

EPIGRAMS

by

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*From THE COLLECTED WORKS OF
AMBROSE BIERCE, Vol. VIII*



NEW YORK & WASHINGTON
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1911

Rosings Digital Publications



2012

EPIGRAMS

If every hypocrite in the United States were to break his leg to-day the country could be successfully invaded to-morrow by the warlike hypocrites of Canada.

To Dogmatism the Spirit of Inquiry is the same as the Spirit of Evil, and to pictures of the latter it appends a tail to represent the note of interrogation.

“Immoral” is the judgment of the stalled ox on the gamboling lamb.

In forgiving an injury be somewhat ceremonious, lest your magnanimity be construed as indifference.

True, man does not know woman. But neither does woman.

Age is provident because the less future we have the more we fear it.

Reason is fallible and virtue vincible; the winds vary and the needle forsakes the pole, but stupidity never errs and never intermits. Since it has been found that the axis of the earth wobbles, stupidity is indispensable as a standard of constancy.

In order that the list of able women may be memorized for use at meetings of the oppressed sex, Heaven has considerately made it brief.

Firmness is my persistency; obstinacy is yours.

A little heap of dust,
A little streak of rust,
A stone without a name—
Lo! hero, sword and fame.

Our vocabulary is defective; we give the same name to woman’s lack of temptation and man’s lack of opportunity.

“You scoundrel, you have wronged me,” hissed the philosopher. “May you live forever!”

The man who thinks that a garnet can be made a ruby by setting it in brass is writing “dialect” for publication.

“Who art thou, stranger, and what dost thou seek?”
“I am Generosity, and I seek a person named Gratitude.”

“Then thou dost not deserve to find her.”

“True. I will go about my business and think of her no more.
But who art thou, to be so wise?”

“I am Gratitude—farewell forever.”

There was never a genius who was not thought a fool until he disclosed himself; whereas he is a fool then only.

The boundaries that Napoleon drew have been effaced; the kingdoms that he set up have disappeared. But all the armies and statecraft of Europe cannot unsay what you have said.

Strive not for singularity in dress;
Fools have the more and men of sense the less.
To look original is not worth while,
But be in mind a little out of style.

A conqueror arose from the dead. “Yesterday,” he said, “I ruled half the world.” “Please show me the half that you ruled,” said an angel, pointing out a wisp of glowing vapor floating in space. “That is the world.”

“Who art thou, shivering in thy furs?”

“My name is Avarice. What is thine?”

“Unselfishness.”

“Where is thy clothing, placid one?”

“Thou art wearing it.”

To be comic is merely to be playful, but wit is a serious matter.
To laugh at it is to confess that you do not understand.

If you would be accounted great by your contemporaries, be not too much greater than they.

To have something that he will not desire, nor know that he has—such is the hope of him who seeks the admiration of posterity. The character of his work does not matter; he is a humorist.

Women and foxes, being weak, are distinguished by superior tact.

To fatten pigs, confine and feed them; to fatten rogues, cultivate a generous disposition.

Every heart is the lair of a ferocious animal. The greatest wrong that you can put upon a man is to provoke him to let out his beast.

When two irreconcilable propositions are presented for assent the safest way is to thank Heaven that we are not as the unreasoning brutes, and believe both.

Truth is more deceptive than falsehood, for it is more frequently presented by those from whom we do not expect it, and so has against it a numerical presumption.

A bad marriage is like an electrical thrilling machine: it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

Meeting Merit on a street-crossing, Success stood still. Merit stepped off into the mud and went round him, bowing his apologies, which Success had the grace to accept.

“I think,” says the philosopher divine,
“Therefore I am.” Sir, here's a surer sign:
We know we live, for with our every breath
We feel the fear and imminence of death.

The first man you meet is a fool. If you do not think so ask him and he will prove it.

He who would rather inflict injustice than suffer it will always have his choice, for no injustice can be done to him.

There are as many conceptions of a perfect happiness hereafter as there are minds that have marred their happiness here.

We yearn to be, not what we are, but what we are not. If we were immortal we should not crave immortality.

A rabbit's foot may bring good luck to you, but it brought none to the rabbit.

Before praising the wisdom of the man who knows how to hold his tongue ascertain if he knows how to hold his pen.

The most charming view in the world is obtained by introspection.

