

This parallel will, I hope, where it is well considered, be found just and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

*Example 2d.*

PARALLEL BETWEEN JAY AND HAMILTON.

It were, indeed, a bold task to venture to draw into comparison the respective merits of Jay and Hamilton on the fame and fortunes of their country, — a bold task, — and yet, bold as it is, we feel impelled at least to venture on opening it. They were undoubtedly *par nobile fratrum*, and yet not *twin* brothers, — *pares sed impares*, — like, but unlike. In patriotic attachment equal, for who would venture therein to assign to either the superiority? yet was that attachment, though equal in degree, far different in kind; with Hamilton it was a sentiment, with Jay a principle; with Hamilton, enthusiastic passion, with Jay, duty as well as love; with Hamilton, patriotism was the paramount law, with Jay, a law *sub graviore lege*. Either would have gone through fire and water to do his country service, and laid down freely his life for her safety, Hamilton with the roused courage of a lion, Jay with the calm fearlessness of a man; or, rather, Hamilton's courage would have been that of a soldier, Jay's, that of a Christian. Of the latter it might be truly said:

“Conscience made him firm,  
That boon companion, who her strong breastplate  
Buckles on him, that fears no guilt within,  
And bids him on, and fear not.”

In intellectual power, in depth, and grasp, and versatility of mind, as well as in all the splendid and brilliant parts which captivate and adorn, Hamilton was greatly, not to say immeasurably, Jay's superior. In the calm and deeper wisdom of practical duty, in the government of others, and still more in the government of himself, in seeing clearly the right, and following it whithersoever it led firmly, patiently, self-denyingly, Jay was again greatly if not immeasurably, Hamilton's superior. In statesman-like talent, Hamilton's mind had in it more of “constructive” power, Jay's of “executive.” Hamilton had GENIUS, Jay had WISDOM. We would have taken Hamilton to plan a government, and Jay to carry it into execution; and in a court of law we would have Hamilton for our advocate, if our cause were generous, and Jay for judge, if our cause were just.

The fame of Hamilton, like his parts, we deem to shine brighter and farther than Jay's, but we are not sure that it should be so, or rather we are quite sure that it should not. For, when we come to examine and compare their relative course, and its bearing on the country and its fortunes, the reputation of Hamilton we find to go as far beyond his practical share in it, as Jay's falls short of his. Hamilton's civil official life was a brief and single, though brilliant one. Jay's numbered the years of a generation, and exhausted every department of diplomatic, civil, and judicial trust. In fidelity to their country, both were pure to their heart's core; yet was Hamilton loved, perhaps, more than trusted, and Jay trusted, perhaps, more than loved.

Such were they, we deem, in differing, if not contrasted, points of character. Their lives, too, when viewed from a distance, stand out in equally striking but much more painful contrast. Jay's, viewed as a whole, has in it a completeness of parts such as a nicer critic demands for the perfection

of an epic poem, with its beginning of promise, its heroic middle, and its peaceful end, and partaking, too, somewhat of the same cold stateliness noble, however, still, and glorious, and ever pointing, as such poem does, to the stars. *Sic itur ad astra*. The life of Hamilton, on the other hand, broken and fragmentary, begun in the darkness of romantic interest, running on into the sympathy of a high passion, and at length breaking off in the midst, like some half-told tale of sorrow, amid tears and blood, even as does the theme of the tragic poet. The name of Hamilton, therefore, was a name to conjure with; that of Jay, to swear by. Hamilton had his frailties, arising out of passion, as tragic heroes have. Jay's name was faultless, and his course passionless, as becomes the epic leader, and, in point of fact, was, while living, a name at which frailty blushed, and corruption trembled.

If we ask whence, humanly speaking, came such disparity of the fate between equals, the stricter morals, the happier life, the more peaceful death, to what can we trace it but to the healthful power of religion over the heart and conduct? Was not this, we ask, the ruling secret? Hamilton was a Christian in his youth, and a penitent Christian, we doubt not, on his dying bed; but Jay was a Christian, so far as man may judge, every day and hour of his life. He had but one rule, the gospel of Christ; in that he was nurtured, — ruled by that, through grace, he lived, — resting on that, in prayer, he died.

