

# Quotes and Images From The Works of George Meredith

George Meredith - Edited and Arranged by David Widger

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QUOTES AND IMAGES FROM GEORGE MEREDITH

THE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

PROSE

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

George Meredith in 1893

The Sitting Room, Flint Cottage--May 18th 1909

Age 35

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Age 68

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

A madman gets madder when you talk  
reason to him

A night that had shivered repose

A dash of conventionalism makes the  
whole civilized world kin

A string of pearls: a woman who goes  
beyond that's in danger

A wound of the same kind that we are  
inflicting

A tear would have overcome him--She had  
not wept

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

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

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

A kind of anchorage in case of  
indiscretion

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

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

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

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

A kindly sense of superiority

A young philosopher's an old fool!

A bird that won't roast or boil or stew

A woman, and would therefore listen to  
nonsense

A male devotee is within an inch of a  
miracle

A great oration may be a sedative

A very doubtful benefit

A generous enemy is a friend on the  
wrong side

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

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

A style of affable omnipotence about  
the wise youth

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

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

A dumb tongue can be a heavy liar

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

A share of pity for the objects she  
despised

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

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

A marriage without love is dishonour

A plunge into the deep is of little  
moment

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

A man to be trusted with the keys of  
anything

A free-thinker startles him as a kind

of demon

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

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

A man who rejected medicine in  
extremity

A lady's company-smile

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

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

A whisper of cajolery in season is  
often the secret

A superior position was offered her by  
her being silent

A contented Irishman scarcely seems my  
countryman

Abject sense of the lack of a  
circumference

Above all things I detest the writing  
for money

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

Absolute freedom could be the worst of  
perils

Accidents are the specific for averting  
the maladies of age

Accounting his tight blue tail coat and  
brass buttons a victory

Accounting for it, is not the same as  
excusing

Accustomed to be paid for by his  
country

Acting is not of the high class which  
conceals the art

Active despair is a passion that must  
be superseded

Add on a tired pipe after dark, and a

sound sleep to follow

Adept in the lie implied

Admirable scruples of an inveterate  
borrower

Admiration of an enemy or oppressor  
doing great deeds

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

Adversary at once offensive and  
helpless provokes brutality

Advised not to push at a shut gate

Affected misapprehensions

Affectedly gentle and unusually  
roundabout opening

After forty, men have married their  
habits

After five years of marriage, and  
twelve of friendship

After a big blow, a very little one  
scarcely counts

Agostino was enjoying the smoke of  
paper cigarettes

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

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

Ah! we fall into their fictions

Aimlessness of a woman's curiosity

Alike believe that Providence is for  
them

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

All concessions to the people have been  
won from fear

All passed too swift for happiness

All women are the same--Know one, know  
all

All that Matey and Brownie were

forbidden to write they looked

All are friends who sit at table

All flattery is at somebody's expense

Allowed silly sensitiveness to prevent  
the repair

Although it blew hard when Caesar  
crossed the Rubicon

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

Am I ill? I must be hungry!

Am I thy master, or thou mine?

Americans forgivingly remember, without  
mentioning

Amiable mirror as being wilfully  
ruffled to confuse

Among boys there are laws of honour and  
chivalrous codes

Amused after their tiresome work of  
slaughter

An edge to his smile that cuts much  
like a sneer

An obedient creature enough where he  
must be

An angry woman will think the worst

An incomprehensible world indeed at the  
bottom and at the top

An instinct labouring to supply the  
deficiencies of stupidity

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

And now came war, the purifier and the  
pestilence

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

And he passed along the road, adds the  
Philosopher

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

And her voice, against herself, was for  
England

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

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

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

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

And not be beaten by an acknowledged  
defeat

And never did a stroke of work in my  
life

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

Anecdotalist to slaughter families for  
the amusement

Anguish to think of having bent the  
knee for nothing

Anticipate opposition by initiating  
measures

Any man is in love with any woman

Any excess pushes to craziness

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

Appetite to flourish at the cost of the  
weaker

Arch-devourer Time

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

Aristocratic assumption of licence

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

Arrest the enemy by vociferations of  
persistent prayer

Art of despising what he coveted



Art of speaking on politics tersely

As when nations are secretly preparing  
for war

As to wit, the sneer is the cloak of  
clumsiness

As secretive as they are sensitive

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

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

As faith comes--no saying how; one  
swears by them

As if she had never heard him  
previously enunciate the formula

As little trouble as the heath when the  
woods are swept

As if the age were the injury!

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

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

As for comparisons, they are flowers  
thrown into the fire

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

As becomes them, they do not look ahead

Ashamed of letting his ears be filled  
with secret talk

Ask not why, where reason never was

Ask pardon of you, without excusing  
myself

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

At the age of forty, men that love love  
rootedly

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

Attacked my conscience on the cowardly

side

Automatic creature is subject to the laws of its construction

Avoid the position that enforces publishing

Back from the altar to discover that she has chained herself

Bad laws are best broken

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

Bade his audience to beware of princes

Banded the weariful shuttlecock of gallantry

Barriers are for those who cannot fly

Be philosophical, but accept your personal dues

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

Be what you seem, my little one

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

Be good and dull, and please everybody

Be the woman and have the last word!

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

Beauchamp's career

Beautiful servicelessness

Beautiful women in her position provoke an intemperateness

Beautiful women may believe themselves beloved

Beauty is rare; luckily is it rare

Because you loved something better than me

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

Because men can't abide praise of  
another man

Becoming air of appropriation that made  
it family history

Bed was a rock of refuge and fortified  
defence

Began the game of Pull

Beginning to have a movement to kiss  
the whip

Behold the hero embarked in the  
redemption of an erring beauty

Being heard at night, in the nineteenth  
century

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

Belief in the narrative by promoting  
nausea in the audience

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

Bent double to gather things we have  
tossed away

Better for men of extremely opposite  
opinions not to meet

Between love grown old and indifference  
ageing to love

Beware the silent one of an assembly!

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

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

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

Botched mendings will only make them  
worse

Bound to assure everybody at table he  
was perfectly happy

Bounds of his intelligence closed their  
four walls

Boys, of course--but men, too!

