





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
RIVERSIDE

GIFT OF
Ivan Hinderaker

THE WORKS

OF

J.-B. P. MOLIERE

VOLUME III

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

THE BORES

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

THE EDITION
COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

ON JAPAN VELLUM PAPER

LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES

No. 51



JACQUES LEMAN

THE
WORKS



MOLIERE



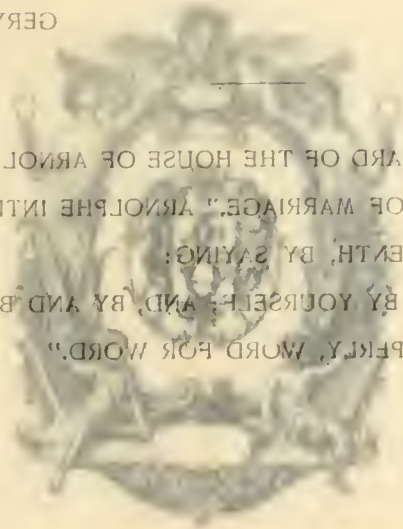
THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

ACT III. SCENE II.

GERY-RICHARD, ETCHER.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER.

SCENE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HOUSE OF ARNOLPHE. HAVING MADE
AGNES READ THE "MAXIMS OF MARRIAGE," ARNOLPHE INTERRUPTS WHEN SHE
BEGINS TO READ THE ELEVENTH, BY SAYING:
"YOU SHALL FINISH IT BY YOURSELF, AND BY AND BY, I SHALL EXPLAIN
THESE THINGS TO YOU PROPERLY, WORD FOR WORD."



NEW YORK: GEORGE BARNES & SON
1880



THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

ACT III. SCENE II.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER.

GÉRY-BICHARD, ETCHER.

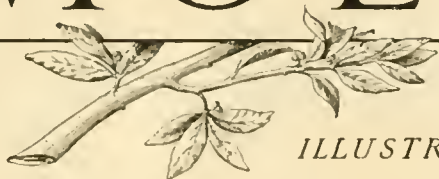
SCENE IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE HOUSE OF ARNOLPHE. HAVING MADE AGNES READ THE "MAXIMS OF MARRIAGE," ARNOLPHE INTERRUPTS WHEN SHE BEGINS TO READ THE ELEVENTH, BY SAYING:

"YOU SHALL FINISH IT BY YOURSELF; AND, BY AND BY, I SHALL EXPLAIN THESE THINGS TO YOU PROPERLY, WORD FOR WORD."

THE
WORKS
OF



MOLIERE



ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

MM. LOUIS LELOIR MAURICE LELOIR JACQUES LEMAN
EDMOND HEDOUIN



PARIS

CHEZ BARRIE FRERES, ÉDITEURS

RUE SCRIBE, 19

PHILADELPHIA: GEORGE BARRIE & SON



THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

BELOW, IN AN UPRIGHT FRAME, IS A SOUVENIR REDUCED FROM THE PLATE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1661, FOLLOWED BY P. BRISSARD IN THE EDITION OF 1682. IT IS THE SITUATION OF THE FOURTEENTH SCENE OF THE SECOND ACT, WHICH WILL ALSO BE FOUND IN THE LARGE PLATE ETCHED BY C. CHAMPOLLION AFTER M. LEMAN.

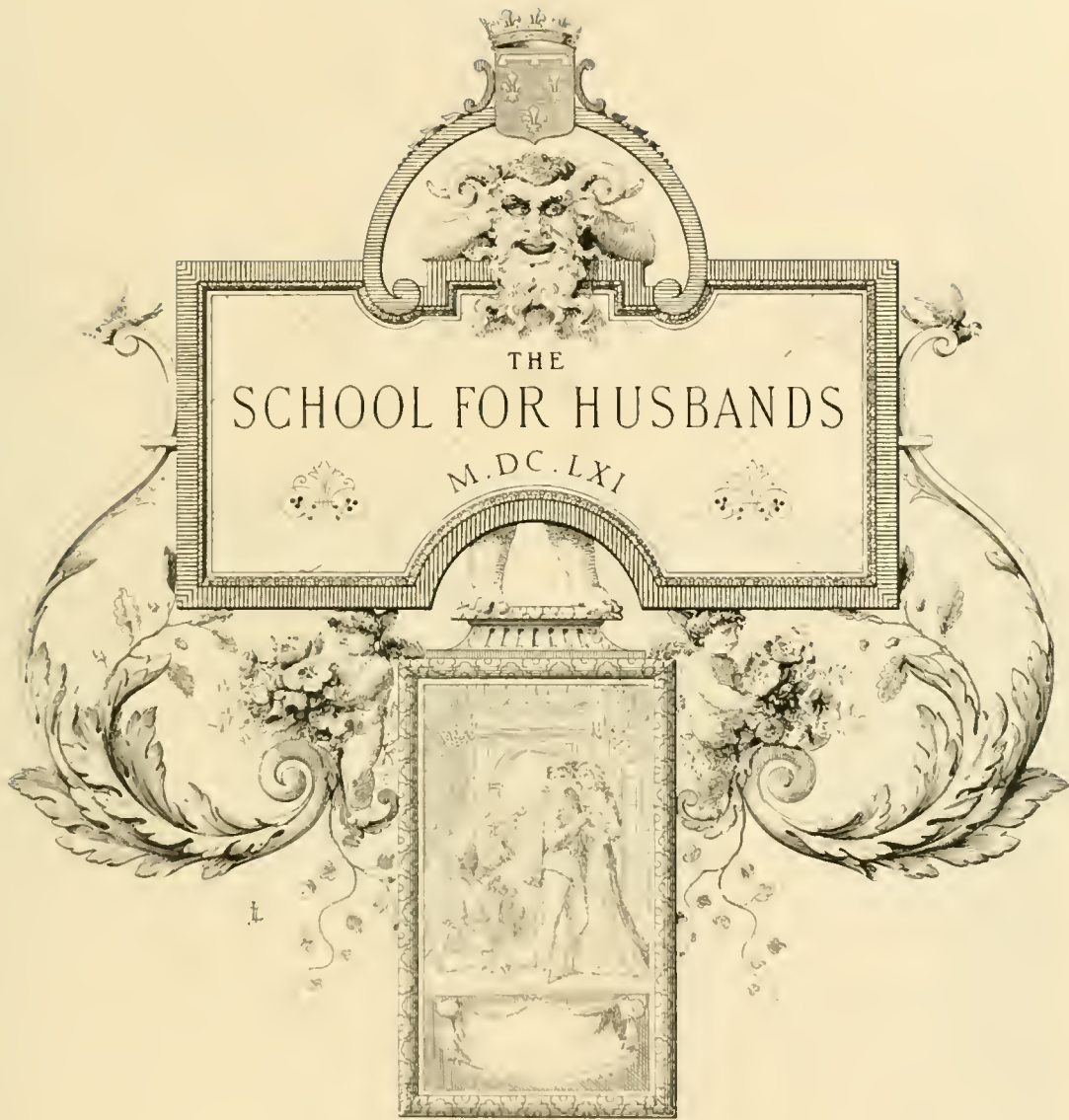
THE FRAME SERVES AS A PLINTH AND PEDESTAL TO A NAKED CHILD, WHO, LEANING HIS ELBOWS ON A LARGE MARBLE TABLET, ON WHICH IS FOUND THE TITLE OF THE PLAY, CONCEALS HIS FACE BEHIND A LARGE MASK OF A SATYR, THROUGH WHICH HE LOOKS. ABOVE, A CURVED BAND SUPPORTS THE ARMS OF MONSIEUR, BROTHER OF THE KING, TO WHOM THE PIECE IS DEDICATED: THOSE OF FRANCE, CHARGED WITH THE LABEL OF THREE POINTS, ARGENT, WHICH IS ORLEANS. ON EACH SIDE OF THE FRAME, A LITTLE CUPID SITS ON A SCROLL, WHICH BLOSSOMS WITH LEAVES.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

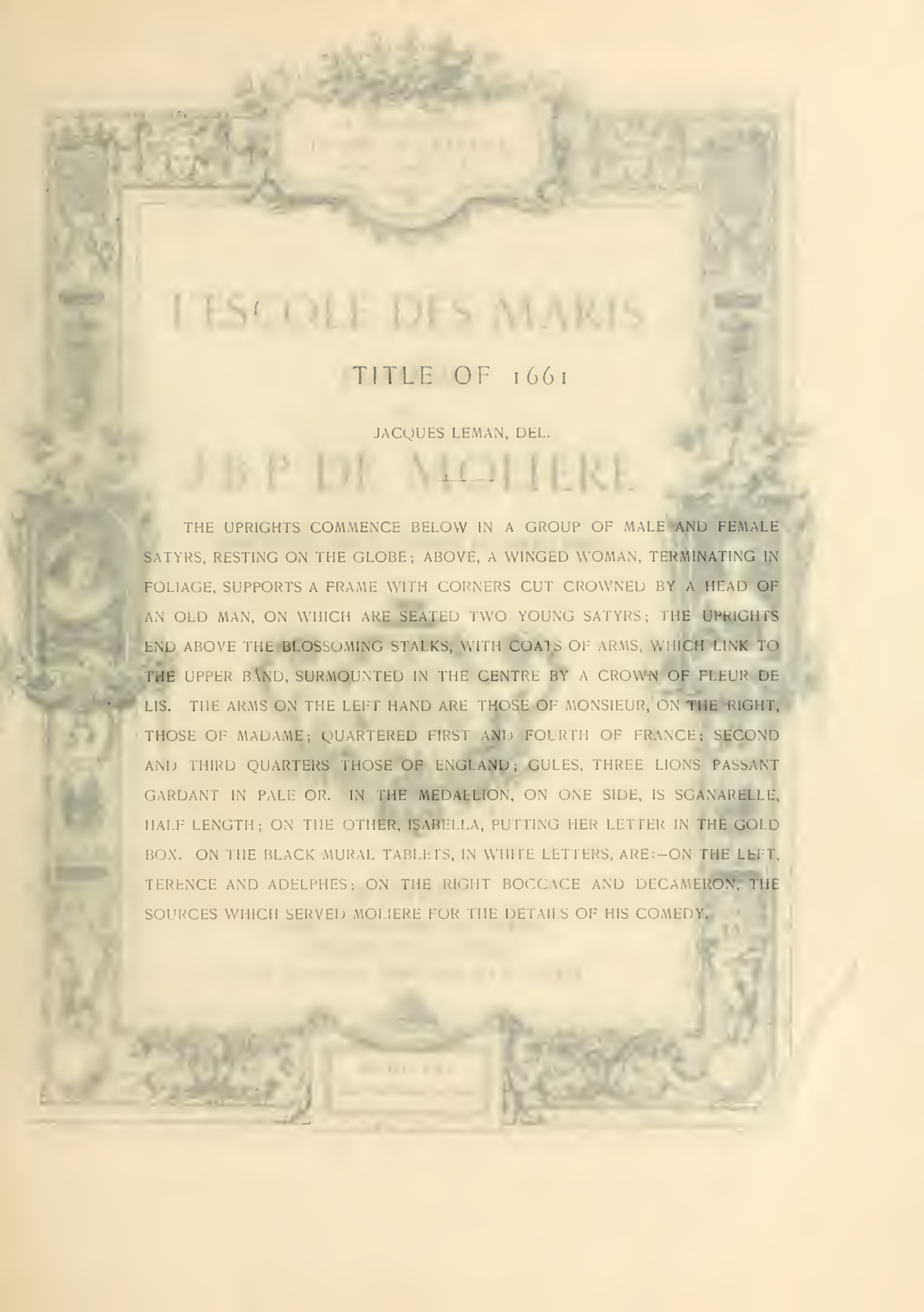
BELOW, IN AN UPRIGHT FRAME, IS A SOUVENIR REDUCED FROM THE PLATE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1661, FOLLOWED BY P. BRISSARD IN THE EDITION OF 1682. IT IS THE SITUATION OF THE FOURTEENTH SCENE OF THE SECOND ACT, WHICH WILL ALSO BE FOUND IN THE LARGE PLATE ETCHED BY C. CHAMPOLLION AFTER M. LEMAN.

THE FRAME SERVES AS A PLINTH AND PEDESTAL TO A NAKED CHILD, WHO, LEANING HIS ELBOWS ON A LARGE MARBLE TABLET, ON WHICH IS FOUND THE TITLE OF THE PLAY, CONCEALS HIS FACE BEHIND A LARGE MASK OF A SATYR, THROUGH WHICH HE LOOKS. ABOVE, A CURVED BAND SUPPORTS THE ARMS OF MONSIEUR, BROTHER OF THE KING, TO WHOM THE PIECE IS DEDICATED: THOSE OF FRANCE, CHARGED WITH THE LABEL OF THREE POINTS, ARGENT, WHICH IS ORLEANS. ON EACH SIDE OF THE FRAME, A LITTLE CUPID SITS ON A SCROLL, WHICH BLOSSOMS WITH LEAVES.



THE
SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

M. DC. LXI



L'ESCOLE DES MARIS

TITLE OF 1661

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

J.B.P. DE MOLIERE

THE UPRIGHTS COMMENCE BELOW IN A GROUP OF MALE AND FEMALE SATYRS, RESTING ON THE GLOBE; ABOVE, A WINGED WOMAN, TERMINATING IN FOLIAGE, SUPPORTS A FRAME WITH CORNERS CUT CROWNED BY A HEAD OF AN OLD MAN, ON WHICH ARE SEATED TWO YOUNG SATYRS; THE UPRIGHTS END ABOVE THE BLOSSOMING STALKS, WITH COATS OF ARMS, WHICH LINK TO THE UPPER BAND, SURMOUNTED IN THE CENTRE BY A CROWN OF FLEUR DE LIS. THE ARMS ON THE LEFT HAND ARE THOSE OF MONSIEUR, ON THE RIGHT, THOSE OF MADAME; QUARTERED FIRST AND FOURTH OF FRANCE; SECOND AND THIRD QUARTERS THOSE OF ENGLAND; GULES, THREE LIONS PASSANT GARDANT IN PALE OR. IN THE MEDALLION, ON ONE SIDE, IS SGANARELLE, HALF LENGTH; ON THE OTHER, ISABELLA, PUTTING HER LETTER IN THE GOLD BOX. ON THE BLACK MURAL TABLETS, IN WHITE LETTERS, ARE:—ON THE LEFT, TERENCE AND ADELPHES; ON THE RIGHT BOCCACE AND DECAMERON, THE SOURCES WHICH SERVED MOLIERE FOR THE DETAILS OF HIS COMEDY.

TITLE OF 1661

JACQUES LEWAL, DEL.

SOURCES WHICH SERVED MOLIERE FOR THE DETAILS OF HIS COMEDY.
TERENCE AND ADELPHES; ON THE RIGHT BOCCACE AND DECAMERON, THE
BOX. ON THE BLACK MURAL TABLETS, IN WHITE LETTERS, ARE—ON THE LEFT,
HALF LENGTH; ON THE OTHER, ISABELLA, PUTTING HER LETTER IN THE GOLD
GARDANT IN PALE OR. IN THE MEDALLION, ON ONE SIDE, IS SGANARELLE,
AND THIRD QUARTERS THOSE OF ENGLAND; GULES, THREE LIONS PASSANT
THOSE OF MADAME; QUARTERED FIRST AND FOURTH OF FRANCE; SECOND
LIS. THE ARMS ON THE LEFT HAND ARE THOSE OF MONSIEUR, ON THE RIGHT,
THE UPPER BAND, SURMOUNTED IN THE CENTRE BY A CROWN OF FLEUR DE
END ABOVE THE BLOSSOMING STALKS, WITH COATS OF ARMS, WHICH LINK TO
AN OLD MAN, ON WHICH ARE SEATED TWO YOUNG SATYRS; THE UPRIGHTS
FOLIAGE, SUPPORTS A FRAME WITH CORNERS CUT CROWNED BY A HEAD OF
SATYRS, RESTING ON THE GLOBE; ABOVE, A WINGED WOMAN, TERMINATING IN
THE UPRIGHTS COMMENCE BELOW IN A GROUP OF MALE AND FEMALE

A MONSIEUR
LE DUC D'ORLEANS
FRERE UNIQUE DU ROY

L'ESCOLE DES MARIS

COMEDIE

DE

J.B.P. DE MOLIERE

REPRESNTÉE SUR LE THEATRE DU PALAIS ROYAL



A PARIS

CHEZ GUILLAUME DE LUYNE

LIBRAIRE JURE, AU PALAIS

A LA SALLE DES MERCIERS A LA JUSTICE

M. DC. LXI

AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

TERENCE

BOCCACE

ADELPHES

DECAMERON

LOUIS, par la grâce de Dieu Roy de France et de Navarre, à nos amez et fèaux Conseillers, les Gens tenans nos Cours de Parlement, Maistre des Requestes de nostre Hostel, Baillifs, Seneschaux, leurs Lieutenans, et tous autres nos Officiers et Justiciers qu'il appartiendra, SALUT.

Nostre amè, Jean-Baptiste Pocquelin de Moliers, Comédien de la Troupe de nostre très-cher et très-amé Frère unique, le Duc d'Orléans, Nous a fait exposer qu'il auroit depuis peu composé pour nostre divertissement une Pièce de Théâtre en trois actes, intitulée *L'Escole des Maris*, qu'il desireroit faire imprimer; mais, parce qu'il seroit arrivé qu'en ayant cy-devant composé quelques autres, aucunes d'icelles auroient esté prises et transcrites par des particuliers, qui les auroient fait imprimer, vendre et débiter, en vertu des Lettres de Privilèges qu'ils auroient surprises en nostre grande Chancellerie à son préjudice et dommage, pour raison de quoy il y auroit eu Instance, en nostre Conseil, jugée, à l'encontre d'un nommé Ribou, Libraire-Imprimeur, en faveur de l'Exposant, lequel, craignant que celle-cy ne luy soit pareillement prise et que par ce moyen il ne soit privé du fruict qu'il en pourroit retirer, Nous auroit requis luy accorder nos Lettres, avec les Deffences sur ce nécessaires.

Donné à Fontainebleau le neufiesme jour de Juillet, l'an de grâce mil six cent soixante et un, et de nostre Règne le dix-neufiesme.

Par le Roy en son Conseil: RENOUARD.

Ledit Sicur de Moliers a cédé et transporté son Privilège à Charles de Sercy, Marchand Libraire à Paris, pour en jouyr selon l'accord fait entr'eux.

Et ledit de Sercy a associé audit Privilège Guillaume de Luyne, Jean Guignard, Claude Barbin et Gabriel Quinet, aussi Marchands Libraires, pour en jouyr ensemblement, suivant l'accord fait entr'eux.

Registré, sur le Livre de la Communauté, suivant l'Arrest de la Court du Parlement.

Signé: DUBRAY, Syndic.