Admitting, then, as we do, both names to be objects of our highest sympathetic admiration, yet, with the name of Hamilton, as the master says of tragedy, the lesson is given “with pity and in fear.” Not so with that of Jay; with him we walk fearless, as in the steps of one who was a CHRISTIAN as well as a PATRIOT.

*Exercises.*

- A Parallel between the Old and New Testament.  
 ” between the writings of St. Paul and St. John.  
 ” The character of Napoleon and of Washington  
 ” Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton.  
 ” The Profession of the Law and that of Divinity.  
 ” The invention of the art of printing with the discovery of  
 ” the application of steam to mechanical purposes.

XLIII.

ALLEGORY

Allegory \* is a species of writing, in which one thing is ex-

\* Dr. Blair says, “An allegory is a continued metaphor; as it is the representation of one thing by another that resembles it.” And under the head of metaphor he says, “When the resemblance which is the foundation of this figure is long dwelt upon, and carried into all its minute circumstances, an allegory is produced instead of a metaphor.”



pressed, and another is understood. The analogy is intended to be so obvious that the reader cannot miss the application; but he is left to draw the proper conclusion for his own use.

It is, for this reason, chiefly employed when a writer desires to communicate some important intelligence or advice; but is not permitted, or does not wish, to deliver it in plain terms. It is also used for ornament, or to convey instruction, so as to interest the imagination, and flatter the understanding, by giving the reader the appearance of instructing himself

Allegories are of three kinds: first, those designed for ornament; secondly, those designed for instruction; and, thirdly, those intended both to adorn and instruct. In employing allegories, care must be taken that the phraseology be all figurative, and that the attributes of the primary and secondary object be not confounded and interchanged.

*Example 1st.\**

PATIENCE, AN ALLEGORY.

Patience was the child of Forbearance and Gentleness, and they lived in the town of Perseverance. When very young, she began to exercise that virtue which was afterwards named from her. She was a very extraordinary child, and it has ever been said of her, that she could work all things. She had an aunt called Adversity, who troubled her very much, but, it was observed, that the more she was subjected to the trials of this relation, the more brightly the lustre of her character shone forth; for, while her uncle, Prosperity, was near her, she seemed to have no opportunity of exercising her graces. She had a grandmother, (on her mother's side,) named Meekness, and she seemed to imbibe many of

\* This allegory was written by one of the pupils of the school under the charge of the author. It is presented just as it was written by the young lady, who, though but "just in her teens," has certainly sustained the figure throughout in excellent "keeping."

As instances of the allegory, which may be studied and imitated, may be mentioned, "The Hill of Science," and, "The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life," by Johnson; "An Eastern Narrative," by Hawks worth, entitled, "No Life pleasing to God which is not useful to Man;" "The Eightieth Psalm of David;" No. 55 of the "Spectator;" and "The Pilgrim's Progress," which is, perhaps, the longest allegory ever written. To these may be added a very recent little work of Charles Dickens, entitled, "A Christmas Carol," which cannot be too highly commended for the moral lesson which it conveys.

the qualities of that excellent lady. She also had a grandfather, Goodness, whose blood seemed to run in her veins in a large degree. All who lived in her neighborhood used to say, that she was the loveliest child they ever beheld. But, although so much admired, she had no Pride about her, though Vanity, an old man living in the vicinity, used to lay a claim to relationship with her. She was very much troubled by his daughters, Selfconceit and Foolishness, but she never retorted in the least. Even they themselves could not say, that they had ever heard an angry word proceed from her lips, and, although they tried to disturb and ruffle her uniform good nature, they never could succeed so far, as even to be able to say, that she ever appeared to cherish a wrathful spirit. She had no Hatred about her, neither would she foster Spite or Malice in her innocent heart. She made rapid advances from day to day, in every good word and work, and her name even became a proverb among all who knew her. Mothers made her an example to their daughters, and fathers did not forget her when admonishing their sons. She became more beloved and respected every day of her life, by all, for no one could see her without admiring her for her many good qualities. She appeared to be compounded of all the qualities that adorn the female character, without the least mixture of anything bad. In due time she was married to a young gentleman, by the name of Longsuffering. Some of the most distinguished among her children were Faith, Hope, and Charity.

*Example 2d.*

THE EMPIRE OF POETRY.

BY FONTENELLE.

This empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries on the continent, into the higher and lower regions. The upper region is inhabited by grave, melancholy and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall, having their tops among the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being fleetier than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day.

The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the trouble to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate, we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of



Epic, and which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people, who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen. The Mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous precipices: and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities; and, from time to time, the materials are carried lower down to build new cities; for they now never build nearly so high as they seem to have done in former times. The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amidst stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from the dung hill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth.

Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot, but it is too near to burlesque, and its trade with this place has much degraded the manners of its citizens.

I beg that you will notice, on the map, those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country, and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile, but you need not wonder that there are so few who choose to reside in it; for the entrance is very rugged on all sides; the roads are narrow and difficult; and there are seldom any guides to be found, who are capable of conducting strangers.

Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be very agreeable, and saves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the Province of False Thoughts. Here we always tread on flowers,—every thing seems enchanting. But its greatest inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid; the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the Capital. Here the people do nothing but complain; but it is said that they find a pleasure in their complaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitant walks alone, making them the confidants of his secrets; of the discovery of which he is so much afraid, that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray them.

The Empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers. One is the River Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the Mountains of Reverie. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated, that they pierce the clouds. Those are called the Points of Sublime Thought. Many climb there by extraordinary efforts; but almost the whole tumble down again, and excite, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms, almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are called the Terraces of Low Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking upon them. At the end of these terraces are the Caverns of Deep Reverie. Those who descend into them do so insensibly; being so much enwrapped in their meditations, that they enter the caverns before they are aware. These caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet with men walking in easy paths, which are termed the Paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule, equally, those who try to scale the Points of Sublime Thoughts, as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right, if they could keep undeviatingly in the Paths of Natural Thoughts; but they fall almost instantly into a snare, by entering into a splendid palace, which is at a very little distance. It is the Palace of Badinage. Scarcely have they entered, when, in place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had, they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar. Those, however, who never abandon the Paths of Natural Thoughts, are the most rational of all. They aspire no higher than they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with sound judgment.

Besides the River Rhyme, which I have described as issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another called the River of Reason. These two rivers are at a great distance from one another, and, as they have a very different course, they could not be made to communicate, except by canals, which would cost a great deal of labor. For these canals of communication could not be formed at all places, because there is only one part of the River Rhyme which is in the neighborhood of the River Reason, and hence many cities situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad, could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains might be taken for that purpose. Further, it would be necessary that these canals should cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the map; and that it is almost an unknown country. The Rhyme is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and, on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to navigate. On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and regular, but it does not carry vessels of every burthen.

There is, in the Land of Poetry, a very obscure forest, where the rays of the sun never enter. It is the forest of Bombast. The trees are close, spreading, and twined into each other. The forest is so ancient, that it has become a sort of sacrilege to prune its trees, and there is no probability that the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest and we lose our road without dreaming that we have gone astray. It is full of imperceptible labyrinths, from which no one ever returns. The Reason is lost in this forest.

The extensive province of Imitation is very sterile. It produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighboring provinces; and some even make fortunes by this beggarly occupation. The Empire of Poetry is very cold towards the north, and, consequently, this quarter is the most populous. There are the cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a similar description. Finally, in that sea which bounds the States of Poetry, there is the Island of Satire, surrounded with bitter waves. The salt from the water is very strong and dark colored. The greater part of the brooks of this Island resemble the Nile in this, that their sources are unknown; but it is particularly remarkable, that there is not one of them whose waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the Archipelago of Trifles. The French term it *L'Archipel des Bagatelles*, and their voyagers are well acquainted with those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in sport, as she did those of the *Ægean Sea*. The principal islands are the Madrigal, the Song, and the Impromptu. No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float upon the waters.

#### Example 3d.

A humming bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

I cannot think of it, was the reply, as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing dolt.

Impossible, cried the humming bird; I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you. Perhaps you do now, said the other; but, when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you this piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors.

#### Exercises.

What subject can be illustrated by an allegory with the following hints or aids?



*Aids.*—A hill with multitudes ascending.  
The temptations assailing those who are endeavoring to ascend it  
The temple on the top of the hill.  
The failure of many who attempt to reach it.  
The labors of those who do finally succeed—their success and happiness.

What subject, by an allegory with the following?