Boys are unjust

Boys who can appreciate brave deeds are  
capable of doing them

Braggadocioing in deeds is only next  
bad to mouthing it

Brains will beat Grim Death if we have  
enough of them

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

British hunger for news; second only to  
that for beef

Brittle is foredoomed

Brotherhood among the select who wear  
masks instead of faces

But I leave it to you

But a woman must now and then  
ingratiate herself

But great, powerful London--the new  
universe to her spirit

But to strangle craving is indeed to go  
through a death

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

But you must be beautiful to please  
some men

But they were a hopeless couple, they  
were so friendly

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

But love for a parent is not merely  
duty

But a great success is full of  
temptations

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

But is there such a thing as happiness

But had sunk to climb on a firmer  
footing

By our manner of loving we are known

By forbearance, put it in the wrong

By resisting, I made him a tyrant

By nature incapable of asking pardon

Cajoled like a twenty-year-old yahoo at college

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

Calm fanaticism of the passion of love

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

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

Can a man go farther than his nature?

Cannot be any goodness unless it is a practiced goodness

Canvassing means intimidation or corruption

Capacity for thinking should precede the act of writing

Capricious potentate whom they worship

Careful not to smell of his office

Carry explosives and must particularly guard against sparks

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

Causes him to be popularly weighed

Centres of polished barbarism known as aristocratic societies

Challenged him to lead up to her desired stormy scene

Charges of cynicism are common against all satirists

Charitable mercifulness; better than sentimental ointment

Charity that supplied the place of

justice was not thanked

Chaste are wattled in formalism and  
throned in sourness

Cheerful martyr

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

Chose to conceive that he thought  
abstractedly

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

Civil tongue and rosy smiles sweeten  
even sour wine

Claim for equality puts an end to the  
priceless privileges

Clotilde fenced, which is half a  
confession

Cock-sure has crowed low by sunset

Cold curiosity

Cold charity to all

Come prepared to be not very well  
satisfied with anything

Comfortable have to pay in occasional  
panics for the serenity

Command of countenance the Countess  
possessed

Commencement of a speech proves that  
you have made the plunge

Common voice of praise in the mouths of  
his creditors

Common sense is the secret of every  
successful civil agitation

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

Comparisons will thrust themselves on  
minds disordered

Compassionate sentiments veered round  
to irate amazement

Complacent languor of the wise youth

Compliment of being outwitted by their own offspring

Compromise is virtual death

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

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

Confident serenity inspired by evil prognostications

Consciousness of some guilt when vowing itself innocent

Consent to take life as it is

Consent of circumstances

Conservative, whose astounded state paralyzes his wrath

Consign discussion to silence with the cynical closure

Constitutionally discontented

Consult the family means--waste your time

Contempt of military weapons and ridicule of the art of war

Contemptuous exclusiveness could not go farther

Continued trust in the man--is the alternative of despair

Convict it by instinct without the ceremony of a jury

Convictions we store--wherewith to shape our destinies

Convictions are generally first impressions

Convincing themselves that they impersonate sagacity

Cordiality of an extreme relief in leaving

Could we--we might be friends

Could peruse platitudes upon that theme  
with enthusiasm

Could not understand enthusiasm for the  
schoolmaster's career

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

Could have designed this gabbler for  
the mate

Could affect me then, without being  
flung at me

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

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

Country prizing ornaments higher than  
qualities

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

Cover of action as an escape from  
perplexity

Cowardice is even worse for nations  
than for individual men

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

Creatures that wait for circumstances  
to bring the change

Critical fashion of intimates who know  
as well as hear

Critical in their first glance at a  
prima donna

Cupid clipped of wing is a destructive  
parasite

Curious thing would be if curious  
things should fail to happen

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

Damsel who has lost the third volume of  
an exciting novel

Dangerous things are uttered after the  
third glass



Dark-eyed Renee was not beauty but  
attraction

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

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

Death is always next door

Death within which welcomed a death  
without

Death is only the other side of the  
ditch

Death is our common cloak; but Calamity  
individualizes

Debit was eloquent, he was unanswerable

Decency's a dirty petticoat in the  
Garden of Innocence

Decent insincerity

Decline to practise hypocrisy

Dedicated to the putrid of the upper  
circle

Deeds only are the title

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

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

Delay in thine undertaking is disaster  
of thy own making

Depending for dialogue upon perpetual  
fresh supplies of scandal

Depreciating it after the fashion of  
chartered hypocrites.

Desire of it destroyed it

Despises hostile elements and goes  
unpunished

Despises the pomades and curling-irons  
of modern romance

Determine that the future is in our

debt, and draw on it

Detestable feminine storms enveloping  
men weak enough

Detested titles, invented by the  
English

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

Dialectical stiffness

Dialogue between Nature and  
Circumstance

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

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

Dignitary, and he passed under the  
bondage of that position

Dignity of sulking so seductive to the  
wounded spirit of man

Discover the writers in a day when all  
are writing!

Discreet play with her eyelids in our  
encounters

Disqualification of constantly  
offending prejudices

Dissent rings out finely, and approval  
is a feeble murmur

Distaste for all exercise once  
pleasurable

Distinguished by his not allowing  
himself to be provoked

Distrust us, and it is a declaration of  
war

Dithyrambic inebriety of narration

Divided lovers in presence

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

Do you judge of heroes as of lesser  
men?

Dogmatic arrogance of a just but ignorant man

Dogs die more decently than we men

Dogs' eyes have such a sick look of love

Dose he had taken was not of the sweetest

Drank to show his disdain of its powers

Dreaded as a scourge, hailed as a refreshment (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 stomachs are foul counsellors

Empty magnanimity which his uncle presented to him

Enamoured young men have these notions

Enemy's laugh is a bugle blown in the night

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

England's the foremost country of the globe

English antipathy to babblers

English maids are domesticated savage animals

Enjoys his luxuries and is ashamed of his laziness

Enthusiasm struck and tightened the loose chord of scepticism

Enthusiasm has the privilege of not knowing monotony

Enthusiast, when not lyrical, is perilously near to boring

Envy of the man of positive knowledge

Equally acceptable salted when it cannot be had fresh

Everlastingly in this life the better pays for the worse

Every failure is a step advanced

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

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

Everywhere the badge of subjection is a poor stomach

Exceeding variety and quantity of things money can buy

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

Excess of a merit is a capital offence in morality

Excited, glad of catastrophe if it but killed monotony

Expectations dupe us, not trust

Explaining of things to a dull head

Externally soft and polished,  
internally hard and relentless

Exuberant anticipatory trustfulness

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

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

Face betokening the perpetual smack of  
lemon

Failures oft are but advising friends

Faith works miracles. At least it  
allows time for them

Fantastical

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

Fast growing to be an eccentric by  
profession

Fatal habit of superiority stopped his  
tongue

Father and she were aware of one  
another without conversing

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

Favour can't help coming by rotation

Fear nought so much as Fear itself

Feel no shame that I do not feel!

