreeably and seriously
Feminine pity, which is nearer to contempt than to tenderness
Feminine; coming when she willed and flying when wanted
Festive board provided for them by the valour of their fathers
Few men can forbear to tell a spicy story of their friends
Few feelings are single on this globe
Fiddle harmonics on the sensual strings
Fine Shades were still too dominant at Brookfield
Fine eye for celestially directed consequences is ever haunted
Finishing touches to the negligence
Fire smoothes the creases
Fires in the grates went through the ceremony of warming nobody
Fit of Republicanism in the nursery
Flashes bits of speech that catch men in their unguarded corner
Flung him, pitied him, and passed on
Foamy top is offered and gulped as equivalent to an idea
Foe can spoil my face; he beats me if he spoils my temper
Foist on you their idea of your idea at the moment
Fond, as they say, of his glass and his girl
Foolish trick of thinking for herself

For 'tis Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too
Forewarn readers of this history that there is no plot in it
Forgetfulness is like a closing sea
Fortitude leaned so much upon the irony
Forty seconds too fast, as if it were a capital offence
Found that he 'cursed better upon water'
Found it difficult to forgive her his own folly
Found by the side of the bed, inanimate, and pale as a sister of death
Fourth of the Georges
Frankness as an armour over wariness
Fretted by his relatives he cannot be much of a giant
Friend he would not shake off, but could not well link with
Friendship, I fancy, means one heart between two
From head to foot nothing better than a moan made visible
Frozen vanity called pride, which does not seek to be revenged
Full-o'-Beer's a hasty chap
Fun, at any cost, is the one object worth a shot
Further she read, "Which is the coward among us?"
Generally he noticed nothing
Gentlefolks like straight-forwardness in their inferiors
Gentleman in a good state of preservation
Gentleman who does so much 'cause he says so little
Get back what we give
Giant Vanity urged Giant Energy to make use of Giant Duplicity
Give our courage as hostage for the fulfilment of what we hope
Give our consciences to the keeping of the parsons
Given up his brains for a lodging to a single idea
Glimpse of her whole life in the horrid tomb of his embrace
Gone to pieces with an injured lover's babble
Good nerve to face the scene which he is certain will be enacted
Good jokes are not always good policy
Good maxim for the wrathful--speak not at all
Good and evil work together in this world
Good nature, and means no more harm than he can help
Good-bye to sorrow for a while--Keep your tears for the living
Goodish sort of fellow; good horseman, good shot, good character
Gossip always has some solid foundation, however small
Government of brain; not sufficient Insurrection of heart
Gradations appear to be unknown to you
Graduated naturally enough the finer stages of self-deception
Grand air of pitying sadness
Gratitude never was a woman's gift
Gratuitous insult
Gravely reproaching the tobacconist for the growing costliness of cigars
Greater our successes, the greater the slaves we become
Greatest of men; who have to learn from the loss of the woman
Grief of an ill-fortuned passion of his youth
Grimaces at a government long-nosed to no purpose
Grossly unlike in likeness (portraits)
Habit of antedating his sagacity
Habit, what a sacred and admirable thing it is
Habit had legalized his union with her
Had taken refuge in their opera-glasses

Had Shakespeare's grandmother three Christian names?
Had come to be her lover through being her husband
Had got the trick of lying, through fear of telling the truth
Half designingly permitted her trouble to be seen
Half a dozen dozen left
Half-truth that we may put on the mask of the whole
Happiness in love is a match between ecstasy and compliance
Happy the woman who has not more to speak
Happy in privation and suffering if simply we can accept beauty
Hard enough for a man to be married to a fool
Hard men have sometimes a warm affection for dogs
Hard to bear, at times unbearable
Harmed opinion of the unfitness of women
Hated one thing alone--which was 'bother'
Hated tears, considering them a clog to all useful machinery
Hates a compromise
Haunted many pillows
Have her profile very frequently while I am conversing with her
Having contracted the fatal habit of irony
He was not alive for his own pleasure
He was in love, and subtle love will not be shamed and smothered
He neared her, wooing her; and she assented
He prattled, in the happy ignorance of compulsion
He had by nature a tarnishing eye that cast discolouration
He has been tolerably honest, Tom, for a man and a lover
He clearly could not learn from misfortune
He had to go, he must, he has to be always going
He never acknowledged a trouble, he dispersed it
He sinks terribly when he sinks at all
He was a figure on a horse, and naught when off it
He would neither retort nor defend himself
He had no recollection of having ever dined without drinking wine
He was not a weaver of phrases in distress
He thinks or he chews
He is inexorable, being the guilty one of the two
He postponed it to the next minute and the next
He is in the season of faults
He thinks that the country must be saved by its women as well
He stormed her and consented to be beaten
He kept saying to himself, 'to-morrow I will tell'
He had his character to maintain
He grunted that a lying clock was hateful to him
He squandered the guineas, she patiently picked up the pence
He judged of others by himself
He was the maddest of tyrants--a weak one
He had neat phrases, opinions in packets
He whipped himself up to one of his oratorical frenzies
He was the prisoner of his word
He, by insisting, made me a rebel
He never calculated on the happening of mortal accidents
He smoked, Lord Avonley said of the second departure
He will be a part of every history (the fool)
He lies as naturally as an infant sucks

He tried to gather his ideas, but the effort was like that of a light dreamer
He put no question to anybody
He gained much by claiming little
He had expected romance, and had met merchandize
He lost the art of observing himself
He bowed to facts
He runs too much from first principles to extremes
He condensed a paragraph into a line
He was too much on fire to know the taste of absurdity
He wants the whip; ought to have had it regularly
He never explained
He had wealth for a likeness of strength
He did not vastly respect beautiful women
He had gone, and the day lived again for both of them
He took small account of the operations of the feelings
He began ambitiously--It's the way at the beginning
He had to shake up wrath over his grievances
He gave a slight sign of restiveness, and was allowed to go
He loathed a skulker
He's good from end to end, and beats a Christian hollow (a hog)
Hear victorious lawlessness appealing solemnly to God the law
Heart to keep guard and bury the bones you tossed him
Heartily she thanked the girl for the excuse to cry
Hearts that make one soul do not separately count their gifts
Heathen vindictiveness declaring itself holy
Heights of humour beyond laughter
Her feelings--trustier guides than her judgement in this crisis
Her intimacy with a man old enough to be her grandfather
Her aspect suggested the repose of a winter landscape
Her vehement fighting against facts
Her duel with Time
Her singing struck a note of grateful remembered delight
Her final impression likened him to a house locked up and empty
Her peculiar tenacity of the sense of injury
Here and there a plain good soul to whom he was affectionate
Here, where he both wished and wished not to be
Hermits enamoured of wind and rain
Hero embarked in the redemption of an erring beautiful woman
Heroine, in common with the hero, has her ambition to be of use
Herself, content to be dull if he might shine
Hesitating strangeness that sometimes gathers during absences
Himself in the worn old surplice of the converted rake
His equanimity was fictitious
His gaze and one of his ears, if not the pair, were given
His alien ideas were not unimpressed by the picture
His idea of marriage is, the taking of the woman into custody
His violent earnestness, his imperial self-confidence
His ridiculous equanimity
His fancy performed miraculous feats
His apparent cynicism is sheer irritability
His aim to win the woman acknowledged no obstacle in the means
His restored sense of possession
His wife alone, had, as they termed it, kept him together

