

THE
MAN OF TWO LIVES!

A new Romantic Play,

IN THREE ACTS AND A PROLOGUE.

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*Founded on "Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo.*  
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BT
BAYLE BERNARD,

ADAPTER OF "FAUST" AND "THE DOGE OF VENICE."

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,
LONDON.

A FEW WORDS BY THE ADAPTER.

ALL who have read VICTOR HUGO'S admirable story of "LES MISERABLES," have acknowledged the character of its hero, JEAN VALJEAN, to be one of the most impressive in modern fiction. The way it illustrates the great truth that the tendency of humanity is to good rather than evil, and that natures, however debased, may retain some sense of right and kindness, which can be developed into principle, is just as salutary as it is affecting. Quite as generally, however, has it been felt, that this story, as a whole, is inappropriate to the stage. The numerous characters it introduces, and the various interests it creates, which have little or no connection with the main purpose of the author, deprive it of the unity and sequence which are essential to a drama. Accordingly the adapter has felt it to be his duty to deal rather with the hero than the book itself in a dramatic version. To this end he has selected some of the most important incidents which unfold the history of Jean, and has prefaced and supplemented these with others, in order to render the author's meaning more apparent and emphatic. A new introduction exhibits Jean's character in its natural condition, and a new position at the close shows the completeness of his restoration. With the view also of imparting greater lightness to the story, the adapter has softened the harshness of JAVERT, given more vigor to COSETTE, and tried to give some pleasantry to the characters of THENARDIER and his Wife, whilst the degradation of FANTINE, as being too painful for the stage, he has rejected altogether. It may be as well to add that, in consequence of these changes, the dialogue of this drama has, with the exception of some thirty lines in the 1st Act and the 2nd, been also an addition.

THE
MAN OF TWO LIVES!

The New Incidental Music selected and composed by Mr. W. C. LEVEY. The Characteristic Dresses designed by Mr. WILLIAM BRUNTON, and made by Mr. VOKES and Mrs. LAWLER. The Dances and Melo-dramatic Action invented and arranged by Mr. J. CORMACK. The Drama produced under the direction of Mr. EDWARD STELING. And the New and Magnificent Scenery designed and painted by WILLIAM BEVERLY.

Characters.

JEAN VALJEAN (*Conscript and Convict*) } Mr. CHARLES DILLON.
 FATHER MADELAINE (*Maire and Manufacturer*) }
 JAVERT } Mr. RYDER
 THE CURE OF COL-DU-BEC }
 SERGEANT THENARDIER } Mr. F. BARRETT.
 THE SOUS-PREFECT } Mr. J. ROUSE.
 QUIROT (*a Wealthy Farmer*) Mr. H. RIGNOLD, CAPTAIN BLANVAL (*of the Gendarmes*) Mr. F. CHARLES.
 BAPTISTE } MICHEL LEGRAND (*Carrier*) Mr. MORELAND.
 URBAIN (*a Workman*) Mr. C. WEBB, MARIUS (*Foreman of the Factory*) Mr. WILSON BARRETT.
 ANTOINE (*a Peasant*) Mr. J. B. JOHNSTONE, CHAMPMATHIEU (*the Counterpart*) Mr. MARTIN.
 LOUISE (*the Betrothed of Jean Valjean*) Miss EDITH STUART, VILLAGERS, FISHERMEN, STUDENTS, PARISIANS, &c. }
 MADAME VALJEAN } COSETTE (*his Adopted Daughter*) Miss HEATH.
 FANCHON and MARIE } (*Mother of Jean*) } Miss MARIK O'BRYEN.
 FANTINE (*a Wayfarer, Mother of Cosette*) Miss ROBERTS, (*his little Sisters*) } Misses LEWIS and RUSSELL.
 URSULE (*the Cure's Housekeeper*) Miss SEYMOUR, JUSTINE (*Servant of Madelaine*) Miss HUDSPETH.
 MADAME THENARDIER } } MRS. H. VANDENHOFF. *Factory Girls, &c.*

Programme of the Secenery, &c.

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PROLOGUE 1810.

THE CONSCRIPTION!

SCENE—THE HIGH ROAD TO GRENOBLE.

The ravages of the Conscription—Its one ground for exemption—A widow's only son—Jean Valjean, the exempted, and the strong man of the Commune—His home and his betrothed—Jean's sudden liability.

THE DRAWING OF THE CONSCRIPTS.

JEAN'S RESISTANCE AND SENTENCE TO THE GALLEYS.

MAN OF TWO LIVES.

ACT FIRST—1816.

THE CONVICT'S RETURN.

SCENE 1.—A VILLAGE ON THE FRENCH ALPS,

With view of their snowy peaks (at sunset)—The Fête of St. Elizabeth—Fantine, the wayfarer, and her child, Cosette—The debasement of Jean Valjean—The fall from the cliff, and Jean's escape—The convict's ferocity—The village

Jean conducted to the open door.—The Savoyard and his silver.

SCENE 3.—THE CURE'S HOUSE, OVERLOOKING THE RAVINE.

The relics of a fallen family.—The Curé a true Priest.—Jean's welcome to food and shelter.—His story and his temptation.—His struggle and his crime.—His flight and his arrest.—The Curé's way to save him.—His deliverance, and the bond which binds him to redeem the past.

MAN OF TWO LIVES.

ACT SECOND—1831.

THE NEW LIFE!

SCENE 1.—A TOWN ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY,

BY THE BAY OF THE CHANNEL ON A SUMMER'S DAY.

Father Madelaine, the Maire and Manufacturer.—Cosette, his adopted daughter.—Marius, the Savoyard, his foreman.—The burthen of a second crime.—The robbery of the Savoyard.—Marius's false impression.—Jean Valjean's counterpart.—Champmathieu.—The Counterpart's arrival.—Champmathieu's danger and deliverance.—Jean's betrayal to Javert.

SCENE 2.—THE BEACH.—Cosette's birthday and her guests.—Javert's predicament.

SCENE 3.—SALON IN THE HOUSE OF THE MAIRE.

Javert's demand of the arrest of Champmathieu—Jean's struggle—Whether to save or sacrifice him—His confession and surrender.

ACT THIRD—1832.

THE LAST SACRIFICE!

SCENE 1.—The Banks of the Seine, near Paris.

The Students at their Cabaret—Jean's escape and flight to Paris—Cosette's position and discovery—the coming Insurrection.

SCENE 2.—*The Garden of a House near Notre Dame.*

Cosette's new suitor and secret love—Jean's delusion and disenchantment—His betrayal by Marius—his last meeting with Javert—His last Triumph, and his last Sacrifice.

SCENE 3.—AN OLD STREET ON THE CITÈ.

THE BARRICADE!

THE
MAN OF TWO LIVES.



PROLOGUE—1810.

THE CONSCRIPTION.

SCENE.—*The High Road to Grenoble. R. 2 E. stands Madame Valjean's Cottage; opposite is a clump of trees, under which is placed a table—an arm chair at its back—a stool at its end, L.—supporting a large urn; other cottages range at the back, and the high road winds off at L. 3 E.*

As the Curtain rises a group of GENDARMES is discovered on the ground, L. 1.E., sleeping, smoking, playing cards, &c, their muskets stacked at back, L ; a group of VILLAGERS, male and female, stand conversing at R. 3 E.; a SENTRY paces the background; a drum rolls outside, L. ; the SOLDIERS rise and take their guns; CAPTAIN BLANVAL comes from L. 3 E. followed by QUIROT.

BLANVAL. My friends, the Sous-Prefet has been detained at Grenoble, but will be with us within an hour, when the drawing will commence, and I hope will be conducted in a manner worthy of your character, as Frenchmen and good citizens, (*the VILLAGERS go off, conversing, R. 3 E.*) Sergeant, you will post your men at the door of the Mairie, to receive his Excellency when he arrives.

The SOLDIERS fall into a line, and go off with SERGEANT,
L. 3 E.

QUIROT. I am afraid, Captain Blanval, you have brought us no good news from Grenoble.

BLAN. Why, no, Monsieur le Maire, disaffection seems to be spreading—everywhere we hear of resistance to the conscription.

QUIROT. Indeed, sir.

BLAN. And this too when the Emperor was never so victorious—Anstria and Prussia at his feet—Eussia soon to be stifled under the silence of her own snows ! Give him but

fresh troops, and our eagles will go screaming from the Atlantic to the Baltic.

QUIROT. Well, Captain, I know there is something wonderful in-glory ; it gives new life to the dying—it carries beggars up to thrones; but it's a fever in respect to nations, and all fevers, you know, are weakening.

BLAN. Weakening?

QUIROT. Look at our land, sir; whole tracts of it becoming barren for want of hands to cultivate it. Look at our people—a race that were once giants—dwindled now into one of dwarfs. The conscription has left us nothing but old men and boys.

BLAN. Nay, nay.

QUIROT. It's the truth, sir ; it's a vampire that preys on the industrial blood of France ! If you would have a proof, look at this commune, you'll scarcely see a man in it who wouldn't faint on a day's march,—unless it's Jean Valjean.

BLAN. Valjean?

QUIROT. A small farmer who lives in this cottage with his mother and his sisters.

BLAN. Well, then at least you've got *one* good recruit to give us.

QUIROT. Not so, sir; for, as it happens, this man is exempt.

BLAN. Exempt?

QUIROT. Yes, Captain ; he is the only son of a widow.

(cries are heard outside, R. 3 E.)

VOICES. *(without)* Jean! Jean !

QUIROT. Oh. I see he's coming yonder, and the girls are telling him the news.

BLAN. He seems to be a great favourite with them.

QUIROT. Well, the truth is, that he has got a heart that's as large-sized as his limbs. He's an honest kindly fellow that everybody loves—a sort of hero in the commune that they can't believe has got his equal.

Enter JEAN, R. 3 E., surrounded by a crowd of GIRLS.

BLAN. There's the material of a soldier truly ; all the build of the Old Guard. And you say this man is exempt ?

QUIROT. Yes ; and on the strength of it, moreover, is going to be married.

BLAN. No brother, then ?

QUIROT. He had one, but he was lost at sea ; a fine young lad named Henri. Rather an interesting story ; I'll tell it to you, Captain.

They go off, L. 1 E. JEAN advances with the GIRLS.

JEAN. Well, I know, girls—I know—it's a hard and cruel case for all of you.

MANON. For you see, it's no comfort to us that we don't

know who's to be drawn. Who is there can be spared? Our Antoine is not strong—but what should we do without him?

BABET. Yes; and our Baptiste? It's only yesterday he settled to take his father's farm, and-----

JEAN. And then make you his wife. Louise told me you were to be married the same day as ourselves. Well, well, you must all hope for the best! The quota is thirty-two; but only nineteen, I hear, will be wanted for active service; the rest go on the Reserve. So, who knows—the Emperor always conquers—next year there may be peace. Some then will be spared—as I shall be, thank heaven!—and we who are left must take the place of those who go.

MANON. Take their place!

JEAN. At least, I shall—don't be afraid of that. What! am I known to be the strongest fellow in the Department—and have I nothing better to give than pity when my friends want help! I can always spare an hour or so when my own fields are looked to; and how could I be proud of them—how could I point to their loaded furrows, if I saw only a desert stretching right and left about them?

MANON. Oh, bless you, Jean!—bless you, Jean!—there is always comfort in your words! Neighbours! neighbours! what do you think our dear good Jean has said to us?

They run off at R. 3 E.

JEAN. Not much—not much—that can stand betwixt you and the heavy ill that is coming. He may trim your vines a little, or dig a trench for you, or carry fresh stones to mend your fences; but will all his strength lift off the misery that will weigh on your hearts to-night?—will it give back the looks and voices that may never come to you again?

LOUISE comes from the cottage.

LOUISE. Dear Jean, are you returned?

JEAN. Yes, Louise, yes.

LOUISE. And very tired, I can see.

JEAN. Oh no, I'm not! my day's work wasn't so heavy, though if it were, all the better—I should have more relish for my soup.

LOUISE. Why, true—but-----

JEAN. And especially such good soup as you and mother make me. Besides, if as they say, I'm as strong as any three men, I oughtn't to complain till I'm as *tired* as any three—though to be sure, that would be awkward, for then I should come home with the appetite of three.

LOUISE. Always a light heart, whatever are your labours!

JEAN. Well; and is it a wonder when there's so much to make them pleasant? such a vineyard as I've got, and such a

home to repay its village, dear mother, and little sisters—and such a wife—soon—as Louise!

LOUISE. Who doesn't seem too many, as she sits among your dear ones.

JEAN. Too many ? when I always see you near me, turning my hardest work to pastime, whether in the heat or in the chill—too many, when I can hear you calling to me as I cross our hills in winter, and night and storm are coming down, bidding Jean be cautious, and to look well where he climbs. There are gales about those peaks that would out-roar a herd of lions,—but the loudest of them, and the wildest, could never drown your voice.

LOUISE. Dear Jean!

JEAN. Well—and so you've been to Grenoble to pay your father's rent to-day?

LOUISE. Yes, yes.

JEAN. And how about the good old city ?—did you see any fine sights there—any grand things in the shops?

LOUISE. Oh! yes, Jean:—I saw many things—almost too beautiful to look at. And at one shop there was something that wasn't very handsome—but it was all my little money would enable me to get—and—(*she draws out a folded handkerchief from her bosom, and gives it to him*)

JEAN. And for me ?

LOUISE. It's not worth your taking—but----

JEAN. Not when Louise gives it ? I doubt if even the Emperor is rich enough to buy it from me ! It's very good, and it is very handsome too! And you've bought this out of your little savings ?—I daresay—for a whole year (*he kisses it*) I'll put it on at once. No, not at once! I'll wait till the drawing is over; it wouldn't be kind to shew I was so happy, when so many about us will be so miserable ; so many, whose gloom to-night,— will never know a morning.

LOUISE. Then how thankful we should be that our home is safe;—that—take who they will—they can't rob us of you, Jean.

JEAN. No ; heaven is good to us ! and so—how's mother ?

LOUISE. Better I think—much better—she's happier and stronger.

JEAN. Not fretting quite so much about Henri?

LOUISE. No; for she has had a dream about him—which has made her much more cheerful—a dream which has taught her to place a deeper trust in Providence.

JEAN. Which she ought—for—if it has taken from her a son hasn't it given her a daughter—a girl—in my Louise—who will well supply his place ? Ah! mother has yet to learn that the home, which love has entered—heaven has not

overlooked ! (*he embraces her ; his little sisters run from the cottage*)

GIRLS. Jean ! Jean ! (*he lifts them up and kisses them*)

JEAN. Ah, you little rogues! You, Fanchon—and you, Marie—have you got some dinner ready for your brother—some good soup, and a drop of wine ? If you haven't, don't expect he'll give you a ride off to the fields, though his back *is* such a broad one, and made, as you say, to carry both of you.

Music—MADAME VALJEAN *appears at the cottage door.*

MAD. V. My son !

JEAN. Dear mother, is that you? (*he puts down the CHILDREN and, with LOUISE, leads MADAME VALJEAN from the house, whilst the GIRLS bring out her chair, in which she sits*) Why, you're strong to-day; quite hearty—quite a colour in your cheek! I shouldn't wonder if this morning Louise and I had gone to church, but you would have contrived to walk there—aye, and what's more, had a dance with us at night!

MAD. V. Ah, had it been possible.

LOUISE. (*aside to him*) And yet, ought she to sit here? Remember what's to happen.

JEAN. (*aside*) Oh plenty of time,—'twill be half an hour yet. Well, mother, you'll wonder at the appetite I've got; something quite presumptuous in a poor fellow like me—only fit for a Sous-Prefet—as you shall see, when Louise brings my soup, and Marie brings my stool, and Fanchon brings my bottle.

GIRLS. Yes—yes, Jean !

They run into the house, and return with the stool and bottle, followed by LOUISE with a basin and bread—JEAN sits, and MARIE mounts his knee—LOUISE leaning over him.

JEAN. There now, I am as happy as the Emperor himself!—happier than he is sometimes—for it's an easy thing to govern when every one wants to serve. Well, and so, mother, you are a little stronger to-day ? Slept better last night—and, what's more, had a pleasant dream—you dreamt about poor Henri ?

MAD. V. Yes, Jean, I did. I thought he came and sat by me, and begged me to be comforted—came to bring me some good news—that there were better times in store for us.

JEAN. Why, how strange!

MAD. V. Came also to tell me that I should soon see him again—and all this he said with such a calm and smiling face, that now I shall cease to think of the terrible way in which he died—of the raging storm—and the dark night! I shall see him only in a home where no tempests spend their rage.

LOUISE. Dear Henri—we all loved him so!

JEAN. He was such a good fellow—such a brave one!

LOUISE. And so young, too—but sixteen.

JEAN. And to think he couldn't rest with us till he had ripened into a man : but must run away to sea before he had a bone set in his body.

LOUISE. And he was lost, was he not, somewhere off the coast of Spain ?

JEAN. He wouldn't have been, had I been there—he wouldn't, mind you that. The sea—strong as it is—should never have torn him from my grasp! I would have found some spar to lash him to, and then, had the waves run as high as the Swiss Alps, I'd have climbed them with him. Never fear, I'd have carried him to shore.

MAD. V. My own dear Jean!

LOUISE. But are you so sure that Henri was lost? You read of his vessel's wreck in one of the Toulon papers; but that, I remember, said that though many ships went down, many more were stranded, and their crews escaped to shore.

JEAN. Yes; but, Louise, that's full nine months ago, and if he'd been alive, do you think he wouldn't have reached us, or sent a single line ? Henri was not the fellow to break his mother's heart in that way.

MAD. V. No, no, dear Louise; better submit to our hard trial than only make it heavier by nursing hopes that are but dreams, (*a post horn is heard*, L. 2 E.)

JEAN. The post! I don't think old Pierre Baboeuf has stretched his legs down here these ten days. Who is he coming to to-day, I wonder ? Monsieur Quirot, I dare say. He'll have some news about those sheep of his that he sent to the fair at Barbejac; or Monsieur Morbec the miller; or-----

Enter POSTMAN, *from* L. 3 E., *with bag, horn, & c.*—*he extends a letter—some of the VILLAGERS enter opposite—BLANVAL and QUIROT return from* L. 1 E.

