

COLUMBIAN DEMOCRAT, FRIDAY OF THE MORNING, AND COLUMBIAN, (SUNDAY).

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1885.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIV, NO. 5 COLUMBIAN DEMOCRAT, VOL. XXIV, NO. 5

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SELECT STORY.

THE MUSICAL MAN.

It was Monday morning in Redstone street. The boarders were inclined to be cross on Monday mornings—that was perhaps inseparable from the weakness of humanity. The wash boiler was big, and the stove was little—that was perhaps the reason that so many extra tils came upon Mrs. Moody's slender shoulders of a Monday. But when the breakfast, with its endless criticisms and perpetual fault-finding, had come to an end, Mrs. Moody carried a little tray into Major Peck's room.

The major was a little lame and a good deal hypochondriacal, and always breakfasted in his own room. He was particular, and consequently occupied the best room in the house. The major was a tall, fine looking man, with an imposing presence, a good deal of bald forehead, and a great aptitude at Scripture quotations, and all the neighbors said what a comfort it must be to Mrs. Moody to have such a boarder.

They did not know that the major was a sort of distant cousin of the deceased Mr. Moody, and did not consider it necessary to say his board very regularly on that account. But he gave her a good deal of excellent advice, and was always ready to tell her when there was anything wrong about the table.

"So kind of him to take such an interest in me!" said the little widow fervently. The major had brushed the two wisps of hair crosswise over the peak of his bald head this morning, colored his pocket handkerchief, and trimmed his shirt-stuffed finger nails to perfection, and he was waiting in the big easy-chair for his breakfast full five minutes before it arrived.

"You're late this morning, Mrs. Moody," he observed, reproachfully. "I am a little late," apologetically confessed Mrs. Moody. "But Sarah Jane was behindhand. There's a regular Scotch mist in the air, and the kitchen chimney would not draw. Try a new boiled egg, major. And the rasher of bacon is good, I know, for I cooked it myself."

"Humph! humph!" said the major. "You ought to be a little particular with your breakfasts, Mrs. Moody. They are the initial meal of the day, you know. The coffee is not so good as usual. It isn't real Java, Mrs. Moody; it tastes like Maracabo."

"I paid Java price for it," said Mrs. Moody, meekly; "and the grocer warranted it." "You can never depend upon what these tradespeople say," granted the major, with his mouth full of egg and bacon. "By-the-way, it is possible, Mrs. Moody, that you have taken that opera man into your third-story hall bedroom? I heard it but I couldn't bring my mind to believe it."

"He isn't a singer, major, pleaded the trembling Mrs. Moody, who looked as if she would play the flute or the cornet. I took particular pains to inquire all about that. He's engaged in writing a musical book—something which is to be quite wonderful—and in the meantime he supports himself by playing the third violin in the theatre; for he is a violinist, you know."

"Well, I know it, major, but he has been sick, and he looks so pale and weak," said Mrs. Moody. "There it is again!" cried Major Peck. A woman is so easily taken in. I tell you, Mrs. Moody, the man is an impostor, and so you'll find it."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Moody, the startled tears coming into her faded blue eyes. "And if you will not take my advice," said the major, waxing momentarily more irritable, "you must expect to abide the consequences. This toast is charred—absolutely burned to a crisp. Take it away Mrs. Moody—do take it away! My breakfast is spoiled."

"But what am I to do about the new boarder?" said Mrs. Moody deprecatingly. "Do!" shouted the major. "Turn him out of doors! That's the only thing to do. Take away this toast, and burn it to a perfect outrage on civilization!"

To Mrs. Moody the major's dictation was beyond appeal; and after she had had her usual morning altercation with the butcher, she crept timidly up to the third-story hall bedroom, to interview the musical man.

"Mr. Morton was writing on the corner of his wash-stand, with his shabby great coat on, and a pocket handkerchief tied around his neck. His pale, grave countenance softened the landlord's heart at once, as he courteously rose up and bowed.

"I am not particular," said the former, with a loss of her head; "but this is really a little too much! A man who plays in the orchestra of a third-rate theatre!" "I'm not particular," said the former, with a loss of her head; "but this is really a little too much! A man who plays in the orchestra of a third-rate theatre!"

OTATORS OF CONGRESS—THEIR MANY WAYS OF PREPARING AND DELIVERING SPEECHES.