Holding to his work after the strain's over--That tells the man
Holding to the refusal, for the sake of consistency
Holy images, and other miraculous objects are sold
Honest creatures who will not accept a lift from fiction
Hope which lies in giving men a dose of hysterics
Hopeless task of defending a woman from a woman
Hopes of a coming disillusion that would restore him
Hosts of men are of the simple order of the comic
How many instruments cannot clever women play upon
How little a thing serves Fortune's turn
How Success derides Ambition!
How immensely nature seems to prefer men to women!
How angry I should be with you if you were not so beautiful!
How little we mean to do harm when we do an injury
How to compromise the matter for the sake of peace?
How many degrees from love gratitude may be
Hug the hatred they packed up among their bundles
Human nature to feel an interest in the dog that has bitten you
Humour preserved her from excesses of sentiment
Huntress with few scruples and the game unguarded
Hushing together, they agreed that it had been a false move
I rather like to hear a woman swear. It embellishes her!
I ain't a speeder of matrimony
I haven't got the pluck of a flea
I never pay compliments to transparent merit
I 'm the warming pan, as legitimately I should be
I always respected her; I never liked her
I would cut my tongue out, if it did you a service
I do not defend myself ever
I want no more, except to be taught to work
I married a cook She expects a big appetite
I would wait till he flung you off, and kneel to you
I detest anything that has to do with gratitude
I had to make my father and mother live on potatoes
I cannot delay; but I request you, that are here privileged
I cannot get on with Gibbon
I can confess my sight to be imperfect: but will you ever do so?
I have all the luxuries--enough to loathe them
I hate old age It changes you so
I could be in love with her cruelty, if only I had her near me
I look on the back of life
I who respect the state of marriage by refusing
I like him, I like him, of course, but I want to breathe
I know that your father has been hearing tales told of me
I hope I am not too hungry to discriminate
I did, replied Evan. 'I told a lie.'
I am not ashamed
I was discontented, and could not speak my discontent
I never saw out of a doll-shop, and never saw there
I beg of my husband, and all kind people who may have the care
I can't think brisk out of my breeches
I have learnt as much from light literature as from heavy
I had to cross the park to give a lesson

I 'm a bachelor, and a person--you're married, and an object
I cannot live a life of deceit. A life of misery--not deceit
I am a discordant instrument I do not readily vibrate
I take off my hat, Nan, when I see a cobbler's stall
I always wait for a thing to happen first
I never see anything, my dear
I know nothing of imagination
I never knew till this morning the force of No in earnest
I can pay clever gentlemen for doing Greek for me
I do not see it, because I will not see it
I wanted a hero
I do not think Frenchmen comparable to the women of France
I cannot say less, and will say no more
I baint done yet
I detest enthusiasm
I make a point of never recommending my own house
I laughed louder than was necessary
I hate sleep: I hate anything that robs me of my will
I don't count them against women (moods)
I have and hold--you shall hunger and covet
I give my self, I do not sell
I'll come as straight as I can
I'm for a rational Deity
I'm in love with everything she wishes! I've got the habit
Idea is the only vital breath
Ideas in gestation are the dullest matter you can have
If the world is hostile we are not to blame it
If you have this creative soul, be the slave of your creature
If I love you, need you care what anybody else thinks
If I do not speak of payment
If there's no doubt about it, how is it I have a doubt about it?
If you kneel down, who will decline to put a foot on you?
If we are robbed, we ask, How came we by the goods?
If we are really for Nature, we are not lawless
If he had valued you half a grain less, he might have won you
If thou wouldst fix remembrance--thwack!
If I'm struck, I strike back
If only been intellectually a little flexible in his morality
If we are to please you rightly, always allow us to play First
Ignorance roaring behind a mask of sarcasm
Imagination she has, for a source of strength in the future days
Immense wealth and native obtuseness combine to disfigure us
Imparting the usual chorus of yesses to his own mind
Impossible for us women to comprehend love without folly in man
Impossible for him to think that women thought
Impudent boy's fling at superiority over the superior
In Italy, a husband away, ze friend takes title
In truth she sighed to feel as he did, above everybody
In Sir Austin's Note-book was written: "Between Simple Boyhood..."
In our House, my son, there is peculiar blood. We go to wreck!
In India they sacrifice the widows, in France the virgins
In every difficulty, patience is a life-belt
In the pay of our doctors