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

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

Feigned utter condemnation to make  
partial comfort acceptable

Fell to chatting upon the nothings  
agreeably and seriously

Feminine pity, which is nearer to

contempt than to tenderness

Feminine; coming when she willed and  
flying when wanted

Festive board provided for them by the  
valour of their fathers

Few feelings are single on this globe

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

Fiddle harmonics on the sensual strings

Fine eye for celestially directed  
consequences is ever haunted

Fine Shades were still too dominant at  
Brookfield

Finishing touches to the negligence

Fire smoothes the creases

Fires in the grates went through the  
ceremony of warming nobody

Fit of Republicanism in the nursery

Flashes bits of speech that catch men  
in their unguarded corner

Flung him, pitied him, and passed on

Foamy top is offered and gulped as  
equivalent to an idea

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

Foist on you their idea of your idea at  
the moment

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

Foolish trick of thinking for herself

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

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

Forgetfulness is like a closing sea

Fortitude leaned so much upon the irony

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

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

Found it difficult to forgive her his  
own folly

Found that he 'cursed better upon  
water'

Fourth of the Georges

Frankness as an armour over wariness

Fretted by his relatives he cannot be  
much of a giant

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

Friendship, I fancy, means one heart  
between two

From head to foot nothing better than a  
moan made visible

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

Full-o'-Beer's a hasty chap

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

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

Generally he noticed nothing

Gentlefolks like straight-forwardness  
in their inferiors

Gentleman who does so much 'cause he  
says so little

Gentleman in a good state of  
preservation

Get back what we give

Giant Vanity urged Giant Energy to make  
use of Giant Duplicity

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

Give our consciences to the keeping of  
the parsons

Given up his brains for a lodging to a  
single idea

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

Gone to pieces with an injured lover's  
babble

Good and evil work together in this  
world

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

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

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

Good maxim for the wrathful--speak not  
at all

Good jokes are not always good policy

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

Gossip always has some solid  
foundation, however small

Government of brain; not sufficient  
Insurrection of heart

Gradations appear to be unknown to you

Graduated naturally enough the finer  
stages of self-deception

Grand air of pitying sadness

Gratitude never was a woman's gift

Gratuitous insult

Gravely reproaching the tobacconist for  
the growing costliness of cigars

Greater our successes, the greater the  
slaves we become

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



Grief of an ill-fortuned passion of his youth

Grimaces at a government long-nosed to no purpose

Grossly unlike in likeness (portraits)

Habit had legalized his union with her

Habit of antedating his sagacity

Habit, what a sacred and admirable thing it is

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

Had come to be her lover through being her husband

Had Shakespeare's grandmother three Christian names?

Had taken refuge in their opera-glasses

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

Half a dozen dozen left

Half designingly permitted her trouble to be seen

Happiness in love is a match between ecstasy and compliance

Happy the woman who has not more to speak

Happy in privation and suffering if simply we can accept beauty

Hard to bear, at times unbearable

Hard enough for a man to be married to a fool

Hard men have sometimes a warm affection for dogs

Haremed opinion of the unfitness of women

Hated one thing alone--which was 'bother'

Hated tears, considering them a clog to all useful machinery

Hates a compromise

Haunted many pillows

Have her profile very frequently while  
I am conversing with her

Having contracted the fatal habit of  
irony

He was not alive for his own pleasure

He, by insisting, made me a rebel

He bowed to facts

He grunted that a lying clock was  
hateful to him

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

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

He postponed it to the next minute and  
the next

He prattled, in the happy ignorance of  
compulsion

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

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

He is in the season of faults

He had his character to maintain

He squandered the guineas, she  
patiently picked up the pence

He neared her, wooing her; and she  
assented

He judged of others by himself

He is inexorable, being the guilty one  
of the two

He had to shake up wrath over his  
grievances

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

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

He loathed a skulker

He clearly could not learn from  
misfortune

He thinks or he chews

He would neither retort nor defend  
himself

He whipped himself up to one of his  
oratorical frenzies

He put no question to anybody

He took small account of the operations  
of the feelings

He began ambitiously--It's the way at  
the beginning

He never explained

He never acknowledged a trouble, he  
dispersed it

He was the prisoner of his word

He wants the whip; ought to have had it  
regularly

He had wealth for a likeness of  
strength

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

He did not vastly respect beautiful  
women

He sinks terribly when he sinks at all

He was not a weaver of phrases in  
distress

He lies as naturally as an infant sucks

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

He runs too much from first principles  
to extremes

He gained much by claiming little

He had by nature a tarnishing eye that

cast discolouration

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

He smoked, Lord Avonley said of the  
second departure

He had no recollection of having ever  
dined without drinking wine

He stormed her and consented to be  
beaten

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

He was the maddest of tyrants--a weak  
one

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

He never calculated on the happening of  
mortal accidents

He had expected romance, and had met  
merchandize

He condensed a paragraph into a line

He lost the art of observing himself

He had neat phrases, opinions in  
packets

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

Hear victorious lawlessness appealing  
solemnly to God the law

Heart to keep guard and bury the bones  
you tossed him

Heartily she thanked the girl for the  
excuse to cry

Hearts that make one soul do not  
separately count their gifts

Heathen vindictiveness declaring itself  
holy

Heights of humour beyond laughter

Her intimacy with a man old enough to  
be her grandfather

Her vehement fighting against facts

Her peculiar tenacity of the sense of injury

Her feelings--trustier guides than her judgement in this crisis

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

Her aspect suggested the repose of a winter landscape

Her singing struck a note of grateful remembered delight

Her duel with Time

Here, where he both wished and wished not to be

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

Hermits enamoured of wind and rain

Hero embarked in the redemption of an erring beautiful woman

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

Herself, content to be dull if he might shine

Hesitating strangeness that sometimes gathers during absences

Himself in the worn old surplice of the converted rake

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

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

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

His ridiculous equanimity

His alien ideas were not unimpressed by the picture

His restored sense of possession

His wife alone, had, as they termed it,

kept him together

His equanimity was fictitious

His fancy performed miraculous feats

His violent earnestness, his imperial  
self-confidence

His apparent cynicism is sheer  
irritability

Holding to the refusal, for the sake of  
consistency

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

Holy images, and other miraculous  
objects are sold

Honest creatures who will not accept a  
lift from fiction

Hope which lies in giving men a dose of  
hysterics

Hopeless task of defending a woman from  
a woman

Hopes of a coming disillusion that  
would restore him

Hosts of men are of the simple order of  
the comic

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

How Success derides Ambition!