POSTMAN. A letter for Madame Valjean.

JEAN. (*starting up*) Who?

POSTMAN. Madame Valjean; and a franc to pay.

JEAN. A franc! I haven't got one.

LOUISE. But I have, out of father's money. I can lend it to you, Jean. Here, Monsieur Baboeuf, here's your money—it's a good one.

POSTMAN. Quite right, ma'mselle.

LOUISE. There—dear mother! there!

LOUISE gives the letter to MADAME VALJEAN ; the POSTMAN looks over a packet.

POST. And now—let me see !—haven't I another for this village ?

VILLAGERS. For me—Monsieur Baboeuf— or me—or me?
They go off with him at R. 3 E.

MAD. V. I—I—seem to know—the hand—but my sight has grown so dim. Do you read it, Jean! *(he looks at it an instant)*

JEAN. And I seem to know it too—the way that T stretches out—like a greyhound when he rouses—and the shape of that big V—quite a pattern for a plough handle. Why as I look at those marks again, there rises up a face—'tisn't from Henri ? *(he tears the letter open—MADAME VALJEAN rises from her chair)*

MAD. V. My son !

JEAN. Saints in heaven! he's alive! *(MUSIC— MADAME VALJEAN utters a low cry and sinks down senseless)*

LOUISE. She has fainted ! carry her in, Jean, whilst I get some water. A sudden joy to her is almost as bad as death.
(he enters the cottage)

JEAN. *(raising his mother from the chair)* Mother ! mother ! don't give way so! This is no time for sinking. This is news to make you strong again. Henri's alive! alive! She hears me not! Some water, Louise, some water ! *(he carries her into the house, the CHILDREN following—BLANVAL and QUIROT advance)*

BLAN. Great happiness for these poor people.

QUI. Great indeed ; so unexpected.

BLAN. This youth they've so long been mourning for.

QUI. It will be good news for the whole commune.

BLAN. And is not the worst for us.

QUI. For us?

BLAN. Of course, Monsieur Quirot, for as his brother is alive the worthy Jean-----

QUI. Is liable?

BLAN. It's true his name is not on the roll; but that's a defect easily remedied. We have only to inscribe it, and ask the Sous-Prefet to attach his signature to the correction.

QUI. But still, sir, you would never think-----

BLAN. Come, come, Monsieur le Maire, we mustn't suffer personal feelings to stand in the way of the public service; men are too precious, and especially such a man as this fellow. I will walk with you to your house, and put the roll in form at once.
They go off at the back, L.

JEAN and LOUISE return from the cottage— he with the letter.

JEAN. Yes, yes, she's better now; all she wants is a little rest. Good news is like good wine; if it stupefies it strengthens. And now, love, you shall hear what poor dear Henri says to us. *(he reads, she leaning on his shoulder)*

"Dear Mother,—You have not heard from me so long, I know how you'll be pleased when these lines reach your hand. Coming home we were caught in a terrible gale, close to the Straits—our ship went down ; but I and a mate, fortunately, got hold of some spars, and floated till we were picked up by a ship bound for the Brazils, which I reached safe and sound—but there caught a fever which laid me up for several months, and would have killed me if it hadn't been for the good nuns, who found me out and nursed me till I was strong again ; then I set sail for Toulon, which I reached on Monday evening"—Monday, Louise—last Monday!

BLANVAL *returns at back, L., and pauses.*

" and only wait till I've seen the owners of my ship, and got my arrears of pay—when I shall set off at once; and you may make sure of seeing me in three days at farthest—so love to all at home—to dear Jean, and Marie, and"—*(he drops the letter, covering his eyes—LOUISE picks it up)*. My sight is misty now ; read the rest yourself, love ; or, as she must be well enough by this time—run in and read it to her.

LOUISE. That's better. Yes—to her. *(she goes into the cottage with the letter—BLANVAL advances slowly)*

JEAN. Alive and well! and back to us—to stop all mother's grieving, and put the blessed warmth of a new spring-time in her veins. Back in time too for our wedding—to have a kiss of poor Louise, and sit down at our feast, with Fanchon upon one knee, and Marie on the other. What a day 'twill be for all of us ! What a dance we shall have—what singing—

BLAN. My good friend !

JEAN. *(turning)* Yes, captain !

BLAN. You have recovered a lost brother?

JEAN. Oh, yes, sir! Heaven be praised! There's his letter ; you shall see it. He's at Toulon, and will be here on Friday.

BLAN. And that being the case—need I remind you of what follows ?

JEAN. Follows ?

BLAN. You *were*, you know, exempt.

JEAN, *(starting back with a cry)* What's that ?

BLAN. But now you are no longer the widow's only son.

JEAN. Oh, saints!

BLAN. Your name has been entered on the roll, and you must take part in the drawing.

JEAN. Oh, no! that would not be right, sir; my brother can't take my place—he is so young—a mere boy—who couldn't do a day's work on our farm.

BLAN. It may be so.

JEAN. He's a sailor, not a labourer. Our plot of land would go to ruin.

BLAN. That would be hard, certainly.

JEAN. And my mother's ill; and I have little sisters who have no one else to keep them. Why, good Captain, they would starve!

BLAN. Should you be *drawn*, but you may *not* be; so take courage, and shew you've a heart that's worthy of your southern limbs. You're the most powerful man they say that's to be found this side of Lyons. Shall that praise apply only to your large hands and iron sinews ?

JEAN. Well, no, sir ; I hope not. I am a man, I trust, in every way ; and I hope I shall always do my duty and obey the laws, even if they are hard ones; but—but—you'll say nothing to my family—at least—till all is over ?

BLAN. Oh, no.

JEAN. For you see they are very happy, sir, just now. This is the best news they have had along time. Mother loved the lad so much—was pining away at the thought of him ; but if she knew, poor soul, that she'd only got back one son in order to lose another—why, she's very weak and ailing—and—and—you—you see what I mean, sir ?

BLAN. Clearly; and I see more—that 'tis his *heart* which makes Jean Valjean the strongest man about here.

BLANVAL *turns away and goes off at back, L.*

Enter LOUISE from the cottage.

LOUISE. Oh, love—that joyful letter—it has made your poor mother young again; but she wants to hear you read it, for then, she says, dear Henri would seem to be standing by her side. Why, Jean, how very strange you look.

JEAN. Strange, do I—strange ?

LOUISE. Yes, so staring and astonished, as though—what's happened ?

JEAN. Oh nothing—nothing! that is—well I—I have been thinking about this drawing. It would not be very kind of us to look on at our neighbours' misery—so I want to close our door—that you and mother—that is, all of us shall see nothing till it is over.

LOUISE. How like your tender heart; but you are always right in everything; so come in to her and say so.

JEAN. I—I thought you'd feel as I did—and----- (*he turns slowly with her to the door*)

Enter a GENDARME at back, L. 3 E.

GENDARME. (*in a loud voice*) The Sous-Prefet ! (*the drum rolls outside*)

JEAN. 'Twill begin. Come in, Louise, come in. *(they go into cottage)*

The VILLAGERS, male and female, enter from R. 3 E.—the GENDARMES and SERGEANT enter from L. 3 E., and post themselves in a line at back—the SOUS-PREFET follows, in official costume, and takes his seat in the chair, the PEOPLE bowing—his SECRETARY follows with drawing papers, which he places in the urn, and a regulation book, which he puts on the table, and seats himself at the end of table, L.—BLANVAL then follows with a list of the quota, and places himself in front of the table, near c.—QUIROT advances to R. of the SOUS-PREFET—JEAN enters from the cottage, and closing its door, stands against it.

BLAN. My friends, the quota for this district amounts to thirty-two. The number required for active service is fixed at nineteen. All of you who draw below the line of twenty serve ; all above are free. Answer to your names when called, and draw. Attention! *(he reads from the list—Music)* Pierre Cazote!

CAZOTE. Here! *(he advances from the group of VILLAGERS, and bowing to the SOUS-PREFET as he passes him, goes to the table and draws a paper from the urn, which BLANVAL takes from him and reads)*

BLAN. Pierre Cazote—seventeen—serves !

(a cry is heard from the group—CAZOTE turns to them with a look of sadness, and clasping a girl who runs to him goes off, R.—BLANVAL hands the paper to the SECRETARY, who records it in the book)

BLAN. *(reads again)* Maurice Rivage!

RIVAGE. Here! *(he crosses in like manner to the table, draws, and hands the paper to BLANVAL, who reads)*

BLAN. Maurice Rivage—twenty-four—free!

(a cry of " Free ! free!" comes from the group, and RIVAGE, joining them hastily, goes off with friends, R.—BLANVAL again hands the paper to the SECRETARY, who bends across and talks to him—the SOUS-PREFET speaks to QUIROT—JEAN advances a little to observe them—LOUISE looks out from the cottage door)

LOUISE. Jean ! Jean!

JEAN. No, no ! back Louise! back ! Didn't you promise me not to see this.

LOUISE. Nor would I; but your mother's ill and wants a word with you.

JEAN. In a moment then—tell her I'll come in a moment. *(she goes in and he closes the door)* And if I go—and my turn should come next—she will know all.

BLANVAL. (*reads again*) Ambrose Peltier;

PELTIER. Here!

JEAN. No, no, Captain. I beg pardon; I want to ask if you'll be so good as to let me be called the next.

BLAN. You, Jean ?

JEAN. Ambrose will not mind, will you, friend ?

Sous-P. What's this ?

JEAN. Yes, Monsieur if you please; I know it's very wrong and also very bold in a poor fellow like me to trouble you at such a time, but I have good reasons for my wish—I have indeed if I could name them. Oh, Monsieur Quirot! will you speak a word for me ?

QUI. Your excellency, I can't help feeling there's some cause for his request, and will ask you to consent to it, as a favour to myself.

Sous-P. well, Quirot, of course if you support his prayer—Captain, call this man !

BLAN. (*reads*) Jean Valjean !

JEAN. (*in a low voice*) Here! (*JEAN listens at his door a moment then crosses quickly to the table—draws—and gives the paper*)

BLAN. (*reading*) Jean Valjean—seven—serves!

The CROWD. Serves! (*JEAN stands rooted with dismay*)

JEAN. (*murmuring*) Serves! (*the CROWD break into loud cries and cross to him*)

1ST. VIL. No, no, not Jean ! the village can't spare him !

2ND. V. Take any one but him !

1ST. V. Take any one—take six of us! (*the SOUS-PREFET rises*)

Sous-P. Captain Blanval, what does this mean? (*JEAN revives, and staggering to his door leant against it and listens*)

BLAN. It means, sir, I fear, that the disaffection which is so prevalent, has penetrated to this village, and it is advisable you suspend the drawing till this excitement has subsided. (*he and QUIROT join the SOUS-PREFET, and convene*)

1ST. V. You hear, JEAN—we won't part with you!

2ND. V. No, No !—they shall never take you !

JEAN. Hush!—hush! friends, or they'll hear you.

(*BLANVAL advances to the foreground*)

BLAN. Attention! His Excellency, kindly considering your feeling for a friend, and not wishing to expose you to the penalties of disobedience, suspends the drawing for an hour, when he trusts you will have reflected on the danger of your conduct, and be prepared to respect the law, which you now tread under foot. Sergeant, remove the men.

The SOUS-PREFET goes off with QUIROT at L. u. E., followed by his SECRETARY, the GENDARMES, and BLANVAL.

1ST V. Now, Jean, they're gone you see!

2ND V. And I doubt if they'll come back again ;—they won't dare to take you from us.

JEAN. Thank you!—thank you, many times ;—but, not so loud, or near the door—a step or two this way !

(he leads them from the door and talks to them aside at

L. u. E.—MANON advances to the cottage)

MAN.*(a side)* But Louise ought to know. If his mother heard it suddenly, the news would be sure to kill her. *(she enters the cottage)*

JEAN. So, as I'm safe for at least an hour, you may leave me, and bye and bye, we'll talk it over again.

1ST V. But they'll never take you, Jean!

2ND V. They shan't!—you may rest assured of that!

ALL. They shan't, Jean !—they shan't!

They shake his hand and go off R. U. E.

JEAN. Well, it's worthy of them—old companions—it's like their kindly hearts; it's almost worth getting into trouble, when there's such a wish to pull one out of it. *(a scream comes from the cottage)*

JEAN. Is it known? *(LOUISE flings open the door)*

LOUISE. Deny it, Jean !—deny it!—you cannot say it's true!

JEAN. Heaven comfort you—for I can't!—heaven comfort you poor girl! *(she runs to him)*

LOUISE. No, no—you'd better kill me—much better than say that, it's more than life can bear.

JEAN. Poor darling! poor Louise!

BLANVAL returns from L. U. E.

LOUISE. And no safety ?—no escape?— no way by which to save you.

BLAN. But one :—if he could find a substitute.

JEAN. A what ?

BLAN. Sufficient money, and a man that the Sous-Preiet would accept instead. Let me advise you then to go to him and see if you could arrange something.

JEAN. I might perhaps! I might! the Sous-Prefet is not unmerciful—there's a chance left! yes!—I'll go to him. So cheer up, girl! cheer up! the sky is not all clouds. Tell mother to be comforted, I shall be back with better news.

He goes off at L. u. E.—LOUISE enters the cottage.

BLAN. Poor fellow ! there seems a baseness in entrapping a man in this way; but unless he is removed, there will be a tumult, and in the present state of our drafts he is too good a man to lose.—By this time all is over ! he's at the door—and they have secured him. *(outcries are heard at L. U. E.— QUIROT comes from L. hastily)*

QUI. Captain Blanval— he has resisted, and flings off your men like children. Go to the spot! or blood will flow!

BLANVAL *goes off at L. U. E.—Music—the VILLAGERS return from R. u. E., and look off.*

MANON *comes from the cottage.*

MANON. Oh, neighbours! Monsieur Quirot! will you step to Madame Valjean? this news of Jean's enrolment-----

QUI. Has struck to her heart; I feared as much, 'twas the sole blow that was wanting.

He enters the cottage, followed by MANON.

1ST V. The cowards!—he is too strong for them!

2ND V. Though they have seized him behind our backs.

1ST V. Now he's got a musket and has struck the sergeant to the ground—he's free,—and runs this way.

ALL. Hurrah!

JEAN *returns from L. U. E.—his clothes torn, grasping a musket and turns L. to his pursuers.*

JEAN. Be warned!—I say, be warned!—I have maimed one of you—a second I may kill! shoot me if you like—I may as well die here as anywhere; but you shall not drag me off to Grenoble—like a wolf caught in a trap! (*he turns to his house*) Mother—mother!—I am still free—and still can sit beside, and cheer you. (*he enters the house—hastily*)

BLANVILL *returns from L. u. E. with the GENDARMES— their guns levelled, and bayonets fixed—the CROWD groans at them.*

CROWD. Ah—h—h—h!

BLAN. Give way!—I have no wish to harm you, but if you oppose me, they shall fire!—Surround the house!—he can't escape—and if he resists further-----

(the CROWD retreating from the GRNDAEMES—QUIROT comes from the house, followed by LOUISE)

QUIROT. There is no fear, sir—she—he returned to comfort needs his support and love no longer.

BLAN. Dead!

QUIROT. Even as he entered.

BLAN. Fall back, men—fall back! (*the GENDARMES do so*)

LOUISE. And will he still go into the army, sir?

BLAN. Not now—he has maimed an officer.

LOUISE. Then where—where will he be sent instead, sir?

BLAN. To the galleys!

(she screams and sinks on the ground, covering her face—

JEAN comes slowly from the house, as if in a sleep—his sisters clinging to him—LOUISE raises her head, springs up, and throws herself on his breast)

LOUISE. Jean, Jean! you will not leave us—who is to protect us now ?

JEAN. Your best friend—if your only one !
(*he stretches his hands up to heaven—the CROWD form a group at the back and the drop descends*)

END OF THE PROLOGUE.

ACT I.—1816.

THE CONVICT'S RETURN.

SCENE I.—*A Village on the French Alps. A tavern stands at R. 2 E. with a Swiss staircase and gallery, and sign board showing a soldier carrying his general on his back, and the words, " The Sergeant at Waterloo." A church and cottages range higher up R. their porches hung with flowers—the high road runs off at R. 3 E.—L. a mass of rocks mark the edge of a precipice, a pathway running to their summit; at the back rise up the peaks of the High Alps covered with snow.*

As the Curtain rises a group of PEASANT GIRLS are seen dancing in the foreground; a SAVOYARD BOY playing to them on his hurdygurdy; the VILLAGERS survey them at the back; MADAME THENARDIER sits before the inn; as the dance ends, JAVERT comes from the road, R. 3. E., in a travelling dress, great, coat, knapsack, &c. &c. ; looking round, advances; MADAME THENARDIER rises.

JAVERT. A fete-day—I see—here.

MADAME THENARDIER. Yes, sir—if you please—the Fete of St. Elizabeth—the patron of our mountain.

JAV. And also of a village that's one of the highest on the French Alps—well—and I dare say you manage to lead tolerably happy lives here ?

MAD. T. Of course, sir, we do ;—we wouldn't change with any of the valleys. If we work hard we sleep well; and if the air is rather keen, it makes us live all the longer. To be sure, we've got our troubles—we've our storms now and then;—we'd a horrid one last week. I suppose, sir, you don't know what it's like, when it blows on the High Alps?

JAV. Oh, yes, I do!—it's like Nature in a passion trying the soundness of her lungs.'

MAD. T. But this, sir, was something terrible. It unroofed

our houses, blew away our pigs and goats—yes—and would have blown away our people if they hadn't had courage and held fast.

JAV. Oh, it's a great school of virtue to live a thousand feet in the air.

MAD. T. I don't know what we should have done if it hadn't been for our new landlord, Monsieur Quirot, from Grenoble, and my husband, the sergeant—an extraordinary man, sir—he was at Waterloo and Moscow—that's his picture on our sign-board, carrying his general from the field of battle.

JAV. Extraordinary, indeed—why he had the whole command on his own shoulders.

MAD. T. But I can see you want your supper, sir. Would you like an omelet, or a slice of bacon, or—eh!—bless my soul, we haven't got a drop of wine—all owing to the storm, sir.

JAV. Why, has it drawn all your corks ?