In bottle if not on draught (oratory)
Incapable of putting the screw upon weak excited nature
Incessantly speaking of the necessity we granted it unknowingly
Inclined to act hesitation in accepting the aid she sought
Increase of dissatisfaction with the more she got
Indirect communication with heaven
Inducement to act the hypocrite before the hypocrite world
Indulged in their privilege of thinking what they liked
Infallibility of our august mother
Infants are said to have their ideas, and why not young ladies?
Infatuated men argue likewise, and scandal does not move them
Inferences are like shadows on the wall
Inflicted no foretaste of her coming subjection to him
Informed him that he never played jokes with money, or on men
Injury forbids us to be friends again
Innocence and uncleanness may go together
Insistency upon there being two sides to a case--to every case
Intellectual contempt of easy dupes
Intensely communicative, but inarticulate
Intentions are really rich possessions
Intimations of cowardice menacing a paralysis of the will
Intrusion of hard material statements, facts
Intrusion of the spontaneous on the stereotyped would clash
Invite indecision to exhaust their scruples
Ireland 's the sore place of England
Irishman there is a barrow trolling a load of grievances
Irishmen will never be quite sincere
Ironical fortitude
Irony instead of eloquence
Irony in him is only eulogy standing on its head
Irony provoked his laughter more than fun
Irony that seemed to spring from aversion
Irritability at the intrusion of past disputes
Is not one month of brightness as much as we can ask for?
Is it any waste of time to write of love?
Is he jealous? 'Only when I make him, he is.'
It is the devil's masterstroke to get us to accuse him
It was now, as Sir Austin had written it down, The Magnetic Age
It rarely astonishes our ears It illumines our souls
It was an honest buss, but dear at ten thousand
It was harder to be near and not close
It is the best of signs when women take to her
It is no insignificant contest when love has to crush self-love
It is well to learn manners without having them imposed on us
It 's us hard ones that get on best in the world
It was in a time before our joyful era of universal equality
It is not high flying, which usually ends in heavy falling
It goes at the lifting of the bridegroom's little finger
It would be hard! ay, then we do it forthwith
It was his ill luck to have strong appetites and a weak stomach
It is better for us both, of course
It was as if she had been eyeing a golden door shut fast
It is no use trying to conceal anything from him

It was her prayer to heaven that she might save a doctor's bill
It's a fool that hopes for peace anywhere
It's no use trying to be a gentleman if you can't pay for it
Italians were like women, and wanted--a real beating
Its glee at a catastrophe; its poor stock of mercy
January was watering and freezing old earth by turns
Judgeing of the destiny of man by the fate of individuals
Just bad inquirin' too close among men
Keep passion sober, a trotter in harness
Kelts, as they are called, can't and won't forgive injuries
Kindness is kindness, all over the world
Knew my friend to be one of the most absent-minded of men
Lack of precise words admonished him of the virtue of silence
Land and beasts! They sound like blessed things
Lawyers hold the keys of the great world
Lay no petty traps for opportunity
Laying of ghosts is a public duty
Leader accustomed to count ahead upon vapourish abstractions
Learn all about them afterwards, ay, and make the best of them
Learn--principally not to be afraid of ideas
Led him to impress his unchangeableness upon her
Lend him your own generosity
Lengthened term of peace bred maggots in the heads of the people
Lest thou commence to lie--be dumb!
Let but the throb be kept for others--That is the one secret
Let never Necessity draw the bow of our weakness
Let none of us be so exalted above the wit of daily life
Levelling a finger at the taxpayer
Lies are usurers' coin we pay for ten thousand per cent
Life is the burlesque of young dreams
Like an ill-reared fruit, first at the core it rotteth
Like a woman, who would and would not, and wanted a master
Limit was two bottles of port wine at a sitting
Listened to one another, and blinded the world
Literature is a good stick and a bad horse
Little boy named Tommy Wedger said he saw a dead body go by
Littlenesses of which women are accused
Loathing for speculation
Loathing of artifice to raise emotion
Longing for love and dependence
Look backward only to correct an error of conduct in future
Look well behind
Look within, and avoid lying
Looked as proud as if he had just clapped down the full amount
Looking on him was listening
Loudness of the interrogation precluded thought of an answer
Love the children of Erin, when not fretted by them
Love and war have been compared--Both require strategy
Love the difficulty better than the woman
Love of pleasure keeps us blind children
Love must needs be an egoism
Love dies like natural decay
Love, with his accustomed cunning

Love the poor devil
Love discerns unerringly what is and what is not duty
Love of men and women as a toy that I have played with
Love is a contagious disease
Love, that has risen above emotion, quite independent of craving
Love that shrieks at a mortal wound, and bleeds humanly
Love's a selfish business one has work in hand
Loves his poets, can almost understand what poetry means
Loving in this land: they all go mad, straight off
Lucky accidents are anticipated only by fools
Made of his creed a strait-jacket for humanity
Madness that sane men enamoured can be struck by
Magnificent in generosity; he had little humaneness
Magnify an offence in the ratio of our vanity
Make a girl drink her tears, if they ain't to be let fall
Make no effort to amuse him. He is always occupied
Making too much of it--a trick of the vulgar
Man without a penny in his pocket, and a gizzard full of pride
Man who beats his wife my first question is, 'Do he take his tea?'
Man with a material object in aim, is the man of his object
Man owes a duty to his class
Man who helps me to read the world and men as they are
Mankind is offended by heterodoxy in mean attire
Mare would do, and better than a dozen horses
Mark of a fool to take everybody for a bigger fool than himself
Marriage is an awful thing, where there's no love
Married a wealthy manufacturer--bartered her blood for his money
Married at forty, and I had to take her shaped as she was
Martyrs of love or religion are madmen
Material good reverses its benefits the more nearly we clasp it
Matter that is not nourishing to brains
Maxims of her own on the subject of rising and getting the worm
May lull themselves with their wakefulness
May not one love, not craving to be beloved?
Meant to vanquish her with the dominating patience
Meditations upon the errors of the general man, as a cover
Memory inspired by the sensations
Men in love are children with their mistresses
Men do not play truant from home at sixty years of age
Men overweeningly in love with their creations
Men had not pleased him of late
Men who believe that there is a virtue in imprecations
Men bore the blame, though the women were rightly punished
Men love to boast of things nobody else has seen
Men must fight: the law is only a quieter field for them
Men they regard as their natural prey
Mental and moral neuters
Metaphysician's treatise on Nature: a torch to see the sunrise
Mighty Highnesses who had only smelt the outside edge of battle
Mika! you did it in cold blood?
Mindless, he says, and arrogant
Minutes taken up by the grey puffs from their mouths
Mistake of the world is to think happiness possible to the sense