How many degrees from love gratitude  
may be

How immensely nature seems to prefer  
men to women!

How little a thing serves Fortune's  
turn

How to compromise the matter for the  
sake of peace?

How many instruments cannot clever  
women play upon

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

Hug the hatred they packed up among  
their bundles

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

Humour preserved her from excesses of  
sentiment

Huntress with few scruples and the game  
unguarded

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

I do not defend myself ever

I have learnt as much from light  
literature as from heavy

I have and hold--you shall hunger and  
covet

I cannot get on with Gibbon

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

I married a cook She expects a big  
appetite

I want no more, except to be taught to  
work

I detest anything that has to do with  
gratitude

I know nothing of imagination

I haven't got the pluck of a flea

I hate old age It changes you so

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

I can't think brisk out of my breeches

I look on the back of life

I never pay compliments to transparent  
merit

I always respected her; I never liked  
her

I give my self, I do not sell

I cannot live a life of deceit. A life

of misery--not deceit

I was discontented, and could not speak  
my discontent

I laughed louder than was necessary

I had to cross the park to give a  
lesson

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

I ain't a speeder of matrimony

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

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

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

I do not think Frenchmen comparable to  
the women of France

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

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

I had to make my father and mother live  
on potatoes

I am not ashamed

I hope I am not too hungry to  
discriminate

I cannot say less, and will say no more

I wanted a hero

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

I can pay clever gentlemen for doing  
Greek for me

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

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

I detest enthusiasm



I baint done yet

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

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

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

I have all the luxuries--enough to  
loathe them

I who respect the state of marriage by  
refusing

I make a point of never recommending my  
own house

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

I am a discordant instrument I do not  
readily vibrate

I don't count them against women  
(moods)

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

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

I never see anything, my dear

I always wait for a thing to happen  
first

I'll come as straight as I can

I'm for a rational Deity

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

Idea is the only vital breath

Ideas in gestation are the dullest  
matter you can have

If we are really for Nature, we are not  
lawless

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

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

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

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

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

If the world is hostile we are not to  
blame it

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

If thou wouldst fix remembrance--  
thwack!

If I'm struck, I strike back

If only been intellectually a little  
flexible in his morality

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

If I do not speak of payment

Ignorance roaring behind a mask of  
sarcasm

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

Immense wealth and native obtuseness  
combine to disfigure us

Imparting the usual chorus of yesses to  
his own mind

Impossible for him to think that women  
thought

Impossible for us women to comprehend  
love without folly in man

Impudent boy's fling at superiority  
over the superior

In the pay of our doctors

In every difficulty, patience is a  
life-belt

In India they sacrifice the widows, in  
France the virgins

In bottle if not on draught (oratory)

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

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

In Italy, a husband away, ze friend  
takes title

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

Incapable of putting the screw upon  
weak excited nature

Incessantly speaking of the necessity  
we granted it unknowingly

Inclined to act hesitation in accepting  
the aid she sought

Increase of dissatisfaction with the  
more she got

Indirect communication with heaven

Inducement to act the hypocrite before  
the hypocrite world

Indulged in their privilege of thinking  
what they liked

Infallibility of our august mother

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

Infatuated men argue likewise, and  
scandal does not move them

Inferences are like shadows on the wall

Inflicted no foretaste of her coming  
subjection to him

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

Injury forbids us to be friends again

Innocence and uncleanness may go  
together

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

Intellectual contempt of easy dupes

Intensely communicative, but  
inarticulate

Intentions are really rich possessions

Intimations of cowardice menacing a  
paralysis of the will

Intrusion of the spontaneous on the  
stereotyped would clash

Intrusion of hard material statements,  
facts

Invite indecision to exhaust their  
scruples

Ireland 's the sore place of England

Irishman there is a barrow trolling a  
load of grievances

Irishmen will never be quite sincere

Ironical fortitude

Irony in him is only eulogy standing on  
its head

Irony that seemed to spring from  
aversion

Irony instead of eloquence

Irony provoked his laughter more than  
fun

Irritability at the intrusion of past  
disputes

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

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

Is it any waste of time to write of  
love?

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

It was harder to be near and not close

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

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

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

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

It is the best of signs when women take  
to her

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

It rarely astonishes our ears It  
illumines our souls

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

It was an honest buss, but dear at ten  
thousand

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

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

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

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

It is better for us both, of course

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

It is no use trying to conceal anything  
from him

It's a fool that hopes for peace  
anywhere

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

Italians were like women, and wanted--a  
real beating

Its glee at a catastrophe; its poor  
stock of mercy

January was watering and freezing old  
earth by turns

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

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

Limit was two bottles of port wine at a  
sitting

Listened to one another, and blinded  
the world

Literature is a good stick and a bad  
horse

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

Littlenesses of which women are accused

Loathing of artifice to raise emotion

Loathing for speculation

Longing for love and dependence

Look within, and avoid lying

Look well behind

Look backward only to correct an error  
of conduct in future

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

Looking on him was listening

Loudness of the interrogation precluded  
thought of an answer

Love, with his accustomed cunning

Love the poor devil

Love dies like natural decay

Love the children of Erin, when not  
fretted by them

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

Love of pleasure keeps us blind  
children

Love and war have been compared--Both  
require strategy

Love that shrieks at a mortal wound,  
and bleeds humanly

Love discerns unerringly what is and  
what is not duty

Love must needs be an egoism

Love is a contagious disease

Love the difficulty better than the  
woman

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

Love's a selfish business one has work  
in hand

Loves his poets, can almost understand  
what poetry means

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

Lucky accidents are anticipated only by  
fools

Made of his creed a strait-jacket for  
humanity

Madness that sane men enamoured can be  
struck by

Magnificent in generosity; he had  
little humaneness

Magnify an offence in the ratio of our  
vanity

Make no effort to amuse him. He is  
always occupied

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

Making too much of it--a trick of the  
vulgar

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

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



Man owes a duty to his class

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

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

Mankind is offended by heterodoxy in  
mean attire

Mare would do, and better than a dozen  
horses

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

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

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

Married a wealthy manufacturer--  
bartered her blood for his money

Martyrs of love or religion are madmen

Material good reverses its benefits the  
more nearly we clasp it

Matter that is not nourishing to brains

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

May lull themselves with their  
wakefulness

May not one love, not craving to be  
beloved?

Meant to vanquish her with the  
dominating patience

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

Memory inspired by the sensations

Men overweeningly in love with their  
creations

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

Men they regard as their natural prey

Men bore the blame, though the women

were rightly punished

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

Men in love are children with their  
mistresses

Men love to boast of things nobody else  
has seen

Men who believe that there is a virtue  
in imprecations

Men had not pleased him of late

Mental and moral neuters

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

Mighty Highnesses who had only smelt  
the outside edge of battle

Mika! you did it in cold blood?

