

THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED VERSION.

THE
EMMA ABBOTT



Libretto and Parlor Pianist.

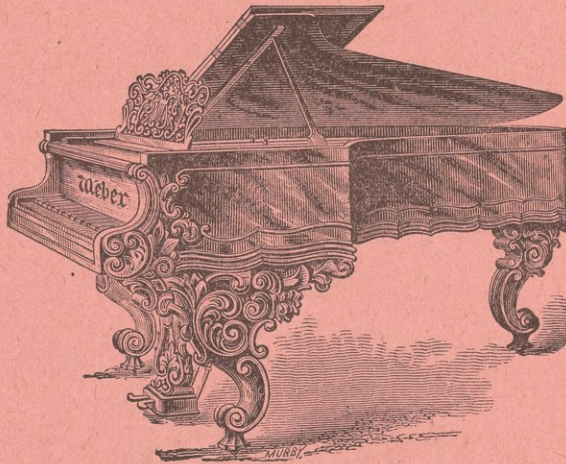
Paul and Virginia.

The Pianos used by this Company are from the Celebrated
Manufactory of A. WEBER. Warerooms, Fifth Avenue,
corner of Sixteenth Street, New York.

PUBLISHED AT
THE THEATRE TICKET OFFICE, No. 111 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

"WEBER"

Grand
Square,



and
Upright

Piano-Fortes.

WHAT THE GREAT SINGERS AND MUSICIANS SAY OF THEM.

- | | | | |
|-------------------|---|--------------------|---|
| NILSSON. | I shall take every opportunity to <i>recommend and praise</i> your Instruments. | MURSKA. | Your Instruments surpass my expectations, and I rank you <i>justly as the foremost manufacturer of the day.</i> |
| KELLOGG. | For the last six years your Pianos have been my <i>choice for the Concert Room and my own house.</i> | TORRIANI. | Yours is truly the <i>Artists' Piano.</i> |
| PATTI. | I have used the Pianos of every celebrated maker, but <i>give yours the preference over all.</i> | GODDARD. | Your Instruments have <i>no superior</i> anywhere. I certainly have not seen any Pianos in America which approach them even. |
| CARY. | I feel that every one is <i>fortunate</i> who owns a Weber Piano. | CARRENO. | I am not surprised that every great artist prefers the Weber Piano; they are truly <i>noble</i> Instruments, and <i>meet every requirement of the most exacting artist.</i> |
| STRAUSS. | Your Pianos astonish me: I assure you that I have <i>never yet seen any Pianos which equal yours.</i> | MAUREL. | I readily award the Weber Piano the title <i>par excellence.</i> |
| CAMPANINI. | The Weber Pianos <i>sustain</i> the voice in a wonderful degree, and they have my unqualified admiration. | WEHLI. | Madame Parepa called your Piano the finest in the United States. <i>I fully endorse that opinion. They have no rival anywhere.</i> |
| CAPOUL. | I <i>recommend</i> the Weber Pianos in the highest terms and especially for the voice. | DEL PUENTE. | The tone of your Instruments is so pure, and of such depth, I am charmed beyond measure. |
| MUZIO. | I consider the Weber Pianos <i>the best Pianos in the world.</i> | BRISTOW. | To me the Weber Piano contains every thing that can be <i>wished for in an Instrument.</i> |
| MILLS. | Among the many excellent Pianos made in this city, <i>the Weber ranks foremost.</i> | | |
| LUCCA. | Your Uprights are <i>extraordinary</i> Instruments and deserve their <i>great success.</i> | | |

WAREROOMS:

**Fifth Avenue, Cor. 16th Street,
NEW YORK.**

THE
EMMA ABBOTT

GRAND
ENGLISH OPERA CO.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

BY
VICTOR MASSÉ.

POEM BY
MESSRS. JULES BARBIER & MICHEL CARRÉ.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
CARYL FLORIO.

PUBLISHED AT
THE THEATRE TICKET OFFICE, No. 111 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

THE
WEBER PIANO-FORTES.

OPINIONS OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS.

ITALIAN OPERA CO.

ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY OF 1873-74.
NEW YORK, December 6, 1873.

MR. WEBER :

The artists of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company of 1873-74 feel it a duty and a pleasure to thank you for the Pianos for their public and private use, and to express their unqualified admiration of their *superiority* in every respect. The tone of your instruments is so pure and prolonged, and of such inexhaustible depth, that they sustain the voice in a wonderful degree; action so elastic, are built so strong and firm, and stand in tune so remarkably well, that we readily accord the Weber Pianos the title of the instruments *par excellence*. We feel that every one is fortunate who owns a Weber Piano, and can honestly say that we not only *commend* them in the highest terms, but consider them the *best Pianos in the world*.

OCTAVA TORRIANI,

ALICE MARESI,

ITALO CAMPANINI,

VICTOR MAUREL,

ANNIE LOUISE CARY,

ROMANO NANNETTI,

VICTOR CAPOUL,

GUISEPPE DEL PUENTE,

E. MUZIO, *Conductor*.

S. BEHRENS, *Conductor*.

STRAUSS.

NEW YORK, July 12th, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. WEBER:

The beautiful Upright Piano you were kind enough to send to my room during my stay in your city has astonished me beyond measure. *The fullness of its tone, its thorough musical quality, so even throughout, and the easiness and compactness of its touch, I have never before met.* How so small an instrument can contain a perfect orchestra, surprises me. The Grand Piano used at the Academy at my concerts only heightens my opinion of your work. I assure you that *I have never yet seen any pianos which equal yours.* My heartiest wishes for your health and success.

JOHANN STRAUSS.

ITALO CAMPANINI TO WEBER.

138 E. SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, December 29, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. WEBER:

With sincere thanks for your kindness in supplying me, during the season just expired, with the *excellent* instrument I now beg to return, allow me to say, in justice to the instrument and its maker both, that the *Richness and Purity of Tone, the Capacity to Portray Feeling*, if I may be allowed to express myself so, and the *Wonderful Power of Expression* characterizing your Piano, render the same *invaluable to an appreciative artist.* Hoping to meet you on my return to the city,

I remain very truly yours,

ITALO CAMPANINI.

ARGUMENT.