Achévé d'imprimer le 20 Aoust 1661.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The School for Husbands was the first play in the title of which the word "School" was employed, to imply that over and above the intention of amusing the author designed to convey a special lesson to his hearers. Perhaps Molière wished not only that the general public should be prepared to find instructions and warnings for married men, but also that they who were wont to regard the theatre as injurious, or at best trivial, should know that he professed to educate, as well as to entertain. We must count the adoption of similar titles by Sheridan and others amongst the tributes, by imitation, to Molière's genius.

This comedy was played for the first time at Paris, on the 24th of June, 1661, and met with great success. On the 12th of July following it was acted at Vaux, the country seat of Fouquet, before the whole court, Monsieur, the brother of the King, and the Queen of England; and by them also was much approved. Some commentators say that Molière was partly inspired by a comedy of Lope de Vega, *La Discreta enamorada*, The Cunning Sweet-heart; also by a remodeling of the same play by Moreto, *No puede ser guardar una muger*, One cannot guard a woman: but this has lately been disproved. It appears, however, that he borrowed the primary idea of his comedy from the *Adelphi* of Terence; and from a tale, the third of the third day, in the Decameron of Boccaccio, where a young woman uses her father-confessor as a go-between for herself and her lover. In the *Adelphi* there are two old men of dissimilar character who give a different education to the children they bring up. One of them is a dotard, who, after having for sixty years been sullen, grumpy and avaricious, becomes suddenly lively, polite, and prodigal; this Molière had too much common sense to imitate.

The School for Husbands marks a distinct departure in the dramatist's literary progress. As a critic has well observed, it substitutes for situations produced by the mechanism of plot, characters which give rise to situations in accordance with the ordinary operations of human nature. Molière's method—the simple and only true one, and, consequently, the one which incontestably establishes the original talent of its employer—is this: At the beginning of a play he introduces his principal personages: sets them talking; suffers them to betray their characters, as men and women do in every-day life,—expecting from his hearers that same discernment which he has himself displayed in detecting their peculiarities: imports the germ

of a plot in some slight misunderstanding or equivocal act; and leaves all the rest to be effected by the action and reaction of the characters which he began by bringing out in bold relief. His plots are thus the plots of nature; and it is impossible that they should not be both interesting and instructive. That his comedies, thus composed, are besides amusing, results from the shrewdness with which he has selected and combined his characters, and the art with which he arranges the situations produced.

The character-comedies of Molière exhibit more than any others the force of his natural genius, and the comparative weakness of his artistic talent. In the exhibition and the evolution of character, he is supreme. In the unraveling of his plots and the *dénouement* of his situations he is driven too willingly to the *deus ex machina*.

The School for Husbands was directed against one of the special and prominent defects of society in the age and country in which Molière lived. Domestic tyranny was not only rife, but it was manifested in one of its coarsest forms. Sganarelle, though twenty years younger than Ariste, and not quite forty years old, could not govern by moral force; he relied solely on bolts and bars. Physical restraint was the safeguard in which husbands and parents had the greatest confidence, not perceiving that the brain and the heart are always able to prevail against it. This truth Molière took upon himself to preach, and herein he surpasses all his rivals; in nothing more than in the artistic device by which he introduces the contrast of the wise and truthful Ariste, *raisonneur* as he is called in French, rewarded in the end by the triumph of his more humane mode of treatment. Molière probably expresses his own feelings by the mouth of Ariste: for *The School for Husbands* was performed on the 24th of June, 1661, and about eight months later, on the 20th of February, 1662, he married Armande Béjart, being then about double her age. As to Sganarelle in this play, he ceases to be a mere buffoon, as in some of Molière's farces, and becomes the personification of an idea or of folly which has to be ridiculed.

Molière dedicated *The School for Husbands* to the Duke of Orleans, the King's only brother, in the following words:

MY LORD,

I here shew France things that are but little consistent. Nothing can be so great and superb as the name I place in front of this book; and nothing more mean than what it contains. Every one will think this a strange mixture; and some, to express its inequality, may say that it is like setting a crown of pearls and diamonds on an earthen statue, and making magnificent porticoes and lofty triumphal arches to a mean cottage. But, my Lord, my excuse is, that in this case I had no choice to make, and that the honor I have of belonging to your Royal Highness,¹ absolutely obliged me to dedicate to you the first work that I myself published.² It is not a present I make you, it is a duty I discharge; and homages are never looked upon by the things they bring. I presumed, therefore, to dedicate a trifle to your Royal Highness, because I could not help it; but if I omit enlarging upon the glorious truths I might tell of you, it is through a just fear that those great ideas would make my offering the more inconsiderable. I have imposed silence on myself, meaning to wait for an opportunity better suited for introducing such fine things; all I intended in this epistle was to justify my action to France, and to have the glory of telling you yourself, my Lord, with all possible submission, that I am your Royal Highness' very humble, very obedient, and very faithful servant,

MOLIÈRE.

In the fourth volume of the "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London, 1732," the translation of *The School for Husbands* is dedicated to the Right Honorable the Lady Harriot Campbell, in the following words:—

MADAM,

A comedy which came abroad in its Native Language, under the Patronage of the Duke of ORLEANS, Brother to the King of FRANCE, attempts now to speak English, and begs the honor of Your LADYSHIP'S Favor and Acceptance. That distinguishing good Sense, that nice Discernment, that refined Taste of Reading and Politeness for which Your LADYSHIP is so deservedly admir'd, must, I'm persuaded, make You esteem *Molière*: whose way of expression is easy and elegant, his sentiments just and delicate, and his morals untainted: who constantly combats Vice and Folly with strong Reason and well turn'd Ridicule; in short, whose plays are all instructive, and tend to some useful Purpose:—An Excellence sufficient to recommend them to your LADYSHIP.

As for this Translation, which endeavors to preserve the Spirit as well as Meaning of the Original, I shall only say, that if it can be so happy as to please Your LADYSHIP, all the Pains it cost me will be over-paid.

I beg pardon for this Presumption and am, with the greatest Respect that's possible, *Madam, Your Ladyship's Most Obedient and most Humble Servant,*

THE TRANSLATOR.

Sir Charles Sedley, well known through a history of a "frolick" which Pepys relates in his "Diary,"²³ wrote *The Mulberry Garden*, of which Langbaine, in his "An account of the Dramatick Poets," states "I dare not say that the character of Sir John Everyoung and Sir Samuel Forecast are copies of Sganarelle and Ariste in Molière's *l'École des Maris*; but I may say, that there is some resemblance, though whoever understands both languages will readily and with justice give our English wit the preference; and Sir Charles is not to learn to copy Nature from the French." This comedy, which was played by his Majesty's servants at the Theatre Royal, 1688, is dedicated to the Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, a lady who has "'scap'd (prefaces) very well hitherto," but, says Sir Charles, "Madam, your time is come, and you must bear it patiently. All the favor I can show you is that of a good executioner, which is not to prolong your pain." This play has two girls like Isabella, called Althea and Diana, two like Leonor, Victoria and Olivia, and four lovers, as well as a rather intricate plot. The Epilogue is amusing, and we give the beginning of it:—

Poets of all men have the hardest game,
 Their best Endeavors can no Favors claim.
 The Lawyer if o'erthrown, though by the Laws,
 He quits himself, and lays it on your Cause.
 The Soldier is esteem'd a Man of War,
 And Honor gains, if he but bravely dare.
 The grave Physician, if his Patient dye,
 He shakes his head, and blames Mortality.
 Only poor Poets their own faults must bear;
 Therefore grave Judges be not too severe.

Flecknoe has also imitated several of the scenes of *The School for Husbands* in *The Damoiselles à la Mode*, which is a medley of several of Molière's plays (see Introductory Notice to *The Pretentious Young Ladies*).

James Miller has likewise followed, in *The Man of Taste* (Act i, Scene 2), (see Introductory Notice to *The Pretentious Young Ladies*), one scene of the first act of Molière's *The School for Husbands*.

Murphy, in *The School for Guardians*, has borrowed from three plays of Molière. The main plot is taken from *The School for Wives*; some incidents of the second act are taken from *The Blunderer* (see Introductory Notice to *The Blunderer*), but the scenes in which Oldcastle and Lovibond state their intention of marrying their wards, and the way in which one of the wards, Harriet, makes her love known to Belford is taken from *The School for Husbands*, though Leonor does not betray in the French comedy, as she does in the English, the confidence placed in her. The French Isabella acts like Harriet, but then she has a foolish and jealous guardian.

Wycherley in *The Country Wife*, probably acted in 1672 or 1673, and which is partly an imitation of Molière's *School for Wives*, has borrowed from *The School for Husbands*, the letter which Isabella writes to Valère (Act ii, Scene 8), and also the scene in which Isabella escapes disguised in her sister's clothes: but, of course, to give an additional zest to the English play, the author makes Pinchwife himself bring his wife to her lover, Horner. The scene hardly bears transcribing. He has also partly imitated in *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, first performed in 1673, some scenes of *The School for Husbands*.

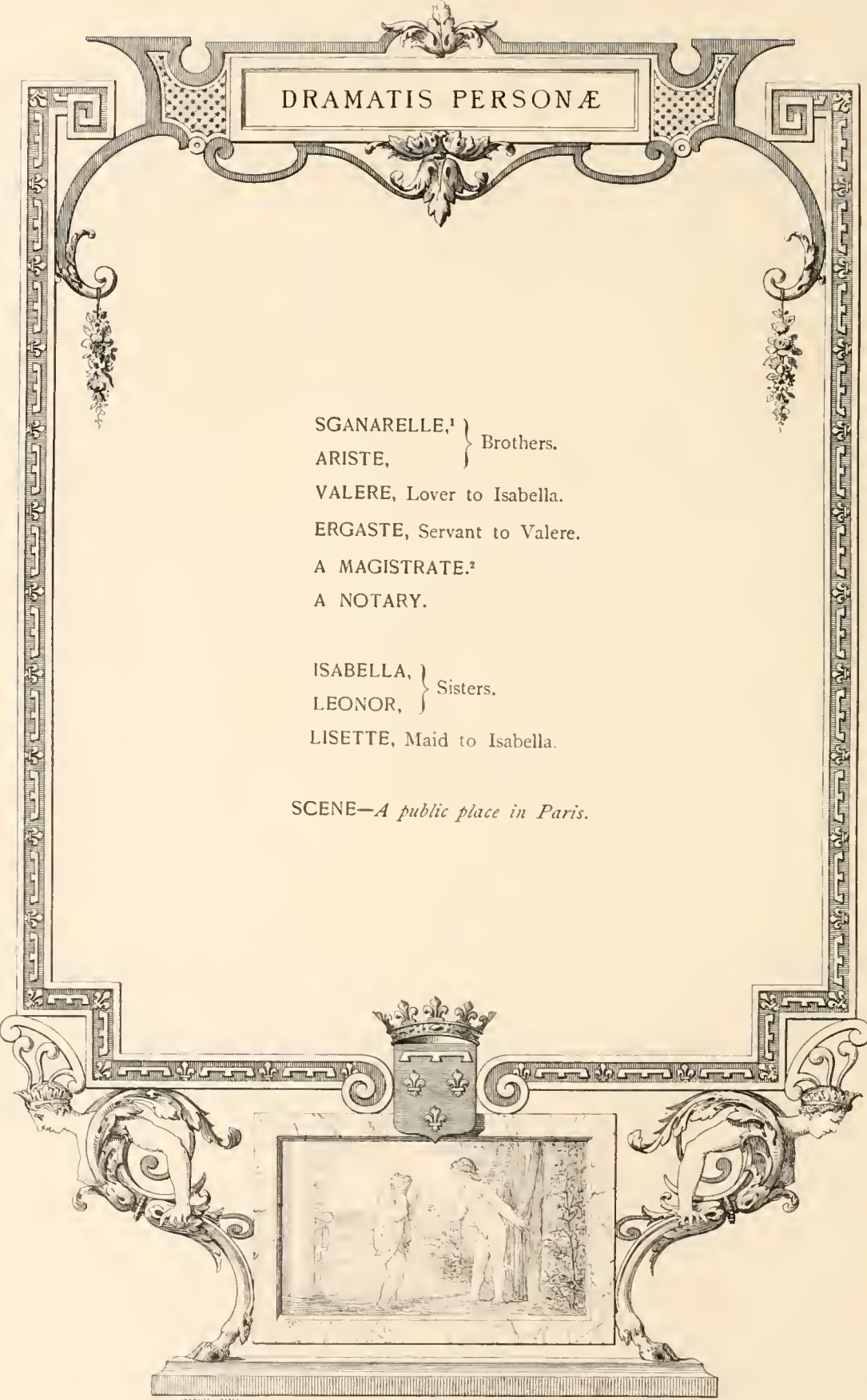
Otway, in *The Soldier's Fortune* (see Introductory Notice to *Sganarelle, or The Self-Deceived Husband*), has borrowed from Molière's *School for Husbands* that part of his play in which Lady Dunse makes her husband the agent for conveying a ring and a letter to her lover.

NOTES

¹ Molière was the chief of the troupe of actors belonging to the Duke of Orleans, who had only lately married, and was not yet twenty-one years old.

² *Sganarelle* had been borrowed by Neufvillainaine; *The Pretentious Young Ladies* was also printed by Molière, because the copy of the play was stolen from him; *Don Garcia of Navarre* was not published till after his death, in 1682.

³ See Pepys' Diary, October 23, 1668.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SGANARELLE,¹ } Brothers.
ARISTE, }

VALERE, Lover to Isabella.

ERGASTE, Servant to Valere.

A MAGISTRATE.²

A NOTARY.

ISABELLA, } Sisters.
LEONOR, }

LISETTE, Maid to Isabella.

SCENE—*A public place in Paris.*





AN ORIENTAL FRAME, OF WHICH THE UPRIGHTS ARE CHARGED WITH THE LABELS OF THREE POINTS OF ORLEANS, ALTERNATED WITH THE FLEURS DE LIS OF FRANCE. BELOW, UNDER THE ARMS OF MONSIEUR, IS AN OBLONG FRAME, IN WHICH A CUPID RAISES THE CURTAIN OF THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE TO INVITE A YOUNG VEILED GIRL TO ENTER, DURING WHICH THE JEALOUS VICTIM REMAINS HIDDEN BEHIND A COLUMN WITHOUT PERCEIVING THAT SHE IS THE VERY ONE HE WISHES TO MAKE HIS WIFE. IT REPRESENTS THE SCENE

IN WHICH VALERE SAYS TO ISABELLA:

“ENTER WITH ASSURANCE.”

THE SCENE IS LAYED IN A CITY OF THE EAST, IN A HOUSE BELONGING TO A RICH AND POWERFUL PRINCE. THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY ARE

VAL. But every one of us.

AN. Yes, and the prince himself.

VAL. That is very true, but I am not content.

THE PRINCE, ISABELLA, VALERE, AND THE PRINCESS.

THE SCENE IS LAYED IN A CITY OF THE EAST, IN A HOUSE BELONGING TO A RICH AND POWERFUL PRINCE. THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY ARE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SGANAPELLE,
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VALERE, *Commissaire de la ville*
JACQUES LEMAN, *Del. Valet*

A MAGESTRAT
A NOTARY.

AN ORNAMENTAL FRAME, OF WHICH THE UPRIGHTS ARE CHARGED WITH
THE LABELS OF THREE POINTS OF ORLEANS, ALTERNATED WITH THE FLEURS
DE LIS OF FRANCE. BELOW, UNDER THE ARMS OF MONSIEUR, IS AN OBLONG
FRAME, IN WHICH A CUPID RAISES THE CURTAIN OF THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE
TO INVITE A YOUNG VEILED GIRL TO ENTER, DURING WHICH THE JEALOUS
VICTIM REMAINS HIDDEN BEHIND A COLUMN WITHOUT PERCEIVING THAT SHE
IS THE VERY ONE HE WISHES TO MAKE HIS WIFE. IT REPRESENTS THE SCENE
IN WHICH VALERE SAYS TO ISABELLA:

“ENTER WITH ASSURANCE.”





ACT I.

SCENE I.—SGANARELLE, ARISTE.

SGAN. Pray, brother, let us talk less, and let each of us live as he likes. Though you have the advantage of me in years, and are old enough to be wise, yet I tell you that I mean to receive none of your reproofs; that my fancy is the only counselor I shall follow, and that I am quite satisfied with my way of living.

AR. But every one condemns it.

SGAN. Yes, fools like yourself, brother.

AR. Thank you very much. It is a pleasant compliment.

SGAN. I should like to know, since one ought to hear everything, what these fine critics blame in me.

AR. That surly and austere temper which shuns all the charms of society, gives a whimsical appearance to all your actions, and makes everything peculiar in you, even your dress.

SGAN. I ought then to make myself a slave in fashion, and not to put on clothes for my own sake? Would you not, my dear elder brother—for, Heaven be thanked, so you are, to tell you plainly, by a matter of twenty years; and that is not worth the trouble of

mentioning—would you not, I say, by your precious nonsense, persuade me to adopt the fashions of those young sparks³ of yours? Oblige me to wear those little hats which provide ventilation for their weak brains, and that flaxen hair, the vast curls whereof conceal the form of the human face;⁴ those little doublets but just below the arms, and those big collars falling down to the navel; those sleeves which one sees at table trying all the sauces, and those petticoats called breeches; those tiny shoes, covered with ribbons, which make you look like feather-legged pigeons; and those large rolls wherein the legs are put every morning, as it were into the stocks, and in which we see these gallants straddle about with their legs as wide apart, as if they were the beams of a mill?⁵ I should doubtless please you, bedizened in this way; I see that you wear the stupid gewgaws which it is the fashion to wear.

AR. We should always agree with the majority, and never cause ourselves to be stared at. Extremes shock, and a wise man should do with his clothes as with his speech; avoid too much affectation, and without being in too great a hurry follow whatever change custom introduces. I do not think that we should act like those people who always exaggerate the fashion, and who are annoyed that another should go further than themselves in the extremes which they affect; but I maintain that it is wrong, for whatever reasons, obstinately to eschew what every one observes; that it would be better to be counted among the fools than to be the only wise person, in opposition to every one else.

SGAN. That smacks of the old man who in order to impose upon the world covers his gray hairs with a black wig.

AR. It is strange that you should be so careful always to fling my age in my face, and that I should continually find you blaming my dress as well as my cheerfulness. One would imagine that old age ought to think of nothing but death, since it is condemned to give up all enjoyment; and that it is not attended by enough ugliness of its own, but must needs be slovenly and crabbed.

SGAN. However that may be, I am resolved to stick to my way of dress. In spite of the fashion I like my cap so that my head may be comfortably sheltered beneath it; a good long doublet buttoned close, as it should be,⁶ which may keep the stomach warm, and promote a healthy digestion; a pair of breeches made exactly to fit my thighs; shoes like those of our wise ancestors, in which my feet may not be tortured: and he who does not like the look of me may shut his eyes.

SCENE II.—LEONOR, ISABELLA, LISETTE;
ARISTE and SGANARELLE, *conversing in an under-tone, unperceived.*

LEO. (*To Isabella.*) I take it all on myself, in case you are scolded.

