

[For the Deseret News.]

AN ODE TO MEMORY.

O, rouse thee, memory, and gladly paint
The scenes long, long now past;
The present needs them, that the future may
From thee gain hope at last.
Thy mission is to limn the moment, fled
On page of soul, that there
In rainbow tinted glories seen and read,
We may be heavenward led,
To dwell with angel's fair.

Rouse! yes, rouse thee! thou art wisdom's fount,
From thee is all derived;
Knowledge thou art, and in thy might, thy power,
Dwell'st thy glory, and heaven
To thee is open, that the blissful scene
Imprinted deeply in
Man's soul, may incentive prove; I ween,
Too good, to virtue—queen
Of all in worlds of sin.

Paint childhood's hopes, how bright, impulsive
thought
In airy freedom dreamed;
How life passed quickly—how fancy's bright wing,
From fact, imagination weaned,
And soaring in poetic world of life,
There airy castles built,
Inhabited by myths—forms unknown, where strife
Is never seen—where life,
Where beauty ever dwells.

Paint likewise how dissolves each fleeting view,
How facts such scenes erase:
With dull reality to guide our steps;
Unreal beauty no trace
Hath left, and high battlement and tower
Hath faded and swift fled,—
How ideal rainbow tints before thee? over
Of truth, like opening flower
From frost, are sere and dead.

Yet still paint scenes; paint truth in every guise,
That we from it may learn,
A deep experience—unfathomable, to those
Who read, and do not earn
By soul work; who look not deep within
Their nature; who measure
Others by the froth—the scum, and sin,
That they commit—to win
A day's, an hour's pleasure.

Dark tinted may they be, and still desire
Be good. Not every one
Can live in wisdom's light, and rightly tread
The path of life, and shun
All human fallings. He were a God done
That, far too good to dwell
With fallen man; grand, noble, and alone
He'd stand, shining as a throne
Satan before he fell.

But falling once, we may not fall again,
For thou art monitor,
And strictly holding nerveless by thy power
We are reformed, and for
Our fault gain punishment, by thy wisdom,
Until our mind's expanse,
Unchained by prejudice, is clear, and from
Its bright depths in freedom,
Fair, brilliant hues advance.

Though dark thy scenes, they may be all forgotten
And looming on back ground,
Grim and terrible their front appears
Frosted with age around.
From them instruction takes its rise, and when
From sorrow we learn truth:
More firmly does it cling to minds of men,
Being creased by lines of care, then
Can age reap good from youth.

Thy sphere is to enlarge our joys, bring peace,
That discontent may hide
Its hoary head; that hope once more being
Born, increasing loves abide
Our efforts, and our hope for peace shall live,
Increasing ever, and we
Glide down the stream of time and gladly give
Our all that happy—free,
Our hearts for virtues strive.

ORION.

[For The Deseret News.]

ELOQUENCE.

"First, follow nature, and your judgment frame,
By her just standard, which is, still the same!
Emerging nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art."

[FORE.]

What is eloquence? Perhaps there is nothing with the exception of genius more undefinable. Ask and you will be answered by one, "it is a certain fire, or melody of words constituting harmony;" by another, "it is that combination of sounds, and adaptation of ideas which appeal most directly to the soul." Whatever it may really be but few appreciate, or are capable of judging its merits. Do you understand it? you ask. Perhaps not, but by reasoning upon what is not eloquence, we may define it with some little accuracy.

The mere combination of words is not eloquence. Words high sounding in nature, and in their combination prolific of harmony, may convey no idea whatever; whilst words few, simple, and easily understood, may carry with them more weight, and illuminate, explain, or give rise to superior, and far more weighty ideas. One mistake often made by superficial persons, and much ridiculed by Dr. Johnson, (who was much addicted to this

style himself) is the frequent use made of grandiloquent and high sounding words to convey commonplace ideas; impressing upon the mind a feeling of grandeur and sublimity irresistibly ludicrous, when the sense, or idea expressed was taken and compared with such expressions.