THE Opera of "Paul and Virginia," by Victor Massé, is founded on the exquisite story of that name, written by Bernardin de St. Pierre. The scene is laid in a picturesque island off the coast of Africa, introducing in the first Act Mme. De La Tour, the widowed mother of Virginia, who years before, when disowned by her family for her marriage, had sought shelter in this island with Margaret, the mother of Paul. The two women are discussing the future of their children, who have grown up together as a brother and sister, in loving and innocent companionship. Mme. De La Tour proposes that in due time they marry, and Margaret, who feared that her son's lowly origin would be an obstacle, gladly assents. In the meantime they conclude it will be best for Paul to seek his fortune in India. While they talk the arrival of a ship at Port-Louis is announced, and they go to see what news it may bring them. Presently a storm comes up, and Paul and Virginia enter to escape it, and sing of their love for each other in a charming duo. In a few moments Meala, a runaway slave pursued by the bloodhounds of her brutal master, rushes in and implores protection; Paul and Virginia agreeing to return with her to the plantation of St. Croix, her owner, on the Black River, and beg his mercy. They go through the dreary forest, and Virginia appeals to the planter's mercy in a touching solo, "Forgive, I pray." The planter's evil eye is charmed by her innocent beauty, and he consents to let Meala go unpunished, but urges them to stay and rest, while the slaves entertain them with dancing and song. The blacks then join in the weird, fantastic bamboula chorus and cocoanut dance. Meala in a song warns Paul that Virginia is in danger, and they fly.

The next Act shows that Mme. De La Tour has received a letter of forgiveness from a grand-aunt in Paris, who promises that, if Virginia be sent to her, she shall be her sole heiress. Virginia is unwilling to leave her mother and Paul; but the former bestows upon her jewels and gold already sent as an earnest of good faith, and bids her conceal her love for her companion. She does so, and Paul thinks her love for him chilled by her brilliant prospects. While he laments this and his ignoble birth, Meala reappears to warn him that St. Croix is on the road to seek Virginia, and that she was tortured for her previous warning. Soon St. Croix enters, and insolently demands the return of Meala. Virginia appearing, wishes to buy her, but the planter gallantly offers to give her to Virginia. The young girl refuses the gift and hands him a purse, which he throws away, and departs threatening Paul. Paul then bitterly reproaches Virginia for leaving him, and she, wounded by his words, swears that she loves him and will abide by his decision. Then ensues the great love duo, "By the air that I breathe," one of the warmest and most impassioned of melodies, sung in unison by Paul and Virginia. The scene following opens with a sailors' chorus, followed by the exquisite "Bird Song" of Virginia. This aria is one of the most brilliant and intricate of modern compositions, and abounds in scales, arpeggios, roulades, and every difficulty of floriture singing, ending with a cadenza of high staccato notes and sustained trills. Virginia, overcome with happiness, falls asleep on a mossy bank. She is roused by the approach of her friends, and with them comes the Governor of the island, bearing the royal mandate that orders her departure for France. She faints, and is borne away to the ship.

The last Act opens with a scene upon the seashore, where Paul, consumed with grief at the loss of Virginia, is wandering. Suddenly a beautiful vision appears to him—he sees Virginia richly attired, the center of a gay circle in a French salon; she sings with her thoughts on him; soon the hated St. Croix, who has followed her to France, enters and offers her his hand; she rejects him with scorn; the rest insult her and bid her return to the island. Paul grows joyful, for he knows now she is coming back to him. The vision disappears, and Domingo, the old slave, enters to announce that the ship bearing Virginia has been signaled, but that a hurricane is rising. A terrible storm ensues, and the "Saint-Géran" is wrecked. In the last scene Paul, frantic with grief, clasps his dead darling to his heart and vainly strives to bring her back to life; while the islanders kneel around, softly chanting a solemn melody.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.



PAUL.

ST. CROIX.

DOMINGO, a Mulatto Slave.

M. DE LA BOURDONNAIS, Governor of the Island.

A NEGRO SLAVE.

VIRGINIA.

MEALA, a Mulatto Slave.

MADAME DE LA TOUR, Mother of Virginia.

MARGARET, Mother of Paul.

AN OVERSEER.

AN OLD LADY, Grandaunt of Virginia.

A YOUNG MULATTO GIRL.

TWO MULATTO SLAVES.

Inhabitants of the Island, Sailors, Ladies and Gentlemen, Negro Slaves, etc., etc.



The scene is laid in an island on the coast of Africa in the eighteenth century.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—MARGARET'S CABIN.

A hut of bamboo, opening on a landscape. MADAME DE LA TOUR and MARGARET discovered seated, right and left.

MARGARET. Fondly I recall all their early years.

MDME DE LA TOUR. From our woes protect them.

MARG. In them we could both claim two children dear.

MDME. They in us had each mothers both to love them.

MARG. All they had as one; their cradle of rest
Received them as birds in one leafy nest.

MDME. Those tender names, "Brother" and
"Sister,"

Were the earliest words they could say.

MARG. Never children lived who could whisper
So sweetly those two words as they.

ENSEMBLE.

Fondly I recall all their early years, etc.

MDME. Now that they both are grown, Paul by
his willing toil,

Unconscious of fatigue, has triumphed o'er the
soil;

Adding little by little more land for our use.

MARG. And Virginia at work in the house may
be found,

Or conveying our alms to the poor around,
The gift presenting, though she the giver's
name refuse.

MDME. Paul has eyes but for her, all his love
plainly showing.

MARG. Near him Virginia's glances ever bright
are glowing.

MDME. Near her, 'tis all delight; far from her,
joy is flown.

MARG. Without him naught can please; she sees
but him alone.

ENSEMBLE.

Thus their childhood's happy morning

Has passed in pure love away,

As a bright and lovely dawning

That foretells a lovely day.

Blest be heaven! for it has given,

After woes of long gone years,

To our age this gift from heaven,

And by their smiles did dry our tears!

MDME. And so, Margaret, thou too hast read
their hearts?

MARG. [*timidly*]. Yes; like yourself, I have be-
held their friendship succeeded by a feeling still
more tender.

MDME. And may we not see those dreams of
joy fulfilled, which from afar seemed to smile on
us when, folded in our arms, we have rocked them
to sleep.

MARG. [*joyfully*]. What! You would consent?

MDME. Why not? Are you not my friend, my
sister? Did you not in my misery afford me shel-
ter when, lonely, abandoned, and disowned by
my family, I sought a refuge in this distant
island?

MARG. But, Jeanne, you forget!

MDME. No, no; I well remember.

MARG. [*confused*]. I—I, alas! was deceived and
betrayed. My son has not a name.

MDME. And I have lost, alas! by death him
whom I called husband, and from those proud re-
lations I once defied I no longer expect either
pardon or help. But since our dear children are
still young and happy, let their loves grow in
peace, for as yet they know not of it.

DOMINGO appears at back.

MARG. What, then, do you advise?

MDME. To send Paul to India for a time.

DOMINGO. [*coming down*]. Eh! What's that?
Send Paul to India! What have you said, mis-
tress? Why seek to alarm us?

SONG.

DOM. Ah! do not send my dear young master

Into that far distant land;

For, though the dark waves bear him safely,

There the winds shift like the sand.

