

Produced by David Widger

QUOTES AND IMAGES: MEMOIRS OF LOUIS XIV.

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Duc de Saint-Simon

A cardinal may be poisoned, stabbed,
got rid of altogether

A good friend when a friend at all,
which was rare

A King's son, a King's father, and
never a King

A lingering fear lest the sick man
should recover

A king is made for his subjects, and
not the subjects for him

Admit our ignorance, and not to give
fictions and inventions

Aptitude did not come up to my desire

Arranged his affairs that he died
without money

Artagnan, captain of the grey
musketeers

Believed that to undertake and succeed
were only the same things

But with a crawling baseness equal to
her previous audacity

Capacity was small, and yet he believed
he knew everything

Compelled to pay, who would have
preferred giving voluntarily

Conjugal impatience of the Duc de
Bourgogne

Countries of the Inquisition, where
science is a crime

Danger of inducing hypocrisy by placing
devotion too high

Death came to laugh at him for the
sweating labour he had taken

Depopulated a quarter of the realm

Desmarets no longer knew of what wood
to make a crutch

Enriched one at the expense of the
other

Exceeded all that was promised of her,
and all that I had hoped

Few would be enriched at the expense of
the many

For penance: "we must make our servants
fast"

For want of better support I sustained
myself with courage

Found it easier to fly into a rage than
to reply

From bad to worse was easy

He had pleased (the King) by his drugs

He limped audaciously

He was often firm in promises

He was so good that I sometimes
reproached him for it

He was born bored; he was so accustomed
to live out of himself

He liked nobody to be in any way
superior to him

He was scarcely taught how to read or
write

He was accused of putting on an
imperceptible touch of rouge

Height to which her insignificance had
risen

His death, so happy for him and so sad
for his friends

His habits were publicly known to be
those of the Greeks

His great piety contributed to weaken
his mind

I abhorred to gain at the expense of
others

Ignorance and superstition the first of
virtues

Imagining themselves everywhere in
marvellous danger of capture

In order to say something cutting to
you, says it to himself

Indiscreet and tyrannical charity

Interests of all interested painted on
their faces

It is a sign that I have touched the
sore point

Jesuits: all means were good that
furthered his designs

Juggle, which put the wealth of Peter
into the pockets of Paul

King was being wheeled in his easy
chair in the gardens

Less easily forget the injuries we
inflict than those received

Madame de Maintenon in returning young
and poor from America

Make religion a little more palpable

Manifesto of a man who disgorges his
bile

Mightily tired of masters and books

Monseigneur, who had been out
wolf-hunting

More facility I have as King to gratify
myself

My wife went to bed, and received a
crowd of visitors

Never been able to bend her to a more
human way of life

Never was a man so ready with tears, so
backward with grief

No means, therefore, of being wise
among so many fools

Not allowing ecclesiastics to meddle
with public affairs

Of a politeness that was unendurable

Oh, my lord! how many virtues you make
me detest

Omissions must be repaired as soon as
they are perceived

Others were not allowed to dream as he
had lived

People who had only sores to share

People with difficulty believe what
they have seen

Persuaded themselves they understood
each other

Polite when necessary, but insolent
when he dared

Pope excommunicated those who read the
book or kept it

Pope not been ashamed to extol the
Saint-Bartholomew

Promotion was granted according to
length of service

Received all the Court in her bed

Reproaches rarely succeed in love

Revocation of the edict of Nantes

Rome must be infallible, or she is
nothing

Said that if they were good, they were
sure to be hated

Saw peace desired were they less
inclined to listen to terms

Scarcely any history has been written
at first hand

Seeing him eat olives with a fork!

She lose her head, and her accomplice
to be broken on the wheel

Spark of ambition would have destroyed
all his edifice

Spoil all by asking too much

Spoke only about as much as three or
four women

Sulpicians

Supported by unanswerable reasons that
did not convince

Suspicion of a goitre, which did not
ill become her

Teacher lost little, because he had
little to lose

The clergy, to whom envy is not
unfamiliar

The porter and the soldier were
arrested and tortured

The shortness of each day was his only
sorrow

The most horrible sights have often
ridiculous contrasts

The argument of interest is the best of
all with monks

The nothingness of what the world calls
great destinies

The safest place on the Continent

There was no end to the outrageous
civilities of M. de Coislin

Touched, but like a man who does not
wish to seem so

Unreasonable love of admiration, was
his ruin

We die as we have lived, and 'tis rare
it happens otherwise

Whatever course I adopt many people
will condemn me

Whitehall, the largest and ugliest
palace in Europe

Who counted others only as they stood
in relation to himself

Wise and disdainful silence is
difficult to keep under reverses

With him one's life was safe

World; so unreasoning, and so little in
accord with itself

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