p. 201

Bundy Pirdeb

Mr. Henry G. Neville's
Regards
&c. &c.

# THE YELLOW PASSPORT.

A MELODRAMA,

IN PROLOGUE, AND FOUR ACTS.

TAKEN FROM M. VICTOR HUGO'S WORK,
'LES MISERABLES.'

BY

Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.



PRINTED,
AT HOME, FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.
1872.

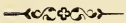
## TO MY FRIENDS.

THE 'failures' which were produced about the time, when I was reading Victor Hugo's admirable book, 'Les Misérables', inspired me with the hope, that *I* might write as good a 'failure' as the rest—accordingly, I put together the present work, which disappointed the premise; for, the YELLOW PASSPORT was a success.

I must apologize for the liberties I have taken with the great original, which is, beyond expression, clever and entertaining; but too much elaborated, and scattered for Dramatic purposes—I had, therefore, to alter motives, characters, incidents—create relationships—introduce scenes—and, generally upset the balance of Victor Hugo's work—this is monstrous!—but, be it observed, I don't produce the 'Yellow Passport' as a translation, or adaptation; I, prudently, advertise 'a Drama, *taken from* Les Misérables.'

The Critics were merciful—thanks to them!—Some complained that I had not given a second motive for the Hero's fear of detection. Attention to the dialogue will show, that every bearer of a Yellow Passport, ( a French Ticket-of-leave ) must, periodically, report himself—if he fail, so to do, he is *again* a criminal, and within the 'pale of the law.' This, surely, is *raison le plus*—Valjean is in this position—and, greatter dramatic interest is created, by cruel persecution, for trifling offences.

H. G. N.



ERRATA.

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| ... 21. | ... | accuunt, | ... | account |
| ... 25. | ... | gaily, | ... | gayly |
| ... 28. | ... | drily, | ... | dryly |
| ... 30. | ... | Thenedier | ... | Thenadier |
| ... 30. | ... | sonstraint | ... | constraint |

## THE YELLOW PASSPORT.

*First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, under the Management, of Benjamin Webster, Esq. 7th. November* 1868.

### CHARACTERS, DESCRIPTIONS, &c. &c.

Bishop Myriel, ( *I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine—When, in requital of my best endeavours, You trecherously practised to undo me.* ) Mr. NEVILLE.

Thenadier, ( *alias* Jondrette, *and* Fabanteau, *Landlord of the 'Serjeant of Toulon'* ) Mr. G. VINCENT.

Jean Valjean, (*afterwards* Madeleine, *and* Leblanc. *'It was night with him—dark, terrible, and starless—and he saw not Heaven's goodness watching beyond. Faith and Hope were dead! words were spoken which gave him both.'* ) Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.

Javert, (*'A man of stern probity, whose very name is a terror to criminals; he would have arrested his own father had he found him escaping from justice.'* ) Mr. H. WIGAN.

M. Gillenormand, ( *A wealthy Citizen* ) Mr. J. G. TAYLOR.

M. Marius, ( *his Grandson* ) Mr. H. VAUGHAN.

Champmathieu, ( *'One of a scattered family—rough, stupid, and startled.'* ) Mr. E. ATKINS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Montparnasse. | President. |
| Verbois. | Counsel for Prosecution. |
| Brevet. | Counsel for Defence. |
| Cochepaille. | Usher. |
| Servant. | Serjeant of Gendarmes. |

Fantine, *afterwards* Cosette.

( *'Child of Earth, with the golden hair.*
*Thy soul's too pure and thy face too fair*
*To dwell with the creatures of mortal mould,*
*Whose lips are warm, as their hearts are cold.'* ) Miss FURTADO.

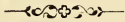
Magloire.....Miss LENNOX GRAY.

Madame Thenadier.....Mrs. CAULFIELD.

Cosette.....( *in 2nd. Act* ).....Miss WILLIAMS

Eponine, & Azelma, ( *Children* )

*Male & Female Peasants—Pedlars—Guests—Gendarmes—&c. &c. &c.*



## COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD.

1795—1800—1810.

### EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

R. Right—L. Left—C. Centre—U. E. Upper Entrance—Picture. Positions sustained—Aside. Away from the Actors.

LONDON, N. W.

# THE YELLOW PASSPORT.

## PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—*Town of Digne—Interior of the Bishop's House R.—Exterior of Thenadier's Inn L.—with Steps and Verandah—sign over door 'Serjeant of Toulon'—Tables and stools before Inn—*

*The Bishop's Room is scrupulously clean and comfortable—a bright fire R.—door R. C. with steps, door R.—window overlooking Street—alcove, with bed, at back—Table and Chairs C.—Prie-dieu C. back—Candles in Silver Candlesticks—*

*Street between houses, with Cross C. Church in distance—Sunset—*

MUSIC—MONTPARNASSE *and* VERBOIS *discovered, drinking and playing Dominoes L.—3 men, & 2 girls, laugh, drink, pay and Exeunt R. U. E.—People pushing to and fro—*EPO. *and* AZELMA *skip on from U. E. L. and play together by Cross—*

THENADIER *Enters from Inn, and takes money, clears table, &c.*

MAGLOIRE *R. laying table for Bishop's supper—*

NOTE! *The whole of this business must be brisk and spirited!*

MAG. Oh! such a scarecrow!—walked ten leagues too—he went into Jaques' kitchen, but they soon told him to be off—I warrant he looked wild and sullen

enough. Really one is never safe—one ought to have bolts and bars—one might be murdered before one had time to say—Oh! (*shudders*) It's enough to make a body shudder—only think to see a man walk into your bedroom, and hear him say 'Hold your tongue' and then begin to cut your throat—and their knives not sharp perhaps—O dear! O dear!

Madame THENADIER, (*from door L.*) That's right you little darlings—show your pretty shining cheeks and bring more customers to the 'Serjeant of Toulon'. Bless 'em, ain't they the very picture of their mother and father?—come and kiss your mum mum.

EPO. I shant.

Mad. T. Dont they speak prettily—the little darlings? O bless 'em. [*dodges them round cross, and Exit into house*]

CHAMPMATIEU. An ill-looking stranger indeed—that's nothing—there are few worse looking than our worthy landlord here.

THEN. None of your pleasant jokes, Champmatieu. What about this ill-looking stranger?

VERBOIS. He asked me to give him a lift, but I had had enough of him, and quickened my pace, I can tell you. I saw him after at the Mayor's office—he had been to show his Passport.

Mad. T. [*Re-entering*] Supper's ready, my good men.

THEN. Come in—all sorts of comfort at the 'Serjeant of Toulon'—

CHAMP. Or anywhere else if you pay for them—that's my experience. [*Exeunt into Inn.*]

MUSIC. *Enter* FANTINE L. U. E. *she is very weary and worn—she carries* COSETTE, *her child, about two years old—she sinks on steps of cross.* Music ceases.

FAN. Oh!—So weary—three leagues to-day, and my little one weary-worn as it's mother. Poor fatherless darling—cradled by love—how sweet the sleep of innocence in a mother's arms: *you* only bind me to life—since *he* has deceived and deserted me. (*weeps*) Cruel—cruel—to tell me it was a false marriage, and cast me, and my Cosette, on this cold, hard world—but I'll work for you my child tho' we have no friend—no brother—but one hope left. (*looks above*)

EPO. & AZELMA, from L. 1 E. *run to* FANTINE.

FAN. What pretty children.

Mad. THENADIER *from Inn.*

Mad. T. (*calling*) Epo. Azelma—come in dears—who's this?

FAN. Are they your children, Madame?

Mad. T. (*proudly*) Yes, that they are! mine.

*Sits on steps, and ties* EPO'S *ribbons.*

FAN. How happy they seem—and my poor little one—

Mad. T. What's *her* age?

FAN. Two—going on for three: look Cosette, look at these dear little girls. (*Children group together*)

Mad. T. Bless her little heart. Come in, my good woman—here's a fire: all sorts of comfort at the 'Serjeant of Toulon'.

FAN. The old sign is gone then—I have been here before—yonder is the good Bishop's, is it not? I have come far—(*leans on cross, wearily*)

Mad. T. Look at the little dears—why, they might be taken for three sisters—

FAN. Sisters! (*seizing Madame's hand, with emotion*) You love children?—

Mad. T. Yes, bless 'em.

FAN. And you are good to them! Oh! Madame, will

you take charge of my child for me?

Mad. T. *(amazed)* What!

FAN. It was heaven that made me pass yonr Inn—when I saw your children, so pretty, so clean, it gave me quite a turn—I said to myself, their mother must be good—I shall not be long before I come back—*will* you take care of my child?

*Enter* THENADIER *from Inn.*

Mad. T. The girl must be mad. *(going)*

FAN. I will pay.

Mad. T. *(stops)* Oh! How much?

FAN. Six francs a month.

THENADIER, *who has overheard, speaks from door.* Can't be done under seven, and six weeks in advance. *(counting on fingers)* Six times seven, are forty two.

FAN. I will pay it—I have eighty francs—I shall have enough left to finish my journey on foot—I shall earn money then, and as soon as I have saved a little, I will return and fetch my darling.

THEN. *(coming down)* Has the little one clothes?

Mad. T. This is my husband. *(goes to children)*

FAN. I guessed so, Madame. Plenty, sir—little silk frocks, like a lady—here—*(shows bag)*

THEN. They must be handed over.

FAN. Of course, it would be wrong to leave my child without.

THEN. All right then, give us what you've got—come in—(EPO. & AZEL. *run in)* Let your father go first. *Exit* THENADIER, Madame T. *is taking* Cosette.

FAN. Let me have her now—I shan't have her by-&-bye—*(embraces Cosette, Exit Madame,)* MUSIC. Let me look at her bright blue eyes—my little Cosette,

I am forced to leave you—but only for a time tho' (*kisses her*)—only for a time. *Exit into Inn.*

MAGLOIRE, (*who has finished laying cloth, &c.*) There:—it's quite ready for my good master, when he's ready for *it.*

MUSIC, *cres. till* JEAN VALJEAN *Enters, and continues dim. till he is seated on stone R. —murmurs—derisive shouts, distant then loud—Poeple pass across stage, in search, voices die away—*JEAN *looks round, doggedly, then sinks exhausted on stone.*

JEAN Dogs! do you leave me at last—foot-sore, and weary you drive me on still further. Curses on you, and your town—you hate *me*, and *I* hate you—Oh! how I hate you. (*laugh outside L. Jean looks up*) Another, well I can only try again—a man must eat.

*Knocks loudly on table, Enter* THENADIER,

THEN. (*down C.*) Well, what do you want?

JEAN Supper, and a bed.

THEN. Humph! for payment?

JEAN Oh! yes, I have money.

THEN. All right—sit here. JEAN *sits with great appearance of enjoying himself—unfastens boots, rubs his ankle &c.* VERBOIS *Enters—recognises Jean, draws Thenadier aside,—*

VER. (*mysteriously*) I say old soldier, that's—
(*whispers Thenadier*)

THEN. You don't say so! (*to Jean*) Look here—look here—I can't make room for you.

JEAN (*turning to him*) Are you afraid I shall cheat you? Do you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you.

THEN. But I have no spare bed room—

JEAN Put me in the stables.

THEN. The horses take up all the room. Come, move out of this.

JEAN Well—a corner in the loft—a truss of straw—we'll see to that after supper.

THEN. I can't give you supper. Go! ( MUSIC )

JEAN I am at an Inn—I am very hungry—and so I *shall* remain. *Enter* FANTINE *with Cosette.*

THEN. You *will* ? Hark ye—*(whispers, Jean starts then doggedly takes up stick and knapsack, and, with head bowed down, moves off; as soon as he gets to the cross, they laugh, Jean turns angrily to them, they Exit hurriedly.*

JEAN (*sinking on steps of cross*) Always the same. Always the same—Ah!

FAN. (*coming down L.*) It seems very cruel. *My good* Man, what are you going to do?

JEAN (*roughly*) Nothing, my '*good*' woman; nothing, but knock at the door of the prison—they might give me a nights lodging there.

Fan. A Prison! Oh. don't go there.

Jean Where else? (*Cosette gets between his knees*) What a pretty child—you don't see many of these, where I come from. (*pats her cheek*)

Fan. Where have you come from?

Jean What, did'nt they tell you? did'nt you hear from the Inn, where they refused me shelter?

Fan. And no one will take you in?

Jean No. I've knocked at every door—always the same—always the same.

Fan. (*pointing to Bishop's house*) Have you knocked at that?

Jean No. ( MUSIC )

FAN. Then do, and Heaven help you, my poor man,

JEAN ( *surprised at her kindness* ) Thank you—but Heaven has forgotten me long ago.

THENADIER, (*outside*) Come in, and shut the door.

FAN. Yes sir, coming. *Exit. Jean looks after her, then slowly disappears at back R.*

*During this,* BISHOP MYRIEL *Enters, and places book on Prie-dieu.*

MAG. Monseigneur, have you heard the news ?

BIS. No. Something very dreadful—are we in great danger ?

