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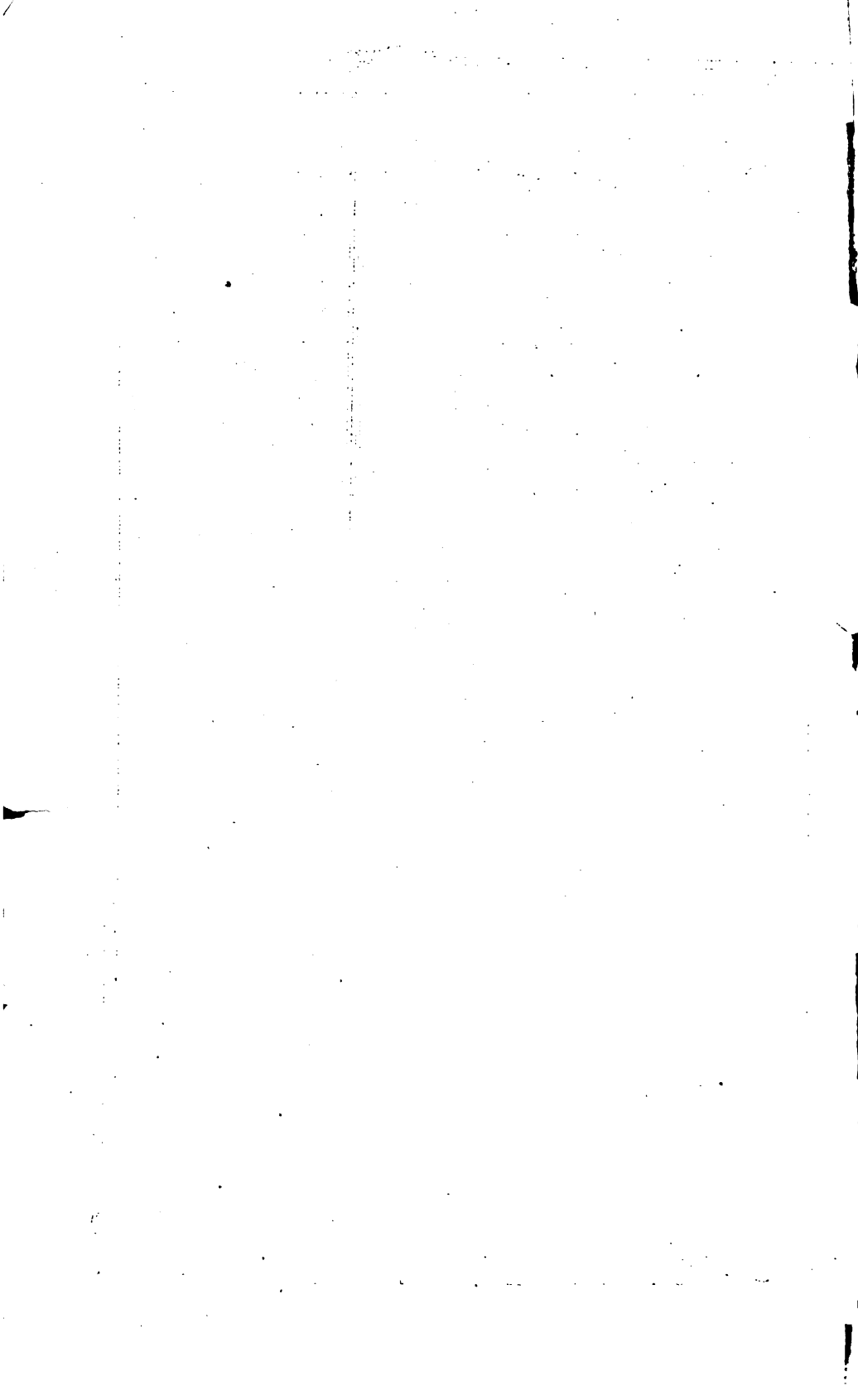
GRAND

ENGLISH OPERA.



THE WATER-CARRIER.

BY CHERUBINI.



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PAREPA-ROSA

GRAND

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE WATER-CARRIER,

(LES DEUX JOURNÉES.)

LYRIC DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

COMPOSED BY

CHERUBINI.

TRANSLATED BY

ARTHUR BAILDON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871,
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WM. C. BRYANT & Co.,
EVENING POST STEAM PRESSES.

1871.

AUG. 28, 1917

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Characters.

COUNT ARMAND.....
CONSTANCE (his Countess).....
MICHELI (a Savoyard, settled in Paris as a water-carrier).....
DANIEL (his father, old and infirm).....
ANTONIO (son of Micheli, farmer in the village of Gonesse).....
MARCELINA (daughter of Micheli).....
SEMOS (rich farmer of Gonesse).....
ANGELINA (his only child, betrothed to Antonio).....
COMMANDANT } of Italian troops in the pay of Mazarin.....
LIEUTENANT }

Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

The first and second acts take place in Paris; the third in the village of Gonesse.

Time, A. D. 1647.

LES DEUX JOURNÉES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The interior of Micheli's dwelling. On the left is an alcove in which is a bed, closed in by old green curtains, and opposite is the door of entrance. At the back on a chair are some male clothes, and beside it is a crutch. There is also a door at the back leading to an inner room.*

NIGHT.—*Daniel is seated in an old arm chair, beside which is a crutch-handled stick. Antonio and Marcelina are seated by a table, on which a lamp is burning. Marcelina is making boquets of artificial flowers, that are lying in a basket.*

DAN. Well children, have you done those flowers?

MAR. We are getting on, Grandfather. Now, brother, as to-morrow you are going to take me to Gonesse, I hope we shall start at daybreak.

ANT. Oh, as early as ever you please. You know it is two days since I left my Angelina, and if I had not come for you, I should not have remained so long in Paris.

MAR. Well it would have been fine not to have had me at your wedding. Don't you know, sir, I have to present this wreath to the bride? How we shall enjoy ourselves to be sure! I hope there will be lots of dancing.

ANT. Aye, that there will, and singing.

DAN. Singing?—I hope you have not forgotten the song of the Sivoyard?

ANT. Nay, Grandfather, I love it too much ever to forget it.

MAR. You know how Grandfather dotes upon it, so sing it to him now.

ANT. That will I with all my heart.

SONG OF THE SAVOYARD.

Once a poor little Savoyard,
 With cold and want was nearly dying;
 When his infant prayer was heard,
 By a kind stranger his state spying.
 Life came back to the child again,
 Through the kind timely aid then given.
 Blest be that stranger now by Heaven,
 A good deed is ne'er done in vain.

If that good heart should sorrow know,
 Or be exposed to sudden danger;
 Then the Savoyard would show
 His gratitude to that kind stranger,
 Who to safety restored again,
 While to his heart sweet peace is given,
 Then he will learn that blessed by Heaven,
 A good deed is ne'er done in vain.