Mindless, he says, and arrogant

Minutes taken up by the grey puffs from  
their mouths

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

Mistaking of her desires for her  
reasons

Modest are the most easily intoxicated  
when they sip at vanity

Money is of course a rough test of  
virtue

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

Moral indignation is ever consolatory

Morales, madame, suit ze sun

More argument I cannot bear

More culpable the sparer than the  
spared

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

Mrs. Fleming, of Queen Anne's Farm, was

the wife of a yeoman

Music was resumed to confuse the  
hearing of the eavesdroppers

Music in Italy? Amorous and martial,  
brainless and monotonous

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

Mutual deference

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

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

My plain story is of two Kentish  
damsels

My first girl--she's brought disgrace  
on this house

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

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

Naked original ideas, are acceptable at  
no time

Napoleon's treatment of women is  
excellent example

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

Nations at war are wild beasts

Naturally as deceived as he wished to  
be

Nature and Law never agreed

Nature is not of necessity always  
roaring

Nature could at a push be eloquent to  
defend the guilty

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

Naughtily Australian and kangaroo

Necessary for him to denounce somebody

Necessity's offspring

Needed support of facts, and feared  
them

Never reckon on womankind for a wise  
act

Never, never love a married woman

Never intended that we should play with  
flesh and blood

Never forget that old Ireland is  
weeping

Never forgave an injury without a  
return blow for it

Never to despise the good opinion of  
the nonentities

Never nurse an injury, great or small

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

Never fell far short of outstripping  
the sturdy pedestrian Time

Never pretend to know a girl by her  
face

Nevertheless, inclinations are an  
infidelity

Next door to the Last Trump

Night has little mercy for the  
self-reproachful

No nose to the hero, no moral to the  
tale

No runner can outstrip his fate

No companionship save with the wound  
they nurse

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

No great harm done when you're silent

No heart to dare is no heart to love!

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

No word is more lightly spoken than  
shame

No flattery for me at the expense of my  
sisters

No man has a firm foothold who pretends  
to it

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

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

No conversation coming of it, her  
curiosity was violent

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

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

No love can be without jealousy

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

None but fanatics, cowards,  
white-eyeballed dogmatists

Nor can a protest against coarseness be  
sweepingly interpreted

Not every chapter can be sunshine

Not afford to lose, and a disposition  
free of the craving to win

Not men of brains, but the men of  
aptitudes

Not the indignant and the frozen, but  
the genially indifferent

Not daring risk of office by offending  
the taxpayer

Not in love--She was only not unwilling  
to be in love

Not a page of his books reveals  
malevolence or a sneer

Not always the right thing to do the  
right thing

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

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

Not much esteem for non-professional  
actresses

Not in a situation that could bear of  
her blaming herself

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

Not to go hunting and fawning for  
alliances

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

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

Not the great creatures we assume  
ourselves to be

Not likely to be far behind curates in  
besieging an heiress

Nothing is a secret that has been  
spoken

Nothing desirable will you have which  
is not coveted

Nothing the body suffers that the soul  
may not profit by

Notoriously been above the honours of  
grammar

Nought credit but what outward orbs  
reveal

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

Nursing of a military invalid awakens  
tenderer anxieties

O for yesterday!

O self! self! self!

O heaven! of what avail is human  
effort?

Obedience oils necessity

Obeseness is the most sensitive of our ailments

Objects elevated even by a decayed world have their magnetism

Observation is the most, enduring of the pleasures of life

Occasional instalments--just to freshen the account

Official wrath at sound of footfall or a fancied one

Oggler's genial piety made him shrink with nausea

Oh! beastly bathos

Oh! I can't bear that class of people

Old houses are doomed to burnings

Old age is a prison wall between us and young people

Omnipotence, which is in the image of themselves

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

On the threshold of Puberty, there is one Unselfish Hour

On which does the eye linger longest--which draws the heart?

On a wild April morning

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

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

Once called her beautiful; his praise had given her beauty

One wants a little animation in a husband

One who studies is not being a fool

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

One might build up a respectable figure  
in negatives

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

One night, and her character's gone

One learns to have compassion for  
fools, by studying them

One has to feel strong in a delicate  
position

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

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

One idea is a bullet

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

Only to be described in the tongue of  
auctioneers

Only true race, properly so called, out  
of India--German

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

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

Optional marriages, broken or renewed  
every seven years

Or where you will, so that's in Ireland

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

Orderliness, from which men are  
privately exempt

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

Our weakness is the swiftest dog to  
hunt us

Our partner is our master

Our comedies are frequently youth's  
tragedies



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

Our bravest, our best, have an impulse  
to run

Our lawyers have us inside out, like  
our physicians

Our love and labour are constantly on  
trial

Owner of such a woman, and to lose her!

Pact between cowardice and comfort  
under the title of expediency

Pain is a cloak that wraps you about

Paint themselves pure white, to the  
obliteration of minor spots

Parliament, is the best of occupations  
for idle men

Partake of a morning draught

Passion, he says, is noble strength on  
fire

Passion is not invariably love

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

Passion does not inspire dark appetite--  
Dainty innocence does

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

Past fairness, vaguely like a snow  
landscape in the thaw

Patience is the pestilence

Patronizing woman

Paying compliments and spoiling a game!