Ah! do not send, etc.

Who knows the future—what it may bring you?

You would add to your domain?

Has he not strength, with me to aid him,

All your wishes to regain?

Ah! what treasures may await you

Of those happy days at hand!

Ah! do not send, etc.

Happiness fears the treach'rous ocean,

Braves not its depths profound:

Why seek joy that, by the searching,

Can beneath your feet be found?

Joys, each morning newly created,

Around you seem to stand.

Ah! do not send, etc.

MDME. } Fears like to his are rising,

MARG. } In my wavering heart! [*Noise outside.*]

MDME. But this noise, what can it mean?

DOM. [*going back*]. All who are on the island, men, women, and children, are running to the town.

CHORUS. [*outside*]. See! a ship which has come from France!

See! a ship to our port is sailing!
And the flag which adorns her mast,
In its folds, brings hope unfailing.

[*Running across the stage, are seen the islanders, followed by slaves, children, etc.*]

MDME. [*joyfully*]. Ah! a vessel has arrived from France to-day. Perhaps it brings—

DOM. What?

MDME. My aunt's forgiveness. [*To Marg.*] Let us go! Come quickly. [*They are going.*]

DOM. Where are you going, mistress?

MDME. To Port Louis.

DOM. Let me go with you.

MDME. No; you stay and guard the house. Come, Margaret. [*Exit Mdme. and Margaret.*]

DOM. They have gone. What! they would send Master Paul to India? Poor boy! My dear children! But I'll be silent. Who knows? Perhaps her aunt has at last decided to forgive her, and this letter which we are awaiting will bring us the good news. [*It commences to rain.*] Heavens! here it rains and lightnings! The storm is terrible. I hope mistress has found some friendly shelter on the road. Ah! the children—where are they? [*Calls.*] Paul! Paul! Virginia! They are not here. Where can they be? Perhaps they are at the fountain. I must look.

[*Exit Domingo.*]

The stage remains vacant a moment. PAUL and VIRGINIA are seen at back.

VIRG. We've reached shelter at last. Tell me now, what think you of my leaf for a parasol? You see that we were wise in trusting to its aid!

PAUL. Yes; it protected us bravely.

[*They come down stage.*]

DUO.

TOGETHER. O joy! O delight!
To love those who love us.
My brother, my sister—
Oh, bliss of heaven above us!

[*The sky clears, the sun appears, Virginia sits— Paul at her feet.*]

PAUL. By what charm has thy soul thus enchanted my own?

I have asked of my heart; it knows not what has won it.

When thee I see, I think 'tis thy sweet smile hath done it;

When thee I hear, it seems 'tis thy soft voice alone!

VIRG. [*smiling.*] Thou dost ask wherefore dost thou love me! Oh, great wonder!

Look on our birds whom heaven hath blest,
Nursed together in leafy nest;

Their love is like to ours—naught their hearts can sunder.

PAUL. When, with labor fatigued, rest from me seems to fly;

'Tis enough if thy voice I hear around me stealing;

There is something of thee, touching my deepest feeling,

Rests for me in the air when thou hast passed by.

VIRG. O my brother! when dawn increasing illumines the forest tree-tops high,
To mine eyes 'tis far less pleasing
Than thy dear face when thou art nigh.

PAUL. Should leafy groves from sight surround thee,

Or e'en the deep dark shades of night,
I still could find thee without light,

Thy soul would shed such brilliance round thee.

Thou knowest how my heart holds dearly
Both our darling mothers; wherefore,
When their love for thee shines clearly,
Doth my heart love them yet more?
My soul dwells on them both forever—
Each day with tears for them I pray;
But when thy dear name fills my prayer,
My heart that prayer bears away.

ENSEMBLE.

PAUL. By what charm? etc.

VIRG. Thou dost ask, etc.

MEALA appears on the threshold.

MEALA. Oh, young and lovely lady, take pity now on me!

VIRG. [*turning at her voice.*] Ah, poor unfortunate! [*To Paul.*] See what misery!

MEA. Alas! dragging my failing limbs through the dark forest's depths, pursued by blood-hounds, I fly from my master.

VIRG. Has he ill-treated thee?

MEA. At his feet I begged for mercy. Behold!

[*Showing the marks of the whip on her arms.*]

VIRG. Who is he?

MEA. A planter on Black River.

PAUL. 'Tis he, perhaps, to whom the governor lately sold his lands.

MEA. Yes, unhappily for us!

PAUL. I've heard of him before. I can well remember.

MEA. I have sought for death, thus my woes to fly;

But you are so tender to those who implore you,

That I dare to ask, bending here before you,
O generous hearts! must I truly die?

ENSEMBLE.

VIRG. Nay, be consoled, unhappy woman;
See, here is milk and here is bread.

MEA. The wretched slave, from death redeemed,
With tears asks blessings on your head.

PAUL. Our alms which by her are bestowed—
A softer grace her smile can shed.

VIRG. 'Twas God himself who brought thee hither;

Eat, then—thou hast no ills to dread.

VIRG. I will go with thee and ask forgiveness of your master.

MEA. Alas! Through forests drear your path will lead you, and swollen rivers you must ford.

VIRG. I have no fear; my brother will go with me.

MEA. 'Tis your right to be obeyed.

PAUL. [*aside.*] God gives to her a charm, and she is sure to succeed.

ENSEMBLE.

Ah! hearts, by God himself inspired,
Simple and guileless of arts,
Sent from Him, hath words of power
Over the hardest of hearts.

VIRG. Now, lead the way, and I will follow to the master you fear.

MEA. I would follow you more gladly from the master I fear.

ENSEMBLE.

Hearts, by God himself, etc. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—THE PLANTATION OF M. DE ST. CROIX.

CHO. O fierce, scorching sun!
My breath deserts me!
The earth cracks with heat!
O heaven! have mercy!

A NEGRO BOY.—Ah! hapless black, thou must suffer still!

Thy master whips, but he will not kill.
Ah! hapless black, thou must suffer still!
Death is denied to thy longings still!
My little earnings I hid away;
The whites, alas! took them all one day.
Ah! helpless black, thou must suffer still!

CHO. O fierce, scorching sun! etc.

Enter M. DE ST. CROIX, followed by the overseer and two mulattoes.

ST. CROIX. Who here dares to complain or to sing? Silence, all of you! [*To negro boy.*] Hallo! you scoundrel! Get up! go to work, you lazy rascal! [*Kicks him.*] Ha, ha! [*to mulatto girl*] let's have a look at you. Why, you are not so ugly. Come here. You can bring me my coffee by and by. But, mind, let me see no more crying. [*To the slaves.*] Perhaps you would like to know who owns you now? 'Tis I! He who sold you to me leaves for France to-morrow. The new Governor will shortly arrive; so let fugitives beware! [*Turning to the overseer.*] You must find out some means by which we can capture Meala. Put on her track the fiercest of my blood-hounds. I'll have her alive or dead.