DAN. Good boy! good boy! you sing the song as if you felt it.

ANT. And I do feel it Grandfather, for I was the poor child mentioned. It happened at Berne, ten years ago. I was then twelve years of age, and had wandered many weary miles that day without earning a sou. Cold and hungry, I was weeping 'neath a hedge, when suddenly a carriage stopped from which a young foreigner descended. Tenderly he lifted me in his arms and took me where all my wants were supplied. Heaven bless him for it! On his departure, he gave me five pieces of silver, one of which I have kept (*draws it, attached to a ribbon, from his breast*). See, here it is—it shall never leave me.

MAR. Did you ever know who the stranger was?

ANT. Never, but from his dress and speech he must have been a Frenchman.

[DANIEL who had come forward during Antonio's song, leaning on his crutch-stick—
 Marcelina now helps back to his chair.]

MAR. Father is late to-day in coming back from his rounds. He promised to come home early and go with me for my passport, without which I cannot leave the town to-morrow.

ANT. (*Seated on the corner of the table.*) You cannot come in without one either, and it must have your full description, without anything being left out.

MAR. What is that for?

[Settling the flowers in the basket.

DAN. To stop those members of the Parliament who are flying from the persecution of Cardinal Mazarin.

ANT. Oh, the injury that man has done to France!

DAN. Lately he issued an edict that would have crushed the poor, but the Parliament, fortunately, would not listen to it. Well, what does his Eminence do? He arrests the principal members, and has even put a price on the head of the boldest and most courageous amongst them.

MAR. It must have been that, brother, we heard in town this morning?

ANT. Yes; crowds were cursing the Cardinal that wished to kill the people's champion, and not only him, but his young wife, as beautiful as she is good—the guardian angel of the poor. If there be not a riot this day I shall be very much surprised.

MAR. I think I hear my father.

[She runs to the door.

ANT. Yes; here he comes.

[Enter MICH.—He wears a long, round hat, and across his shoulders a broad leather belt, at the bottom of which is an iron hook. As he comes on he puts down two buckets he carries, and takes off the belt.

MAR. At last, dear father!

[MICH. comes forward wiping his forehead.

MICH. Ugh!

ANT. Father, you are tired.

MICH. No, my dear boy, not I; quite the contrary. You never hear me complain. (*To DAN. who, has got up, leaning on his stick.*) Ha, grandfather! good evening. (*To MAR.*) Is supper ready?

MAR. Yes, father dear, it is ready; but I hoped that before supper you would come with me to the Commissaire to get my passport.

MICH. Is not to-morrow morning soon enough?

ANT. You see that to avoid the heat of the day we wished to start early.

MICH. That you might the earlier be with your betrothed. Ha! ha! Well, it is only natural; but now I cannot go, because—because (*emphatically*) I expect some one here.

MAR. At this time of night?

MICH. (*Laughing and pinching her chin.*) Ha, ha! it would not be too late for you?

DAN. (*Coming forward leaning on his stick.*) The office of the Commissaire is not far off; I will go in your place, Micheli, and present my grand-daughter.

MICH. It will fatigue you too much.

DAN. Nay, the exercise will do me good.

MAR. Won't you take your crutch, grandfather?

[She points to the one at the back.

DAN. I prefer, dear, your arm for my support. (*To ANT.*) Are you coming with us?

ANT. I must get a visé to the passport given to me at Gonesse, or they would stop me as I left the town.

[Exeunt the three.

MICH. (*Alone.*) They are coming: they had a narrow escape. How he pressed my hand while his wife expressed their gratitude. To be sure, I have got myself into a fine scrape through them and they are not safe yet, nor shall I be till I have got them out of Paris. How is that to be done when every outlet is strictly guarded by Italian troops, devoted to that cursed Cardinal, who let no one pass without close examination? (*Reflects.*) The risk is great, but in the sacred cause of suffering humanity I will dare it.

COUPLET.

Give me thy guidance, bounteous Heaven;
 Grant the success from thee I crave;
 O, let this joy to me be given,
 Two tender, loving hearts to save!
 Amidst our joys, alas so fleeting!
 There is not one the soul can charm,
 Like fond memory repeating:
 "The innocent I saved from harm."

How to act—so fast perils gather—
 For my children I ought to live;
 For their sake and for my father,
 Whose age needs all the care I give.

But pity calls, the hours are fleeting,
 And as these dangers I shall brave,
 Still I'll hear Heaven's voice repeating :
 " Aid thy brother—the innocent save."

My mind is made up, and the only thing now is to make the necessary preparations. I have the whole night to do it and my son to help me; that will suffice with the conscious strength that always springs from a virtuous action. (*Knock.*) Here they are, no doubt; but I won't let them know my plan yet, or they would never let me run the risk; but I'll do it. That I will, on the faith of a water-carrier.

[He opens the door and ARMAND and CONSTANCE enter. ARMAND is disguised as an officer, with two pistols in his belt; CONSTANCE is covered with a large dark silk mantle, hat and feather.

TRIO.

ARM. Our brave preserver here. [Pressing his hand.
 CON. Our lives to you are owing. [Same business.
 BOTH. Ever while through this life going,
 In our hearts' esteem you shall share.
 MICH. 'Twas but my duty I was doing,
 To do that ever is my care.
 ARM. I to you the life owe of Constance.
 CON. And I that of my husband dear.
 MICH. I think I may say, without fear,
 I showed some cunning in this instance.
 BOTH. By fierce soldiers, cruel and rude,
 Our weary slow steps were pursued.
 MICH. From their eyes then I hid the lady,
 With fright was she near dead already,
 Then I clap my hat on your head
 And make you guide my cart instead;
 The furious soldiers then appearing,
 For a water-carrier you take.
 They search all round, in vain rage swearing.
 Ha! ha! a better joke I ne'er did make!
 BOTH. How his goodness is appearing,
 With what courage and what daring!

MICH. Well, you see it is only my nature,
I would risk all to save a fellow creature.

CON. What induced you to help us?

MICH. You were both unfortunate, that was quite enough for me.

ARM. You shall know who I am, and then you will see on what a precipice you are standing. You see in me the outlawed president—in one word, I am Count Armand.

MICH. (*With force.*) You that noble champion of a people's rights?

ARM. 'Twas I who, with Bronsel and Novion, dared accuse Mazarin in the presence of the Queen, and to threaten him with the just punishment of the law, if he still continued to tyrannize over France. That this should excite his vengeance, full well I knew, but when to one is entrusted the sacred charge of the people's happiness, no fear of death should make him shrink from his duty. Now, you know the danger that you run, for on my head he has placed a reward of 6,000 ducats.

