

QUOTATIONS FROM THE WORKS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

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The quotations are in two formats:

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

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D.W.

WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS of JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE FORSYTE SAGA:

VOLUME 1. THE MAN OF PROPERTY

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PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

The simple truth, which underlies the whole story, that where sex attraction is utterly and definitely lacking in one partner to a union, no amount of pity, or reason, or duty, or what not, can overcome a repulsion implicit in Nature.

The tragedy of whose life is the very simple, uncontrollable tragedy of being unlovable, without quite a thick enough skin to be thoroughly unconscious of the fact. Not even Fleur loves Soames as he feels he ought to be loved. But in pitying Soames, readers incline, perhaps, to animus against Irene: After all, they think, he wasn't a bad fellow, it wasn't his fault; she ought to have forgiven him, and so on!

"Let the dead Past bury its dead" would be a better saying if the Past ever died. The persistence of the Past is one of those tragi-comic blessings which each new age denies, coming cocksure on to the stage to mouth its claim to a perfect novelty.

The figure of Irene, never, as the reader may possibly have observed, present, except through the senses of other characters, is a concretion

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of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world.

She turned back into the drawing-room; but in a minute came out, and stood as if listening. Then she came stealing up the stairs, with a kitten in her arms. He could see her face bent over the little beast, which was purring against her neck. Why couldn't she look at him like that?

But though the impingement of Beauty and the claims of Freedom on a possessive world are the main prepossessions of the Forsyte Saga, it cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper-middle class.

When a Forsyte was engaged, married, or born, the Forsytes were present; when a Forsyte died—but no Forsyte had as yet died; they did not die; death being contrary to their principles, they took precautions against it, the instinctive precautions of highly vitalized persons who resent encroachments on their property.

"It's my opinion," he said unexpectedly, "that it's just as well as it is."

The eldest by some years of all the Forsytes, she held a peculiar position amongst them. Opportunists and egotists one and all—though not, indeed, more so than their neighbours—they quailed before her incorruptible figure, and, when opportunities were too strong, what could they do but avoid her!

"I'm bad," he said, pouting—"been bad all the week; don't sleep at

night. The doctor can't tell why. He's a clever fellow, or I shouldn't have him, but I get nothing out of him but bills."

There was little sentimentality about the Forsytes. In that great London, which they had conquered and become merged in, what time had they to be sentimental?

A moment passed, and young Jolyon, turning on his heel, marched out at the door. He could hardly see; his smile quavered. Never in all the fifteen years since he had first found out that life was no simple business, had he found it so singularly complicated.

As in all self-respecting families, an emporium had been established where family secrets were bartered, and family stock priced. It was known on Forsyte 'Change that Irene regretted her marriage. Her regret was disapproved of. She ought to have known her own mind; no dependable woman made these mistakes.

Out of his other property, out of all the things he had collected, his silver, his pictures, his houses, his investments, he got a secret and intimate feeling; out of her he got none.

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Of all those whom this strange rumour about Bosinney and Mrs. Soames reached, James was the most affected. He had long forgotten how he had hovered, lanky and pale, in side whiskers of chestnut hue, round Emily, in the days of his own courtship. He had long forgotten the small house in the purlieu of Mayfair, where he had spent the early days of his married life, or rather, he had long forgotten the early days, not the small house,—a Forsyte never forgot a house—he had afterwards sold it at a clear profit of four hundred pounds.

And those countless Forsytes, who, in the course of innumerable transactions concerned with property of all sorts (from wives to water rights)...

"I now move, 'That the report and accounts for the year 1886 be received and adopted.' You second that? Those in favour signify the same in the usual way. Contrary—no. Carried. The next business, gentlemen...."

Soames smiled. Certainly Uncle Jolyon had a way with him!

Forces regardless of family or class or custom were beating down his guard; impending events over which he had no control threw their shadows on his head. The irritation of one accustomed to have his way was, roused against he knew not what.

We are, of course, all of us the slaves of property, and I admit that it's a question of degree, but what I call a 'Forsyte' is a man who is decidedly more than less a slave of property. He knows a good thing, he knows a safe thing, and his grip on property—it doesn't matter whether it be wives, houses, money, or reputation—is his hall-mark."—"Ah!" murmured Bosinney. "You should patent the word."—"I should like," said young Jolyon, "to lecture on it: 'Properties and quality of a Forsyte': This little animal, disturbed by the ridicule of his own sort, is unaffected in his motions by the laughter of strange creatures (you or I). Hereditarily disposed to myopia, he recognises only the persons of his own species, amongst which he passes an existence of competitive tranquillity."