Many persons seem to think that plainness and simplicity are incompatible with the principles of eloquence, but such is most certainly a mistaken opinion, for where strength, simplicity, and perspicuity are the characteristics, there we may expect the most eloquence. We have seen sentences, said by some to be eloquent, that it would take better understanding than we can boast to analyze; and which it would be almost impossible for the mind to comprehend, simply because they are so complex, so inundated with superfluous or irrelevant matter, or matter that must be explained by other sentences, that the mind vainly strives to comprehend their hidden meaning. That sentence, that requires the whole concentrated power of the mind to unravel, is certainly wanting in some particular point, and the comprehension is hid beneath redundant diction.

Learning, or rather pedantry, strives by obscurity to make up for lack of substance, and employing words, phrases, and sentences little understood awes the minds of the unlearned, but appeals not to their understanding, consequently has but the smallest power to rule the soul by the application of its dogmas. Straight forward simplicity, words which spring from the warm, impulsive feelings of a generous and a sensitive heart, are seldom of that complex nature which requires study to unravel. Words that spring from the heart generally appeal to the heart, and the mere magnetism of truth, unclothed in rhetoric, and not delivered according to the rules of elocution, often have more force and more power than the grandest combination of simple sound, the human voice is capable of uttering.

Rhetoric and elocution are not to be despised, but to depend entirely upon them for effect, is to depend upon a reed easily broken. He who is educated according to the custom of schools may perhaps be respectable as an educated idiot, but unless he has learned to think, to look inward into his own soul, to probe his own heart, and to read the motives which actuate it, and to note its mysterious workings, can neither be eloquent, nor original. A proper system of thought will beget a proper system of speech, and will be more efficacious in developing the internal resources of human nature than all the education or mere book learning the world can produce.

Genius is not acquired by education, nor is eloquence. Demosthenes had the same feelings warming and revivifying his soul, previous to his efforts to systematize them, that he had when upon the rostrum delivering his most eloquent orations, and his most stinging philippics. Education systematizes and classifies, but does not give birth to ideas, more than it does to immortality, or to truth. They exist without it—so do ideas, but modes of thought and manners of expression may to some extent be acquired.

Eloquence is the manner of expressing ideas to produce the happiest and most successful results. Sublimity is not eloquence, but it forms a portion of it—strength is not, for we may possess it without simplicity—beauty is not, for it may exist without strength, sublimity, or even simplicity; therefore we see it takes a combination of qualities, of component parts, each distinct and individual, and each necessary to form one whole, and that whole is so difficult of analization that all its particles cannot be classed nor arranged under proper heads.

That book, or that treatise which will not cause us to think, which will not originate a train of ideas in our own minds had better never be read; in like manner that oration, or speech, which will not give us soul food and originate reflection is the reverse of eloquence, and is as so many words thrown away. It certainly is not casting pearls before swine, for if the topic is interesting and agreeable, it will not fail to apply itself in some manner to the feelings and tastes of all present, whether ignorant or wise, learned or unlearned. The pedant whose mind is usurped by the desire to acquire languages, and the titbits of literary nothingness may find it dry and uninteresting, in consequence of his abnormal state of mind, but the man of sense, who seeks information and not sound, will find instruction therein, and a basis whereon to ground some progress, and some advancement and power to shake off some fallibility in his own nature.

Small and seemingly trivial circumstances at times revolutionize society, and the now obsolete traditions, superstitions and dogmas of time have been crowded out of use simply by the force of gradual change, and not by the uprising of nations or of individuals. Eloquence at times has undergone similar changes, bombast has usurped the place of simplicity, rhetorical flourish of innate vigor, and vaporing rodomontade of the natural and useful. That chain of reasoning is the most easily understood, either by talent or mediocrity, which compares incidents in the sequence in which they transpire, or appeals to the mind; but many seem to think otherwise, and in their delivery they distort and invert their periods in such a manner that sense is almost entirely destroyed. For natural and unaffected simplicity of style take Addison's writings, and in them you will find a charm undiscoverable in works of metaphysical and abstruse tendency. They are the reading of delighted thousands, and to them we return

again and again, whilst works, wherein far greater display of learning is made, are glanced through, not read, and then laid upon the shelf not to be again opened. There is something so genial, so homelike and so natural in the eloquence of works written in this unaffected style, that we refer again and again to them, as we would to return the greetings of an old and long loved friend.