MAG. ( *very excited* ) Yes, Monseigneur,—great ! There's such a dreadful man arrived in the town—and some misfortune will happen this night—and I say this house is not at all safe—and if Monsieur will permit, I will go to the locksmith, and tell him to put the old bolts on the door again—it is so dreadful to live in a house where the door may be opened from the outside by any passer by ! or, if he knocked, fancy saying 'come in' to a great, big, murderous, atrocious-looking monster, who— ( *a loud knock at door, Magloire screams* ) Oh ! Heavenly Saints !

BIS. ( *very quietly* ) Come in.

JEAN VALJEAN *throws open the door.*
MAG. *screams. &c.*

JEAN (*looks at them, leaning on stick, and speaks with despairing desperation* ) My name is Jean Valjean—I am a Convict—this evening, on coming into your town, I went to the Inn, but was sent away—it was so everywhere—I was lying on a stone outside, when a good woman pointed to your house, and said 'go, and knock there'—is it an Inn ?—I am starving—will you let me stay here ?

MAG. Stay here ! Oh, hark !

BIS. Come in.

JEAN I was liberated four days ago—I tell you I am a Galley Slave!

BIS. My son, you are welcome!!! Magloire, another knife and fork.

MAG. *( trembling )* Knife—and f-o-r-k?

BIS. Yes Magloire!

JEAN ( *surprised* ) Wait a minute—( *advances* ) did'nt you hear me say I was a Galley Slave—a Convict—and have just come from the Toulon Bagne?—( *takes yellow paper from breast* ) Here's my Yellow Passport, which turns me out, everywhere I go—this is what it says—I learnt to read at the prison—(*reads*) 'Jean Valjean, a liberated Convict, native of'—but that does'nt concern you—'15 years at the Galleys—5 years for robbing, with house-breaking'—Ha! ha!—breaking a window, to get a loaf, to feed seven little starving ones!—'10 years for having tried to escape 4 times: the man is *very* dangerous'. Now, you hear what they say of me—all the world has turned me out—will *you* receive me?—will *you* give me food, and let me sleep in the stables?

BIS. Magloire, prepare the bed in the alcove.

MAG. The b-e-d! Oh!

JEAN A *bed!* and I've told you who I am?

BIS. You need not have told me who you were—you have one name I knew when you entered, that of *my Brother*,—( *rises* ) this door does not ask a man who enters, whether he has a *name*, but if he has a *sorrow*,—you are hungry and thirsty, so be welcome. ( *sits* )

JEAN ( *taking off wallet, &c.* ) I *was* hungry, when I came in, but you are so kind, that it has passed away. ( *sits L. of table* )

BIS. ( *kindly* ) You have suffered greatly!

JEAN Suffered! Uh! Such suffering as few know—( *bitterly* ) The cannon ball at your foot—the collar round your neck—the brand, on your shoulder—the parching heat, freezing cold—labour—blows—a dungeon for a word, even when you are ill—and then the chain gang—( *shudders* ) Oh, the very dogs are happier—15 years of that, and now the Yellow Passport—the brand of Cain, the bar to human sympathy.

( MUSIC )

BIS. ( *placing his hand on Jean's shoulder* ) My *brother*, you have come from an abode of sorrow—if you leave that mournful place with thoughts of hatred and anger, you are worthy of pity; if you leave it with thoughts of kindness, gentleness and peace, you are more worthy than thousands of *us*—so sit, and eat, in peace and welcome. (*they sit.* MAG. *has placed Soup, Bread, &c. on table* ) It strikes me, Magloire there is something wanting!

MAG. Only the s-p-o-o-n-s!

BIS. Ah!

MAG. *gets them, they go on with supper, Jean eats voraciously. During this* FANTINE *with* Cosette, *and* Mad. THEN. *Enter.*

FAN. Good bye, Madame, you *will* take care of her, you will love her, like your own—Oh, promise me to be good to her!

Mad. T. Never fear, she's all right, the pet, we'll take care of her, my husband dotes on children.

FAN. ( *who is broken hearted* ) Thank you, Madame,—Heaven bless you—you are so good—I shall not be long away—I will starve, but I'll pay you regularly—and God bless you, as you treat her—one more kiss of my darling—Now—now—I must go—(MUSIC) Oh! I feel as if my heart would break—Good bye—good bye— *Exit, sobbing, R. U. E.*

Mad. T. Good bye! I never saw so much crying, and kissing, over a brat: some mothers are such fools.
*Exit with Cosette.*

JEAN (*having finished supper*) Oh, Monsieur le Curé! All this is much too good for me. Or, perhaps you are not Cure?—if Heaven was just, you ought to be Curé. (MAG. *clears table*)

BIS. Heaven is more than just. So, you are a native of Portalier?

JEAN Yes, and am going there to-morrow to see if I can find out something about my poor brothers and sisters. (*yawns, and stretches legs*) Oh!—this is rare and good— (*seizes Magloire, who screams, & runs away*) Kiss me, ma bonne—(BIS. *remonstrates*) No harm! I was thinking of my sister, whom I have'nt seen for 15 years—I used to see her take the lumps of meat out of my soup, and give 'em to the little ones—and I'd hide my eyes, and pretend I did'nt see her—poor girl—poor Fan—(*reflectively*) what would she do with seven children!

BIS. Seven children?

JEAN Seven. And one of 'em, my little Fan—she used to watch for me, Mons., and come toddling to me, with her pretty hair all flying, and put her arms round my neck, and her soft little cheek against mine—and then she would nestle just here, Mons.—here—and (*softly*) fall asleep; and, great rough fellow that I was, I was afraid to move, 'lest I should hurt the soft little thing—(*with changed manner*) and then she woke, and screamed for bread—there was none to give her, so I took it, would'nt you?—and I got 15 years in the Chain gang for it—15 years in the Galleys—but she had the bread tho', Ha, ha,—she had the bread!

BIS. Seven children! and you return to them to-morrow?

JEAN ( *yawning* ) Yes, Monsieur le Cure—tomorrow. It's a hard journey!

BIS. You need rest—Magloire, is all prepared?

MAG. Y-e-s, Monsieur!

BIS. ( *taking up candlestick* ) You will sleep well I trust. I will see you tomorrow before starting—good night. ( *going to door R.* )

JEAN Good night! ( *suddenly looking up, flushed with drink, savagely folding his arms* ) You lodge me so close to you as that?—who tells you I have'nt committed a murder?

MAG. Mur-der! (*screams, and drops plate basket, scrambles things up, and rushes off R.* )

BIS. ( *calmly* ) That concerns not *me*—whatever you may be, may Heaven bless you—may Heaven pardon you! ( MAGLOIRE *returns.*) Quick, Magloire, the good man needs his rest. Good night! *Exit R.*

JEAN ( *looking after him* ) Good night—I shan't want rocking.

MAG. ( *aside* ) Rocking, no it's hanging you want. ( JEAN *unfastens blouse, and takes off sabots* ) O dear! O dear! I wonder which he'll murder first!

JEAN ( *in dreamy tone* ) Good night!

MAG. How he says it—as if he had made up his mind which! [ *indicates cutting throat* ]

JEAN [*dashing boots down, stretching, & yawning*] Good night!

MAG. O dear, I thought he was going to begin—my heart was in my mouth—I wonder where he keeps his carving knife—perhaps borrow ours—Oh, gracious, I feel as if I could'nt m-o-v-e—[*Jean rises, she bolts off* ]

JEAN ( *at alcove* ) A bed, like other people—sheets—blankets—( *throwing himself on bed* ) this will do for me! [ MUSIC ] I wonder if—if I shall sleep—

I wonder if—if— [ *BELL strikes* 10—*loud laugh in Inn—three Men come out, & Exit R. U. E.—Jean rises, pause* ] Silver—silver—silver! I can't sleep —Ha, ha, Brevet, with his draught-board braces—my little pet Fan. too; Ah!—10 leagues before me 'ere I shall see her bright eyes and—Oh, what a fool I am to think I shall see her at all. [ *comes forward* ] How could they keep together, after I was taken away—they had to starve—perhaps are starving now— [*in excitement, he grasps the Candle-stick*] Silver!—silver, and she put more in there—( *BELL at intervals. Jean thrusts hands in pockets, counts* ) 15 francs, and 10 leagues to get over—my Yellow Passport, a barrier to industry, and hope—there is no other way—to work—to work—( *blows out light, arranges knapsack* ) Is he asleep? ( *listens* ) I can get out by that window, it opens on the street! What's that? ( *listens* ) I thought I heard some one say 'don't rob the good old man'—200 fr. at least—more than I have earned in 15 years—this will help us, when we are together—we shall prosper, we can return it—it is bread, food, life!

*Goes to door R., listens, then enters stealthily. Pause. Jean re-enters hurriedly with Plate &c. puts it in knapsack, and dashes to window.* THENADIER, & CHAMPMATIEU, *with* VERBOIS *Enter. Jean recoils.*

THEN. ( *at door* ) Good night, my merry fellows, good night! *Exit. Champ. slips down steps.*

CHAMP. ( *drunk* ) Hollo! Where's my hat?—have you seen my hat, sir? ( *to the cross* ) Oh, thank ye' ( *puts on horse collar* ) When this you see, remember me!

VERB. *coming down.* Come along, Champmatieu, let me lead you,

CHAMP. Well my man, as you *are* so drunk, I *will* help you home. Come sir, come to glory! *Exeunt L.*

JEAN My temples beat like forge hammers!

*As soon as they disappear, Jean escapes by window, and off R. U. E. Pause.* MAGLOIRE *Enters cautiously, in night cap &c.*

MAG. I can't sleep a wink—O dear, O my—I have mustered up courage to come and take a peep—I am so restless about that Plate—I might remove it from Monseigneur's head, and take care of it till morning. I wonder if the man's asleep! ( *cautiously approaching alcove, starts back* ) O dear! O dear! I shall be so glad when we are well rid of him! No breathing—he is'nt here—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!— ( *running to room R.* ) Monsieur—Monsieur—are you murdered? Oh, tell me, for goodness sake, *are* you murdered? Monsieur—Monsieur—

BISHOP, ( *within* ) What is it, Magloire?

MAG. Oh, thank goodness we are not all dead in our beds! Monsieur, the man's gone—and—gracious heavens, here's the Plate basket!

BIS. ( *Entering* ) Indeed.

MAG. The Plate—the Plate—

BIS. Well, Magloire?

MAG. It's stolen—it's stolen—the man has gone, and stolen our Plate!

BIS. Stolen our Plate! Ah, he must have been poor indeed, to rob *me*. Well, well, *I* forgive him—may Heaven forgive him too.

MAG. Good gracious!—I don't care for it, but Monsieur—

BIS. Can do very well without it.

MAG. What an idea—It's a mercy he only stole—we might have woke up in the morning and found ourselves all murdered. [ MUSIC ]

*Cries, without,* 'Yah—Thief—Bring him

along—Yelllow Passport—&c. &c.

MAG. Good gracious—what's that?

BIS. Let us see. *They go into Street.*

*Noise increases,* JEAN, *struggling with three Gendarmes, resisting savagely, is brought on—Men, Women, Gendarmes, &c.—all uncover when Bishop appears. Peasants have Torches. Lights half up.*

CORPORAL *L. C.* ( *in loud voice* ) Monsieur le Bishop—

JEAN The Bishop, not a Cure?

CORP. Silence! We found this man running away, so we arrested him on suspicion, and found this Plate, which he says *you* gave him!

BIS. *L.* Ah, I see; he told you it was given to him by an old Priest, at whose house he stayed. And *you* have brought him back—Ah, that is a mistake!

CORP. ( *saluting* ) Oh, if you *did* give it him, we can let him go.

BIS. Of course, LET HIM GO!

*Gendarmes release Jean, and fall back.*

JEAN ( *in absent, and inarticulate voice* ) Is it true—am I at liberty?

CORP. Don't you understand! ( MUSIC )

BIS. ( *very kindly* ) Go in peace!—when you return, my friend, you can always enter, day and night, by the front door, which is never locked. Keep the Plate—Promise me to employ this money in becoming an honest man!

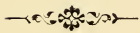
JEAN Honest—*I—I—*

BIS. ( *extending hands over him* ) Jean Valjean, *my* Brother—no longer belong to evil, but to good; for ever cast aside black deeds, and the spirit of perdi-

tion, and give your thoughts to HEAVEN! *(points up)*

*Jean weeps, sinks slowly on his knees, and kisses the Bishop's robe. Peasants point at him. Gendarmes face about, and mark time.*

CURTAIN.



## ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1.—*Office of M. Madeleine—large window-door R. looking out on Market-place—Curtains to draw—large table, covered with papers L.—Chairs—*

JAVERT *discovered R. of table*—
GILLENORMAND *Enters R.*

GIL. Is M. Madeleine here?

JAV. No sir, he will not be long—will you wait?
( *offers chair* )

GIL. Thank you. ( *surveying Office* ) And this is M. Madeleine's Office—where he transacts all his business?—Ah, Javert I don't know what the town would do without our good and worthy Mayor. ( *sits* )

JAV. ( *pettishly* ) Always the Mayor!—our *good* Mayor—Bah!—Excuse me M. Gillenormand, you are a man I respect—I, perhaps, never said as much to anyone before, but you are not like the rest of men, who blab, when they think they have found out, what is not generally known, and so make others as wise as themselves—the idiots!—I can say safely to you, what I mean—Well, I don't trust our Mayor—that's the long and short of it—*I don't trust him!*

GIL. Well, you are certainly singular in that.