Mistaking of her desires for her reasons
Modest are the most easily intoxicated when they sip at vanity
Money is of course a rough test of virtue
Money's a chain-cable for holding men to their senses
Moral indignation is ever consolatory
Morales, madame, suit ze sun
More argument I cannot bear
More culpable the sparer than the spared
Most youths are like Pope's women; they have no character
Mrs. Fleming, of Queen Anne's Farm, was the wife of a yeoman
Music was resumed to confuse the hearing of the eavesdroppers
Music in Italy? Amorous and martial, brainless and monotonous
Must be the moralist in the satirist if satire is to strike
Mutual deference
My first girl--she's brought disgrace on this house
My voice! I have my voice! Emilia had cried it out to herself
My plain story is of two Kentish damsels
My mistress! My glorious stolen fruit! My dark angel of love
My engagement to Mr. Pericles is that I am not to write
My belief is, you do it on purpose. Can't be such rank idiots
Naked original ideas, are acceptable at no time
Napoleon's treatment of women is excellent example
Nation's half made-up of the idle and the servants of the idle
Nations at war are wild beasts
Naturally as deceived as he wished to be
Nature and Law never agreed
Nature is not of necessity always roaring
Nature could at a push be eloquent to defend the guilty
Nature's logic, Nature's voice, for self-defence
Naughtily Australian and kangarooly
Necessary for him to denounce somebody
Necessity's offspring
Needed support of facts, and feared them
Never nurse an injury, great or small
Never fell far short of outstripping the sturdy pedestrian Time
Never forget that old Ireland is weeping
Never reckon on womankind for a wise act
Never was a word fitter for a quack's mouth than "humanity"
Never forgave an injury without a return blow for it
Never to despise the good opinion of the nonentities
Never, never love a married woman
Never intended that we should play with flesh and blood
Never pretend to know a girl by her face
Nevertheless, inclinations are an infidelity
Next door to the Last Trump
Night has little mercy for the self-reproachful
No enemy's shot is equal to a weak heart in the act
No case is hopeless till a man consents to think it is
No runner can outstrip his fate
No flattery for me at the expense of my sisters
No heart to dare is no heart to love!
No nose to the hero, no moral to the tale
No word is more lightly spoken than shame

No intoxication of hot blood to cheer those who sat at home
No man can hear the words which prove him a prophet (quietly)
No great harm done when you're silent
No stopping the Press while the people have an appetite for it
No Act to compel a man to deny what appears in the papers
No love can be without jealousy
No man has a firm foothold who pretends to it
No conversation coming of it, her curiosity was violent
No companionship save with the wound they nurse
No! Gentlemen don't fling stones; leave that to the blackguards
None but fanatics, cowards, white-eyeballed dogmatists
Nor can a protest against coarseness be sweepingly interpreted
Not to bother your wits, but leave the puzzle to the priest
Not likely to be far behind curates in besieging an heiress
Not to go hunting and fawning for alliances
Not much esteem for non-professional actresses
Not every chapter can be sunshine
Not in a situation that could bear of her blaming herself
Not to be the idol, to have an aim of our own
Not the indignant and the frozen, but the genially indifferent
Not always the right thing to do the right thing
Not to do things wholly is worse than not to do things at all
Not a page of his books reveals malevolence or a sneer
Not in love--She was only not unwilling to be in love
Not to be feared more than are the general race of bunglers
Not men of brains, but the men of aptitudes
Not daring risk of office by offending the taxpayer
Not afford to lose, and a disposition free of the craving to win
Not the great creatures we assume ourselves to be
Not so much read a print as read the imprinting on themselves
Nothing desirable will you have which is not coveted
Nothing is a secret that has been spoken
Nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by
Notoriously been above the honours of grammar
Nought credit but what outward orbs reveal
Now far from him under the failure of an effort to come near
Nursing of a military invalid awakens tenderer anxieties
O self! self! self!
O for yesterday!
O heaven! of what avail is human effort?
Obedience oils necessity
Obeseness is the most sensitive of our ailments
Objects elevated even by a decayed world have their magnetism
Observation is the most, enduring of the pleasures of life
Occasional instalments--just to freshen the account
Official wrath at sound of footfall or a fancied one
Ogger's genial piety made him shrink with nausea
Oh! beastly bathos
Oh! I can't bear that class of people
Old age is a prison wall between us and young people
Old houses are doomed to burnings
Omnipotence, which is in the image of themselves
On a morning when day and night were made one by fog

On which does the eye linger longest--which draws the heart?
On a wild April morning
On the threshold of Puberty, there is one Unselfish Hour
Once out of the rutted line, you are food for lion and jackal
Once my love? said he. Not now?--does it mean, not now?
Once called her beautiful; his praise had given her beauty
One has to feel strong in a delicate position
One night, and her character's gone
One wants a little animation in a husband
One in a temper at a time I'm sure 's enough
One might build up a respectable figure in negatives
One fool makes many, and so, no doubt, does one goose
One is a fish to her hook; another a moth to her light
One learns to have compassion for fools, by studying them
One idea is a bullet
One of those men whose characters are read off at a glance
One seed of a piece of folly will lurk and sprout to confound us
One who studies is not being a fool
Only true race, properly so called, out of India--German
Only to be described in the tongue of auctioneers
Opened a wider view of the world to him, and a colder
Openly treated; all had an air of being on the surface
Optional marriages, broken or renewed every seven years
Or where you will, so that's in Ireland
Oratory will not work against the stream, or on languid tides
Orderliness, from which men are privately exempt
Our partner is our master
Our most diligent pupil learns not so much as an earnest teacher
Our love and labour are constantly on trial
Our bravest, our best, have an impulse to run
Our comedies are frequently youth's tragedies
Our weakness is the swiftest dog to hunt us
Our life is but a little holding, lent To do a mighty labour
Our lawyers have us inside out, like our physicians
Owner of such a woman, and to lose her!
Pact between cowardice and comfort under the title of expediency
Pain is a cloak that wraps you about
Paint themselves pure white, to the obliteration of minor spots
Parliament, is the best of occupations for idle men
Partake of a morning draught
Passion is not invariably love
Passion, he says, is noble strength on fire
Passion does not inspire dark appetite--Dainty innocence does
Passion added to a bowl of reason makes a sophist's mess
Past, future, and present, the three weights upon humanity
Past fairness, vaguely like a snow landscape in the thaw
Patience is the pestilence
Patronizing woman
Paying compliments and spoiling a game!
Payment is no more so than to restore money held in trust
Peace, I do pray, for the husband-haunted wife
Peace-party which opposed was the actual cause of the war
Pebble may roll where it likes--not so the costly jewel