MEALA appears at back, followed by PAUL and VIRGINIA.

CHO. She is there?

ST. C. 'Tis she!

MEA. [*to Paul and Virginia.*] 'Tis he!

ST. C. In the devil's name, where are you from? Who brought you back, I'd like to know!

PAUL. [*advancing.*] Have mercy! forgive her fault!

Show your repentant slave some pity.

ST. C. Who's this? What do you want?

PAUL. We return your slave, who, though erring,

Far, far from your anger daring,
Only prays that her fault be condoned.
Your rage is just, no doubt; that is admitted;
But, although she has a crime committed,
By her sufferings she for all has atoned.

ST. C. It seems not so to me, young man;
I am her master, and in returning her
You have admitted that over her I have rights.

ENSEMBLE.

PAUL. No one will deny your rights.

MEA. [*aside.*] Alas! I tremble at his voice!

VIRG. [*aside.*] Ah! I dread his angry voice!

CHO. Dreadful vengeance breathes in his voice!

VIRG. [*advancing to St. Croix.*] Ah! have mercy!
Show her some pity.

ST. C. Who is this child so lovely?

VIRG. Forgive, I pray! Forgive, I pray!

What I would say my tongue forgetteth;
I know she from you fled away,
But her folly she now regretteth—
Forgive, I pray! Forgive, I pray!

Through the heat and forest dreary
I have come to ask you to-day;
Here behold me, trembling, weary—
Forgive, I pray! Forgive, I pray!

No one to her protection giveth;
My poor heart is alone her stay;
For love of God, who all forgiveth,
Forgive, I pray! Forgive, I pray!
[*She falls on her knees to St. Croix.*]

ENSEMBLE.

PAUL, MEALA and CHO. Oh, that gentle voice!
Oh, that smile so tender!

'Tis a song of birds that in the air rejoice!
At her first word, all hearts must surrender.
I would list for aye; speak on, O tender voice!

ST. C. Oh, that gentle voice! Oh, that smile so tender!

Raises in my heart thoughts I'd fain withstand.

VIRG. When to heaven's power our souls we surrender,

Through the humblest voice God deigns to command.

ST. C. [*to Virginia.*] My charming maiden, tell me your name.

VIRG. [*timidly.*] Virginia; and this is my brother.

ST. C. [*aside.*] She is beautiful. [*Aloud.*] Your sweet voice has won my heart; to you I yield. In truth, it gives me great pleasure to grant your request. For your sake, then, I will pardon her.

VIRG. O sir, I thank you!

MEA. [*aside.*] How he gazes upon her!

[*Paul and Virginia are going.*]

ST. C. How is this? You are not going? Wait, I pray, until night-fall, when it will be much cooler; and in the mean time I will have some entertainment prepared for you. [*To a female slave.*] Here! bring some fruit and wine; and you [*to the other slaves*] give yourselves up to play—your songs and dances.

CHO. The master doth pardon!
The master commandeth!
Let us obey, and sing and dance!
La Bamboula!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Poor slaves here
Hopeless are;
This is my folly!
Poor slaves here
Try to be jolly!
Let work go;
Leave thy woe!

MEA. [*aside*]. Still his eyes remain fixed upon her. How can I warn them?

ST. C. [*to Meala*]. Come, my beauty; to pay for your ransom you shall sing us a song.

MEA. Master, I obey.

VIRG. Ah, poor creature!

MEA. [*aside to Paul and Virginia*]. Listen well to my song.

SONG.

MEA. 'Neath the vines entwining,
In dark swamps reclining,
The tiger is there!
Fiery glances sending,
For his prey attending;
The gloom is his lair.
The light soon will fail thee;
The night is nigh!
He waits to assail thee;
Oh, haste and fly!

CHO. Oh, haste, etc.

ST. C. Enough! You take too long!

The dance can continue! The devil take your song!

PAUL. Nay; permit her to finish.

MEA. O gazelle affrighted,
In the desert blighted,
Quick hie on thy way!

Let no doubt detain thee;
Thy retreat regain thee,
Till riseth the day!

[*Turning to Paul and Virginia.*]

The light will soon fail thee;
The night is nigh!
He waits to assail thee;
Oh, haste and fly!

CHO. Oh, haste, etc.

PAUL. I understand. Come, Virginia, let us go.

ST. C. Why this haste? Come, sit down again.

PAUL. No, we thank you, sir.

VIRG. [*softly to Paul*]. O Paul, I am afraid.

PAUL. Adieu! adieu! [*He takes Virginia, and they go.*]

ST. C. [*angrily to Meala*]. 'Tis your cursed singing has driven them away.

MEA. You bade me sing, master, and I obeyed.

ST. C. S'death! she defies me! Here [*to overseer*], take her away; punish her well! [*They drag Meala away.*] Come, ye scoundrels! [*to the others,*] now sing and dance, while I, goblet in hand, drink of this vintage which fires my senses.

CHO. May God give us pardon!
The master commands it!
Let us obey, and sing and dance
La Bamboula!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Poor slaves here, etc., etc.

MEA. [*outside*]. Ah!

CHO. Ah! poor Meala!

ST. C. Go on! Sing on!

CHO. This is my folly, etc., etc.
La Bamboula!

MEA. [*outside*]. Ah!

CHO. Poor Meala!

ST. C. By the devil, they're asleep! S'death! sing out! sing out!

CHO. La Bamboula!
Ha! ha! ha! etc., etc.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE HOUSE OF MADAME DE LA TOUR.

At the rising of the curtain, VIRGINIA is discovered seated. MADAME DE LA TOUR is adorning her with jewels, etc. DOMINGO at back is at work.

MADAME. Ah! my child, these jewels make thee look even more beautiful.

VIRGINIA [*aside*]. Alas! where is Paul?

MDME. There, Virginia, you can see for yourself.

DOMINGO. I like her best as she was.

MDME. Domingo!

VIRG. Yes, he is right!

DOM. When in the darkness of the night I found you in the depths of the forest, why did not some warning voice foretell this sad time was coming? [*Lifting bag of money which is on the table.*] This gold, sent to us from France, should have brought with it only joy, not bitter sorrow.

[*At a gesture from Madame, Domingo exits.*]

VIRG. Bitter sorrow! Why, what does he mean?

MDME. [*giving Virginia a letter*]. Take this; it will tell thee all.

VIRG. [*after reading letter*]. O dearest mother! must I leave thee, go to France, and bid you an eternal farewell?