MICH. I know it, but fear it not. Who fears for his life should be careful to employ it well, and how can that be better done than by succoring the distressed? We must think now of getting you out of Paris, for should a search be made and you found here—

ARM. You would be lost, brave man, and I in dying, would feel another pang.

MICH. I should take the leap with you, and we would find ourselves together in the other world, that is all; but we need not go there till we are forced, need we? To prevent that, to-morrow I must get you out of Paris.

CON. By what means?

MICH. That's a little secret, my pretty lady. My son, who goes to-morrow to Gonesse, will guide your husband there by cross roads, and once there, he can remain concealed in perfect safety. Does my plan suit you?

ARM. Nothing could be better.

CON. Dear Micheli, how can we show our gratitude?

MICH. You, Madame, can stay with me till it will be safe to go to him.

[MICH. locks the door, and carries his buckets into the inner room.]

DUET.

CON. Must we be parted, husband dear?

ARM. See the dangers that now attend me,
And for us wait.

CON. But them I do not fear.

ARM. The power of our foe you know, and ought to dread,
How can you 'scape the blow ere it falls on your head?

CON. Our mutual love will still defend me.

ARM. Be warned.

CON. I have no fear but for thee.

ARM. Your life you must not risk,
Keep it, dearest, for me.

CON. Though I should be doomed to perish,
I never will thee, love, forsake ;
Thou art mine own, the one I cherish,
From my arms no one thee shall take.

For thine is all my heart,
I ne'er from thee will part ;
The vengeance o'er me
I spurn, before thee

Its fury shows in vain ;
But in your absence
The heart of Constance

Must find ever grief and pain.

ARM. You, the joy of my life here,
Let me depart while you still safe remain.

Re-enter MICHEL.

MICH. She is right, by the faith of a water-carrier! I would do the same were I in her place.

ARM. But you know she cannot leave Paris without exposing herself to almost certain death.

MICH. Leave me to manage that.

ARM. How is it to be done?

MICH. Ha! ha! that is another little secret.

CON. Dear Micheli, you are certainly our guardian angel.

MICH. Well, I pity angels that are water-carriers. Though I am poor, and belong to the people, I will never see the virtuous perish while I have an arm to help them. (*To Constance.*) When I saved you, Madame, from the soldiers, you seemed to be humbly dressed?

CON. That dress I still wear beneath this cloak.

MICH. That is just what is wanted.

CON. To this disguise, which for three days I have never quitted, I owe my very life, and the good fortune of having met you. (*She throws her cloak and hat into the arm chair, and appears in a Swiss dress, with a little handkerchief on her head.*) You see what a change I can make in one instant.

MICH. (*Laughing heartily.*) Ha! ha! wonderful. Any one would take you for one of the Savoyards living in this district. Whether it be that that dress recalls to me my mountain home, I know not, but your appearance is charming. (*Seriously.*) Can you still continue to wear that humble dress?

CON. I owe so much to it, that, believe me, I love it dearly.

MICH. To aid my plan you would have to become low.

CON. (*Proudly.*) Sir!

MICH. You would have to call yourself Antonio's sister—in one word, you would have to pass for my daughter.

CON. (*Seizing his hand.*) Generous man, there is no abasement there. Who would not be proud to claim relationship with such a noble, honest heart? [*Loud knocking.*]

No doubt your children.

MICH. No! they don't knock so loud as that. (*Goes to the door.*) Who's there?

(*Without.*) Open in the name of the Queen.

CON. Good Heavens!

MICH. Hush!

ARM. What is to be done?

MICH. Quick—the bed of my father!

[ARMAND disappears behind the curtains of the Alcove, where MICHELI throws CONSTANCE'S hat and cloak. MICHELI then goes to the chair where the clothes are and spreads them out upon it; places the arm chair with the crutch from the back, close to the bed, with the list slippers. CONSTANCE arranges the curtains in the utmost agitation. All this must be instantaneous.]

MICH. Keep your face to the wall.

WITHOUT. Are you going to open?

MICH. (*Loudly.*) Well, I'm coming—I'm coming. (*Softly to*

CONTSANÇE.) Stand by the bed awkwardly and timidly, and remember, madame, all now depends on courage.

CON. O cruel fortune, when will thy persecutions cease!

[MICHELI opens the door. Enter COMMANDANT and Soldiers. One Soldier carries a register, another a lighted lantern.

COMM. Guard the door and let no one pass. (*To MICHELI.*) Why were you so long opening?

MICH. If you were as tired as I am with dragging my water cart about all day, you would not ask that. But gentlemen, pray speak softly, I have a poor invalid yonder (*pointing to the Alcove.*) What is your will, sir?

COMM. To search your place, and make sure that you are not concealing any of the enemies of the Cardinal.

MICH. (*Angrily.*) Oh certainly, you are sure to find lots of nobility here.

COMM. Where does that door lead? (*Pointing to door at back.*)

MICH. Into my bed chamber.

COMM. (*To Soldiers.*) Search it. (*Two Soldiers with the lantern enter the room.*) Meanwhile we will verify our instructions. (*Takes the register, opens it and reads.*) ANTONIO MICHELI, Savoyard by birth. Three persons.

MICH. (*Bowing.*) At your service, sir.

COMM. (*Examining the appearance of MICHELI.*) Good. (*Continuing to read the register.*) DANIEL MICHELI, his father, also a Savoyard; aged 71, and infirm.

MICH. He is there, in his bed, sir. (*Pointing to Alcove.*)

[The COMM. draws aside the curtains to the great terror of CON. ARM. appears asleep; the coverlid drawn up to his chin, his face to the wall, and his head, with a gray worsted nightcap, buried in pillows. The COMM. examines the slippers, crutch and clothes, and then with a gesture of commiseration turns to MICH.

MICH. I am satisfied.

CON. Thank Heaven—I breathe again!

COMM. (*Continuing to read the register.*) Marcelina Micheli, his daughter.

MICH. There she is. (*Pointing to CON., still trembling.*) Now,

then, come forward. (*Dragging her roughly by her arms.*) Just see how she trembles!

CON. Oh, father!

MICH. Oh, father—oh, father. Are you afraid these gentlemen are going to eat you?

CON. I am not used to—

MICH. (*Still pretending the same rough manner.*) I am not used to—I am not used to—why don't you curtsy, Miss? (*She hesitates.*) Curtsy at once when I tell you. (CON. *does it very awkwardly and unwillingly.*) Bah, the little stupid!

COMM. These are all your household?

MICH. Every one, on the faith of a water-carrier.

Enter ANT.

ANT. Well, of all the fools that commissaire—

[He is seized by two soldiers.

MICH. (*Aside.*) This is awkward.

ANT. But I tell you I belong to the house—in one word, I am—

[MICH. runs to him and stops him.