LIS. (*To Isabella.*) Always in one room, seeing no one?

ISA. Such is his humor.

LEO. I pity you, sister.

LIS. (*To Leonor.*) It is well for you, madam, that his brother is of quite another

disposition ; fate was very kind in making you fall into the hands of a rational person.

ISA. It is a wonder that he did not lock me up to-day, or take me with him.

LIS. I declare I would send him to the devil, with his Spanish ruff,⁷ and . . .

SGAN. (*Against whom Lisette stumbles.*) Where are you going, if I may ask ?

LEO. We really do not know ; I was urging my sister to take a walk, and enjoy this pleasant and fine weather ; but . . .

SGAN. (*To Leonor.*) As for you, you may go wherever you please. (*To Lisette.*) You can run off ; there are two of you together. (*To Isabella.*) But as for you, I forbid you—excuse me—to go out.

AR. Oh, brother ! let them go and amuse themselves.

SGAN. I am your servant, brother.

AR. Youth will . . .

SGAN. Youth is foolish, and old age too, sometimes.

AR. Do you think there is any harm in her being with Leonor ?

SGAN. Not so ; but with me I think she is still better.

AR. But . . .

SGAN. But her conduct must be guided by me ; in short, I know the interest I ought to take in it.

AR. Have I less in her sister's ?

SGAN. By heaven ! each one argues and does as he likes. They are without relatives, and their father, our friend, entrusted them to us in his last hour, charging us both either to marry them, or, if we declined, to dispose of them hereafter. He gave us in writing the full authority of a father and a husband over them from their infancy. You undertook to bring up that one ; I charged myself with the care of this one. You govern yours at your

pleasure. Leave me I pray, to manage the other as I think best.

AR. It seems to me . . .

SGAN. It seems to me, and I say it openly, that is the right way to speak on such a subject. You let your ward go about gaily and stylishly ; I am content. You let her have footmen and a maid ; I agree. You let her gad about, love idleness, be freely courted by dandies ; I am quite satisfied. But I intend that mine shall live according to my fancy, and not according to her own ; that she shall be dressed in honest serge, and wear only black on holidays ; that, shut up in the house, prudent in bearing, she shall apply herself entirely to domestic concerns, mend my linen in her leisure hours, or else knit stockings for amusement ; that she shall close her ears to the talk of young sparks, and never go out without some one to watch her. In short, flesh is weak ; I know what stories are going about. I have no mind to wear horns if I can help it ; and as her lot requires her to marry me I mean to be as certain of her as I am of myself.

ISA. I believe you have no grounds for . . .

SGAN. Hold your tongue ; I shall teach you to go out without us !

LEO. What, sir . . .

SGAN. Good heavens, madam ! without wasting any more words I am not speaking to you, for you are too clever.

LEO. Do you regret to see Isabella with us ?

SGAN. Yes, since I must speak plainly ; you spoil her for me. Your visits here only displease me, and you will oblige me by honoring us no more.

LEO. Do you wish that I shall likewise speak my thoughts plainly to you ? I know not how she regards all this ; but I know what effect mistrust would have on me.

Though we are of the same father and mother she is not much of my sister if your daily conduct produces any love in her.

LIS. Indeed, all these precautions are disgraceful. Are we in Turkey that women must be shut up? There, they say, they are kept like slaves; this is why the Turks are accursed by God. Our honor, sir, is very weak indeed, if it must be perpetually watched. Do you think, after all, that these precautions are any bar to our designs? that when we take anything into our heads the cleverest man would not be but a donkey to us? All that vigilance of yours is but a fool's notion; the best way of all, I assure you, is to trust us. He who torments us puts himself in extreme peril, for our honor must ever be its own protector. To take so much trouble in preventing us is almost to give us a desire to sin. If I were suspected by my husband I should have a very good mind to justify his fears.

SGAN. (*To Ariste.*) This, my fine teacher, is your training. And you endure it without being troubled?

AR. Brother, her words should only make you smile. There is some reason in what she says. Their sex loves to enjoy a little freedom; they are but ill-checked by so much austerity. Suspicious precautions, bolts and bars, make neither wives nor maids virtuous. It is honor which must hold them to their duty, not the severity which we display towards them. To tell you candidly, a woman who is discreet by compulsion only is not often to be met with. We pretend in vain to govern all her actions; I find that it is the heart we must win. For my part, whatever care might be taken, I would scarcely trust my honor in the hands of one who, in the desires which might assail

her, required nothing but an opportunity of falling.

SGAN. That is all nonsense.

AR. Have it so; but still I maintain that we should instruct youth pleasantly, chide their faults with great tenderness, and not make them afraid of the name of virtue. Leonor's education has been based on these maxims. I have not made crimes of the smallest acts of liberty, I have always assented to her youthful wishes, and, thank Heaven, I never repented of it. I have allowed her to see good company, to go to amusements, balls, plays. These are things which, for my part, I think are calculated to form the minds of the young; the world is a school which in my opinion teaches them better how to live than any book. Does she like to spend money on clothes, linen, ribbons—what then? I endeavor to gratify her wishes; these are pleasures which, when we are well off, we may permit to the girls of our family. Her father's command requires her to marry me; but it is not my intention to tyrannize over her. I am quite aware that our years hardly suit, and I leave her complete liberty of choice.⁸ If a safe income of four thousand crowns a year, great affection and consideration for her, may, in her opinion, counterbalance in marriage the inequality of our age, she may take me for her husband; if not she may choose elsewhere. If she can be happier without me I do not object; I prefer to see her with another husband rather than that her hand should be given to me against her will.

SGAN. Oh, how sweet he is! All sugar and honey!

AR. At all events, that is my disposition; and I thank Heaven for it. I would never lay down these strict rules which make children wish their parents dead.

SGAN. But the liberty acquired in youth is not so easily withdrawn later on; all those feelings will please you but little when you have to change her mode of life.

AR. And why change it?

SGAN. Why?

AR. Yes.

SGAN. I do not know.

AR. Is there anything in it that offends honor?

SGAN. Why, if you marry her, she may demand the same freedom which she enjoyed as a girl?

AR. Why not?

SGAN. And you so far agree with her as to let her have patches and ribbons?

AR. Doubtless.

SGAN. To let her gad about madly at every ball and public assembly?

AR. Yes, certainly.

SGAN. And the beaux will visit at your house?

AR. What then?

SGAN. Who will junket and give entertainments?

AR. With all my heart.

SGAN. And your wife is to listen to their fine speeches?

AR. Exactly.

SGAN. And you will look on at these gallant visitors with a show of indifference?

AR. Of course.

SGAN. Go on, you old idiot. (*To Isabella.*) Get indoors, and hear no more of this shameful doctrine.

SCENE III.—ARISTE, SGANARELLE, LEONOR, LISETTE.

AR. I mean to trust to the faithfulness of

my wife, and intend always to live as I have lived.

SGAN. How pleased I shall be to see him victimized!

AR. I cannot say what fate has in store for me; but as for you, I know that if you fail to be so it is no fault of yours, for you are doing everything to bring it about.

SGAN. Laugh on, giggler! Oh, what a joke it is to see a railer of nearly sixty!

LEO. I promise to preserve him against the fate you speak of, if he is to receive my vows at the altar. He may rest secure; but I can tell you I would pass my word for nothing if I were your wife.

LIS. We have a conscience for those who rely on us; but it is delightful, really, to cheat such folks as you.

SGAN. Hush, you cursed ill-bred tongue!

AR. Brother, you drew these silly words on yourself. Good-bye. Alter your temper, and be warned that to shut up a wife is a bad plan. Your servant.

SGAN. I am not yours.

SCENE IV.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

Oh, they are all well suited to one another! What an admirable family. A foolish old man with a worn-out body who plays the fop; a girl-mistress and a thorough coquette; impudent servants;—no, wisdom itself could not

succeed, but would exhaust sense and reason, trying to amend a household like this. By such associations Isabella might lose those principles of honor which she learned amongst us; to prevent it I shall presently send her back again to my cabbages and turkeys.

VAL. (*Gradually approaching.*) I must try to get an introduction.

SGAN. (*Hearing a noise.*) Ha! I thought some one spoke . . . (*Thinking himself alone.*) In the country, thank Heaven, the fashionable follies do not offend my eyes.

ERG. (*To Valere.*) Speak to him.

SGAN. What is it? . . . my ears tingle . . . There all the recreations of our girls are but . . . (*He perceives Valere bowing to him.*) Do you bow to me?

ERG. (*To Valere.*) Go up to him.

SGAN. (*Not attending to Valere.*) Thither no coxcomb comes. (*Valere again bows to him.*) What the deuce! . . . (*He turns and sees Ergaste bowing on the other side.*) Another? What a great many bows!

VAL. Sir, my accosting you disturbs you, I fear?

SGAN. That may be.

VAL. But yet the honor of your acquaintance is so great a happiness, so exquisite a pleasure, that I had a great desire to pay my respects to you.

SGAN. Well.

VAL. And to come and assure you, without any deceit, that I am wholly at your service.

SGAN. I believe it.

VAL. I have the advantage of being one of your neighbors, for which I thank my lucky fate.

SGAN. That is all right.

VAL. But, sir, do you know the news going the round at Court, and thought to be reliable?

SGAN. What does it matter to me?

VAL. True; but we may sometimes be anxious to hear it? Shall you go and see the magnificent preparations for the birth of our Dauphin, sir?⁹

SGAN. If I feel inclined.

SCENE V.—VALERE, SGANARELLE, ERGASTE.

VAL. (*Behind.*) Ergaste, that is he, the Argus whom I hate, the stern guardian of her whom I adore.

SGAN. (*Thinking himself alone.*) In short, is there not something wonderful in the corruption of manners nowadays?

VAL. I should like to address him, if I can get a chance, and try to strike up an acquaintance with him.

SGAN. (*Thinking himself alone.*) Instead of seeing that severity prevail which so admirably formed virtue in other days, uncontrolled and imperious youth hereabout assumes . . . (*Valere bows to Sganarelle from a distance.*)

VAL. He does not see that we bow to him.

ERG. Perhaps his blind eye is on this side. Let us cross to the right.

SGAN. I must go away from this place. Life in town only produces in me . . .

VAL. Confess that Paris affords us a hundred delightful pleasures which are not to be found elsewhere. The provinces are a desert in comparison. How do you pass your time?

SGAN. On my own business.

VAL. The mind demands relaxation, and occasionally gives way by too close attention to serious occupations. What do you do in the evening before going to bed?

SGAN. What I please.

VAL. Doubtless no one could speak better. The answer is just, and it seems to be common sense to resolve never to do what does not please us. If I did not think you were too much occupied I would drop in on you sometimes after supper.

SGAN. Your servant.

encouragement, that a woman watched is half-won, and that the gloomy ill-temper of husbands and fathers has always promoted the affairs of the gallant. I intrigue very little; for that is not one of my accomplishments. I do not pretend to be a gallant; but I have served a score of such sportsmen, who often used to tell me that it was their greatest delight to meet with churlish husbands, who never come home without scolding,—down-right brutes, who, without rhyme or reason, criticise the conduct of their wives in everything, and, proudly assuming the authority of a husband, quarrel with them before the eyes of their admirers. "One knows," they would say, "how to take advantage of this. The lady's indignation at this kind of outrage, on the other hand, and the considerate compassion of the lover, on the other, afford an opportunity for pushing matters far enough." In a word, the surliness of Isabella's guardian is a circumstance sufficiently favorable for you.

VAL. But I could never find one moment to speak to her in the four months that I have ardently loved her.

ERG. Love quickens people's wits, though it has little effect on yours. If I had been . . .

VAL. Why, what could you have done? For one never sees her without that brute; in the house there are neither maids nor men-servants whom I might influence to assist me by the alluring temptation of some reward.

ERG. Then she does not yet know that you love her?

VAL. It is a point on which I am not informed. Wherever the churl took this fair one she always saw me like a shadow behind her; my looks daily tried to explain to her the violence of my love. My eyes

—

SCENE VI.—VALERE, ERGASTE.

VAL. What do you think of that eccentric fool?

ERG. His answers are abrupt and his reception is churlish.

VAL. Ah! I am in a rage.

ERG. What for?

VAL. Why am I in a rage? To see her I love in the power of a savage, a watchful dragon, whose severity will not permit her to enjoy a single moment of liberty.

ERG. That is just what is in your favor. Your love ought to expect a great deal from these circumstances. Know, for your

have spoken much ; but who can tell whether, after all, their language could be understood ?

ERG. It is true that this language may sometimes prove obscure if it have not writing or speech for its interpreter.

VAL. What am I to do to rid myself of this vast difficulty, and to learn whether the fair one has perceived that I love her ? Tell me some means or other.

ERG. That is what we have to discover. Let us go in for a while—the better to think over it.





ACT II.

SCENE I.—ISABELLA, SGANARELLE.

SGAN. That will do; I know the house and the person, simply from the description you have given me.

ISA. (*Aside.*) Heaven, be propitious, and favor to-day the artful contrivance of an innocent love!

SGAN. Do you say they have told you that his name is Valere?

ISA. Yes.

SGAN. That will do; do not make yourself uneasy about it. Go inside, and leave me to act. I am going at once to talk to this young madcap.

ISA. (*As she goes in.*) For a girl, I am planning a pretty bold scheme. But

the unreasonable severity with which I am treated will be my excuse to every right mind.

SCENE II.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

(*Knocks at the door of Valere's house.*) Let us lose no time; here it is. Who's there? Why, I am dreaming! Hulloo, I say! hulloo somebody! hulloo! I do not wonder, after this information, that he came up to me just now so meekly. But I must make haste, and teach this foolish aspirant . . .

SCENE III.—VALERE, SGANARELLE,
ERGASTE.

SGAN. (*To Ergaste, who has come out hastily.*) A plague on the lubberly ox! Do you mean to knock me down—coming and sticking yourself in front of me like a post?

VAL. Sir, I regret . . .

SGAN. Ah! you are the man I want.

VAL. I, sir?

SGAN. You. Your name is Valere, is it not?

VAL. Yes.

SGAN. I am come to speak to you if you will allow me.

VAL. Can I have the happiness of rendering you any service?

SGAN. No; but I propose to do you a good turn. That is what brings me to your house.

VAL. To my house, sir!

SGAN. To your house. Need you be so much astonished?

VAL. I have good reason for it; I am delighted with the honor . . .

SGAN. Do not mention the honor, I beseech you.

VAL. Will you not come in?

SGAN. There is no need.

VAL. I pray you, enter.

SGAN. No, I will go no further.

VAL. As long as you stay there I cannot listen to you.

SGAN. I will not budge.

VAL. Well, I must yield. Quick, since this gentleman is resolved upon it, bring a chair.

SGAN. I am going to talk standing.

VAL. As if I could permit such a thing!

SGAN. What an intolerable delay!

VAL. Such incivility would be quite unpardonable.

SGAN. Nothing can be so rude as not to listen to people who wish to speak to us.

VAL. I obey you, then.

SGAN. You cannot do better. (*They make many compliments about putting on their hats.*) So much ceremony is hardly necessary. Will you listen to me?

VAL. Undoubtedly, and most willingly.

SGAN. Tell me: do you know that I am guardian to a tolerably young and passably handsome girl who lives in this neighborhood, and whose name is Isabella?

VAL. Yes.

SGAN. As you know it I need not tell it to you. But do you know, likewise, that as I find her charming I care for her otherwise than as a guardian, and that she is destined for the honor of being my wife?

VAL. No!

SGAN. I tell it you, then; and also that it is as well that your passion, if you please, should leave her in peace.

VAL. Who?—I, sir?

SGAN. Yes, you. Let us have no dissembling.

VAL. Who has told you that my heart is smitten by her?

SGAN. Those who are worthy of belief.

VAL. Be more explicit.

SGAN. She herself.

VAL. She!

SGAN. She. Is not that enough? Like a virtuous young girl who has loved me from childhood she told me all just now; moreover, she charged me to tell you that, since she has everywhere been followed by you, her heart, which your pursuit greatly offends, has only too well understood the language of your eyes; that your secret desires are well known to her; and that to try more fully to explain a passion which is contrary to the affection she entertains for me is to give yourself needless trouble.

VAL. She, you say, of her own accord, makes you . . .

SGAN. Yes, makes me come to you and give you this frank and plain message; also, that, having observed the violent love wherewith your soul is smitten, she would earlier have let you know what she thinks about you if, perplexed as she was, she could have found any one to send this message by; but that at length she was painfully compelled to make use of me, in order to assure you, as I have told you, that her affection is denied to all save me; that you have been ogling her long enough; and that if you have ever so little brains you will carry your passion somewhere else. Farewell, till our next meeting. That is what I had to tell you.

VAL. (*Aside.*) Ergaste, what say you to such an adventure?

SGAN. (*Aside, retiring.*) See how he is taken aback!

ERG. (*In a low tone to Valere.*) For my part, I think that there is nothing in it to displease you; that a rather subtle mystery is concealed under it; in short, that this message is not sent by one who desires to see the love end which she inspires in you.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) He takes it as he ought.

VAL. (*In a low tone to Ergaste.*) You think it a mystery . . .

ERG. Yes . . . But he is looking at us; let us get out of his sight.

SCENE IV.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

How his face showed his confusion! Doubtless he did not expect this message. Let me

call Isabella; she is showing the fruits which education produces on the mind. Virtue is all she cares for; and her heart is so deeply steeped in it that she is offended if a man merely looks at her.

SCENE V.—ISABELLA, SGANARELLE.

ISA. (*Aside, as she enters.*) I fear that my lover, full of his passion, has not understood my message rightly! Since I am so strictly guarded I must risk one which shall make my meaning clear.

SGAN. Here I am, returned again.

ISA. Well?

SGAN. Your words wrought their full purpose; I have done his business. He wanted to deny that his heart was touched; but when I told him I came from you he stood immediately dumbfounded and confused; I do not believe he will come here any more.

ISA. Ah, what do you tell me? I much fear the contrary, and that he will still give us more trouble.

SGAN. And why do you fear this?

ISA. You had hardly left the house when going to the window to take a breath of air I saw a young man at yonder turning, who first came, most unexpectedly, to wish me good-morning, on the part of this impertinent man, and then threw right into my chamber a box, enclosing a letter, sealed like a love-letter.¹⁰ I meant at once to throw it after him; but he

had already reached the end of the street. I feel very much annoyed at it.

SGAN. Just see his trickery and rascality!

ISA. It is my duty quickly to have this box and letter sent back to this detestable lover; for that purpose I need some one; for I dare not venture to ask yourself . . .

SGAN. On the contrary, darling, it shows me all the more your love and faithfulness; my heart joyfully accepts this task. You oblige me in this more than I can tell you.

ISA. Take it then.

SGAN. Well, let us see what he has dared to say to you.

ISA. Heavens! Take care not to open it!

SGAN. Why so?