MDME. My dear child, we must submit. Your grandaunt has consented to forget the past, and begs thee to accept her kind welcome. Thou wilt be her heiress. Think not thy absence need be forever. No, thou wilt return.

VIRG. No, I can never obey her unfeeling command. O mother! I can not leave thee. All my soul cries out against it.

MDME. My dearest child! Alas! if I bid thee go, it is for Paul.

VIRG. For Paul?

MDME. Remember, child, he has naught; if you two should marry—

VIRG. O my mother!

MDME. I know the tie that binds your hearts; I have read in your actions his affection and yours.

VIRG. Alas! I knew it not myself until to-day; for the first time I have learned how deeply I love him.

ROMANCE.

VIRG. As last night thro' the woods our doubtful path we tried,

O'er a stream his hand in safety drew me;
Then I felt in my veins an unknown fire run through me;

And I then for the first time trembled by his side.

O flame celestial! O fear entrancing!
Like a flower opens wide my heart;
Fain would I stay by his side forever,
But fate now wills it we should part!

When, exhausted, my feet no more the path could keep,

He sought out softest moss on which I could extend me;

All the night watched he by me, ready to defend me;

I, content, closed my eyes, and yet I could not sleep.

O flame celestial! etc.

MDME. Think of the bliss that awaits thee on thy return, and dry thy tears.

VIRG. Alas! I can not!

MDME. At least say nothing to him. Be sure you still hide your love from him.

VIRG. You desire it?

MDME. Think it over, darling, till evening. Father Pierre, God's holy servant, who loves thee, has promised to come this evening and advise thee. Obey his counsel; 'tis all thy mother asks.

[*Madame de la Tour exits.*]

VIRG. Oh, I felt in my heart some bitter grief was coming. Alas! how shall I decide? [*Perceiving Domingo, who has entered at back.*] Ah! Domingo! he knows all! Tell me, Domingo, what to do. Speak! My courage is failing fast.

SONG.

DOM. The bird flies yonder
To distant bournes—
The bird flies yonder,
And never returns.
Ah! fool to wander—
Stay thy friends among;
Trust thou in my song.
The bird flies yonder, etc.

VIRG. Ah! you mean that I should not go, do you not?

DOM. O faithful songster,
Whom God hath blest—
O faithful songster,
Remain in thy nest.
Fold then thy pinions;
If at home thou keep,
Thou wilt safer sleep.
O faithful songster, etc.

VIRG. Yes, yes; I understand.

[*Domingo points to Paul, who enters with Margaret.*]

PAUL. Ah! look there; who is that young stranger? [*Approaching her.*] What! Virginia, is it you? [*Virginia starts to go.*] Why do you leave me thus? She does not answer me; she seems to shun me. Can this gold and these gems thus have changed your loving heart?

VIRG. [*aside*]. Ah! shall I tell him all? No, I must fly. [*Exit Virginia.*]

PAUL. She has left me. [*At a sign from Margaret, Domingo exits.*] Tell me what has happened. This suspense will kill me.

MARG. Paul, my son, the letter which came

held out the hope that Virginia at last might recover her riches at the cost—

PAUL. At what cost?

MARG. Of returning to France.

PAUL. Returning to France!

MARG. Yes; her mother desires it, and she must obey.

PAUL. And must she go? Ah! never knew I until now how much I loved her.

MARG. My son!

PAUL. What! I live without her—Virginia! No. Tell me, is it riches she seeks? Well, this arm alone can conquer India, and offer her its treasures.

MARG. Another obstacle stands between you. In the life which begins for Virginia to-day, she must choose for her husband a man, alas! whose name is unstained.

PAUL. Mother, what mean you?

MARG. Paul, thou dost force me to tell thee a secret which darkens thy life, which shadows all thy future. Abandoned and betrayed, bearing thee in my arms, I fled into exile. With thy birth began thy sorrows.

PAUL. Great heaven! and is this my crime? Insult me, ye who will—shame alone have I for my birthright!

MARG. Forgive me, my son. [*Kneels.*]

PAUL. Nay, my mother. [*Raising her.*] Why ask me for pardon?

Ah! crush not my courage, my mother;
Those words, ah! never more repeat!
I love thee more since thou hast suffered,
'T is I should fall before thy feet.
Yes, I forget 't is I that should protect thee,
Avenge the wrongs upon thee done:
Mother, I honor thee; I love thee,
My mother!

MARG. O my son!

PAUL. Yes, if the world exile and scorn us,
We'll fly to some far distant land,
Where we may find a peaceful refuge
From Fate's unjust and cruel hand.
Fear not! thy kisses will console me
For all the ills that Fate hath done;
While in my love thy woes shall vanish,
My mother!

MARG. O my son!

PAUL. Let us haste; without waiting for some new injustice, we will depart to-day. [*Exit Margaret.*] Adieu! Live on unconscious of my bitter anguish. Paul must die far from thee. May thy life be all joy.

MEALA appears at back.

MEA. Master!

PAUL. Thou, poor creature! What afflicts thee?

MEA. To repay me for my song, my master condemned me to torture, and drowned my cries in brutal orgies.

PAUL. Infamous wretch!

MEA. I fled to the woods; but there, on the road, I saw him; he follows my footsteps, and doubtless pursues me; at least—

PAUL. What dost thou suspect? Would he

again seek Virginia? It is God who has thrown him again in my path. Dangers gather around; I can not leave her now. Go! Trust me to protect thy life and her honor.

MEA. He comes! [*She hides.*]

ST. CROIX enters, followed by two mulattoes.

PAUL. Well, sir!

ST. C. Well, sir! It is not you, young man, that I have come to seek.

PAUL. Then, pray, who?

ST. C. The mistress of this house.

PAUL. I can answer for her.

ST. C. I am not in haste; meantime, I pray you, sir, let me inquire after the health of your charming companion. I confess I felt some alarm at your folly in traveling by night through the forest.

PAUL. She was in no danger, I thank you, sir; for I was by her side, and I know well how to protect her.

ST. C. Excuse my question.

ENSEMBLE.

PAUL. [*aside*]. His mocking replies, and his laughter tormenting,
Fill my bosom with rage and with hate unrelenting.

How his hateful glance
Doth my rage enhance!

ST. C. His heart plainly shows all its hate unrelenting;

How his anger is stirred by my laughter tormenting!

My calm mocking glance
His rage doth enhance!

PAUL. Enough, sir! Let us leave these lies and shams. You are seeking for your slave?

ST. C. What then?

PAUL. She is here.

ST. C. And by what right, sir, do you retain my slave—my property?

PAUL. Right or no right, she has trusted her safety to me, and I will defend her with my life.

ST. C. Stand back, sir, and let me pass, or by heaven—

Enter MEALA.

MEA. Ah! rather kill me!