JAV. ( *doggedly* ) Let me ask you who was he, sir?

GIL. Who was he!—Well, Humph—that's certainly

difficult to tell—he never would give an accuunt of himself—but then, who would ask him?—that grave, sad face—he came here in the winter of 1795—a poor man—a knapsack on his back—a stick in his hand—dress, gait, speech, and manner of a working-man.

JAV. Working-man! Bah! Perhaps a—

GIL. What?

JAV. Well, never mind:—go on M. Gillenormand.

GIL. This man rushed into the burning mass of the Town Hall, and rescued two children, who belonged to the Captain of the Guard—they asked his name, to honour it—and from that time Father Madeleine has been a blessing to the town!

JAV. It might have done very well without him.

GIL. ( *taking snuff* ) Prejudice,—there's not so much wisdom in world, that we can reject a clever man because he does'nt show a genealogical tree—poor devil—I dare say he has'nt got one! But don't they say he is some connection of the good Bishop of Digne?

JAV. 'Don't they say'—what don't they say of him? This I know—that he has a million of francs at the Bank, ready to draw out at any moment—it's suspicious.

GIL. Nose a Fox, Eh, Javert!

JAV. Look at me M. Gillenormand—I am Javert—( *pompously* ) an officer of the Law—a respecter of Institutions, founded on authority—a man who reverences Law so much, that he has it for Father, Mother Friend, Wife, *Religion*! My mother was a fortune-teller—my father, overseer at the Galleys—when I grew up, I found myself beyond the pale of society, and despaired of ever entering it—so I became the guardian of that society which kept *me* at a distance—I *hate*, with bitter hate, all who break the law—and

woe-be-tide those, whom Javert suspects—Mayor Madeleine may find yet to his cost, that Javert suspects!

GIL. ( *rising* ) Well, keep your suspicions to yourself, for you are the only man in the town, who does not believe heart and soul in him—except, indeed, old Fauchelavert, who is jealous of him—he thinks it's Madeleine's fault that he's only a carrier, with one horse. ( *looking through door* ) There he is yonder —his cart seems heavily laden—poor brute, the horse, not the man—the idea of his being so bitter against Father Madeleine—the man, I mean, not the horse—No, poor brute, he knows better!

MUSIC. *Noise outside. Enter* SERJEANT *and four Gendarmes, dragging in* FANTINE.

SERJ. ( *to Javert* ) Monsieur, we arrested this woman for assaulting a Citizen.

JAV. Ah,—that jade Fantine.

FAN. ( *weeping, and very humbly* ) O Monsieur—good Monsieur Javert—

JAV. ( *roughly* ) Silence! This is pretty behaviour—assault a French Citizen—you shall go to Prison for it! ( *writes, L. of table* )

FAN. Prison!—Oh, have mercy—I tell you it was'nt my fault, it was—

JAV. Silence!

FAN. ( *painfully humble* ) I will, sir—but—Oh! do, *do* hear me first—I assure you, I was not in the wrong—if you had seen the begining, you would say so—I was in a hurry to take home my work—the gentleman caught me in his arms—thrust snow into my bosom, I so ill too—insulted me, so grossly that I struck him—why is he not here?—I will beg his pardon, if you wish it!

JAV. Hold your tongue, will you?

FAN. Let me off this time, M. Javert—you know if I go to prison I can but earn 7 sous a day—and how can I keep my child on that—I already owe 100 frs.—and, if I cannot work to pay it, my child will be turned into the street—Oh, my Cosette—my little angel—what will become of you—Oh! sir, *do* think of that, and have pity on me! ( *sinks by chair R.* )

MUSIC. *Noise outside, 2 Men run from L. to R.*

GIL. Egad, the town's broken out all at once—( *Enter a Man R.* ) What's the matter there?

MAN Oh, sir!—old Fauchelevert's cart, laden with stones, has fallen over—and the old man is crushed under the wheel—he's not dead yet, tho' he soon will be—the men won't help him, for they think it serves him right for speaking against our good Mayor, who offers 20 louis to any one who will save him—there's none strong enough I'm off to the blacksmith's for a jack—but I fear he'll be dead before I get back! *Runs off L.*

JAV. Ah! It's not the *will* they want, it's the *strength!*

*Cheers outside R.* MADELEINE *Enters surrounded by Peasants, who shout* 'long live Father Madeleine' *&c. &c.—Gillenormand places chair C. for Madeleine, who sinks exhausted on it.*

GIL. Now don't crowd round him so!

ALL He raised the cart—He saved old Fauchelevert!

*Javert trys to push up Madeleine's sleeve to see brand, as he revives.*

MAD. That will do—I am well now! ( *rises* )

JAV. ( *L. C. with eyes fixed on Madeleine* ) Monsieur has raised that cart *himself?*

MAD. Yes!

JAV. I never knew but *one* man, capable of lifting a cart like that with his back, and he was a Convict at the Toulon Bagne!

MAD. Indeed!

JAV. Humph! ( *returns to table L.* )

GIL. ( *who has been talking with People, comes down R.* ) It was wonderful—it was grand!—

MAD. It was nothing—you would any of you have done as much.

GIL. ( *taking snuff* ) Ah, I think not. ( *cross L.* )

MAD. Leave me, friends—I have business. Take this to the good old man—it is to pay for his horse and cart! ( *throws purse. Exeunt Peasants, shouting* 'Long live Father Madeleine, &c. &c.' MUSIC.

*Madeleine R. C. looks at Fantine, who is kneeling —scarcely noticing what passes.*

GIL. ( *taking up shout* ) Long live Father Madeleine—you *are* a good man, sir—I am proud to know you, sir—I—I—damme—( *aside* ) Now Javert, what do you say?

JAV. ( *looks up from papers* ) As much, and more.

GIL. Bah!—damme—Bah! *Exit at back.*

JAV. It is necessary, sir, for you to—( *Madeleine takes no notice* ) Umph!—to prison with her! ( *hands paper to Serjeant,* )

MAD. Wait a minute, if you please!

JAV. Monsieur le Maire!

FAN. The Maire!—( *savagely springing at him* ) So, you are the maire—Ha, ha, ha,—you—you—

( *Javert advances roughly* )

MAD. Javert, set this woman at liberty!

JAV. ( *astonished* ) What!

FAN. ( *staggers, looks round* ) At liberty? Who said that?—was it you, kind M. Javert? ( *Madeleine looks at paper, and speaks to Serjeant* ) Oh, that villain of a Maire, is the cause of all—only think, Mons.

Javert—they have discharged me from the factory, because they said such dreadful things about me—discharged me for nothing—and, Oh! the misery I have endured—the world has been so cruel to me—they don't know what I have gone through—and they are so pitiless—they don't know how ill I am—how I struggle to get bread—how I try to keep Cosette, happy and comfortable, while I starve—I have parted with everything, even to my long fair hair, for her—but *you* have thought of my child—how I bless you for her sake —( *kneels, and kisses his coat, then gaily to Gendarmes* ) You hear what he says—you may let me go!

( *moves towards door, Gendarmes close up, and cross arms* )

JAV. ( *in voice of thunder* ) Don't you see she's going?—who told you to let her go?

MAD. I did! ( *Fantine looks from one to the other* )

JAV. Monsieur! She has insulted a Citizen!

MAD. She was not in the wrong—I crossed the Square at the time—the man should have been arrested.

JAV. She has insulted *you*!

MAD. That only concerns myself—she *must* be set at liberty! ( *movement from Javert* ) I know what I am doing.

JAV. And I, M. le Maire, know not what I am seeing.

MAD. Be content with obeying!

JAV. ( *roughly* ) I obey my duty—and my duty orders, that this woman goes to prison for six months!

MAD. She will not go, for a single day!

JAV. This is a matter of the Street Police, and concerns me—I try it.

MAD. It is a matter of the *Borough* Police, which concerns *me*, and *I* try it—

JAV. Monsieur—

MAD. Not another word—leave the room! ( *tears paper, & crosses R. Exit Serjeant & Gendarmes* )

JAV. ( *bows with mock respect* ) Mayor Madeleine, I obey—( *Aside* ) Mayor, Fox, the dog will unkennel you! *Exit* 1 *E. L.*

FAN. ( *with surprise & emotion* ) You—you—

MAD. I have heard your story, my good woman, and have already endeavoured to assist you. I know nothing of the charges you bring against me, I was unaware, even, you had left the factory. You have been very poor.

FAN. Poor! Oh, so horribly poor, you can't think.

MAD. Why did you not apply to me?—my purse is ever ready to assist the suffering, and deserving. Fantine, my child, you strangely interest me—there is something in your features which— No—I—I—You are weak, and ill—I will place you with a good nurse, and—

FAN. How good you are; and I, so—

MAD. We are none perfect—and in the sight of Heaven, the sin is weighed, by the temptation!

FAN. Oh, sir, I have been sorely tempted—I have sent every sou I could scrape together to keep her nice and comfortable—what did it matter, how I lived—but I am ill now—I think I shall not live long, sir—but let me work in the factory, 'til I die, sir. ( *sinks on knees, Madeleine takes her hand* )

MAD. Work, my poor girl! Be cheerful, Fantine, I will do more than this. I will send for your child—you shall have her with you—and her future welfare, as well as yours, shall be my care.

FAN. You will send for her? Oh, M. Madeleine, I don't know how to thank you—my heart swells in my throat—( *struggles with emotion* ) God bless you—

God bless you— ( *she faints* )

MAD. ( *seated L. C.* ) Poor martyr! The misery you have endured, is the anti-room to Heaven—you were obliged to begin with that. Fantine ( *raising her* ) Fantine! In that room you will find friends, instructed to take care of you.

FAN. And Cosette?—

MAD. Shall be with you soon.

FAN. ( *with faint smile* ) Don't be long before you send for her—I shall be well then! ( *Madeleine leads her to door R.* ) May the earnest blessings of a dying woman be on you, sir—may they be placed to your account when we meet there! ( *Madeleine bows reverently. Exit Fantine R.* )

MAD. Send—poor mother—I have already sent, I will *go* for her now. ( *sits at table* ) Yes, I will take the journey myself—I doubt his bringing the child, spite of his promises—and the poor mother, hungers and dies for her—we shall—

*Enter* SERVANT *L. 1 E. with lighted candles,*

SER. There is some one enquiring for you, Monsieur. ( *draws curtains R.* )

MAD. Who is it?

SER. A very ugly party—he would'nt give his name.

MAD. Has he a child with him?

SER. No Monsieur.

MAD. ( *Aside* ) Probably the man I sent for—show him in, and don't mention my name to him. *Exit R*

*Servant is about to exit as* THENADIER *Enters and bumps him.*

THEN. That will do, my good fellow—the party I am about to meet, will not be long, I hope—the great Thenadier cannot waste his time.

SER. The gentleman will be here directly. (*aside*) he certainly *is* a ugly party. *Exit L.*

THEN. *(lounges about room, sits C.)* Comfortable quarters—I wonder who it is, wants the child!—the father?—No, fathers, as a rule, don't want their children — The mother?—Oh, well, we shall see. Money sent, over the amount claimed—that argues plenty more to be got from the same spout, and Thenadier, the great Thenadier, knows the art of sucking dry. ( *rises, & puts back chair* ) Cosette costs me a clear nothing, thanks to the admirable management of Mad. T.—why should I, then—merely for the asking, then, give up my golden goose, then—No Cosette, my little duck—you shall go on laying indefinitely—you miserable, ugly, little wretch—Ha, ha, ha! (*sits R of table*)

MADELEINE, *who has overheard part of last speech, coughs drily, at back of table.* And what does M. Thenadier expect the little goose to lay this time?

THEN. ( *no way disconcerted* ) Have I the honour of addressing—

MAD. The person who sent you that note—the person who is authorised to demand the restitution of the child Cosette.

THEN. And that person is?—

MAD. It can matter little to you, when I show you this. ( *shows paper, which he has taken off for Fantine to sign* )

THEN. ( *reads* ) 'Let Cosette be given up to the bearer. Fantine.'

MAD. You know the writing?

THEN. Perfectly. 'The bearer'—her father, Eh? ( *aside* ) Umph, evidently wishes to remain unknown —( *aloud, rises* ) Ah, Monsieur—the heavenly infant you speak of, endeared to my heart by a thousand-and-one fond memories—*from* whom, *the* parting, *even*

in imagination, is such frightful agony to my tender heart—to both our hearts, my wife's and mine—my wife, sir, the tenderest of women—the most devoted, and loving of women, on a large scale—all heart, sir, all heart— ( *takes out ragged pocket-handkerchief* ) You will pardon this emotion, Monsieur, but when I am coldly informed, it can matter little to me. you drive me to tears—to— The fact is, Monsieur—( *with changed manner* ) I want a thousand francs!

MAD. Where is she?

THEN. But the money, Monsieur?

MAD. Shall be yours when you bring Cosette.

THEN. What, all?

MAD. All!

THEN. ( *aside* ) The devil—I should have asked more! ( *cross R.* )

MAD. You will arrive at Montfermeil this evening, you will start tomorrow for Paris with Cosette.