The men most eminent for their power of oratory in recent Congresses, however, have scorned the use of manuscript. The late Senator Carpenter, whom many regarded as the most fascinating speaker of recent years in Congress, despised a written speech. He once said that he might as well shut himself up in an iron cage, and try to talk through the bars. He believed in preparation, but not in prescription. Mr. Conkling, while in the Senate, never laid his manuscript open on his desk. Never read a speech, and, like Mr. Carpenter, never hesitated for a word. Yet both these orators never spoke without preparation.

Mr. Edmunds seldom makes long speeches, rarely exceeding fifteen minutes. He speaks always extemporaneously, and never revises the stenographer's notes or proof slips. John Sherman does not write his speeches; neither does Gen. Logan nor Senator Hoar.

The three most voluble Senators, Beck, Morgan, and Plumb, neither write nor prepare their speeches, excepting to gather their facts. None of these three, however, makes any claim to the possession of oratorical powers, though each is singular in one respect. Mr. Plumb is the most rapid speaker who has been in a Senate for many years. He and Senator Beck are the only men who ever taxed Mr. Murphy's power as a stenographer to the fullest, and many think Mr. Murphy is the most rapid stenographer in the world. Mr. Plumb's words are emitted with terrific speed. He sometimes utters as many as 250 in a minute. Mr. Beck, who scarcely less rapid, speaks less clearly than Mr. Plumb, so that his words sound just as the posts of a Virginia fence look to a man sitting at the window of a lightning express. Mr. Morgan's speech is rapid, flows as continuously as a running brook, with much scarcely less rapid, speaks less clearly than Mr. Plumb, so that his words sound just as the posts of a Virginia fence look to a man sitting at the window of a lightning express.

It was the first of February, when at last Mr. Morton was able once more to creep down stairs to the sunny parlor window, where, by way of welcome, Mrs. Moody had placed a pot of blossoming blue hyacinths.

"How can I ever thank you for all your care?" said he, earnestly. "The little widow burst into tears. 'You don't mind it!' said she, 'as long as you are so well once more, I am glad to hear of it.'"

"And there she stopped short, and grew crimson. 'Is that so?' said the musical man, in that soft, deep tenor of his. 'Is there any one who really cares whether I live or die?'"

"I do!" whispered Mrs. Moody, with a fresh burst of tears. "It would be difficult to describe exactly how it happened. Middle-aged love-making is never exactly like the ecstasies of youth. But it transpired, somehow, that Mr. Morton laid his hands on Mrs. Moody's feet, and she confessed that she had learned to love him during that time when she and Death stood together over his pillow."

"You are my guardian angel!" said he fervently. "A poor one enough," she murmured. "Oh, I wish for your sake, Paul, that I were younger and prettier!" "You are beautiful in my sight!" he returned, with emphasis. "Your eyes were the first that beamed hope and cheer upon me—your heart was the first that softened to my woes. Sweetheart, the flower which blooms at noontide may surely be as sweet as the morning violet."

They were still talking thus, when Mrs. Moody caught sight of a letter on the table. "Oh, I forgot!" she cried. "The postman! And it was a letter for you, Paul. A foreign letter."

"A foreign letter, eh? That is something which does not often greet my eyes," said he. "And it has a black seal, too."

He broke it open and read it, while unconscious Mrs. Moody trimmed the dead blossoms of her hyacinth plant with a dainty pair of scissors. "Mollie," he said, suddenly, "read this. Henceforward I have no secrets from you."

It was simple enough, and yet how marvelous! An accident in a Swiss railway train, an apple pie flying off a rich banker in London, and the two lives which intervened between Paul Morton and a fortune had been removed, almost the same day.

"Family," because of his devotion to art—jerked by his relatives because he resolutely remained true to music—was rich at last.

Mrs. Moody grew pale. "You—you won't care for me now," said she. "Oh, Paul, I am sorry to say, but I care for you more than ever. My jewel! I can place you in a fit setting at last."

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Mr. Hoar generally practices before a full-length mirror, and though the witty Senator Vance always insists that Mr. Hoar got the idea from the famous scene in the "Rivals," wherein Bob Acres strives to perfect himself in the art of dancing by practicing before a glass, yet Mr. Hoar's method is probably superior to the exacting method of one of the greatest of American orators, William Pickney.