PAUL. 'T is not for thee to ask his forgiveness.

Enter VIRGINIA.

ST. C. [*to Paul*]. Perhaps you will pay me for her? She's yours for a hundred piastres.

PAUL. Agreed!

ST. C. How!

PAUL. [*aside*]. Alas! the money is not mine to give!

VIRG. [*to Paul*]. Yes, Paul, 't is thine, for it is mine.

MEA. O mistress! dearest mistress!

ST. C. Nay, fair Virginia, she is yours without price. I pray you, accept her.

VIRG. No, not so. You have asked as her ransom one hundred piastres; they are here.

PAUL. Now, are you answered, sir? There is your money.

ST. C. [*calling the ten slaves.*] Here, fellows; here's a purse you can have. Pick it up.
[*Slaves pick up purse and retire.*]

ENSEMBLE.

ST. C. Beware my hate undying!
He dares death who, defying,
Dares to oppose me for a slave.
Vengeance surely will I have.

VIRG. AND MEA. O God! hear, we implore thee,
Our prayer, bending before thee!
Deign { her } protector now to save,
 { my }
Who dares death even for a slave.

PAUL. Thy care to me is given;
I promise before heaven
I will protect thee and will save;
Thy revenge thou sure shalt have.

MEA. [*aside*]. Ah! I tremble! What can he mean?
[*Exit St. Croix.*]
[*Exit Meala.*]

PAUL. Ah, Virginia, I find thy heart is still true!
They deceived me when they said thou wouldst leave us. As we have loved, so love we still.

VIRG. How I trembled for thee, and for her, too!

PAUL. Tell me, is it true—wilt thou indeed leave us?

VIRG. Alas! far from you all I am exiled. Duty calls me.

PAUL. Yes, yes, I see. Wealth with its resistless power attracts you.

VIRG. [*aside*]. How little he knows my heart!

PAUL. Ah, Virginia, why will you leave us? Where will you find again the fond kiss of a mother; where can you be more happy than you have been with us?

VIRG. Oh, my heart will break!

GRAND DUO.

PAUL. Ah! since thou wilt go, still askest sight from heaven

Of other lands than that which birth to thee has given,

Since thou wilt seek for riches there
Beyond my power to gain, and dost ask other care,

Give me leave, give me leave to follow
Upon the ship that bears thee far o'er distant seas;

By thy dear side let me but linger—
Thee to see, thee to serve, thee to love on my knees!

VIRG. Alas! in vain! Thou canst not follow—
Upon the ship that bears me far o'er distant seas;

At thy dear side fain would I linger;
'Tis fate that stands between us and bids us part in peace.

ENSEMBLE

PAUL. Ah! give me leave, etc.

VIRG. Alas! 't is vain, etc.

VIRG. My mother wills it; I must obey.

PAUL. Thy mother! Oh, unkind one! She wills what thou desirest. But before thee I go. Borne on avenging waves, and dashed on the shore by the raging tempest, my lifeless corpse shall greet thy vision and doom thy soul to endless despair.

VIRG. [*distracted*]. Ah! this is too much! Ungrateful! Now when my tears blind me—when, all trembling, from his arms I have no power to flee—he must now sting me, must kill me, and can not even see that I sacrifice my life for those I leave behind!

PAUL. What dost thou say?

VIRG. That 't is only for thy sake I have at last consented to go; that I swear before Him who witnesseth my oath!

PAUL. Just heaven! and yet thou leavest me here!

VIRG. My Paul, I'll stay or go, or live or die; I'll do whate'er thou wilt.

By the air that I breathe and by the heaven above me,

By the God I adore and who my truth doth see,

By thy tears, by thy smile so loving,
I swear I will live but for thee!

PAUL. } By the air, etc.
VIRG. }

[*Exit Virginia.*]

PAUL. To see, to hear thee always—to-morrow—forever! All my soul follows thee! Gloomy night, haste away! Rise, arise, morn of rapture!

Enter MEALA.

MEA. Master, do not sleep to-night.

PAUL. Why not?

MEA. I wished to know the designs of that man, and, under cover of the darkness, I followed his steps. Yonder in the woods I saw him meet two slaves. "She will soon depart," said he. "Call together quickly your fellows; to-night we must bear her away."

PAUL. [*seizing his gun*]. Infamous wretch! I will not wait! [*Calling.*] Domingo! [*Domingo appears.*] Come, follow me.

DOM. Master, what has happened?

PAUL. Come, I'll tell thee. [*To Meala.*] Adieu, and thanks. [*Exit Paul and Domingo.*]

MEA. My brothers shall come and defend her. [*Mysteriously.*] They are hidden all around, and my voice from the hills and from the woods, like the avenging lightning, call them here to rescue her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 2.—A FOUNTAIN SHADED BY TWO PALM-TREES.

Between the trees the sea is seen on the horizon.

CHORUS. [*outside*]. Ha! ha!
See! a ship which departs for France;
See! a ship from our port is sailing;
And the flag which adorns her mast
In its folds carries hope unfailing.

Enter VIRGINIA.

VIRG. Distant sounds, songs sung by the sailors, the murmurs of winds and waves, sing soft lulla

Tremble
ecum
curtain

bies to my day-dreams and my love! Paul! dearest friends! to-morrow you shall see me. My mother at last grants my petition, and near her, near to you, I shall stay evermore.

AIR.

VIRG. Ah! what entrancing calm in my soul!
In heaven!

O breezes of the night! by your wings peace
is given!

No more fears the future can give;
And my heart, all content, once more in bliss
doth live.

He loves me! he loves me!
All the woods, the winds, the distant ocean
Repeat those tender words in unending har-
mony!

In the murmuring fountain-waves I hear them
whispered,

And in the songs of birds in their downy
nests.

Ah! birdlings, sing again above me,

As of old rejoice;

Ah! let your voices, birds that love me,
Mingle with my voice.

Sing on, sweet birds, again, etc.

Ah! my joy o'ercomes me, and my senses de-
part! All swims before mine eyes. [*She falls on
a mossy bank.*] Wrapt in this vague delight, how
sweet 't would be to sleep! [*She sleeps.*]

Enter MEALA.

MEA. Ah! it is my young mistress. She sleeps!
she dreams!

VIRG. [*asleep*]. Paul!

MEA. May thy dreams be fulfilled in waking!

SONG.

MEA.

In the woods,
At my voice,
All things waken;
Friends attend,
To defend,

Watch is taken.

Safety they will bring to thee, and defeat him!
Slumber!

MEA. Who comes! Her mother!

*Enter MDME. DE LA TOUR, MARGARET, M. DE
LA BOURDONNAIS, followed by Lacqueys and
Sailors.*

MDME. Alas! what is it that you demand? My
daughter?