MICH. What now, you foolish boy? How dare you come in making such a noise, when, even these polite gentlemen had the kindness to keep quiet. Don't you see that your grandfather is asleep?

ANT. Asleep?

COMM. Who is this young man?

MICH. My son, living in the village of Gonesse, where he is about to be married, and he has come to fetch his sister here for the wedding.

[Pointing to CON.

CON. Well, brother, you have been a long time.

[ANT., astonished, looks at CON.

COMM. If that be so he must have a passport from the Syndic of Gonesse?

MICH. He has just had it visced. (*To ANT. roughly.*) Why don't you show it and not stand gaping there? Oh, dear, what fools lads are that live in the country!

[ANT. gives the paper to the COMM., and while it is being examined MICH. calls him aside.

MICH. (*Aside.*) If you say a word we are lost.

COMM. (*Examining the paper of ANT.*) Your name?

MICH. His name, sir, is—

COMM. Silence—let him reply.

ANT. (*In the greatest confusion.*) What—my name?

COMM. Your name—Don't you know it?

MICH. Now then, stupid, why don't you answer?

ANT. (*Despairingly.*) Antonio Micheli. •

[The COMM. verifies each reply by the passport.

COMM. Your age?

ANT. Twenty-two.

COMM. Where do you live?

ANT. (*With great volubility.*) In the village of Gonesse, which I left the day before yesterday after my betrothal, and I am going back to-morrow morning with my sister, and I am going to be married the next day.

MICH. (*Aside.*) How fast he can speak when it concerns his marriage.

COMM. (*Giving back the paper.*) Quite correct; but why do you tremble, young man? I am severe in the fulfillment of my duty, but am always happy when the suspected I find to be guiltless. (*To the soldiers.*) We must search elsewhere.

[Exeunt Commandant and Soldiers.

[When MICHELI has bowed off the soldiers, CONSTANCE points out to him ANTONIO, who is still standing immovable and stupefied.

ANT. Father, what is all this?

MICH. (*Quickly.*) You shall know in time, but where is your grandfather and sister?

ANT. At the draper's at the corner, where Marcelina stopped to buy a ribbon for the wedding.

MICH. Heaven be thanked for it. Run and rejoin them, and don't let them enter here 'till the soldiers are far off.

ANT. But once more—

MICH. (*Pushing him out.*) Do what I tell you, and, remember our lives are in danger.

ANT. In that case I am off.

[Runs out, and MICHELI locks the door.

MICH. On the faith of a water-carrier another danger past! (*Goes to the alcove and opens the curtains.*) Well, grandfather, are you still asleep? (*ARMAND comes forward and presses his hand.*) Your slumber was a little disturbed, was it not? Ha! ha! ha!

CON. Dear Micheli, happy indeed must you be thus to keep up your heart in the midst of danger. I felt sure I would betray myself.

MICH. Nay, Madame; you played your part to admiration. What I did was merely my duty, to try to save my fellow creatures. Do you still persist in going with your husband ?

CON. I do, indeed ; but how is it to be done ?

MICH. Thus. My daughter has gone for a passport to allow her to go to-morrow to her brother's wedding ; you will take her place, and thus join your husband without risk. It is necessary you should recruit your strength, so before you retire for the night we will have a pleasant little family supper, and afterwards I will make the necessary preparations.

[Soft knock.

ANT. (*Without.*) Here we are, father.

MICH. Here come my children.

[MICHELI opens the door. Enter DANIEL, ANTONIO, and MARCELINA. MICHELI locks the door again. ANTONIO starts on seeing ARMAND.

ANT. Oh, Heaven, whom do I now behold !

'Tis he, 'tis he, there's no denying ;

He, of whom you have been told,

That saved my life when from want dying.

MICH. What, he who did that goodness show ?

ANT. Yes, yes ; 'tis he. The face I know.

MICH. With gladness I feel suffocating.

ARM. Why thus disturb'd—what's that he's stating ?

ANT. See one whose grateful heart joy warms ;

That Savoyard, who in your arms,

At Berne 'twas one night,

You saved when cold and starving.

ARM. Can this be true,

The young Antonio, you ?

ANT. The same. Antonio, and well known ;

The water-carrier's grateful son.

ARM. and CON. He—Antonio, by all known ;

The generous water-carrier's son.

ALL. Praised be Heaven. such kindness showing,

It to our prayers thus attends ;

How sweet the benefits it sends ;

No one could greater joy be knowing.

ANT. (*To ARMAND.*) When the soldiers search'd the place 'twas
you hid in that bed ?

- MICH. Of course ; the secret now you gather.
- ARM. Without the aid of thy good generous father,
With my dear wife, then, I soon to death had been led.
- MICH. So far good ; but there's something more to do remaining ;
Do not forget,
They're not safe yet ;
Children, dear, I your aid hope to be obtaining.
- ANT. and MAR. Say what is there to do remaining ?
- MICH. Give to me the new passport with which you return.
[MARCELINA gives it to him, and he gives it to
CONSTANCE.
- Here's all you require ; take great care this to learn :
The names, surnames, abode and calling ;
And then you shall, to-morrow morning,
With my dear son depart from here.
- MAR. What's this, father. What is your meaning ?
- MICH. To the wedding you cannot go.
- MAR. How ?—To the wedding I can't go ?
But I don't choose, Sir, here remaining.
- MICH. 'Tis my will that it shall be so.
- MAR. This is too bad, all must allow.
- MICH. Now, then, you your nonsense smother.
- MAR. If I don't see the wedding of my brother,
Consoled, you'll see, I'll never be.
- ARM. and CON. Micheli, now angry with her don't be.
- MICH. (To MARCELINA.) How now ; silence keep, and quiet be.
- ANT. (To MAR.) To calm thy heart, say this—Who saved my brother,
Now do I save in return.
- MICH. To calm thy heart, say this—I aid my father ;
Purest joy with him to earn.
- ARM. and CON. In us the cause of her grief learn.
- MAR. 'Tis well ; without me then depart,
While I remain at home.
- ARM. and CON. Kind, gentle maid—how good her heart !
- MICH. and ANT. Full well I knew your gentle heart.
- ALL. Praised be Heaven, &c.

[All retire to the room at back

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*One of the old barriers of Paris, to which several streets lead. The gate of the barrier, to which is a draw-bridge, is at the back. On the left next the gate is a guard-house, and beside it a sentry-box. On the other side of the barrier, to the right, are battlements, beyond which trees are seen, losing themselves in the distance, and showing the beginning of a suburb. At the rising of the curtain, a sentry is seen pacing by the sentry-box. Soldiers are grouped about, while their halberds are in a corner by the guard-house.*

CHORUS.

No mercy show, no prayers be heeding—
Careful guard,
All prepaid,
Them to take,
Prisoners make,
Such are our orders.