MAD. T. No, sir; but the carriers who bring us everything from Gap, are several hours behind their time. Not a drop of wine in the village. We've had warmer days up here, but, I believe, a dryer festival is not to be remembered, *(the jingle of horse bells is heard in the distance, R.)* Eh ! What was that? *(the jingle grows louder—together with the cracking of whips)*

CROWD. *(at the back)* The carriers! the carriers!

They all go off by the road, R. 3. E.

MAD. T. And so, here they are at last. And now, perhaps you will step in, sir, and say what you will take—and also see my husband. Sergeant! Sergeant! you are wanted !

She enters the house.

JAV. Ah, Gap! I was instructed to have an eye upon this ex-subaltern. If I find him in any mischief, I shall be a greater hero than himself; the sergeant carried off the general, I shall carry off the sergeant. *He enters the inn.*

MICHEL *then comes from the road, R. 3 E., leading on FANTINE who is very feeble, and followed by BAPTISTE who carries her child—the CROWD surrounding them; the CURE and QUIROT advance from the back L.*

MICH. Now don't press about her, she's not strong—though she can walk.

CURE. Why Michel, who are these ?

MICH. A poor woman and her child that we found half dead on the road.

CURE. In her attempt to climb the mountain?

MICH. Yes, Monsieur le Cure, she's a widow going to Briancon, to place her little one with some relations; her hus-

band was a bead maker, and it seems discovered something in his craft, which she has put on paper.

FANT. And which, perhaps, Monsieur le Curd, would be good enough to read, *(she draws the paper from her breast)*

CURE. And you so weak, and ailing ! let us first think of your wants, then listen to your history. What is your name ?

FANT. Fantine le Sage.

BAP. And her little girl she calls Cosette. *(he places the child on the ground)*

CURE. Come with me then and have some food, and when you are a little rested, I'll see if one of our good neighbours can provide you with a bed.

VILLAGERS. I will sir—and I-----

MICH. There, I told you you'd be well off as soon as you reached the village!

CURE. Come with me, my poor Fantine, and also your little girl, Cosette. *(he takes them by the hand and leads them off at the back L. U. E. followed by the CROWD)*

BAP. But here, Madame Fantine, here is the handkerchief you dropped, *(he pulls a red one from his breast)*

MICH. No, no! it isn't hers ;—I asked her that just now. Now, Baptiste, go and unpack;—they are all waiting for the wine we've brought.

BAPTISTE *goes off by the road, R. 3 E. ; JAVERT returns from the Inn.*

QUI. Michel, this was very kind of you.

MICH. Oh ! no, sir—I hope not. They didn't add much to our load—misery has made them light enough. But, you see, why we're so late to day—twasn't the mountain only was our trouble—there were these poor things, whom we had to get upon our pack-saddles; and that wasn't all;—the storm had blown an elm down, right across the road, and though Baptiste and I tugged at it for as much as half-an-hour, we couldn't move it an inch.

QUI. And what did you do ?

MICH. Well, Monsieur Quirot, we were coming on for help, when a wayfarer came up—a rough surly-looking fellow—who, after laughing at our difficulty, said—if I would pay him he'd drag the tree off himself.

QUI. Himself?

MICH. Single-handed! so, just to stop his bragging, I offered him a franc—when, would you believe it?—away it went in his grip, as if it had been chained to a team of oxen.

JAV. *(aloud)* There is only one man could have done that.

MICH. No, sir,—not in this quarter—and, what'a more, I don't believe that his mother had a pair of 'em.

QUI. And where did you leave this person?

MICH. Well, sir, he left us. When I had paid him what I agreed, he mounted to the village by the path that skirts the precipice.

QUI. The precipice?—that way is forbidden—no one has ventured by it these ten years.

MICH. So I told him, sir, —and shouted to him to come down, but it was of no use—he wouldn't mind me—on he went, and-----

BAP. *calls from the road*—Michel! Michel!

MICH. Now it is I am shouted for—those saddle-bags are heavy ! You'll excuse me, if you please, sir.

He goes off by the road, R. 3 E.

QUI. A strange feat, sir—this we've listened to.

JAV. Strange, indeed !

QUI. But I think you said you knew of some one-----

JAV. Yes ; one man who could have done it; and he was a prisoner in the Toulon Bagne.

QUI. And was his name Valjean ?

JAV. The same.

QUI. Who was sentenced six years since, for resistance to the Conscription ?

JAV. You are correct. He was in the south ward, and was called Jean the Windlass, on account of his great strength. When they were repairing the town-hall, one of its statues would have fallen if he hadn't held it up.

QUI. And you knew this man?

JAV. It was my duty. I was an assistant keeper in the Bagne, from whence I am going to Normandy to assume the post of sub-inspector.

QUI. And I, sir, knew him also; I knew him from his boyhood, was a witness of the sad causes of his seizure and his sentence ; and you can tell me how he has borne it—can say if his hard fate has done much to alter his open, kindly, honest nature.

JAV. Why we must speak of different beings !—the Jean Valjean I refer to, was one of the worst men of the prison.

QUI. What say you ?

JAV. The convict of all others—who was the most degraded and ferocious!

QUI. You jest with me.

JAV. The dread of his companions—the constant torment of his keepers—a man who seemed always brooding on some terrible revenge !

QUI. And can any amount of misery have wrought such a change as this ?

JAV. Well sir,—the galleys are a great unveiler of a man—they tell the world his secret—they may dry up his moral current; but they lay bear the mud at the bottom.

(MADAME THENARDIER *looks from the door*)

MAD. T. Your snpper is quite ready, sir.

JAV. SO as this Valjean—for it must be he—is now mounting to the village by this path among the rocks—if you're a friend of his advise him—warn him—how he errs again. Bid him remember that a second crime sends him back to his chains—for life!

He enters the Inn.

Qui. And why is he debased ? is not his punishment the cause—his punishment—which has stamped out of him all true image of a man! —Our laws —which in their blind desire to revenge instead of to redeem—create the thing they punish, and turn offenders into victims.

(a cry of distress is heard from the rocks at the back)

VOICE. Help! Help!

QUI. What was that ? it sounded like a cry that came up from the ravine, *(the cry is heard again, and feebler)*

VOICE. Help! Help!

QUI. Is it Jean ? *(he goes to the cliff and looks off, L.)* Holy saints! —he has fallen from the cliff, but a tree has caught him and he swings by it—yet only for an instant—a rope, friends, or he's lost!

The VILLAGERS run on with a rope—others with a massive iron bar, which they plant beside the cliff—they attach the rope to it, and throw it over—others mount the Inn gallery and look off—MICHEL enters and looks off, L.

MICH. You are too late—the tree bends with him!

QUIROT. And will he fall ?

MICH. No ; for he has grasped another, and a stronger, just above it, and now lifts himself to the broom that grows yonder in the crevices—now climbs by them to the higher edge of the cliff—firmly—firmly—if the plants hold but a minute longer—*(pausing)* He is safe !

(JEAN'S head rises above the rocks at L., and he falls on them exhausted)

ALL. Hurrah!

(the next moment he re-animates, and mounting the edge, descends the pathway, and, reaching the foreground, sinks down)

Qui. He is exhausted ! Quick,—some brandy !

MICH. I have got some. Here, comrade ! drink ! there's a year's life in every gulp of it. *(he puts a flask to JEAN'S lips—the latter seizes and empties it—then revives—and looks round—the CROWD surrounding him)* You're better now ?

JEAN. Why, yes ; but why do they all stare so ?—do they take me for a wild beast ?

QUI. Not so ; for a fellow-being, whom they did their best

to rescue, and—as they pitied in his danger—whom they rejoice with in his escape.

JEAN. And who wants them to rejoice?

QUI. And are you so dead to human sympathy?

JEAN. To what?

QUI. Is it possible you've outlived all desire to look on friends?

JEAN. Friends?—ha! ha! I am the right one to talk of friends to!

QUI. I, at least, have *tried* to be one.

JEAN. You?

QUI. Look at me! you remember the old village.

JEAN. You've come from it, so can tell me—how are they all at home?

QUI. You have had no news then where you've been?

JEAN. News? What should bring it unless 'twas the sea-gulls? News is a pleasure, and in that place whoever heard of happiness! there they only allow us to have hands and legs, not hearts!—How's Henri?

QUI. Are you able to bear my answer?

JEAN. To bear it? I've had some practice! I've borne a little in six years? how is he?

QUI. Well—at peace, Jean! dead long since.

JEAN. Dead!

QUI. He was ill when he came home—you know—and—

JEAN. And tried to take my place.—Dead! he's better off! and Marie?—and Fanchon?

QUI. Marie, poor child! soon followed him.—Fanchon—she disappeared

JEAN. Did what?

QUI. Wandered off one day, no one could tell whither.

JEAN. And Louise?

QUI. Well—she-----

JEAN. Speak out!

QUI. At all this grief got broken-hearted, grew reckless, and at last—poor girl!—she came to ruin.

JEAN. Ruin? it's a lie, sir! a foul lie! my Louise?

QUI. It is the truth.

JEAN. My own best loved—my wife that was to have been

QUI. I know how it must wring you.

JEAN. And you saw it all, and didn't save her! you,—who call yourself my friend! Ah I wasn't I right that the whole world had gone against me? Wasn't I right when I cried, as I swung against the cliff, and saw not a ledge or crevice in the wide wall that stretched above me, "Oh! rock, you are not so cruel as I have found the heart of man!"

QUI. Not my heart, Jean, at least. All I could do for

Louise, I did, but found all unavailing ; let me know then in what way I can be of service to yourself?

JEAN. In no way.

QUI. Do you need nothing ?

JEAN. Nothing.

QUI. You must be poor ?

JEAN. You are mistaken—I've above a hundred francs about me, all my earnings for six years—so I had some cause to cling to the bushes—I wasn't going to lose all that money.

QUI. And have you no want I could remove ?

JEAN. Well, I want a stick, for mine went down the precipice.

MICH. Why, I could manage that for you—I've got an alpenstock in the stable, that would be as good to you as a third leg. (QUIROT writes on a leaf of his pocket book—JEAN rises from the ground)

JEAN. Come on then ; bring it out, you're a man worth talking to.

QUI. Yet stay, Jean Valjean, Stay ! something more is dues, to the memory of early days, and friendly feelings. Here is my abode at Gap, to which I am now returning, and should you seek it for money or counsel, do not fear they'll be refused you.

He gives him the written leaf then goes off by the road R. 3 E., JEAN stands twirling the paper—JAVERT comes from the Inn

JEAN. Money! counsel! well—not bad things—but I'd rather have that stick of yours. (*He goes off with MICHEL and BAPTISTE by the road—the CROWD following*)

JAV. So Jean Valjean, you are free again ! have the world once more before you ! How long will it remain so ? you never looked more ripe for a crime of some sort than you do now, more sharp set for some mischief, if only to avenge what you've endured. I shall lose sight of you to-morrow, but some one ought to watch you,—some one be near should anything happen to report to the police at Gap. (THENARDIER is heard indoors)

THEN. Monsieur, this way.

JAV. The landlord—the very man !

THENARDIER comes from the inn in a semi-military dress with scars, medals, &c.

THEN. Sergeant Thenardier has the honour to welcome Monsieur to the High Alps.

JAV. (*aside*) A watch dog! well, he'll bark enough.

THEN. Monsieur is, of course, surprised to find an old relic of the Empire put away on such a shelf, but Monsieur will remember this is the era of great exiles. The Emperor is on his rock, and Thenardier is on his mountain.

JAV. (*aside*) Having exchanged for it his gutter—a salubrious transition.

THEN. Monsieur knows, of course, our victories—from Wagram up to Austerlitz, from Jena to the Borodino,—and yet I doubt if he ever heard of the share Thenardier had in winning them.

JAV. He's ashamed to confess his ignorance.

THEN. And yet they talk of history ! call it a chronicle of facts! fiction! fiction sir, which a set of rascals write to amuse a crowd of fools! Monsieur, I dare say, never heard of my great exploit at Waterloo ?

JAV. Never till I got up here, it was a piece of knowledge quite above me.

THEN. Why, it was the grand thing of the day, sir. Our general had fallen at Hougomont, when Marshal Key exclaimed, " The bravest man in the army will bring the general from under fire!" Then who was it sprung forward ? who rushed to his side, sir? who bore him to our lines? what history says 'twas I ? no one has written the fact, so I have been forced to paint it. Truth, they say, lies in a well, I've placed her on a signboard.

JAV. (*aside*) And I'm afraid that she *lies* there, (*loud cries are heard from the road—from JEAN and OTHERS*)

JEAN. But it's mine !—I say—it's mine !

BAP. No—it's not.

JEAN. Give it me!

MICH. Come—come! keep your temper.

JEAN. Give it me, I say!

CROWD. (*groaning*) Ah—h!

MICHEL *comes from the road*, E. 3 E.—MADAME THENARDIER *from the inn*.

MICH. Sergeant, come and assist me? this fellow who climbed the cliff, will strangle poor Baptiste.

MAD. T. Why Michel, what's the matter ?

MICH. A handkerchief we found as we were coming up the road, and Baptiste put round his neck—this fellow says is his, was given him by his sweetheart—but as he seized it without asking—plunging at us like a wild bull—why— (*the cries are renewed—and louder*) why he'll be the death of my poor comrade. Let go of him !— let go I say !

He runs off by the road—MADAME THENARDIER follows and looks off.

JAV. (*aside*) It's beginning!—it's beginning! I knew his appetite for mischief wouldn't fast very long.

MAD. T. And he has succeeded—has got the handkerchief! Poor Baptiste had to give in.

JAV. (*aside*) I shall be wanted next—I must look round for some assistance. (*he goes of by the road, R. 3 E*)

MAD. T. Why, what a brute we've got amongst us! and to come here on a fete-day—and make all this uproar and disturbance—why, sergeant—do you go to him.

THEN. I, Madame Thenardier?

MAD. T. You'll bring him to his senses.

THEN. But I should leave behind my own! Michel calls him a wild bull.

MAD. T. And what of that ?—if he was a herd of bulls, he wouldn't frighten you.

THEN. Of course not—wouldn't frighten me—but then there's the disgrace—an old soldier of the empire to come down to an affair of fistycuffs!—I don't believe the Emperor would have been illustrious in fistycuffs!

MAD. T. Why—I declare—he's coming here—he'll get no lodging in my house—and so you'll tell him —if he asks for it, you'll send him off, sergeant—you'll send him packing instantly!

She enters the inn—JEAN returns from the road, R. 3 E.—the handkerchief in one hand, the alpenstock in the other—the CROWD following in the distance.

JEAN. And so they thought to rob me of you, old companion, did they?—you, that poor Louise gave me the very day they tore me from her—that I hid away so carefully—took out every night to look at—till I fancied, in the black and stony silence of my dungeon, I saw her face grow out of it. (*he kisses and puts it away*) Well, that's a famous stick I've got!—with that I ought to manage thirty miles to-morrow, for I must go home, if it's only to know that it's all true about Louise—that they suffered her to come to shame and misery, as he has said yet, why not ?—who would care for her?—hasn't, the whole world gone against me ? Well, I'm very hungry, and very tired, and-----(*turning to the inn, THENARDIER plants himself before it*)

THEN. You don't know me, I suppose.

JEAN. Are you the landlord.

THEN. Yes—Thenardier, of the old guard. Well—Thenardier is not inhospitable, but he must desire you to be off.

JEAN. What do you mean ? Do you think I want to cheat you ? I've got money.

THEN. Very likely.

JEAN. A hundred francs and more; look here! (*he pulls out a leather purse. MADAME THENARDIER comes to the door*)

THEN. Nevertheless, my unhappy vagrant—

MAD. T. We've got no bed, so you must go on.

JEAN. You've got stables—put me there.

MAD. T. The stables are full of horses.

JEAN. Well then, the loft, with a truss of straw.

MAD. T. And the loft is full of grain; and what's more, you can have no supper.

JEAN. But I must, for I am starving. Do you know how far I've walked to-day?—All the way from Moulins.

MAD. T. I can't help it;—all I've got is ordered for people of the highest respectability.

JEAN. They're not so grand but they could spare a little.

MAD. T. They could easily spare your company. Now, it's no use talking, we can't do it. *(he grasps his stick vehemently)*

JEAN. But you shall do it! Don't I say I'm starving!—I've as much right to food as they have, and I'll have it! Do you hear, woman?—I'll have it! There's my money—What more have you to ask? *(JAVERT advances from the road, followed by MICHEL)*

JAV. Your passport?

JEAN. Monsieur Javert!

JAV. Let me see it? *(JEAN cowering under his look, draws out a yellow paper, which JAVERT scans)* Jean Valjean, a native of St. Brie—him!—him!—imprisoned six years—him!—him!—your paper is correct! *(he returns it—then says aloud)* A liberated convict!

He enters the inn with MICHEL—the CROWD, who have advanced during this, now retreat in terror.

MAD. T. A liberated convict!—why the world is coming to an end; you to come clamouring to the door of an old established inn—we lodge honest men in this house—honest men if poor ones.

THEN. Quite right, Madame Thenardier, honest men if poor ones.

JEAN. And I am honest, if I pay you.

MAD. T. Pay, indeed!—look there, sir! that's the picture of my husband as he carried his general from the field of battle—why, it is enough to make him drop his general to see you enter the door! No, no, Mr. Ex-Convict! no bed and supper here, sir!

THEN. No, no, Mr. Ex-----

(JEAN grasps his stick—the SERJEANT goes in with his wife—JEAN turns to the CROWD.)

JEAN. But some one will give me shelter and a little supper—if I can pay for it—you will, sir, won't you? or you ma'am? or you? *(they retire shaking their heads)* but do you hear me?—I'm famishing!—I shall die here if I get no food! you don't know what a way I've come to day—twelve leagues; if it's a step—and have eaten nothing since sunrise. So you

will take pity on me, won't you ? I don't ask for a bed—some straw would do ! I'll sleep anywhere—if I can eat something—a little bread, only ! a little bread !

They go off repelling him—he following and entreating—a loud peal of thunder is then heard, and the scene darkens—MICHEL looks from the inn.

MICH. Hollo! here's another storm coming—and a worse one than the last! Neighbours, neighbours ! make all fast! or your pigs and poultry will go down the mountain quicker than they ever went to market!—Baptiste—look to the stables!