"My people," replied young Jolyon, "are not very extreme, and they have their own private peculiarities, like every other family, but they possess in a remarkable degree those two qualities which are the real tests of a Forsyte—the power of never being able to give yourself up to anything soul and body, and the 'sense of property'."

An unhappy marriage! No ill-treatment—only that indefinable malaise, that terrible blight which killed all sweetness under Heaven; and so from

day to day, from night to night, from week to week, from year to year,
till death should end it.

The more I see of people the more I am convinced that they are never good
or bad—merely comic, or pathetic. You probably don't agree with me!

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"Don't touch me!" she cried. He caught her wrist; she wrenched it away.

"And where may you have been?" he asked. "In heaven—out of this house!"

With those words she fled upstairs.

It seemed to young Jolyon that he could hear her saying: "But, darling,
it would ruin you!" For he himself had experienced to the full the
gnawing fear at the bottom of each woman's heart that she is a drag on
the man she loves.

She had come back like an animal wounded to death, not knowing
where to turn, not knowing what she was doing.

THE FORSYTE SAGA:

VOLUME 2. INDIAN SUMMER OF A FORSYTE & IN CHANCERY

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PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

"What do you mean by God?" he said; "there are two irreconcilable ideas
of God. There's the Unknowable Creative Principle—one believes in That.

And there's the Sum of altruism in man naturally one believes in That.

She was such a decided mortal; knew her own mind so terribly well; wanted
things so inexorably until she got them—and then, indeed, often dropped
them like a hot potato. Her mother had been like that, whence had come
all those tears. Not that his incompatibility with his daughter was
anything like what it had been with the first Mrs. Young Jolyon.

One could be amused where a daughter was concerned; in a wife's case
one could not be amused.

"Thank you for that good lie.

Love has no age, no limit; and no death.

Did Nature permit a Forsyte not to make a slave of what he adored? Could
beauty be confided to him? Or should she not be just a visitor, coming
when she would, possessed for moments which passed, to return only at her
own choosing? 'We are a breed of spoilers!' thought Jolyon, 'close and
greedy; the bloom of life is not safe with us. Let her come to me as she
will, when she will, not at all if she will not. Let me be just her
stand-by, her perching-place; never-never her cage!'

...causing the animal to wake and attack his fleas; for though he was
supposed to have none, nothing could persuade him of the fact.

It's always worth while before you do anything to consider whether it's
going to hurt another person more than is absolutely necessary."

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LINES FROM THE TEXT:

A thing slipped between him and all previous knowledge

Afraid of being afraid

Afraid to show emotion before his son

Always wanted more than he could have

Aromatic spirituality

As she will, when she will, not at all if she will not

Attack his fleas; for though he was supposed to have none

Avoided expression of all unfashionable emotion

Back of beauty was harmony

Back of harmony was—union

Beauty is the devil, when you're sensitive to it!

Blessed capacity of living again in the young

But it tired him and he was glad to sit down

But the thistledown was still as death
By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love
Change—for there never was any—always upset her very much
Charm; and the quieter it was, the more he liked it
Compassion was checked by the tone of that close voice
Conceived for that law a bitter distaste
Conscious beauty
Detached and brotherly attitude towards his own son
Did not mean to try and get out of it by vulgar explanation
Did not want to be told of an infirmity
Dislike of humbug
Dogs: with rudiments of altruism and a sense of God
Don't care whether we're right or wrong
Don't hurt others more than is absolutely necessary
Early morning does not mince words
Era which had canonised hypocrisy
Evening not conspicuous for open-heartedness
Everything in life he wanted—except a little more breath
Fatigued by the insensitive, he avoided fatiguing others
Felt nearly young
Forgiven me; but she could never forget
Forsytes always bat
Free will was the strength of any tie, and not its weakness
Get something out of everything you do
Greater expense can be incurred for less result than anywhere
Hard-mouthed women who laid down the law
He could not plead with her; even an old man has his dignity
He saw himself reflected: An old-looking chap
Health—He did not want it at such cost
Horses were very uncertain
I have come to an end; if you want me, here I am
I never stop anyone from doing anything
I shan't marry a good man, Auntie, they're so dull!
If not her lover in deed he was in desire
Importance of mundane matters became increasingly grave
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Intolerable to be squeezed out slowly, without a say yourself
Ironical, which is fatal to expansiveness
Ironically mistrustful
Is anything more pathetic than the faith of the young?
It was their great distraction: To wait!
Know how not to grasp and destroy!
Law takes a low view of human nature
Let her come to me as she will, when she will ,
Little notion of how to butter her bread
Living on his capital
Longing to escape in generalities beset him
Love has no age, no limit; and no death
Man had money, he was free in law and fact
Ministered to his daughter's love of domination
More spiritual enjoyment of his coffee and cigar
Never give himself away
Never seemed to have occasion for verbal confidences
Never since had any real regard for conventional morality
Never to see yourself as others see you
No money! What fate could compare with that?

