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VOCAL CULTURE.

The Opinions of Mme. Marie Roze.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS, BASED UPON EXPERIENCE—HER INDENTEDNESS TO AU-
HER—SOME ADVICE TO YOUNG BE-
GINNERS—THE DIFFERENT
SCHOOLS OF SINGING—
ITALY NOT THE
ONLY PLACE.

From the Boston Herald.

"I know how hard it is," said Mme. Roze in opening the conversation, "for beginners to set about the hard task they have undertaken in the right way; and I must first acknowledge my indebtedness to the great Auber, who was my first master, and to whose genius I owe everything, for it was through his influence that I was admitted to the Grand Conservatoire in Paris, and after many years of hard, patient and unremitting study I was rewarded by obtaining the first prize diploma and gold medal of the Conservatoire, the highest honors to be obtained. There is no subject on which opinions are so divided and prejudices so strong as the proper study to be pursued for the development and training of the voice. I do not suppose anything I may say will elucidate the mystery of the art of singing, for singing is unquestionably an art and one of the most difficult to conquer. Indeed, I doubt whether any one has thoroughly mastered it. For my part I find I have always something to learn and something to study and no prima donna has ever finished her studies while before the public. Patti, Nilsson, Albani, and in fact all the great artists are constantly restudying their roles, and scarcely a day passes that they do not rehearse for hours with some maestro of known ability. Young beginners should first of all bear in mind that the voice is the most delicate of all instruments, and consequently susceptible to all kinds of influences, and should therefore exercise the greatest care over themselves.

"Nothing is so good for the voice as absolute repose. Besides, it strengthens their frame and enables them to bear the fatigues of study. They will have enough late hours when they become professionals, and then they will value and understand the necessity of repose. The duration of the singing voice is comparatively short, and the prima donna of the present day has to combine the arts of the musician with the dramatic powers of the actress."

"What, Mme. Roze, is your advice to beginners as regards teachers?"

"Teachers, that is to say good ones are extremely rare and (the good ones) may be counted on your fingers. Beginners should distrust at once any one who holds out an easy road to acquiring the art of singing, and the teacher who tells you he can instruct a pupil to do without trouble the art that costs great artists the study of a life time proclaims himself a charlatan."

"What is the best school of singing?" was the next query put.

"There are three schools of singing. First, the Italian; second, the French; third, the German, and in England they claim an English school, although I could never discover of what its method consisted; the English Handel traditions, of which they are so proud, being nothing more or less than the Italian school established by the first great oratorio singers in England, nearly all of whom were foreigners. For my part I consider there is but one school of singing in the world, and that, I need hardly say, is the Italian. Now, as regards teachers, let me at once correct a very prevalent error—that which induces people to suppose that great singers must of a necessity be great teachers. Some singers of reputation, such as Viardot, in Paris; Marchesi, in Vienna, and Rudersdorff, have justly made their mark as teachers, but they are the exceptions, not the rule."

THE BEST PLACE TO STUDY.

"Where is the best place to study, madame?"

"The best place is where one can find the best masters. It is a great mistake to suppose a beginner can only succeed by going to Italy. Alas! hundreds of talented American girls have found out to their cost that Italy, once the centre of art and music, is now thoroughly demoralized. All their composers and teachers have died out, with the exception of Verdi, and even he, finding no longer inspiration from his native land, has become a convert to the great school of Wagner, as shown in Verdi's recent compositions. Young girls going, for instance, to Milan are invariably imposed upon and swindled by a lot of charlatans, who mislead and misguide them, often to their ruin. Such as have rich friends appear in the small Italian theatres, but they have to pay for this privilege, and the claques and the press demand sums of money too. In this way the debutante is led to believe she has succeeded through talent, when it is only through money, and, when her funds are exhausted, she realizes the sad fact that she has been cheated and deceived. My advice to Americans is, establish in America a national conservatoire, with men like Theodore