THEN. 'With Cosette'—allow me to make an entry to that effect—( *writes in dirty note book, furtively looking at Madeleine, aside* ) I shall know you again my man. ( *Aloud. Smooths nap of hat, &c.* ) All right—the great Thenadier, of Water—

MAD. ( *interrupting* ) That will do, Monsieur, a kind good night to you.

THEN. The great Thenadier, whose honour is—

MAD. The day after tomorrow, I shall be glad to see and hear you.

THEN. *is about to speak, as* SERVANT *Enters.*

SER. M. Javert wishes to speak with you, Monsieur.

THEN. ( *alarmed* ) My good fellow—must we necessarily pass that man?

SER. Yes monsieur. *Exit L,*

THEN. Oh, I've no fear !—ta, ta—

*Enter* JAVERT. *Exit Thenedier comically.*

MAD. ( *to Servant, who shows on Javert* ) See that my horse is ready for me. ( *Exit Servant* ) And now, M. Javert, I am very much at your service—( *Javert crosses to R. despondently* ) What's the matter?

JAV. Monsieur, an inferior agent of authority has failed in his respect to a magistrate, in the gravest manner.

MAD. Indeed. Who is the agent ?

JAV. Myself !

MAD. And, who the magistrate, who has cause to complain of the agent ?

JAV. You, M. le maire ! I have come to request, that you will procure my dismissal from the service.

MAD. Javert !

JAV. I mean it—my dismissal from the service, which boy and man, has been my pride and joy ! I have done wrong—you shall know my fault. ( MUSIC ) Mons. le maire, I denounced you to the Prefect of Police—as an escaped Galley Slave ! ( *Madeleine rises, livid, stares at Javert, who does not raise his eyes, then sinks back* ) I took you for a man of the name of Jean Valjean, a Convict I saw ten years ago, when I was assistant keeper at the Toulon Bayne. For five years he has failed to report himself, as the law demands, that every bearer of a Yellow Passport should do—he has, consequently, broken his Ban—and I was on his track as a fugitive from justice—I imagined *you* were he, so M. le maire, I denounced you !

MAD. ( *slowly, & with sonstraint* ) And the answer you received, was—

JAV. That Jean Valjean is arrested !

MAD. Arrested ?

JAV. O, there's no mistake—I've seen the man—he will take his trial to-morrow at Arras—I am summoned as a witness, and he is sure to be found guilty for having tried to escape.

MAD. After all, these details interest me but slightly—when did you say you were going to Arras on this matter?

JAV. I fancied I told you—the trial comes on to-morrow—and I shall start by to night's Post—and return as soon as I have given my evidence.

MAD. Very good—you may go. ( *Javert waits* ) What's the matter now?

JAV. I have one thing to remind you of, Sir.

MAD. ( *Passing hand over brow* ) What?

JAV. That I must be discharged.

MAD. ( *rises* ) Javert you are a man of honour—and I esteem you—you exaggerate your fault—I insist on your keeping your position.

JAV. M. le Maire, I must treat myself as I would treat any other scamp—I demand my discharge.

MAD. We will see. ( *smilingly offers hand* )

JAV. Pardon me, a Mayor ought not to give his hand to a spy—from the moment I misused my authority I became one. ( *Bows deeply and exit L. 1st. E. Madeleine alone.*

MAD. ( *speaking with difficulty, hand to heart* ) The blow has fallen, this fellow creature falsely accused—I must know him to be wearing my red jacket—and dragging *my* chain at the Galleys—or, I must take myself by the collar, and drag myself to justice! Oh, why have I sought to weave around me the love of fathers, mothers, and little children—those poor people who look to me for home—shelter—food—that unhappy mother, too, and her helpless child—can I leave

them to perish—can I—NO, I will remain—I am Madeleine, and woe to the man who is Jean Valjean—it is a fatal name that hovers in the air, and if it stop, and settle on a head, so much the worse for that head— I *will* remain—the good priest's blessing will be fulfilled—'I shall no longer belong to evil, but to good'—Oh, scoundrel!—why deceive myself—there may be many around me, making a great noise, and blessing me—but, there will be *one* who bears *my* brand, who will curse me in the darkness—all the blessings will fall to the ground—the curse alone will ascend to heaven! ( *falls on table in despair. Closed in* )

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SCENE 2. ANTEROOM to COURT.

USHER *Enters from R. crosses L. & calls* 'Jean Valjean, this way.' CHAMPMATHIEU *is brought on by Gendarmes, resisting.*

CHAMP. You blunderers—I tell you I am not Jean Valjean--I tell you I am Champmathieu--you all make me angry with your nonsense, I never stole in my life—never was in prison, never want to be—what do you want?

SERJEANT. That's all very well—but you must make the President believe it.

CHAMP. I'll make him believe anything he likes, if he'll let me off. What will he ask me?

SER. Well—he'll ask you, where you were born!

CHAMP. Now that *is* a stupid question—as if any one could remember that!

SER. Then he will ask you, to prove you are not Jean Valjean, when you *are*—and that you were *not* where you were, when you *was*!

CHAMP. Oh, that'll make me so angry! Now look here—you are a good-natured fellow—*you* do it all for

me—do—and I'll give you some sour apples, like those they say I stole.

USHER, *Entering R. very loud.* Prisoner Chammerty!

CHAMP. There you see, it's Chammerty they want, not me.

SER. Come along, you'd better take things quietly.

CHAMP. Quietly!—yes, I suppose if you wanted to cut my head off, you'd say take it quietly—but I'll be hanged if I do.

SER. Make haste, M. le President won't wait all day for you. Move on.

CHAMP. I don't want to go before your President—you're a pretty party, you are—if a man sees a branch of fruit on the ground, he may pick it up, I suppose, but catch me doing so if I knew as much as I do now. Let me go—let me go—or, you'll make me very angry.

USHER ( *calling* ) Prisoner Chamty!

CHAMP. I shan't come, till I know what you're going to do with me!

SER. Come, come—no nonsense!

CHAMP. My honest legs shall never carry me into such a place, I can tell you! ( *sits on ground* ) You will make me angry with your nonsense!

*Gendarmes pick him up, he trips them, &c Business ad lib. ultimately carried off R.*

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SCENE 3. FULL COURT at ARRAS.

PRESIDENT *& Judges L. raised—Jury under them—large table C. at which are* COUNSEL *for Prosecution & defence—*CHAMP. *in prisoner's box L. C. back—large door C. with steps & curtains —People, raised R.—Gendarmes, &c.*

NOTE—*This scene must be inter-set with*

*the first. Promptor must see Champ. in his place, before ringing off.*

COUNSEL *for Prosecution.* I have to congratulate my learned brother on the fairness of his arguments—He has admitted that this may be Jean Valjean—and what is Jean Valjean?—Gentlemen, he is a monster of immense crime—a wretch who has four times escaped from the punishment due to his atrocity—a man, whose life has been one continued infraction of the law—a man of lies, he denies everything, even to his name and identity;—is such a man—such a monster—to escape with impunity? In addition to a 100 proofs, to which I need not revert, there are four witnesses who recognize him—Javert, the upright functionary of the law, and three of his old companions at the Galleys—and what does he oppose to this crushing unanimity?—he denies!—what unblushing affront—but you, Gentlemen of the Jury, will do justice—you will save society from the depredations of one so lost, and depraved—and punish the crimes of Jean Valjean as they deserve! ( *sits C.* )

CHAMP. Eh!—that's a fine speech—perhaps you'll prove me some one else, by-and-bye—it's all very fine, go on, but you'll make me so angry, directly.

PRESIDENT. Prisoner, you are in a situation which should cause you to reflect—the heaviest presumptions are weighing upon you. I ask you, for the last time, to explain yourself clearly on the following facts-- In the first place—did you, yes or no, climb over the wall and steal apples?—that is to say, commit a robbery with escalade. Secondly, yes or no, are you the Convict Jean Valjean?

CHAMP. ( *crying* ) I never stole anything in my life—and my name is Champmathieu—I have been in prison—bullied, and brow-beaten, and—I shall get

very angry!

PRES. You are said to be Jean Valjean, concealed under the name of Jean Matieu, your mother's name: you were born at Favarolles—

CHAMP. Eh!—you're a clever fellow to tell me where I was born, I did'nt know myself. Go on, it tickles me, Ha, ha— ( *Counsel for defence, who sits under him, motions him to be quiet* ) Gentlemen, it tickles me.

PRES. I must caution you not to aggravate your case, by unnecessary and uncalled-for levity. You deny you are Jean Valjean; for the ends of justice, we will call the convicts Brevet and Cochepaille. Bring up Brevet and Cochepaille. *Serjeant goes to 1st. E. R.*

CHAMP. I don't know the convict Brevet—and if he recognizes me he'll make me very angry.

BREVET *& Cochepaille are brought in from R.*

Is that Brevet?—go back and wash your dirty face—( *Counsel motions as before* ) He ought to be ashamed of himself.

*Counsel for Defence.* Sit down!

PRES. ( *to Brevet* ) You have undergone a degrading punishment, so you cannot be sworn; still, there may remain, by the grace of Providence, a feeling of honour and equity, even in the being the law has degraded—and it is to that feeling I appeal. There is still time for you to retract, if you believe you are mistaken. Prisoner, stand up.

CHAMP. Why, he told me to sit down.

PRES. Brevet, look at the prisoner—tell us, on your soul and conscience, do you recognize this man as your old mate at the Galleys?

BREVET We were fastened to the same chain for five years—I recognize him positively, and so does my mate.

CHAMP. Oh, what a lie! I'd spoil your dirty face if I could get at you.

PRES. Silence! You have heard the evidence. Have you anything to say?

CHAMP. Say! I say you've done it famously!

*Omnes.* Oh, Oh, Oh.

PRES. Silence in the Court. ( MUSIC. *Jury confer—and hand paper to President* ) Jean Valjean, alias Champmathieu, you are found guilty of the crimes of which you are accused, and the sentence of this court is— *Madeleine, who has heard the trial, rises, & comes forward C.—his hair has changed colour.*

MAD. Brevet, Cochepaille, look this way!

*Omnes.* The Maire—the Maire—Hurrah!

MAD. Gentlemen, I can acquit your prisoner.

PRES. *Counsel, & Jury.* M. Madeleine!

MAD. Not Madeleine—but Jean Valjean, the Galley Slave! *All rise—People cry* No, no!

PRES. You are mad—it cannot be!

MAD. ( *sadly* ) Do you think I stand here to load upon myself accusations, which are not true! I am the Convict you seek!

PRES. We must investigate this—we cannot believe—

MAD. Cannot believe—Oh!— Brevet, Cochepaille, do you know me? ( *they shake their heads* ) *I* recognize *you*—Brevet, you have a deep burn on your left shoulder, you placed that shoulder in a pan of burning charcoal, to erase the letters indicating 'Prisoner for life.'—You, Cochepaille, have near the hollow of the left arm a date, made in blue letters, which is that of the Revolution, July 1789. Is that true?

*They show marks to Gendarmes—Pause —Madeleine appears faint, Counsel offers a*

*Chair, which is refused—*

MAD. Who but their old companion at the Galleys could know this— You see plainly I am the man you seek—the Public Prosecutor can order my arrest!

*With head bowed down, he goes to opening at back C.*

CHAMP. No, No!—look here— If that's Jean Valjean, he's such a trump that I should like to be convicted for him!

*People shout,* No Conviction! No Arrest!

*Gendarmes surround the place where People are. Tableau, and*

ACT DROP QUICK.

## ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1. CHAMBER, *in Madeleine's House. Doors R. & L.—window L. C. with Moonlight behind (lime)—easy chair C.—couch R.—table & chairs L.—green lamp—*

MAGLOIRE *asleep at table*—FANTINE *on couch, she coughs & moves—*

MAG. ( *waking suddenly* ) Well, it's a comfort I never sleep—not even forty winks. Here's the drink all right—( *goes to Fantine* ) She sleeps—Ah, poor dear, sorrow falls heavy on the young—she will be waking soon, and asking after M. Madeleine, and I don't know what to tell her—I have lain his key in the usual place, just by the little loop-hole—but he'll not want it to-night. Ugh!—what's that?—I'm as nervous as a kitten—I feel all of a currant jelly—all of a wibble-wabble—Oh, it's only the watchman going his rounds.

*Fantine advances slowly to easy chair—lime light full on her—Magloire utters faint cry, & goes to her assistance—*

She sleeps—Oh, Oh!—I'm so frightened, and out of my wits.

FAN. ( *sadly* ) The world is so hard— And I had to leave my little one—Ah, the world is so cruel. (*suddenly*) Brother, brother, where are you?—I sought you with my child in my arms—you would have helped us—you would have given us bread! No, no—he is far from here—( *shuddering* ) I never tell anyone—I never did—never—never—Cosette—Cosette—

MAG. Your child will not be long—you must sit here quietly, and wait for her.