None of them quite knew what she meant
None of us—none of us can hold on for ever!
Not going to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds
Nothing left to do but enjoy beauty from afar off
Nothing overmastering in his feeling
Old men learn to forego their whims
One cannot see the havoc oneself is working
One could break away into irony—as indeed he often had to
One who has never known a struggle with desperation
One's never had enough
Only aversion lasts
Only Time was good for sorrow
Own feelings were not always what mattered most
People who don't live are wonderfully preserved
Perching-place; never-never her cage!
Philosophy of one on whom the world had turned its back
Pity, they said, was akin to love!
Preferred to concentrate on the ownership of themselves
Putting up a brave show of being natural
Quiet possession of his own property
Quivering which comes when a man has received a deadly insult
Self-consciousness is a handicap
Selfishness of age had not set its proper grip on him
Sense of justice stifled condemnation
Servants knew everything, and suspected the rest
Shall not expect this time more than I can get, or she can give
She used to expect me to say it more often than I felt it
Sideways look which had reduced many to silence in its time
Smiled because he could have cried
So difficult to be sorry for him

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'So we go out!' he thought 'No more beauty! Nothing?'
Socialists: they want our goods
Sorrowful pleasure
Spirit of the future, with the charm of the unknown
Striking horror of the moral attitude
Sum of altruism in man
Surprised that he could have had so paltry an idea
Tenderness to the young
Thank you for that good lie
Thanks awfully
That dog was a good dog
The Queen—God bless her!
The soundless footsteps on the grass!
There was no one in any sort of authority to notice him
There went the past!
To seem to be respectable was to be
Too afraid of committing himself in any direction
Trees take little account of time
Unfeeling process of legal regulation
Unknowable Creative Principle
Unlikely to benefit its beneficiaries
Wanted things so inexorably until she got them
Waves of sweetness and regret flooded his soul
Weighing you to the ground with care and love
Went out as if afraid of being answered

What do you mean by God?
When you fleece you're sorry
When you're fleeced you're sick
Where Beauty was, nothing ever ran quite straight
Whole world was in conspiracy to limit freedom
With the wisdom of a long life old Jolyon did not speak
Witticism of which he was not the author was hardly to his taste
Wonderful finality about a meal

You have to buy experience

THE FORSYTE SAGA:

VOLUME 3. AWAKENING & TO LET

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PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Coercion was unpopular, parents had exalted notions of giving their offspring a good time. They spoiled their rods, spared their children, and anticipated the results with enthusiasm.

And yet, in his inner tissue, there was something of the old founder of his family, a secret tenacity of soul, a dread of showing his feelings, a determination not to know when he was beaten. Sensitive, imaginative,

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affectionate boys get a bad time at school, but Jon had instinctively kept his nature dark, and been but normally unhappy there

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

A philosopher when he has all that he wants is different

Accustomed to assurance in the youthful manner

Adept at keeping things to herself

Admiration of beauty and longing for possession are not love

Afraid to enjoy to-day for fear he might not enjoy tomorrow

All else, then, was but preliminary to this!

But they could not keep his eyebrows down

Can you stand this spiritualistic racket?

Clear eyes and an almost depressing amount of common sense

Could fear go with a smile?

Delicacy became a somewhat minor consideration

Determination not to know when he was beaten

Difficult it is for elders to give themselves away to the young

Dinner—consecrated to the susceptibilities of the butler

Disliked the idea of dying

Felt suddenly he might say things she would regret

Fixed idea

Guileless snobbery of youth

How much better than men women play a waiting game

I've got it in the neck, only the feeling is really lower down

Inoculated against the germs of love by small doses

Lest by some dreadful inadvertence they might drop into a tune

Life's awful like a lot of monkeys scrambling for empty nuts

Like a man uninsured, with his ships at sea

Lunch was the sort a man dreams of but seldom gets

Malaise of one who contemplates himself as seen by another

Men were judged in this world rather by what they were

Nobody can spoil a life, my dear

One does not precisely choose with whom one will fall in love

Only sort of life that doesn't hurt anybody; except art

Parasitically clinging on to the effortless close of a life

Private possession underlay everything worth having

Purpose of marriage was children, not mere sinful happiness
Question so moot that it was not mooted
Quiet tenacity with which he had converted a mediocre talent
Spoiled their rods, spared their children
Take himself seriously, yet never bore others
Tarr'd with cynicism, realism, and immorality like the French
The young have such cheap, hard judgment
They can't have my private property and my public spirit-both
Thought we were progressing—now we know we're only changing
To be kind and keep your end up—there's nothing else in it
Unless one believed there was something in a thing, there wasn't
Victory in defeat
Wishes father thought but they don't breed evidence

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You are a giver, Jon; she is a taker
Younger every day, till at last he had been too young to live
Youth's eagerness to give with both hands, to take with neither

VILLA RUBEIN AND OTHER STORIES

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Villa Rubein

A Man of Devon

A Knight

Salvation of a Forsyte

The Silence

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

I wish you would attend to your own faults, and not pry into other people's.