He runs off by the road—the storm commences—the VILLAGERS run in and out with baskets—hen-coops &c.—followed by the PEASANT GIRLS and the SAVOYARD BOY—JEAN returns from the road, still appealing, and still rejected.

JEAN. They shut me out—are deaf to me—won't house me, even with their cattle!—I must bear the storm or die in it!—lie here if I lie anywhere ? why then—be merciful—you lightnings! do you have pity—strike me. What have I to do With life—when every heart rejects—when every door is closed against me ?

He throws himself on the ground—FANTINE comes feebly from the road and bends over him.

FANT. Not every one!

JEAN. (*raising his head*) Who's this ?

FANT. One door is always open.

JEAN. Where?

FANT. Not far from here, I'll take you to it.

JEAN. And who are you, who are so good ?

FANT. One who, you may see, is almost as wretched as yourself.

JEAN. And have you a shelter somewhere?

FANT. Yes, and for that reason was bound to remember those who had none.

JEAN. Ah ! it's the poor who feel for the poor! thank you my good woman—thank you! I'll go with you—I'll go with you!

He rises and goes off with her by the road—the storm begins to lull—the scene to lighten.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Village, overlooking the valley. The storm passing away.*

MICHEL and BAPTISTE come from L.

MICH. Yes, it's rolling off; they'll catch it next down in the valley; all the roofs that were left last week will take their turn in flying. (BAPTISTE speaks off at L.)

BAP. And now, you girls, don't loiter !—down the mountain, quick!—before another cloud comes up, or you'll all be drowned in one of the gullies, (*the PEASANT GIRLS run across from L.*)

GIRLS. Yes, Yes, Monsieur Baptiste, we shall run home every step. Come along, little Gervais!

They run off at L. 1 E. The SAVOYARD BOY follows, throwing up a piece of silver

MICH. And you, you little vagrant, make the best of your way also;—you are half the cause of their stopping here so late.

The BOY runs off at R.

Why, what's that the urchin's playing with—a two franc piece ?

BAP. Yes; he got it at Monsieur Martignac's, on the day of his daughter's wedding.

MICH. He'll lose it quicker than he got it if he goes spinning it up in that fashion. The sky is clearing now; we shall have a fine night after all. Come, along Baptiste, let's go in to supper.

They go off at R. 1 E.

FANTINE *enters slowly at L. 1 E., followed by JEAN.*

FAN. A few steps further, and you are there.

JEAN. And where are you taking me?—is it to an inn?

FAN. I have said it is to a door, which was not closed to my need, and will not be to yours.

JEAN. And your name, you say, is Fantine; and you are travelling to Briançon with your little girl Cosette—so we shall go the same road to-morrow.

FAN. That is, if I am strong enough.

JEAN. I wonder if your Cosette will remind me of my little Marie!

She goes off at R. 1 E.—he follows her in a reverie—JAVERT enters at L. 1 E., followed by THENARDIER.

JAV. So she's taking him to the Curb's ?

THEN. Yes, Monsieur Visitor; you see his house before us.

JAV. Well, there he'd do no harm.

THEN. Not a bad fellow, the priest, but rather given to cut up trade—keeps a sort of opposition tavern—gives food and beds for nothing.

JAV. Oh, I see! he pities misery, and you tax it. Well, you'll follow that man to his door, and bring me word, Serjeant Thenardier.

THEN. I beg pardon, Monsieur Visitor ; but as I am not in the Police-----

JAV. I am, and that's sufficient..

THEN. Monsieur in; very well! but he must allow me to remind him that the service I belong to-----

JAV. Is one I am well acquainted with—a number of your regiment were quartered at Toulon.

THEN. Toulon?

JAV. Yes—unacknowledged heroes, that their country wasn't worthy of—who ought to have had a medal, but who only got a chain.

THEN. And so Monsieur, it seems, was stationed at the galleys. Well, really, considering the society he had there-----

JAV. It's no wonder he should know how to set to work the sergeant.

THEN. But what if the sergeant should decline to be set to work?

JAV. Nothing can be simpler—he'll merely have to listen to the instructions given me at Gap. (*he takes out a note-book and reads*) " When sub-inspector Javert reaches the village of Col du Bee on the high road to St. Bonnet, he will find there a man who calls himself Thenardier, but whose real name is Cazote, and who is believed to be a deserter from the 47th Regiment of the Line."

THEN. Destiny is against me! Monsieur, I submit.

JAV. " And who is also known to the police as an ex-hair-dresser, ex-billiard marker, ex-mountebank, ex----- "

THEN. Monsieur, be magnanimous ! here comes my wife ; unveil not to her devoted eyes this mournful history—respect the trusting confidence which forms the divinest charm of woman!
He goes off at R.

MADAME THENARDIER *enters at L.*

MAD. T. Deary me, sir, why you've had quite a long talk with the sergeant ! Is'nt he, as I told you, a very extraordinary man ?

JAV. Yes, Madame, there's certainly something out of the way about him.

MAD. T. And do you believe, sir, that he's been in all the battles that he speaks of?

JAV. Well, if not all the battles, at least in the *retreats*.

MAD. T. And that he ran the risk he did to secure his general's safety ?

JAV. No doubt, and, perhaps, also (*aside*) to secure his general's watch.

They go off at L.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Cure's House. An antique massive chamber that looks through a wide window at the back, on a ravine; an old bureau stands at L.; a fireplace opposite, in which wood is burning; a table stands in C, on which supper has been laid, and a lighted lamp on it; another table, L.,*

on which is laid out some old silver, cups, forks, a silver cross, &c.; the moon is seen rising up the ravine.

The CURE is discovered reading at that table, c.—URSULE stands in the centre, L., cleaning a large silver snuff box.

URSULE. So, monsieur, you see there have been two storms in the village—there is this strange ferocious man who has frightened them all so much-----

CURE. Well, well.

URSULE. I was thinking, therefore, of telling the farrier to look to our locks and bolts, for you know, sir, you've something to lose—these dear old souvenirs of your once distinguished house; all the tokens you possess of what was formerly so great and honoured.

CURE. Not all, I hope—not all.

URSULE. How they shine, as if they smiled on me for the attention that I pay them. Well, I hope they're safe for another month, when they will come out for another cleaning; and so now I will put them in their basket, and as I see, sir, you've finished supper, I'll bring your candle and go to bed.

CURE. Yes, yes, Ursule, to bed.

(she goes to the bureau and takes out a basket, and as she turns with it JEAN thrusts open the door and looks in—she sees him, and recoils with a scream)

URSULE. Oh, good saints ! Monsieur, look there.

CURE. *(turning to JEAN)* My friend.

JEAN. What sort of house is this ? Is it an inn ? I'm very tired, and dying of hunger; but I'll pay you if you'll let me stop here.

CURE. Ursule, you'll bring some supper for this poor man, and put a fresh log on the fire.

JEAN. May I stay then? stop a moment, *(he advances a few steps and leans on his stick)* You must first know who I am—Jean Valjean—a galley-slave ! who was six years in the Bagne—and is now on his way to Grenoble; but his yellow passport sends him from every door. I went to the inns—they wouldn't have me. I begged at a prison for a night's shelter, and was told I must first commit a crime! At this village they wouldn't house me—even from the storm. I must have lain all night on the ground if a good woman hadn't led me here.

CURE. She obliged myself as much as you. Ursule, when you have brought the supper, you will put clean sheets on our spare bed.

URSULE *puts wood on the fire, then goes off, L., staring at both of them.*

JEAN. And you won't turn me out, now I've told you who I am?

CURE. Our fire was getting low, it will be better now ; pray come to it. *(he goes to the fire and trims it)*

JEAN. *(pauses a moment, then breaks into a wild laugh)* Why, I have a home then—bed and food—warm food and a bed—a real one, he says, with sheets on it; when for six long years I've slept upon a plank. Ah, you're a good man, sir—a good man ; but I can pay you, remember that. What's your name, Mr. Landlord?

CURE. I am no landlord—I am a priest.

JEAN. A priest—why of course. What an ass was I not to have seen it. But you're a good priest—you're a true one; you have pity for the wretched—you've no contempt for the despised!

URSULE *enters with a tray, containing a basin, a dish of meat, bread, and a bottle of wine, which she places on the table.*

CURE. Now, friend, sit down and partake of what we've got, and meanwhile I'll close the door, for the air is keen on the High Alps.

(he goes to the door and closes it, then returns to the fire, and again trims it till it blazes—JEAN throws off his bag, sits at the table, and eats of the soup, &c, voraciously)

URSULE. *(aside to the CURE)* Did you say sheets sir? clean sheets to be put on the bed for that man ?

CURE. Yes, Ursule.

URSULE. Well, if he doesn't get up a better man than he lies down, there's no hope for him in this world.

She goes off at R.—JEAN pates and looks up.

JEAN. Monsieur le Cure—I beg pardon; but do you really mean I'm not to pay you ?

CURE. Pay is only taken where a debt has been incurred.

JEAN. Why, yes, sir; very true; but when a man comes here—such as I am-----

CURE. My good friend, this is a house which doesn't ask if a man has a shame ; but, whether he has a sorrow—doesn't enquire into his life ; but only looks on his necessity. You were hungry—homeless—friendless ;—what should I know more. He who has most right here, is he who has most calamity!

JEAN. *(pausing)* Monsieur le Cure, I was famishing just now—but, somehow, when I listen to you I feel as if I couldn't eat. *(the CURE takes a seat near him)*

CURE. You were six years, you say, in prison ? How

much you must have borne—cut off from rest or sympathy—scarcely looked at as a man !

JEAN. Oh, no!—I was only a number, with a red jacket and a chain ; all I knew was—I had to work, whether the sun scorched or the winter froze me—to eat little—lie on a log—and if ever my strength failed me,—have them keep it up with blows.

CURE. But Heaven sustained till they released you.

JEAN. And then, Monsieur le Cure, how I sprung along the road! I didn't walk; I seemed to fly. I kept shouting to convince myself 'twas no dream of mine—no madness. To be sure, my yellow passport shut me out from every roof. Whatever town I came to I skulked through like a dog. It was only in the fields that I felt I was a man. Oh, how I cried out when I saw the peaks of the High Alps! How they spoke to me of boyhood—of my free youth—of my old home ! How I climbed that path of the precipice, caring nothing for it's danger! I was drunk with the fresh air—with the bright sunshine and the space. I felt it was worth dying to have drunk again that mountain breeze.

URSULE returns from R. 1 E. with a lighted candle.

URSULE. Monsieur, the bed is ready.

CURE. Very good—and yet, the night is chilly—he'd be thankful for more covering. There's that deer-skin from the Black Forest—yes, I'll give him that.

He takes the light from URSULE, and goes off at R. 1 E.—she goes to the table, and begins putting the silver in the basket—JEAN observes it.

JEAN. *(aside)* Silver!—and what heaps of it!—cups, snuff-boxes, and forks—worth a thousand francs at least.

URSULE. *(aside)* Why, good saints, what's he staring at ?—he can't be struck with *me* ?

JEAN. *(aside)* A thousand?—rather two thousand!—two, or it may be, more!—all that!—what a world of money!—why, a man might live on it—live at ease—three years!

The CURE returns from the R.—URSULE puts the basket in the bureau, and goes off at L.

CURE. Well, my good friend, have you supped ?

JEAN. Oh, yes !— thank you, sir,—and now I'm a new man, Monsieur le Cure, a new man.

CURE. Then there's your bed, and in the morning you'll share our simple breakfast, and tell me more about your history. Enough for me to know at present, that you are weary, and want rest. Benedicite! good night!

He gives JEAN the candle, and extends his hands over him—JEAN bends under contending feelings, and goes off at R.—URSULE returns from L. with another light.

URSULE. Monsieur, here is your candle.

CURE. He'll sleep soundly, and, who knows, may rise not only a stronger, but a happier man to-morrow. Good night, Ursule ! good night!

He goes off at L. 1 E.

URSULE. Bon soir, mon pere ! bon soir ! He has no fear! has no suspicion! would rest in quiet were there a wolf looking in at every window ! I am not so trustful: I shall go to bed, and lie awake, all ears!

She takes the lamp from the table, and goes off at L. U. E., after a pause—JEAN returns from R. 1 E. without his light, and looking round.

JEAN. All's quiet; they're asleep; and so I can crawl back safely—to think—for I can't rest. There's a white light dancing in my eyes that dazzles, almost blinds them ! That silver—worth at least two thousand solid francs!—what wouldn't all that do for me? Why, t'would keep me for two years without labour, without care! Two whole years—think of that! And yet to rob the man—the only one, who has pitied me; who has given me food and shelter, when others turned me out to starve! Oh, Jean ! could you be guilty of a greater crime than that? The very wind sighs at the thought of it, and the moon—all that sees me—seems to look down on me with sadness. Back ! back, to bed! and let me sleep off this devil's craving! And yet there would be no harm in—in—just looking at the treasure !—one look, for when again should I ever see such wealth ? She placed it in that bureau, and that is but a step, (a *cloud darkens the moon—JEAN goes to the bureau, and takes out the basket, which he inspects tremblingly*) What a fire is shooting through me! what a throbbing is in my brain! If I took a part only, a part which he would never miss, and I should count as riches—riches! You are mine!

He empties a part of the silver into his bag, and then totters off by the door, R. 3 E., as URSULE comes from L., and sees him and the basket.

URSULE. Ah! 'tis as I feared! Monsieur! awake! awake! You have been robbed, deceived, abused !

The CURE comes from L. 1 E.

She points to the basket—Look there, sir!

CURE. Unhappy man! ah! which of us has been made the poorer by this crime?

(a murmur of voices is heard outside R. U. E.)

URSULE. There are neighbours at the door who have seen, and, perhaps, will follow him. *(she goes to the door and looks out)* Monsieur, he is arrested!

CURE. Arrested?

URSULE. They have secured, and bring him back.

CURE. Then he will perish, body and soul! The convict who offends a second time, goes back to his chains for life. Can I not save him? There is but one way—but one—and that would be a sin ;—I also must become a criminal. Well, He who has bidden me be merciful to others—will be merciful to me.

JAVERT comes from the door with JEAN'S bag in his hand followed by JEAN in the grasp of the CARRIERS and VILLAGERS.

JAV. Monsieur le Cure!, I restore you your property, found on this man escaping from your door.

CURE. You are deceived, sir, there has been no wrong done : and yet I'm glad you've brought him back, since I have to remind my poor friend that I gave him *all* the silver in this basket.

JAV. You gave it?

CURE. As a means of enabling him to live till he could find a home and some employment, and have it in his power to earn once more the bread of honesty and peace.

The CARRIERS now release JEAN and he falls on his knees, weeping, covering his face.

JAV. Monsieur le Cure, it is not for me to dispute what you assert, but---

CURE. My good friend, I am one of those who never lose hope in a man. We have most of us two lives—an erring and a just one—a time when we live for our passions, and a time when we try to expiate them. Here is a man who has erred greatly—who has committed deep offences—who has had a soul withered up in the fierce heat of its selfishness; but you see it moistens—he can weep—and tears, sir, are a rain, that even in flintiest natures, hold out the promise of new growth.

JAV. Jean Valjean, you have escaped me, but I can wait—we shall meet again !

He goes out through the door followed by the CARRIERS and VILLAGERS.

CURE. Jean Valjean, I have saved you—but, by a sin—sad as your own. By that sacrifice I bind you to me; by this cross I devote you to a new life for the future, (*he takes one from his own neck and places it over that of JEAN*) I pluck you from black courses and the spirit of perdition—I buy from you your soul, (*the CURE bends over him stretching out his hands. The drop descends.*)

ACT II.—1831.

THE NEW LIFE.

SCENE. I.—*A Town on the coast of Normandy. L. stands a factory with arched gate and window above, and a crane for lifting goods. R. is the House of the Maire, with porch door and seats beside it. At the back stands a Wharf, at which a brig is loading. The Channel is seen beyond, with fishing bouts, &c.*

As the Curtain rises the factory is seen at work—labourers are loading the ships with crates of goods which they bring from the gate—others are hoisting goods by the crane—Marius, the foreman, is seated at a desk, L., writing. The factory bell rings—the men cease working—their wives and sisters enter R., with little baskets containing basins and bottles, with which they seat themselves. JUSTINE comes from the house—ANTOINE enters at R. E., with a whip, followed by MADAME THENARDIER, in a travelling dress.

ANTOINE. Now, Madame, you're in the town, and some of the factory people will direct you. You'll find me at the Inn whenever you are ready to return to Avranches.

He goes off again at R. 1 E

MARIUS *advances to her.*

MARIUS. May I ask who Madame enquires for ?

MAD. T. Well, sir, it's one of your townsmen, a man named Pierre Laroche.

MAR. He is in our factory, and very ill; but have no fear for him, he's in good hands; he's in the care of Father Madelaine.

MAD. T. Father Madelaine !

MAR. Our employer, and what's a better thing than that, our friend. You may know that by the name he bears. What was this place when he first came to it, now some fifteen years ago, ?—A poor fishing village on the coast; where 'twas hard to say the people lived—they rather starved and struggled through a lingering old age ;—when he set up a craft in it which gave them back their manhood—first, took a shed in which he worked with his own hands—then, opened a factory, which employed the whole neighbourhood— after that, built us an infirmary—at last, gave us a school. And has all this worth gone unrewarded ?—No. He's now the richest man about

here; and when the Prefet came to hear of all he had done for our little town, he insisted on making him our Maire.

MAD. T. And very properly I'm sure, the Prefet to make him the first man, when he had shown himself to be the best one.

JUST. Yes, Madame, and the wisest; for there's no end to Monsieur's knowledge; thanks to the books he's always eading, he can do or tell you everything—he can stop the blight in wheat, and cure timber of the dry rot—knows how to physic cattle, and to drive vermin out of granaries.

MAD. T. Why, Monsieur must be a conjuror.

JUST. And yet, clever as he is, he has got a daughter who is very like him—dear Mademoiselle Cosette—and I must tell you, this is her birthday—which is always a little festival—tonight we have a dance, to which everybody is coming.

MAD. T. Well, how pleasant to be sure ! a daughter—and so rich—and all owing to this trade of his.

MAR. Yes, Madame, this beadmaking.

MAD. T. Beadmaking?