Thomas and Carl Zerrahn at the head of it. Let them select the best teachers Europe has, and import them here, in precisely the same way that foreign operatic artists are brought over. Young girls could then study in America at a comparatively small cost, under the care of their parents, families or friends, instead of going to Italy to be deluded. As a proof of the statement that Italy has of late years produced no great singers, I may state that Patti, Gerster, Albani, Nilsson, Luca, Titiens, are not Italians, and have never studied in Italy, but simply studied the Italian school in the place where they were born. Indeed, none of these artists had the means of going to Italy, so that money or rich friends are not a 'sine qua non' to artistic success, but often a positive detriment. It is really surprising the amount of time and money there is wasted by beginners who want to sing, in consequence of their not going to some competent person capable of advising them what to do. Because a teacher happens to be a musician, they suppose he must of a necessity know how to teach singing. There never was a greater mistake. Students of the voice should be as careful about their singing master as they ought to be about selecting a doctor for the voice, which, to a prima donna, is her life, which depends upon the wisdom of this choice."

ADVICE TO BEGINNERS.
"What can you tell me about the best methods as regards the practice in vocal culture?"

"Well first of all, it is of the greatest importance to bear in mind that no two voices are precisely the same. Some singers have quality, while others possess quantity of voice, and for each a separate and distinct treatment is necessary. The proper training of large and small voices is equally difficult, as the possessor of the former is apt to think power is right, while the latter is likely to force the voice simply to make it appear large.

"Hence the necessity of a competent teacher, who will, by judicious advice and training and carefully selected exercises for the pupil, remove the many obstacles in the beginner's way. Small voices may be trained to travel as well as large ones. Delicacy of expression and 'savour faire' in singing will always win the approbation of an intelligent audience. Let me also add that the way to obtain quality of voice is to constantly practice 'mezzo voce' and to constantly think of what you are doing when you are practicing. Above all, the students should thoroughly study everything they propose to sing. I have heard young ladies say they knew twenty operas by heart, yet when I called upon them to sing an air from any one, I discovered they knew not one perfectly. For practicing the best book published is 'Vocalises Panofka', published by Brandus & Co., of Paris, which can be obtained for \$5; it is for soprano and mezzo-soprano or contralto. The best means of improving and strengthening the voice is by constantly practicing it—never, however, for more than half an hour at a time. The voice of the beginner is delicate and should not be submitted to any harsh or fatiguing process.

"Auber, my master, would only let me practice for fifteen minutes when I first began to study, but then I was only fifteen years of age. While taking my lessons he always made me sing with a looking glass in front of my mouth, so that I might learn to control the expression of my face while singing, for he said, 'Marie il faut être jolie quand tu chantes' (it is necessary to be pretty when thou singest). The beginner has a tendency to make grimaces, or look too severe or serious, and in some instances, as while singing love passages, their looks indicate horror rather than tenderness. All practice should be done standing, and young ladies should beware of tight lacing, as by this habit they prevent the free action of the lungs, and consequently retard the development of the voice. It is a good plan to hold a piece of music in your hands while singing. This position is calculated to give the hands and arms not only a graceful position, but also freedom to the body, which is most essential.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

"One of the first principles of singing is to have the throat open, the tongue down, with its root well depressed, and when approaching a piano passage keep the throat as open as for forte passages, leaving the mouth and lips to modulate the tone. Beginners should guard against the awkward habit they invariably have of pushing out their chins, which gives a throaty tone to the voice. An excellent practice may be had by practicing all exercises in three graduations, which are the fundamental principles of the Italian school namely forte, mezzo voce and piano. The next thing to be studied is correct intonation and singing in tune, which is of vital importance. In studying songs, always pay attention to light and shade and remember to take your breath at regular intervals and adhere to them. When you have mastered the song, including not only the melody but the words, then add the meaning and shades of expression and sing the piece without the music before a looking-glass, carefully observing the position of your body and the expression of your features meanwhile. A great mistake made by many singers is in making their appearance in public before they have sufficiently advanced