FAN. Yes, yes,—she *must* come soon—I cannot wait long—long—long— ( *falls back in chair* )

MAG. So young, and so much trouble—the doctor says her constitution is entirely gone—her child might restore her waning energies—but he is fearful even of that, for sudden joy, is as dangerous as sudden sorrow. He says I must keep her from violent emotions—poor child, she seems to have suffered terribly—I fear the end is very near. M. Madeleine promised to bring her child, and when *he* makes a promise—

FAN. You are speaking—what is it ?

MAG. Be quiet, my child.

FAN. I will be good—but why does *he* not come ?

MAG. M. Madeleine ?—he has gone on a journey.

FAN. He has gone to fetch Cosette ! ( *clasping her hands* ) Heaven bless him ! I shall see her again—you know, Madame, it's nearly five years since I saw her—you cannot imagine how a mother clings to her child—then, she must be so pretty—how wrong it is for a mother to be so many years without seeing her child—( *softly* ) you'll remind me to put on my pretty cap, when you hear them coming.

MAG. There, you are happy now—( *MUSIC* ) So obey me, and don't speak any more.

FAN. I will be good—so good—

SONG, *very piano & tremuloso.*

MAG. ( *after Song* ) If her child were to come, it might save her. *Enter* MADELEINE, *slowly*, *L. Mag. starts.* Oh, how you frightened me, Monsieur—I thought it was a gh-o-st.

MAD. How is she ?

MAG. Somewhat better. She thought you had gone for her child—we did not know, and so we—

MAD. Did not undeceive her— Right.

MAG. ( *struck by his appearance* ) Good gracious sir, what has happened to you ?—your hair is changed.

MAD. What ?

MAG. See. ( *presenting hand glass* )

MAD. So it is ! Can I speak to her ?

MAG. White—good gracious ! Certainly, Monsieur —but her child ?

MAD. Will not be here until to-morrow.

MAG. To-morrow—Oh, dear— It would be better not to speak to her, sir, until—

MAD. I must— I am pressed for time.

*Mag. goes to Fan. & says* 'she sleeps' *Mad. sits beside her, takes her hand—Fan. looks with surprise, but with ineffable joy & faith, says—*

And Cosette ? I knew you were there—for tho' I was asleep, I saw you— Cosette—bring her to me.

MAD. Not now—you must get well first.

FAN. ( *impetuously rising* ) I am well—I tell you I *am* well—I insist on seeing my child—( *kneeling humbly* ) Oh, Monsieur ! I sincerely ask your pardon —I am not angry, for I know I am going to be very happy—when you see I am quite calm, you will say, we must give her, her child—won't you—Oh, say you will.

MAD. Yes, perhaps.

FAN. How does she look ?—did you have a pleasant journey ?—do you think she will have forgotten me, all this time ?—my poor darling—could'nt she be brought here, only for a moment, *now* ?—Oh, do say yes !—I'm sure it would make me well !

MAD. Cosette is well—you shall see her soon—but you must be calm— I had something to say to you, but, in your present state—

FAN. Oh, I am strong—I can hear anything *you* wish to say to me.

MAD. Is there any one else you wish to see ?

FAN. No. No one but Cosette—they are all dead, or worse—Jeannette gone—Robert gone—and Jean, Oh, my poor Jean—my dear brother, who loved us so—( *very simply* ) Can you tell me, Monsieur, are they very cruel at the Galleys ?

MAD. ( *starts* ) The Galleys !

FAN. I'll tell you—I would'nt tell any one else—poor Jean, and he so good—we were all starving—seven of us—Oh, it was such a hard winter—no work for the poor, therefore, you know, Monsieur, no food, and Jean, our good Jean, broke a window, and brought us bread. It was very cruel to take him up for it—and punish him so severely, for—( *Mad. deeply affected* ) Why do you weep—why do you press my hand so ?—don't weep, you are too good to have a single sorrow. Ah, I see, you are sorry for the seven little ones, left to starve, when Jean was taken away—yes—yes—

*Children laugh outside, one voice louder than the rest—Fan. starts with joy, & holds up her hands—*

I hear her—I hear her voice—my pretty Cosette—I hear her—she's coming—she's coming—

*Rushes to door L. and encounters* JAVERT, *& 2 Gendarmes. Picture ! Javert's manner is stern, hard & brutal, his right hand under coat, grasping stick—exultant. Fan. staggers back to R. Mad. regards Jav. with stern composure.*

JAV. ( *roughly* ) Come !

FAN. ( *in agony* ) M. Madeleine, save me !

MAD. ( *mildly* ) Courage Fantine—it is not for you.

JAV. ( *savagely* ) Come—make haste !

FAN. Monsieur le Maire !

JAV. Ha, ha, ha—there is no *Maire* here !

MAD. Javert !

JAV. Call me Monsieur, the Inspector !

MAD. ( *in low voice* ) I should like to say a few words to you in private.

JAV. Speak out—people talk aloud to me.

MAD. *( low & rapidly )* Grant me three days, to go and fetch this poor woman's child.

JAV. *( loud )* To fetch this girl's brat! Ha, ha, that's very rich.

FAN. My child?—then she's not here—

JAV. Will you be quiet, wench. A fine country this where Galley Slaves are magistrates; and—

MAD. Silence, sir—you are in the presence of a dying mother—I ask no pity for myself, no respect, but I will force you—*( movement from Javert )*—Ay, *force* you, to render it to this wrecked woman, whose heart hungers and thirsts for her child! Let me fetch her child, then I will give myself up your prisoner—refuse, and you bring on yourself what follows—I am no man to go from my word!

JAV. A threat—*( advancing )*

MAD. Stand back!

FAN. Monsieur le Maire!

JAV. I tell you, there is no Maire here—there is a robber—a brigand—a convict, of the name of Jean Valjean, and I've got him! *( seizes Madeleine. Fantine screams, looks at Javert, then at Madeleine, then clutches her throat, as if about to speak, & throws up her hands, passionately.*

FAN. It is not true—It is—Brother!—*(falls dead)*

MAD. *( removing Javert's hand )* You have killed this woman—my sister!

JAV. Enough of this—*( furiously raises stick )*

MAD. *( fixing him )* I would advise you not to disturb me, just at present! *( Javert falls back. Mad. kneels, raises Fan. in his arms, kisses her )* Dead! Woman Angel, hear this last assurance from earth, ere Heavens portals open to receive you! Here do I swear to find your child, and dedicate my life to her service; rear, guide, and succour her! The Galley Slave defies

law, in such a cause—and cursed be the man who would keep me from this sacred duty—Amen !—Amen !

*With arms outstretched, looking up—Picture —Change scene, by flag.*

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SCENE 2— *ANTEROOM to Prison.*

*Enter* GILLENORMAND, *L.*

GIL. ( *taking snuff* ) A good fellow—a noble fellow—Ah, ah—give himself up—face the Galleys for life—well, if his judges don't acquit him by an unanimous vote, they are a set of asses, and deserve to be sent to the Galleys themselves ! Javert, Oh, that acute Javert—I suppose he crows over his penetration. Well, give me the man, who sees anothers good points—and is not always prying and ferreting into the bad ones. We are none of us so good, that we can afford to throw stones—at least, *I* think not—I judge by myself !

JAVERT, ( *outside R.* ) Let a double guard be set —see all is—( *Enter* )—Ah, M. Gillenormand, are you here ! Well, what did I tell you ?—a fox, in sheeps skin—you were all so blind—only Javert could find it out—only Javert, who could scent the fine creature, in his admirable disguise—what idiots people are !

GIL. Umph !—you are highly complimentary.

JAV. Present company excepted.

GIL. Oh, don't mind me. And so you've got him—Bravo, my fine fellow—you shall be well rewarded—you have got your convict—you have got your Jean Valjean : well then, keep him—eat him—torture him—put a chain on his leg—a number on his back—a double brand on his arm, and make his life a daily curse : when you have done all this, what then ?—the law will be satisfied !—all right, it will— But, what have you done ?—this man was living honestly in the community, a credit and honour to it—he had atoned his wretch-

ed fault—well, down swoops the black eagle, *Law*, carries him off, and with him Commerce, Work, Wealth! M. Javert, your fine town will go to the devil! (*cross*)

JAV. ( *C.* ) Let it, before thieves and Galley Slaves should rule it.

GIL. That's a matter of opinion—if they *can* do it, and do it *well*, there may be circumstances to justify it. M. Javert, you, and such as you, are a reforming man's curse—you believe in nothing good he does—in your eyes, he is a black sheep to the end of the chapter. Well, thank goodness, you can't make *me* out a galley slave, so I may go on being as great a rascal as I like.

JAV. Aye, Monsieur, so long as you do nothing to bring you within the pale of the law, of which I am a most faithful minister.

GIL. But, let me tell you, sir, the Law often makes the creature it punishes! What is this boasted civilization, which drags such miserable wretches at it's heels?—which, Juggernaut-like, crushes it's thousands and thousands of victims! ( *cross L.* )

JAV. The law, is the law; and I have nothing to do with anything else—Javert performs his duty—Javert triumphs—Javert chuckles—ha, ha, ha!

GIL. But for his noble conduct, *Javert* could never have performed his duty!

JAV. Ha, ha, ha!—don't excite yourself—don't fly in a passion—*you* defending scoundrels, rogues, and vagabonds!

GIL. No sir, no—I'd have 'em all hung—Counsel—Prosecution—Lawyers, and Prisoners, off-hand—why not get rid of a lot of scoundrels at once!

JAV. Umph—pleasant.

GIL. 'Don't put yourself in a passion,' sir—I *will* put myself in a passion!

*Enter* SERJEANT *hurriedly*, *R.*

JAV. What's the matter ?

SER. ( *breathless* ) Monsieur Madeleine, sir—

JAV. ( *sharply, correcting)* The prisoner, Valjean !

SER. The prisoner Valjean, has broken the bar of his cell window, and escaped !

JAV. Escaped ?

GIL. Escaped !—Ha, ha, ha !—Glorious !

JAV. ( *enraged* ) Fools—idiots—you—you—you—

GIL. Don't put yourself in a passion ! ( *imitates* ) Javert triumphs—Javert chuckles—ha, ha, ha,—don't fly in a passion !

JAV. Which road ?

SER. Montfermiel, we think.

JAV. And they follow him ?

SER. No, they wait for orders.

JAV. Orders—Idiots !—Out of my way !— Montfermiel—we'll catch him yet ! *Exit R. Serjeant follows.*

GIL. ( *calling after him* ) And if you do, may you catch a Tartar ! Don't put yourself in a passion, mon ami ! Ah M. Javert, those so ready to clap irons on others, should have a taste of wearing them, themselves ! Oh, what a rascal human nature is, to require so much law to keep him in order ! *Exit L.*

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SCENE 3.— *A FAIR. Inn L. U. E. with sign 'Serjeant of Toulon'—A Toy Booth R. 1st E.—a long street of Booths, to back—tables & chairs L.—Carts—Benches—Great bustle as scene opens, by Villagers, Carters, &c.*

THENADIER, *Pedlars, &c. drinking L.* COSETTE *asleep under table.*

NOTE. *At opening of scene—2 women, & 3 men buy flowers from Flower Girl—a group of Peasants surround Pedlar C.—several groups promenade, from different angles*

*—some play at 'jet a l'anneau'—2 Tumblers & 1 Pierrot.*

THEN. ( *coming forward* ) More custom to the 'Serjeant of Toulon'—If we could only do like this all the year round, Thenadier, would be the great man he always dreamt he should be—for I flatter myself I know the duties of a landlord—to arrest passers-by—to set a price on the open window—the shut window—the feather bed, the palliasse, the fleas—to know how much the reflection wears off the looking glass, and charge for it—and, by the five thousand fiends, to make the traveller pay for everything—even to the flies his dog eats! *Enter* VERBOIS, *on Horseback.*

VERB. Here—Inn! Serjeant of Toulon!

THEN. Here, here, my good friends—put up your animals—good attendance for man and beast!

VERB. Well, we'll hope so—let my animal have some water.

THEN. Of course, most mighty— Here, Cosette, water—water—( *very loud* ) you little wretch, where are you? - skulking as usual—Hollo—where is she?

MONT. ( *sitting on table L.* ) Do you mean your slavey?—she's been asleep under this table ever so long. Come, get up little one—your master calls you.

THEN. Come out, devil's bird, come out! ( *Cosette starts to her knees, & rubs her eyes. She is in rags* ) I'll set Madame Thenadier to you—(*loud*) Do you hear?

COS. ( *with a scream* ) Oh, don't—please don't—please don't—

THEN. Well, get some water for this gentleman's animal! ( *goes up, & attends to customers* )

VERB. Yes, and if *you* are to do it, be quick.

( *goes to pony, & unfastens panniers* )

COS. ( *moving off, wearily* ) Yes, sir.

*Enter* Madame THENADIER, *from Inn L.*

Mad. T. ( *very loud to Cosette* ) Cut!

*Cosette, terrified, runs off at back L. Men laugh.*

MONT. Ha, ha! You know how to manage her.

Mad. T. Rather—the lazy slut—if I did'nt look after her, what would become of all the work at the old 'Serjeant'. ( *Drum & pipe, outside R.* ) Hollo, there are the tumblers! ( *People go up, some off. Mad. T. runs to door & calls* ) Here Epo, my darling, Azelma, come, and see the pretties—hi, you pets, where are you? ( *Cosette comes down to peep, Madame boxes her ears* ) Little devil, how dare you—go to work. ( *throws her L.* )

Cos. Yes, Madame.