LIEUT. Brave comrades, come prepare,
And let the greatest vigilance here
Be now of all the care.
And the gratitude deserving,
We shall gain of Mazarin.
Careful guard
Will bring reward
On all him serving.

Enter COMMANDANT.

COMM. What news?

LIEUT. None, Captain—few attempt to escape while it is daylight.

COMM. Yet I must warn you, that this very morning you may probably put your hand on a most important person.

LIEUT. How?

[The soldiers form a half circle round.

COMM. (*Mysteriously.*) Know all, that I have most certain information, that Count Armand, who dared defy and threaten Cardinal Mazarin, is concealed in these parts—has passed the night here, and will probably attempt to escape by this barrier. Remember, six thousand ducats are offered for him, dead or alive; so listen to his description (*reads from a paper*). Jules Hyppolite Armand, member of the parliament of Paris; age, about 28; height, five feet seven inches; hair and eyebrows, dark; nose, aquiline; eyes, hazel, and full of fire; proud and haughty bearing; six thousand ducats reward.

LIEUT. Enough, Captain. I shall remain here all the morning, and will myself examine all who present themselves.

COMM. I want ten men from you to add to the detachment with which I am about to search some of the neighboring villages, where I have heard that some of the members fled last night. The business is important, so select your best men. I will rest awhile in the guard-room, and when the detachment comes, you will call me.

[He enters the guard-house. Enter CONSTANCE and ANTONIO. She wears the same disguise, a small basket on her arm, and a small gourd attached to a string slung across her shoulder. He carries a bundle on his back, and a big knotty stick in his hand.

[ANTONIO gives his passport to the LIEUTENANT.

LIEUT. (*After examining it*). Good.

[CONSTANCE, with a curtsy, presents hers, which he looks at.

This is of no use.

ANT. How of no use?

LIEUT. The description is wrong.

CON. It is just, sir, as they gave it to me.

LIEUT. (*Looking fixedly at her.*) Your name?

ANT. You have got it there.

LIEUT. Silence! (*To Constance.*) Your name?

CON. Anne Marcelina Micheli.

LIEUT. Where do you live?

CON. With my father, Antonio Micheli, a Savoyard water-carrier, in the Rue d'Anjou, in this quarter close by.

LIEUT. Where are you going?

CON. To the wedding of my brother here, who has come from

Gonesse to fetch me as you may see by that paper (*pointing to the one in ANTONIO'S hand*).

LIEUT. That is all quite correct I must allow, but the description here is wrong—it says blue eyes and dark hair, while your are fair with dark eyes. (*Sharply.*) Look at me. (*Still more sharply.*) Look at me, I say.

CON. (*Alarmed.*) Your glances frighten me.

LIEUT. Why do you tremble?

ANT. You frighten her so.

LIEUT. Silence—away with her to the guard house.

[Soldiers seize CONSTANCE.

CON. Brother dear, by the love you bear me, ANTONIO do not me here forsake.

[ANTONIO tears her from the soldiers.

ANT. Ere they from my arms shall tear thee, my life first from me shall they take.

LIEUT. What is this? Tremble at our anger. Dare you resist nor vengeance fear?

ANT. Defending my sister dear from danger, can you call that resistance here.

CON. Ah, pray pardon a brother's feelings, and one moment grant my suit to hear.

LIEUT. No, not one word more will I hear.

ANT. My heart's dire rage there there is no concealing.

CHORUS. Tear them asunder.

ANT. Stand back, or dread my fury;

Her fate am I resolved to share,

He shall die who to advance shall dare.

[ANTONIO sustains CONSTANCE with one hand and raises the stick in the other. One soldier seizes the stick while others tear away CONSTANCE. Momentary silence. Enter Commandant.

COMM. What noise is this? What means this disturbance?

LIEUT. This young man dared to resist us.

COMM. (*Severely.*) Dared to resist you?

LIEUT. He is the son of the Savoyard, Micheli, and says that this maiden is his sister.

COMM. (*Dropping his air of severity and speaking kindly.*)

That is true. I know them both.

CON. (*Runs to COMMANDANT.*) Heaven has sent you to help us! Is it not true, sir, that I am the daughter of Micheli?

COMM. Of course it is, pretty one (*touching her on the chin*).

CON. You saw me at home with him last night, when you searched our dwelling?

COMM. Nothing could be more true.

CON. (*To LIEUT.*) Now, sir, perhaps you'll believe us another time?

LIEUT. Are you sure, Captain?

COMM. Perfectly. You can ask the soldiers who accompanied me in the search.

[MICHELI, without, is heard crying "Water."

ANT. Here comes father, just at the right moment.

[Enter MICHELI, dragging in his water-cart, which he brings a few paces on the stage.

MICH. (*To CONSTANCE and ANTONIO.*) Now then, my children, why are you loitering here? I thought you would have been a good way on your road by this time.

ANT. So we would have been, father, had they not stopped us.

MICH. (*Leaning back on his cart, with an air of astonishment.*) Stopped you—what for?

CON. Because in that naughty paper they must have been making a jest of me; they have actually put me down with blue eyes and dark hair, so they won't believe here that I am your daughter.

MICH. Well, this beats all, on the faith of a water-carrier!

ANT. Yes, and they were going to take us both to the guard-room.

CON. (*Rushing into MICHELI'S arms.*) But my fears are all gone now that you are here, dear father.

MICH. Good girl, good girl. (*To the two officers.*) May I ask, gentlemen, why my children were stopped?

LIEUT. (*Showing her passport.*) This passport is so full of errors as to make me doubtful. (*To COMMANDANT.*) It would not be amiss, Captain, to bring them all before the commissaire who gave the passport, to make sure that she is the daughter of this water-carrier.

CON. (*Aside to MICH.*) We are lost.

MICH. (*Aside to CONST.*) Courage, Madame. (*Aside.*) Make sure that she is my daughter! I think I ought to know something about that.

LIEUT. Silence, fellow; I did not speak to you.

MICH. You see it was so late last night when he gave my

daughter the passport that he might easily take one color for another. One thing is certain, she is my own dear child (*embracing her*), and you, gentlemen, I hope will let her pass with her brother; should she be delayed she will have to walk through the great heat of the day.

LIEUT. The heat has nothing to do with it.

MICH. It has a great to do with it, sir, and my word might be taken. I have lived in this quarter for fifteen years, am well known, and will be answerable for them on the faith of a waterman.

COMM. I really do not see why we need to stop them any longer, being convinced, as I am, of their identity.

LIEUT. You think so, captain?

COMM. Certainly. Our duty is to watch over Paris and not tyrannize over the poor. Should there be any mistake, I will take it upon myself.

LIEUT. In that case, I have nothing more to say. (*To CON. giving her her passport.*) There, but another time observe how they describe you.