*Aids.*—A wide sea or ocean.  
Vessels of various kinds variously decked.  
Their similar destination for the same port.  
The various objects of their several pursuits on the voyage  
The straight and direct course kept by one single vessel.  
The wreck or capture, or distress of the other vessels.  
The safe arrival of the vessel which kept the direct course.

What subject by an allegory with the following?

*Aids.*—A foot race.  
The preparations of the competitors.  
The rewards offered to the victors.  
The influence of those rewards on their exertions.  
The course of the unsuccessful competitors.  
The success of the victorious one, and the modes in which it was obtained.

---

## XLIV.

### APOLOGUE AND FABLE.

An apologue is a sort of allegorical fiction, from which a separate meaning or moral lesson may be drawn. It is, in fact, but another name for a fable, in which animals, vegetables, stocks and stones, speak and act as monitors to mankind.

An apologue, or fable, differs from a tale, in being written expressly for the sake of the moral. If there be no moral, there is no fable.\*

A parable is a fable, but is more generally used to denominate those allegorical tales in Scripture, which were introduced for the purpose of illustrating some truth to which they have a similitude. Such is that of "The Prodigal Son," "The Sower," "The Ten Virgins."

---

\* The word *fable* is used here in a confined sense, for, generally speaking all literary fabrications are fables. There are few modern fables that are sufficiently concise. Those of Gay often lengthen into tales, or lose themselves in allegory.

An apologue differs from a parable in this: the parable is drawn from events which pass among mankind, and is therefore supported by probability; an apologue may be founded on supposed actions of brutes, or inanimate things, and therefore does not require to be supported by probability. Æsop's "Fables" are good examples of apologues.

#### *Example.*

#### APOLOGUE.

Sicily addressed Neptune praying to be rejoined to Italy: "You are foolish," answered the god, "if you do not know how much better it is to be a small head, than a great foot."\*

#### *Example.*

#### FABLE.

#### *The Belly and the Members.*

In former days, when the Belly and the other parts of the body enjoyed the faculty of speech, and had separate views and designs of their own, each part, it seems, in particular for himself and in the name of the whole, took exceptions at the conduct of the Belly, and were resolved to grant him supplies no longer. They said they thought it very hard, that he should lead an idle, good-for-nothing life, spending and squandering away upon his ungodly self all the fruits of their labor; and that, in short, they were resolved for the future to strike off his allowance and let him shift for himself as well as he could. The Hands protested that they would not lift up a Finger to keep him from starving; and the Mouth wished he might never speak again, if he took the least bit of nourishment for him as long as he lived; "and," said the Teeth, "may we be rotted, if ever we chew a morsel for him for the future." This solemn league and covenant was kept as long as any thing of that kind can be kept; which was until each of the rebel members pined away to skin and bone, and could hold out no longer. Then they found there was no doing without the Belly, and that, as idle and insignificant as he seemed, he contributed as much to the maintenance and welfare of the other parts, as they did to his.

#### *Application, or Moral.*

This fable was related by Menenius Agrippa to the Romans, when they revolted against their rulers. It is easy to see how the fable was applied, for, if the branches and members of a community refuse the government that aid which its necessities require, the whole must perish together. Every man's enjoyment of the products of his own daily labor depends upon the government's being maintained in a condition

---

\* Italy, in its shape, resembles a *boot*. The point in this apologue consists in the allusion to the form of the country.



to defend and secure him in it. The fable will apply with equal force to the murmurs of the poor against the rich. If there were no rich to consume the products of the labors of the poor, none by whom public charity might "keep her channels full," the poor would derive but little fruit from their labor.

---

 XLV.

## RIDDLE, OR ENIGMA

An enigma, or riddle, is an obscure speech, or saying, in a kind of allegorical form, and written either in prose or verse, designed to exercise the mind in discovering a hidden meaning; or, it is a dark saying, in which some known thing is concealed under obscure language which is proposed to be guessed.