Love is unlike chess, in that the pieces are moved secretly and the player sees most of the game. But the looker-on has one incomparable advantage: he is not the stake.

It is not for nothing that tigers choose to hide in the jungle, for commerce and trade are carried on, mostly, in the open.

We say that we love, not whom we will, but whom we must.
Our judgment need not, therefore, go to confession.

Of two kinds of temporary insanity, one ends in suicide, the
other in marriage.

If you give alms from compassion, why require the beneficiary
to be “a deserving object”? No other adversity is so sharp as desti-
tution of merit.

Bereavement is the name that selfishness gives to a particular
privation.

O proud philanthropist, your hope is vain
To get by giving what you lost by gain.
With every gift you do but swell the cloud
Of witnesses against you, swift and loud—
Accomplices who turn and swear you split
Your life: half robber and half hypocrite.
You're least unsafe when most intact you hold
Your curst allotment of dishonest gold.

The highest and rarest form of contentment is approval of the
success of another.

If Inclination challenge, stand and fight—
From Opportunity the wise take flight.

What a woman most admires in a man is distinction among
men. What a man most admires in a woman is devotion to
himself.

Those who most loudly invite God's attention to themselves
when in peril of death are those who should most fervently wish to
escape his observation.

When you have made a catalogue of your friend's faults it is
only fair to supply him with a duplicate, so that he may know
yours.

How fascinating is Antiquity!—in what a golden haze the
ancients lived their lives! We, too, are ancients. Of our enchanting
time Posterity's great poets will sing immortal songs, and its
archaeologists will reverently uncover the foundations of our
palaces and temples. Meantime we swap jack-knives.

Observe, my son, with how austere a virtue the man without a cent puts aside the temptation to manipulate the market or acquire a monopoly.

For study of the good and the bad in woman two women are a needless expense.

“There’s no free will,” says the philosopher;

“To hang is most unjust.”

“There is no free will,” assents the officer;

“We hang because we must.”

Hope is an explorer who surveys the country ahead. That is why we know so much about the Hereafter and so little about the Heretofore.

Remembering that it was a woman who lost the world, we should accept the act of cackling geese in saving Rome as partial reparation.

There are two classes of women who may do as they please; those who are rich and those who are poor. The former can count on assent, the latter on inattention.

When into the house of the heart Curiosity is admitted as the guest of Love she turns her host out of doors.

Happiness has not to all the same name: to Youth she is known as the Future; Age knows her as the Dream.

“Who art thou, there in the mire?”

“Intuition. I leaped all the way from where thou standest in fear on the brink of the bog.”

“A great feat, madam; accept the admiration of Reason, sometimes known as Dryfoot.”

In eradicating an evil, it makes a difference whether it is uprooted or rooted up. The difference is in the reformer.

The Audible Sisterhood rightly affirms the equality of the sexes: no man is so base but some woman is base enough to love him.

Having no eyes in the back of the head, we see ourselves on the verge of the outlook. Only he who has accomplished the notable feat of turning about knows himself the central figure in the universe.

Truth is so good a thing that falsehood can not afford to be without it.

If women did the writing of the world, instead of the talking, men would be regarded as the superior sex in beauty, grace and goodness.

Love is a delightful day's journey. At the farther end kiss your companion and say farewell.

Let him who would wish to duplicate his every experience prate of the value of life.

The game of discontent has its rules, and he who disregards them cheats. It is not permitted to you to wish to add another's advantages or possessions to your own; you are permitted only to wish to be another.

The creator and arbiter of beauty is the heart; to the male rattlesnake the female rattlesnake is the loveliest thing in nature.

Thought and emotion dwell apart. When the heart goes into the head there is no dissension; only an eviction.

If you want to read a perfect book there is only one way: write it.

“Where goest thou, Ignorance?”
“To fortify the mind of a maiden against a peril.”
“I am going thy way. My name is Knowledge.”
“Scoundrel! Thou art the peril.”

A prude is one who blushes modestly at the indelicacy of her thoughts and virtuously flies from the temptation of her desires.

The man who is always taking you by the hand is the same who if you were hungry would take you by the café.

When a certain sovereign wanted war he threw out a diplomatic intimation; when ready, a diplomat.

If public opinion were determined by a throw of the dice, it would in the long run be half the time right.