Mad. T. If you've nothing else to do, get out those stockings—how frightful you look with those red eyes—Cut! ( *Cosette takes stocking from her pocket, & begins to knit* )

VERB. Landlord, my horse has'nt had any water!

THEN. No water? Cosette! ( *goes into Inn, and is busy there till he sees Champmathieu* )

Mad. T. That little wretch again—come here—( *takes her by the ear* ) Now look at that gentleman—has his horse had water?

Cos. ( *frightened* ) Y-e-s, Ma-dame.

VERB. It's a lie! Now look here, my animal wants water, and he must have it! ( *goes up* )

THEN. ( *from Inn* ) Of course. Cosette, go and fetch it, clean from the well.

Cos. All that way?

Mad. T. Go and fetch it, you hear—( *Cosette hangs her head* ) And, as you have to pass the baker's, bring a loaf with you. ( *gives money* )

Cos. Yes, Madame! *Gets large pail, & Exit R.*

*MUSIC. Shouts, & laughter outside R. up.*

THEN. Hollo, who have we here?—why! I remember him, surely!

*Enter* CHAMPMATHIEU, *surrounded by Peasants, laughing &c.*

CHAMP. I tell you it was capital—ha, ha, ha—took me for another blackguard! ( *all laugh* ) Got over it tho'—not to be mistaken long for the fool I am, eh? ( *laugh, &* No, no! ) Some men don't know they are fools—some do—now, *I* know I am—therefore I belong to the upper class of fools!—( *laugh* )—not the upper class generally—oh, no!

THEN. Hollo my famous customer, don't you know me?

CHAMP. ( *sitting on back of chair* ) Let me look at you—it might be dangerous to take you for another rascal! ( *people laugh* ) I know you—rather—you ugly scoundrel! ( *Omnes laugh, & say* 'Oh, oh!' )

THEN. Hollo—I say—how—

CHAMP. You know I was the greatest fool among your customers—and yet, you go and hide yourself when those old asses wanted to take me for somebody else.

THEN. & Mad. T. How—where—what?—

CHAMP. Have'nt you heard of it? Well, to show I've no malice, I'll take something to drink, at your expense and tell you all about it. ( *Omnes* 'Aye—aye!' )

THEN. Ah, you would always have your joke—(*aside*) and you shall pay for it. Wife, get some drink.

*Madame T. does so.*

CHAMP. Now, this is how it was— ( *tells them in dumb show* ) *MUSIC. Enter* MADELEINE, *disguised as an old way-faring man, cap over eyes, stick, &c.*

—And, he said it was himself—not me—but himself, who was Jean Valjean!— *Madeleine listens—music ceases—Picture— After which, Omnes* 'Well—well'

—And so the old fools let me go—they would'nt take my word for it. But he was a splendid fellow, and I was very much obliged to him—we'll all drink his health—you too, old fellow—[ *to Madeleine* ] Here's Jean Valjean, and, may he have a fine time at the Galleys!

*Omnes* 'A fine time, at the Galleys!' [ *they drink* ]

CHAMP. But we are not at the Galleys—so suppose

we have the last Parisian novelty'

*Omnes.* Ay, ay—a dance—a dance!

*SABOT DANCE.*

*After which, all go up—Champmathieu lights cigarette, drinks, &c.—Madeleine sits at table.*

THEN. ( *to Mad.* ) Well, my friend—what for you?

MAD. ( *in assumed voice* ) Something to eat and drink—I may want a bed.

THEN. ( *winking at Madame* ) All right, my man—we'll lodge you. ( *arranges table, &c.* )

*Enter* COSETTE, *with pail.*

Mad. T. Here's that little imp, Cosette, ( *Madeleine starts, & goes to her* ) Well, you've got here at last.

MAD. Let me carry it for you, my little one.

COS. ( *timidly, looking at Madame* ) No, no.

*Madeleine takes pail, & gives it Verbois.*

Mad. T. Where's the loaf?

COS. The l-o-a-f!

Mad. T. The l-l-l-o-a-f! Yes—where is it?

COS. The baker's was shut up—and—and—

Mad. T. Shut up?—well we'll know the truth of that to-morrow. Give me the money. ( *holds out hand* )

COS. The mo-ney!

Mad. T. The money, idiot!

COS. ( *feeling in her apron pocket, in despair* ) I—I

MAD. ( *pretending to pick it up* ) Here it is.

Mad. T. Silver—umph—( *to Then.* ) Look here, he's given me silver, for the sous I gave her!

THEN. Silver!—( *pockets it* ) Great creature—crawl in the dust to him.

Mad. T. To him?

THEN. ( *savagely* ) I tell you. ( *mildly to Mad.* ) Children are a great trial, and we love her so—bless her. *Goes into Inn for eatables, for Mad.*

MAD. Is she your child?

Mad. T. Ours!—that little wretch—no, thank goodness.

MAD. And your mother, little one?

COS. I never had one, sir!

Mad. T. Not that she knows, sir—she's a sort of imbecile, that we took out of charity—we have written to her people, but have had no answer—it looks as if her mother was dead.

COS. ( *sadly* ) My mother *is* dead.

Mad. T. All the better too—She could'nt have been much, as she deserted you.

MAD. ( *with emotion* ) Deserted her!—as you say her mother may be dead.

Mad. T. And what business had she to go and die, and leave her brat with us—I'll pay her out for it!

MAD. You would'nt beat her?

Mad. T. Oh,—would'nt I—the lazy slut!

MAD. Is her weak innocence no protection?

Mad. T. 'Her weak innocence,' indeed—ha, ha—I'll give it her all the worse for that— Go to your work—

THEN. ( *coming down C.* ) My wife is so playful—she will have her joke, *M*onsieur—an excellent woman, only too tender with children—we love Cosette, almost more than our own—we give her nice easy work only to keep her out of mischief—go to it's work, now.

MAD. No—let her play! ( *gives money to Madame, & buys doll for Cosette* ) Now play!

COS. May I, madame?

Mad. T. Oh, yes, pet—since the gentleman says so!

*Cosette kneels before doll, with clasped hands.*

CHAMP. ( *coming down* ) I'm fond of dolls—I love 'em—they look so innocent, and don't scratch and bite, like real women! ( *plays with doll* )

MAD. ( *at table L*) Suppose you were free of that child?

Mad. T. ( *anxiously* ) Oh, sir—my good sir—take her—keep her—eat her—and may the saints in Paradise, bless you—take her away at once!

THEN. What are you doing, wife—this lovely child is not to be got rid of in that manner—I have been

promised a thousand francs with her!

MAD. ( *takes out pocket book* ) *I* will give you the thousand! ( *MUSIC* )

THEN. I can't consent—I adore her—affection grows on me—I love her—my wife—she loves her, too—( *with mock enthusiasm* )—and I could'nt think of parting with her—under, *two* thousand francs!

MAD. You shall have them. (*people gather round*)

THEN. I must know where she goes to.

*Omnes*. Yes, yes—that's fair!

MAD. Look you, sir—if I take Cosette away, I break the bond which binds her—I set her free—and, you never see her again!

*Omnes* Ah—Let her go—let her go!

THEN. It's greatly against my feelings—but, I'll take the money! ( *Madeleine pays* )

CHAMP. Do they sell children like that?—I'll invest in a few—( *to peasants, who laugh* ) Have you got a baby to sell—eh? ( *Cosette goes to Mad.* )

MAD. Cosette, can you love me, enough to go with me?

COS. ( *putting her hand in his* ) Oh, yes, good gentleman—and this?—( *holding up doll* )

MAD. Yes, yes—( *going* )

Mad. T. ( *coming down L.* ) Good bye, little darling—and, may he eat you!

MAD. Madame—you will never see her more—may Heaven forgive you, for the share you have had in this child's misery! Cosette, say 'I forgive you, Madame, may my mother too!'

COS. ( *putting her hands together* ) 'I forgive you Madame, may my mother forgive you too!' ( *curiously, to Mad.* ) Have I got one, sir?

MAD. ( *affected* ) In Heaven, my child!

COS. I should like to go to her!

MAD. You shall—you shall, some day!—Come—

THEN. ( *intercepting them R. C.* ) Monsieur—I

am an honest man!—that child is not mine—and I cannot give her up, without authority from her mother!

MAD. ( *pause* ) That is but just. ( *shows paper* ) You know this writing—'Let Cosette be given up to bearer, Fantine.'—This is my authority—I have paid you—you can have nothing more to say! ( *cross R. Thenadier menaces, Madeleine turns sharply round, erect* ) Farewell! *Exit, with Cosette. R. U. E.*

*Peasants say* 'Good bye' *& waive handkerchieves, &c.*

Mad. T. How much did you get?

THEN. Not half enough, wife, idiot that I am – she's worth a fortune!

Mad. T. Go and get more; or, bring her back.

THEN. Right, wife—I'll have more, or know the reason why! ( *going, after Mad.* )

CHAMP. (*intoxicated*) Leave us a lock of your hair.

THEN. Bah! *Throws him L. into Madames arms & Exit—Peasants laugh—Murmurs outside L.*

JAVERT, ( *outside L.* ) Make way—make way!—he's here—I know he's here!—*Enter, with Gendarmes.* Where is he?

CHAMP. [*creeping under table*] It's me--I know it's me

*Omnes* Who—who?

JAV. An escaped convict, Jean Valjean.

CHAMP. [ *peeping* ] You are at it again—you'll make me very angry!

JAV. Ah!—[ *overturns table* ]

CHAMP. [ *presenting bottle like a pistol* ] Another step, and I'll pull the trigger!

JAV. Fool. Search the house. 2 *Gendarmes Exit.*

*Enter* THENADIER, *tying his head up.*

THEN. Hollo—what's the matter?

JAV. We seek the convict Valjean—we have tracked him here—

THEN. What—a man with white hair, who has

carried off a child—

JAV. The same—where is he ?

THEN. On the road to Paris—there. ( *points* )

CHAMP. ( *having got to R.* ) Yes, here!—you swore I was, when *I* swore I was'nt—now, swear I am again, and I won't swear I am'nt !

JAV. Out of the way—Follow, and fire upon him !

*Javert, & Gendarmes double off R. U. E. Peasants look off—Guns fire—screams & confusion, as—*

ACT DROP FALLS, QUICKLY.

## ACT THIRD.

*Ten years elapse. Wait for change of Costumes.*

SCENE 1—*Commissary's Office.—Table & chair R.*—JAVERT, *discovered, looking over papers*—

JAV. Paris, July 30th. 1795—ten years ago. Ah, the chase after that convict Valjean, made that year a memorable one with me—I never was so deluded—he did it wonderfully! I pursued him to Montfermiel—and lost sight of him, almost as soon as I saw him in the distance—we sent a few shots after him, and found a track of blood—but nothing came of it—they thought he must have fallen in the Seine, and there perished—but then, what became of the girl?—she was never found to tell the story—No, I don't believe it—Jean Valjean is said to be dead—but, Javert believes he still lives—Javert has once been deceived by the living semblance of the scoundrel, he'll make no such mistake again—let him use what disguise his cunning may devise. I was sorry for the poor work-people when their great man was gone—the town soon went to ruin. Where-ever he is, he's rich—for as I expected he drew out every franc at Lafitte's.

*Enter* SERJEANT *L.*

SER. M. Gillenormand desires to speak with you.

JAV. Show him in. *( the Serjeant does so )*

GILLENORMAND *( as he Enters )* Well, Javert—what success?—have you found the rascal?—don't keep me in suspense—have you found him?

JAV. Monsieur—I promised to find him by six this evening—

GIL. Oh, damn your promises, let's have fulfilments.

JAV. I am a man of my word. Your nephew is a very brave young fellow—apt to ride the high horse—but, a fine fellow. You ought to be proud of him.

GIL. I *am* proud of him—proud, from the time I took him, a curly-headed boy, to this time, when he has grown a bouncing young man! But what business had he to quarrel with me, about his dead father's politics?—Oh, the heads of these modern young men, are crammed with crotchets and noodledom—with no respect for the opinions of their elders, who know so much better—But why the devil don't you bring him to me?

JAV. He's not a baby, he can bring himself. (*goes to door C. & calls*) M. Marius—oblige me by walking this way.

*Enter* MARIUS, *a young man of distinguished appearance—he starts at seeing Gillenormand.*

GIL. Oh, there you are, my fine run-away—mixed up with the police—very proper—I knew what it would come to—Oh, don't speak—since you don't recognize me—and, call me father, and rush into my arms, when I speak to you so affectionately, you damned young rascal!

JAV. I shall leave you to yourselves. Take my advice, M. Marius—resistance to lawful authority, is running your neck into a halter—it's a bad game to play—you're sure to get the worst of it. *Exit R.*

MARI. Monsieur Gillenormand, I—

GIL. Oh, you *do* know me.— Now, why have you kept away from me so long, you plague of my life?—you wanted to break my heart—but I won't let you, you scamp!

MARI. I have no wish to grieve you, sir—but when you trample on the dearest feelings of *my* heart—reverence for my father's principles—your house is no longer a home for me!