MAR. Yes, of which he has invented a new process that has given him the command of the French market.

MAD. T. Well now, how very odd ; years ago I remember a person coming to our village who had got a plan for beadmaking—a poor woman who came on a fete day—who came with a little girl, (*a voice is heard R. U. E.*)

VOICE. Father Madelaine ! (*the MEN and WOMEN rise at the back and gather at the L.*)

MAR. Ah, he's returning from his morning's walk, and perhaps Madame would like to speak to him.

JEAN *enters at R., as FATHER MADELAINE, simply dressed, his hair turned grey, his manner sedate and calm, a book in his hand. He pauses as he reaches the centre, and extending his hands, the GIRLS grasp them eagerly—he then advances.*

JEAN. A visitor?

MAD. T. Yes, Monsieur Madelaine; all the way from the High Alps. (*JEAN recoils, recognizing her*)

JEAN. Indeed !

MAD. T. To see a sister at Rouen, who is very old and ailing; and that duty fulfilled, to comply with the wish of a worthy neighbour, who has sent a legacy to Pierre Laroche, a man I hear in your employment.

JEAN. This is a kindness which will do much to strengthen him. My foreman will take you to his door ; and when your errand's over, may I hope you will return to my roof, and accept such hospitality as it is in my power to afford you.

MAD. T. Oh! Monsieur! I shall be delighted, (*aside*) Invites

me to his table! this great Maire and manufacturer; why I should have thought it a sufficient honour to sit down on his door-mat.

She goes off with MARIUS at back, the CROWD following.

JEAN. She forgets me—that is well; but at her face—her voice, dimly remembered, how all comes back again—all lives before me. That village and that chamber, and that good old saint-like man, who trembling on the verge of heaven, shone in the full glow of its mercy ; who stooped to save the out-cast that had repaid his bounty with a crime. Fantine, too—poor Fantine—who led me famished to his door; and you, dear Cosette, then but an infant by her side. How I see you, hear you both. And are you all that I retrace ?—no, no, that second crime—that second crime—when, at some devil's prompting, enraged to see my soul escape, I broke within twelve hours the oath I swore to my preserver. Ah, Time, great alleviator,—lord of sweet forgetfulness,—when will your thickest shadows ever serve to shut out that ?

COSETTE comes from the house, and runs to him.

Cos. Well, dear father, you're returned ; and where pray have you walked to-day ? Was it by the cliffs, or along the beach, or by the old path through the fields, where on so many a summer's noon you've taught me what use and beauty may lie hid in humble things. Oh, how wise I should have been could I only have remembered all you've taught me.

JEAN. Cosette has learnt enough when she can make everybody love her. And to-day you are twenty-one. Can you recall what I said to you on the morning you were sixteen ?

Cos. And I, with so much happiness, can I recall anything but you, the source of it ?

JEAN. I said, that when this time arrived I would tell the world your history.

Cos. But the world is not my family ; and is it not enough if I have learnt to prize the truest, best of fathers.

JEAN. Still, dearest, 'tis demanded ; so, to-night, when our friends assemble, I shall make known you are an orphan, whom I undertook to rear, and that the secret of the manufacture by which I have risen to prosperity I received also from your dying mother, as a means of procuring your support.

Cos. And is this all you mean to say ? Does compassion for an orphan describe the tender heart that shielded her ? Did the secret of your wealth entail the generosity which has changed a scene of want into one of comfort and well-being ? Am I the only one you have guarded ? Why, look at Gervais, whom you brought from Savoy, to learn your craft and

become your foreman, whom you raised from a life of indigence to one of ease and self-respect.

JEAN. (*aside*) Ah ! did she know the cause.

Cos. Whom you've treated almost as a son ; and yet, with all you've done for him, who does not seem too grateful. What's the matter with him, papa, he hasn't been near us for a week past ?

JEAN. Well, you know he has his duties-----

Cos. Of course, and one of the first of them is not to neglect his friends. I hope you have had no quarrel with him. I'm sure you'd be as unwilling to give him any pain as to do him wrong.

JEAN. Wrong, do you say ? Wrong! Will—will you take that book in doors.

Cos. Dear Father-----

She enters the house with it, looking at him.

JEAN. Why, what folly! That at a word,—simply a word, I should feel as if my heart had opened, and she had pierced to that hideous secret which has so long made it a tomb. Oh, Gervais! Years have past, and still that crime towers undiminished—still pursues me as a spectre, that no atonement lays at rest!

MARIUS returns from R. with letters.

MAR. Some letters, Monsieur Madelaine.

JEAN. Thank you, Gervais, thank you.

MAR. And I must tell you, sir, we've a visitor. Our factory has obtained so good a character, that the Commissary of the Police from Aranches has come over to us to-day, in order to report on it to the Sous-Prefet.

JEAN. Very flattering indeed, (*he turns away with the letters*)

COSETTE returns from the home.

Cos. So, Monsieur Gervais, you've become, it seems, too dignified to honour us of late.

MAR. Mademoiselle?

Cos. Formerly we saw you nightly; you'd always something to bring us; some fresh pattern for my drawing; or some game of chess to play with my father; but latterly your evenings have been better passed elsewhere.

MAR. Indeed, you are deceived. If I have been absent, there are reasons which-----

Cos. Why, you haven't even helped me in my preparations for to-night, you, who last year managed everything, designed all the festoons, and gave me mottoes for the fireworks ! even on my birthday it seems I was not worthy of your notice

MAR. Oh, do me no injustice, do not suppose I could forget.

Cos. Not forget, when you never see us! Why, you couldn't have had worse manners if you had been copying Champmathieu, that man papa discharged.

MAR. Champmathieu indeed, that scoundrel!

Cos. Well, of course I don't mean his principles.

MAR. Or even his manners, mademoiselle, a ruffian there was no reclaiming. (JEAN turns to them with an open letter)

JEAN. That is as we thought, but I'm happy to say he's mending. Monsieur Gautier at St. Malo's says he has become a different being, so has begged me give him another trial, and as I couldn't well refuse, he'll be here to-night with one of the fishing boats.

MAR. But can you trust him, sir? you know you tested him, proved him to be savage and dishonest. Why, the man has robbed you, sir!

JEAN. I know.

MAR. And would you employ a robber?

JEAN. (pausing) I—I'm aware that it is dangerous, but even a robber may reform.

MAR. And you'll give this man a second chance ?

JEAN. A second chance! oh, Gervais, how much of life and peace and worthiness have turned on a second chance?

MAB. Well, of course, sir, 'tis your own business, 'tis you run the risk not I. But I'll not disguise ; I hate the fellow, for I can't help thinking I once endured from him a cowardly wrong myself.

JEAN. You, Gervais?

MAR. Yes, sir, when I was a boy on the French Alps—wandering about to village fetes—I was descending the high-road with a piece of silver in my hand, when-----

JEAN. (vehemently) You were plundered ?

MAR. Monsieur!

JEAN. Well, well, I—Cosette, will you leave us for a moment, (he turns away to calm himself)

Cos. But we shall see you, Gervais, this evening—and if not as our companion, as our guest.

She enters the house—JEAN turns and advances.

JEAN. Now, Marius, what is this strange tale you've to relate ?

MAR. Oh, pardon me, sir, if I concealed it from you—disguise with you is like a crime—you, to whom I owe everything !

JEAN. Think not of that, but tell me.

MAR. Well, sir, as I was saying—I'd been to a fete on the High Alps, and was playing with a piece of silver, which I had earned the previous day, when it fell and rolled towards

a wayfarer who was seated on a bank, and who, covering it with his foot, refused to let me have it.

JEAN. He refused !

MAR. Though I told him 'twas all I had—though I prayed and implored him to give it up-----

JEAN. Still he would not ?

MAR. No; was deaf to me, and at last threatened to strike me, 'till, in my terror and grief, I ran up the mountain crying.

JEAN. But he followed you—he called to you—did all he could to overtake you !

MAR. I didn't see him, I ran so swiftly.

JEAN. He shouted to you to come back!

MAR. It might have been.

JEAN. (*impetuously*) It must! The crime was a frightful impulse—a sudden fiendish craving he had no power to resist, and yet the instant after—which he shrank from in abhorrence !

JAVERT *now appears, coming from the gate, and seeing them, pauses.*

MAR. Perhaps so; but all I remember is that I ran on till I met a traveller who was going to St. Bonnet, and who took me with him to a magistrate in order to record the fact.

JEAN. (*pausing*) And—and did you ever learn who was the man that could have been guilty of this baseness.

MAR. Yes; I heard he was a convict who had done some wrong to a good Cure, but for which he had been forgiven.

JEAN. (*aside*) Yes, yes, had been forgiven—had been saved from the doom he merited ; and yet within a day—only a few hours, could do this. Oh, villain! villain ! Were you not worthy of your chains? Ah ! have you escaped them ? Have you not felt that there is an iron which can eat into the soul?

JAVERT *retires from the gateway.*

MAR. So I must tell you, sir, that the first moment my eyes rested on Champmathieu, I felt that he was the man.

JEAN. Champmathieu?

MAR. Even he, sir.

JEAN. What! that he was the one who plundered you?

MAR. I felt sure of it—his face—his frame, in that brief meeting, had so terribly impressed me.

JEAN. (*aside*) Is this possible?

MAR. I know I should have told you this, only I made sure he wouldn't stay with you ; when he was gone I tried to forget it, but now he's coming back—

JEAN. You would denounce the man who wronged you; but you must have proof before you act—good proof—I—I will consider the matter, Gervais. There's a letter you've to answer. (MARIUS *takes it and turns away*) How strange is this

delusion—once or twice I own I have felt some ground for it myself; have detected in his look—his speech, a something, that recalled to me my old aspect ; and now Gervais sees it. Then there will be danger when they meet; they'll quarrel—make all things public;—so he must be removed when he arrives—but whither ? There is that corn which is to go to St. Bevan; could he not be sent with that? Let me enquire. And yet how like a dream seems this discovery. My counterpart !—My counterpart! *He goes off R. u. E. slowly.*

JAVERT *comes from, the factory gate*—MARIUS, *at the back, turns and advances.*

MAR. Well, sir, your inspection's ended, and I trust not to our discredit.

JAV. Do not fear. I shall bear the fullest testimony to the merits of Monsieur Madelaine. But I have further satisfaction ; on coming to your gate, I heard you drop expressions which led me to think we're old acquaintances.

MAR. Indeed, sir!

JAV. You, I find, were the boy who some fifteen years ago encounter'd a convict on the French Alps.

MAR. Well, sir, and what then ?

JAV. I was the traveller to whom you told your story.

MAR. Is it possible?

JAV. Am I to hope you've news of the culprit—this Valjean, who has so long defeated all attempts to trace him.

MAR. Well, really!

JAV. Who escaped the cost of one crime through the mercy of a priest; but whose second, against yourself, will send him back to his chains for life.

MAR. I may have my suspicions, but I must have proof before I speak. I cannot accuse the innocent.

JAV. Still less protect the guilty. Is he known to your employer ?

MAR. I may not say.

JAV. Then I must learn. I shall wait on Monsieur le Maire and consult him on the matter—a native of this place, he must know of every one—who has entered or remained here in his time, *(he passes across to the house)*

MAR. I must correct you, sir, on one point; he is not a native of this place.

JAV. *(pausing at the door)* No!

MAR. Monsieur Madelaine came here a stranger about fifteen years ago.

JAV. What do you say ?

MAR. When, as I suppose you are aware, he commenced our manufacture in a shed with his own hands.

JAV. (*aside*) A stranger, and a workman who came here fifteen years ago!

MAR. He is not ashamed of such an origin, although he comes of a good family, for I suppose there's no harm in saying it; in a drawer of his bureau he keeps some little relics, which could only have belonged to people of blood, an antique cross, a massive cup, and an old snuff-box highly ornamented.

JAV. (*aside, pausing*) Why, surely if I remember rightly, there were such among the silver that I gave back to the priest.

URBAIN *comes from* R. U. E.

URB. Monsieur Marius, will you step to Father Madelaine ?

MAR. You will excuse me, sir, a moment ?

He goes off with URBAIN, R. U. E.

JAV. No, no, this is all nonsense, a mere fancy conjured up by a few strange coincidences. A manufacturer and a magistrate—universally beloved and honoured—to be this Valjean—this brigand—who has so long baffled and escaped us,—the thought's too monstrous, too incredible—and yet those proofs—I've heard—those proofs—there is but one way to remove them—I must confront Monsieur le Maire—and then all doubt is at an end. (*he goes to the back and looks off, R.*) Yonder he stands, beside a cart that's loading with some corn. And is that the man I seek, with that thoughtful look—that stately bearing! Where is there a trace in him—of the criminal I knew at Toulon. I must be cautious how I act. A false step here would be my ruin. He who strikes at a high victim and who fails,—but stabs himself.

MADAME THENARDIER *comes from* L. U. E.

MAD. T. Why, I can't believe my senses—a showman! a common showman, with a box upon his back!

JAV. (*aside*) If I proceed in such a matter, I must have other testimony than my own.

MAD. T. A man who had once a good house upon his shoulders. Oh, Serjeant Thenardier, but you have been finely recompensed!

JAV. Thenardier, do you say ?

MAD. T. Yes, sir.

JAV. A fellow who ran off from the army ?

MAD. T. Oh he did a worse thing than that, sir, he ran away from me.

JAV. Who kept an inn on the French Alps ?

MAD. T. Or rather it kept him, and kept him very comfort-

ably, but he couldn't be contented. No, he must desert me; and now he's come to this—a showman, who has entered the town, looking as brazen as his own trumpet!

JAV. (*aside*) And he also met Jean Valjean. Why may not he recall him ?

(*a trumpet and THENARDIER are heard, R. u. E.*)

THEN. Ladies and gentlemen of this neighbourhood, Serjeant Thenardier has the honour to invite your best attention-----

MAD. T. You'll invite the Government's some day, sir! It's you will become the show in a red jacket on the roads—and yet, after all, are we not both in our proper spheres ? Yes, yes ; continue, miserable itinerant, to amuse your vulgar crowd! I go to sit down at the table of the Maire. *She enters the house.*

JAV. Yes, now I remember; it was he who helped me secure him,—who followed Valjean to the curb's door. I'll wait till the crowd has left him, then take him with me to the Maire. *He goes into the gateway.*

THENARDIER *comes from R. U. E., with his show-box on his back, surrounded by the CROWD.*

THEN. Ladies and gentlemen, on this day of great rejoicing—this sweet domestic festival of the young angel who resides here—Serjeant Thenardier arrives in time to contribute to your felicity by drawing your attention to the glory of the Empire.

JUST. (*advancing*) The glory of the Empire?

THEN. Which he carries on his back. A neat compendium of celebrity, which packs the Emperor, twelve generals, and an army of a hundred thousand strong, in the practicable space of ten inches by nineteen !

JUST. Oh, you mean your show-box?

THEN. No, mademoiselle, my historical museum. There has been so much lying on a large scale—I tell truth on a small one! I shew the Emperor as he was, reduced to the exact scale of an inch, and all his generals half his size, which was their legitimate proportion.

JUST. Well, then, open your museum.

THEN. In due order. One sous each—as a professor of French history all my fees are paid in advance. I always find if they're delayed, the public walk away—too much excited by the exhibition, to remember the exhibitor.

(*cries are heard outside, " Wharf, ahoy!—a rope there !"*)

URB. (*looking off, L.*) The fishing boats !

(*they all go up to L. U. E.*)

THEN. The fishing boats! And are these people so degraded that they prefer fish to art and history!

URB. And, I say friends, see who lands from them—'tis Champmathieu.

ALL. Who?

URB. Champmathieu!—that scoundrel has come back to us!

THEN. Champmathieu, do you call him? Well, if I couldn't swear that that's a fellow who, some years ago, came to the village of Col du Bec, and was known by the name of Valjean.

URB. Valjean!

THEN. Yes; but of course it can't be he, for that man was a convict.

URB. Oh, never fear, this fellow could be anything.

CHAMPMATHIEU *comes from L. U. E., and stands folding his arms.*

CHAMP. Well, mates, how are you all?

THEN. (*aside*) That's the man, I'd take my oath of it!

CHAMP. I'm back again you see, though you did say I'd no chance of it—that Father Madelaine wouldn't have me.

URB. But who'll he get to work with you—not I!

OTHERS. Nor I—nor I!

CHAMP. Well, all the better; I shall have the factory all to myself! Won't work with me, you say—why that makes more room for me—more room for me—do you hear?

URB. You ought to have less room, and a gendarme at your door.

CHAMP. What do you say?

JEAN *returns from R. U. E., with a letter.*

URB. Why, here's a man who says you are a convict.

CHAMP. A what?

URB. And that your proper name is Valjean.

CHAMP. Convict in your throat! (*he seizes him—JEAN advances*)

JEAN. Part, men! Have I not said that all violence is punished with dismissal, (to CHAMPMATHIEU) Yonder is some corn to go to St. Bevan— you'll take charge of it—and also give that letter to the miller. Go at once; and, if you can, prove that the amendment you profess is not without foundation.

CHAMP. Yes, Monsieur Madelaine, I'll go with it, of course, sir, and it's all true as you have heard, sir, I'm quite another man, sir—quite a model man, I assure you.

He goes off with letter, R. u. E.—CROWD following.

JEAN. Other eyes than those of Gervais detect my likeness in that man—to others rises up my lost image in that form. Well, well, he departs, and all danger's at end. (*he goes to the back and looks off, R.—JAVERT looks from the gateway*)

JAV. (*aside*) He confronts, yet does not recognize him—sees no resemblance to Jean Valjean!

THEN. Monsieur le Maire, Serjeant Thenardier has the honour of introducing himself to your acquaintance.

JEAN. 'Tis a bad road he has to go, and I fear he has also a restive horse.

THEN. Here you see a relic of the Empire, who traverses the country to sustain public enthusiasm at the low price of one sous—fees paid in advance.

JEAN. That gully, too, beside him! How easy would be an accident.

THEN. A professor of French History, who, converging the national glory in his historical museum, now displays upon his back what he once supported on his bosom!

JEAN. (*advancing*) Well, sir?

THEN. Whilst, as a proof of the high esteem in which he holds Monsieur le Maire, he begs to place him on his free-list, and invite him to a private view.