in their studies to justify such an important step. This is an error which may prove fatal and ruin what might, with proper study, have been a brilliant career. Another error made nowadays is that young ladies want to make their first appearance on any stage in the principal role of opera without any previous experience. All the successful prima donnas of the day have, at the beginning of their career, been content to commence with minor roles and honestly earn their laurels. In singing, as in fighting, discretion is decidedly the better part of valor, and an appearance in public had far better be deferred for years than a future ruined by an immature debut. When a singer has once appeared in public she should make a point of watching her audience, so as to see what effect her singing is producing. If the audience appears indifferent or restless, depend upon it something is wrong, in which case it will be advisable to make other selections in future or to change your manner and style—even your costume (I have known a bright green silk costume of homely make militate against a singer's success); in short, use every effort in your power to obtain the favor and good will of your audiences. I have frequently heard people declare that they were never nervous when appearing in public. Real artists are, however, I find, always more or less nervous when first singing on the stage—nervous from anxiety to please the public and a desire to deserve public estimation. By nervousness I do not wish to imply fear, but nervousness that means energy and courage, which will make you exert yourself to the utmost.

"In conclusion, let me warn young ladies against naming their voices themselves or letting any incompetent person do it for them, as by so doing they may break and ruin it. Take for instance a young girl who has a high voice. She naturally calls herself a soprano, and imagines the whole range of opera is within her reach. As a result, she may practice falsely, and study and sing the wrong kind of music, and, as a consequence, she may irreparably ruin a promising voice. The character of a voice cannot be determined by its range, but by the quality and flexibility of its timbre. For instance, I heard two young ladies in Paris recently who imagined they had the same voices, ranging from A to A two octaves; nevertheless, I found one was a light soprano, while the other, who imagined herself a Jenny Lind, proved to be a contralto. Therefore, let young aspirants remember that compass has nothing whatever to do with the description of the voice, which must be named and used with reference to its quality, volume and timbre, and not by the number of notes, as is erroneously and generally understood by beginners. Then, again voices must be classified according to their power, as the Italian school does them, into two classes, a 'voce di camera' and a 'voce di teatro.'"

AGNES BERNAUER.

The Unhappy Victim of a Morganic Marriage.

Agnes Bernauer's romantic union and cruel death have embalmed her memory, and she still lives in song and story. She was the beautiful and amiable daughter of a poor citizen of Augsburg, in the fifteenth century. Duke Albrecht, sole son of the reigning Duke Ernst, saw her at a tournament given in his honor by the nobles of Bavaria, and irretrievably lost his heart to the charming maid. Albrecht, young, handsome, brave and very proud, made her acquaintance and wooed her passionately. She loved him in return, though she was too pure and prudent to listen to his suit until he had promised to make her his wife. He kept his promise. They were secretly wedded, and went for their honeymoon to the Castle of Vohsberg, inherited by the young Duke from his mother. His father, knowing nothing of the romantic alliance, proposed that his son should marry Anna, daughter of Erich, Duke of Brunswick, to which the young man, very naturally, under the circumstances, would not listen. His stubborn opposition opened the father's eyes to the misalliance, and he resolved to undo it. Ernst accordingly contrived that Albrecht should be excluded from a tournament he was very anxious to take part in at Regensburg, on account of his living, as was alleged, in concubinage, contrary to the rules of chivalry. Albrecht then swore that Agnes was his lawful wife; but his oath was not accepted; he was still debarred from entering the lists. He gave his wife a sumptuous retinue; placed her in the Castle of Straubing, and caused her to be honored like a Princess. But she, with a sad foreboding, prepared an oratory and a tomb in a Carmelite convent of the town. During the life of Albrecht's uncle, Duke William Ernst made no further effort to interfere with the lovers, for he stood in awe of his brother, who was deeply attached to his gallant nephew. But William having died, the anger of the father broke out afresh and in the absence of his son caused Agnes' arrest and trial for sorcery, and its exercises on her lord. The trial was, of course, a farce. She was quickly condemned to be drowned in the Danube. She was thrown into the river in the presence of the populace, and floated by the current toward the shore. One of the