GIL. How handsome the dog looks—(*loud*) Well, you ugly villain—is that all you have to say for yourself?

MARI. Yes sir—all!

GIL. Well—it could'nt be much less. Have you found out the name, yet, of that pretty girl, you wanted to marry off-hand?

MARI. Yes sir—and she's an angel!

GIL. Of course, they all are, until we are forty!—Come. my dear boy—( *patting him on the shoulder* ) tell your old grandfather, all about it.

MARI. Oh, sir—I—

GIL. Why not call me father?

MARI. Father! ( *shaking hands* )

GIL. He calls me father—that's right—go on, my boy.

MARI. She is lovely—her name is Cosette—her father is the best of men—so good and charitable to the poor! For six months she irradiated my existance—then, suddenly disappeared, and I have never seen her since! ( *cross L.* )

GIL. Oh, you'll find her, my boy—these things are very easy—you only want a little money, my boy—and that, your ass of a grandfather will let you have, and the girl is yours—money will do it, boy—money!

MARI. Money!—M. Gillenormand—six months ago you outraged my father, and drove me from your side—to-day, you traduce the being, I seek for my wife—and I leave you, sir, for ever! *Exit L.*

GIL. ( *calling after him* ) Marius—Marius!—What have I said—what have I done?—come back—I consent to anything—

*Enter* SERJEANT *L.*

SER. I let M. Marius out, sir—

GIL. Then why did you let him out? Go, call him back—or, I'll break every bone in your ugly body—( *shaking stick* ) Marius—Marius—you rascal!—

*Exit, followed by Serjeant, L.*

SCENE 2— *Jondrette's GARRET. Set scene giving an open Garret, occupying nearly two thirds of the stage: raised 3 ft.: large overhanging window, at the side, C. R.—door C. Fireplace L. The R. of stage, shows a view of Paris, lighted up—in front of garret, & opposite window, are house tops, giving great depth between houses -Green lights outside, Red in—Snow falling.*

THENADIER, *alias Jondrette, discovered smoking—his appearance much altered—his beard rough, & clothes a mixture of male & female attire. Table C.—Bed L.—Sign-board —Pen, ink & paper—a Rope—real Poker—*

THEN. How much longer is that girl of mine going to be?—She's gone to the philanthropist with a begging letter; but, even *they* don't do now-a-days—people are so cursed suspicious, there's no honest livelihood to be got, even in a place like this, where a fellow could be quietly put out of the way, and no questions asked—( *opens trap L.* )—And where the Seine runs so conveniently, it would be quite comfortable to be put into it. ( *points to window* ) Bah!—what's a man to do when he has no money in his pocket—he must take it out of somebody elses—curse 'em, them's *my* morals!

Mad. THENADIER, *in old coat & men's shoes, &c. runs in, panting.*

Mad. T. He's coming—

THEN. Who—the philanthropist?

Mad. T. Yes—he read your letter, and said he would come directly—I have just seen his carriage—that's why I ran so.

THEN. Quick then—let us be prepared to receive him. Put out the fire—smash a pane of glass—go to bed, and pretend to have a fever—( *He pulls straw out of chair, & having made the place look thoroughly wretched, he looks round with complacency* ) Now,

I think, we shall do. ( *Knock—Then. opens door beaming with animation* ) Walk in, my benefactor!

*Enter* MADELEINE, *alias* LEBLANC, *&* COSETTE.

COS. ( *placing basket of provisions on table* ) Here Madame—here is something to do you good.

THEN. Our angelic benefactress, overwhelms us.

MAD. I see you are much to be pitied, Monsieur.

THEN. Yes—my benefactor—we have no food—no fire—the snow beats in at the roof—a window broken in such weather as this—my wife, ill in bed—( *Cosette goes to Madeleine—Thenadier recognizing him, says to Madame* ) Wife, look at that man!

COS. Dear papa, you will help these people—it makes me so sad to see their misery.

MAD. My Cosette must see the world she lives in—to make her tender heart throb with the divine impulses of charity.

THEN. And worst of all—if I do not pay my rent to-night—my wife, with a fever—my wretched self, in my rags, will be driven forth into the streets—shelterless, in the rain and snow—I owe 60 frs. sir, 60 frs.—Oh, oh! ( *groans, & falls in chair. Knock* )

*Enter* MARIUS.

MARI. Pardon this intrusion—but, I found this packet of letters, bearing your address, so I—(*sees Cosette*) Heavens!—If I intrude, now, I will—

MAD. No sir, *we* are going. ( *to Then.* ) Is it not to-night you have to pay?

THEN. Yes, worthy sir, to-night by 8 o'clock.

MAD. I will be here by 7, and bring you the 60 frs.

THEN. Oh, worthy benefactor—

MAD. Come, my child.

THEN. You are forgetting your coat.

MAD. I don't forget—I leave it for you.

THEN. My august benefactor—I am melted into tears—allow me to conduct you to your vehicle—this way! *He leads the way—As Cosette passes, she*

*drops her handkerchief, Marius picks it up, & as he returns it, whispers* ) How cruel you are to me!

MAD. Cosette—come! (*bows to Marius, & Exeunt*)

MARI. Permit me to offer *my* mite, to relieve the misery I see here! ( *puts money on table. Aside* ) Ah—again I have seen her—come what may I will discover her abode, and honestly declare my love.

*Exit. Mad. T. sits up in bed, & takes a long pull at a bottle; then sees money & rises.*

MAD. T. That's my perquisite! ( *pockets money* ) Ah,—the begging letters, Azelma lost—they'll save writing others. ( *puts them in table drawer* )

*Enter* THENADIER, *much excited.*

THEN. Well, wife—ha, ha, ha—we have found him!

Mad. T. Who?

THEN. Why, he—the brigand—the robber—who went off with our Lark!

Mad. T. What—Cosette?

THEN. Yes!—It's ten years since, but I knew him! I'll pay him now, for the crack of the head he gave me —He's better dressed—the villain—ha, ha, I hold him, and the girl too!

Mad. T. What, that one—in such fine clothes, while mine have to go about in rags?—Oh, if I had her here —I'd spoil her beauty.

THEN. (*thumping the table* ) I tell you, my fortune's made—I will have *my* turn now—he will come at seven o'clock, the vagabond, and he'll execute himself; or, we'll do it for him.

Mad. T. But how?

THEN. Go and tell Rignolles, Babet and Montparnasse I want them—and, when you see the old fox coming— ( *whispers* )

Mad. T. All right—all right—I will! *Exit.*

THEN. You shall have silk boots to-morrow, my beauty—ha, ha, ha! *He takes a rope from under bed—gets sign-board—takes large knife from*

*drawer, & feels edge—BELL strikes 7—he counts —snuffs candle with fingers, & mutters—*

I hope he'll bring, not send the money—the mouse trap is open, and the cats will be here. ( *Pause, then Knock. Thenadier opens door.* ) Enter my benefactor! MADELEINE *Enters. Madame appears at door, Then. beckons her off.*

MAD. (*cheerfully*) Here is the money, for your rent.

THEN. May Heaven repay you, my generous benefactor. ( *offers chair* )

MAD. ( *sitting* ) Now tell me—what has brought you to this misery. ( *MUSIC* )

*Enter* MONTPARNASSE, *Rignolle, & Babet, masked.*

THEN. My dear protector, we were obliged to sell everything—everything, but *this Picture!* ( *gets sign-board. Madeleine looks round, & starts* )

MAD. Who are these men?

THEN. Take no heed of them, they live in the house —I was saying, I had a valuable picture left—look— ( *holds sign on table* ) What value do *you* set on it?

MAD. It is some pot-house sign, and worth about 3 frs.

THEN. Have you got your pocket-book about you? —for I shall be satisfied with *a thousand francs!*— ( *Madeleine rises, & makes for door— Men stand before it. Picture,* ) That is not the point—do you recognize me? (*thumps on table, & takes off eye-patch*) My name is not Fabanteau, or Jondrette—my name is Thenadier, landlord of the Inn at Montfermiel—now do you remember me?

MAD. ( *quietly* ) No more than before!

THEN. Oh, I suppose it was'nt you, who carried off Fantine's child—you got a girl for 2000 frs. who would have been an annuity to me—and when I honestly asked for more, you broke my head! It was your turn then; now, I'll have my revenge!

MAD. You take me for some one else.

THEN. What—you don't see who I am?

MAD. Pardon me—I see you are a robber!

*The Men advance— Madeleine seizes chair—Picture.*

THEN. ( *taking knife* ) Leave him to me—let us settle this business amicably. Good heavens!—I don't wish to ruin you—I will be satisfied with *two* thousand francs—mind, not a sou less.

MAD. I have'nt that sum about me.

THEN. Then write as I dictate. Here, you ugly ruffian, hand us that pen and ink. ( *Mont. does so* )

MAD. ( *aside* ) The window barred—the door guarded—no escape—no hope.

THEN. Now. 'My dear daughter.' ( *Mad. hesitates, Then. menaces with knife* ) 'Come to me at once with the bearer of this—come in perfect confidence.'—sign it—( *he does so* ) What do you call yourself now?—( *looks at paper* )—Ah, all right—( *putting it back, & pointing with knife* ) Now the address.

MAD. I'll die sooner! *Throws down pen, seizes Knife, & stands on the defensive—Picture.*

Cowards—my life is not worth the trouble to defend—but, think not *you* form a barrier to my passage hence—Stand from the door! *Mont., who has crept round unperceived, now seizes Knife, at the same time the 2 Men rush on him—desperate struggle—Madeleine finally bound to post.*

THEN. ( *during struggle* ) Take the knife—cut his throat—are you afraid of one man? ( *after struggle* ) Let us settle this business amicably—Good heavens, you don't think we wish to injure you?—we will be satisfied with *three* thousand francs—here, you exorbitant scoundrels, you'll be satisfied with 3000 frs. eh?

Mad. THENADIER, *rushes in, breathless.*

Mad. T. The police—Javert—Cut!

*They all rush to trap, & endeavour to escape.*

THEN. Ladies first! *Escapes by trap.*

*Each man trys to escape first, at last Mont. says*
'Let's cast lots, who goes first'—

JAVERT, SERJEANT, *& Gendarmes, force their way in.*

JAV. Allow me to hold the hat! ( *Picture* )

*Omnes* Javert!

MAD. Javert here—lost—lost—

JAV. You are five—we are ten—it's useless opposing us—away with them!

Mad. T. Oh, my poor children!

MONT. Let's have my baccy, and I'll go quietly!

*Exeunt with Serjeant, & Gendarmes.*

JAV. ( *untying Madeleine's cords* ) I am sorry you should have follen into such hands—I have long waited for the opportunity of securing these ruffians—( *as he unties cord at neck, he slowly recognizes Mad.* ) By Heaven—I've got him! Jean Valjean, you escaped me at Arras—you were thought dead—you live—and I've got you! No power on earth shall tear you from me now! *Goes to door. During the foregoing,* CHAMPMATHIEU, *has appeared on opposite house-top.*

CHAMP. I'll swear it's him—he stood up for me—and I'll see that no harm comes to *him*! ( *extends ladder from roof to window, climbs across, & gives Pistol.* Take this, from a friend! *Slides back, & disappears with ladder. Javert turns, Madeleine presents pistol—Picture.*

MAD. M. Javert—I will use no weapon against your authority—I am your prisoner—but, be merciful—take my life—kill me at once! ( *puts pistol on table* )

JAV. ( *takes pistol* ) Take your life, and you spare mine—Umph—No, I'd rather be shot by *you*! I give you one more chance of life—but, beware, when we meet again, it will be—man to man; but authority against crime! *Opens door, but is beaten back by Flames*—Ah, what's this? ( *holds door* )

MAD. We are shut in here to be burnt alive!

JAV. ( *rushes to window* ) Barred!—have *you*—

MAD. I—am I not here to share your danger?—I will help your escape—follow me! *Gets through roof, & hangs over precipice—Jav. follows, but the roof falls in—Great conflagration, as ACT DROP FALLS.*

## ACT FOURTH.

SCENE. *Splendid DRAWING-ROOM—Rich Curtains—Chandeliers—Flowers— Carpet. MUSIC behind—Ladies & Gentlemen promenading, &c.*

THENADIER, *disguised, comes down C.*

THEN. ( *wiping green spectacles* ) Magnificent—Really they do these things well in France—Flowers—Lights—-Music—-Charming women—-Thenadier feels thoroughly at home. It was a lucky chance, I saw him in the carriage- -I followed him here, and on inquiry I found that my fine convict was about to give our Lark, in marriage, to young Marius; whose father's forfeited title of Baron Pontmercy, has just been restored to him. So—he would buy his way into a noble family—He has escaped me twice—once at Montfermiel—then, from the trap I so nicely laid for him—how he escaped from the burning house, where Javert perished, is a mystery to me :—Well done my man—tough work my rat—you have worked admirably out of your hole, only to have your tail bitten at last. It is imperative I should leave the country. ( *walking about with hands in pockets* ) So, having got in by a stolen card—the next thing, is to pluck my pigeon—then, get out !