MICH. She must first learn to read. (*To ANT.*) Do not walk too fast; remember, she is not accustomed to your country journeys. (*To CON.*) And you, dear child, be hopeful and prudent, and (*markedly*) know that here I have a good husband in store for you.

CONS. Dear father, rely upon me.

MICH. Now, then, children, it is time you were off.

CON. (*Aside, embracing MICH.*) Good Micheli, my gratitude is ever thine.

MICH. (*Aside to CON.*) Not a word, Madame; they observe us. (*CON. turns and curtsys to the two officers.*) Children, delay no longer. (*To the COMM.*) Captain, I thank you. (*To CON. and ANT.*) Farewell, my children, we shall soon meet again.

CON. } Farewell, dear father.
ANT. }

[CON. and ANT. pass through the gate after saluting the LIEUT., who replies kindly, and they disappear 'neath the trees.

COMM. Your daughter, friend, is certainly very pretty.

MICH. She is better than pretty, sir; she is good. She is loved by the entire neighborhood.

[MICH. hooks himself to his water cart and is about to draw it through the barrier, when he is stopped by the sentry.

SEN. Can't pass.

MICH. (*Astonished.*) I can't pass?

COMM. Our orders are most strict to let no vehicle pass without special permission.

MICH. And do you call that a vehicle?

LIEUT. (*Sharply.*) Don't answer. You shall not pass.

MICH. Well, if I can't, I can't; and I am not going to grieve about that. My customers outside must go without water to-day; that's all.

SOLD. That needn't prevent your filling the guard-room kettle.

MICH. With all my heart. [*Taking his buckets.*]

SOLD. (*Knocking the cask.*) How much does that hold?

MICH. About twenty pailfuls. It's hard work dragging it about all day.

COMM. Your's is a hard life, good man.

MICH. I don't say it is not, Captain; but there are moments when I would not change it for any other—no, I would not change it for any other.

[MICH. draws water into his bucket out of the cask and takes it into the guard house.

LIEUT. If, as you have made us hope, Count Armand should come to this barrier, what a rich day it will be for us.

COMM. Say for you, not for me.

LIEUT. Why, you will get the largest share of the reward.

COMM. I share the price of a man's life—never! To arrest the Count, should I meet him, is my duty; that I will do.

LIEUT. Was it not in this water-carrier's abode we were told Count Armand passed the night?

COMM. It was.

LIEUT. I will speak to this Savoyard. People of his condition know everybody. I will see if we cannot tempt him by an offer of a share of the reward.

COMM. Here he comes—leave him to me.

[MICHELI comes from the guard-house, and hangs his buckets on hooks that are behind the water cart.

COMM. Come here, my good fellow. Don't you live in the Rue d'Anjou?

MICH. You know, Captain. On the right as you enter it, and at the bottom of that dark passage.

COMM. We searched there last night, because we heard that Count Armand was concealed somewhere thereabout.

MICH. (*Pretending astonishment.*) Only think of that.

LIEUT. Have you heard or seen anything by which you could form a guess?

MICH. (*As if suddenly struck with an idea.*) Just wait a moment.

LIEUT. (*Quickly.*) Help us in this and your fortune is made.

MICH. How?

LIEUT. Six thousand ducats will be given those who deliver him up, dead or alive.

MICH. Six thousand ducats!

LIEUT. One thousand shall be your share, if you can lead us to him.

MICH. (*Quickly.*) One thousand, all for me? Listen! A quarter of an hour ago, as I was dragging my cart, I saw, at the end of one street, a man enveloped in a cloak—yes, in a dark cloak, and he crept close by the houses, as if looking for some place to hide in.

COMM. How old did he seem?

MICH. About twenty-eight or thirty.

LIEUT. Middle height?

MICH. Yes.

LIEUT. Dark hair in ringlets to his shoulders?

MICH. Precisely.

COMM. Proud and lofty bearing?

MICH. (*Pretending great joy at each detail.*) The same, the same. "My friend," he whispered to me, "can you tell me if the guard at the barrier is composed of French soldiers?" "Italian," I replied. "Italian?" said he; "are they many?" "Thirty men and two officers." "Thirty men," he cried, while his eyes flashed, "if there were only four of them!"

LIEUT. 'Tis the Count.

MICH. As he uttered those words he redoubled his pace till he stealthily entered a door which he found open in the street, and then I lost sight of him.

LIEUT. Do you know that door?

MICH. As well as my own.

COMM. This happened a quarter of an hour ago?

MICH. At the utmost.

COMM. In this neighborhood?

MICH. Not two hundred steps from here.

LIEUT. Let the rappel be beaten.

MICH. Don't do that Captain, for that would warn him that you are coming.

COMM. You are right.

MICH. If I might advise you, gentlemen, I would say, select some of your best men and follow me at a distance, as if you were the ordinary patrol; I will stop opposite that door, and when you reach it you can rush into the house and search it well, so the man in the cloak won't escape you.

LIEUT. I will make sure of that.

COMM. Come on, by duty guided,

Brave soldiers, do not repine,
These six thousand ducats so fine,
Shall fairly midst all be divided.

MICH. And one thousand of them be mine!

(*Aside.*) O Heaven, by Thee be my steps guided;

Save Armand from their fell design.

(The two officers enter the guard-house

MICH. draws his cart to the back, and when the sentry, in pacing his beat, turns his back MICH. opens the cask, from which Armand swiftly glides and disappears in the distance. He has scarcely passed the barrier and MICH. closed the cask again, when the sentry turns.

MICH. Micheli, be prompt now, and bold;
The favoring hours behold;
He of the cloak is safe at last;
No, ne'er was there such a cask
That brought me so much gain and pleasure;
'Tis a rich joke, beyond all measure.

[Enter the two officers and soldiers from the guard-house.

COMM. Come on—march on; each spot be guarded.

MICH. (Heaven, I crave,
These loving ones save!
Saving them my heart is rewarded.)

CHOR. Be silent all, and ready to assist us,
Our prey he surely shall become.

COMM. Should he not yield, but dare to resist us?

CHOR. That moment neath our weapons,
To death he must succumb.

(MICH. wheels his cart, off the same side he entered, followed at a distance by the LIEUT. and some soldiers; COMM. reënters the guard-house with the rest and the drop falls.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The village of Gonesse. At back, the brook of Could, across which is a wooden bridge leading to the village. On the right is the farm-house of Semos. On the left, a wood. In the centre a tree, at foot of which is a green bank.*

ANGELINA *is on the bridge, looking off.*

SEM. (*Without.*) Angelina! (*Entering from the house.*) Angelina!

ANG. Here, father dear. (*Coming to him.*)

SEM. Do you see them coming?

ANG. Alas, no.

SEM. The day is getting on and the sun sheds its full force upon us.