ISA. Will you make him believe that it is I? A respectable girl ought always to refuse to read the letters a man sends her. The curiosity which she thus betrays shows a secret pleasure in listening to gallantries. I think it right that this letter should be peremptorily returned to Valere unopened, that he may the better learn this day the great contempt which my heart feels for him; so that his passion may from this time lose all hope, and never more attempt such a transgression.

SGAN. Of a truth she is right in this! Well, your virtue charms me as well as your discretion. I see that my lessons have borne fruit in your mind; you show yourself worthy of being my wife.

ISA. Still I do not like to stand in the way of your wishes. The letter is in your hands, and you can open it.

SGAN. No, far from it. Your reasons are too good; I go to acquit myself of the task you impose upon me; I have likewise to say a few words quite near, and will then return hither to set you at rest.

SCENE VI.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

How delighted I am to find her such a discreet girl! I have in my house a treasure of honor. To consider a loving look treason, to receive a love-letter as a supreme insult, and to have it carried back to the gallant by myself! I should like to know, seeing all this, if my brother's ward would have acted thus, on a similar occasion. Upon my word, girls are what you make them . . . Hulloo!

(*Knocks at Valere's door.*)

SCENE VII.—SGANARELLE, ERGASTE.

ERG. Who is there?

SGAN. Take this; and tell your master not to presume so far as to write letters again, and send them in gold boxes; say also that Isabella is mightily offended at it. See, it has not even been opened. He will perceive what regard she has for his passion, and what success he can expect in it.

SCENE VIII.—VALERE, ERGASTE.

VAL. What has that surly brute just given you?

ERG. This letter, sir, as well as this box, which he pretends that Isabella has received from you, and about which, he says, she is in a great rage. She returns it to you unopened. Read it quickly, and let us see if I am mistaken.

VAL. (*Reads.*) “*This letter will no doubt surprise you; both the resolution to write to you and the means of conveying it to your hands may be thought very bold in me; but I am in such a condition, that I can no longer restrain myself. Well-founded repugnance to a marriage with which I am threatened in six days makes me risk everything; and in the determination to free myself from it by whatever means I thought I had rather choose you than despair. Yet do not think that you owe all to my evil fate; it is not the constraint in which I find myself that has given rise to the sentiments I entertain for you; but it hastens the avowal of them, and makes me transgress the decorum which the proprieties of my sex require. It depends on you alone to make me shortly your own; I wait only until you have declared your intentions to me before acquainting you with the resolution I have taken; but above all remember that time presses, and that two hearts which love each other ought to understand even the slightest hint.*”

ERG. Well, sir, is not this contrivance original? For a young girl she is not so very ignorant. Would one have thought her capable of these love stratagems?

VAL. Ah, I consider her altogether adorable. This evidence of her wit and tenderness doubles my love for her, and strengthens the feelings with which her beauty inspires me . . .

ERG. Here comes the dupe; think what you will say to him.

—
SCENE IX.—SGANARELLE, VALERE,
ERGASTE.

SGAN. (*Thinking himself alone.*) Oh, thrice and four times blessed be the law which

forbids extravagance in dress!¹¹ No longer will the troubles of husbands be so great! women will now be checked in their demands. Oh! how delighted I am with the King for this proclamation!¹² How I wish for the peace of the same husbands that he would forbid coquetry, as well as lace, and gold or silver embroidery. I have bought the law on purpose so that Isabella may read it aloud; and, by and by, when she is at leisure, it shall be our entertainment after supper. (*Perceiving Valere.*) Well, Mr. Sandy-hair,¹³ would you like to send again love-letters in boxes of gold? You doubtless thought you had found some young flirt, eager for an intrigue, and melting before pretty speeches. You see how your presents are received! Believe me, you waste your powder and shot. Isabella is a discreet girl; she loves me and your love insults her. Aim at some one else, and be off!

VAL. Yes, yes; your merits, to which everyone yields, are too great an obstacle, sir. Though my passion be sincere it is folly to contend with you for the love of Isabella.

SGAN. It is really folly.

VAL. Be sure I should not have yielded to the fascination of her charms could I have foreseen that this wretched heart would find a rival so formidable as yourself.

SGAN. I believe it.

VAL. Now I know better than to hope; I yield to you, sir, and that too without a murmur.

SGAN. You do well.

VAL. Reason will have it so; for you shine with so many virtues that I should be wrong to regard with an angry eye the tender sentiments which Isabella entertains for you.

SGAN. Of course.

VAL. Yes, yes, I yield to you; but at least I pray you,—and it is the only favor, sir, begged by a wretched lover, of whose pangs this day you are the sole cause,—I pray you, I say, to assure Isabella that if my heart has been burning with love for her these three months that passion is spotless, and has never fostered a thought at which her honor could be offended.

SGAN. Ay.

VAL. That relying solely on my heart's choice my only design was to obtain her for my wife, if destiny had not opposed an obstacle to this pure flame in you, who captivated her heart.

SGAN. Very good.

VAL. That whatever happens she must not think that her charms can ever be forgotten; that to whatever decrees of Heaven I must submit my fate is to love her to my last breath; and that if anything checks my pursuit it is the just respect I have for your merits.¹⁴

SGAN. That is wisely spoken; I shall go at once to repeat these words, which will not be disagreeable to her. But, if you will listen to me, try to act so as to drive this passion from your mind. Farewell.

ERG. (*To Valere.*) The excellent dupe!

SCENE X.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

I feel a great pity for this poor wretch, so full of affection. But it is unfortunate for

him to have taken it into his head to try to storm a fortress which I have captured.

(*Sganarelle knocks at his door.*)

SCENE XI.—SGANARELLE, ISABELLA.

SGAN. Never did lover display so much grief for a love-letter returned unopened! At last he loses all hope, and retires. But he earnestly entreated me to tell you, that, at least, in loving you, he never fostered a thought at which your honor could be offended, and that, relying solely on his heart's choice, his only desire was to obtain you for a wife if destiny had not opposed an obstacle to his pure flame, through me, who captivated your heart; that whatever happens you must not think that your charms can ever be forgotten by him; that to whatever decrees of Heaven he must submit his fate is to love you to his last breath; and that if anything checks his pursuit it is the just respect he has for my merits. These are his very words; and, far from blaming him, I think him a gentleman, and I pity him for loving you.

ISA. (*Aside.*) His passion does not contradict my secret belief, and his looks have always assured me of its innocence.

SGAN. What do you say?

ISA. That it is hard that you should so greatly pity a man whom I hate like death; and that, if you loved me as much as you say, you would feel how he insults me by his addresses.

SGAN. But he did not know your inclinations; and, from the uprightness of his intentions his love does not deserve . . .

ISA. Is it good intentions, I ask, to try and carry people off? Is it like a man of honor to form designs for marrying me by force, and taking me out of your hands? As if I were a girl to live after such a disgrace!

SGAN. How?

ISA. Yes, yes, I have been informed that this base lover speaks of carrying me off by force; for my part, I cannot tell by what secret means he has learned so early that you intend to marry me in eight days¹⁵ at the latest, since it was only yesterday you told me so. But they say that he intends to be beforehand with you, and not let me unite my lot to yours.

SGAN. That is a bad case.

ISA. Oh, pardon me! He is eminently a gentleman, who only feels towards me . . .

SGAN. He is wrong; and this is past joking.

ISA. Yes, your good nature encourages his folly. If you had spoken sharply to him just now, he would have feared your rage and my resentment; for even since his letter was rejected he mentioned this design which has shocked me. As I have been told, his love retains the belief that it is well received by me; that I dread to marry you, whatever people may think, and should be rejoiced to see myself away from you.

SGAN. He is mad!

ISA. Before you he knows how to disguise; and his plan is to amuse you. Be sure the wretch makes sport of you by these fair speeches. I must confess that I am very unhappy. After all my pains to live honorably, and to repel the addresses of a vile seducer, I must be exposed to his vexatious and infamous designs against me!

SGAN. There, fear nothing.

ISA. For my part I tell you that if you do not strongly reprove such an impudent

attempt, and do not find quickly means of ridding me of such bold persecutions, I will abandon all, and not suffer any longer the insults which I receive from him.

SGAN. Do not be so troubled, my little wife. There, I am going to find him, to give him a good blowing up.

ISA. Tell him at least plainly, so that it may be in vain for him to gainsay it, that I have been told of his intentions upon good authority; that, after this message, whatever he may undertake, I defy him to surprise me; and, lastly, that without wasting any more sighs or time he must know what are my feelings for you; that if he wishes not to be the cause of some mischief he should not require to have the same thing told twice over.

SGAN. I will tell him what is right.

ISA. But all this in such a way as to show him that I really speak seriously.

SGAN. There, I will forget nothing, I assure you.

ISA. I await your return impatiently. Pray, make as much haste as you can. I pine when I am a moment without seeing you.

SGAN. There, ducky, my heart's delight, I will return immediately.

SCENE XII.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

Was there ever a girl more discreet and better behaved? Oh, how happy I am! and what a pleasure it is to find a woman just after my own heart! Yes, that is how our women ought to be, and not like some I know downright flirts, who allow themselves to be courted,

and make their simple husbands to be pointed at all over Paris. (*Knocks at Valere's door.*)
Hulloa, my enterprising, fine gallant!

—

SCENE XIII.—VALERE, SGANARELLE,
ERGASTE.

VAL. Sir, what brings you here again?

SGAN. Your follies.

VAL. How?

SGAN. You know well enough what I wish to speak to you about. To tell you plainly I thought you had more sense. You have been making fun of me with your fine speeches, and secretly nourish silly expectations. Look you, I wish to treat you gently; but you will end by making me very angry. Are you not ashamed, considering who you are, to form such designs as you do? to intend to carry off a respectable girl, and interrupt a marriage on which her whole happiness depends?

VAL. Who told you this strange piece of news, sir?

SGAN. Do not let us dissimulate; I have it from Isabella who sends you word by me for the last time, that she has plainly enough shown you what her choice is; that her heart, entirely mine, is insulted by such a plan; that she would rather die than suffer such an outrage; and that you will cause a terrible uproar unless you put an end to all this confusion.

VAL. If she really said what I have just heard I confess that my passion has nothing more to expect. These expressions are plain enough to let me see that all is ended; I must respect the judgment she has passed.

SGAN. If . . . You doubt it then, and fancy all the complaints that I have made to you on her behalf are mere pretenses! Do you wish that she herself should tell you her feelings? To set you right, I willingly consent to it. Follow me; you shall hear if I have added anything, and if her young heart hesitates between us two. (*Goes and knocks at his own door.*)

—

SCENE XIV.—ISABELLA, SGANARELLE,
VALERE, ERGASTE.

ISA. What! you bring Valere to me! What is your design? Are you taking his part against me? And do you wish, charmed by his rare merits, to compel me to love him, and endure his visits?

SGAN. No, my love; your affection is too dear to me for that; but he believes that my messages are untrue; he thinks that it is I who speak, and cunningly represent you as full of hatred for him, and of tenderness for me; I wish, therefore, from your own mouth, infallibly to cure him of a mistake which nourishes his love.

ISA. (*To Valere.*) What! Is not my soul completely bared to your eyes, and can you still doubt whom I love?

VAL. Yes; all that this gentleman has told me on your behalf, madam, might well surprise a man; I confess I doubted it. This final sentence, which decides the fate of my great love, moves my feelings so much that it can be no offense if I wish to have it repeated.



THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

ACT II. SCENE XIV.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER.

F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

THE SCENE SHOWS THE STREET BEFORE SGANARELLE'S HOUSE; IN THE FOREGROUND IS ISABELLA, WHO SAYS:

"LET HIM, WITHOUT MORE SIGHING, HASTEN A MARRIAGE WHICH IS ALL I DESIRE, AND ACCEPT THE ASSURANCE, WHICH I GIVE HIM, NEVER TO LISTEN TO THE VOWS OF ANOTHER" (*She pretends to embrace Sganarelle, and gives her hand to Valere to kiss*).

SGANARELLE (*Thinking all this is meant for him, replies*): "OH! OH, MY LITTLE PRETTY FACE, MY POOR LITTLE DARLING, YOU SHALL NOT PINE LONG, I PROMISE YOU."

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

and make their simple husbands to be pointed at all over Paris. (*Knocks at Valere's door.*)
 Hulloo, my enterprising, fine gallant!

SGAN. If . . . You doubt it then, and fancy all the complaints that I have made to you on her behalf are mere pretenses! Do you wish that she herself should tell you her feelings? To set you right, I willingly consent to it. Follow me; you shall hear if I have added anything and if her young heart hesitates between . . . (*Goes out to be at his own door.*)

SCENE XIII.—VALERE, SCANARELLE
 ERGASTE.

VAL. Sir, what brings you here again?

SGAN. Your follies.

VAL. How?

SGAN. You know well enough what I wish to speak to you about. To tell you plain I thought you had more sense. You have been making fun of me with your fine speeches, and

secretly nourish my anger. I wish to treat you gently; but you will end by making me very angry. Are you not ashamed, considering what you are, to be such a respectable girl, and interrupt a man in which her whole heart is engaged?

VAL. Who told you that?

SGAN. Do you not know that she has plainly enough shown entirely mine is insulted by her heart, she would rather die than suffer such an outrage; and that you will cause a terrible uproar unless you put an end to all this confusion.

VAL. If she really said what I have just heard I confess that my passion has nothing more to expect. These expressions are plain enough to let me see that a life is ended; I must respect the judgment of the gods.

SCENE XIV.—ISABELLA, SCANARELLE,
 VALERE, ERGASTE.

ISA. What brings Valere to me! What are you taking his part for? He is charmed by my charms, and I am too young to be so easily deceived. I wish, therefore, from your own mouth, to hear what he has to say for himself, and to see if he is really as much in love with me as he says. I wish, therefore, from your own mouth, to hear what he has to say for himself, and to see if he is really as much in love with me as he says.

VAL. Yes; all the gentleman has told me on your behalf might well surprise a man; I confess I doubted it. This final sentence, which seems the fate of my great love, has moved my feelings so much that it can be no excuse if I wish to have it repeated.

Copyright 1896 by J. L.



ISA. No, no, such a sentence should not surprise you. Sganarelle told you my very sentiments; I consider them to be sufficiently founded on justice to make their full truth clear. Yes, I desire it to be known, and I ought to be believed, that fate here presents two objects to my eyes, who, inspiring me with different sentiments, agitate my heart. One by a just choice, in which my honor is involved, has all my esteem and love; and the other, in return for his affection, has all my anger and aversion. The presence of the one is pleasing and dear to me, and fills me with joy; but the sight of the other inspires me with secret emotions of hatred and horror. To see myself the wife of the one is all my desire; and rather than belong to the other I would lose my life. But I have sufficiently declared my real sentiments; and languish too long under this severe torture. He whom I love must use diligence to make him whom I hate lose all hope, and deliver me by a happy marriage from a suffering more terrible than death.

SGAN. Yes, darling, I intend to gratify your wish.

ISA. It is the only way to make me happy.

SGAN. You shall soon be so.

ISA. I know it is a shame for a young woman so openly to declare her love.

SGAN. No, no.

ISA. But, seeing what my lot is, such liberty must be allowed me; I can without blushing make so tender a confession to him whom I already regard as a husband.

SGAN. Yes, my poor child, darling of my soul!

ISA. Let him think, then, how to prove his passion for me.

SGAN. Yes, here, kiss my hand.

ISA. Let him, without more sighing, hasten a marriage which is all I desire, and accept the assurance which I give him, never to listen to the vows of another. (*She pretends to embrace Sganarelle, and gives her hand to Valere to kiss.*)¹⁶

SGAN. Oh, oh, my little pretty face, my poor little darling, you shall not pine long, I promise you. (*To Valere.*) There, say no more. You see I do not make her speak; it is me alone she loves.

VAL. Well, madam, well, this is sufficient explanation. I learn by your words what you urge me to do; I shall soon know how to rid your presence of him who so greatly offends you.

ISA. You could not give me greater pleasure. For, to be brief, the sight of him is intolerable. It is odious to me, and I detest it so much . . .

SGAN. Eh! eh!

ISA. Do I offend you by speaking thus? Do I . . .

SGAN. Heavens, by no means! I do not say that. But in truth, I pity his condition; you show your aversion too openly.

ISA. I cannot show it too much on such an occasion.

VAL. Yes, you shall be satisfied; in three days your eyes shall no longer see the object which is odious to you.

ISA. That is right. Farewell.

SGAN. (*To Valere.*) I pity your misfortune, but . . .

VAL. No, you will hear no complaint from me. The lady assuredly does us both justice, and I shall endeavor to satisfy her wishes. Farewell.

SGAN. Poor fellow! his grief is excessive. Stay, embrace me: I am her second self.

(*Embraces Valere.*)

SCENE XV.—ISABELLA, SGANARELLE.

SGAN. I think he is greatly to be pitied.

ISA. Not at all.

SGAN. For the rest, your love touches me to the quick, little darling, and I mean it shall have its reward. Eight days are too long for your impatience; to-morrow I will marry you, and will not invite . . .

ISA. To-morrow!

SGAN. You modestly pretend to shrink from it; but I well know the joy these words afford you; you wish it were already over.

ISA. But . . .

SGAN. Let us get everything ready for this marriage.

ISA. (*Aside.*) Heaven! Inspire me with a plan to put it off!





THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

ACT II. SCENE XIV.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER.

GÉRY-RICHARD, ETCHER.

STREET IN FRONT OF SGANARELLE'S HOUSE.

SGANARELLE (*Drawing Isabella to his bosom, and holding one of her hands*): "OH! OH, MY LITTLE PRETTY FACE, MY POOR LITTLE DARLING, YOU SHALL NOT PINE LONG, I PROMISE YOU."

ISABELLA PASSES HER RIGHT HAND BEHIND SGANARELLE TO GIVE TO VALERE, WHO, HAT IN HAND AND BOWING, LIFTS HER FINGERS AND GIVES THEM THE KISS OF THE BETROTHED.

SCENE XV — ISABELLA, SGANARILLE.

SGAN. I think he is greatly to be pitied.

ISA. Not at all.

SGAN. For the rest, your love touches me to the quick, little darling, and I mean it shall have its reward. Light days are too long for your impatience; to-morrow I will marry you, and will not invite . . .

ISA. To-morrow!

SGAN. You modestly pretend to shrink from it; but I well know the joy these words afford you; you wish it were already over.

ISA. But . . .

SGAN. Let us get everything ready for this marriage.

ISA. (*A side.*) Heaven! Inspire me with a plan to get it off!

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

ACT II SCENE XIV.

GÉRY-RICHARD, ETCHER.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER.

STREET IN FRONT OF SGANARILLE'S HOUSE.

SGANARILLE (*Drinking Isabella to his bosom and holding one of her hands*): "OH!