Peculiar subdued form of laughter through the nose
People who can lose themselves in a ray of fancy at any season
People is one of your Radical big words that burst at a query
People of a provocative prosperity
People with whom a mute conformity is as good as worship
People were virtuous in past days: they counted their sinners
Perhaps inspire him, if he would let her breathe
Period of his life a man becomes too voraciously constant
Persist, if thou wouldst truly reach thine ends
Person in another world beyond this world of blood
Perused it, and did not recognize herself in her language
Pessimism is invulnerable
Petty concessions are signs of weakness to the unsatisfied
Philip was a Spartan for keeping his feelings under
Philosophy skimmed, and realistic romances deep-sounded
Pitiful conceit in men
Planting the past in the present like a perceptible ghost
Play second fiddle without looking foolish
Play the great game of blunders
Pleasant companion, who did not play the woman obtrusively among men
Please to be pathetic on that subject after I am wrinkled
Pleasure sat like an inextinguishable light on her face
Pleasure-giving laws that make the curves we recognize as beauty
Poetic romance is delusion
Policy seems to petrify their minds
Polished barbarism
Politics as well as the other diseases
Poor mortals are not in the habit of climbing Olympus to ask
Portrait of himself by the artist
Practical for having an addiction to the palpable
Practical or not, the good people affectingly wish to be
Prayer for an object is the cajolery of an idol
Press, which had kindled, proceeded to extinguished
Presumptuous belief
Pride is the God of Pagans
Pride in being always myself
Primitive appetite for noise
Principle of examining your hypothesis before you proceed to decide by it
Procrastination and excessive scrupulousness
Professional Puritans
Professional widows
Profound belief in her partiality for him
Propitiate common sense on behalf of what seems tolerably absurd
Protestant clergy the social police of the English middle-class
Providence and her parents were not forgiven
Published Memoirs indicate the end of a man's activity
Puns are the smallpox of the language
Push me to condense my thoughts to a tight ball
Push indolent unreason to gain the delusion of happiness
Put material aid at a lower mark than gentleness
Put into her woman's harness of the bit and the blinkers
Puzzle to connect the foregoing and the succeeding
Question with some whether idiots should live

Question the gain of such an expenditure of energy
Quick to understand, she is in the quick of understanding
Quixotry is agreeable reading, a silly performance
Rage of a conceited schemer tricked
Rapture of obliviousness
Rare men of honour who can command their passion
Rare as epic song is the man who is thorough in what he does
Rarely exacted obedience, and she was spontaneously obeyed
Read with his eyes when you meet him this morning
Read one another perfectly in their mutual hypocrisies
Read deep and not be baffled by inconsistencies
Ready is the ardent mind to take footing on the last thing done
Real happiness is a state of dulness
Rebellion against society and advocacy of humanity run counter
Rebukes which give immeasurable rebounds
Recalling her to the subject-matter with all the patience
Reflection upon a statement is its lightning in advance
Refuge in the Castle of Negation against the whole army of facts
Regularity of the grin of dentistry
Rejoicing they have in their common agreement
Religion is the one refuge from women
Religion condones offences: Philosophy has no forgiveness
Reluctant to take the life of flowers for a whim
Remarked that the young men must fight it out together
Repeatedly, in contempt of the disgust of iteration
Reproof of such supererogatory counsel
Requiring natural services from her in the button department
Respect one another's affectations
Respected the vegetable yet more than he esteemed the flower
Revived for them so much of themselves
Rewards, together with the expectations, of the virtuous
Rhoda will love you. She is firm when she loves
Rich and poor 's all right, if I'm rich and you're poor
Ripe with oft telling and old is the tale
Rogue on the tremble of detection
Rose was much behind her age
Rose! what have I done? 'Nothing at all,' she said
Rumour for the nonce had a stronger spice of truth than usual
Said she was what she would have given her hand not to be
Salt of earth, to whom their salt must serve for nourishment
Satirist too devotedly loves his lash to be a persuasive teacher
Satirist is an executioner by profession
Says you're so clever you ought to be a man
Scorn titles which did not distinguish practical offices
Scorned him for listening to the hesitations (hers)
Scotchman's metaphysics; you know nothing clear
Screams of an uninjured lady
Second fiddle; he could only mean what she meant
Secret of the art was his meaning what he said
Secrets throw on the outsiders the onus of raising a scandal
Seed-Time passed thus smoothly, and adolescence came on
Self, was digging pits for comfort to flow in
Self-soleed when they are not self-justified

Self-deceiver may be a persuasive deceiver of another
Self-incense
Self-worship, which is often self-distrust
Selfishness and icy inaccessibility to emotion
Semblance of a tombstone lady beside her lord
Sense, even if they can't understand it, flatters them so
Sensitiveness to the sting, which is not allowed to poison
Sentimentality puts up infant hands for absolution
Serene presumption
Service of watering the dry and drying the damp (Whiskey)
Seventy, when most men are reaping and stacking their sins
Sham spiritualism
Share of foulness to them that are for scouring the chamber
She sought, by looking hard, to understand it better
She was not his match--To speak would be to succumb
She dealt in the flashes which connect ideas
She had sunk her intelligence in her sensations
She had no longer anything to resent: she was obliged to weep
She believed friendship practicable between men and women
She stood with a dignity that the word did not express
She began to feel that this was life in earnest
She had a fatal attraction for antiques
She was at liberty to weep if she pleased
She was unworthy to be the wife of a tailor
She thought that friendship was sweeter than love
She endured meekly, when there was no meekness
She ran through delusion and delusion, exhausting each
She felt in him a maker of facts
She did not detest the Countess because she could not like her
She herself did not like to be seen eating in public
She marries, and it's the end of her sparkling
She might turn out good, if well guarded for a time
She had great awe of the word 'business'
She disdained to question the mouth which had bitten her
She was perhaps a little the taller of the two
She was not, happily, one of the women who betray strong feeling
She had to be the hypocrite or else--leap
She had a thirsting mind
She seems honest, and that is the most we can hope of girls
She was sick of personal freedom
She, not disinclined to dilute her grief
She seemed really a soaring bird brought down by the fowler
She can make puddens and pies
She was thrust away because because he had offended
Should we leave a good deed half done
Showery, replied the admiral, as his cocked-hat was knocked off
Shun comparisons
Shuns the statuesque pathetic, or any kind of posturing
Sign that the evil had reached from pricks to pokes
Silence was doing the work of a scourge
Silence and such signs are like revelations in black night
Silence was their only protection to the Nice Feelings
Silence is commonly the slow poison used by those who mean to murder love