*Example.*

'T was whispered in heaven, 't was muttered in hell,  
 And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:  
 On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,  
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed,  
 'T will be found in the sphere, when 't is riven asunder  
 Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.  
 'T was allotted to man with his earliest breath,  
 Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death;  
 It presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,  
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.  
 Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam,  
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.  
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found.  
 Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.  
 'T will not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,  
 'T will make it acutely and instantly hear.  
 But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,  
 Or breathe on it softly, — it dies in an hour.\*

---

\* The thing described or hidden in this enigma, and which is proposed

Comparisons, proverbial speeches, parables, and fables, may be easily converted the one into the other. Thus, "The miser is like the dog in the manger, who would neither eat the hay himself, nor suffer the hungry ox to eat it." This comparison may be converted into a fable as follows: "A dog was lying upon a manger full of hay. An ox, being hungry, came near, and offered to eat of the hay; but the envious, ill-natured cur, getting up and snarling at him, would not suffer him to touch it. Upon which, the ox in the bitterness of his heart, exclaimed, A curse light on thee, for a malicious wretch, who will neither eat the hay thyself, nor suffer others who are hungry to do it." A proverb may be extracted from this fable: "The envious man distresses himself in the consideration of the prosperity of others."

---

 XLVI.

## CHARADE.\*

A charade is a syllabic enigma; that is, an enigma, the subject of which is a name or word, that is proposed for

---

to be guessed, is *the letter H*. The letter *M* is concealed in the following Latin enigma by an unknown author of very ancient date:

"Ego sum principium mundi et finis seculorum;  
 Ego sum trinus et unus, et tamen non sum Deus."

The letter *E* is thus enigmatically described:

"The beginning of eternity,  
 The end of time and space,  
 The beginning of every end,  
 And the end of every place."

The celebrated riddle of the Sphinx, in classic story, was this: "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening?"

The answer is *Man*, who, in infancy or the morning of life, walks or creeps on his hands and feet, at the noon of life he walks erect, and in the evening of his days, or in old age, supports his infirmities on a staff.

\* Nearly allied to the enigma and charade are the rebus, the paronomasia or pun, and the "low conundrum." [See *Catachresis*.] They are mere plays upon words, and are scarcely worthy of consideration among the departments of grave composition. The Rebus approaches, or rather is, in fact, picture writing, or a representation of words by things. It is an enigmatical representation of some name, by using figures or pictures instead of words. The word is from the Latin language, and literally signifies, *by things*. Thus a gallant in love with a woman named Rose Hill, painted on the border of his gown a rose, a hill, an eye, Cupid or Love, and a well, which reads "*Rose Hill I love well*." On a monumental tablet in this



discovery from an enigmatical description of its several syllables, taken separately, as so many individual words, and afterwards combined. A charade may be in prose or verse.

vicinity, erected for a family of the name of *Vassol*, there is the representation of a *vase* or *cup* (in Latin, *vas*), and the *sun* (in Latin, *sol*), thus forming the name "*Vassol*." This is similar to one form of the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians.

The Paronomasia, or Pun, is a verbal allusion in consequence of words of similar sound, or of the same orthography, having different meanings; or it is an expression in which two different applications of a word present an odd or ludicrous idea. It is generally esteemed a low species of wit. Thus, man having a tall wife named *Experience* observed that "He had by *long experience* proved the blessings of a married life." Another having undertaken to make a *pun* upon any given *subject*, when it was proposed that he should make one on the King, replied, that "the King is not a *subject*. That *Majesty*, if stripped of its externals, would remain a *jest*."

Puns are sometimes expressed in verse, and appear among collections of Epigrams. (See *Epigram*.) For example,

"I cannot move," yon clamorous beggar cries,  
"Nor sit, nor stand;" if he says *true*, he *lies*.

Again:

When dressed for the evening, the girls now-a-days  
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;  
Nor blame them; for what is an *evening* dress  
But a dress that is suited for *Eve*?

Conundrums are the lowest species of verbal witticisms, and are in general a mere play upon the *sounds* of words, without reference to their signification. They are generally expressed in the form of a question, with an answer. Thus: When is a ship not a ship? *Answer*. When it is *a-ground*, or when it is *a-float*. When is a door not a door? *Answer*. When it is *a-jar*. What part of an animal is his *elegy*? *Answer*. His *LEG*. If you were in an upper chamber of a house on fire, and the stairs were a *way*, how would you get down? *Answer*. By the stairs. If a demon had lost his tail, where would he go to have it replaced? *Answer*. To the place where they *retail* bad spirits. If a hungry man, on coming home to dinner, should find nothing but a *beat* on the table, what common exclamation would he utter? *Answer*. That *beat's* all.