The pruning process, however, as Blair has justly remarked, should not be too rigid and complete, as some leaves and flowers are necessary to hide the fruit from the glare of a midday sun. But even such exposure is preferable to having all leaves and flowers and no fruit. Such flowery discourses may be bearable for a short time, but a constant repetition of the same inflation causes a distaste anything but flattering to the object.

Who then is eloquent? We answer, he who speaks naturally and direct from his own soul; who has there mirrored a simile of what he utters, and who knows he is speaking truth. Such words by the kindred magnetism of human soul cannot fail in effect, let the diction and delivery be ever so commonplace. We have, and we believe all have in their school days seen sentences the very embodiment of eloquence drawn out in the monotonous sameness of school-boy task work, that were one mass of confused jargon unintelligible to the hearer. It was not altogether in consequence of monotonous sameness that we disliked or did not appreciate its beauties, but because the sympathy in the subject was not there, and consequently we did not understand. It was because the spirit was wanting—the circumstance, or the occasion that called it forth.

We have mentioned spirit and we will carry our illustration a little further. We are not fearful in asserting that that man has no eloquence who cannot adapt himself to the circumstances that surround him. Why is this? It is because the interest is not there. The most eloquent of the philippics of Demosthenes if delivered now, would fall upon listless and apathetic ears, there would be no union between the words and our desires—but then when Greece was almost prostrate at the feet of a tyrant, when some spirit of the ancient patriotism and independence still lingered amid decaying grandeur—when the foe was marshalled by ambition in battle array against them, then at his clarion tones every man's hand grasped the sword and shook the shield in defiance, and his words penetrated each heart, convinced each will, and arose as one man. Such is eloquence—it grapples with the present and encounters circumstances as they are—it penetrates the desires of each heart, and overcomes each prejudice—it is direct in its appeals, one word at times having more effect than a myriad.

The mere weight of opportune reproof has power to crush opposition. Eloquence is the school of virtue—the beaming morn, the fervid noon, and even the crashing thunderbolt—but in all its missions it must be holy and must follow the ennobling steps of virtue, integrity and the graces. The mute appeal is eloquent—the smile of infancy and innocence—the woe of anguished adversity—the struggle of moral grandeur where death is dared but not dishonor. All these are eloquent, yet how many deem them so? The frothy sophistry of loud-mouthed pretence is oftener prized than the retiring gem that shuns the contentious arena of human power.

The masses judge men, for a time at least, by the estimation in which they hold themselves—they judge of eloquence in like manner, until a few magical words, wondrous in their simplicity, rouses them from indolence and warms their hearts. But it passes, and when no longer under the excitement of feeling they wonder at their impressiveness, and they again think the sentence eloquent which like,

"The wounded snake drags its slow length along"

in a monotonous drawl of intellectual imbecility. Have we been successful in our definition? We fear not, for to grasp it in its essence, to lay bare its hidden springs, would be to display the keys that move the human passions; and were it not for fallibility, we might constitute all men eloquent, and that is beyond our power, nor have we concentration of mind sufficient to bring within one focus all its component parts, consequently, we cannot explain them. But we can tell, in many instances, what is not eloquence, what is not simple, and what is not natural or in the order of our ideas. Some may think in an inverted manner that leads backward towards the proper source, but if they will stand upon their heads intellectually, there is no remedy but patience.

We mean not to be witty, for wit we do not possess, and did we, this is not a proper subject upon which to display it, except to burlesque the follies wittingly practiced. When candor should be used subterfuge will not answer; where truth is wanting, a lie would but precipitate disaster.

Then is study unnecessary to become eloquent? No, it is the most necessary of all things. We may be talented, we may have ability, and even genius and yet be unable to display it in a proper manner. Our talents may be offensive to others and disagreeable to ourselves. They may be useless, or positively injurious. Study, thought, and serious reflection will tell us how to use them—wisdom will enable us to dispense our stores of information; study the manner in which to display them. The lightning is awe inspiring and destructive; wisdom makes it harmless. The tiger is a pattern of symmetry and beauty, yet his fangs are deadly. Genius is brilliant, dazzling, and meteor like, but proper culture

fixes it as a star in the human firmament, enduring as immortality.

ORION.