But I think that when we hope, we are not brave, because we are expecting something for ourselves. Chris says that hope is prayer, and if it is prayer, then all the time we are hoping, we are asking for something, and it is not brave to ask for things.

Then from in front I heard sobbing—a man's sobs; no sound is quite so dreadful.

"Ah!" muttered Mr. Treffry, "you're obstinate enough, but obstinacy isn't strength."

It has always been my belief that a man must neither beg anything of a woman, nor force anything from her. Women are generous—they will give you what they can.

Has it ever struck you that each one of us lives on the edge of a volcano? There is, I imagine, no one who has not some affection or interest so strong that he counts the rest for nothing, beside it.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

All I know is, I've got to work

Attend to your own faults, and not pry into other people's

Beastly as a vulgar woman's laugh

But one's alone when it comes to the run-in

Can we never have quite enough?

Charming generalities

Constitutionally averse to being pitied

Contentment that men experience at the misfortunes of an enemy

Could never tell exactly when to stop

Each one of us lives on the edge of a volcano

Every bird singing from the bottom of his heart

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Fear and anger in me are very much the same

Free from all self-consciousness

Her imperfections were beautiful to me
How simply he assumed that he was going to be great
In a time of agony one finds out what are the things one can do
It seems always rude to speak the truth
Man can only endure about half his joy; about half his sorrow
Man must neither beg anything of a woman, nor force anything
Men who haven't the courage of their own ideas
Never grossly drunk, and rarely very sober
Not a bad rule that measures men by the balance at their banks
Obstinate enough, but obstinacy isn't strength
Only understand what they can see and touch
People may become utter strangers without a word
So sacred that they melt away at the approach of words
Spring; it makes one want more than one has got
Time is everything
What is it to be brave?
What's not enough for one is not enough for two
When things have come to a crisis, how little one feels
When we hope, we are not brave
With an air of sacrificing to the public good
Women are generous—they will give you what they can
You can't punish unless you make to feel
You may force a body; how can you force a soul?
You're glad that hope is dead, it means rest
SAINT'S PROGRESS

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PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

The Russian proverb: "The heart of another is a dark forest."
We're used to it, you see; there's no excitement in what you're used to.
If geological time be taken as twenty-four hours, man's existence on
earth so far equals just two seconds of it; after a few more seconds,
when man has been frozen off the earth, geological time will stretch for
as long again, before the earth bumps into something, and becomes nebula
once more. God's hands haven't been particularly full, sir, have they—
two seconds out of twenty-four hours—if man is His pet concern?
"People do not like you to be different. If ever in your life you act
differently from others, you will find it so, mademoiselle."

She never went to meet life, but when it came, made the best of it. This
was her secret, and Pierson always felt rested in her presence.

He opened the gate, uttering one of those prayers which come so glibly
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from unbelievers when they want anything.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Aesthetic admiration for that old Church
Agreed in the large, and differed in the narrow
All life seemed suddenly a thing of forms and sham
And I don't want to be forgiven
At my age one expects no more than one gets!
Avoided discussion on matters where he might hurt others
Conquests leading to defeats, defeats to conquests
Could not as yet disagree with suavity
Cunning, the astute, the adaptable, will ever rule in times of peace
Daddy's a darling; but I don't always believe what he believes
Depressing to think that I would go on living after death
Difficult for a good man to see the evil round him