Such plays upon the sounds of words, without reference to their signification, however they may amuse a vacant hour, or exercise the ingenuity of those to whom they are proposed, can be considered in no other light than as undignified, not to say childish diversions.

Of the same character may those witticisms be considered, commonly denominated *jest*s and *joke*s. It would be futile to attempt specimens of either of these kinds of pleasantries. They are so various in their nature, that no specimens can be given, which would convey any thing like a clear idea of their general character. It may be sufficient to observe, in general, that the *jest* is directed at the object; the *joke* is practised with the person, or on the person. One attempts to make a thing laughable, or ridiculous, by jesting about it, or treating it in a jesting manner; one attempts to excite good humor in others, or indulge it in one's self by joking with them. *Jests* are therefore seldom harmless; *jokes* are frequently allowable. Nothing is more easy to be made, nor more contemptible when made, than a *jest* upon a serious or sacred subject. "*No lude cum sacris*," is a maxim which cannot be too strongly impressed on every speaker and writer.

*Examples.*

My *first*, if you do, will increase,  
My *second* will keep you from heaven,  
My *whole*, such is human caprice,  
Is seldomer taken than given.

Answer, *ad-vice*.

What is that which God never sees, kings see but seldom,  
and which we see every day?

Answer, *an equal*.

XLVII.

HYPERBOLE.

A writer, under the influence of strong excitement, sometimes uses extravagant expressions, which he does not intend shall be taken literally. Such expressions are called hyperbole.

*Example 1st.*

A rescued land  
Sent up a shout of victory from the field,  
That rocked her ancient mountains.

*Example 2d.*

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench its fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence.  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

*Example 3d*

I found her on the floor  
In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful,



Pouring out tears at such a lavish rate,  
That, were the world on fire, they might have drowned  
The wrath of Heaven, and quenched the mighty ruin.\*

*Example 4th.*

There has not been a sound to-day,  
To break the calm of nature,  
Nor motion, I might almost say,  
Of life, or living creature;—  
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,  
Or cattle faintly lowing;  
I could have half believed *I heard*  
The leaves and blossoms growing.

*Example 5th.*

And there are many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written.— [*St. John's Gospel, last verse.*]

Hyperbole or Exaggeration is a remarkable feature of Eastern poetry. Mr. Moore, in his *Lalla Rookh*, has some extravagant instances, which may be pardoned in that work, written as it was in imitation of the Eastern style, but they should not be exhibited as objects of imitation. The following is one of the instances from *Lalla Rookh*:

"Yet, one relief this glance of former years  
Brought, mingled with its pain, tears, floods of tears,  
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills  
Let loose in Spring time from the snowy hills,  
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,  
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost."

Hyperbole ought to be very carefully as well as sparingly used; for it is requisite that the mind of the hearer, as well as that of the speaker, should be strongly excited, else it degenerates into *Bombast*. It is usually the flash of an overheated imagination, and is seldom consistent with the cold canons of criticism.— [*See Booth's Principles, p. 138.*]

\* The reverse of Hyperbole or Exaggeration, is *Liptotes* or *Diminution*, which is a figure by which, in seeming to lessen, we increase the force of the expression. Thus, when we say, "The man is no fool," we are understood to assert that he is wise. "I cannot praise such conduct," means that I despise it.

XLVIII.

APOSTROPHE.

Apostrophe is the *turning off* from the regular course of the subject, to address some person or thing, real or imaginary, living or dead.

Apostrophe is generally used to address living objects that are absent, — or dead objects with which we were familiar while they were in life. Some of its boldest efforts, however, exhaust the essence of personification, and call up and address the inanimate objects of nature.

Apostrophes addressed to the *imagination* are frequently extended to a considerable length; while those addressed to the passions must be short to correspond with the frame of the mind in which they are made.

*Example 1st*

APOSTROPHE OF PASSION.

Oh pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with thy butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of time.

*Example 2d.*

APOSTROPHE OF IMAGINATION.\*

O thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,  
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
But soaring, snow-clad, through thy native sky  
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!  
What marvel that I thus essay to sing?  
The humblest of thy pilgrims, passing by,  
Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,  
Though from thy heights no more one Muse shall wave her  
wing.