THE AMAZON OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Mr. J. C. Fletcher, a traveler, recently returned from a partial exploration of the country watered by this great river of rivers, delivered at the Cooper Institute, New York, a lecture replete with facts of thrilling interest relative to that vast and comparatively unknown region.

Some idea of the extent of the valley of the Amazon was conveyed by the statement that the Mississippi valley, or two-thirds of Europe, could be placed inside of it, and there would still be hundreds of miles to the outward boundary of this great basin. The speaker then rapidly glanced at the explorations made of this mighty river, from that of Orellana, who sailed from Quito in 1541, to the researches of Humboldt, Herndon and Wallace of a comparatively recent date. One early Spanish explorer, who has published an account of his travels, though generally correct in his descriptions, gave credence to statements about a race of men possessing tails.

As to the origin of the name given to the river, the speaker stated that the early Spanish explorers thought they had seen a race of women warriors, and Humboldt and others had given credence to the story; but Mr. Wallace had solved the mystery. The Indians adorned themselves like women, wore combs in their hair, and parted it in the middle, and thus were mistaken for women. Mr. Fletcher showed some of the ornaments worn and the shields they carried.

The speaker strikingly illustrated the size of the river and its many branches, that were a complete net-work of waters. It watered 2,530,000 square miles, without the branches, or just twice the extent of the Mississippi valley. Its source was a lake in Peru, 4,900 miles from the ocean. For 3,000 miles it was half-a-mile wide, and ships drawing sixteen feet of water could proceed to that extent at all times of the year. For 2,000 miles it was two miles wide. Its branches extend to four degrees south of the equator. There were 175 large islands within 1,000 miles of its mouth.

The cities upon the Amazon were next touched upon. Macabs, at the mouth of the river, upon the equator, was destined, the speaker thought, to be a port of magnitude, but Barra, farther up, at the junction of the Rio Negro, would be at some time one of the great ports of the world.

The land is marvelously fertile; stick a cotton seed in the earth, and it will grow three crops a year; rice produces a thousand-fold; coffee reproduces itself year after year without culture, after once being planted; sugar, though elsewhere it must be planted yearly, there becomes perennial, and tobacco of the best kind grows spontaneously.

The climate in the interior is delicious, and one of the best for consumptives. In Para and Pernambuco the thermometer is never below seventy-five or above ninety; the atmosphere is balmy, the nights are pleasant, and the inhabitants sleep upon mats upon the street, or even upon the ground, without injury. Steamboats now ply upon the river, and there are no less than six great lines of railroad in Brazil.

The river is filled with every variety of fish; cat-fish fifteen feet long were frequently to be seen in the markets of Para, and turtle steaks were a common article for food. Butter was made there of turtle eggs, for which purpose five millions were annually used. The churning was performed by stamping with the feet.

The speaker closed with an eloquent description of the flora of the Amazon valley. The trees did not grow in families, as at the North, but were found in great variety within a limited space. The Victoria Regia he had found covering a lake in great profusion.

HOW A BOATMAN GOT HIS WIFE.—John W—was, or is, a genius. He made quite a pile in the Mexican War, and invested it in a canal boat, running on the Ohio canal. John was a bachelor, but in course of time was smitten by the little god. An old farmer, who lived in the "heel" path, near Massillon, had two rosy cheeked daughters, but all attempts to gain an introduction by their admirers were foiled by the old man. But John was not discouraged. A large chunk of beef bought off the mas'iff, and John proceeded to deliberately appropriate the various articles hanging on the clothes line. Chemisettes and stockings, breeches, shirts and other things were crowded into glorious confusion into the capacious bag carried by John on this occasion. They were brought aboard the boat, and placed in the "bow cabin," to pave the way to an introduction on the return trip.

A week after the boat passed the farm house, on its way south; and John jumped ashore and went to the house. He represented that one of his drivers had stolen the clothing, that he had discharged him, and desired to restore the articles. The young ladies were delighted, as the sack contained all their "Sunday fixings." The old man said:

"I always thought that the boatmen would steal; and I am delighted to find one honest one. You must call again, captain."

The captain did call again, and soon after married "the youngest."

On the wedding night, he told his wife the ruse he had used to gain an introduction, and the old man gave orders that no more clothing should be left "out to night."