ANG. This the morning of our marriage, and Antonio not yet come!

SEM. Perhaps his sister delayed him.

ANG. That is not the way to make me like her. Antonio has always told me how amiable and gentle she was. Dear Antonio, why not hasten to thy betrothed?

SEM. He cannot be much longer; so suppose we go to meet them?

ANG. Ah, that I will most willingly, my father.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANT. and CON.

ANT. Here we are at last. Pardon me, Madame, for bringing you such a roundabout and dreary way, but it was necessary for the safety of your husband, who cannot be far behind us. While you rest here awhile I will go back and bring him hither.

[*Exit.*

CON. Alas, that danger should ever wait on such a true, devoted heart. Armand, my husband, the joy of my existence, the friend and brave defender of the weak; though persecuted by tyrants, Heaven will still protect thee. Never shall he be deserted who so

nobly dares a tyrant's vengeance, and stands the champion of his country.

R E C I T.

At length alone am I,
 His loving, tender glances
 Within my soul
 Are by memory impressed.
 Noble heart, whose rare courage
 Danger ne'er could shake.
 Gentle, sad thoughts steal o'er me
 Of days forever past,
 When all shone bright before me.

A R I A.

When sorrow gathers round the heart,
 And numbs with woe each tender feeling,
 Then should Love, its power revealing,
 Comfort bring and new strength impart.
 Must he then be lost and forever,
 And parted from my love? Ah, never!
 Heart, be still! Though all looks so drear;
 Yet behind this sad grief's dark lining,
 With beams unfading pure and clear,
 The light of hope is brightly shining.
 Heart be still! There's a power above
 That from man's cruel wrong can shield us,
 And pitying our grief and love,
 Its mighty aid it here will yield us.
 Hope and love shall then be our guide.
 We'll danger meet, bold and true hearted,
 What for us Fate may yet provide;
 From love we never can be parted.
 When sorrow gathers, &c.

Enter ARM. and ANT.

ARM. Constance, my own beloved. Oh, what joy thus to meet again!

CON. I never doubted, dear noble heart, that Heaven would cease to protect thee.

ANT. Madame, here you may remain in perfect safety; but until

I can explain all to my father-in-law, that is to be, your husband must still conceal himself from all.

ARM. With all my heart. I can endure everything while blessed with the consciousness that my Constance is safe.

ANT. You, sir, might hide in the foliage of the tree; it is dense and thick, and no one would suspect your presence so close to the house of Semos.

CON. It will not be for long, husband dear, for this message you sent your friends by the hands of Micheli will make the Cardinal tremble for his own welfare.

ARM. Dearest, I will do as you desire; but keep me not long in suspense.

CON. Not an instant more than is necessary, and the signal for your appearance shall be this.

[Claps her hand three times.

ARM. Bless thee, my own adored.

[Embraces her and climbs the tree.

Enter ANG. and SEMOS.

ANG. Here they are, father. Antonio!

ANT. Angelina! (*Embracing.*) Behold my sister, my dear Marcelina.

ANG. Henceforth she is my sister also.

SEMOS. What made you so late?

ANT. Well, we started early, but you see, my dear sister there is not accustomed to walking.

SEMOS. And where is your father?

ANT. He will be here shortly; but see, here come the villagers.

Enter VIL. with presents.

CHORUS. Thus here to meet thee,
Maidens now greet thee
Upon this day;
Even may each true lover
Such perfect joy discover
As fills these hearts, we ever pray.
Accept this pretty turtle-dove,
An emblem true of faithful love.
Oh may your hearts until this life be past,
In love united continue to the last.

ANG. Oh, sweetest pleasure, joy my heart doth own.

CHORUS. What sounds are these we hear approaching?

SEMOS. A band of soldiers comes this way.
 ANG. But not I hope in our village to stay.
 SEMOS. They now towards the square are marching.
 CHORUS. Let's go; we'll meet them on the way.

Enter COMM. and SOLDIERS.

COMM. A merry-making, eh?

SEMOS. Yes, Captain; my daughter's wedding, and her young neighbors have come to offer their congratulations.

COMM. Well, I do not wish to disturb them or to cast a gloom upon this festive scene, but duty must be attended to; we are here in pursuit of some fugitives from justice, and your name is Semos, I believe.

SEMOS. You are perfectly right, gallant Captain, as you always are.

COMM. Hem! Have you seen any strangers lurking about the place?

SEMOS. Only yourself, Captain, and your men.

COMM. Hem! You will have to lodge us for the night.

SEMOS. Most willingly, noble Captain; but you will find the house very full.

COMM. No matter. Shelter to the head and a chair for a couch is all we require.

SEMOS. That you are heartily welcome to, and you shall have a bottle of rare old wine as a night-cap. This way, gentlemen.

CON. (*Aside.*) And my husband there must be fainting with fatigue and thirst.

[*Exeunt omnes into cottage.*]

[*Armand descends from the tree and advances.*]

ARM. How warm it is in yonder tree! Let me breathe the fresh air for a moment. Oh, Constance, how I tremble for your fate! How can you escape from the dangers that surround you? Heaven watch over and protect her. To Thy hands I commend her. Some one comes; I must retire.

[*Goes back into the tree*]

[*Enter the two SOLDIERS with wine.*]

1st. SOL. There's not room to turn round in the house there; every place is taken up with preparing for this wedding.

2d SOL. Let us sit down here beneath the tree; it seems nice and cool.

[*They sit.*]

1st SOL. This wine is delicious.

2d SOL. And so is the Savoyard—Micheli's daughter.

1st SOL. Could we not induce her to take a nice walk with us in the forest yonder?

2d SOL. Oh, she is too frightened of us; besides the Captain would make short work of us if we offended her.

1st SOL. Perhaps she won't be so frightened of us after all; suppose we try, for here she comes.

[They hide behind the tree. CON. enters with a small basket and looks cautiously round.

CON. How painful is his situation! I could no longer delay bringing him some refreshment, for indeed he must need it sadly. (*Puts down the basket.*) Let me be sure that no one is observing. (*She looks round on every side while the two soldiers dodge her round the tree.*) All seem quiet—now to give the signal. (*She claps her hand three times.*) All silent; did he not hear me?

CON. This silence fills my heart with fears;
Has aught his presence been disclosing?

Then gently now will I draw near—

(*Calls.*) Love, 'tis I, with dread my heart is closing.

(*She approaches the tree and is suddenly seized by the two soldiers.*

CON. Give me help.

1st SOL. Be silent or you here shall perish.

CON. Give me help!

1st SOL. Be silent if your life you'd save.

CON. What would you, inhuman monsters?

SOLS. In vain escape from us you crave.

[CON. struggles with the soldiers, when ARM. leaps from the tree, tears her from them. and standing in the centre, presents a pistol at each.

