

... Our readers must have already perceived that D'Artagnan was not an ordinary man; therefore, while repeating to himself that his death was inevitable, he did not make up his mind to die quietly, as one less courageous and less restrained might have done in his place. (The King's Musketeers and the Cardinal's Guards)

During the five or six years that [Athos] had lived in the strictest intimacy with his companions, Porthos and Aramis, they could remember having often seen him smile, but had never heard him laugh. His words were brief and expressive, conveying all that was meant and no more; no embellishments, no embroidery, no arabesques. His conversation was a matter of fact, without a single romance. (The Interior of "The Musketeers")

Porthos... talked for the pleasure of talking and for hearing himself talk... he had not so noble an air as Athos, and the consciousness of his inferiority in this respect had at the commencement of their intimacy often rendered him unjust toward that gentleman, whom he endeavored to eclipse by splendid dress. (The Interior of "The Musketeers")

"Who has told me this fine story, monsieur? Who should it be but he who watches while I sleep, who labors while I amuse myself, who conducts everything at home and abroad--in France as in Europe?"

"Your Majesty probably refers to God," said M. de Treville; "for I know no one except God who can be so far above your Majesty."

"No, monsieur; I speak of the prop of the state, of my only servant, of my only friend--of the cardinal."

(Louis and M. Treville)

Love is the most selfish of all the passions.

A rogue does not laugh in the same way that an honest man does; a hypocrite does not shed the tears of a man of good faith. All falsehood is a mask; and however well made the mask may be, with a little attention we may always succeed in distinguishing it from the true face.

"But you are not one of us," said Porthos.

"That's true," replied d'Artagnan; "I have not the uniform, but I have the spirit. **My heart is that of a Musketeer; I feel it, monsieur, and that impels me on.**"

"Time, dear friend, time brings round opportunity; opportunity is the martingale of man. The more we have ventured the more we gain, when we know how to wait." (Athos)

"Go to, go to! I must have been mad to allow myself to be carried away so," says she, gazing into the glass, which reflects back to her eyes the burning glance by which she appears to interrogate herself. "No violence; violence is the proof of weakness. In the first place, I have never succeeded by that means. Perhaps if I employed my strength against women I might perchance find them weaker than myself, and consequently conquer them; but it is with men

that I struggle, and I am but a woman to them. Let me fight like a woman, then; my strength is in my weakness." (Milady)

"It may be; but you know the more hearts are worth the capture, the more difficult they are to be won."

"Oh, difficulties do not affright me," said d'Artagnan. "I shrink before nothing but impossibilities."

"Nothing is impossible," replied Milady, "to true love."

"Nothing, madame?"

"Nothing," replied Milady.