GILLENORMAND ( *outside* ) Throw the doors wide open—Monsieur, and Mademoiselle Leblanc will soon be here ! ( *Enter C.* ) Certainly, everything has been managed beautifully.

THEN. ( *bowing* ) Have I the honour of addressing Monsieur Gillenormand ?

GIL. You have, sir.

THEN. My name is Fabanteau—I will plunge at once into my business—I have a friend who has a secret to sell.

GIL. Sir,—I never trade in the business of others! If the secret be mine, it is not worth that ( *snaps fingers* )—if anothers, *I* have no right to buy it; and I hold in natural contempt, the man who could make such a proposal!

THEN. Ahem!—The secret affects the honour, and fortune of the Baron Pontmercy, and Mademoiselle Leblanc, whom to-morrow he espouses—It is an extraordinary secret—I offer it to you first—cheap—10,000 frs.

GIL. If the secret is M. and Mademoiselle Leblanc's why not offer it to them?—they must be the best judges of it's value.

THEN. I thought of that—but my friend is acute—he knows that M. Leblanc has settled everything he has on Mademoiselle—he would show his empty pockets—No, he prefers you, who have everything, to him who has nothing.

GIL. And, with profound thanks for the magnanimous preference, I refuse to have dealings with such a cowardly scamp!

THEN. My dear sir, it is exactly what I said—but I made a promise on the altar of friendship, and I've kept my word. ( *bowing* )

GIL. ( *bowing* ) The purity of your motives, cannot be doubted!

THEN. Oh,—you do me justice! I congratulate you on this marriage—a splendid example of a father-in-law—Mademoiselle charming—family good, eh?—Oh, family *not* good—ah!

GIL. Excuse me, sir—Next to the impertinence you honoured me with, just now—I consider your last the greatest! You will oblige me by making your stay as brief as possible; or, I shall have the sublime pleasure of having you kicked out—a process that might hurt your feelings, as well as your friends.

THEN. ( *pulling on gloves* ) A christian spirit forgives even that!—( *Gillenormand retires, & rings bell* )—But I shall stay, for all that—Courage, The-

nadier—the stroke of luck must come *to-night*; or, I shan't dine *to-morrow*—work brain, work—there is a way, and I must work it out! *Exit. R.*

*Enter* MARIUS, *C.*

GIL. ( *meeting him* ) My dear boy—I congratulate you—she's an angel—she ought to be a Marchioness! Have they not arrived?

MARI. Each moment I expect them.

GIL. I shall have the old house full of youthful voices, and bright faces, before I die—Ah, you rascal—you had only to run away from me to make me consent to anything. ( *MUSIC outside* )

MARI. Ah!—See, they are coming—I must meet them! *Runs off—Enter* MADELEINE, COSETTE, & *Marius, surrounded by Guests.*

*Madeleine occasionally looks round nervously—he is pale & melancholy—his arm in a sling.*

GIL. Welcome—angelic daughter! Friends, as many compliments as you please to the future Baroness Pontmercy—( *Music* ) Hark—Come Marius, the first dance to you, the second to me—

COS. No, dear Monsieur—*you* first—Marius after—and, for ever. (*gives her hand to Marius, he kisses it*)

GIL. Ha, ha,—you are determined to take all my heart: well, I'll allow you. *Exeunt with Cosette, & Guests*

MARI. ( *looking after her* ) She's an angel—I adore her—M. Leblanc—( *turns to Madeleine, who stands absorbed, R. C. Aside* ) What is the influence this man has over me?—Kind, well-meaning; but, cold—Oh, so cold. Monsieur Leblanc—( *he turns, Marius starts at his painful expression* ) You suffer—your hand—

MAD. I thank you, no.

MARI. Cosette told me that your life has been a melancholy one—we will, now, make your happiness our constant care—you shall live with us, and—

MAD. M. Marius—I have something to say to you. There is nothing the matter with my hand, you see—I feigned the wound, in order not to commit a forgery *to-day*, that would render your marriage deed null and void to-morrow. ( *leans for support against chair* ) My conscience forbids a fraud—I *must* tell you—I—I am a Galley Slave!

MARI. ( *sinks in chair* ) Menciful powers—you—Cosette's father—

MAD. I am not her father!

MARI. Ah—who proves it?

MAD. *I* say it! Ten years ago, I did not know Cosette existed—she was an orphan—so, I came to love her as my own child!

MARI. But, why do you betray yourself?

MAD. Baron Pontmercy—from the time I cast off 'black thoughts, and the spirit of perdition,'—I became an honest man! By degrading myself in your eyes, I raise myself in my own—and, ( *looking up* ) in the eyes of that good man, to whom I owe the proud feeling, that makes me say *indeed*, an *honest* man! (*touches heart)* I once stole a loaf, in order to live—I will not now, steal a name, to become a living lie! No, today she leaves *my* life; and, we separate for ever.

MARI. Rest assured, I will never—

MAD. Now sir, imagine—Suppose I had not told you—suppose I took my place in your family—we are together, and you believe me your equal—one day, we are talking and laughing, and you hear a voice call Jean Valjean—and then, that fearful hand, the Police, rises from the shadow, and suddenly tears off the mask—No—no—It is better to bleed, suffer, weep—tear one's flesh in solitude, than live in such suspense and terror! ( *buries his face on table* )

MARI. ( *rising* ) Unhappy man—I know not whether to praise, pity, or condemn you—What you have told me, horrifies me—I—I have nothing more to say but that you have decided wisely—You and Cosette

must separate for ever! (*Madeleine groans—Marius goes to back*) What will you do now?

MAD. I am an outcast—a wretched, condemned man—never heed what becomes of me—I'll never trouble you—no—never! (*moves, with head bowed down, to C.*)

*Enter* COSETTE. *C.*

COS. (*bright, & cheerful*) You are talking politics—how stupid that is, instead of being with me. Shall I shut these people out, Marius? (*closes Curtains*)—I only want you two, of the whole world! How oddly you look, papa; you don't seem to want me here. (*to Marius, L.*) Now, did you ever see a father like that?—Come, kiss me at once!

MARI. (*taking her away*) Cosette—Cosette—

COS. You are pale—does your arm—

MARI. His arm is well.

COS. Quite well?—You are sad then?

MAD. Never, when you are near!

COS. Then, if you are well, and happy, kiss me and smile, papa!

MARI. No, Cosette!

COS. What is the matter?

MARI. It—it is business.

COS. Business!—That's just what M. Gillenormand said, when he left me—'business', with the Prefect of Police—(*they both start, she observes them*) You make me tremble—Oh, it's cruel to frighten me—Papa are you angry with me, because I am so happy? (*she kneels before Madeleine, who is seated R.*)

MAD. Angry!—Ah, Cosette—(*much affected*) Reproach you with your happiness—It was my pledge to your dying mother—it was the oath which brought to her dead lips the smile of an angel's happiness—tell me Cosette, have I kept my vow?—have I made your young life happy?

COS. You know you have! (*he kisses her*)

MARI. Enough, sir—the work is divine, adorable;

but, Heaven has chosen a strange instrument.

Cos. What does it all mean?

Mari. It means, Cosette, that you must leave that man, for ever.

Cos. ( *proudly* ) *Man!*—He is *my Father!*

Mari. He is not your father—unless he can lie, as well as—

Mad. ( *checking him* ) No, no!

Mari. Cosette, I am sorry to offlict you; but, the man you call your father, is a—

Mad. Oh, Heaven!—As you are merciful, spare me before her—I have strength enough for some things—but, not for that—no, not for that!

Mari. Cosette—*my* Cosette—you are too pure, and good, to associate with such a man. To-morrow you will be my wife; and, in presenting you to my family and friends I must be proud of you—I will spare you the knowledge of what he is—but, you must choose between us.

Cos. Choose!—Do yon know what 'this *man*' has done for me?—Do you know that I was the wretched little Cosette of the Inn at Montfermiel—that I was in a horror of misery—blows, cold, hunger, and work—yes, work Marius, at five years old—beaten, starved, and crushed—Oh, I shudder at the thought of it—and that 'man,' as you call him, that man, came and saved me—spoke kind words, in the poor ears, which had known nothing but foul oaths, and brutal curses—looked tenderly into the wild, devouring eyes of the half starved child—raised her—reared her—saved her—Oh when I think of what that *man* has done for me, I adore—I reverence—I could die for him! (*during this Madeleine rises; at the end, they embrace* )

Mad. My child—my Cosette! Listen to me, and obey. You are young, and love each other—the old must yield up the place which was once all theirs—It is not right that I should weigh, and sink you down—

I shall not be lonely—I may see you sometimes—If I know you are happy, the joy would make me live for ever—Aye, love—'till you grew tired of me and my white hairs—(*Cosette sobs*) Now, darling, now—stand from me—look on *me* as death—to *him* as life—and, choose between us! ( *Cosette, C. looks at both* )

Cos. ( *joyfully* ) Death, father—Death with you!

*They embrace. The Curtains are thrown open, & Gendarmes are posted at the entrances by* Serjeant—*Guests Enter dismayed*—Gillenormand, *&* Thenadier, *advance C.*

Then. Mighty well—Bravo—I'm sorry to spoil sport.

Gil. Marius—this man, arrested under our roof, desired to be brought before M. Leblanc, as he has something to relate, which will serve the ends of justice.

Then. Yes. There is beneath this roof an ex Galley Slave!

*Omnes.* A Galley Slave!

Cos. ( *clinging to Madeleine* ) A Galley Slave?

Then. ( *savagely* ) Yes, Madame—*your* father, Jean Valjean!

Cos. Slanderer—'tis false!

Then. Oh,—you've found a spirit at last—you've had a fine time of it since you left our tender care—you think yourself safe—no, no—not while Thenadier can drag you from the fire side!

Mad. Wretch! ( 2 *Gens. advance to Mad.* )

Cos. No, no—they must not take you from me.

Mari. Courage, darling! 'Ere I cross that threshold, again to be a Galley Slave, life would no longer vibrate in my veins—they would arrest a dead man.

Gil. Jean Valjean alive?—( *cross to Madeleine* ) I am proud to meet you, sir—very—very—( *to Thenadier* ) Now, my fine fellow, what have you got to say?

Then. I tell you, he is an ex Galley Slave—a robber, and an assassin—

*Omnes.* Assassin?

THEN. Yes!—He set fire to the garret, where he had murdered Inspector Javert!

*Enter* JAVERT, *C.*

JAV. Let *me* throw a clear light on that subject!

*Omnes.* Javert! ( *Picture.* )

THEN. ( *Aside* ) Javert—then the game is over. ( *aloud* ) Ha, ha—at least I shall not go alone—M. Jean Valjean will—

JAV. ( *C.* ) Wait a moment. I have to thank *you* M. Thenadier, for intending to burn me alive; and, *this* man for having saved me!

THEN. Saved you!—Ah, but he is still the Convict, who has broken his ban—he is still Jean Valjean—

JAV. A Pardoned man!

*Cos. Gil. Mari. & Omnes.* Pardoned?

JAV. Ten years ago—Jean Valjean was believed to be dead—so, the pardon was kept back—It is here—'twas obtained by the President of Arras, for his good services as Maire of Montruil! Release him.

*Gendarmes cross L.—Jean takes paper—Guests congratulate them—Serjeant, touches Thenadier on shoulder.*

THEN. Oh,—Pray don't trouble yourself—the little affair for which you arrest me, is quite a mistake—I shall soon—

JAV. Begone!

THEN. M. Javert, I shall report you for unnecessary brutality—I make my adieux—Thenadier disappears from the scene—*himself*, as usual—Curse you all!

*Exit, L. with Serjeant, & Gendarmes.*

GIL. (*to Then.*) Much obliged, sir—much obliged!

JAV. I have another document, M. Jean, a copy of your sister's marriage registry.

MAD. Cosette—your mother.

COS. My mother?

JAV. Yes, Mademoiselle—She was a good woman—

a martyr—but, your father was a bad man—I know that—he told your mother the marriage was a false one. Innocent—simple—heart-broken, she fled with her child, yourself Mademoiselle, and died in her brother's arms. Jean Valjean, have I atoned, my fault, at your sister's death? ( *Offers hand, Mad. takes it* )

MARI. ( *coming down L.* ) Your noble life has met a just reward—Can you pardon one, who saw not into the depths of your noble heart?

MAD. My children! ( *taking their hands* ) You will not separate me from her now?

MARI. ( *shaking his hand* ) No!—No!

GIL. ( *L.* ) Separate! Egad, if he dare, I'll disinherit the rascal for outraging the laws of justice, and humanity! Eh, Javert?

JAV. ( *R.* ) Right, sir, right—Let humanity prevail—and, never forget, that 'Law is Law'; and 'Justice, Justice'; tho' they don't always mean the same thing!

GIL. Ha, ha, ha!

COS. Now smile papa.

MAD. ( *to Audience* ) May I?

COS. ( *advancing* ) Say 'yes'—Oh, say 'yes'!

MAD. Shall she be pleader? Woman's tender lips and eyes,
Were made for such a task. Her love was given
To soothe the path, the wand'rer treads to Heaven.
An angel she—Ah, shall she, then, plead in vain?

COS. No!—Let your voice and hands, cheer
JEAN VALJEAN!

CURTAIN.