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

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

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

Pebble may roll where it likes--not so  
the costly jewel

Peculiar subdued form of laughter  
through the nose

People of a provocative prosperity

People were virtuous in past days: they  
counted their sinners

People with whom a mute conformity is  
as good as worship

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

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

Perhaps inspire him, if he would let  
her breathe

Period of his life a man becomes too  
voraciously constant

Persist, if thou wouldst truly reach  
thine ends

Person in another world beyond this  
world of blood

Perused it, and did not recognize  
herself in her language

Pessimism is invulnerable

Petty concessions are signs of weakness  
to the unsatisfied

Philip was a Spartan for keeping his  
feelings under

Philosophy skimmed, and realistic  
romances deep-sounded

Pitiful conceit in men

Planting the past in the present like a  
perceptible ghost

Play the great game of blunders

Play second fiddle without looking  
foolish

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

Please to be pathetic on that subject  
after I am wrinkled

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

Pleasure sat like an inextinguishable  
light on her face

Poetic romance is delusion

Policy seems to petrify their minds

Polished barbarism

Politics as well as the other diseases

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

Portrait of himself by the artist

Practical or not, the good people  
affectingly wish to be

Practical for having an addiction to  
the palpable

Prayer for an object is the cajolery of  
an idol

Press, which had kindled, proceeded to  
extinguished

Presumptuous belief

Pride in being always myself

Pride is the God of Pagans

Primitive appetite for noise

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

Procrastination and excessive  
scrupulousness

Professional widows

Professional Puritans

Profound belief in her partiality for  
him

Propitiate common sense on behalf of  
what seems tolerably absurd

Protestant clergy the social police of

the English middle-class

Providence and her parents were not forgiven

Published Memoirs indicate the end of a man's activity

Puns are the smallpox of the language

Push me to condense my thoughts to a tight ball

Push indolent unreason to gain the delusion of happiness

Put material aid at a lower mark than gentleness

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

Puzzle to connect the foregoing and the succeeding

Question the gain of such an expenditure of energy

Question with some whether idiots should live

Quick to understand, she is in the quick of understanding

Quixottry is agreeable reading, a silly performance

Rage of a conceited schemer tricked

Rapture of obliviousness

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

Rare men of honour who can command their passion

Rarely exacted obedience, and she was spontaneously obeyed

Read deep and not be baffled by inconsistencies

Read with his eyes when you meet him this morning

Read one another perfectly in their mutual hypocrisies

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

Real happiness is a state of dulness

Rebellion against society and advocacy  
of humanity run counter

Rebukes which give immeasurable  
rebounds

Recalling her to the subject-matter  
with all the patience

Reflection upon a statement is its  
lightning in advance

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

Regularity of the grin of dentistry

Rejoicing they have in their common  
agreement

Religion condones offences: Philosophy  
has no forgiveness

Religion is the one refuge from women

Reluctant to take the life of flowers  
for a whim

Remarked that the young men must fight  
it out together

Repeatedly, in contempt of the disgust  
of iteration

Reproof of such supererogatory counsel

Requiring natural services from her in  
the button department

Respect one another's affectations

Respected the vegetable yet more than  
he esteemed the flower

Revived for them so much of themselves

Rewards, together with the  
expectations, of the virtuous

Rhoda will love you. She is firm when  
she loves

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

Ripe with oft telling and old is the  
tale

Rogue on the tremble of detection

Rose was much behind her age

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

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

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

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

Satirist too devotedly loves his lash  
to be a persuasive teacher

Satirist is an executioner by  
profession

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

Scorn titles which did not distinguish  
practical offices

Scorned him for listening to the  
hesitations (hers)

Scotchman's metaphysics; you know  
nothing clear

Screams of an uninjured lady

Second fiddle; he could only mean what  
she meant

Secret of the art was his meaning what  
he said

Secrets throw on the outsiders the onus  
of raising a scandal

Seed-Time passed thus smoothly, and  
adolescence came on

Self-connsoled when they are not  
self-justified

Self, was digging pits for comfort to  
flow in

Self-incense

Self-worship, which is often  
self-distrust

Self-deceiver may be a persuasive  
deceiver of another

Selfishness and icy inaccessibility to  
emotion

Semblance of a tombstone lady beside  
her lord

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

Sensitiveness to the sting, which is  
not allowed to poison

Sentimentality puts up infant hands for  
absolution

Serene presumption

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

Seventy, when most men are reaping and  
stacking their sins

Sham spiritualism

Share of foulness to them that are for  
scouring the chamber

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

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

She had sunk her intelligence in her  
sensations

She had a fatal attraction for antiques

She had great awe of the word  
'business'

She ran through delusion and delusion,  
exhausting each

She, not disinclined to dilute her  
grief

She was unworthy to be the wife of a  
tailor

She did not detest the Countess because

she could not like her

She endured meekly, when there was no  
meekness

She was perhaps a little the taller of  
the two

She thought that friendship was sweeter  
than love

She herself did not like to be seen  
eating in public

She had a thirsting mind

She was sick of personal freedom

She believed friendship practicable  
between men and women

She had to be the hypocrite or else--  
leap

She was at liberty to weep if she  
pleased

She felt in him a maker of facts

She was not his match--To speak would  
be to succumb

She disdained to question the mouth  
which had bitten her

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

She stood with a dignity that the word  
did not express

She dealt in the flashes which connect  
ideas

She began to feel that this was life in  
earnest

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

She sought, by looking hard, to  
understand it better

She was thrust away because because he  
had offended

She seemed really a soaring bird  
brought down by the fowler



She can make puddens and pies

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

Should we leave a good deed half done

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

Shun comparisons

Shuns the statuesque pathetic, or any  
kind of posturing

Sign that the evil had reached from  
pricks to pokes

Silence and such signs are like  
revelations in black night

Silence was their only protection to  
the Nice Feelings

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

Silence was doing the work of a scourge

Simple obstinacy of will sustained her

Simple affection must bear the strain  
of friendship if it can

Simplicity is the keenest weapon

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

Sinners are not to repent only in words

Slap and pinch and starve our appetites

Slave of existing conventions

Slaves of the priests

Sleepless night

Slightest taste for comic analysis that  
does not tumble to farce

Small beginnings, which are in reality  
the mighty barriers

Small things producing great  
consequences

Smallest of our gratifications in life

could give a happy tone

Smart remarks have their measured  
distances

Smile she had in reserve for  
serviceable persons

Smoky receptacle cherishing millions

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

Snatch her from a possessor who  
forfeited by undervaluing her

Snuffle of hypocrisy in her prayer

So the frog telleth tadpoles

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

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

So says the minute Years are before  
you

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

So much for morality in those days!

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

Socially and politically mean one thing  
in the end

Soft slumber of a strength never yet  
called forth

Solitude is pasturage for a suspicion

Some so-called laws of honour

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

Sort of religion with her to believe no  
wrong of you

South-western Island has few  
attractions to other than invalids

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

Speech that has to be hauled from the depths usually betrays

Speech is poor where emotion is extreme

Speech was a scourge to her sense of hearing

Spiritualism, and on the balm that it was

Stand not in my way, nor follow me too far

Startled by the criticism in laughter

State of feverish patriotism

Statesman who stooped to conquer fact through fiction

Statistics are according to their 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 of such a man have more of blood than of water in them

Tears are the way of women and their comfort

Tears that dried as soon as they had served their end

Tears of men sink plummet-deep

Telling her anything, she makes half a face in anticipation

Tendency to polysyllabic phraseology

Tenderness which Mrs. Mel permitted rather than encouraged

Tension of the old links keeping us together

Terrible decree, that all must act who would prevail

That which fine cookery does for the  
cementing of couples

That beautiful trust which habit gives

That a mask is a concealment

That fiery dragon, a beautiful woman  
with brains

That sort of progenitor is your  
"permanent aristocracy"

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

That is life--when we dare death to  
live!