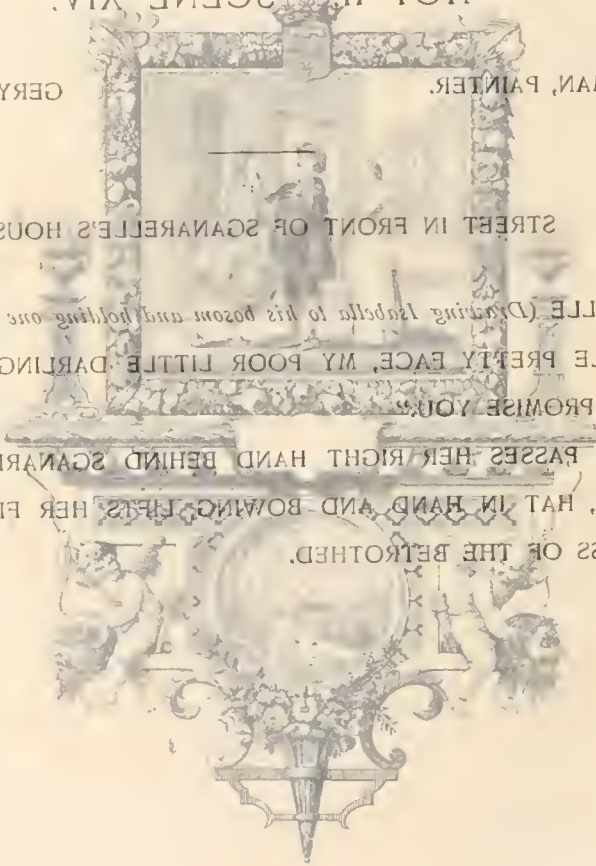
OH, MY LITTLE PRETTY FACE, MY POOR LITTLE DARLING, YOU SHALL NOT

PINE LONG, I PROMISE YOU."

ISABELLA PASSES HER RIGHT HAND BEHIND SGANARILLE TO GIVE TO

VALÈRE WHO, HAT IN HAND AND BOWING, LIPS HER FINGERS AND GIVES

THEM THE KISS OF THE BETROTHED.





JACQUES LEMAH



ACT III.

SCENE I.—ISABELLA (*Alone*).

Yes, death seems to me a hundred times less dreadful than this fatal marriage into which I am forced; all that I am doing to escape its horrors should excuse me in the eyes of those who blame me. Time presses; it is night; now, then, let me fearlessly entrust my fate to a lover's fidelity.

SCENE II.—SGANARELLE, ISABELLA.

SGAN. (*Speaking to those inside the house.*)

Here I am once more; to-morrow they are going, in my name . . .

ISA. O Heaven!

SGAN. Is it you, darling? Where are you going so late? You said when I left you that being rather tired you would shut yourself up

in your room; you even begged that on my return I would let you be quiet till to-morrow morning . . .

ISA. It is true; but . . .

SGAN. But what?

ISA. You see I am confused; I do not know how to tell you the reason.

SGAN. Why, whatever can it be?

ISA. A wonderful secret! It is my sister who now compels me to go out, and who, for a purpose for which I have greatly blamed her, has borrowed my room, in which I have shut her up.

SGAN. What?

ISA. Could it be believed? She is in love with that suitor whom we have discarded.

SGAN. With Valere?

ISA. Desperately! Her passion is so great that I can compare it with nothing; you may judge of its violence by her coming here alone, at this hour, to confide to me her love, and to tell me positively that she will die if she does not obtain the object of her desire; that for more than a year a secret intercourse has kept up the ardor of their love; and that they had even pledged themselves to marry each other when their passion was new.

SGAN. Oh, the wretched girl!

ISA. That being informed of the despair into which I had plunged the man whom she loves to see she came to beg me to allow her to prevent a departure which would break her heart; to meet this lover to-night under my name, in the little street on which my room looks, where counterfeiting my voice she may utter certain tender feelings, and thereby tempt him to stay; in short, cleverly to secure for herself the regard which it is known he has for me.

SGAN. And do you think this . . .

ISA. I? I am enraged at it. "What," said I, "sister, are you mad? Do you not blush to indulge in such a love for one of those people who change every day? To forget your sex, and betray the trust put in you by the man whom Heaven has destined you to marry?"

SGAN. He deserves it richly; I am delighted by it.

ISA. Finally my vexation employed a hundred arguments to reprove such baseness in her, and enable me to refuse her request for to-night; but she became so importunate, shed so many tears, heaved so many sighs, said so often that I was driving her to despair if I refused to gratify her passion, that my heart was brought to consent in spite of me; and, to justify this night's intrigue to which affection for my own sister made me assent I was about to bring Lucretia to sleep with me, whose virtues you extol to me daily; but you surprised me by your speedy return.

SGAN. No, no, I will not have all this mystery at my house. As for my brother, I might agree to it; but they may be seen by some one in the street, and she whom I am to honor with my body must not only be modest and well-born; she must not even be suspected. Let us send the miserable girl away, and let her passion . . .

ISA. Ah, you would overwhelm her with confusion, and she might justly complain of my want of discretion. Since I must not countenance her design at least wait till I send her away.

SGAN. Well, do so.

ISA. But, above all conceal yourself, I beg of you, and be content to see her depart without speaking one word to her.

SGAN. Yes, for your sake I will restrain my anger; but as soon as she is gone I will go

and find my brother without delay. I shall be delighted to run and tell him of this business.

ISA. I entreat you, then, not to mention my name. Good-night ; for I shall shut myself in at the same time.

SGAN. Till to-morrow, dear . . . How impatient I am to see my brother, and tell him of his plight ! The good man has been victimized, with all his bombast !¹⁷ I would not have this undone for twenty crowns !

ISA. (*Within.*) Yes, sister, I am sorry to incur your displeasure ; but what you wish me to do is impossible. My honor, which is dear to me, would run too great a risk. Farewell, go home before it is too late.

SGAN. There she goes, fretting finely, I warrant. Let me lock the door for fear she should return.

ISA. (*Going out disguised.*) Heaven ! abandon me not in my resolve !

SGAN. Whither can she be going ? Let me follow her.

ISA. (*Aside.*) Night, at least, favors me in my distress.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) To the gallant's house ! What is her design ?

SCENE III.—VALERE, ISABELLA,
SGANARELLE.

VAL. (*Coming out quickly.*) Yes, yes ; I will this night make some effort to speak to . . . Who is there ?

ISA. (*To Valere.*) No noise, Valere ; I have forestalled you ; I am Isabella.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) You lie, minx ; it is not she. She is too staunch to those laws of honor which you forsake ; you are falsely assuming her name and voice.

ISA. (*To Valere.*) But unless by the holy bonds of matrimony . . .

VAL. Yes ; that is my only purpose ; and here I make you a solemn promise that to-morrow I will go wherever you please to be married to you.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Poor deluded fool !

VAL. Enter with confidence. I now defy the power of your duped Argus ; before he can tear you from my love, this arm shall stab him to the heart a thousand times.

SCENE IV.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

Oh, I can assure you I do not want to take from you a shameless girl, so blinded by her passion. I am not jealous of your promise to her ; if I am to be believed you shall be her husband. Yes, let us surprise him with this bold creature. The memory of her father, who was justly respected, and the great interest I take in her sister, demand that an attempt, at least, should be made to restore her honor.

Hulloa, there! (*Knocks at the door of a magistrate.*)¹⁸

to give this placable man a treat. Hulloa!
(*Knocks at Ariste's door.*)

SCENE V.—SGANARELLE, A MAGISTRATE, A
NOTARY, ATTENDANT *with a lantern.*

MAG. What is it?

SGAN. Your servant, your worship. Your presence in official garb is necessary here. Follow me, please, with your lantern-bearer.

MAG. We were going . . .

SGAN. This is a very pressing business.

MAG. What is it?

SGAN. To go into that house and surprise two persons who must be joined in lawful matrimony. It is a girl with whom I am connected, and whom, under promise of marriage, a certain Valere has seduced and got into his house. She comes of a noble and virtuous family, but . . .

MAG. If that is the business, it was well you met us, since we have a notary here.

SGAN. Sir?

NOT. Yes, a notary royal.

MAG. And what is more an honorable man.

SGAN. No need to add that. Come to this door-way; make no noise, but see that no one escapes. You shall be fully satisfied for your trouble, but be sure and do not let yourself be bribed.

MAG. What! do you think that an officer of justice . . .

SGAN. What I said was not meant as a reflection on your position. I will bring my brother here at once; only let the lantern-bearer accompany me. (*Aside.*) I am going

SCENE VI.—ARISTE, SGANARELLE.

AR. Who knocks? Why, what do you want, brother?

SGAN. Come, my fine teacher, my superannuated buck, I shall have something pretty to show you.

AR. How?

SGAN. I bring you good news.

AR. What is it?

SGAN. Where is your Leonor, pray?

AR. Why this question? She is, as I think, at a friend's house at a ball.

SGAN. Eh! Oh, yes! Follow me; you shall see to what ball Missy is gone.

AR. What do you mean?

SGAN. You have brought her up very well indeed. It is not good to be always finding fault; the mind is captivated by much tenderness; and suspicious precautions, bolts, and bars, make neither wives nor maids virtuous; we cause them to do evil by so much austerity; their sex demands a little freedom. Of a verity she has taken her fill of it, the artful girl; and with her virtue has grown very complaisant.

AR. What is the drift of such a speech?

SGAN. Bravo, my elder brother! it is what you richly deserve; I would not for twenty pistoles that you should have missed this fruit of your silly maxims. Look what our lessons have produced in these two sisters: the

one avoids the gallants, the other runs after them.

AR. If you will not make your riddle clearer . . .

SGAN. The riddle is that her ball is at Valere's; that I saw her go to him under cover of night, and that she is at this moment in his arms.

AR. Who?

SGAN. LEONOR.

AR. A truce to jokes, I beg of you.

SGAN. I joke . . . He is excellent with his joking! Poor fellow! I tell you, and tell you again, that Valere has your Leonor in his house, and that they had pledged each other before he dreamed of running after Isabella.

AR. This story is so very improbable . . .

SGAN. He will not believe it even when he sees it. I am getting angry; upon my word, old age is not good for much when brains are wanting!

(Laying his finger on his forehead.)

AR. What! brother, you mean to . . .

SGAN. I mean nothing, upon my soul! Only follow me. Your mind shall be satisfied directly. You shall see whether I am deceiving you, and whether they have not pledged their troth for more than a year past.

AR. Is it likely she could thus have agreed to this engagement without telling me?—me! who in everything, from her infancy, ever displayed towards her a complete readiness to please, and who a hundred times protested I would never force her inclinations.

SGAN. Well, your own eyes shall judge of the matter. I have already brought here a magistrate and a notary. We are concerned that the promised marriage shall at once

restore to her the honor she has lost; for I do not suppose you are so mean-spirited as to wish to marry her with this stain upon her, unless you have still some arguments to raise you above all kinds of ridicule.

AR. For my part, I shall never be so weak as wish to possess a heart in spite of itself. But, after all, I cannot believe . . .

SGAN. What speeches you make! Come, this might go on forever.

SCENE VII.—SGANARELLE, ARISTE, A MAGISTRATE, A NOTARY.

MAG. There is no need to use any compulsion here, gentlemen. If you wish to have them married, your anger may be appeased on the spot. Both are equally inclined to it; Valere has already given under his hand a statement that he considers her who is now with him as his wife.

AR. The girl . . .

MAG. Is within, and will not come out, unless you consent to gratify their desires.

SCENE VIII.—VALERE, A MAGISTRATE, A NOTARY, SGANARELLE, ARISTE.

VAL. *(At the window of his house.)* No, gentlemen; no man shall enter here until your pleasure be known to me. You know who I am; I have done my duty in signing the statement which they can show you. If you intend to approve of the marriage you

must also put your names to this agreement ; if not, prepare to take my life before you shall rob me of the object of my love.

SGAN. No, we have no notion of separating you from her. (*Aside.*) He has not yet been undeceived in the matter of Isabella. Let us make the most of his mistake.

AR. (*To Valere.*) But is it Leonor?

SGAN. Hold your tongue!

AR. But . . .

SGAN. Be quiet!

AR. I want to know . . .

SGAN. Again! Will you hold your tongue, I say?

VAL. To be brief: whatever be the consequence, Isabella has my solemn promise; I also have hers; if you consider everything I am not so bad a match that you should blame her.

AR. What he says is not . . .

SGAN. Be quiet! I have a reason for it. You shall know the mystery. (*To Valere.*) Yes, without any more words, we both consent that you shall be the husband of her who is at present in your house.

MAG. The contract is drawn up in those very terms, and there is a blank for the name, as we have not seen her. Sign. The lady can set you all at ease by-and-by.

VAL. I agree to the arrangement.

SGAN. And so do I, with all my heart. (*Aside.*) We will have a good laugh presently. (*Aloud.*) There, brother, sign; yours the honor to sign first.

AR. But why all this mystery . . .

SGAN. The deuce! what hesitation. Sign, you simpleton.

AR. He talks of Isabella, and you of Leonor.

SGAN. Are you not agreed, brother, if it be she, to leave them to their mutual promises?

AR. Doubtless.

SGAN. Sign, then; I shall do the same.

AR. So be it. I understand nothing about it.

SGAN. You shall be enlightened.

MAG. We will soon return.

(*Exeunt Magistrate and Notary into Valere's house.*)

SGAN. (*To Ariste.*) Now then, I will give you a cue to this intrigue.

(*They retire to the back of the stage.*)

SCENE IX.—LEONOR, SGANARELLE, ARISTE,
LISETTE.

LEO. Ah, what a strange martyrdom! What bores all those young fools appear to me! I have stolen away from the ball on account of them.

LIS. Each of them tried to make himself agreeable to you.

LEO. And I never endured anything more intolerable. I should prefer the simplest conversation to all the babblings¹⁹ of these say-nothings. They fancy that everything must give way before their flaxen wigs, and think they have said the cleverest witticism when they come up, with their silly chaffing tone, and rally you stupidly about the love of an old man. For my part, I value more highly the affection of such an old man than all the giddy raptures of a youthful brain. But do I not see . . .

SGAN. (*To Ariste.*) Yes, so the matter stands. (*Perceiving Leonor.*) Ah, there she is, and her maid with her.

AR. Leonor, without being angry, I have reason to complain. You know whether I have ever sought to restrain you, and whether I have not stated a hundred times that I left you full liberty to gratify your own wishes; yet your heart, regardless of my approval, has pledged its faith, as well as its love, without my knowledge. I do not repent of my indulgence; but your conduct certainly annoys me; it is a way of acting which the tender friendship I have borne you does not merit.

LEO. I know not why you speak to me thus; but believe me I am as I have ever been; nothing can alter my esteem for you; love for any other man would seem to me a crime; if you will satisfy my wishes a holy bond shall unite us to-morrow.

AR. On what foundation, then, have you, brother . . .

SGAN. What! Did you not come out of Valere's house? Have you not been declaring your passion this very day? And have you not been for a year past in love with him?

LEO. Who has been painting such pretty pictures of me? Who has been at the trouble of inventing such falsehoods?

—

SCENE X.—ISABELLA, VALERE, LEONOR, ARISTE, SGANARELLE, MAGISTRATE, NOTARY, LISETTE, ERGASIE.

ISA. Sister, I ask you generously to pardon me, if, by the freedom I have taken I have brought some scandal upon your name. The

urgent pressure of a great necessity, suggested to me, some time ago, this disgraceful stratagem. Your example condemns such an escape; but fortune treated us differently. (*To Sganarelle.*) As for you, sir, I will not excuse myself to you. I serve you much more than I wrong you. Heaven did not design us for one another. As I found I was unworthy of your love, and undeserving of a heart like yours, I vastly preferred to see myself in another's hands.

VAL. (*To Sganarelle.*) For me, I esteem it my greatest glory and happiness to receive her, sir, from your hands.

AR. Brother, you must take this matter quietly. Your own conduct is the cause of this. I can see it is your unhappy lot that no one will pity you, though they know you have been made a fool of.

LIS. Upon my word, I am glad of this. This reward of his mistrust is a striking retribution.

LEO. I do not know whether the trick ought to be commended; but I am quite sure that I, at least, cannot blame it.

ERG. His star condemns him to be a cuckold; it is lucky for him he is only a retrospective one.

SGAN. (*Recovering from the stupor into which he had been plunged.*) No, I cannot get the better of my astonishment. This faithlessness perplexes my understanding. I think that satan in person could be no worse than such a jade! I could have sworn it was not in her. Unhappy he who trusts a woman after this! The best of them are always full of mischief; they were made to damn the whole world. I renounce the treacherous sex forever, and give them to the devil with all my heart!

ERG. Well said.

AR. Let us all go to my house. Come, M. Valere, to-morrow we will try to appease his wrath.

LIS. (*To the audience.*) As for you, if you know any churlish husbands, by all means send them to school with us.²⁰



NOTES

¹This part was played by Molière himself. In the inventory taken after Molière's death, and given by M. Soulié, we find: "A dress for *The School for Husbands*, consisting of breeches, doublet, cloak, collar, purse and girdle, all of a kind of brown colored (*couleur de musc*) satin."

²The original has *un Commissaire*, who in Molière's time, appears to have been a kind of inferior magistrate under the authority of the *Lieutenant-général de la Police*. The *Commissaires de Police* were not established till 1699; and *The School for Husbands* was played for the first time in 1661.

³The original has *vos jeunes muguets*, literally "your young lilies of the valley," because in former times, according to some annotators, the courtiers wore natural or artificial lilies of the valley in their button-holes, and perfumed themselves with the essence of that flower. I think that *muguet* is connected with the old French word *musquet*, smelling of musk. In Molière's time *muguet* had become rather antiquated; hence it was rightly placed in the mouth of Sganarelle, who likes to use such words and phrases. Rabelais employs it in the eighth chapter of *Gargantua, un tas de muguets*, and it has been translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart as "some fond wooers and wench-courtiers." The fashion of calling dandies after the name of perfumes is not rare in France. Thus Regnier speaks of them as *marjolets*, from *marjolaine*, sweet marjoram; and Agrippa d'Aubigné calls them *muscadins* (a word also connected with the old French *musquet*), which name was renewed at the beginning of the first French revolution, and bestowed on elegants, because they always smelled of musk.

⁴The fashion was in Molière's time to wear the hair, or wigs, very long, and if possible of a fair color, which gave to the young fashionables, hence called *blondins*, an effeminate air. Sganarelle addresses Valere (Act ii, Scene 9), likewise as *Monsieur aux blonds cheveux*. In *The School for Wives* (Act ii, Scene 6), Arnolphe also tells Agnes not to listen to the nonsense of these *beaux blondins*. According to Juvenal (Satire VI.) Messalina put a fair-wig on to disguise herself. Louis XIV. did not begin to wear a wig until 1673.