executioners twined a long pole in her golden hair and held her under the water until she was dead. Maddened at the atrocity, Albrecht, combined with the enemies of his father, made war upon him and laid waste the country. Ernst sued in vain for pardon, but at last Emperor Sigismund interfered and placated his righteous wrath. The young Duke afterwards married Anna of Brunswick, but never ceased to worship the very name of the poor Agnes. He raised a beautiful monument, as his father had raised a chapel, to her memory, and often visited it to weep and pray.

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

A SUGGESTION THAT MOST PEOPLE CONSUME MORE FOOD THAN THEY NEED.
From the London Spectator.

Nothing consumes the general wealth of the world like the feeding of its populations, and it is by no means yet completely settled that the majority of men, once above the imperative restrictions of poverty, do not eat a good deal too much. An idea has been very generally spread that it is healthy to eat often, till certain classes, more especially servants, eat five times a day; and the end of the medical aphorism, that those who eat often should eat little, is very often forgotten. The *Lancet* of September 4, in a curiously cautious article, hints that the modern world eats too much in positive bulk of food—a statement certainly true of great bread-eaters, a distinct and well-marked type—and thinks the modern regularity of meals has induced us to regard appetite as the guide rather than hunger, which is the true one. Regularity of meals develops appetite, not hunger. We rather question the previous proposition, as a very hungry man is apt to eat too much, but we believe that the extension of wealth and the extreme public ignorance upon the subject tend to foster a habit of taking too many meals. Men and women eat three in ten hours and a-half—breakfast at 10 A. M., lunch at 1.30 P. M. and dinner at 7.30 P. M.—a division of the twenty-four hours of the day which can hardly be healthy. It leaves thirteen hours and a-half without food, while in the remaining ten and a-half there are three meals. It would be better, we imagine, for sedentary men to reduce theirs to two, taken at considerable intervals; or if that is too worrying, to confine the intercalary meal to the merest mouthful, taken without sitting down and with no provision to tempt the appetite.

Lunch for those who work with the brain is the destruction of laboriousness and for those who work with the hands is the least useful of the meals. It is very doubtful whether the powerfully built races of Upper India, who eat only twice a day—at 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.—are not in the right, exactly equalizing, as they do, the periods of abstinence, though it is difficult to decide from the example of hereditary teetotal vegetarians, the bulk of whose food is out of all proportion to their nourishment. The great evil to be removed is, however, not so much the midday meal as the profound ignorance, even of educated men, as to the quantity of food indispensable to health and the quantity most beneficial to it. On the first subject most men know nothing or at best only the amount of a convict's ration, which is fixed at the standard found most conducive to severe labor in confinement and is no rule for ordinary mankind. Cannot the doctors tell us some handy rule of thumb about this? They have told us that the beneficial quantity of alcohol is the equivalent of a pint of ordinary claret a day, but what is the beneficial quantity of food? It must differ according to diet, physique and occupation, but still there must be some formula which will convey in intelligible fashion the average maximum required by men of different weights. We believe most men would be surprised to find how very low it is and how very much they exceed it, especially in the consumption of meat. Vegetarianism, which some among us exalt as a panacea, has been tried for thousands of years, by millions of people, and has, on the whole, failed, the flesh-eating peoples out-fighting, out-working and out-thinking the eaters of vegetables only; but between vegetarianism and the flesh-eating habits of well-to-do Englishmen, there is a wide distance. Mr. Banting, too, wrote wild exaggerations, but the way in which Englishmen of reasonable intellectual capacities will swallow crumbs of bread, after not half-baked, by the pound at a time, would account even for severer melancholy than that under which they labor. We want an intelligible rule, to be obeyed or disobeyed, but to be remembered.