Simple obstinacy of will sustained her
Simple affection must bear the strain of friendship if it can
Simplicity is the keenest weapon
Sincere as far as she knew: as far as one who loves may be
Sinners are not to repent only in words
Slap and pinch and starve our appetites
Slave of existing conventions
Slaves of the priests
Sleepless night
Slightest taste for comic analysis that does not tumble to farce
Small things producing great consequences
Small beginnings, which are in reality the mighty barriers
Smallest of our gratifications in life could give a happy tone
Smart remarks have their measured distances
Smile she had in reserve for serviceable persons
Smoky receptacle cherishing millions
Smothered in its pudding-bed of the grotesque (obesity)
Snatch her from a possessor who forfeited by undervaluing her
Snuffle of hypocrisy in her prayer
So are great deeds judged when the danger's past (as easy)
So indulgent when they drop their blot on a lady's character
So long as we do not know that we are performing any remarkable feat
So it is when you play at Life! When you will not go straight
So says the minute Years are before you
So much for morality in those days!
So the frog telleth tadpoles
Socially and politically mean one thing in the end
Soft slumber of a strength never yet called forth
Solitude is pasturage for a suspicion
Some so-called laws of honour
Something of the hare in us when the hounds are full cry
Sort of religion with her to believe no wrong of you
South-western Island has few attractions to other than invalids
Spare me that word "female" as long as you live
Speech that has to be hauled from the depths usually betrays
Speech was a scourge to her sense of hearing
Speech is poor where emotion is extreme
Spiritualism, and on the balm that it was
Stand not in my way, nor follow me too far
Startled by the criticism in laughter
State of feverish patriotism
Statesman who stooped to conquer fact through fiction
Statistics are according to their conjurors
Steady shakes them
Story that she believed indeed, but had not quite sensibly felt
Strain to see in the utter dark, and nothing can come of that
Straining for common talk, and showing the strain
Strength in love is the sole sincerity
Strengthening the backbone for a bend of the knee in calamity
Stultification of one's feelings and ideas
Style is the mantle of greatness
Style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation
Subterranean recess for Nature against the Institutions of Man

Such a man was banned by the world, which was to be despised?
Suggestion of possible danger might more dangerous than silence
Sunning itself in the glass of Envy
Suspects all young men and most young women
Suspicion was her best witness
Sweet treasure before which lies a dragon sleeping
Sweetest on earth to her was to be prized by her brother
Swell and illuminate citizen prose to a princely poetic
Sympathy is for proving, not prating
Taint of the hypocrisy which comes with shame
Take 'em somethin' like Providence--as they come
Taking oath, as it were, by their lower nature
Tale, which leaves the man's mind at home
Task of reclaiming a bad man is extremely seductive to good women
Taste a wound from the lightest touch, and they nurse the venom
Tears that dried as soon as they had served their end
Tears are the way of women and their comfort
Tears of men sink plummet-deep
Tears of such a man have more of blood than of water in them
Telling her anything, she makes half a face in anticipation
Tendency to polysyllabic phraseology
Tenderness which Mrs. Mel permitted rather than encouraged
Tension of the old links keeping us together
Terrible decree, that all must act who would prevail
That sort of progenitor is your "permanent aristocracy"
That is life--when we dare death to live!
That plain confession of a lack of wit; he offered combat
That a mask is a concealment
That fiery dragon, a beautiful woman with brains
That which fine cookery does for the cementing of couples
That beautiful trust which habit gives
That pit of one of their dead silences
That's the natural shamrock, after the artificial
The burlesque Irishman can't be caricatured
The greed of gain is our volcano
The power to give and take flattery to any amount
The worst of it is, that we remember
The debts we owe ourselves are the hardest to pay
The man had to be endured, like other doses in politics
The brainless in Art and in Statecraft
The sentimentalists are represented by them among the civilized
The way is clear: we have only to take the step
The girl could not know her own mind, for she suited him exactly
The religion of this vast English middle-class--Comfort
The slavery of the love of a woman chained
The turn will come to us as to others--and go
The woman seeking for an anomaly wants a master
The defensive is perilous policy in war
The healthy only are fit to live
The language of party is eloquent
The world without him would be heavy matter
The weighty and the trivial contended
The rider's too heavy for the horse in England

The greater wounds do not immediately convince us of our fate
The people always wait for the winner
The defensive is perilous policy in war
The family view is everlastingly the shopkeeper's
The infant candidate delights in his honesty
The tragedy of the mirror is one for a woman to write
The worst of omens is delay
The blindness of Fortune is her one merit
The system is cursed by nature, and that means by heaven
The sentimentalist goes on accumulating images
The gallant cornet adored delicacy and a gilded refinement
The thrust sinned in its shrewdness
The ass eats at my table, and treats me with contempt
The Countess dieted the vanity according to the nationality
The letter had a smack of crabbed age hardly counterfeit
The dimly-lighted city wore a look of Judgement terrible to see
The well of true wit is truth itself
The past is our mortal mother, no dead thing
The philosopher (I would keep him back if I could)
The unhappy, who do not wish to live, and cannot die
The woman follows the man, and music fits to verse,
The impalpable which has prevailing weight
The face of a stopped watch
The most dangerous word of all--ja
The old confession, that we cannot cook(The English)
The night went past as a year
The effects of the infinitely little
The homage we pay him flatters us
The backstairs of history (Memoirs)
The grey furniture of Time for his natural wear
The beat of a heart with a dread like a shot in it
The good life gone lives on in the mind
The woman side of him
The next ten minutes will decide our destinies
The terrible aggregate social woman
The shots hit us behind you
The spending, never harvesting, world
The despot is alert at every issue, to every chance
The banquet to be fervently remembered, should smoke
The idea of love upon the lips of ordinary men, provoked Dahlia's irony
The love that survives has strangled craving
The thought stood in her eyes
The proper defence for a nation is its history
The born preacher we feel instinctively to be our foe
The danger of a little knowledge of things is disputable
The commonest things are the worst done
The world is wise in its way
The Pilgrim's Scrip remarks that: Young men take joy in nothing
The divine afflatus of enthusiasm buoyed her no longer
The king without his crown hath a forehead like the clown
The overwise themselves hoodwink
The kindest of men can be cruel
The devil trusts nobody