(*cries are heard outside, R., " Help, help there—help !"*)

JEAN. What's that ?

URBAIN *re-appears at R. u. E.*

URB. Monsieur Madelaine, a disaster!—the horse reared as he was starting, and the cart has overturned !

JEAN. Ah, 'tis as I feared!

URB. And still worse—Champmathieu has fallen under it.

JEAN. Under it!

URB. The whole load is on his breast.

(*JEAN goes to the back and looks off*)

JEAN. Great heavens! there's no hope for him—they seize the wheels—of no avail—they sink in the wet clay! Some one must pass beneath, and lift the weight till he's released. (*shouting*) Ten louis to the man who will pass under the shafts ! ten louis—twenty—thirty—will no one venture? then I must !

He goes off, R. U. E., with URBAIN — JAVERT comes from the gateway.

JAV. Will he rescue him?

THEN. (*aside*) Monsieur Javert! (*aloud*) The Battles of the Empire, one sous each—fees paid in advance!

He strides off, R. 1 E

JAV. He needs a strength for that that's almost superhuman. Ah! a proof at last, Monsieur Madelaine—there's only one man could lift that load. He has reached the cart—dives

under it—now seizes the huge mass—it trembles—rises with him ! (a *loud shout is heard, R. U. E.*) Jean Valjean, it is you! You have saved the man you pitied; but your compassion costs you something—it sends you back to your chains for life!

He goes off by L. u. E.—JEAN returns from R., without his coat, followed by CROWD hurrahing, who surround, seizing his hand—the scene closes in.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Beach.*

A group of FACTORY GIRLS, in their holiday dresses, with baskets, containing flowers, run on, R. 1 E.—JUSTINE meets them from L. 1 E.

JUST. Well, girls, I declare you do look nice to-day; quite a credit to a birth-night! And what have you got here? All these flowers for our rooms?

1ST GIRL. If mademoiselle will be pleased to take them.

JUST. Oh, no fear of that; she'll be doubly pleased to get them, considering who are coming—all the great folks of the neighbourhood! Monsieur Grandier and Madame Beaugencie, and old General Lafitte—so, I'll run home with you as soon as I have sent the doctor to Champmathieu.

1ST GIRL. Champmathieu!

JUST. Yes ; who might have had his bones broken, but who is only a little bruised.

1ST GIRL. Why, what has happened ?

JUST. Why, haven't you heard, the great danger he's been in, and his rescue by Father Madelaine?

2ND GIRL. No, not a word.

JUST. Oh, girls, such a story—you never listened to its equal—it's really so interesting that I don't know how I can tell a bit of it.

They run off at R. U. E.

JAVERT comes from L. u. E., with a letter, followed by ANTOINE-

JAV. You have a good horse, you say, who has rested. You'll not wait, then, for your passenger; but return at once to Avranches with that letter to the Sous-Prefet, who is about to proceed to Rouen. Drive fast that you may not miss him, and I will double your reward.

ANT. I will gallop every step, sir. *He goes off with the letter, R.*

JAV. 'Tis done !—I have denounced him —I have fulfilled a great duty at last. The Sous-Prefet will remit me the order for his arrest, and I secure him on the spot. High time, I think—high time, after fifteen years' concealment! A convict, and a brigand, to impose on the world in this way! Enjoy respect—attract applause—even put on the robes of office—

he, who has so long defied justice, presuming to dispense it! I came in time to strip this jackdaw of his grand airs and borrowed plumes—to shew the world, that has so long admired him, what a lean haggard thing he is !

MARIUS *enters hastily at R.*

MAR. Monsieur le Commissaire, I was in search of you. I told you, not long ago, that I thought I knew the man who had wronged me-----

JAV. Yes—yes!

MAR. But declined to name him without proof—the proof has come, sir. Two people have entered the town, who were on the mountain when he climbed it-----

JAV. Ha! ha! more evidence—more evidence!

MAR. Who have seen him, and can swear that Champmathieu was the man.

JAV. Champmathieu !

MAR. Our workman, who was discharged for his dishonesty, and, if he could injure Monsieur Madelaine, might well have plundered me.

JAV. You jest with me !

MAR. Oh, no, sir, I always suspected it was lie: and now, you see, there's proof of it—two people who can swear to him. Why, if that were not enough, his very looks convict him. See, there, sir, where he stands among the work-people at the gate, (*he points off, R.*—J AVERT *looks and recoils with a cry*)

JAV. No, no!

MAR. One glance at such a fellow-----

JAV. 'Tis the man !

MAR. Then you, too, can remember him?

JAV. And I—what have I done?

MAR. Monsieur!

JAV. Denounced the innocent! maligned the just!—more. more—maligned a magistrate!—he who, of all others, I was bound to reverence. In my hot haste to strike a culprit—I have become one! What have I done?—what have I done?

He totters off at R.—MARIUS follows him.

MADAME THENARDIER *comes from L. 1. E., followed by*
THENARDIER.

MAD. T. No, no, Monsieur Thenardier! If you could desert me for fourteen years, sir, you can stay away a little longer!

THEN. And does my beloved Susanne make a sacrifice a crime ?—say that I deserted, when I was in fact savagely torn from her ?

MAD. T. Torn, indeed!—and by whom, pray?

THEN. By a persecuting Government. Wasn't I devoted to the Emperor?—hadn't I mourned over his fall?—and didn't their petty malice envy me the only solace I possessed?

MAD. T. Then why didn't you stop with your solace, and take care of her?

THEN. What!—and would you have had me seized and, perhaps shot before your eyes? Would you have looked upon this bosom, which has so often pillowed my Susanne, plugged up with lead enough to make you a new soup ladle?

MAD. T. Well, no, of course, Sergeant, not that.

THEN. It was to spare your heart that shock that I became a wanderer—a wreck, Susanne,—drifting about the world without a stump that I could cling to!

MAD. T. There were stumps at home that you could cling to—why didn't you come back to them? Never to send me a line even!

THEN. That was my tenderness—my devotion to you. "No!" I exclaimed,—"Alone, alone I drain my cup of bitterness—even though that cup's a jug!"

MAD. T. Well, of course, Sergeant, if you were compelled to go, and did it all to spare my feelings,-----

THEN. What else, Susanne,—what else?

MAD. T. And you have really suffered a deal in consequence?

THEN. Suffered,—look at my clothes: it is only by a strong effort of my will that I am prevented slipping out of them!

MAD. T. Then I suppose we had better say no more about the past, and-----

THEN. But, on the contrary, see how much we can include within the future, (*gradually approaching, he puts his arms about her*) Susanne, you have subdued me; you can wring from me the grandest sacrifices! For your sake I surrender History—I give up the arms of France! When was their noblest victory so substantial as that which crowns the arras of Thenardier. *They go off at R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*A Saloon in the House of the Maire. A large apartment which opens at back through French windows on a garden, the room is handsomely furnished and decorated with flowers in vases; a large table in centre—doors, R. and L.*

JEAN is discovered in a furred robe and evening dress, seated near the table. COSETTE, in a ball dress, leaning over him.

Cos. Ah, dear Father, could you but hear what the people say of your humanity—you who not only toil for their welfare, but are even willing to risk your life for them!

JEAN. Well, well!

Cos. And for such a man, too, as Champmathieu! Had you rescued a very good person, it wouldn't have been so wonder-

ful; but, as it is, Monsieur Grandier says, your conduct is perfectly heroic!

JEAN. (*rising*) And Monsieur Grandier is in my study; then I will not keep him waiting.

Cos. But, Papa, you haven't said a word about our rooms to-night, and our garden, how charmingly they look—how worthy of a birth-night. I think if 'twere my eightieth, they'd still persuade me I was twenty-one. Well, our guests will soon be here, and—bless me !—I had forgot, Monsieur Javert wishes to see you.

JEAN. Javert?

Cos. The Commissary of Police from Avranches.

JEAN. (*aside*) And is it he who is in the town ?

Cos. He has some business of great importance.

JEAN. You—you will say, I will see him presently.

COSETTE *goes off by the garden.*

Am I discovered, traced at last, after fifteen years of safety—of tranquillity—of freedom ? Is it the step of destiny that steals towards me in that man's? If so, I must be prepared. Something yet remains to be done. Cosette—dear Cosette—you are still to be protected ! and, how fortunate, Grandier, my good friend Grandier, is now under my roof—he would receive her from me— yes, yes, he would guard her as his own !
He goes off by R. door.

COSETTE and JUSTINE *come from the garden.*

Cos. And Gervais is not come yet. Why, what can be the reason, Justine?—you must have observed that he's greatly altered lately.

JUST. Oh, certainly, mademoiselle, he's a great deal better looking.

Cos. No, no—I mean in mind, he's grown so dull of late—so silent—and then, he's never with us, there must be some cause for all this change.

JUST. Well, perhaps, he's in love.

Cos. In love?

JUST. People do grow very stupid when they fall into that way.

Cos. And without letting us know it ? He'd never dare do anything of the kind.

JUST. Well, as to daring-----

Cos. A young man who owes us everything-----

JUST. He doesn't owe you his eyes, miss.

Cos. Justine, you are very foolish ! See if our friends are coming.

JUSTINE *goes out at the back.*

And is this the explanation?—he wants to marry some one, and has presumed to keep his wishes secret—to hide them,

even from me! Well, after such a want of principle, I oughtn't to speak another word to him.

MARIUS *enters at back in an evening dress, and speaks, looking off.*

MAR. He is arrested; Monsieur Javert holds him fast—tremble then Jean Valjean—retribution at last approaches you.

Cos. (*turning*) Oh, you are there, Monsieur Gervais ?

MAR. (*aside*) Cosette! can I remain?—can I conceal from her my presumption!

Cos. (*aside*) Now I will have the truth from him.

MAR. (*aside*) I who've dared lift my eyes to the child of my benefactor.

Cos. And so you've honoured us, so much, as to come to us this evening!

MAR. Oh, mademoiselle, can you degrade me by the use of words—which-----

Cos. Which I think are very natural, after the way we've been neglected—however—even neglect isn't so unworthy as deceit—to change as you have done towards us—and never tell the reason—though to be sure there's no necessity now we've found it out.

MAR. What do you say ?

Cos. It's easy to perceive, sir, that you're in love with some one or other-----

MAR. (*aside*) Good powers !

Cos. And that being the case, I think the least we're entitled to is to know who is the person-----

MAR. Mademoiselle-----

Cos. That's the least atonement you can offer us—at the same time if it's a secret which you wouldn't wish to reach my father—I'll promise not to tell him.

MAR. Ah, did I dare-----

Cos. Dare, indeed ! you must—I demand it of you Gervais, acknowledge it at once, sir!—or never speak to me again!

MAR. Scorn—despise me if you will then, 'tis yourself has wrought this change in me ! (*falling on his knees*)

Cos. What do I hear?

MAR. 'Tis yourself that has transformed—'tis yourself that has made me criminal!

JUSTINE *looks in from the garden.*

JUST. Mademoiselle, Monsieur Javert. (*he rises abashed*)

JUSTINE *retires again.*

Cos. Why, I can't believe my senses!

MAR. And now that you must despise me, almost as much as I do myself, let me quit your sight for ever.

Cos. Oh no, you needn't, what you said was merely to oblige me, and if you think 'twas very wrong, and you are very sorry, why, *I* forgive you.

JEAN *returns from R. door, his manner calm and collected—*
JAVERT *comes from the garden.*

JEAN. Gervais, will you take Cosette into the garden?

MAR. Pardon me, I beg, sir, but-----

Cos. You will do as papa desires, sir, you will take me into the garden. *He leads her off at back.*

JEAN. Will Monsieur le Commissaire be seated ?

JAV. No, Monsieur Madelaine.

JEAN. What has happened?

JAV. A grave offence, sir. An inferior agent of authority has libelled his superior.

JEAN. And who is the offender?

JAV. It is myself.

JEAN. And who is the man you have calumniated ?

JAV. It is you, Monsieur le Maire.

JEAN. I ?

JAV. I have dared to call you an ex-galley slave.

JEAN. What, sir ?

JAV. I took you for one, Jean Valjean, who, fifteen years ago, robbed a Savoyard on the high Alps. On that belief, denounced you. I have now come to tell you that the true criminal is found.

JEAN. Found ?

JAV. In the person of one of your workmen, a man named Champmathieu,—

JEAN, *(aside)* Great heavens!

JAV. Who can be sworn to by two witnesses,—and, now I have confronted him, whom I identify myself!

JEAN, *(aside)*. And for my crime he will suffer!

JAV. I have come, then, to ask of you the order for his arrest; and, as the penalty of my offence, that you write to the Sous-Prefet demanding my dismissal.

JEAN. Monsieur Javert, you're an honest man, but you exaggerate a fault which must not be visited by a punishment that would be equally inordinate.

JAV. It must, sir; I live for justice—I am its officer—its sword; I have never spared a criminal—wherever found, I have always seized him. My duty was to support the laws and leave mercy to the priests ; and now I am myself culpable shall I ask for that I never gave?—No, sir. What I inflicted I am ready to endure.

JEAN. I say again you're an honest man, but-----

JAV. You would consider my demand. I wait your leisure, and meanwhile will draw up the order for the arrest.

He goes out by the garden.

JEAN. And they have seized this man—have sworn to him—need but my signature to carry him to my dungeon—to load him with my chains. They will drag him to shame and wretchedness, whilst I remain in freedom—whilst I walk abroad, honoured, envied, and applauded—the good man and the great—the upright and compassionate—who spreads prosperity—who rules a town—who sits in his robes of dignity and justice—whilst all the while—one wears his bonds and expiates his crime, and toils and pines and withers in the galleys. Jean Valjean, many voices will applaud you—many will pour loud blessings on your name, whilst one who crouches in his misery will curse you ; and which will most prevail ? Oh, fool! those blessings, paralyzed, will fall back on the ground; whilst the curse of him you've sacrificed will go up to the throne of God! No, no, he must be saved!

JUSTINE looks in from the garden.

JUST. Oh, if you please, sir, your friends are come.

(she disappears again)

JEAN. And yet, at what a cost—what a price is his deliverance! Am I all that it destroys? This factory—this town; the cheerful homes that I have reared; the honest hearts that I've made happy ; the roofs to which I've carried means, order, comfort, knowledge—all these must perish with me ! I was their architect—I am their prop! And must all their good be sacrificed to ensure the peace of one—false, thievish, treacherous, revengeful, and abhorrent—why, I was mad—I was mad to indulge the thought a single instant!

COSETTE looks in from the garden.

Cos. Dear father, may we not join you ?

JEAN. In a moment, love—a moment, *(she retires again)* Even grant it is a crime—is there no virtue in bearing for others all its guilt and its compunction ? 'Tis not my seeking that he is seized—'tis his own fate that strikes him down his destiny that wills this stone of infamy should fall on him, and if his fate so wills it, why should I resist? *(he sinks down in his chair R., in a struggle of emotion)*

Music—COSETTE and MARIUS come from the garden followed by the guests, who take seats L.

Cos. 'Tis most provoking, this occurrence ; but my father's duties as a magistrate, I'm sure will lead you to excuse it, Dear father, here are our friends.

JEAN. Our—our friends ? *(he rises mechanically, and turning to them bows, then sinks back in his former reverie)*

JAVERT *enters the room, followed by CHAMPMATHIEU and two WORKMEN.* JAVERT *bows to the company, and going to the table in centre, places on it a paper and takes up a pen. The WORKPEOPLE and the GIRLS crowd in at the back.* CHAMPMATHIEU *advances L.*

CHAMP. Oh, Monsieur Madelaine, this is all wrong, sir; I'm no convict—I'm no robber—I've been a bad fellow, I know—I've done many things I shouldn't—didn't mind, sir, injuring you; but I'm not the man they say.

JAV. Monsieur le Maire, I've drawn up the order—you've now only to sign.

JEAN. *(looks round him, then murmurs)* And if I save him, all these are sacrificed, their labour ends—their children starve!

CHAMP. Monsieur Madelaine, do you hear me, sir? I'm innocent, I say I'm innocent. Don't let them drag me to the galleys. You saved my life to-day, sir; you risked your own to do it, but that was no mercy if you let me suffer now. I had better have died under the cart—died there a hundred times than be dragged off to the galleys. Oh, think of that, and have pity on me! I pray to you, Monsieur Madelaine—I pray to you on my knees, *(he totters round, as he says this, to R. 1 E., and, falling on his knees, stretches out his hands)*

JEAN. *(murmuring)* And if I do deliver him I break the heart of poor Cosette.

JAV. Monsieur Madelaine, you'll sign.

JEAN. *(rises and takes the pen from JAVERT, but as he does so his other hand unconsciously draws the cross from his bosom)* What is it I see? A face of one long since departed—gone to its great reward, yet living still, and speaking to me—"Jean Valjean, by this cross I pluck you from black purposes and the spirit of perdition—I buy from you your soul!" *(he trembles an instant, then, growing calm, restores the cross to his bosom, and throws down the pen—turning to JAVERT)* Release that man you've taken. I am he you seek!

JAV. You?

(the GUESTS rise in consternation—the CROWD advance)

JEAN. I am the only guilty one—I am the man—Jean Valjean!

Cos. No, no!—do not believe him, his mind wanders—this is some dream! Oh, say it is!—my father, hear my voice, if no other—recall your words—recall them, or see me die at your feet!

JEAN. It is the truth!

(COSETTE falls upon the ground—JEAN remains transfixed—Music—a group is formed by the entire assembly, and the drop slowly descends)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

1832.—THE LAST SACRIFICE!

SCENE FIRST.— *The Banks of the Seine, near Paris; a cabaret stands, L. 2 E., with a wide open window, and a table and chairs under it; a clump of trees opposite, with table and chairs under them; the Seine flows at the back; Paris is seen in the distance.*

As the Curtain rises a group of Parisian STUDENTS are discovered at the tables, drinking and smoking—COURFEYRAC sits at table, L., reading a newspaper—BOSSUET stands R., at back, smoking and looking off, R.

ALL. (*rapping the tables*) Bravo, Phillipe, bravo!

COUR. Bravo! a noble song. A nightingale sings best when a thorn is against her bosom, and Phillipe is most melodious when his creditors are after him.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

Bossu. I wish his friends shared his predicament. No signs yet of those fellows though they're an hour behind their time; and the rendezvous is our old house, made attractive by a new landlady.