In style and diction, the most noted of recent Congresses greatly differ. Mr. Edmunds' style is that of absolute simplicity. His sentences are short, times frequently ending in the infinitive meaning he desires it to convey. He uses no metaphors, no illustrations. His speech is so clear and as cold as ice. He never is animated, never but once betrayed emotion, but stands like a man in a witness box, his hands folded in front of him, and the forefinger of his right hand. Every one listens, every one understands, many are convinced, but none are impressed, and he never made a hearer's pulse beat a stroke quicker than usual, nor had an auditor who held his breath.

Mr. Edmunds in his utter simplicity and freedom from ornament and his clearness, unlike Edmunds, became heated, and at times vehement, and then would saw the air with vigorous right-hand blows. Mr. Carpenter loved the traditions of the orator of past times, and in his speech, like Mr. Edmunds in his utter simplicity and freedom from ornament and his clearness, unlike Edmunds, became heated, and at times vehement, and then would saw the air with vigorous right-hand blows.

Mr. Conkling seemed to delight to play with his sentences. He spoke slowly, with long pauses between his sentences, with a most remarkable intonation which the curious enunciation of Henry Irving most nearly suggests. Mr. Conkling delighted in involved sentences, the more labyrinthine the better. Starting with his subject, he would frequently insert parenthetical sentences, which he would weave over all the parts of speech, making involutions within involutions, until, just as he seemed to have become lost in the labyrinth, he would emerge plump in the predicament for the original sentence. This very dangerous habit never frightened Conkling, and he would go through with it as if he were making his hearers like it. Mr. Conkling seldom gesticulated and rarely became heated, relying for his strongest effects upon the suggestion of reserved power which he well knew how to exercise.

Mr. Bayard labors with a voice that is weak, almost effeminate. Yet he is regarded as one of the most graceful speakers in the Senate. He is more diffuse in his style than some others, but his manner is superior to that of Mr. Bayard. Mr. Conkling, who has the reputation of a speaker, it will be found that a great difference exists between them in respect to their method of preparing a speech of consequence. Mr. Carpenter spent days in the most exhaustive study of his subject matter. He went to the library, and he consulted the books and all other authorities were transcribed, and he studied his subject from all sides. But he never gave a moment's thought to the style of his oratory. After writing out a complete syllabus, he regarded himself as thoroughly prepared.

Very much after the same manner Senator Conkling prepared his speeches. Both were in the habit of keeping their power of fluent diction unimpaired by daily reading of some of the English classics. Senator Conkling's close companionship is a Webster's unabridged dictionary.

Senator Edmunds' sole preparation for a speech is the reading of authorities. He seldom makes any notes except for reference to the authorities, and never writes out a speech, either in full, or in part. Mr. Thurman's method of preparation was almost identical with that of Senator Edmunds. Mr. Blaine, on the other hand, not only very carefully prepared himself by exhaustive study on the subject matter, but also weighed his sentences, writing and rewriting some of them many times. Many of his speeches were fully written out before delivery, although he did not always confine himself to his notes when on the floor. Mr. Garfield took infinite pains with his speeches, preparing them as much with a view to the rhetorical effect as to their subject matter.

Mr. Carlisle owes his prominence in the House to the infinite pains which he prepared himself for his speeches, especially that on the refunding bill four years ago, which put him in the front rank, and that on the tariff. This preparation, however, went no further than an exhaustive study of the original data. He accepted of a man's figures, but prepared his own from the official statistics. For weeks and weeks he spent every night at his desk, computing, comparing, figuring and making his own deductions. He never gave a thought to his diction, his gestures, or to any of the arts of oratory.

Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Cox carefully prepare all their speeches, and Governor Long, who is regarded as the most pleasing and effective orator of the present House, not only thoroughly prepares his speeches, but generally commits them to memory. The most careful and elaborate preparation are made by Senator Hoar when he prepares the delivery of an important speech. Having thoroughly arranged his line of thought, after having his subject matter at hand, Mr. Hoar with most laborious pains writes his speeches out, turning sentences, twisting words, rubbing and polishing until the diction and style are perfect in his estimation. Next the speech is carefully committed, and finally practiced, with a view to perfecting the gesticulation.

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