That pit of one of their dead silences

That's the natural shamrock, after the  
artificial

The exhaustion ensuing we named  
tranquillity

The most dangerous word of all--ja

The impalpable which has prevailing  
weight

The world is wise in its way

The danger of a little knowledge of  
things is disputable

The infant candidate delights in his  
honesty

The rider's too heavy for the horse in  
England

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

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

The worst of it is, that we remember

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

The sentimentalists are represented by  
them among the civilized

The born preacher we feel instinctively  
to be our foe

The face of a stopped watch

The banquet to be fervently remembered,  
should smoke

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

The circle which the ladies of  
Brookfield were designing

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

The effects of the infinitely little

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

The devil trusts nobody

The divine afflatus of enthusiasm  
buoyed her no longer

The weighty and the trivial contended

The backstairs of history (Memoirs)

The defensive is perilous policy in war

The family view is everlastingly the  
shopkeeper's

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

The homage we pay him flatters us

The worst of omens is delay

The people always wait for the winner

The healthy only are fit to live

The defensive is perilous policy in war

The past is our mortal mother, no dead  
thing

The wretch who fears death dies  
multitudinously

The proper defence for a nation is its  
history

The thought stood in her eyes

The love that survives has strangled

craving

The grey furniture of Time for his  
natural wear

The world without him would be heavy  
matter

The despot is alert at every issue, to  
every chance

The spending, never harvesting, world

The shots hit us behind you

The terrible aggregate social woman

The next ten minutes will decide our  
destinies

The woman side of him

The good life gone lives on in the mind

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

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

The critic that sneers

The blindness of Fortune is her one  
merit

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

The slavery of the love of a woman  
chained

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

The brainless in Art and in Statecraft

The well of true wit is truth itself

The debts we owe ourselves are the  
hardest to pay

The greed of gain is our volcano

The burlesque Irishman can't be  
caricatured

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

The greater wounds do not immediately  
convince us of our fate

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

The turn will come to us as to others--  
and go

The woman seeking for an anomaly wants  
a master

The language of party is eloquent

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

The gallant cornet adored delicacy and  
a gilded refinement

The sentimentalist goes on accumulating  
images

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

The kindest of men can be cruel

The night went past as a year

The social world he looked at did not  
show him heroes

The overwise themselves hoodwink

The king without his crown hath a  
forehead like the clown

The curse of sorrow is comparison!

The race is for domestic peace, my boy

The divinely damnable naked truth won't  
wear ornaments

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

The embraced respected woman

The habit of the defensive paralyzes  
will

The intricate, which she takes for the  
infinite

The mildness of assured dictatorship

The alternative is, a garter and the



bedpost

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

The Countess dieted the vanity  
according to the nationality

The letter had a smack of crabbed age  
hardly counterfeit

The commonest things are the worst done

The thrust sinned in its shrewdness

The power to give and take flattery to  
any amount

Their sneer withers

Their not caring to think at all

Their idol pitched before them on the  
floor

Their hearts are eaten up by property

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

Then for us the struggle, for him the  
grief

Then, if you will not tell me

There is little to be learnt when a  
little is known

There is no history of events below the  
surface

There is no first claim

There is no step backward in life

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

There is no driver like stomach

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

There is for the mind but one grasp of  
happiness

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

There are women who go through life not  
knowing love

There's nothing like a metaphor for an  
evasion

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

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

They have no sensitiveness, we have too  
much

They may know how to make themselves  
happy in their climate

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

They have not to speak to exhibit their  
minds

They had all noticed, seen, and  
observed

They seem to me to be educated to  
conceal their education

They miss their pleasure in pursuing it

They could have pardoned her a younger  
lover

They take fever for strength, and  
calmness for submission

They are little ironical laughter--  
Accidents

They have their thinking done for them

They laugh, but they laugh  
extinguishingly

They kissed coldly, pressed a hand,  
said good night

They create by stoppage a volcano

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

They, meantime, who had a contempt for  
sleep

They believe that the angels have been  
busy about them

They helped her to feel at home with  
herself

They do not live; they are engines

They're always having to retire and  
always hissing

Things are not equal

Things were lumpish and gloomy that day  
of the week

Thirst for the haranguing of crowds

This was a totally different case from  
the antecedent ones

This mania of young people for  
pleasure, eternal pleasure

This love they rattle about and rave  
about

This girl was pliable only to service,  
not to grief

This female talk of the eternities

Those happy men who enjoy perceptions  
without opinions

Those who know little and dread much

Those days of intellectual coxcombry

Those numerous women who always know  
themselves to be right

Those whose humour consists of a  
readiness to laugh

Those who have the careless chatter,  
the ready laugh

Those who are rescued and made happy by  
circumstances

Thought of differences with him caused  
frightful apprehensions

Threatened powerful drugs for weak  
stomachs

Threats of prayer, however, that harp  
upon their sincerity

Thus does Love avenge himself on the

unsatisfactory Past

Thus are we stricken by the days of our youth

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

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

Time and strength run to waste in retarding the inevitable

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

Time, whose trick is to turn corners of unanticipated sharpness

Times when an example is needed by brave men

Tis the fashion to have our tattle done by machinery

Tis the first step that makes a path

Titles showered on the women who take free breath of air

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

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

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

To be both generally blamed, and generally liked

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

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

To be passive in calamity is the province of no woman

To the rest of the world he was a progressive comedy

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

To have no sympathy with the playful

mind is not to have a mind

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

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

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

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

To most men women are knaves or ninnies

To beg the vote and wink the bribe

Tongue flew, thought followed

Too well used to defeat to believe  
readily in victory

Too prompt, too full of personal relish  
of his point

Too many time-servers rot the State

Too weak to resist, to submit to an  
outrage quietly

Too often hangs the house on one loose  
stone

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

Tooth that received a stone when it  
expected candy

Top and bottom sin is cowardice

Tossed him from repulsion to  
incredulity, and so back

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

Touch sin and you accommodate yourself  
to its vileness

Touching a nerve

Toyed with little flowers of palest  
memory

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

Trial of her beauty of a woman in a temper

Trick for killing time without hurting him

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

Troublesome appendages of success

True love excludes no natural duty

True enjoyment of the princely disposition

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

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

Twice a bad thing to turn sinners loose

Twisted by a nature that would not allow of open eyes

Two wishes make a will

Two principal roads by which poor sinners come to a conscience

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

Unaccustomed to have his will thwarted

Unanimous verdicts from a jury of temporary impressions

Uncommon unprogressiveness

Unfeminine of any woman to speak continuously anywhere

Universal censor's angry spite

Unseemly hour--unbetimes

Unshamed exuberant male has found the sweet reverse in his mate

Use your religion like a drug

Utterance of generous and patriotic cries is not sufficient

Vagrant compassionateness of sentimentalists

Vanity maketh the strongest most weak

Venerated by his followers, well hated  
by his enemies

Venus of nature was melting into a  
Venus of art

Very little parleying between  
determined men

Vessel was conspiring to ruin our  
self-respect

Victims of the modern feminine 'ideal'