Efforts to eliminate instinct
Events are the parents of the future
Events were the children of the past
For we are mad—nothing to speak of, but just a little
Forget all about oneself in what one is doing
God is the helping of man by man
Happiness never comes when you are looking for it
I don't believe, and I can't pray
I shall hate God for His cruelty
I think it's cruel that we can't take what we can while we can
If he'd drop the habits of authority
If you're not ashamed of yourself, no one will be ashamed of you
In opening your hearts you feel that you lose authority
It must be dreadful to grow old, and pass the time!
Let the dead past bury its dead
Life's a huge wide adaptable thing!
Man is His pet concern?
Marvellous speeder-up of Love is War
Men will be just as brutal afterwards—more brutal
My mistress, mademoiselle, is not a thing of flesh. It is art
Needs must when the devil drives—that's all
Oughtn't to mind us taking what we can
People do not like you to be different
Prayers which come so glibly from unbelievers
Revolt against a world so murderous and uncharitable
Seemed to know that in silence was her strength
She never went to meet life
Sheer pride; and I can't subdue it
Silence was her strength
So absorbed in his dismay and concern, that he was almost happy
Speak, or keep silent; try to console; try to pretend?
The heart of another is a dark forest
The talked-about is always the last to hear the talk
The tongue and the pen will rule them
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Their loving had advanced by glance and touch alone
There's no excitement in what you're used to
There's no room on earth for saints in authority
Things are; and we have just to take them
Too long immune from criticism
Too-consciousness that Time was after her
Trust our reason and our senses for what they're worth
Unself-consciousness
Voices had a hard, half-jovial vulgarity
Wake at night and hear the howling of all the packs of the world
We can only find out for ourselves
We can only help ourselves; and I can only bear it if I rebel
We can't take things at second-hand any longer
We do think we ought to have the run of them while we're alive
We love you, but you are not in our secrets
We want to own our consciences
We want to think and decide things for ourselves
What we do is not wrong till it's proved wrong by the result
World will go on the same
You really think God merciful, sir
You think I don't know my own feelings, but I do

THE ISLAND PHARISEES

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PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Their life seemed to accord them perfect satisfaction; they were supplied with their convictions by Society just as, when at home, they were supplied with all the other necessaries of life by some co-operative stores.

"Why should I give up my only pleasure to keep my wretched life in? If you've anything left worth the keeping sober for, keep sober by all means; if not, the sooner you are drunk the better—that stands to reason."

These letters of his were the most amazing portion of that fortnight. They were remarkable for failing to express any single one of his real thoughts, but they were full of sentiments which were not what he was truly feeling; and when he set himself to analyse, he had such moments of delirium that he was scared, and shocked, and quite unable to write anything. He made the discovery that no two human beings ever tell each other what they really feel.

There was nothing in that book to startle him or make him think. And yet they were kind—that is, fairly kind—and clean and quiet in the house, except when they laughed, which was often, and at things which made him want to howl as a dog howls at music.

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LINES FROM THE TEXT:

A contemptuous tolerance for people who were not getting on
Air of knowing everything, and really they knew nothing—nothing
As if man's honour suffered when he's injured
Autocratic manner of settling other people's business
Avoid falling between two stools
Bad business to be unable to take pride in anything one does
Begging the question
Believe without the risk of too much thinking
Casual charity
Christian and good Samaritan are not quite the same
Complacency
Contrived to throw no light on anything whatever
Cultured intolerance
Defying life to make him look at her
Denial of his right to have a separate point of view
Discontent with the accepted
Don't like unhealthy people
Easy coarseness which is a mark of caste
Fresh journey through the fields of thought
¿From a position of security, to watch the sufferings of others
Good form
Half a century of sympathy with weddings of all sorts
Happy as a horse is happy who never leaves his stall
Her splendid optimism, damped him
How fine a thing is virtue
Hypnotised and fascinated even by her failings
I never managed to begin a hobby
If tongue be given to them, the flavour vanishes from ideas
If you can't find anything to make you laugh, pretend you do
Kissed a strange, cold, frightened look, into her eyes
Lacked-feelers
Like a scolded dog, he kept his troubled watch upon her face

Man who never rebuked a servant
Misgivings which attend on casual charity
Moral asthma
Moral Salesman
Moral steam-roller had passed over it
Morality-everybody's private instinct of self-preservation
Morals made by men
Never felt as yet the want of any occupation
No two human beings ever tell each other what they really feel
Not his fault that half the world was dark
Nothing in that book to startle him or make him think
Of course! The words seemed very much or very little
One from whom the half of life must be excluded
Overwork personified
Potent law of hobbies controlled the upper classes

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Professional intolerance
Putting into words things that can't be put in words
Secret that her eyes were not his eyes
Settled down to complete the purchase of his wife.
She had not resisted, but he had kissed the smile away
Sign of private moral judgment was to have lost your soul
Something new, and spiced with tragic sauce
Supplied with their convictions by Society
Sympathy that has no insight
To do nothing is unworthy of a man!
Too "smart" to keep their heads for long above the water
Truth 's the very devil
Unconscious that they themselves were funny to others
Weighty dignity of attitude
Well, I don't want to see the gloomy side
What humbugs we all are
What they do not understand they dread and they despise
What's called virtue is nearly always only luck
When we begin to be real, we only really begin to be false
Words the Impostors

THE COUNTRY HOUSE

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PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

"You want to build before you've laid your foundations," said Mr. Paramor.
"You let your feelings carry you away.