⁵The original has *marcher écarquillés ainsi que des volants*. Early commentators have generally stated that *volants* means here "the beams of a mill," but MM. Moland and E. Despois, the last annotators of Molière, maintain that it stands for "shuttlecock," because the large rolls (*canons*), tied at the knee and wide at the bottom, bore a great resemblance to shuttlecocks turned upside down. I cannot see how this can suit the words *marcher écarquillés*, for the motion of the *canons* of gallants, walking or straddling about, is very unlike that produced by shuttlecocks beaten by battledores; I still think "beams of a mill" right, because, though the *canons* did not look like beams of a mill, the legs did, when in motion.

⁶The young dandies in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. wore slashed doublets, very tight and short.

⁷The Spanish ruff (*fraise*) was in fashion at the end of Henry IV.'s reign; in the reign of Louis XIII., and in the beginning of Louis XIV.'s, flat-lying collars, adorned with lace were worn, so that those who still stuck to the Spanish ruff in 1661, were considered very old-fashioned people.

⁸*The School for Husbands* was played for the first time on the 24th of June, 1661, and Molière married Armande Béjart (see Prefatory Memoir), on the 20th of February, 1662, when he was forty, and she about twenty years old. It is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that the words he places in the mouth of Ariste are an expression of his own feelings.

⁹The Dauphin, the son of Louis XIV., was born at Fontainebleau, on the 1st of November, 1661; *The School for Husbands* was first acted on the 24th of June of the same year; hence Molière ventures to prophesy about the Dauphin's birth.

¹⁰The original has *un poulet*, literally "a chicken," because love-letters were folded so as to represent a fowl with two wings; this shape is now called *cocotte*, from *coq*, and though no longer used to designate a billet-doux is often employed in familiar phraseology in speaking of a girl who does not lead a moral life.

¹¹It is remarkable that Louis XIV., who was so extravagant himself in his buildings, dress and general expenses, published sixteen laws against luxury; the law Sganarelle speaks of was promulgated November 27th, 1660, against the use of *guipures, cannetilles, paillettes*, etc., on men's dresses.

¹² The original has *décri*, a proclamation which forbade the manufacturing, sale or wearing, of certain fabrics.

¹³ See note 4.

¹⁴ We are of course to read between the lines: "If there is anything which could strengthen my resolution to save her it is the natural detestation which I feel for you."

¹⁵ In the letter which Isabella writes to Valere (see page 27), she speaks of a marriage with which she is threatened in six days. This is, I suppose, a pious fraud, to urge Valere to make haste, for here she mentions "eight days."

¹⁶ This stage play is imitated by Congreve in *The Old Bachelor* (Act iv, Scene 22), when Mrs. Fondlewife goes and hangs upon her husband's neck and kisses him; whilst Bellmour kisses her hand behind Fondlewife's back.

¹⁷ The original has *phébus*, which is often used for a swollen and pretentious style, because it is said that a work on the chase, written in the fourteenth century by Gaston, Count of Foix, in such a style, was called *Miroir de Phébus*.

¹⁸ See note 2.

¹⁹ The original has *contes bleus*, literally "blue stories," because old tales, such as *The Four Sons of Aymon*, *Fortunatus*, *Valentine and Orson*, were formerly sold printed on coarse paper and with blue paper cover; a kind of popular, but not political, "blue-books."

²⁰ This is the last time Molière directly addressed the audience at the end of one of his plays; in *Sganarelle* he did it for the first time.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

	<i>After</i>	
THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS	Jacques Leman	5
TITLE OF 1661	" "	7
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ	" "	14
SGANARELLE AND ARISTE Act I, Scene I	" "	15
VALERE AND ERGASTE Act I, Scene VI	" "	22
SGANARELLE AND ERGASTE Act II, Scene VII	" "	23
ISABELLA, SGANARELLE AND VALERE Act II, Scene XIV	Edm. Hédouin	30
ISABELLA, SGANARELLE AND VALERE Act II, Scene XV	Jacques Leman	32
ISABELLA, SGANARELLE AND VALERE Act II, Scene XIV	" "	32
VALERE, ISABELLA AND SGANARELLE Act III, Scene III	" "	33
LISETTE Act III, Scene X	" "	40

THE BORES



THE BORES

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

TWO WINGED CHILDREN, LYING IN SHELLS, FROM WHICH WATER TRICKLES, HOLD A MEDALLION CHARGED WITH THE ARMS OF THE FOUQUET FAMILY, ARGENT, A SQUIRREL RAMPANT, GULES; (THESE ARE *armes parlantes*, *fouquet* BEING THE ANCIENT FRENCH VULGAR NAME FOR SQUIRREL). THE RADIATED HEAD WHICH CROWNS THE FRAME OF THE MEDALLION, AND THE FLEUR DE LIS ON THE LAMBREQUIN, AGREE WITH THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AT THE FETES AT VAUX-LE-VICOMTE. BELOW, A FANTASTIC HEAD SPOUTS WATER. THE THEMES OF THE ORNAMENTATION OF THIS PIECE, PLAYED AT THE CHATEAU DE VAUX-LE-COMTE, OF WHICH THE PARK ABOUNDED IN BASINS, SPOUTING CASCADES AND IN SHELLS, HAVE BEEN BORROWED FOR MOTIVE IN ALL THE DESIGNS.

THE BORES

JACQUES LEWAL, DEL.

TWO WINGED CHILDREN, LYING IN SHELLS, FROM WHICH WATER TRICKLES,
HOLD A MEDALLION CHARGED WITH THE ARMS OF THE FOUQUET FAMILY,
ARGENT, A SQUIRREL RAMPANT, GULES; THESE ARE ARMES PARTANTES, JOURNALY,
BEING THE ANCIENT FRENCH VULGAR NAME FOR SQUIRREL. THE RADIATED
HEAD WHICH CROWNS THE FRAME OF THE MEDALLION, AND THE FLEUR DE
LIS ON THE LAMBREQUIN, AGREE WITH THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AT THE
PETES AT VAUX-LE-VICOMTE. BELOW, A FANTASTIC HEAD SPOUTS WATER.
THE THEMES OF THE ORNAMENTATION OF THIS PIECE, PLAYED AT THE CHA-
TEAU DE VAUX-LE-COMTE, OF WHICH THE PARK ABOUNDED IN BASINS, SPOUT-
ING CASCADES AND IN SHELLS, HAVE BEEN BORROWED FOR MOTIVE IN ALL
THE DESIGNS.



4

LES FACHEUX
COMÉDIE
EN CINQ ACTES
PAR
J. B. P. MOLIERE

TITLE OF 1662

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

P. ARENTS, SC.

A LARGE BALCONY WINDOW OF WHICH THE UPRIGHTS ARE EMBOSSED SQUARES, ALTERNATELY DECORATED WITH SHELLS AND SCALES PAPERONNE. IN THE CAP OF THE ARCH ARE THE ARMS OF MOLIERE, AND BELOW, IN A CARTOUCHE, THE TITLE OF THE PLAY. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A VIEW OF THE GARDENS OF VAUX-LE-COMTE, WITH A LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS LEADING TO A FOUNTAIN. IN THE FOREGROUND, BEHIND THE BALUSTRADE OF THE BALCONY, IS FOUQUET, SUPERINTENDENT-GENERAL OF FINANCE, HEAD BARED ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS OF THE KING, WHO IS FOLLOWED BY A GROUP OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE COURT, HEADS BARED, AMONG WHOM ARE MONSIEUR, THE ONLY BROTHER TO THE KING, AND MONSIEUR COLBERT. THE CARPET WHICH FALLS ON THE BALCONY HAS ON IT THE ARMS OF FOUQUET. ON EACH SIDE OF THE NAME OF THE BOOKSELLER IS A CHILD HOLDING A DOLPHIN, WHICH SPOUTS WATER INTO A BASIN.

TITLE OF 1662

P. ARENTS, SC.

JACQUES LEWAN, DEL.

A LARGE BALCONY WINDOW OF WHICH THE UPRIGHTS ARE EMBOSSED
SQUARES, ALTERNATELY DECORATED WITH SHELLS AND SCALES PAPERONNE.
IN THE ARCH ARE THE ARMS OF MOLIERE, AND BELOW, IN A
CARTOUCHE, THE TITLE OF THE PLAY. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A VIEW OF
THE GARDENS OF VAUX-LE-COMTE, WITH A LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS LEADING
TO A FOUNTAIN. IN THE FOREGROUND, BEHIND THE BALUSTRADE OF THE
BALCONY, IS FOUQUET, SUPERINTENDENT-GENERAL OF FINANCE, HEAD BARED
ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS OF THE KING, WHO IS FOLLOWED BY A GROUP
OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE COURT, HEADS BARED, AMONG WHOM ARE
MONSIEUR, THE ONLY BROTHER TO THE KING, AND MONSIEUR COLBERT.
THE CARPET WHICH FALLS ON THE BALCONY HAS ON IT THE ARMS OF
FOUQUET. ON EACH SIDE OF THE NAME OF THE BOOKSELLER IS A CHILD
HOLDING A DOLPHIN, WHICH SPOUTS WATER INTO A BASIN.



LES FACHEUX
COMEDIE
DE
J. B. P. MOLIERE

REPRESENTÉ
SUR LE THEATRE DU PALAIS ROYAL



A PARIS
CHEZ GUILLAUME DE LUYNE
LIBRAIRE JURE AU PALAIS
DANS LA SALE DES MERCIERS A LA JUSTICE

M. DC. LXII.
AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

Par Grâce et Privilège du Roy, donné à Paris le 5 Février, signé : BOUCHET, il est permis au Sieur MOLIERE de faire imprimer une Pièce de Théâtre de sa composition, intitulée les Fascheux, pendant l'espace de cinq années; et deffences sont faites à tous autres de l'imprimer, sur peine de cinq cens livres d'amande, de tous despens, dommages et interests, comme est porté plus amplement par lesdites Lettres.

Et ledit Sieur de MOLIERE a cédé et transporté le droict du Privilège à GUILLAUME de LUYNE, Marchand libraire à Paris, pour en jouir le temps porté par iceluy.

Et ledit de Luyne a fait part du présent Privilège à CHARLES de SERCY, JEAN GUIGNARD, CLAUDE BARBIN et GABRIEL QUINET, pour en jouir conjointement.

Achevé d'imprimer le 18 Février 1662.

Registré sur le Livre de la Communauté le 13 Février 1662.

Signé : DUBRAY, Syndic.

Les exemplaires ont esté fournis.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The Bores is a character-comedy; but the peculiarities taken as the text of the play, instead of being confined to one or two of the leading personages, are exhibited in different forms by a succession of characters, introduced one after the other in rapid course, and disappearing after the brief performance of their rôles. We do not find an evolution of natural situations, proceeding from the harmonious conduct of two or three individuals, but rather a disjointed series of tableaux—little more than a collection of monologues strung together on a weak thread of explanatory comments, enunciated by an unwilling listener.

The method is less artistic, if not less natural; less productive of situations, if capable of greater variety of illustrations. The circumstances under which Molière undertook to compose the play explain his resort to the weaker manner of analysis. The Superintendent-General of Finance,¹ Nicolas Fouquet, desiring to entertain the King, Queen, and court at his mansion of Vaux-le-Vicomte, asked for a comedy at the hands of the Palais-Royal company, who had discovered the secret of pleasing the Grand Monarque. Molière had but a fortnight's notice; and he was expected, moreover, to accommodate his muse to various prescribed styles of entertainment.

Fouquet wanted a cue for a dance by Beauchamp, for a picture by Lebrun, for stage devices by Torelli. Molière was equal to the emergency. Never, perhaps, was a literary work written to order so worthy of being preserved for future generations. Not only were the intermediate ballets made sufficiently elastic to give scope for the ingenuity of the poet's auxiliaries, but the written scenes themselves were admirably contrived to display all the varied talent of his troupe.

The success of the piece on its first representation, which took place on the 17th of August, 1661, was unequivocal; and the King summoned the author before him in order personally to express his satisfaction. It is related that, the Marquis de Soyecourt passing by at the time, the King said to Molière, "There is an original character which you have not yet copied." The suggestion was enough. The result was that, at the next representation, Dorante the hunter, a new bore, took his place in the comedy.

Louis XIV. thought he had discovered in Molière a convenient mouth-piece for his dislikes. The selfish king was no lover of the nobility, and was short-sighted enough not to perceive that the author's attacks on the nobles paved the way for doubts on the divine right of kings themselves. Hence he protected Molière, and entrusted to him the care of writing plays for his entertainments; the public did not, however, see *The Bores* until the 4th of November of the same year; and then it met with great success.

The bore is ubiquitous, on the stage as in everyday life. Horace painted him in his famous passage commencing *Ibam forte via Sacra*, and the French satirist, Regnier, has depicted him in his eighth satire.

Molière had no doubt seen the Italian farce, "*Le Case svaligliate ovvero gli Interrompimenti di Pantalone*," which appears to have directly provided him with the thread of his comedy. This is the gist of it. A girl, courted by Pantaloon, gives him a rendezvous in order to escape from his importunities; whilst a cunning knave sends across his path a medley of persons to delay his approach, and cause him to break his appointment. This delay, however, is about the only point of resemblance between the Italian play and the French comedy.

There are some passages in Scarron's *Epîtres chagrines* addressed to the Marshal d'Albret and M. d'Elbène, from which our author must have derived a certain amount of inspiration; for in these epistles the writer reviews the whole tribe of bores, in coarse but vigorous language.

Molière dedicated *The Bores* to Louis XIV. in the following words:

SIRE,

I am adding one scene to the Comedy, and the man who dedicates a book is a species of Bore insupportable enough. Your Majesty is better acquainted with this than any person in the kingdom: and this is not the first time that you have been exposed to the fury of Epistles Dedicatory. But though I follow the example of others, and put myself in the rank of those I have ridiculed; I dare, however, assure Your Majesty, that what I have done in this case is not so much to present You a book, as to have the opportunity of returning You thanks for the success of this Comedy. I owe, Sire, that success, which exceeded my expectations, not only to the glorious approbation with which Your Majesty honored this piece at first, and which attracted so powerfully that of all the world; but also to the order, which You gave me, to add a *Bore*, of which Yourself had the goodness to give me the idea, and which was proved by every one to be the finest part of the work.² I must confess, Sire, I never did anything with such ease and readiness, as that part, where I had Your Majesty's commands to work.

The pleasure I had in obeying them, was to me more than *Apollo* and all the *Muses*; and by this I conceive what I should be able to execute in a complete Comedy, were I inspired by the same commands. Those who are born in an elevated rank, may propose to themselves the honor of serving Your Majesty in great Employments; but, for my part, all the glory I can aspire to, is to amuse You.³ The ambition of my wishes is confined to this; and I think that, to contribute anything to the diversion of her King, is, in some respects, not to be useless to France. Should I not succeed in this, it shall never be through want of zeal, or study; but only through a hapless destiny, which often accompanies the best intentions, and which, to a certainty, would be a most sensible affliction to, SIRE, *Your MAJESTY'S most humble, most obedient, and most faithful Servant,*

MOLIÈRE.

In the eighth volume of the "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London, 1732," the play of *The Bores* is dedicated, under the name of *The Impertinents*, to the Right Honorable the Lord Carteret,⁴ in the following words:

MY LORD,

It is by Custom grown into a sort of Privilege for Writers, of whatsoever Class, to attack Persons of Rank and merit by these kind of Addresses. We conceive a certain Charm in Great and Favorite Names, which soothes our Reader, and prepossesses him in our Favor: We deem ourselves of Consequence, according to the Distinction of our Patron; and come in for our Share in the Reputation he bears in the World. Hence it is, MY LORD, that Persons of the greatest Worth are most expos'd to these Insults.

For however usual and convenient this may be to a Writer, it may be confess'd, MY LORD, it may be some degree of Persecution to a *Patron*; Dedicators, as *Molière* observes, being a species of *Impertinents*, troublesome enough. Yet the Translator of this Piece hopes he may be rank'd among the more tolerable ones, in presuming to inscribe to Your LORDSHIP the *Facheux* of *Molière* done into *English*: assuring himself that Your LORDSHIP will not think anything this Author has writ unworthy of your Patronage; nor discourage even a weaker Attempt to make him more generally read and understood.

Your LORDSHIP is well known, as an absolute Master, and generous Patron of Polite Letters; of those Works especially which discover a Moral, as well as Genius; and by a delicate Raillery laugh men out of their Follies and Vices: could the Translator, therefore, of this Piece come anything near the Original, it were assured of your Acceptance. He will not dare to arrogate anything to himself on this Head, before so good a Judge as Your LORDSHIP. He hopes, however, it will appear that, where he seems too superstitious a Follower of his Author, 'twas not because he could not have taken more Latitude, and have given more Spirit; but to answer what he thinks the most essential part of a Translator, to lead the less knowing to the Letter; and after better Acquaintance, Genius will bring them to the Spirit.

The Translator knows Your LORDSHIP, and Himself too well to attempt Your Character, even though he should think this a proper occasion. The Scholar—the Genius—the Statesman—the Patriot—the Man of Honor and Humanity.—Were a Piece finish'd from these Outlines, the whole World would agree in giving it Your LORDSHIP.

But that requires a Hand—the Person, who presents This, thinks it sufficient to be indulg'd the Honor of subscribing himself.

My LORD, Your Lordship's most devoted, most obedient, humble servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

Thomas Shadwell, whom Dryden flagellates in his *Mac-Flecknoe*, and in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, and whom Pope mentions in his *Dunciad*, wrote *The Sullen Lovers, or the Impertinents*, which was first performed in 1668 at the Duke of York's Theatre, by their Majesties' Servants. This play is a working up of *The Bores* and *The Misanthrope*, with two scenes from *The Forced Marriage*, and a reminiscence from *The Love-Tiff*. It is dedicated to the "Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince William, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Newcastle," because all Men, who pretend either to Sword or Pen, ought "to shelter themselves under Your Grace's Protection." Another reason Shadwell gives for this dedication is in order "to rescue this (play) from the bloody Hands of the Criticks, who will not dare to use it roughly, when they see Your Grace's Name in the beginning." He also states, that "the first Hint I received was from the Report of a Play of Molière's of three Acts, called *Les Facheux*, upon which I wrote a great part of this

before I read that." He borrowed, after reading it, the first scene in the second act, and Molière's story of Piquet, which he translated into Backgammon, and says, "that he who makes a common practice of stealing other men's wit, would if he could with the same safety, steal anything else." Shadwell mentions, however, nothing of borrowing from *The Misanthrope* and *The Forced Marriage*. The preface was, besides political difference, the chief cause of the quarrel between Shadwell and Dryden; for in it the former defends Ben Jonson against the latter, and mentions that—"I have known some of late so insolent to say that Ben Jonson wrote his best plays without wit, imagining that all the wit plays consisted in bringing two persons upon the stage to break jest, and to bob one another, which they call repartie." The original edition of *The Sullen Lovers* is partly in blank verse; but, in the first collected edition of Shadwell's works, published by his son in 1720, it is printed in prose. Stanford, "a morose, melancholy man, tormented beyond measure with the impertinence of people, and resolved to leave the world to be quit of them," is a combination of Alceste in *The Misanthrope*, and Eraste in *The Bores*; Lovel, "an airy young gentleman, friend to Stanford, one that is pleased with and laughs at the impertinents; and that which is the other's torment is his recreation," is Philinte of *The Misanthrope*; Emilia and Carolina appear to be Célimène and Eliante; whilst Lady Vaine is an exaggerated Arsinoé of the same play. Sir Positive At-all, "a foolish knight that pretends to understand everything in the world, and will suffer no man to understand anything in his Company, so foolishly positive that he will never be convinced of an error, though never so gross," is a very good character, and an epitome of all the Bores into one.