The majority, however, had been snatched out of this bliss
The critic that sneers
The habit of the defensive paralyzes will
The intricate, which she takes for the infinite
The exhaustion ensuing we named tranquillity
The social world he looked at did not show him heroes
The mildness of assured dictatorship
The race is for domestic peace, my boy
The embraced respected woman
The divinely damnable naked truth won't wear ornaments
The alternative is, a garter and the bedpost
The curse of sorrow is comparison!
The idol of the hour is the mob's wooden puppet
The circle which the ladies of Brookfield were designing
The wretch who fears death dies multitudinously
Their hearts are eaten up by property
Their sneer withers
Their not caring to think at all
Their way was down a green lane and across long meadow-paths
Their idol pitched before them on the floor
Then, if you will not tell me
Then for us the struggle, for him the grief
There is no first claim
There is no history of events below the surface
There is more in men and women than the stuff they utter
There were joy-bells for Robert and Rhoda, but none for Dahlia
There is no driver like stomach
There are women who go through life not knowing love
There is little to be learnt when a little is known
There is for the mind but one grasp of happiness
There is no step backward in life
There may be women who think as well as feel; I don't know them
There's not an act of a man's life lies dead behind him
There's ne'er a worse off but there's a better off
There's nothing like a metaphor for an evasion
They laugh, but they laugh extinguishingly
They do not live; they are engines
They helped her to feel at home with herself
They have not to speak to exhibit their minds
They have their thinking done for them
They had all noticed, seen, and observed
They, meantime, who had a contempt for sleep
They may know how to make themselves happy in their climate
They are little ironical laughter--Accidents
They seem to me to be educated to conceal their education
They dare not. The more I dare, the less dare they
They miss their pleasure in pursuing it
They take fever for strength, and calmness for submission
They kissed coldly, pressed a hand, said good night
They could have pardoned her a younger lover
They create by stoppage a volcano
They believe that the angels have been busy about them
They have no sensitiveness, we have too much

They want you to show them what they 'd like the world to be
They're always having to retire and always hissing
Things were lumpish and gloomy that day of the week
Things are not equal
Thirst for the haranguing of crowds
This was a totally different case from the antecedent ones
This mania of young people for pleasure, eternal pleasure
This female talk of the eternities
This love they rattle about and rave about
This girl was pliable only to service, not to grief
Those who are rescued and made happy by circumstances
Those numerous women who always know themselves to be right
Those who have the careless chatter, the ready laugh
Those whose humour consists of a readiness to laugh
Those days of intellectual coxcombry
Those happy men who enjoy perceptions without opinions
Those who know little and dread much
Thought of differences with him caused frightful apprehensions
Threatened powerful drugs for weak stomachs
Threats of prayer, however, that harp upon their sincerity
Thus are we stricken by the days of our youth
Thus does Love avenge himself on the unsatisfactory Past
Tight grasps of the hand, in which there was warmth and shyness
Tighter than ever I was tight I'll be to-night
Time is due to us, and the minutes are our gold slipping away
Time and strength run to waste in retarding the inevitable
Time, whose trick is to turn corners of unanticipated sharpness
Times when an example is needed by brave men
Tis the fashion to have our tattle done by machinery
Tis the first step that makes a path
Titles showered on the women who take free breath of air
To beg the vote and wink the bribe
To most men women are knaves or ninnies
To be a really popular hero anywhere in Britain (must be a drinker)
To have no sympathy with the playful mind is not to have a mind
To be passive in calamity is the province of no woman
To let people speak was a maxim of Mrs. Mel's, and a wise one
To know that you are in England, breathing the same air with me
To kill the deer and be sorry for the suffering wretch is common
To the rest of the world he was a progressive comedy
To be both generally blamed, and generally liked
To do nothing, is the wisdom of those who have seen fools perish
To hope, and not be impatient, is really to believe
To be her master, however, one must not begin by writhing as her slave
To time and a wife it is no disgrace for a man to bend
To males, all ideas are female until they are made facts
To know how to take a licking, that wins in the end
Tongue flew, thought followed
Too many time-servers rot the State
Too prompt, too full of personal relish of his point
Too often hangs the house on one loose stone
Too well used to defeat to believe readily in victory
Too weak to resist, to submit to an outrage quietly

Took care to be late, so that all eyes beheld her
Tooth that received a stone when it expected candy
Top and bottom sin is cowardice
Tossed him from repulsion to incredulity, and so back
Touch him with my hand, before he passed from our sight
Touch sin and you accommodate yourself to its vileness
Touching a nerve
Toyed with little flowers of palest memory
Tradesman, and he never was known to have sent in a bill
Trial of her beauty of a woman in a temper
Trick for killing time without hurting him
Tried to be honest, and was as much so as his disease permitted
Troublesome appendages of success
True enjoyment of the princely disposition
True love excludes no natural duty
Trust no man Still, this man may be better than that man
Truth is, they have taken a stain from the life they lead
Twice a bad thing to turn sinners loose
Twisted by a nature that would not allow of open eyes
Two people love, there is no such thing as owing between them
Two principal roads by which poor sinners come to a conscience
Two wishes make a will
Unaccustomed to have his will thwarted
Unanimous verdicts from a jury of temporary impressions
Uncommon unprogressiveness
Unfeminine of any woman to speak continuously anywhere
Universal censor's angry spite
Unseemly hour--unbetimes
Unshamed exuberant male has found the sweet reverse in his mate
Use your religion like a drug
Utterance of generous and patriotic cries is not sufficient
Vagrant compassionateness of sentimentalists
Vanity maketh the strongest most weak
Venerated by his followers, well hated by his enemies
Venus of nature was melting into a Venus of art
Very little parleying between determined men
Vessel was conspiring to ruin our self-respect
Victims of the modern feminine 'ideal'
Violent summons to accept, which is a provocation to deny
Virtue of impatience
Virtuously zealous in an instant on behalf of the lovely dame
Vowed never more to repeat that offence to his patience
Vulgarity in others evoked vulgarity in her
Wait till the day's ended before you curse your luck
Waited serenely for the certain disasters to enthrone her
Wakening to the claims of others--Youth's infant conscience
Want of courage is want of sense
War is only an exaggerated form of duelling
Warm, is hardly the word--Winter's warm on skates
Was born on a hired bed
Was I true? Not so very false, yet how far from truth!
Was not one of the order whose Muse is the Public Taste
Watch, and wait