Violent summons to accept, which is a  
provocation to deny

Virtue of impatience

Virtuously zealous in an instant on  
behalf of the lovely dame

Vowed never more to repeat that offence  
to his patience

Vulgarity in others evoked vulgarity in  
her

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

Waited serenely for the certain  
disasters to enthrone her

Wakening to the claims of others--  
Youth's infant conscience

Want of courage is want of sense

War is only an exaggerated form of  
duelling

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

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

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

Was born on a hired bed

Watch, and wait

We are, in short, a civilized people

We shall not be rich--nor poor

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

We has long overshadowed "I"

We are good friends till we quarrel  
again

We are chiefly led by hope

We have a system, not planned but grown

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

We can't hope to have what should be

We don't know we are in halves

We must fawn in society

We never see peace but in the features  
of the dead

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

We dare not be weak if we would

We do not see clearly when we are  
trying to deceive

We women can read men by their power to  
love

We were unarmed, and the spectacle was  
distressing

We trust them or we crush them

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

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

We cannot relinquish an idea that was  
ours

We deprive all renegades of their  
spiritual titles

We like well whatso we have done good  
work for

We grew accustomed to periods of Irish



fever

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

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

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

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

We have now looked into the hazy  
interior of their systems

We don't go together into a garden of  
roses

We're treated like old-fashioned  
ornaments!

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

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

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

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

Weak stomach is certainly more carnally  
virtuous than a full one

Weak reeds who are easily vanquished  
and never overcome

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

Weather and women have some resemblance  
they say

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

Welcomed and lured on an adversary to  
wild outhitting

Well, sir, we must sell our opium

Welsh blood is queer blood

Went into endless invalid's laughter

Were I chained, For liberty I would  
sell liberty

What might have been

What the world says, is what the wind  
says

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

What he did, she took among other  
inevitable matters

What a stock of axioms young people  
have handy

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

What else is so consolatory to a ruined  
man?

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

What ninnies call Nature in books

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

What's an eccentric? a child grown  
grey!

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

When we see our veterans tottering to  
their fall

When to loquacious fools with patience  
rare I listen

When testy old gentlemen could commit  
slaughter with ecstasy

When he's a Christian instead of a  
Churchman

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

When duelling flourished on our land,  
frail women powerful

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

When you have done laughing with her,

you can laugh at her

Where fools are the fathers of every  
miracle

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

Where she appears, the first person  
falls to second rank

Where heart weds mind, or nature joins  
intellect

Where love exists there is goodness

Whimpering fits you said we enjoy and  
must have in books

Who venerate when they love

Who cannot talk!--but who can?

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

Who beguiles so much as Self?

Who shrinks from an hour that is  
suspended in doubt

Who in a labyrinth wandereth without  
clue

Who enjoyed simple things when  
commanding the luxuries

Who can really think, and not think  
hopefully?

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

Who so intoxicated as the convalescent  
catching at health?

Who shuns true friends flies fortune in  
the concrete

Who ever loved that loved not at first  
sight?

Whole body of fanatics combined to  
precipitate the devotion

Whose bounty was worse to him than his  
abuse

Why should these men take so much

killing?

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

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

Wife and no wife, a prisoner in liberty

Wilfrid perceived that he had become an old man

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

William John Fleming was simply a poor farmer

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

Winds of panic are violently engaged in occupying the vacuum

Wins everywhere back a reflection of its own kindness

Winter mornings are divine. They move on noiselessly

Wise in not seeking to be too wise

With that I sail into the dark

With good wine to wash it down, one can swallow anything

With what little wisdom the world is governed

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

With one idea, we see nothing--nothing but itself

With a frozen fish of admirable principles for wife

With this money, said the demon, you might speculate

With a proud humility

Withdrew into the entrenchments of contempt

Without a single intimation that he

loathed the task

Without those consolatory efforts,  
useless between men

Wits, which are ordinarily less  
productive than land

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

Woman descending from her ideal to the  
gross reality of man

Woman will be the last thing civilized  
by Man

Woman finds herself on board a  
rudderless vessel

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

Women are wonderfully quick scholars  
under ridicule

Women with brains, moreover, are all  
heartless

Women are taken to be the second  
thoughts of the Creator

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

Women must not be judging things out of  
their sphere

Women and men are in two hostile camps

Women treat men as their tamed  
housemates

Women are swift at coming to  
conclusions in these matters

Women are happier enslaved

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

Wonderment that one of her sex should  
have ideas

Wooing her with dog's eyes instead of  
words

Wooing a good man for his friendship

Work of extravagance upon perceptibly  
plain matter

Work is medicine

World cannot pardon a breach of  
continuity

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

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

World prefers decorum to honesty

World voluntarily opens a path to those  
who step determinedly

Would like to feel he was doing a bit  
of good

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

Wrapped in the comfort of his cowardice

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

Yawns coming alarmingly fast, in the  
place of ideas

Years are the teachers of the great  
rocky natures

Yet, though Angels smile, shall not  
Devils laugh

You accuse or you exonerate--Nobody can  
be half guilty

You choose to give yourself to an  
obscure dog

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

You talk your mother with a vengeance

You do want polish

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

You are entreated to repress alarm

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

You can master pain, but not doubt

You are not married, you are simply  
chained

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

You are to imagine that they know  
everything

You may learn to know yourself through  
love

You want me to flick your indecision

You saw nothing but handkerchiefs out  
all over the theatre

You played for gain, and that was a  
licenced thieving

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

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

You're the puppet of your women!

You're talking to me, not to a gallery

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

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

You've got no friend but your bed

Young as when she looked upon the  
lovers in Paradise

Your devotion craves an enormous  
exchange

Youth will not believe that stupidity  
and beauty can go together

Youth is not alarmed by the sound of  
big sums

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