The prologue of *The Sullen Lovers* begins thus :

" How popular are Poets nowadays !
 Who can more Men at their first summons raise,
 Than many a wealthy home-bred Gentleman,
 By all his Interest in his Country can.
 They raise their Friends ; but in one Day arise
 'Gainst one poor Poet all these Enemies."

PREFACE

Never was any Dramatic performance so hurried as this ; and it is a thing, I believe, quite new, to have a comedy planned, finished, got up, and played in a fortnight. I do not say this to boast of an *impromptu*, or to pretend to any reputation on that account : but only to prevent certain people, who might object that I have not introduced here all the species of Bores who are to be found. I know that the number of them is great, both at the Court and in the City, and that, without episodes, I might have composed a comedy of five acts and still have had matter to spare. But in the little time allowed me it was impossible to execute any great design, or to study much the choice of my characters, or the disposition of my subject. I therefore confined myself to touching only upon a small number of Bores ; and I took those which first presented themselves to my mind, and which I thought the best fitted for amusing the august personages before whom this play was to appear ; and to unite all these things together speedily I made use of the first plot I could find. It is not, at present, my intention to examine whether the whole might not have been better, and whether all those who were diverted with it laughed according to rule. The time may come when I may print my remarks upon the pieces I have written : and I do not despair letting the world see that, like a grand author, I can quote Aristotle and Horace. In expectation of this examination, which perhaps may never take place, I leave the decision of this affair to the multitude, and I look upon it as equally difficult to oppose a work which the public approves, as it is to defend one which it condemns.

There is no one who does not know for what time of rejoicing the piece was composed ; and that *fete* made so much noise, that it is not necessary to speak of it ;⁵ but it will not be amiss to say a word or two of the ornaments which have been mixed with the Comedy.

The design was also to give a ballet ; and as there was only a small number of first-rate dancers it was necessary to separate the *entrées*⁶ of this ballet, and to interpolate them with the Acts of the Play, so that these intervals might give time to the same dancers to appear in different dresses ; also to avoid breaking the thread of the piece by these interludes it was deemed advisable to weave the ballet in the best manner one could into the subject, and make

but one thing of it and the play. But as the time was exceedingly short, and the whole was not entirely regulated by the same person, there may be found, perhaps, some parts of the ballet which do not enter so naturally into the play as others do. Be that as it may, this is a medley new upon our stage; although one might find some authorities in antiquity: but as every one thought it agreeable, it may serve as a specimen for other things which may be concerted more at leisure.

Immediately upon the curtain rising, one of the actors, whom you may suppose to be myself, appeared on the stage in an ordinary dress, and addressing himself to the King, with the look of a man surprised, made excuses in great disorder, for being there alone, and wanting both time and actors to give his Majesty the diversion he seemed to expect; at the same time in the midst of twenty natural cascades a large shell was disclosed, which every one saw: and the agreeable Naiad who appeared in it advanced to the front of the stage, and with an heroic air pronounced the following verses which Mr. Pellison had made, and which served as a Prologue.

NOTES

¹ In Sir James Stephen's *Lectures on the History of France*, vol. ii, page 22, I find: "Still further to centralize the fiscal economy of France, Philippe le Bel created a new ministry. At the head of it he placed an officer of high rank, entitled the Superintendent-General of Finance, and in subordination to him he appointed other officers designated as Treasurers."

² See Prefatory Memoir.

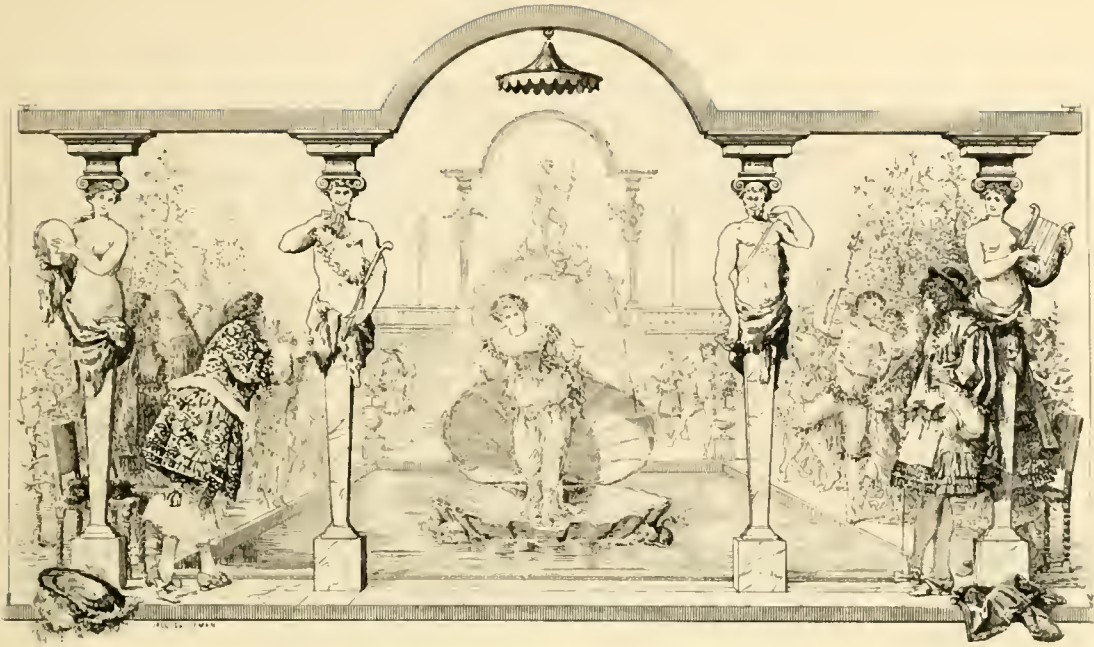
³ In spite of all that has been said about Molière's passionate fondness for his profession, I imagine he must now and then have felt some slight, or suffered from some want of consideration. Hence perhaps the above sentence. Compare with this Shakespeare's hundred and eleventh sonnet:

"Oh! for my sake, do you with Fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

⁴ John, Lord Carteret, born 22d April, 1690, twice Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was Secretary of State and head of the Ministry from February, 1742 until November 23, 1744, became Earl Granville that same year, on the death of his mother; was president of the Council in 1751, and died in 1763.

⁵ *The Bores*, according to the Preface, planned, finished, got up, and played in a fortnight, was acted amidst other festivities, first at Vaux, the seat of Monsieur Fouquet, Superintendent of Finances, the 17th of August, 1661, in the presence of the King and the whole Court, with the exception of the Queen. Three weeks later Fouquet was arrested, and finally condemned to be shut up in prison, where he died in 1672. It was not till November, 1661, that *The Bores* was played in Paris.

⁶ See Prefatory Memoir.



PROLOGUE

(The Theatre represents a garden adorned with Termini and several fountains. A Naiad coming out of the water in a shell.)

Mortals, from Grots profound I visit you,
Gallia's great Monarch in these Scenes to view;
Shall Earth's wide Circuit, or the wider Seas,
Produce some Novel Sight your Prince to please:
Speak He, or wish: to him naught can be hard,
Whom as a living Miracle you all regard.

Fertile in Miracles, his Reign demands
 Wonders at universal Nature's Hands,
 Sage, young, victorious, valiant, and august,
 Mild as severe, and powerful as he's just,
 His Passions, and his Foes alike to foil,
 And noblest Pleasures join to noblest Toil ;
 His righteous Projects ne'er to misapply,
 Hear and see all, and act incessantly :
 He who can this, can all ; he needs but dare,
 And Heaven in nothing will refuse his Prayer.
 Let Lewis but command, these Bounds shall move,
 And trees grow vocal as Dodona's Grove.
 Ye Nymphs and Demi-Gods, whose Presence fills
 Their sacred Trunks, come forth ; so Lewis wills ;
 To please him be our task ; I lead the way.
 Quit now your ancient Forms but for a Day,
 With borrow'd Shape cheat the Spectator's Eye,
 And to Theatric Art yourselves apply.

*(Several Dryads, accompanied by Fauns and Satyrs, come forth out of the
 Trees and Termini.)*

Hence Royal Cares, hence anxious Application,
 (His fav'rite Work) to bless a happy Nation :
 His lofty Mind permit him to unbend,
 And to a short Diversion condescend ;
 The Morn shall see him with redoubled Force,
 Resume the Burthen and pursue his Course,
 Give Force to Laws, his Royal Bounties share,
 Wisely prevent our Wishes with his Care.
 Contending Lands to Union firm dispose,
 And lose his own to fix the World's Repose.
 But now, let all conspire to ease the Pressure
 Of Royalty, by elegance of Pleasure.

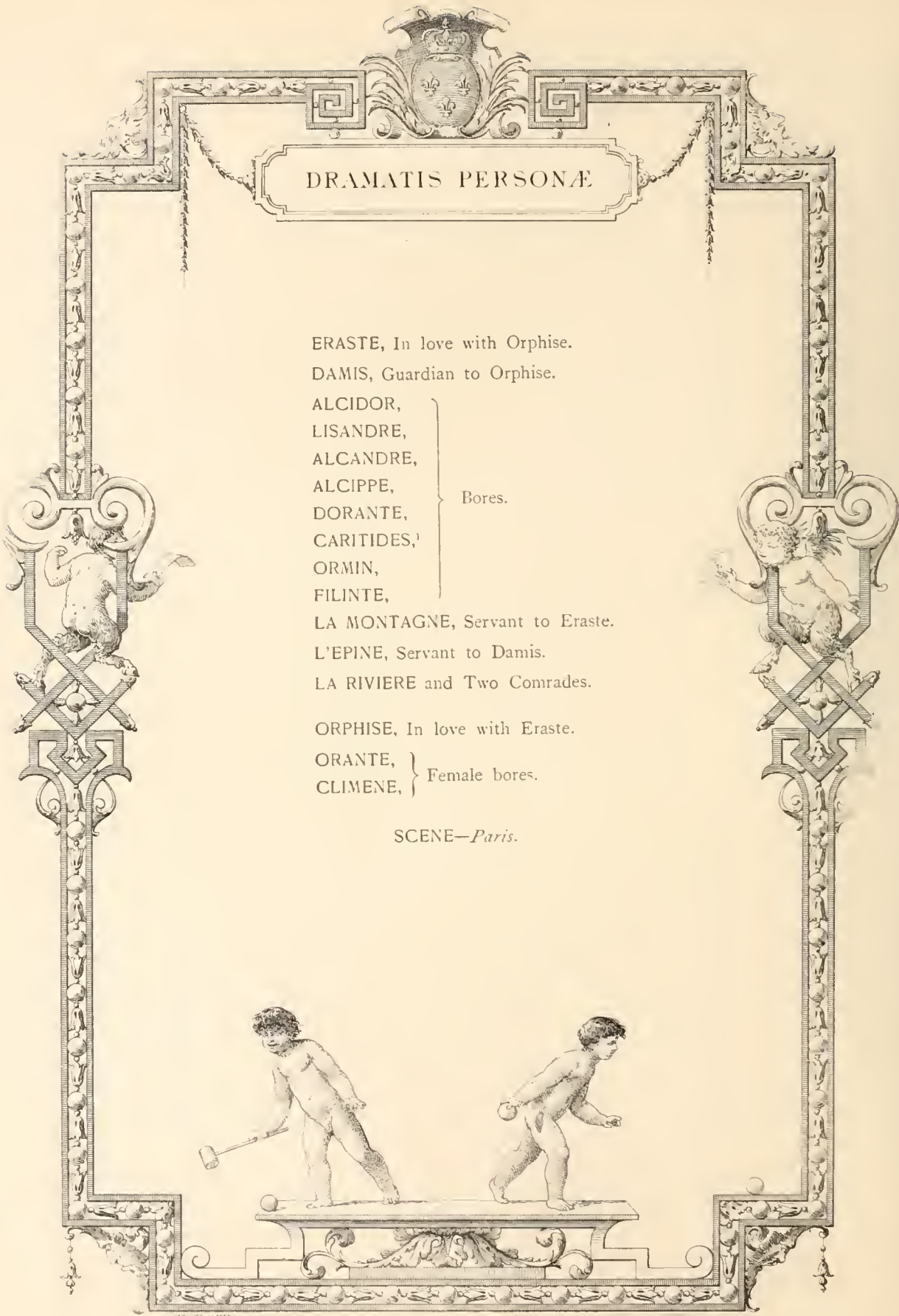
Impertinents, avaunt ; nor come in sight,
Unless to give him more supreme Delight.¹

(The Naiad brings with her for the Play one part of the Persons she has summoned to appear, whilst the rest begin a Dance to the sound of Hautboys, accompanied by Violins.)

NOTE

¹The Naiad was represented by Madeleine Béjart, even then good-looking, though she was more than forty years old. The verses are taken from the eighth volume of the "Select Comedies of M. de Molière in French and English, London, 1732," and as fulsome as they well can be. The English translation, which is not mine, fairly represents the official nonsense of the original.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ERASTE, In love with Orphise.

DAMIS, Guardian to Orphise.

ALCIDOR,
LISANDRE,
ALCANDRE,
ALCIPPE,
DORANTE,
CARITIDES,¹
ORMIN,
FILINTE,

} Bores.

LA MONTAGNE, Servant to Eraste.

L'EPINE, Servant to Damis.

LA RIVIERE and Two Comrades.

ORPHISE, In love with Eraste.

ORANTE,
CLIMENE, } Female bores.

SCENE—*Paris.*





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

AN ORNAMENTAL FRAME SURMOUNTED WITH THE ARMS OF FRANCE. IN

ACT I.

THE MIDDLE OF THE UPRIGHTS, ON THE RIGHT, A SATYR WITH THE PETITION

OF ORMIN (ACT III, SCENE III); ON THE LEFT, ANOTHER SATYR WITH THE

CARDS OF ALCIPPE (ACT II, SCENE II); BELOW ON THE TABLET, TO RECALL

THE FIRST ENTRANCE OF THE BALLET WHICH ENDS THE SECOND ACT ARE

CHILDREN, ONE PLAYING WITH A BALL AND THE OTHER STRIKING A BALL

WITH A MALLET.

where; each day I discover some new

of the boy. I thought I could never get rid

of him; a hundred times I cursed the

low desire which seized me at that time

to see the play, where, thinking

I unhappily was surely

I must tell you that it happened that I had

yet think about it now. I was once

in a need to direct to the town where I had

heard praised by so many. I had



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ERASTE, In love with Orphise.

DAMIS, Guardian to Orphise.

ALCIDOR,

LISANDRE,

ALCANDRE,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DORANTE,

CARITIDES,

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

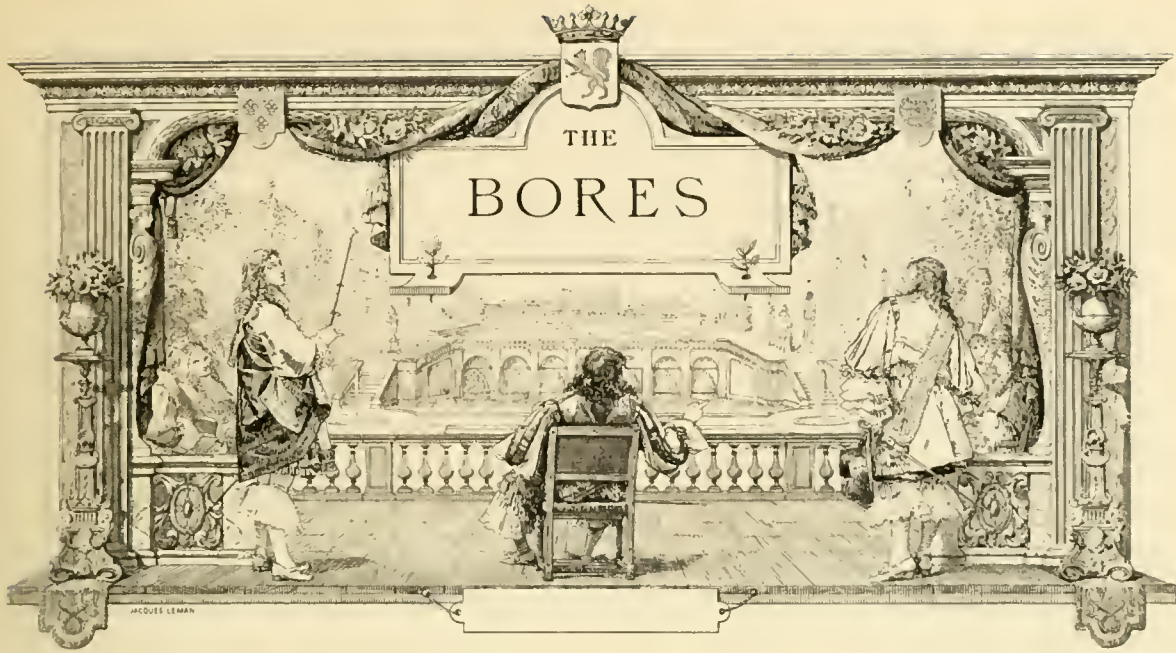
FILINTE,

LE MOYNE, Grand-père de Orphise.

LE PETIT, Grand-père de Orphise.

AN ORNAMENTAL FRAME SURMOUNTED WITH THE ARMS OF FRANCE. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE UPRIGHTS, ON THE RIGHT, A SATYR WITH THE PETITION OF ORMIN (ACT III, SCENE III); ON THE LEFT, ANOTHER SATYR WITH THE CARDS OF ALCIPPE (ACT II, SCENE II), BELOW ON THE TABLET, TO RECALL THE FIRST ENTRANCE OF THE BALLET WHICH ENDS THE SECOND ACT, ARE CHILDREN, ONE PLAYING WITH A BALL AND THE OTHER STRIKING A BALL WITH A MALLET.





ACT I.


SCENE I.—ERASTE, LA MONTAGNE.