BOUR. I bear express orders from her relations,
which are signed by the king. To-night I depart,
and she must go with me.

MEA. [*running to Mdme. De la Tour*]. O dear
mistress! she is sleeping; do not wake her yet.

MDME. My dear Virginia, must I then part
with thee?

BOUR. Come, be quick, time presses. The wind
is fair, and I must set sail at once. You had bet-
ter waken her.

VIRG. [*dreaming*]. Paul! dearest friends! to-
morrow you will again behold me. Ah! sing on,
sweet birds, sing on!

CHO. See! a ship, etc.

BOUR. The day is breaking; I beg you, awake
her now!

MDME. Dearest Virginia!

MARG. Alas!

MDME. My daughter!

VIRG. [*awaking*]. My mother!

[*Virginia sees her mother weeping, looks around, per-
ceives M. De la Bourdonnais, and throws herself
into her mother's arms with a cry.*]

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A WILD GROTTO ON THE SEA-SHORE.

MEALA *discovered seated at the entrance of the grotto.*

MEALA. My poor young master sighs ever. He is consumed with grief. Since that unhappy night, when they bore Virginia away, I have never seen him smile. When a sail appears on the horizon, his eyes are riveted on the spot, as if bereft of reason. He wanders among the rocks until it disappears. To console his grief, I have naught but my poor song.

SONG.

In vain on this distant shore, enchained,
My body my master hath retained;
In song I fly free
Where my love waits for me!
In vain my master holds me captive—
My soul yonder, singing, o'er the sea flies.
Loving, faithful hearts vainly are parted;
They on wings of love
Fly free as birds above,
Each to each o'er land and sea true-hearted.
In vain on this distant shore, etc.

MARGARET *appears at back, followed by MADAME DE LA TOUR and DOMINGO.*

MARGARET [*to Meala*]. Where is Paul?

MEALA. There, standing on that lonely rock. Nothing can distract his mind from his grief. He hears no more the voice of Meala.

DOMINGO. Yes; his thoughts and his heart are far from us; they are with her beyond the seas. He speaks to her; he calls her; he seems to see her again. Then only doth he smile, for he is near her.

MADAME. Yes, like ourselves, he still awaits her coming.

MEA. Speak low, beloved mistress, and do not let him know the motive that prompted my hated master, who followed her to France.

MADAME. What! St. Croix! You know not Virginia's heart, if you think she would ever consent to wed with that wretch, whom she could only scorn.

QUARTETTE.

MADAME, MEALA, MARGARET, AND DOMINGO.

Could the child I worship
Come again one day;
Would our God but hasten
Her return this way!
Oh, poor exile yonder,
Heaving sighs that burn,
Freed, consoled, and happy,
To our arms return!

DOM. See! there is master.

MARG. Drawn hither by our voices.

DOM. Though all these months have passed, he still reads that one letter which she wrote us.

MARG. Oh, sad remembrance!

MEA. Virginia is there by his side.

DOM. and MEA. Loving, faithful souls, etc.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PAUL.

LETTER SONG.

PAUL. "Dearest mother, when we did part,

"Your last petition was to know

"My days of joy, my days of woe;

"But 'tis forbidden my lonely heart

"That I should write you. I scarce

"Can escape their strict confines,

"And in secret write you these few lines.

"These words by bitter tears are watered;

"New woes, I fear, are yet to come—

"New woes laid on my heart so tortured.

"I weep too much; ah! call me home!

[*Taking from the letter a little flower.*]

"For Paul this flower I send by you;

"To call it 'Violet' I am bidden—

"The name of its color too.

"All its blossoms deeply are hidden

"Beneath its leaves; but 'tis betrayed

"By the sweet perfume it possesseth.

"If some care to it Paul addresseth,

"It may bloom in that humble glade

"Of moss, with flowers brodered brightly,

"Alas! where I have left my heart."

O Virginia! my sore heart misses

Thy sweet voice, and yet it seems to me,

When this I read, I seem to hear thee, and
to see;

And my lips, with hot kisses,

Seek here, each day and night,

To relieve my woes and fears,—

The trace of thy dear hand,

The traces of thy tears.

Ah! return to mine arms again,

If thine heart doth my love remember;

Ah! return to mine arms again,

If thy tears thou didst not feign.

VISION SCENE.

PAUL. Ah! I see! I see! she is there! Lovely and happy, adorned, her celestial and heavenly image now appears to mine eyes!

[*The back of the stage opens, and shows a richly furnished saloon, the ladies and gentlemen converse and promenade, Virginia is seated, as if in reverie.*]

PAUL. All around her is joy and pleasure; but, drawn aside, her head drooping, she softly murmurs a name.—'Tis mine!

VIRG. Paul!

PAUL. O Virginia! 'Tis she! yes, 'tis her voice! I hear her! I see her! They surround

her! Now they ask her to sing; she hesitates; she trembles; she looks around as though doubting if I am not there. Ah! she hears me, and I hear her!

VIRG. Ah, could my song reach and control thee,

My dearest love, so far from me,
Some remembrance 'twould bear to console thee,

Far, far over land and the sea.

PAUL. 'Tis I!

VIRG. 'Tis I!

VIRG. and PAUL. By the air that I breathe, etc.
[*St. Croix appears, and is received by the old lady, who conducts him to Virginia.*]

PAUL. O Heaven! who dares to venture near her? He! St. Croix! Ah! she refuses before all the hand of this unworthy man. They insult her—they reject her. She will return to us!

[*The vision disappears.*]

Enter DOMINGO.

DOM. Mastêr!

PAUL. Is it thou, Domingo? Ah! I read in thine eyes that thou hast come to tell me that Heaven will bring her again to us—or she is here already.

DOM. Yes, master, she would be already here—here with her mother—here with you. The ship has been signaled; I fear they can not make the shore in safety. A black cloud already obscures the distant horizon, and we are, you know, in the season of storms!

PAUL. Alas! she is lost to me!
DOM. No, no! Dismiss these dark forebodings. All is silent.

PAUL. Hark! how the thunder rolls! See the lightning flashes! The vessel which conveys her will perish to-night!

DOM. He speaks truly; the tempest is approaching.

PAUL. Ah! if I could but perish with her, pressing her close to my heart! The waves devour her! She calls upon me!

[*Exit Paul and Domingo.*]

[*The stage remains vacant; the hurricane rises with fury.*]

SCENE 2.—THE SHORE.

At some distance the "St. Geran" lies half submerged. On the beach VIRGINIA is extended lifeless, PAUL at her side; MARGARET, MDME DE LA TOUR, MEALA, and DOMINGO, are kneeling near her. All the islanders, negro children, etc., are grouped around.

CHO. Poor loving hearts!