ARM. Stand back then—villains, hold!

[With one knee on the ground, he sustains CON. on the other, who lays her head on his shoulder. SEMOS, ANG., COMM., Villagers, Soldiers, &c., all rush on. General tableau.

COMM. What have they done? let me be told.

ARM. They of my presence little knowing,
Had attacked this defenceless woman.

- OMNES. But now who can this stranger be?
 [COMM. orders off the two soldiers under arrest, and turns to ARM.]
- COMM. What business brought you here?
 And your name we must learn now.
- ANT. Alás, he is lost, I plainly see!
- ARM. (*Proudly.*) Sir, my name does not concern you.
- COMM. That look!—a strange presentiment—
 Sir, your name?
- ARM. Would you know it?
- COMM. At once.
- ARM. Well, then, I am—
 [CON. recovering, embraces him.]
- CON. Armand!
- OMNES. Armand?
- ARM. Yes, behold! Armand am I,
 And for my country doomed to die.
- VIL. A strange event to come to-day.
- ANT. Armand is lost—is lost this day.
- CON. Oh, horror!—oh remorse! Horrid fear,
 I have betrayed my Armand dear.
- SOL. And so we have found Armand here.
 What joy for us thus to appear.
- VIL. This the good Armand all revere;
 What strange event has brought him here?
- ARM. Yes, soldiers, I am Armand, here.
- ANT. Armand is lost, is lost I fear.
- COMM. What do I hear? Is she I thought the daughter of the water-carrier your wife?
- ARM. She is, Captain; my own true, devoted wife, who, in a vain endeavor to preserve me, has undergone all those dangers and disguises, but now all is lost save honor.
- COMM. Count, I have a sad duty to perform; but duty it is and must be done. Soldiers, arrest him.
- CON. (*Clinging to Armand.*) And me also; he has my heart, and his am I in joy or sadness, in life or death.
 [MICH. rushes on with a document in his hand.]
- MICH. Hold! Hold! Look there, Captain. (*Giving COMM. the papers.*) A free pardon for Count Armand, and countersigned by

the Cardinal himself. His eminence dreaded the spirit he had roused in the people, and to restore his popularity has pardoned their brave champions. What think you of that paper, Captain? Is it as good as my daughter's passport—eh? Ha! ha! ha!

COMM. Never mention that confounded passport again, although I will not pretend to regret it. (*To ARM.*) Believe me, sir, I sincerely share in your joy. He who, by duty, is compelled to execute orders that wound the feelings, is more to be pitied than blamed.

ARM. Say no more, Captain; I can thoroughly appreciate your sentiments.

MICH. Now then, all, one good shout for Count Armand and his devoted wife, the Lady Constance. Hurrah!

OMNES. Hurrah!

Here let each heart with joy be crown'd,

And with songs blithe and merry, wake the echoes
round.

MICH. And while you raise your grateful voices,
Know there is naught the heart rejoices
Like the reward in virtue found.

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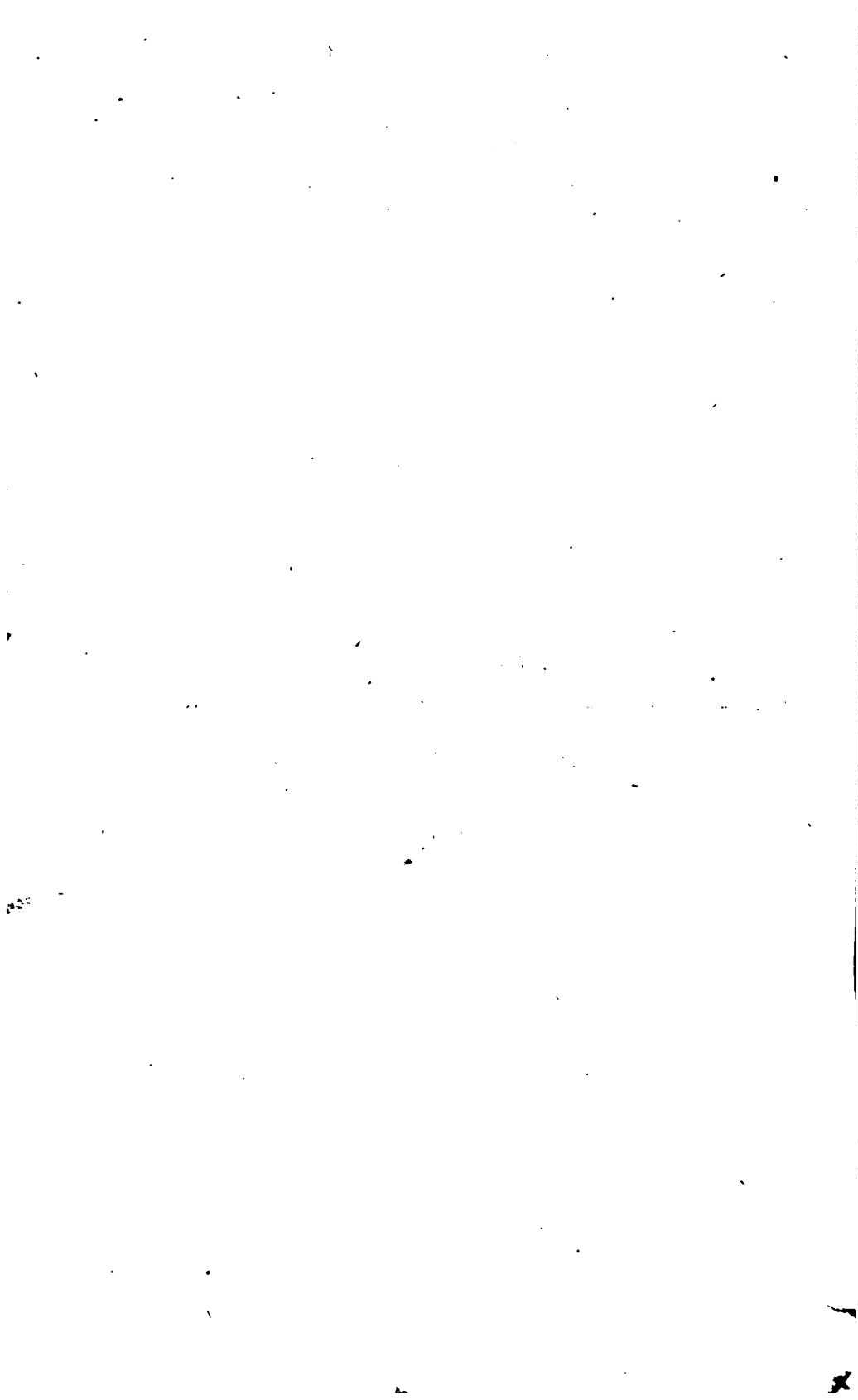
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