COUR. Yes, this woman from the High Alps, who favours us with wine that's as sharp as her own atmosphere. Do you know, Bossu, I suspect this Madame Thenardier is a Bourboniste who wants to poison us, because she finds that our club are all Republicans.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

Bossu. Or an Orleanist who wants to purify us, and uses vinegar as a disinfectant.

COUR. And Laroux to be so late; and Chavissac-----

BOSSU. (*advancing*) Yes, and Marius.

MADAME THENARDIER *comes from the house.*

MAD. T. Marius, Monsieur Bossu?

Bossu. Yes, a friend of ours from Normandy.

MAD. T. Why that was the name of the young man who was the foreman to Monsieur Madelaine.

Bossu. Madelaine? Do you mean an unhappy manufacturer-----

MAD. T. Who was arrested a few months since, sir.

Bossu. And who proved to be an ex-convict.

MAD. T. The same, sir, the same. All, a piteous story, sir—a very piteous story. A kind and worthy man, who raised a whole town to prosperity, when merely for an offence which he had committed years before-----

Bossu. Gave up all and returned to prison.

COUR. When so many go there who give up nothing.

MAD. T. And what was the result ? why the factory has shut up, and the place has gone to ruin.

Bossu. And pray had this man a daughter ?

MAD. T. Oh yes, sir, a sweet girl, who was fortunately taken charge of by his friend, Monsieur Grandier.

Bossu. And carried by him to Paris.

MAD. T. Yes, sir; where he has a house that's not very far from here; but as if misfortune had marked the family, Monsieur Grandier is very ill, and if he should not recover, mademoiselle will be left friendless-----

Bossu. (*aside*) And this girl Marius is in search of.

MAD. T. Which is a sad case of course, sir; but still it's her father is most to be pitied—his is the hard fate, sir.

COUR. Yes, and his is the strange story—that counterpart he had—to save whom he surrendered.

Bossu. And so proved that Monsieur Madelaine, or as we ought to call him, Valjean—

COUR. Valjean—was that the man ? Why here's a paragraph about him, an extract from a Rouen paper. He's not in prison ; he has escaped !

MAD. T. Escaped!

COUR. Yes ; a few days before his trial! He had immense strength it seems, and tore out his prison bars.

MAD. T. Why, bless my soul!

COUR. Though he had the solidest room in Avranches. There, you'll see all the details, (*he gives her the paper*)

Bossu. Poor fellow! he had endured the galleys once, and-----

COUR. Those Gamins are not coming. Bossuet, it's useless waiting.

Bossu. So I think, and therefore let's go in to business.

COUR. Yes, ye?; to business. And in order to survive it, Madame Thenardier, we've had your wine; and we now expect your antidote.

ALL, Ha! ha! ha!

They enter the house.

MAD. T. Yes, yes; it's all true. He has escaped—he is at liberty—and as that's a week ago, he must have got safely out of France; and yet, is that so certain? Prison birds have feeble wings, they fly boldly ; but not far. His daughter must know of this, and so must Monsieur Grandier; and I wonder what they think of his chance of reaching England ? Now if

Justine were here, she'd tell me; but she hasn't been near me for some days, and-----

JUSTINE *runs in from* L. U. E.

JUST. Oh, Madame Thenardier, how glad I am to see you.

MAD. T. And I you, my child—I you—with such news as I've just heard.

JUST. Of my poor master?

MAD. T. Why, of course. It's all true, I suppose ?

JUST. Oh, yes; it's true enough, so you may imagine what a way we were in, and what misery it has given my lady, who has not been much the happier for the letter she has received.

MAD. T. The letter !

JUST. From a good priest, to explain the conduct of her father. He had heard of Monsieur Grandier's illness, and the little hope of his recovery ; and he could not rest when he reflected on the danger she was exposed to.

MAD. T. Then he has got free on her account ?

JUST. Exactly so.

MAD. T. Because he fear'd she'd want protection.

JUST. And, whatever was the risk—resolved at least to give her his. And yet, strange to say, further protection was at hand, for we've a visitor, a Monsieur Dessanges—a person rich and amiable—who has fallen in love with mademoiselle, and would be only too glad to marry her.

MAD. T. Bless my soul!

JUST. So it's not she who is in danger, it's her poor unhappy parent, of whom there are no signs yet, though it's a week since he escaped. Either, therefore, he has been discovered and all his efforts thrown away, or his sufferings are so terrible that he is dying somewhere on the road !

MAD. T. Good heavens!

JUST. You may judge then of her wretchedness, and that it didn't help to cheer her when the news came this morning that Monsieur Grandier has lost his doctor; so I've come to ask you whether you could send her a substitute?

MAD. T. A doctor ?

JUST. Yes; some one who would come to us without delay.

MAD. T. Well of course, Justine, I'll try.

JUST. Ah! that's a good kind soul ; and I'll run back and tell her, for I can't stop with you now when she is in such a way about her father. I'll come some other time, when we can talk of her troubles comfortably. *She runs off at the back, R.*

MAD. T. And so it's all explained. It was to protect his child that he broke from prison, and encountered this fresh suffering. It was to give her what little counsel and support was in his power, and yet, with what result ? If it does not kill him as

she fears, is he not sure to be recaptured, and perhaps obtain a heavier sentence for his affectionate endeavour? Still, in one way, 'twould be a blessing, for in prison he'd get a bed, and would also have a doctor. That reminds me I must send one to his friend. Well, I have a house full of medical students, if one of them would do. Monsieur Bossuet is about to practise—perhaps I could speak to him. (*cries are heard inside and rapping.*)

CRIES. Wine ! Wine! Madame Thenardier.

MAD. T. He would be the best man; or if not, he'd know who was.

STUDENTS *are heard outside.*, L. u. E.

STUDENTS. Bossuet! Courfeyrac!

MAD. T. Ah! Why, here's the rest of the party ; those Students they were waiting for. I must first step down to the cellar—then speak to Monsieur Bossuet. *She enters The Inn.*

LEROUX, DIDIER, *and others come from L. u. E.*

LER. Yes, Yes, they're all assembled !

DID. And we are an hour beyond our time—thanks to the long round Leroux has taken us.

LER. Well, and very wisely, with the spies that are abroad. Besides, it did some good ; our long round brought us to the side of that poor fellow we found in the fields, worn out with fatigue and misery.

DID. Well, I admit that.

LER. Who, if we hadn't helped on his legs would never have needed them again.

DID. And who had all the air of a gentleman.

LER. Yes; a man who had lived in better days. And where is he now ? Is he in sight ?

DID. Yes; he's on the path yonder—crawling slowly after us.

LER. Well, we can delay no longer. Come in, lads, come in. *They enter the Inn.*

Cries and rappings are renewed. After a pause, JEAN enters L. U. E., and leans on a chair, surveying the house.

JEAN. An Inn, and full of people. Can I pass it with security? May not some gendarme be at the door, who would question and detain me? 'Twere hard if I failed now, when I've reached so far securely—when I've wandered half round the city in order to enter it by a quiet barrier ! And I shall not fail ! No ! the good priest who learnt my purpose, he might have his fears—might doubt my strength—might count the distance—might call the effort madness ! For what

should he know of the power that love plants in the heart—the love that heaven gives us to conquer all things but itself? He saw only danger—weakness—want upon my road; but I beheld Cosette;—Cosette who rose above them in her helplessness and grief—stretching out her hands towards me, and imploring me to save her; and I am near her; in another hour I enter Paris—I—Oh misery! (*attempting to proceed, he totters and sinks into a chair exhausted*)

Bossu. (*looks from the window, with a glass of wine in his hand*) This discussion is growing warm; a little air would be desirable.

JEAN. Almost in her presence! Have I crawled here but to die?

Bossu. My friend, you're very weak, take some wine; it's not the best, but---- (*he hands him the glass*)

JEAN. (*raising his head*) Some wine?

Bossu. I am a doctor, and prescribe it.

JEAN. I am a man, and feel your kindness, (*he drinks*)

Bossu. (*extending the bottle*) Take another—such as it is—you're terribly exhausted; I fear you've come some distance?

JEAN. Fifty leagues—not more.

Bossu. Fifty leagues, in your state! What has given you strength for that?

JEAN. The hope to find my child.

Bossu. Your child!

JEAN. Who is young—and may be friendless.

Bossu. And I trust her abode is near you?

JEAN. I—I have to discover her abode.

Bossu. What's this!

JEAN. 'Twas forgotten by the friend who brought me the news of her distress.

Bossu. And you have to search for her in Paris? Then your purse should be strong; if you are not—

JEAN. (*faltering*) My—my purse—

Bossu. Is empty? Why, here, Courfeyrac—Bourdon—Didier. Wait, friend, a moment, (*he disappears from the window*)

JEAN. What does he mean—does he suspect—and would he detain me? Now when I have come so far—when the last joy of my life is almost within my reach—would he tear it from me? Death first; the condition must be this—his life or mine, (*he rises—re-animating with a sudden energy—and draws a knife from his breast—BOSSUET comes from the house—putting money into a purse*)

Bossu. My friend, we Paris students are not always millionaires.

JEAN. Monsieur!

Bossu. Nor do we bear the best of characters; we're often

old in folly whilst we're still but young in years, but we should deserve a worse name than we get if we could be indifferent to your misery. Here are twenty francs to help a father find his child, (*he puts the purse on the table, and turns away, JEAN totters back, dropping his knife*)

JEAN. And I maligned both man and heaven. I maligned them with my despair.

Bossu. May you reach her door 'ere daybreak.

JEAN. Cosette—Cosette shall thank you.

Bossu. (*turning*) Cosette—why is it possible—do I speak to Monsieur Madelaine ?

JEAN. You know my name ?

Bossu. Your history—all your labours, and your sacrifices, and now I know besides—what prompted your escape—

JEAN. The love of life—that prompts the wretchedest, and fills the weakest thing with power—the love of life which makes the wounded drag his bleeding limbs long distances—the seaman wreck'd and sinking still strike out for land—and my life—was—Cosette-----

Bossu. But whose abode you've still to find.

JEAN. 'Twas not given me by the good Priest who knew it, and when I leapt from my cell at midnight, I did not care to lift his latch. It was enough for me to know she was in Paris, and I was free—that the shadows cover'd me—the road was open—could I doubt my power to traverse it—could I fail to reach her door?

Bossu. And yet-----

JEAN. Danger—want—might rise between us, but what's impossible to him, who, night and day sees glide before him the beckoning form of her he loves (*pausing*). If, if, I am not so eager now, 'tis because I've come so far—have ate so little on my way, and-----

Bossu. Then let all your strength revive—her abode is but a mile hence—here, 'tis written down—(*he extends a paper to him*)

JEAN. Here!

Bossu. I was myself, going to the house to offer my aid to Monsieur Grandier.

JEAN. And, but a mile hence!

Bossu. Still too much for you—you must rest awhile and eat something.

JEAN. Eat! when by these words you've poured such new life into my veins, no, no—blessings—blessings on you, you've given me food enough. *He totters off, R. U. E.*

Bossu. (*looks off, R. 1 E.*) And who comes here?—'Tis Marius ! I must withhold this news of his friend till I've learnt whether he joins us.

Enter MARIUS, R. 1 E.

MAR. I'm  I fear!

Bossu. I  he; but loaded as you are with such sad thoughts about that girl-----

MAR. And let me add, about your enterprise—this fresh attempt against the Government.

Bossu. Well, friend!

MAR. This new and vain endeavour to re-establish the republic—to fill the heart of France with fever—and think you give it strength.

Bossu. But you'll not deny our power, nor the fitness of the occasion. This funeral of General Lamark, which our party will follow in its tour of the Boulevards-----

MAR. There to be crushed by the guns of 30,000 soldiers.

Bossu. Not so; for Thenardier, one of our club, has mingled with the troops, and says that half of them will fraternize.

MAU. I know something of Thenardier !

Bossu. An old soldier of the empire, who is now employed in business.

MAR. And whom, I doubt, do what he may-----

Bossu. But, you'll believe at least in what he brings us—a plan of attack from the central committee, which will shew our force and distribution; a plan we expect him with each instant.

THENARDIER is heard outside, R. u. E.

THEN. Students of the Polytechnic !

Bossu. Ah ! he is arrived.

THEN. Heroes of the school of law and medicine !

COURFEYRAC and STUDENTS come to window with pipes and glasses, which they wave.

ALL. The Serjeant!

He comes from R. U. E. in the citizen dress of the period—high collar and Cossack trousers, &c.

THEN. Young eagles of the Revolution, I am with you once again !

ALL. Vive! Vive, Thenardier!

Bossu. Well, the eagles are very hungry ; what food have you brought them ?

THEN. A bulletin, worthy of the Empire! Thirty centuries look down upon you from the towers of Notre Dame.

COUR. That's been said already.

Bossu. And we don't care to be looked down upon, even by the past. Come, to the present; have you the plan?

THEN. Yes, Monsieur Bossuet, drawn up by the chief committee, (*giving papers*) Besides, the list of contingents, which

have been voted by our branch societies, and the military who will attend the funeral—the military who will vanish at the sublime presence of the people, and leave General Lamark and despotism to go to Pere la Chaise together.

BOSSU. See this, Marius, the plan is excellent; this must remove your scruples ; come in with me and examine it.

They enter the house—The STUDENTS leave the window.

THEN. So, they are met; those gallant youths !—those jovial sons of freedom ! Ah! if they but knew the man they trust, they'd honour him with a funeral before General Lamark—they'd put me in a sack, and carry me to the deepest channel in the river. And yet, is it my fault if coerced by a threat of the galleys, I've become a jackall to that tiger, Javert—that Javert whom the government has imported from the provinces, in order to turn Paris into a grander sort of jungle.

JAVERT *limps on, L. 1 E., dressed as a mendicant—a patch over one eye, &c, and sits at table, R., holding out his cap.*

That monster—who is always near me—if half the time I can't detect him dressed as an officer or an abbe or perhaps a wretched mendicant—such as that specimen who sits yonder. The fact is, my life begins to be compounded of Javert, I breathe the wretch, I smell him—if I've a slight twinge in my shoulder it isn't rheumatism, its Javert! (JAVERT *advances to his side lifting his patch*)

JAV. It is.

THEN. Mo—Monsieur!

JAV. The names and addresses of these youths, you have them all ?

THEN. I—I have.

JAV. And their documents?

THEN. I—I have copied.

JAV. So then all who are not shot to-night will be in our hands to-morrow morning?

THEN. But what Monsieur if they succeed, then I suppose its we who will be shot ?

JAV. Succeed ! there are flies on the banks of the Nile that conspire against the crocodiles—swarm on their tongues, and when all's ready, the mouth shuts—where are the flies ?

THEN. Well, I suppose, like other patriots, they are licked out of existence.

JAV. But I have news for you—strange news—Valjean—that criminal—we thought secure at Avranches, has escaped.

THEN. Monsieur!

JAV. Has made his way to Paris, I passed him on my road there.

THEN. When he had engaged to go to the Galleys—what a disgusting piece of meanness.

JAV. But we've a clue to him, his foreman Marius, who is one of these conspirators, he must know his asylum ; we have but to wait till this meeting ends, and----- (*cries are heard in the tavern*)

CRIES. Aye, aye, to Paris!

JAV. It ends already, (*he limps back to his seat, R., resuming his patch, and extending his cap, COURFEYRAC looks from the window*)

COUR. Sergeant, we want our bill.

THEN. With pleasure, Monsieur Courfeyrac.

COUR. Let's pay you before your liquor becomes too fatal for the effort (*he withdraws again*)

THEN. The impudent young puppy, but never mind—never mind—its the pocket that apologises.

(*MARIUS and BOSSUET come from the house, THENARDIER enters it*)

Bossu. And still you falter, even in the face of this well-considered plan

MAR. Yes; I can only see its patriotism overshadowed by its grief.

Bosstr. Then let a final word decide you—Cosette.

MAR. Cosette!

Bossu. I've discovered her abode, and learnt, moreover, that you're about to lose her.

MAR. What say you ?

Bossu. That Monsieur Grandier has some friend whom he is inducing her to marry.

MAR. You mock me.

Bossu. 'Tis the truth; so if I conduct you to her door-----

MAR. Shew me the bridge you have to defend—the barricade you have to rear—and there the breast of Marius will raise a fresh rampart to liberty.

Bossu. I hear at last the words of a man—they prove you worthy of the girl (*calling, L.*) Friends—friends—he has decided; he is with us. (*the STUDENTS come to the window*)

ALL. Hurrah! (*they lean together conversing*)

MAR. And I shall see her then again; shall hold her once more to my heart, after all my baffled efforts—my weary search—my deep despair; and in time it seems to frustrate the scheme of this false friend ; he shall answer for it, let him be sure ; and if my arm should prove incapable-----

JAV. (*rises and advances, lifting his patch*) There is mine.

MAR. Whom do I see?

JAV. A friend, who comes to tell you that the man you have most to fear is one obnoxious to Government. Let me

follow you to your place of meeting ; and that you may be able to recover her you love, leave me to deal with him who has well merited his punishment.

MAR. There is my hand.

JAV. Do not fear but I'll be with you.

He goes off, R. 1 E.

Bossu. (*turning from the window, and speaking aloud*) We meet then at eight o'clock—at the porch of Notre Dame.

ALL. The porch of Notre Dame. *They retire.*

Bossu. (*advancing*) And now Marius, to her rescue. You are with us.

MAR. To the death. 'Tis a torrent that I leap into, and so it bear me to Cosette—I care not where beside.

They go off, R. 1 E.

(*the hurrah is repeated in-doors, MADAME THENARDIER and the SERGEANT come from the house.*)

MAD. T. Why, sergeant, what's all this noise about; and how is it you're so friendly with these scapegraces of students, now you're become respectable, and gone into a Paris house of business ?

THEN. How is it, love ! Well, really-----

MAD. T. A character is not like a cravat—that you may dirty in a week.

THEN. Well—the truth is—that our firm has got some dealings with these students—a long account in fact—and as a settlement's approaching-----

MAD. T. Oh, you've to keep your eye on them ; but I say—for you've never told me—what *is* this firm of yours : do you deal in fancy tilings or dry goods ?