The gambling known as business looks with austere disfavor upon the business known as gambling.

A virtuous widow is the most loyal of mortals; she is faithful to that which is neither pleased nor profited by her fidelity.

Of one who was “foolish” the creators of our language said that he was “fond.” That we have not definitely reversed the meanings of the words should be set down to the credit of our courtesy.

Rioting gains its end by the power of numbers. To a believer in the wisdom and goodness of majorities it is not permitted to denounce a successful mob.

Artistically set to grace
The wall of a dissecting-place,
A human pericardium
Was fastened with a bit of gum,
While, simply underrunning it,
The one word, “Charity,” was writ
To show the student band that hovered
About it what it once had covered.

Virtue is not necessary to a good reputation, but a good reputation is helpful to virtue.

When lost in a forest go always down hill. When lost in a philosophy or doctrine go upward.

We submit to the majority because we have to. But we are not compelled to call our attitude of subjection a posture of respect.

Pascal says that an inch added to the length of Cleopatra’s nose would have changed the fortunes of the world. But having said this, he has said nothing, for all the forces of nature and all the power of dynasties could not have added an inch to the length of Cleopatra’s nose.

Our luxuries are always masquerading as necessities. Woman is the only necessary having the boldness and address to compel recognition as a luxury.

“I am the seat of the affections,” said the heart.
“Thank you,” said the judgment, “you save my face.”
“Who art thou that weepst?”
“Man.”
“Nay, thou art Egotism. I am the Scheme of the Universe.
Study me and learn that nothing matters.”
“Then how does it matter that I weep?”

A slight is less easily forgiven than an injury, because it implies something of contempt, indifference, an overlooking of our importance; whereas an injury presupposes some degree of consideration. "The blackguards!" said a traveler whom Sicilian brigands had released without ransom; "did they think me a person of no consequence?"

The people's plaudits are unheard in hell.

Generosity to a fallen foe is a virtue that takes no chances.

If there was a world before this we must all have died impenitent.

We are what we laugh at. The stupid person is a poor joke, the clever, a good one.

If every man who resents being called a rogue resented being one this would be a world of wrath.

Force and charm are important elements of character, but it counts for little to be stronger than honey and sweeter than a lion.

Grief and discomfiture are coals that cool:
Why keep them glowing with thy sighs, poor fool?

A popular author is one who writes what the people think. Genius invites them to think something else.

Asked to describe the Deity, a donkey would represent him with long ears and a tail. Man's conception is higher and truer: he thinks of him as somewhat resembling a man.

Christians and camels receive their burdens kneeling.

The sky is a concave mirror in which Man sees his own distorted image and seeks to propitiate it.

Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land, but do not hope that the life insurance companies will offer thee special rates.

Persons who are horrified by what they believe to be Darwin's theory of the descent of Man from the Ape may find comfort in the hope of his return.

A strong mind is more easily impressed than a weak: you shall not so readily convince a fool that you are a philosopher as a philosopher that you are a fool.

A cheap and easy cynicism rails at everything. The master of the art accomplishes the formidable task of discrimination.

When publicly censured our first instinct is to make everybody a codefendant.

O lady fine, fear not to lead
To Hymen's shrine a clown:
Love cannot level up, indeed,
But he can level down.

Men are polygamous by nature and monogamous for opportunity. It is a faithful man who is willing to be watched by a half dozen wives.

The virtues chose Modesty to be their queen.
"I did not know that I was a virtue," she said. "Why did you not choose Innocence?"
"Because of her ignorance," they replied. "She knows nothing but that she is a virtue."

It is a wise "man's man" who knows what it is that he despises in a "ladies' man."

If the vices of women worshiped their creators men would boast of the adoration they inspire.

The only distinction that democracies reward is a high degree of conformity.

Slang is the speech of him who robs the literary garbage carts on their way to the dumps.

A woman died who had passed her life in affirming the superiority of her sex.

"At last," she said, "I shall have rest and honors."
"Enter," said Saint Peter; "thou shalt wash the faces of the dear little cherubim."

To woman a general truth has neither value nor interest unless she can make a particular application of it. And we say that women are not practical!

The ignorant know not the depth of their ignorance, but the learned know the shallowness of their learning.

He who relates his success in charming woman's heart may be assured of his failure to charm man's ear.