The Mind.

There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes and ennobles the face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tithe so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle and unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these as a beautifier of the person is the over-mastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart.

THE FIERY APPLE-JACK.

HOW THE BEVERAGE IS MADE, AND WHAT IS DONE WITH IT.

A letter to the New York *World* from Middletown, New York, says: The distilling of apple whisky is a simple process. The apples are ground by horse power. The mill and force being elevated above the vats, the juice runs from the pumace through conduits into the vats. There no pumping is required. The cider is left in the vats until it reaches a certain stage of fermentation, which is called "getting ripe." It requires great skill in the distiller to know just when this critical moment arrives. Delay in removing the alcohol by distillation when the cider is ripe is fatal to the yield of apple-jack, and the distiller has only a stock of vinegar on hand as the result. The "still" is a large copper kettle, air-tight, surmounted by a coil of pipe that passes through a tank of cold water. Beneath the kettle a slow fire is kept going, so that an even temperature is maintained. From the vats the cider is let into the kettle, where the steady heat converts it into vapor. This passes through the cold coil of pipe above, which condenses it and it is discharged into receptacles, the pure apple-jack. It is much above proof, however, and defies even the iron-clad stomach of the Orange county gladiator. From the cider which casts off this fiery compound still other yields are obtained, simply by increasing the heat beneath the copper kettle. When apple-jack comes from the still it is white. It is reduced to the proper strength, and is unfit for use until it is a year old. Even then it biteth so like the serpent that only the toughest drinkers can tarry long with it. It improves with age, and after a few years takes on a pale yellow hue. There are tricks known to the distiller and dealer by which the appearance of old apple-jack is given to new, and the profit on its sale greatly increased. Dried peaches, burned to a crisp and added to the liquor, even though it be just from the still, will give it this golden glow of years. Sugar skillfully burned will have the same effect. But there is nothing that will take the sting out of the beverage but genuine age.

Apple whisky is worth \$1.50 at the still on an average. As the liquor increases in age it shrinks largely and becomes more precious every year. At its best the liquor brings from \$4 to \$6 a gallon, although there are hundreds of gallons now stored in farmers' cellars throughout Orange county that will readily fetch \$10 a gallon. Apple-jack is the favorite tipple in Orange and Sussex counties and the natives look with surprise at the stranger who says he does not like the beverage. A peculiarity of the whisky is its facility of making its way at once to the head of the novice that tampers with it and the reluctance with which it takes its leave. A half-gill of apple-jack will climb to the head of a man that isn't used to it in less than ten seconds. His face gets red and feels as if it was sunburned. When he shuts his eyes he sees 100 torchlight processions charging at him ten abreast. He may sleep all night and all day, but when he wakes up he will find himself drunker than when he laid down. For three days his head will buzz as if a swarm of bees had been hived in it, and he will be ready to swear that no state but the one that produced a Robeson and a Kilpatrick could possibly have been capable of discovering apple-jack. Yet Orange county gets away with a good many thousand gallons of it every year and nobody seems to be the worse for it.

A Military Tribute to Hancock.

From the Army and Navy Journal.

We congratulate the army that the choice of one of its illustrious officers by a great political party as standard-bearer in the Presidential contest has shed increased lustre on the service. In a fierce, bitter and relentless struggle—the air dark with the shafts of calumny—no poisoned arrow has transfixed Gen. Hancock; none has even been aimed at his shining personal character. We believe the annals of National contests may be searched in vain for a more striking example of personal character, untouched by the venom of political opposition. Gen. Hancock went into the canvass unopposed with a record of personal rectitude that left not a joint open to penetration. He has come out from it with the proud consciousness of integrity tested under the severest scrutiny—weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

An old California prospector, of this city, is of the opinion that the North Pole is a solid mass of gold. He says it cannot be otherwise, for the reason that all gold bearing true fissure veins in all parts of the world run in the direction of the North pole, just like the parallel of longitude, and that like all these, all the gold veins must come together at the Pole and end in a great golden knob.