Next to him was Mrs. Hussell Barter, with that touching look to be seen on the faces of many English ladies, that look of women who are always doing their duty, their rather painful duty; whose eyes, above cheeks creased and withered, once rose-leaf hued, now over-coloured by strong weather, are starry and anxious; whose speech is simple, sympathetic, direct, a little shy, a little hopeless, yet always hopeful; who are ever surrounded by children, invalids, old people, all looking to them for support; who have never known the luxury of breaking down.

The Rector, who practically never suffered, disliked the thought and sight of others' suffering. Up to this day, indeed, there had been none to dislike, for in answer to inquiries his wife had always said "No, dear, no; I'm all right—really, it's nothing." And she had always said it smiling, even when her smiling lips were white. But this morning in trying to say it she had failed to smile. Her eyes had lost their hopelessly hopeful shining, and sharply between her teeth she said: "Send

for Dr. Wilson, Hussell.”

Man who, having turned all social problems over in his mind, had decided that there was no real safety but in the past.

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LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Admiration: Love of admiration plays old Harry with women
Careless pity of the young for the old
Clothes were unostentatiously perfect
Decreed of mothers that their birth pangs shall not cease
Desired his emotion to be forgotten
Did not intend to think of the future—present is bad enough
Have never known the luxury of breaking down
Head had been rendered somewhat bald by thought
Hopelessly hopeful
Imagination he distrusted
Inborn sense that she had no need to ask for things
Inconsistency between his theory and his dismay
Infirmity had been growing on him ever since his marriage
Just as well be a dog as a girl, for anything anyone tells you
Man to whom things do not come too easily
Nature is ironical
No real safety but in the past
None of them wished to be the first to speak
Only command likely to be obeyed that came into his head
Only just waiting till to-morrow morning—to kill something
Pencyces never asked their way to anything
People won't make allowances for each other
Perceiving her to be a lady, he went away
She had been born unconscious of her neighbours' scrutinies
Stumbling its little way along with such blind certainty
Taken its stand no sooner than it must, no later than it ought
That which a well-bred woman leaves unanswered
Things that people do get about before they've done them!
Thrilling at the touch of each other's arms
What does 'without prejudice' in this letter mean?
Women who are always doing their duty, their rather painful duty
You want to build before you've laid your foundations

FRATERNITY

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PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Hilary was no young person, like his niece or Martin, to whom everything seemed simple; nor was he an old person like their grandfather, for whom life had lost its complications.

This tragedy of a woman, who wanted to be loved, slowly killing the power of loving her in the man, had gone on year after year.

The sentiment that men call honour is of doubtful value.

Hilary, who, it has been seen, lived in thoughts about events rather than

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in events themselves.

By love I mean the forgetfulness of self. Unions are frequent in which only the sexual instincts, or the remembrance of self, are roused.

Little things are all big with the past, of whose chain they are the latest links, they frequently produce what apparently are great results.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Aches to construct something ere he die

By love I mean the forgetfulness of self

Cheapness of this verbiage
 Delighting in the present moment
 Distrust of her own feelings to give way to them completely
 "Each of us," he said, "has a shadow in those places."
 Fear of meddling too much, of not meddling enough
 Governed by ungovernable pride
 Habit of thinking for himself
 Human heart," he murmured, "is the tomb of many feelings."
 I never suspected him of goin' to live
 I will not consent to be a drag on anyone
 "If I practise hard," he murmured, "I shall master it."
 Immoral to hurt anybody but himself.
 Little things are all big with the past
 Lived in thoughts about events rather than in events themselves
 Love for open air and facts
 Low opinion of human nature
 Man abstracted, faintly contemptuous of other forms of life
 One's got to draw the line." "Ah!" said Cecilia; "where?"
 Pabulum of varying theories of future life
 Pass out of the country of the understanding of the young
 People do miss things when they are old!
 Perversity which she found so conspicuous in her servants
 Placed beyond the realms of want, who speculated in ideas
 Primeval love of stalking
 She struggled loyally with her emotion
 Simple unspiritual natures of delighting in the present moment
 That other mistress with whom he spent so many evening hours
 The Old—for whom life had lost its complications
 The sentiment that men call honour is of doubtful value
 They'll soon have no ankles to reveal
 Thinker meditating upon action
 Ungovernable itch to be appreciated
 Unless—unless they closed their ears, and eyes, and noses
 Wanted to be loved, slowly killing the power of loving
 When alive, have been served with careless parsimony
 You must not laugh at life—that is blasphemy
 "You're worth more," muttered Hilary, "than I can ever give you."
 Young—to whom everything seemed simple

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THE PATRICIAN

/gutenberg/etext01/ptrcn10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Bertie was standing, more inscrutable and neat than ever, in a perfectly tied cravat, perfectly cut riding breeches, and boots worn and polished till a sooty glow shone through their natural russet. Not specially dandified in his usual dress, Bertie Caradoc would almost sooner have died than disgrace a horse.