What poignant memories the shadows bring;
What songs of triumph in the dawning ring!
By night a coward and by day a king.

When among the graves of thy fellows, walk with circumspection; thine own is open at thy feet.

As the physiognomist takes his own face as the highest type and standard, so the critic's theories are imposed by his own limitations.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and our neighbors take up the tale as we mature.

"My laws," she said, "are of myself a part:
I read them by examining my heart."
"True," he replied; "like those to Moses known,
Thine also are engraven upon stone."

Love is a distracted attention: from contemplation of one's self one turns to consider one's dream.

"Halt!—who goes there?"
"Death."
"Advance, Death, and give the countersign."
"How needless! I care not to enter thy camp to-night. Thou shalt enter mine."
"What! I a deserter?"
"Nay, a great soldier. Thou shalt overcome all the enemies of mankind."
"Who are they?"
"Life and the Fear of Death."

The palmist looks at the wrinkles made by closing the hand and says they signify character. The philosopher reads character by what the hand most loves to close upon.

Ah, woe is his, with length of living cursed,
Who, nearing second childhood, had no first.
Behind, no glimmer, and before no ray—
A night at either end of his dark day.

A noble enthusiasm in praise of Woman is not incompatible with a spirited zeal in defamation of women.

The money-getter who pleads his love of work has a lame defense, for love of work at money-getting is a lower taste than love of money.

He who thinks that praise of mediocrity atones for disparagement of genius is like one who should plead robbery in excuse of theft.

The most disagreeable form of masculine hypocrisy is that which finds expression in pretended remorse for impossible gallantries.

Any one can say that which is new; any one that which is true. For that which is both new and true we must go duly accredited to the gods and await their pleasure.

The test of truth is Reason, not Faith; for to the court of Reason must be submitted even the claims of Faith.

“Whither guest thou?” said the angel.

“I know not.”

“And whence hast thou come?”

“I know not.”

“But who art thou?”

“I know not.”

“Then thou art Man. See that thou turn not back, but pass on to the place whence thou hast come.”

If Expediency and Righteousness are not father and son they are the most harmonious brothers that ever were seen.

Train the head, and the heart will take care of itself; a rascal is one who knows not how to think.

Do you to others as you would
That others do to you;
But see that you no service good
Would have from others that they could
Not rightly do.

Taunts are allowable in the case of an obstinate husband: balky horses may best be made to go by having their ears bitten.

Adam probably regarded Eve as the woman of his choice, and exacted a certain gratitude for the distinction of his preference.

A man is the sum of his ancestors; to reform him you must begin with a dead ape and work downward through a million graves. He is like the lower end of a suspended chain; you can sway him slightly to the right or the left, but remove your hand and he falls into line with the other links.

He who thinks with difficulty believes with alacrity. A fool is a natural proselyte, but he must be caught young, for his convictions, unlike those of the wise, harden with age.

These are the prerogatives of genius: To know without having learned; to draw just conclusions from unknown premises; to discern the soul of things.

Although one love a dozen times, yet will the latest love seem the first. He who says he has loved twice has not loved once.

Men who expect universal peace through invention of destructive weapons of war are no wiser than one who, noting the improvement of agricultural implements, should prophesy an end to the tilling of the soil.

To parents only, death brings an inconsolable sorrow. When the young die and the old live, nature's machinery is working with the friction that we name grief.

Empty wine-bottles have a bad opinion of women.

Civilization is the child of human ignorance and conceit. If Man knew his insignificance in the scheme of things he would not think it worth while to rise from barbarity to enlightenment. But it is only through enlightenment that he can know.

Along the road of life are many pleasure resorts, but think not that by tarrying in them you will take more days to the journey. The day of your arrival is already recorded.

The most offensive egotist is he that fears to say "I" and "me." "It will probably rain"—that is dogmatic. "I think it will rain"—that is natural and modest. Montaigne is the most delightful of essayists because so great is his humility that he does not think it important that we see not Montaigne. He so forgets himself that he employs no artifice to make us forget him.

On fair foundations Theocrats unwise
Rear superstructures that offend the skies.
“Behold,” they cry, “this pile so fair and tall!
Come dwell within it and be happy all.”
But they alone inhabit it, and find,
Poor fools, ’tis but a prison for the mind.

