

Dogmatism is merely puppyism come to maturity.

Make your bed as a coffin, and your coffin will be as a bed.

Troubles are like babies—they only grow bigger by nursing.

The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering.

Character flies. Yes, it has wings, and of course the lighter it is the quicker it goes.

My notion of a wife at forty is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twentys.

I never by chance hear the rattling of dice that it doesn't sound to me like the funeral knell of a whole family.

To discover the spots in the sun is to some men greater than the discovery of the laws that govern the sun itself.

Honesty without sharpness in this world is like a sword without edge or point—very well for show, but of no real use to the owner.

There are fellows who go every day into billiard-rooms to get their dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm-yard to look about for a fat goose.

Married happiness is a glass ball—folks play with it during the honeymoon, till, falling, it is shattered to pieces; and the rest of life is a wrangle who broke it.

In their intercourse with the world people should not take words as so much genuine coin of standard metal, but merely as counters that people play with.

He who in this world resolves to speak only what is too good for the mass of mankind to understand, and will be persecuted accordingly.

EPITAPHS.

Mary Ann is gone to rest,
With her head on Abraham's breast.
'Tis a very good thing for Mary Ann,
But kinder hard on Abraham.

And be she dead? and am she gone?
And is I left here all alone?
Oh, cruel Fate, thou be'est unkind
To take she 'fore and leave I 'hind!

Reader, pass on, nor waste your time
In bad biography or bitter rhyme;
For what I am, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.

Beneath this sod and under these stones
Lieth the body of Mary Jones.
Her name was Lloyd, it was not Jones;
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones.

Here lies the body of Betsy Binn,
Who was so very pure within
She bust this outer shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.