\* This Apostrophe is the production of Lord Byron, who has also presented another splendid example of the same kind, in his *Apostrophe to the Ocean*. Our own Percival, in his *Apostrophe to the Sun*, affords another example, which would do honor to the literature of any age or nation.



It may be remarked, that apostrophe is, on the whole, a figure too passionate to gain much admittance into any species of composition, except poetry and oratory.

---

 XLIX.

## INTERROGATION.

The unfigured and literal use of interrogation is to ask a question; but when men are strongly moved, they naturally put into the form of a question whatever they would affirm or deny with great earnestness. Thus: Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a cord that thou lettest down.\* — He that planted the ear, shall he not hear.

Interrogation gives life and spirit to discourse. It may be used to rouse and waken the hearers — sometimes to command with great emphasis, and sometimes to denote plaintive passion. Cicero uses it with great effect in his oration against Cataline, which he thus commences:

“How long Cataline will you abuse our patience? Do you not perceive that your designs are discovered?” &c.

*Example.*

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

---

 L.

## REPETITION.

Repetition seizes some emphatical word, or phrase, and, to mark its importance, makes it recur frequently in the same

---

\* The book of Job abounds in beautiful instances of this figure.

sentence. It is significant of contrast and energy. It also marks passion, which wishes to dwell on the object by which it is excited.

*Example 1st.*

“Weep not, oh Love!” she cries, “to see me bleed —  
 Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone —  
 Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed  
 These wounds; — yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed

*Example 2d.*

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,  
 By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.

*Example 3d.*

He sung Darius, great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate, and weltering in his blood.

---

 LI.

## EXCLAMATION.

Exclamations are the effect of strong emotions of the mind; such as surprise, admiration, joy, grief, and the like.

*Example 1st.*

Oh Liberty! oh sound once delightful to every Roman ear  
 Oh sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! — once sacred, now  
 trampled upon.



*Example 2d.*

Oh time! time! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart! How art thou fled forever! A month Oh for a single week! I ask not for years! though an age were too little for the much I have to do!

## LII.

## VISION.

Vision, another figure of speech, proper only in animated and warm compositions, is produced, when, instead of relating something that is past, we use the present tense of the verb, and describe the action or event as actually now in sight.

In tragedy, vision is the language of the most violent passion which conjures up spectres, and approaches to insanity.

*Example 1st.*

[Cicero, in his fourth oration against Cataline, pictures to his mind the consummation of the conspiracy, as follows:]

I seem to myself to behold this city, the ornament of the earth, and the capital of all nations, suddenly involved in one conflagration. I see before me the slaughtered heaps of citizens, lying unburied in the midst of their ruined country. The furious countenance of Cethegus rises to my view, while with a savage joy, he is triumphing in your miseries.

*Example 2d.*

Methought I heard a voice  
Cry, Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep.

*Example 3d.*

Avaunt and quit my sight!  
Let the earth hide thee; thy bones are marrowless;

Thy blood is cold; thou hast no speculation  
In those eyes which thou dost stare with.  
Hence, horrible shadow; unreal mockery, hence!

## LIII.

## CLIMAX.

Climax consists in an artful exaggeration of all the circumstances of some object or action, which we wish to place in a strong light. It operates by a gradual rise of one circumstance above another, till our idea is raised to the highest pitch.

A speaker makes an assertion which he feels is not strong enough for his thought;—he adds another, and another, until he reaches that point which his mind contemplates to be sufficiently expressive; and then the climax (or *climbing*) ends.

*Example 1st.*

Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,  
He buys, he sells, he steals, he kills for gold.

*Example 2d.*

[The following is part of an address, in the case of a woman who was accused of murdering her own child.]

Gentlemen, if one man had any how slain another; if an adversary had killed his opposer; or a woman occasioned the death of her enemy; even these criminals would have been capitally punished by the Cornelian law. But, if this guiltless infant, who could make no enemy, had been murdered by its own nurse; what punishment would not the mother have demanded? With what cries and exclamations would she have stunned your ears? What shall we say, then, when a woman, guilty of homicide; a mother, of the murder of her innocent child, hath comprised all those misdeeds in one single crime; a crime, in its own nature detestable; in a woman prodigious; in a mother incredible; and perpetrated against one, whose age called for compassion; whose near relation claimed affection and whose innocence deserved the highest favor?\*

\* Such regular Climaxes, however, though they have great beauty, yet