If thou wilt not laugh at a rich man’s wit thou art an anarchist,
and if thou take not his word thou shalt take nothing that he hath.
Make haste, therefore, to be civil to thy betters, and so prosper, for
prosperity is the foundation of the state.

Death is not the end; there remains the litigation over the
estate.

When God makes a beautiful woman, the devil opens a new
register.

When Eve first saw her reflection in a pool, she sought Adam
and accused him of infidelity.

“Why dost thou weep?”
“For the death of my wife. Alas! I shall never again see her!”
“Thy wife will never again see thee, yet she does not weep.”

What theology is to religion and jurisprudence to justice, etiquette
is to civility.

“Who art thou that despite the piercing cold and thy robe’s
raggedness seemest to enjoy thyself?”
“Naught else is enjoyable—I am Contentment.”
“Ha! thine must be a magic shirt. Off with it! I shiver in my
fine attire.”
“I have no shirt. Pass on, Success.”

Ignorance when inevitable is excusable. It may be harmless,
even beneficial; but it is charming only to the unwise. To affect a
spurious ignorance is to disclose a genuine.

Because you will not take by theft what you can have by
cheating, think not yours is the only conscience in the world. Even
he who permits you to cheat his neighbor will shrink from
permitting you to cheat himself.

“God keep thee, stranger; what is thy name?”
“Wisdom. And thine?”
“Knowledge. How does it happen that we meet?”

“This is an intersection of our paths.”

“Will it ever be decreed that we travel always the same road?”

“We were well named if we knew.”

Nothing is more logical than persecution. Religious tolerance is a kind of infidelity.

Convictions are variable; to be always consistent is to be sometimes dishonest.

The philosopher’s profoundest conviction is that which he is most reluctant to express, lest he mislead.

When exchange of identities is possible, be careful; you may choose a person who is willing.

The most intolerant advocate is he who is trying to convince himself.

In the Parliament of Otumwee the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a tax on fools.

“The right honorable and generous gentleman,” said a member, “forgets that we already have it in the poll tax.”

“Whose dead body is that?”

“Credulity’s.”

“By whom was he slain?”

“Credulity.”

“Ah, suicide.”

“No, surfeit. He dined at the table of Science, and swallowed all that was set before him.”

Don’t board with the devil if you wish to be fat.

Pray do not despise your delinquent debtor; his default is no proof of poverty.

Courage is the acceptance of the gambler’s chance: a brave man bets against the game of the gods.

“Who art thou?”

“A philanthropist. And thou?”

“A pauper.”

“Away! you have nothing to relieve my need.”

Youth looks forward, for nothing is behind; Age backward, for nothing is before.

Think not, O man, the world has any need
That thou canst truly serve by word or deed.
Serve thou thy better self, nor care to know
How God makes righteousness and roses grow.

In spiritual matters material aids are not to be despised: by the use of an organ and a painted window an artistic emotion can be made to seem a religious ecstasy.

The poor man's price of admittance to the favor of the rich is his self-respect. It assures him a seat in the gallery.

One may know oneself ugly, but there is no mirror for the understanding.

If the righteous thought death what they think they think it they would search less diligently for divine ordinances against suicide.

Weep not for cruelty to rogues in jail:
Injustice can the just alone assail.
Deny compassion to the wretch who swerved,
Till all who, fainting, walked aright are served.

The artless woman may be known by her costume: her gown is trimmed with feathers of the white blackbird.

All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher.

Slang is a foul pool at which every dunce fills his bucket, and then sets up as a fountain.

The present is the frontier between the desert of the past and the garden of the future. It is redrawn every moment.

The virtue that is not automatic requires more attention than it is worth.

At sunset our shadows reach the stars, yet we are no greater at death than at the noon of life.

Experience is a revelation in the light of which we renounce the errors of youth for those of age.

From childhood to youth is eternity; from youth to manhood,

a season. Age comes in a night and is incredible.

Avoid the disputatious. When you greet an acquaintance with "How are you?" and he replies: "On the contrary, how are you?" pass on.

If all thought were audible none would be deemed discreditable. We know, indeed, that bad thoughts are universal, but that is not the same thing as catching them at being so.

"All the souls in this place have been happy ever since you blundered into it," said Satan, ejecting Hope. "You make trouble wherever you go."