THEN. No Suzanne, not dry goods, our articles are moist; ardent spirits mostly—that we send to the dockyards and the Colonies.

MAD. T. But what is your particular duty that makes you walk about so much? The way you wear out boots and trousers is really something terrible.

THEN. Well—I'm a sort of out-door clerk that has to look after our commodity, and as there's always danger of explosion—see that none of it escapes.

(*loud laughter is heard in the house, COURFEYRAC and STUDENTS come from it tumultuously*)

COUR. To Paris then—to Paris.

LER. Madame Thenardier—here's your money.

MAD. T. Thank you, gentlemen, thank you. (*she follows him to the table, L.*)

COUR. And, Sergeant—all's arranged—each will have his post to-night, you among the rest.

THEN. I, Monsieur Courfeyrac?

COUR. You, old soldier of the Empire. The first barrier we erect we mean to place you at the top of it.

THEN. To be riddled by a hundred bullets!

COUR. We felt your claims to the post of honour.

THEN. But really I've no vanity—I've had my share of glory.

COUR. No, no ; a man of mark must never be robbed of his position. We'll tell you more as we go along.

(the STUDENTS take him by the arm — MADAME THENARDIER returns from the table)

MAD. T. What, to-night—going to work again to-night ? Well, really, if you slave in this way you ought to be provided for.

THEN. And I shall be, Suzanne, I shall be.

MAD. T. What, will you have a rise then at your office?

THEN. A rise ? Unhappy woman—yes, to the top of a barricade.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

(they drag THENARDIER off, R. 1 E.—she screams and runs after them)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Garden of an old House in the City; the porch of the house projects L. 3 E.; a draw well, with iron railing at its top, and rope for bucket, stand opposite; the wall of the garden crosses the back, its door in C.; shrubs and trees are about the garden.*

COSETTE comes from the house, looking back as she speaks.

Cos. And still they are together; and Monsieur Grandier sits enchained under the mingled delight and wonder of this unexpected meeting. What sufferings—what sacrifices have served to make its pleasure sacred ! and yet, much as I reverence, I'm almost led to grudge it, knowing what I've to tell my father—this plan I've to make known to him—this means for his deliverance—this resource, that will secure to him a long and sure repose hereafter.

JUSTINE comes from the house.

JUST. Mademoiselle, your father asks for you.

Cos. He is at liberty.

JEAN appears at the door of the house.

JEAN. Cosette !

(COSETTE runs to him and leads him forward to a chair in the centre—JUSTINE re-enters the house—music)

Cos. Well, dear father, well, you see 'tis as I said, your presence was as great a blessing to Monsieur Grandier as

myself; how he animated—how he brightened at the first sound of your voice; and now I must tell you there's a surprise for you—if I can find words to let you know it; and yet give me a moment—I shall be calm and can say all.

JEAN. Well, dearest, well-----

Cos. You must know then that since I left you, a most fortunate thought has crossed me—a blessed hopeful project, which I am sure you will approve of—a means to effect your safety.

JEAN. My safety ?

Cos. And so securely, it could never again be threatened ; it is this;—Monsieur Grandier, before his illness, obtained passports to take us to England, and one of these would serve for you.

JEAN. For me, Cosette?

Cos. For you; you resemble him so much—you would pass without suspicion.

JEAN. And yet—can I desert him when he draws so near his end?

Cos. You cannot save him!

JEAN. Can I consent also to frustrate his last and dearest wish?

Cos. My marriage ?-----

JEAN. With a man who in every way deserves you.

Cos. But whom I love not—I can never love—Must I confess to you a secret which sorrow and despair have alike concealed. I love another whom I would name to you; but that I know our union's hopeless—a thing of memory—a dream—one of the many joys we bury in that tomb we call the past!

JEAN. What new misery is this ?

Cos. So, as you see this scheme's impossible, you'll not refuse to take me to England ?

JEAN. I—I have told you—I quitted prison in order to secure a certain end—

Cos. My protection—

JEAN. Which accomplished-----

Cos. Would you return to prison? .

JEAN. Should not the criminal!

Cos. Oh, monstrous; is crime a dye no penitence effaces ? a wound no tears can cleanse ? The wrong you did to Gervais, a life of service has atoned for. What man shall call him criminal whom man's Maker has absolved ?

JEAN. But one man—he himself!

Cos. And yet, is it not I that your design degrades the most? You would go back to your fetters—to your exhaustion—to your shame, and think that I would accept a life of freedom, dignity, and ease ? I surround myself with

pleasures whilst you pined in grief and solitude! Oh, sir—is it thus you judge of her you've been so proud of; is this your idol—a mere Indian's—a thing of stone in human shape? No! if there's to be suffering, it shall find no single victim; if your path lies to a prison, mine is to the world!

JEAN. Cosette!

Cos. You were my guardian for many years—held all for me in trust—heaped on me blessings, comforts, kindnesses—to all forgetfulness of self—till in the ripening of heaven's justice, our fates are become reversed. Am not I the guardian now—by right of lore and obligation empowered to snatch you from your perils? Oh! say so—say you yield to me! That we depart for England to-morrow, or if not, send me to the world—to toil, to struggle, and to perish—but, at least, not to sink under the heavier weight of my own scorn!

JEAN. Leave me; leave me for your words—

Cos. Are those you'll weigh, but not reject? No, no; you'll not be deaf to—*(she enters the house slowly)*

JEAN. What have I heard? She bars my purpose, turns my eyes to another land, decrees my flight to it; does more—decrees that she must share it—and why? The thought grows too oppressive—too delirious in its joy. She loves, but in her diffidence, she shrinks from saying whom. Dare I believe it is myself—that affection, filial and devoted, inflames at last with holier ardour—that the child, the friend, companion, is destined yet to hallow into the diviner form—of wife! Why then, who speaks of my misfortunes? Who measures what I've lost—riches, station, influence! What are these? I have Cosette! She who reproduces more than the image of my poor Louise, who gives me back the lost one in all the fulness of her soul. *(COSETTE returns from the house timidly)*

Cos. Dear father!

JEAN. It is herself! *(he extends his arms to her—she runs into them)*

Cos. And you consent to her entreaties—you will go with her to England?

JEAN. I will do all Cosette desires.

Cos. And make her worthier of your affection?—in the power of living for your good. You will come in, then, and tell my guardian—he will not oppose your wishes—a means that will prolong your life, must needs make happier the close of his.

JEAN. Dare I trust this bright enchantment—is earth indeed to grow so beautiful?

They enter the house—BOSSUET comes through the gate, followed by MARIUS.

Bossu. This is the house.

MAR. Am I so happy?

Bossu. And now to know if she's within. I can give you an excuse for entering; they expect a doctor, and you can say I'll follow you forthwith.

MAR. More proof ! I hear Justine ! *(he goes to the door and listens)*

Bossu. Then, now I'll leave you to rejoin our friends; make the best use of your time. At eight, remember, sounds the tocsin, when I return—

MAR. To test my gratitude ?

Bossu. *(aside)* I've withheld one piece of news from him—he will here meet Monsieur Madelaine ; that's a pleasure I'll not diminish by divesting it of its surprise.

He goes out through the gate

MAR. Can I believe I am so blest—so repaid for all anxieties—at her threshold—but a few feet from her? If this door were a little open-----*(he opens it gently and looks)* Oh, joy ! it is herself! I see again my own beloved !—some-what altered since we parted—paler, thinner, less impulsive; and that bright vivacity that lit her face, how much shaded by her trials! And now some one approaches her—some friend who takes her hand—who turns from me his face ;—but what do I see ?—his arm enfolds her—draws her to his breast, which she leans on with a look of rapture. Oh, infamous ! Is this Dessanges? Let me enter and confront them. Not so. This roof is Grandier's; and, however wronged, let me respect him. Besides, why should I punish ? Is not this man pursued by government ? Has not the Commissary followed me in order to arrest him? He, then, is my instrument; let me see if he's in sight, *(he goes to the gate and looks out)*

COSETTE returns from the house.

Cos. What happiness! All is arranged, we depart to-morrow, and in a few days shall have reached England, and found a shelter where no further ill can vex him ! That home, it's true, would brighten, were another seen within it. Dear Gervais, were you permitted to partake and cheer its calmness; but that is hopeless; so I must submit. I must remember 'tis our duty that keeps the treasure of our peace—Duty, a rigid mistress ; yet rigid chiefly in her looks.

MAR. *(turns from the gate and sees her)* Cosette!

Cos. *(turning)* No, no !

MAR. 'Tis I indeed--I am again beside you. *(he runs to her and embraces her)*

Cos. Oh, joy! is this no phantom that my thoughts have conjured up ?

MAR. Let these looks, these arms assure you; and yet do I do rightly? Oh, answer me, Cosette, do we meet as true hearts should whom misfortune only separates ?

Cos. What else ?

MAR. It is yourself must tell me that. You've found a new suitor in Paris—a wealthy and a proud one.

Cos. Well, Gervais—

(JEAN *appears at the door of the house, and seeing them, pauses*)

MAR. A man whom, I have cause to fear, you do not look on with disfavour.

Cos. What say you ?

MAR. Answer me honestly, Cosette, is this fear of mine unfounded ?

Cos. And can you doubt it?—you who know how well I love you.

JEAN. (*aside*) What's this ?

Cos. That I have given you my heart, and will unite my fate with no other being.

JEAN. (*aside*) And was it *he* then that she spoke of! Oh blindness! Oh delusion ! (*he staggers back into the house*)

MAR. Cosette, your words are frank enough.

Cos. And my deeds—do they not match them?

MAR. Not in my eyes!

Cos. What's this ?

MAR. Not as I have seen your fondness lavished on a man denounced by Government, pursued by the police—the police who surround this house—and at my signal, are about to enter it.

Cos. Oh, no.

MAR. 'Tis to them I commit my vengeance—to them transfer the being upon whose breast, a moment since, I saw you lean so rapturously.

Cos. Great saints!

MAR. That man whom you would screen from me—whom you would save from my just fury.

Cos. Miserable being—this is a crime which no atonement can repair—no repentance ever solace with an hour's peace hereafter—your victim is—my father.

MAR. What say you ?

Cos. My father!

MAR. 'Tis impossible!

Cos. Who for my sake has got free, and found his way to Paris.

MAR. Again I say—it can't be.

JEAN, (*comes from the house calmly*) Yes Gervais—it is I.

MAR. My benefactor—my best friend—is it you I have betray'd—oh heavens—I shall go mad—(*he falls on his knees, burying his face in his hands*)

JEAN. Nay, nay, do not accuse yourself—I can see too

plainly—my poor Gervais—you've been entrapp'd into this step—rise, rise, and be composed.

JAVERT *comes through the gate, followed by GENDARMES*

MAR. Kill me—kill me—'twould be a mercy to make me unconscious of such a crime.

JAV. No crime, but a just obedience to law and to society.

JEAN. Monsieur Javert—you see what brought me here—you will allow me a parting word with her?

JAV. Be speedy then.

JEAN. Cosette, you were unwilling a moment since to accept the guardian I proposed—a man amiable, generous, affluent; I now bestow a better one—I give you to the arms of him you love.

MAR. And is it thus you are content to punish him ?

JEAN. Take her from me, Gervais—my last treasure, but my best one; and if you value it as I have done, you will feel too rich to need another.

Cos. Whilst you we must see torn from us—carried bad to endless misery.

JEAN. Heaven decrees it, and we must submit. Monsieur Javert, I am ready, sir.

JAV. Put him in irons before you remove him ; he must have no second chance of escape.

(MARIUS *springs up, grasping his knife—BOSSUET looks through the gate*)

MAR. Stand back ; if in my blind passion I had the baseness to endanger, now all's apparent, I have at least remorse enough to die for him.

JEAN. Nay ! nay !

JAV. Are the galleys so inviting? Advance and secure 'em both.

Bossu. (*calling at the back*) Advance !

The STUDENTS pour through the gate, and grappling with the SOLDIERS, drag them out—JAVERT retreats to R. 1 E.-BOSSUET and COURFEYRAC then advance with drawn swords

Bossu. You know him now—'tis Javert.

COUR. The bloodhound! 'tis his last hour.

Bossu. Down with him.

They are about to rush on JAVERT—JEAN throws himself between them—the STUDENTS return through the gate.

JEAN. Not so. You are many—he is one—and he stands on my friend's ground.

Bossu. What ground has he held sacred ?

JEAN. Hold back for your own sakes, you are patriots, not assassins.

MAR. Leave him to be dealt with by the true instrument—his victim.

COUR. But not at liberty, here's a rope, bind him to this well.

ALL. Aye, aye, the well!

(they drag JAVE [redacted] the iron work and tie him to it with a rope—the tocsin then breaks out, and shouts and shots follow announcing the Insurrection.)

Bos. The fight's begun, come Marius you are wanted !

JEAN. In an instant, he has but to say farewell to the woman that he loves, and then, will follow you.

Bossu. We shall wait for him.

They go out through the gate, MARIUS leads COSETTE into the house throwing down his knife—the roar of the tumult subsides.

JAV. Well, why do you pause? Because I'm in your power do you think I'll beg my life ? No! were I free, I'd still fulfil my duty, I'd drag you to your chains ; so I ask not for that I'd give not. I pray you for no mercy—I ask but this—be speedy. *(he points to the knife on the ground)*

JEAN. Yet a moment. 'Tis now some twenty years since you first saw me in the Toulon Bagne—a convict—thrust there for no felon's crime, who'd lost all trace of nature—but in shape. Through the obscure dull gloom in which he crawled he saw all men distorted into foes—all law and order but as one wide wall built up for his entombment! Could there be feeling in the grain of corn, as the mill stone rolls on it, 'twould feel as he did—hatred of the power that had so grasp'd and crushed him—hatred of the race that had established such a power!

JAV. I listen.

JEAN. From that blind enmity to man and heaven—that savage warfare with all human good—a holy spirit pitying—redeemed him, awoke in him once more a consciousness of right, restored his broken fellowship with man. He, sir, who has passed through such a change as that cannot go back to his discarded passions. He is in health, sir, and has done with fever, *(he picks up the knife of MARIUS, and approaching JAVERT cuts the rope, and throws the knife away)*

JAV. Free!

JEAN. And not defeated—give me 'till to-morrow to watch the safety of that girl—to make sure that this tumult adds not her peace to its ruin—and on this spot, I again surrender—I still remain your prisoner.

JAV. *(pauses—surveying him)* JeanValjean—for fifteen years I've thirsted for this moment, have schemed and toiled to get you in my reach, and now my fingers close on you—they

falter—a something comes between us that forbids it, a something spirit-like that waves me off, and says, Desist! desist! that man is sacred ! Go, and secure yourself; I follow you no longer, (*he goes out through the gate, JEAN looks into the house*)

JEAN. And he holds her to his bosom—clasps her—smiles on her—she that was all the joy—the good that earth had left me, and can I endure it? Yes, Jean, yes—'tis your last sacrifice, and that made—you are at rest, (*the shouts and firing are renewed*)

Boss. (*looks in at the gate*) Marius—Marius— do you desert us?

MARIUS *returns from the house, followed by COSETTE.*

MAR. No, friend, in an instant! Farewell, Cosette! if I'm to fall, my fate will have no sternness under the memory of this meeting, (*embracing her, she falls on his shoulder*) She faints ! Oh, Monsieur Madelaine, will you revive and comfort her?

JEAN. Yes, Gervais, give her to me. (*he takes her from him*)

MARIUS *goes out through the gate with BOSSUET.*

JEAN. 'Tis but a moment's weakness, she'll weep soon, then revive.

Cos. (*revives, and looks round her*) Gone ? 'Tis to his death then; let me follow him !

JEAN. Not so, Cosette. That duty must be mine—the last proof of the love that gave you everything. I go to bring you back the man who is most dear to you ; or, dying, shield his bosom with my own. *He rushes off through the gate.*

COSETTE *gives a scream and totters back—JUSTINE comes from the house, and receiving her in her arms, draws her through the door.*

SCENE LAST.—*An Old Street in the City—Notre Dame is seen in the distance.*

Loud shouts are heard, L. u. E.—BOSSUET, COURFEYRAC, and MARIUS then enter, followed by a crowd of STUDENTS and PARISIANS, variously armed—COURFEYRAC carrying a tri-coloured flag—music)

Bossu. Halt, friends. We're on the spot, where we can best defend the cause of liberty and France—a barricade !

ALL. A barricade !

(they scatter instantly and return—one group wheeling in an old cart or waggon, which they upset in the centre of the street—another with wheelbarrows, boxes, paving stones, &c., whilst others from the windows of the houses throw out furniture, old beds and tables, &c., which are packed

into the rising barrier—a chorus of shouts and exclamations accompanying the progress of the work—when the barricade is formed, openings being left at either end of it—COURFREYAC mounts it, and plants his flag on its summit—the CROWD giving a loud hurrah—the tramp of SOLDIERS is then heard advancing at quick time in the distance—music)

Bossu. The guard—under cover—

(the CROWD instantly lie down, levelling their guns — SOLDIERS are seen behind mounting the barricade—the STUDENTS fire at them, and rising, mount to the top, and pass off by the sides of the structure, and the conflict is heard inside—MARIUS then comes from one of the openings, struggling with a SOLDIER, who forces him down, and is about to stab him, when JEAN glides between them, plucks the SOLDIER off, planting himself over his friend—a shot is heard at the same moment, and JEAN totters—MARIUS springs to his feet, and supports him to the foreground, where he sinks down, as COSETTE, giving a scream, runs in and kneels beside him—a loud hurrah then ensues, and COURFEYRAC, mounting the barricade, waves his flag in token of victory—the tumult then subsides—BOSSUET advances to MARIUS, and the STUDENTS mounting and grouping round the barricade, fix their eyes on JEAN)

MAR. And you've given your life for my sake!

JEAN. For your sake and for hers; still I shall live with you—in your memories, in your hearts. Still, I can foresee the sweet days I should have shared with you. Now I must go, for the good priest waits for me—I hear him call to me again, "Jean Valjean! by this cross I pluck you from black purposes and the spirit of perdition—I buy from you your soul!" *(music—he rises on one knee, as if contemplating the PRIEST in the air, and then falls back amidst the silence of the CROWD.*

Curtain.