Or was it some glimmering perception of the old Greek saying—'Character is Fate;' some sudden sense of the universal truth that all are in bond to their own natures, and what a man has most desired shall in the end enslave him?

And then, of all the awful feelings man or woman can know, she experienced the worst: She could not cry!

"A man who gives advice," he said at last, "is always something of a fool."

And in queer, cheery-looking apathy—not far removed perhaps from

despair—he sat, watching the leaves turn over and fall.
"That's the trouble. He suffers from swollen principles—only wish he
could keep them out of his speeches."

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Asked no better fate than to have every minute occupied
Awe-inspiring thing, the power of scandal
Better, sir, it should run a risk than have no risk to run
Cheery-looking apathy—not far removed perhaps from despair
Contrivances that hold even the best of women together
Could not cry!

Detached, and perhaps sarcastic face
Electors, who, finding uncertainty distasteful
Excellent manners that have no mannerisms
Faculty of not being bored with his own society
Feeling of irritation which so rapidly attacks the old
Few things that matter, but they matter very much
Having that passion for work requiring no initiation
He suffers from swollen principles
Horse could ever so far forget himself in such a place
I won't ever want what you can't give
If only there were no chains, no walls
Impossible to get him to look at things in a complicated way
Insinuations about the private affairs of others

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Insolent poise of those who are above doubts and cares
Lest they should lose belief in their own strength
Man who gives advice is a fool
Man who knows his own mind and is contented with that knowledge
Mayn't they love each other, if they want?
Never talked of women, and none talked of women in his presence
Not being a crying woman, she suffered quietly
Not going to cry, she wanted time to get over the feeling
Not necessary to speak in order to sustain a conversation
Not the man to see what was not intended for him
Occasionally employing irony, she detested it in others
Old age was pathetically trying
People who wanted to meddle with everything
Royal Family if they were allowed to marry as they liked?
Scandal.: Simple statements of simple facts
Secrecy is strength
Secret spring of certainty
She experienced the worst: She could not cry!
Solemn delicious creatures, all front and no behind
Speech seemed but desecration
Temperamentally unable to beg anything of anybody
The boy—for what else was thirty to seventy-six?
They forgot everything but happiness
To a woman the preciousness of her reputation was a fiction
To shut one's eyes, and be happy—was it possible!
Touching evidences of man's desire to persist for ever
Trouble of youth lasted on almost to old age
Unbound as yet by the fascination of fame or fees
What a man has most desired shall in the end enslave him?
Withdrawing room
Would almost sooner have died than disgrace a horse
THE BURNING SPEAR

/gutenberg/etext01/bsper10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

It was, in fact, that hour of dawn when a shiver goes through the world.
But there are many things we public men would never do if we could see
them being done. Fortunately, as a rule we cannot.

I don't want to sacrifice nobody to satisfy my aspirations. Why?
Because I've got none. That's priceless. Take the Press, take
Parlyment, take Mayors—all mad on aspirations. Now it's Free Trade, now
it's Imperialism; now it's Liberty in Europe; now it's Slavery in
Ireland; now it's sacrifice of the last man an' the last dollar. You
never can tell what aspiration'll get 'em next. And the 'ole point of an
aspiration is the sacrifice of someone else.

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"All these fellers 'ave got two weaknesses—one's ideas, and the other's
their own importance. They've got to be conspicuous, and without ideas
they can't, so it's a vicious circle. When I see a man bein'
conspicuous, I says to meself: 'Gawd 'elp us, we shall want it!' And
sooner or later we always do. I'll tell you what's the curse of the
world, sir; it's the gift of expressin' what ain't your real feeling.
And—Lord! what a lot of us 'ave got it!"

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

"'adn't an aitch in their eads."

Curious existences sometimes to be met with, in doing no harm

Gift of expressin' what ain't your real feeling

Half-realized insults

Look at the things they say, and at what really is

Looked his fellows in the face without seeing what was in it.

Never ought to take it on 'earsay from the papers

Point of an aspiration is the sacrifice of somone else

Would never do if we could see them being done

FIVE SHORT TALES

/gutenberg/etext01/5tale10.txt

The First and Last

A Stoic

The Apple Tree

The Juryman

Indian Summer of a Forsyte

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

We've got to be kind, and help one another, and not expect too much, and
not think too much. That's—all!

And he thought 'Young beggar—wish I were his age!' The utter injustice
of having an old and helpless body, when your desire for enjoyment was as
great as ever! They said a man was as old as he felt! Fools! A man was
as old as his legs and arms, and not a day younger.