Our severest retorts are unanswerable because nobody is present to answer them.

The angels have good dreams and bad, and we are the dreams. When an angel wakes one of us dies.

The man of "honor" pays his bet
By saving on his lawful debt.
When he to Nature pays his dust
(Not for he would, but for he must)
Men say, "He settled that, 'tis true,
But, faith, it long was overdue."

Do not permit a woman to ask forgiveness, for that is only the first step. The second is justification of herself by accusation of you.

If we knew nothing was behind us we should discern our true relation to the universe.

Youth has the sun and the stars by which to determine his position on the sea of life; Age must sail by dead reckoning and knows not whither he is bound.

Happiness is lost by criticising it; sorrow by accepting it.

As Nature can not make us altogether wretched she resorts to the trick of contrast by making us sometimes almost happy.

When prosperous the fool trembles for the evil that is to come; in adversity the philosopher smiles for the good that he has had.

When God saw how faulty was man He tried again and made woman. As to why He then stopped there are two opinions. One of them is woman's.

She hated him because he discovered that her lark was a crow. He hated her because she unlocked the cage of his beast.

“Who art thou?”

“Friendship.”

“I am Love; let us travel together.”

“Yes—for a day's journey; then thou arrivest at thy grave.”

“And thou?”

“I go as far as the grave of Advantage.”

Look far enough ahead and always thou shalt see the domes and spires of the City of Contentment.

You would say of that old man: “He is bald and bent.” No; in the presence of Death he uncovers and bows.

If you saw Love pictured as clad in furs you would smile. Yet every year has its winter.

You can not disprove the Great Pyramid by showing the impossibility of putting the stones in place.

Men were singing the praises of Justice.

“Not so loud,” said an angel; “if you wake her she will put you all to death.”

Age, with his eyes in the back of his head, thinks it wisdom to see the bogs through which he has floundered.

Wisdom is known only by contrasting it with folly; by shadow only we perceive that all visible objects are not flat. Yet Philanthropos would abolish evil!

One whose falsehoods no longer deceive has forfeited the right to speak truth.

Wisdom is a special knowledge in excess of all that is known.

To live is to believe. The most credulous of mortals is he who is persuaded of his incredulity.

In him who has never wronged another, revenge is a virtue.

That you can not serve God and Mammon is a poor excuse for not serving God.

A fool's tongue is not so noisy but the wise can hear his ear commanding them to silence.

If the Valley of Peace could be reached only by the path of love, it would be sparsely inhabited.

To the eye of failure success is an accident with a presumption of crime.

Wearing his eyes in his heart, the optimist falls over his own feet, and calls it Progress.

You can calculate your distance from Hell by the number of wayside roses. They are thickest at the hither end of the route.

The world was made a sphere in order that men should not push one another off, but the landowner smiles when he thinks of the sea.

Let not the night on thy resentment fall:
Strike when the wrong is fresh, or not at all.
The lion ceases if his first leap fail—
'Tis only dogs that nose a cooling trail.

Having given out all the virtues that He had made, God made another.

"Give us that also," said His children.

"Nay," He replied, "if I give you that you will slay one another till none is left. You shall have only its name, which is Justice."

"That is a good name," they said; "we will give it to a virtue of our own creation."

So they gave it to Revenge.

The sea-bird speeding from the realm of night
Dashes to death against the beacon-light.
Learn from its evil fate, ambitious soul.
The ministry of light is guide, not goal.

While you have a future do not live too much in contemplation of your past: unless you are content to walk backward the mirror is a poor guide.

"O dreadful Death, why veilest thou thy face?"

"To spare me thine impetuous embrace."

He who knows himself great accepts the truth in reverent silence, but he who only believes himself great has embraced a noisy faith.

Life is a little plot of light. We enter, clasp a hand or two, and go our several ways back into the darkness. The mystery is infinitely pathetic and picturesque.

Cheerfulness is the religion of the little. The low hills are a-smirk with flowers and greenery; the dominating peaks, austere and desolate, holding a prophecy of doom.

It is not to our credit that women like best the men who are not as other men, nor to theirs that they are not particular as to the nature of the difference.

In the journey of life when thy shadow falls to the westward stop until it falls to the eastward. Thou art then at thy destination.