A MAN will wait to get shaved in a barber shop an hour with perfect tranquility; but the same man will come home to dinner, and if he finds the meal five or ten minutes late he will tear round like a Bashan bull.

TIME is money, and many people pay their debts with it.

The Railroad Company and Passenger.

From Harper's Magazine.

Into the question so abundantly discussed of late in the public prints and periodicals, and now even in political caucuses and conventions, concerning the mutual rights and obligations of the railroad companies and the public, we shall not enter. Yet it may contribute something to a better understanding, and so indirectly to a solution of the problem, to have a clear idea of what a railroad corporation is, what are the hazards, what the toils, what the duties, difficulties, and dangers, of those who are connected with, and who have done most to create, develop, and carry on, these great highways of the present century, the arteries which supply the whole body politic with its vital circulation—trade and commerce.

The traveler going West steps to the ticket office of the Pennsylvania, the Erie, or the New York Central Railroad. He purchases his ticket for San Francisco. He gives his trunk to a baggage-master, gets for it a little piece of metal, and sees and cares for it no more. A porter shows him his place in the Pullman car. He takes his seat, pulls off his boots, puts on his slippers, opens his bag, takes out his book or magazine, and his traveling cares are at an end. For six days and nights he is rolled swiftly across the continent. Engineers and conductors change. He is passed along from one railroad corporation to another. At night his seat becomes a bed, and he sleeps as quietly, or nearly so, as if in his own bed at home. He traverses broad plains, passes over immense viaducts, whirled swiftly over mountain torrents on iron bridges, climbs or pierces mountains; but he never leaves his parlor; if need be, his meals are brought to him where he sits; and at length, after a week of luxurious though weary traveling, in which he has been in the keeping of half a dozen different companies, and has traversed over three thousand miles of country, part of it uninhabited and desolate, he is set down in the station-room at San Francisco. He looks at the clock in the station room, compares it with the time-table in his hand, and finds that his journey has been accomplished with all the regularity and punctuality of the sun. His little piece of brass is given to an express agent or a hackman, and when he reaches his hotel, the trunk which he surrendered in New York is in the great hall awaiting him. It seems a very simple business; and if perchance through all this journey he finds the dinner at one waiting place cold, or the conductor on one part of his trip discourteous, or the train stopped at any point in the long ride beyond his expectations, or his arrival at his destination delayed beyond the appointed hour, he is very apt to grumble, inwardly if not vocally. How much money has been put into this long line of rail; how much has been sunk in unsuccessful experiments; how many rich men have been ruined before the work was done; how many sleepless nights surveyors and contractors have spent in providing this marvelous highway; how intricate and involved is the system of copartnership that is necessary to such a continuous transportation "without change of cars;" what a gigantic undertaking it is to administer this system, with its thousands of employees; how wide-awake the engineers have been that the traveler may sleep; what danger they have had to face that he may ride in safety—of all this he is unconscious, if not absolutely ignorant.

The Erie Railway, one of the longest lines of railroad in the world, employs fifteen thousand persons in various occupations. It is estimated that there is scarcely an hour of the day or night when there are not one hundred trains in actual running along its line. The administration of such a force of men, the management of such a system of railroad trains, without clashing or collision, requires executive ability of the highest order. If, sir, you think it easy, count up the difficulties you have with your own Irish gardener in the administration of your country place, with its horse and cow; then multiply those difficulties by fifteen thousand, and you have the problem of an American railroad president.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or, what is better the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed, and patronize the neglected. Be great.

"CAN I give my son a college education at home?" asks a fond parent. Certainly. All you want is a base ball guide, a racing shell and a package of cigarettes.

Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which she would take—the right or left. She answered promptly: "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

You meet in this world with false mirth as often as false gravity; the grinning hypocrite is not a more uncommon character than the groaning one.

MANY a young lady marries a rich man but finds soon after that he is a very poor husband.