We shall want a war to teach the country the value of courage
We don't go together into a garden of roses
We were unarmed, and the spectacle was distressing
We are good friends till we quarrel again
We grew accustomed to periods of Irish fever
We have come to think we have a claim upon her gratitude
We women can read men by their power to love
We trust them or we crush them
We cannot relinquish an idea that was ours
We has long overshadowed "I"
We must have some excuse, if we would keep to life
We like well whatso we have done good work for
We could row and ride and fish and shoot, and breed largely
We dare not be weak if we would
We cannot, men or woman, control the heart in sleep at night
We can't hope to have what should be
We have a system, not planned but grown
We are chiefly led by hope
We never see peace but in the features of the dead
We live alone, and do not much feel it till we are visited
We do not see clearly when we are trying to deceive
We deprive all renegades of their spiritual titles
We have now looked into the hazy interior of their systems
We are, in short, a civilized people
We can bear to fall; we cannot afford to draw back
We make our taskmasters of those to whom we have done a wrong
We must fawn in society
We shall go together; we shall not have to weep for one another
We shall not be rich--nor poor
We don't know we are in halves
We're all of us hit at last, and generally by our own weapon
We're smitten to-day in our hearts and our pockets
We're a peaceful people, but 'ware who touches us
We're treated like old-fashioned ornaments!
We've all a parlous lot too much pulpit in us
Weak stomach is certainly more carnally virtuous than a full one
Weak souls are much moved by having the pathos on their side
Weak reeds who are easily vanquished and never overcome
Weather and women have some resemblance they say
Weighty little word--woman's native watchdog and guardian (No!)
Welcomed and lured on an adversary to wild out hitting
Well, sir, we must sell our opium
Welsh blood is queer blood
Went into endless invalid's laughter
Were I chained, For liberty I would sell liberty
What will be thought of me? not a small matter to any of us
What a man hates in adversity is to see 'faces'
What else is so consolatory to a ruined man?
What a stock of axioms young people have handy
What the world says, is what the wind says
What was this tale of Emilia, that grew more and more perplexing
What he did, she took among other inevitable matters
What a woman thinks of women, is the test of her nature

What ninnies call Nature in books
What might have been
What's an eccentric? a child grown grey!
When we see our veterans tottering to their fall
When he's a Christian instead of a Churchman
When you run away, you don't live to fight another day
When Love is hurt, it is self-love that requires the opiate
When to loquacious fools with patience rare I listen
When testy old gentlemen could commit slaughter with ecstasy
When we despair or discolour things, it is our senses in revolt
When you have done laughing with her, you can laugh at her
When duelling flourished on our land, frail women powerful
Where one won't and can't, poor t' other must
Where fools are the fathers of every miracle
Where love exists there is goodness
Where she appears, the first person falls to second rank
Where heart weds mind, or nature joins intellect
Whimpering fits you said we enjoy and must have in books
Who beguiles so much as Self?
Who shuns true friends flies fortune in the concrete
Who venerate when they love
Who rises from Prayer a better man, his prayer is answered
Who cannot talk!--but who can?
Who so intoxicated as the convalescent catching at health?
Who in a labyrinth wandereth without clue
Who cries, Come on, and prays his gods you won't
Who shrinks from an hour that is suspended in doubt
Who enjoyed simple things when commanding the luxuries
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
Who can really think, and not think hopefully?
Whole body of fanatics combined to precipitate the devotion
Whose bounty was worse to him than his abuse
Why he enjoyed the privilege of seeing, and was not beside her
Why, he'll snap your head off for a word
Why should these men take so much killing?
Wife and no wife, a prisoner in liberty
Wilfrid perceived that he had become an old man
Will not admit the existence of a virtue in an opposite opinion
William John Fleming was simply a poor farmer
Win you--temperately, let us hope; by storm, if need be
Winds of panic are violently engaged in occupying the vacuum
Wins everywhere back a reflection of its own kindliness
Winter mornings are divine. They move on noiselessly
Wise in not seeking to be too wise
With what little wisdom the world is governed
With a proud humility
With one idea, we see nothing--nothing but itself
With a frozen fish of admirable principles for wife
With good wine to wash it down, one can swallow anything
With death; we'd rather not, because of a qualm
With that I sail into the dark
With this money, said the demon, you might speculate
Withdrew into the entrenchments of contempt

Without a single intimation that he loathed the task
Without those consolatory efforts, useless between men
Wits, which are ordinarily less productive than land
Wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important
Woman finds herself on board a rudderless vessel
Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man
Woman descending from her ideal to the gross reality of man
Woman's precious word No at the sentinel's post, and alert
Women are happier enslaved
Women are taken to be the second thoughts of the Creator
Women with brains, moreover, are all heartless
Women must not be judging things out of their sphere
Women don't care uncommonly for the men who love them
Women treat men as their tamed housemates
Women are wonderfully quick scholars under ridicule
Women and men are in two hostile camps
Women are swift at coming to conclusions in these matters
Won't do to be taking in reefs on a lee-shore
Wonderment that one of her sex should have ideas
Wooing a good man for his friendship
Wooing her with dog's eyes instead of words
Work of extravagance upon perceptibly plain matter
Work is medicine
World voluntarily opens a path to those who step determinedly
World cannot pardon a breach of continuity
World is ruthless, dear friends, because the world is hypocrite
World against us It will not keep us from trying to serve
World prefers decorum to honesty
Would he see what he aims at? let him ask his heels
Would like to feel he was doing a bit of good
Wrapped in the comfort of his cowardice
Writer society delights in, to show what it is composed of
Yawns coming alarmingly fast, in the place of ideas
Years are the teachers of the great rocky natures
Yet, though Angels smile, shall not Devils laugh
You want me to flick your indecision
You saw nothing but handkerchiefs out all over the theatre
You are to imagine that they know everything
You can master pain, but not doubt
You may learn to know yourself through love
You do want polish
You who may have cared for her through her many tribulations, have no fear
You choose to give yourself to an obscure dog
You are not married, you are simply chained
You played for gain, and that was a licenced thieving
You talk your mother with a vengeance
You have not to be told that I desire your happiness above all
You are entreated to repress alarm
You accuse or you exonerate--Nobody can be half guilty
You rides when you can, and you walks when you must
You beat me with the fists, but my spirit is towering
You'll have to guess at half of everything he tells you
You'll tell her you couldn't sit down in her presence undressed

You're going to be men, meaning something better than women
You're a rank, right-down widow, and no mistake
You're talking to me, not to a gallery
You're the puppet of your women!
You've got no friend but your bed
Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise
Your devotion craves an enormous exchange
Youth will not believe that stupidity and beauty can go together
Youth is not alarmed by the sound of big sums

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