Seek not for happiness—'tis known
To hope and memory alone;
At dawn—how bright the noon will be!
At eve—how fair it glowed, ah, me!

Brain was given to test the heart's credibility as a witness, yet the philosopher's lady is almost as fine as the clown's wench.

“Who art thou, so sorrowful?”

“Ingratitude. It saddens me to look upon the devastations of Benevolence.”

“Then veil thine eyes, for I am Benevolence.”

“Wretch! thou art my father and my mother.”

Death is the only prosperity that we neither desire for ourselves nor resent in others.

To the small part of ignorance that we can arrange and classify we give the name Knowledge.

“I wish to enter,” said the soul of the voluptuary. “I am told that all the beautiful women are here.”

“Enter,” said Satan, and the soul of the voluptuary passed in.

“They make the place what it is,” added Satan, as the gates clanged.

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her

arms without falling into her hands.

Think not to atone for wealth by apology: you must make restitution to the accuser.

Study good women and ignore the rest,
For he best knows the sex who knows the best.

Before undergoing a surgical operation arrange your temporal affairs. You may live.

Intolerance is natural and logical, for in every dissenting opinion lies an assumption of superior wisdom.

“Who art thou?” said Saint Peter at the Gate.

“I am known as Memory.”

“What presumption!—go back to Hell. And who, perspiring friend, art thou?”

“My name is Satan. I am looking for—”

“Take your penal apparatus and be off.”

And Satan, laying hold of Memory, said: “Come along, you scoundrel! you make happiness wherever you are not.”

Women of genius commonly have masculine faces, figures and manners. In transplanting brains to an alien soil God leaves a little of the original earth clinging to the roots.

The heels of Detection are sore from the toes of Remorse.

Twice we see Paradise. In youth we name it Life; in age, Youth.

There are but ten Commandments, true,
But that’s no hardship, friend, to you;
The sins whereof no line is writ
You’re not commanded to commit.

Fear of the darkness is more than an inherited superstition—it is at night, mostly, that the king thinks.

“Who art thou?” said Mercy.

“Revenge, the father of Justice.”

“Thou wearest thy son’s clothing.”

“One must be clad.”

“Farewell—I go to attend thy son.”

“Thou wilt find him hiding in yonder jungle.”

Self-denial is indulgence of a propensity to forego.

Men talk of selecting a wife; horses, of selecting an owner.

You are not permitted to kill a woman who has wronged you, but nothing forbids you to reflect that she is growing older every minute. You are avenged fourteen hundred and forty times a day.

A sweetheart is a bottle of wine; a wife is a wine-bottle.

He gets on best with women who best knows how to get on without them.

“Who am I?” asked an awakened soul.

“That is the only knowledge that is denied to you here,” answered a smiling angel; “this is Heaven.”

Woman’s courage is ignorance of danger; man’s is hope of escape.

When God had finished this terrestrial frame
And all things else, with or without a name,
The Nothing that remained within His hand
Said: “Make me into something fine and grand,
Thine angels to amuse and entertain.”
God heard and made it into human brain.

If you wish to slay your enemy make haste, O make haste, for already Nature’s knife is at his throat and yours.

To most persons a sense of obligation is insupportable; beware upon whom you inflict it.

Bear me, good oceans, to some isle
Where I may never fear
The snake alurk in woman’s smile,
The tiger in her tear.
Yet bear not with me her, O deeps,
Who never smiles and never weeps.

Life and Death threw dice for a child.

“I win!” cried Life.

“True,” said Death, “but you need a nimbler tongue to proclaim your luck. The stake is already dead of age.”

How blind is he who, powerless to discern
The glories that about his pathway burn,

Walks unaware the avenues of Dream,
Nor sees the domes of Paradise agleam!
O Golden Age, to him more nobly planned
Thy light lies ever upon sea and land.
From sordid scenes he lifts his eyes at will,
And sees a Grecian god on every hill!

In childhood we expect, in youth demand, in manhood hope,
and in age beseech.

A violet softly sighed,
A hollyhock shouted above.
In the heart of the violet, pride;
In the heart of the hollyhock, love.

If women knew themselves the fact that men do not know
them would flatter them less and content them more.

The angel with a flaming sword slept at his post, and Eve
slipped back into the Garden. "Thank Heaven! I am again in Para-
dise," said Adam.