

## Proverbs of Hell, Plates 7–10

Ulver

(PLATES 7–10)

In seed time learn, in harvest teach,  
in winter enjoy, drive your cart  
and your plow over the bones of the dead,  
the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by incapacity.  
He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.  
The cut worm forgives the plow.  
Dip him in the river who loves water.  
A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.  
He whose face gives no light,  
shall never become a star.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.  
The busy bee has no time for sorrow.  
The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock;  
but of wisdom, no clock can measure.  
All wholsom food is caught without a net or a trap.

Bring out number, weight & measure in a year of dearth.  
No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.  
A dead body revenges not injuries.  
The most sublime act is to set another before you.  
If the fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise.  
Folly is the cloke of knavery. Shame is pride's cloke.

Prisons are built with stones of law,  
brothers with bricks of religion.  
The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.  
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.  
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God. The  
nakedness of woman is the work of God.  
Excess of sorrow laughs.  
Excess of joy weeps.  
The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves,  
the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword,  
are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.  
Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.  
Let man wear the feel of the lion,  
woman the fleece of the sheep.  
The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.  
The selfish smiling fool, & the sullen,  
frowning fool shall be thought wise, that they may be a rod.

What is now proved was only once imagin'd.  
The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit watch the roots;  
the lion the tyger, the horse, the elephant, watch the fruits.  
The cistern contains: the fountain overflows.  
One thought fills immensity,  
always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.  
Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.  
The eagle never lost so much time,  
as when he submitted to learn of the crow.

The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.  
Think in the morning. Act in the noon.  
Eat in the evening. Sleep in the night.  
He who has suffer'd you to  
impose on him knows you.

As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.  
The tygers of wrath are the wiser  
than the horses of instruction.  
Expect poison from the standing water.  
You never know what is enough unless you know  
what is more than enough.  
Listen to the fool's reproach! It is a kingly title!

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water,  
the beard of earth.  
The weak in courage is strong in cunning.  
The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow;  
nor the lion, the horse, how he shall take his pray.  
The thankful receiver bears a plentiful harvest.  
If others had not been foolish, we should be so.  
The soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd.  
When thou seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of genius;  
lift up thy head! As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves  
to lay her eggs on. So the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.  
Damn braces: bless relaxes.  
The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.  
Prayers plow not! Joys laugh not!  
Sorrows weep not!  
The head sublime, the heart pathos, the genitals beauty, the hands & feet pr  
oportion.

As the air to bird or the sea to fish,  
so is contempt to the contemptible.  
The crow wish'd every thing was black,  
the owl that every thing was white.  
Exuberance is beauty.  
If the lion was advised by the fox, he would be cunning.  
Improve(me)nt makes strait road;  
but the crooked roads without improvement are roads of genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires. Where man  
is not, nature is barren.  
Truth can never be told so as to be understood,  
and not be beliv'd. Enough! Or too much.

(PLATE 11)

The ancient poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or geniuses.  
Calling them by names and adoring them  
with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations,  
and whatever their enlarged and numerous senses could perceive.

And particulary they studied the genius of each city & country,  
placing it under its mental deity;  
till a system was formed, which some took advantage of,  
& enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize  
or abstract the mental deities from their objects:  
thus began priesthood; choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.  
And it length they pronounc'd that the gods hadorder'd such things.  
Thus men forgot that all deities reside in the human breast.