"I don't believe in believing things because one wants to."

Though she had been told that he was not to come, instinct had kept her
there; or the pathetic, aching hope against hope which lovers never part
with.

Full of who knows what contempt of age for youth; and youth for age; the
old man resenting this young pup's aspiration to his granddaughter; the
young man annoyed that this old image had dragged him away before he
wished to go.

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LINES FROM THE TEXT:

"Are you sure you ought, sir?"—"No, but I'm going to."

Aromatic spirituality

Attacked his fleas—though he was supposed to have none
Awaken in one a desire to get up and leave the room
Be kind, and help one another, and not expect too much
Blessed capacity of living again in the young
But it tired him and he was glad to sit down
But the thistledown was still as death
By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love
Charm; and the quieter it was, the more he liked it
Contempt of age for youth; and youth for age
Did not mean to try and get out of it by vulgar explanation
Did not want to be told of an infirmity
Dislike of humbug
Don't believe in believing things because one wants to.
Early morning does not mince words
Fatigued by the insensitive, he instinctively avoided fatiguing
Felt nearly young
Forgiven me; but she could never forget
Forsytes always bat
Had learned not to be a philosopher in the bosom of his family
Hard-mouthed women who laid down the law
He could not plead with her; even an old man has his dignity
He had not wavered in the usual assumption of omniscience
He saw himself reflected. An old-looking chap
Health—He did not want it at such cost
How long a starving man could go without losing his self-respect
If only she weren't quite so self-contained
Injustice of having an old and helpless body
Instinctive rejection of all but the essential
Intolerable to be squeezed out slowly, without a say yourself
Keep a stiff lip until you crashed, and then go clean!
Life wears you out—wears you out.
Little notion of how to butter her bread
Living on his capital
Longing to escape in generalities beset him.
Love has no age, no limit; and no death
More spiritual enjoyment of his coffee and cigar
No money! What fate could compare with that?
Nothing left to do but enjoy beauty from afar off
"Oh! Isn't money horrible, Guardy?"—"The want of it."
Old men learn to forego their whims
One cannot see the havoc oneself is working
One who has never known a struggle with desperation
One's never had enough
Only Time was good for sorrow
Pathetic, aching hope against hope which lovers never part with
Piety which was just sexual disappointment
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Poor old man, let um have his pleasure.
Poor shaky chap. All to pieces at the first shot!
Reward—what you can get for being good
Selfishness of age had not set its proper grip on him
Sense of justice stifled condemnation
Servants knew everything, and suspected the rest
She used to expect me to say it more often than I felt it
'So we go out!' he thought. 'No more beauty! Nothing?'
Sorrowful pleasure

Spirit of the future, with the charm of the unknown
Surprised that he could have had so paltry an idea
Swivel chairs which give one an advantage
That dog was a good dog.
The soundless footsteps on the grass!
There was no one in any sort of authority to notice him
Waves of sweetness and regret flooded his soul.
Weighing you to the ground with care and love
What he wanted, though much, was not quite all that mattered
Whole world was in conspiracy to limit freedom
With the wisdom of a long life old Jolyon did not speak
Wonderful finality about a meal

ESSAYS AND STUDIES:

INN OF TRANQUILITY

/gutenberg/etext01/inntr10.txt

Inn of Tranquillity

Magpie over the Hill

Sheep-shearing

Evolution

Riding in the Mist

The Procession

A Christian

Wind in the Rocks

My Distant Relative

The Black Godmother

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

This air so crystal clear, so far above incense and the narcotics of set creeds, and the fevered breath of prayers and protestations. Those whose temperaments and religions show them all things so plainly that they know they are right and others wrong? For if they do not find it ridiculous to feel contempt, they are perfectly right to feel contempt, it being natural to them; and you have no business to be sorry for them, for that is, after all, only your euphemism for contempt.

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The cause of atrocities is generally the violence of Fear. Panic's at the back of most crimes and follies. Civilisation, so possessed by a new toy each day that she has no time to master its use—naïve creature lost amid her own discoveries! For there was in his smile the glamour of adventure just for the sake of danger; all that high instinct which takes a man out of his chair to brave what he need not.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

A little bit of continuity

Above incense and the narcotics of set creeds

Adventure just for the sake of danger

Affairs of the nation moved him so much more strongly than his

And we, too, some day would no longer love

Discovery that we were not yet dead

Dog that swam when it did not bark

Ecstasy of hot recklessness to the clutching of chill fear

Elation of those who set out before the sun has risen

Fear! It's the black godmother of all damnable things

It's the thing comin' on you, and no way out of it

Not one little "I" breathed here, and loved!

O God, what things man sees when he goes out without a gun

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