PAUL. By the air that I breathe,
And by the heaven above me,
I promise to live but for thee!

CHO. Separated on earth,
And unhappy for years;
The love that here had birth
Waits for them in heaven, to dry their tears.

END OF THE OPERA.

THE
WEBER PIANO-FORTES.

Opinions of the most Distinguished Artists.

NILSSON.

WINDSOR HOTEL, May 5th, 1874.

MR. A. WEBER:

Dear Sir—Please accept my best thanks for the *magnificent* Grand Piano that you sent me during my stay in New York. It is hardly necessary to say that it satisfied me in all respects, and I shall take every opportunity to *recommend* and *praise* your instruments to all my friends.

Believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZAUD.

KELLOGG.

CLAREHURST, COLD SPRING, June 23d, 1874.

DEAR MR. WEBER:

For the last six years your pianos have been *my choice* for the concert-room and my own house, where one of your splendid Parlor Grands now stands. I have *praised* and *recommended* them to all my friends, and shall continue to do so, for it seems to me your instruments *are becoming better every year*.

Very truly yours,

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.

LUCCA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26th, 1873.

DEAR MR. WEBER:

Let me kindly thank you for the Upright Piano which I used all summer in Kingston, and before that in the city, since my arrival in America. *Your Upright Pianos are extraordinary instruments*. They have an astonishing fullness and wealth of tone which adapts them well to the voice. The action I find charming, and this one surprises me by hardly ever needing the tuner. Your instruments fully deserve the great success which they have attained.

PAULINE LUCCA.

PATTI.

CLARENDON HOTEL, April 3d, 1873.

ALBERT WEBER, ESQ.:

I must thank you for the very excellent instrument which accompanied us through our late concert tour. Exposed to an unusually severe winter and extraordinary changes of temperature, still your piano was ever ready, and caused myself and the troupe continued pleasure. *The durability and extraordinary power of the Weber Piano, allied to such a lovely quality*, astonished us, and will ever prove a theme of wonder to all of us. In the numerous concert tours with which I have been associated I have used the pianos of every celebrated maker, but give *yours the preference over all*. Accept my best wishes.

CARLOTTA PATTI.

"WEBER"

PIANO-FORTES

RECEIVED THE

HIGHEST AWARD

AT THE

CENTENNIAL,

AS SHOWN BY THE FIGURES OF THE JUDGES, WHICH WERE THE

FUNDAMENTAL BASIS OF ALL AWARDS.

Her Majesty's Opera Company, of London, to WEBER.

NEW YORK, December 23, 1878.

A. WEBER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* The following artists of Her Majesty's (Colonel Mapleson's) Opera Company, who have used ONLY YOUR, the Weber, pianos for their private use during their stay in New York City, while tendering their thanks for your kindness, deem it their duty to say that for *Pure and Sympathetic Richness of Tone*, coupled with greatest power and singing quality, they know of no piano which equals yours. Certainly for sustaining the voice already formed, or for the purpose of cultivating it, the Weber Piano is superior to any instrument known to us.

ETELKA GERSTER-GARDINI,

CLAR. CAMPOBELLO-SINICO,

CARMEN PISANI,

ITALO CAMPANINI,

ANTO I. CALASSI,

HENRY PYATT,

G. THIERRY,

MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON,

ENRICO CAMPOBELLO,

MARIE LIDO,

LUIGI ARDITI,

DEL PUENTE,

F. FRANCESHI,

GENNARO BISACCIA.

Recognized beyond controversy as the *Standard for Excellence in every particular*, because of their

SYMPATHETIC, PURE, AND RICH TONE,

COMBINED WITH GREATEST POWER.

WAREROOMS:

Fifth Avenue, Corner Sixteenth St., New York.

THE
WEBER PIANO-FORTES

Have become the *favorite Instruments* of the Artistic World, and are endorsed by every Musical Authority as the

BEST PIANOS NOW MANUFACTURED.

—◆—
Their special adaptation to the human voice has induced every *celebrated* singer to use them in *preference* to any other, amongst them :

Mme. PAREPA-ROSA, EMMA ABBOTT,
CHRISTINE NILSSON, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG,
Mlle. ALBANI, CARLOTTA PATTI,
Mrs. CHARLES MOULTON, ILMA DI MURSKA,
PAULINE LUCCA, ETELKA GERSTER-GARDINI,
Amongst the Musicians and Pianists :
Mme. JULIA RIVE,
Mlle. THERESA CARRENO,
S. B. MILLS,
Mme. ARABELLA GODDARD,
Miss ALIDE TOPP,
Miss HEILBRON,
JAMES M. WEHLI,
JOHANN STRAUSS,
MAX MARETZEK,
WM. MASON,
M. ARBUCKLE,
HARRY SANDERSON.

—◆—
THE HIGHEST AWARD

RECEIVED AT THE

U. S. Centennial Commission.

—◆—
Prices as reasonable as consistent with thoroughness of workmanship.

—◆—
WAREROOMS:

New York, Fifth Avenue, Corner 16th Street.

"WEBER"

OF NEW YORK,

Receives the Highest Award

AT THE

U. S. Centennial Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 27, 1876.—In no department of the Exhibition has the competition been greater than among the piano-makers, and while the contest soon narrowed down to but few houses, it seems undisputed that **WEBER** has distanced all competition and must be today recognized as the piano-maker *par excellence* of the world, and the musical jury has but stamped the seal of the American Centennial Exhibition upon the generally awarded verdict of every vocalist and musician by the award which gives the

Medal to A. Weber, of New York,

For Sympathetic, Pure, and Rich Tone, combined with greatest power, as shown in three styles, **GRAND, SQUARE, and UPRIGHT PIANOS**, which show intelligence and solidity in their construction, a pliant and easy touch, which, at the same time, answers promptly to its requirements, together with excellence of workmanship.

While the Judges accredit to Weber's competitors "large volume, purity, and duration of tones"—mere mechanical qualities—to Weber alone are accredited the highest possible musical qualities :

Sympathetic, Pure, and Rich Tone, with Greatest Power.

It is the sympathetic and rich quality of tone which has made the Weber Piano the favorite of every singer as well as the public. It is these special qualities which, combined with purity and greatest power, in a voice make the greatest singer, and which in an instrument make it the superior of its competitors. Purity, power, and duration are but cold exponents of mechanical excellence. Add to these qualities, as the judges say are contained in the Weber, sympathy and richness of tone, and you breathe into it warmth and life, and you have the *ne plus ultra* of a piano.

This Weber has done at the Centennial, and when the judges commend his instruments also for their solidity of construction and excellence of workmanship, they tell the public that the

Weber Piano is the Best in the World.

WAREROOMS:

New York, 5th Ave., Cor. 16th St.