ER. Good heavens! under what star am I born to be perpetually worried by bores? It seems that fate throws them in my way everywhere; each day I discover some new specimen. But there is nothing to equal my bore of to-day. I thought I should never get rid of him; a hundred times I cursed the harmless desire which seized me at dinner time to see the play, where, thinking to amuse myself, I unhappily was sorely punished for my sins. I must tell you how it happened, for I cannot yet think about it coolly. I was on the stage,² in a mood to listen to the piece which I had heard praised by so many. The actors began;

every one kept silence; when with a good deal of noise and in a ridiculous manner, a man with large rolls entered abruptly, crying out "Hulloa, there, a seat directly!" and disturbing the audience with his uproar interrupted the play in its finest passage. Heavens! will Frenchmen, although so often corrected, never behave themselves like men of common-sense? Must we in a public theatre show ourselves with our worst faults, and so confirm by our foolish outbursts what our neighbors everywhere say of us. Thus I spoke; and whilst I was shrugging my shoulders the actors attempted to continue their parts. But the man made a fresh disturbance in seating himself.

and again crossing the stage with long strides, although he might have been quite comfortable at the wings, he planted his chair full in front, and defying the audience by his broad back hid the actors from three-fourths of the pit. A murmur arose, at which any one else would have felt ashamed; but he, firm and resolute, took no notice of it, and would have remained just as he had placed himself, if to my misfortune he had not cast his eyes on me. "Ah, Marquis!" he said, taking a seat near me, "how dost thou do? Let me embrace thee." Immediately my face was covered with blushes that people should see I was acquainted with such a giddy fellow. I was but slightly known to him for all that: but so it is with these men, who assume an acquaintance on nothing, whose embraces we are obliged to endure when we meet them, and who are so familiar with us as to thou and thee us. He began by asking me a hundred frivolous questions, raising his voice higher than the actors. Every one was cursing him; and in order to check him I said, "I should like to listen to the play." "Hast thou not seen it, Marquis? Oh, on my soul, I think it very funny, and I am no fool in these matters. I know the canons of perfection, and Corneille reads to me all that he writes." Thereupon he gave me a summary of the piece, informing me scene after scene of what was about to happen; and when we came to any lines which he knew by heart, he recited them aloud before the actor could say them. It was in vain for me to resist; he continued his recitations, and towards the end rose a good while before the rest. For these fashionable fellows in order to behave gallantly especially avoid listening to the conclusion. I thanked Heaven, and naturally thought that with the comedy my misery was ended. But as though this were

too good to be expected my gentleman fastened on me again, recounted his exploits, his uncommon virtues, spoke of his horses, of his love-affairs, of his influence at court, and heartily offered me his services. I politely bowed my thanks, all the time devising some way of escape. But he, seeing me eager to depart, said, "Let us leave; every one is gone." And when we were outside he prevented my going away by saying, "Marquis, let us go to the Cours³ to show my carriage. It is very well built, and more than one Duke and Peer has ordered a similar one from my coach-maker." I thanked him, and the better to get off, told him that I was about to give a little entertainment. "Ah, on my life, I shall join it as one of your friends, and give the go-by to the Marshal, to whom I was engaged." "My banquet," I said, "is too slight for gentlemen of your rank." "Nay," he replied, "I am a man of no ceremony, and I go simply to have a chat with thee; I vow, I am tired of grand entertainments." "But if you are expected you will give offense if you stay away." "Thou art joking, Marquis! We all know each other; I pass my time with thee much more pleasantly." I was chiding myself, sad and perplexed at heart, at the unlucky result of my excuse, and knew not what to do next to get rid of such a mortal annoyance, when a splendidly built coach crowded with footmen before and behind stopped in front of us with a great clatter; from which leaped forth a young man gorgeously dressed; and my bore and he, hastening to embrace each other, surprised the passers-by with their furious encounter. Whilst both were plunged in these fits of civilities I quietly made my exit without a word; not before I had long groaned under such a martyrdom, cursing this bore whose obstinate



THE BORES
ACT I. SCENE I.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER.

GERY-RICHARD, ETCHER.

ERASTE AND HIS VALET. ERASTE REPULSES THE GESTURE OF LA MONTAGNE, WHO WISHES, IN SPITE OF HIM, TO COMB HIS WIG.

LA MONTAGNE: "LET ME JUST COMB . . ."

ERASTE: "WAS THERE EVER SUCH STUPIDITY! YOU HAVE ALMOST TAKEN OFF MY EAR WITH A TOOTH OF THE COMB."

IN THE REAR, ORPHISE, GIVING HER HAND TO ALCIDOR, CROSSES THE PROMENADE. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE GARDEN AND THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.



persistence kept me from the appointment which had been made with me here.

LA M. These annoyances are mingled with the pleasures of life. All goes not, sir, exactly as we wish it. Heaven wills that here below every one should meet bores; without that men would be too happy.

ER. But of all my bores the greatest is Damis, guardian of her whom I adore, who dashes every hope she raises, and has brought it to pass that she dares not see me in his presence. I fear I have already passed the hour agreed on; it is in this walk that Orphise promised to be.

LA M. The time of an appointment has generally some latitude, and is not limited to a second.

ER. True; but I tremble; my great passion makes out of nothing a crime against her whom I love.

LA M. If this perfect love, which you manifest so well makes out of nothing a great crime against her whom you love, the pure flame which her heart feels for you on the other hand converts all your crimes into nothing.

ER. But, in good earnest, do you believe that I am loved by her?

LA M. What! do you still doubt a love that has been tried?

ER. Ah, it is with difficulty that a heart that truly loves has complete confidence in such a matter. It fears to flatter itself; and amidst its various cares what it most wishes is what it least believes. But let us endeavor to discover the delightful creature.

LA M. Sir, your necktie is loosened in front.

ER. No matter.

LA M. Let me adjust it, if you please.

ER. Ugh, you are choking me, blockhead; let it be as it is.

LA M. Let me just comb . . .

ER. Was there ever such stupidity! You have almost taken off my ear with a tooth of the comb.⁴

LA M. Your rolls . . .

ER. Leave them; you are too particular.

LA M. They are quite rumped.

ER. I wish them to be so.

LA M. At least allow me, as a special favor, to brush your hat, which is covered with dust.

ER. Brush, then, since it must be so.

LA M. Will you wear it like that?

ER. Good heavens, make haste!

LA M. It would be a shame.

ER. (*After waiting.*) That is enough.

LA M. Have a little patience.

ER. He will be the death of me!

LA M. Where could you get all this dirt?

ER. Do you intend to keep that hat forever?

LA M. It is finished.

ER. Give it me, then.

LA M. (*Letting the hat fall.*) Ah!

ER. There it is on the ground. I am not much the better for all your brushing! Plague take you!

LA M. Let me give it a couple of rubs to take off . . .

ER. You shall not. The deuce take every servant who dogs your heels, who wearies his master, and does nothing but annoy him by wanting to set himself up as indispensable!

SCENE II.—ORPHISE, ALCIDOR, ERASTE, LA MONTAGNE. (*Orphise passes at the foot of the stage; Alcidor holds her hand.*)

ER. But do I not see Orphise? Yes, it is she who comes. Whither goeth she so fast,

and what man is that who holds her hand?
(*He bows to her as she passes, and she turns her head another way.*)

SCENE III.—ERASTE, LA MONTAGNE.

ER. What! She sees me here before her, and she passes by, pretending not to know me! What can I think? What do you say? Speak, if you will.

LA M. Sir, I say nothing, lest I bore you.

ER. And so indeed you do, if you say nothing to me whilst I suffer such a cruel martyrdom. Give me some answer; I am quite dejected. What am I to think? Say, what do you think of it? Tell me your opinion.

LA M. Sir, I desire to hold my tongue, and not to set up for being indispensable.

ER. Hang the impertinent fellow! Go and follow them; see what becomes of them, and do not quit them.

LA M. (*Returning.*) Shall I follow at a distance?

ER. Yes.

LA M. (*Returning.*) Without their seeing me, or letting it appear that I was sent after them?

ER. No, you will do much better to let them know that you follow them by my express orders.

LA M. (*Returning.*) Shall I find you here?

ER. Plague take you. I declare you are the biggest bore in the world!

SCENE IV.—ERASTE (*Alone*).

Ah, how anxious I feel; how I wish I had missed this fatal appointment! I thought I should find everything favorable; and instead of that my heart is tortured.

SCENE V.—LISANDRE, ERASTE.

LIS. I recognized you under these trees from a distance, dear Marquis; and I came to you at once. As one of my friends, I must sing you a certain air which I have made for a little Couranto,⁶ which pleases all the connoisseurs at court, and to which more than a score have already written words. I have wealth, birth, a tolerable employment, and am of some consequence in France; but I would not have failed, for all I am worth, to compose this air which I am going to let you hear. (*He tries his voice.*) La, la; hum, hum; listen attentively, I beg. (*He sings an air of a Couranto.*) Is it not fine?

ER. Ah!

LIS. This close is pretty. (*He sings the close over again four or five times successively.*) How do you like it?

ER. Very fine, indeed.

LIS. The steps which I have arranged are no less pleasing, and the figure in particular is wonderfully graceful. (*He sings the words, talks, and dances at the same time; and makes Eraste perform the lady's steps.*) Stay, the gentleman crosses thus; then the lady crosses again: together: then they separate, and the

lady comes there. Do you observe that little touch of a faint? This fleuret?⁶ These coupés⁷ running after the fair one. Back to back : face to face, pressing up close to her. (*After finishing.*) What do you think of it, Marquis?

ER. All those steps are fine.

LIS. For my part, I would not give a fig for your ballet-masters.

ER. Evidently.

LIS. And the steps then?

ER. Are wonderful in every particular.

LIS. Shall I teach you them for friendship's sake?

ER. To tell the truth, just now I am somewhat disturbed . . .

LIS. Well, then, it shall be when you please. If I had those new words about me we would read them together, and see which were the prettiest.

ER. Another time.

LIS. Farewell. My dearest Baptiste⁸ has not seen my Couranto; I am going to look for him. We always agree about the tunes; I shall ask him to score it.

(*Exit, still singing.*)

SCENE VI.—ERASTE (*Alone*).

Heavens! must we be compelled daily to endure a hundred fools, because they are men of rank, and must we, in our politeness, demean ourselves so often to applaud, when they annoy us?

SCENE VII.—ERASTE, LA MONTAGNE.

LA M. Sir, Orphise is alone, and is coming this way.

ER. Ah, I feel myself greatly disturbed! I still love the cruel fair one, and my reason bids me hate her.

LA M. Sir, your reason knows not what it would be at, nor yet what power a mistress has over a man's heart. Whatever just cause we may have to be angry with a fair lady, she can set many things to rights by a single word.

ER. Alas, I must confess it; the sight of her inspires me with respect instead of with anger.

SCENE VIII.—ORPHISE, ERASTE,
LA MONTAGNE.

ORPH. Your countenance seems to me anything but cheerful. Can it be my presence, Eraste, which annoys you? What is the matter? What is amiss? What makes you heave those sighs at my appearance?

ER. Alas! can you ask me, cruel one, what makes me so sad, and what will kill me? Is it not malicious to feign ignorance of what you have done to me? The gentleman whose conversation made you pass me just now . . .

ORPH. (*Laughing.*) Does that disturb you?

ER. Do, cruel one, anew insult my misfortune. Certainly, it ill becomes you to jeer at my grief, and by outraging my feelings, ungrateful woman, to take advantage of my weakness for you.

ORPH. I really must laugh, and declare that you are very silly to trouble yourself thus. The man of whom you speak, far from being able to please me, is a bore of whom I have succeeded in ridding myself; one of those troublesome and officious fools who will not suffer a lady to be anywhere alone, but come up at once, with soft speech, offering you a hand against which one rebels. I pretended to be going away, in order to hide my intention, and he gave me his hand as far as my coach. I soon got rid of him in that way, and returned by another gate to come to you.

ER. Orphise, can I believe what you say? And is your heart really true to me?

ORPH. You are most kind to speak thus, when I justify myself against your frivolous complaints. I am still wonderfully simple, and my foolish kindness . . .

ER. Ah! too severe beauty, do not be angry. Being under your sway I will implicitly believe whatever you are kind enough to tell me. Deceive your hapless lover if you will; I shall respect you to the last gasp. Abuse my love, refuse me yours, show me another lover triumphant; yes, I will endure everything for your divine charms. I shall die, but even then I will not complain.

ORPH. As such sentiments rule your heart, I shall know, on my side . . .

SCENE IX.—ALCANDRE, ORPHISE, ERASTE,
LA MONTAGNE.

ALC. (*To Orphise.*) Marquis, one word. Madam, I pray you to pardon me, if I am indiscreet in venturing before you to speak with him privately. (*Exit Orphise.*)

SCENE X.—ALCANDRE, ERASTE,
LA MONTAGNE.

ALC. I have a difficulty, Marquis, in making my request; but a fellow has just insulted me, and I earnestly wish not to be behindhand with him, that you would at once go and carry him a challenge from me. You know that in a like case I should joyfully repay you in the same coin.

ER. (*After a brief silence.*) I have no desire to boast, but I was a soldier before I was a courtier. I served fourteen years, and I think I may fairly refrain from such a step with propriety, not fearing that the refusal of my sword can be imputed to cowardice. A duel puts one in an awkward light, and our King is not the mere shadow of a monarch. He knows how to make the highest in the state obey him, and I think that he acts like a wise Prince. When he needs my service I have courage enough to perform it; but I have none to displease him. His commands are a supreme law to me; seek some one else to disobey him. I speak to you, Viscount, with entire frankness; in every other matter I am at your service. Farewell.⁹

SCENE XI.—ERASTE, LA MONTAGNE.

ER. To the deuce with these bores, fifty times over! Where, now, has my beloved gone to?

LA M. I know not.

ER. Go and search everywhere till you find her. I shall await you in this walk.

BALLET TO ACT I.

First Entry.

Players at Mall, crying out "Ware!" compel Eraste to draw back. After the players

at Mall have finished, Eraste returns to wait for Orphise.

Second Entry.

Inquisitive folk advance, turning round him to see who he is, and cause him again to retire for a little while.





ACT II.

SCENE I.—ERASTE (*Alone*).

Are the bores gone at last? I think they rain here on every side. The more I flee from them the more I light on them; and to add to my uneasiness I cannot find her whom I wish to find. The thunder and rain have soon passed over, and have not dispersed the fashionable company. Would to Heaven that those gifts which it showered upon us had driven away all the people who weary me! The sun sinks fast; I am surprised that my servant has not yet returned.

SCENE II.—ALCIPPE, ERASTE.

ALC. Good-day to you.

ER. (*Aside*.) How now! Is my passion always to be turned aside?

ALC. Console me, Marquis, in respect of a wonderful game of piquet which I lost yesterday to a certain Saint-Bouvain, to whom I could have given fifteen points and the deal. It was a desperate blow, which has been too much for me since yesterday, and would make me wish all players at the deuce; a blow, I assure you, enough to make me hang myself

in public. I wanted only two tricks, whilst the other wanted a piquet. I dealt, he takes six, and asks for another deal. I, having a little of everything, refuse. I had the ace of clubs (fancy my bad luck!) the ace, king, knave, ten and eight of hearts, and as I wanted to make the point, threw away king and queen of diamonds, ten and queen of spades. I had five hearts in hand, and took up the queen, which just made me a high sequence of five. But my gentleman, to my extreme surprise, lays down on the table a sequence of six low diamonds, together with the ace. I had thrown away king and queen of the same color. But as he wanted a piquet, I got the better of my fear, and was confident at least of making two tricks. Besides the seven diamonds he had four spades, and playing the smallest of them, put me in the predicament of not knowing which of my two aces to keep. I threw away, rightly as I thought, the ace of hearts; but he had discarded four clubs, and I found myself made *Capot* by a six of hearts, unable from sheer vexation to say a single word.¹⁰ By Heaven, account to me for this frightful piece of luck. Could it be credited, without having seen it?¹¹

ER. It is in play that luck is mostly seen.

ALC. 'Sdeath, you shall judge for yourself if I am wrong, and if it is without cause that this accident enrages me. For here are our two hands, which I carry about me on purpose. Stay, here is my hand, as I told you; and here . . .

ER. I understood everything from your description, and admit that you have a good cause to be enraged. But I must leave you on certain business. Farewell. But take comfort in your misfortune.

ALC. Who; I? I shall always have that luck on my mind; it is worse than a

thunderbolt to me. I mean to show it to all the world. (*He retires and on the point of returning, says meditatively.*) A six of hearts! two points.

ER. Where in the world are we? Go where we will we see nothing but fools.

—

SCENE III.—ERASTE, LA MONTAGNE.

ER. Hah! how long you have been and how you have made me suffer.

LA M. Sir, I could not make greater haste.

ER. But at length do you bring me some news?

LA M. Doubtless; and by express command from her you love I have something to tell you.

ER. What? Already my heart yearns for the message. Speak!

LA M. Do you wish to know what it is?

ER. Yes; speak quickly.

LA M. Sir, pray wait. I have almost run myself out of breath.

ER. Do you find any pleasure in keeping me in suspense?

LA M. Since you wish to know at once the orders which I have received from this charming person I will tell you . . . Upon my word, without boasting of my zeal, I went a great way to find the lady; and if . . .

ER. Hang your digressions!

LA M. Fie! you should somewhat moderate your passion; and Seneca . . .

ER. Seneca is a fool in your mouth since he tells me nothing of all that concerns me. Tell me your message at once.

LA M. To satisfy you, Orphise . . . An insect has got among your hair.

ER. Let it alone.

LA M. This lovely one sends you word . . .

ER. What?

LA M. Guess.

ER. Are you aware that I am in no laughing mood?

LA M. Her message is, that you are to remain in this place, that in a short time you shall see her here, when she has got rid of some country-ladies, who greatly bore all people at court.

ER. Let us then stay in the place she has selected. But since this message affords me some leisure let me muse a little. (*Exit La Montagne.*) I propose to write for her some verses to an air which I know she likes.

(*He walks up and down the stage in a reverie.*)

—

SCENE IV.—ORANTE, CLIMENE, ERASTE (*at the side of the stage, unseen*).

OR. Everyone will be of my opinion.

CL. Do you think you will carry your point by obstinacy?

OR. I think my reasons better than yours.

CL. I wish some one could hear both.

OR. I see a gentleman here who is not ignorant; he will be able to judge of our

dispute. Marquis, a word, I beg of you. Allow us to ask you to decide in a quarrel between us two; we had a discussion arising from our different opinions as to what may distinguish the most perfect lovers.

ER. That is a question difficult to settle; you had best look for a more skillful judge.

OR. No; you speak to no purpose. Your wit is much commended; and we know you. We know that everyone with justice gives you the character of a . . .

ER. Oh, I beseech you . . .

OR. In a word, you shall be our umpire, and you must spare us a couple of minutes.

CL. (*To Orante.*) Now you are retaining one who must condemn you: for, to be brief, if what I venture to hold be true, this gentleman will give the victory to my arguments.

ER. (*Aside.*) Would that I could get hold of any rascal to invent something to get me off!

OR. (*To Climene.*) For my part, I am too much assured of his sense to fear that he will decide against me. (*To Eraste.*) Well, this great contest which rages between us is to know whether a lover should be jealous.

CL. Or, the better to explain my opinion and yours, which ought to please most, a jealous man or one that is not so?

OR. For my part, I am clearly for the last.

CL. As for me, I stand up for the first.

OR. I believe that our heart must declare for him who best displays his respect.

CL. And I that, if our sentiments are to be shown, it ought to be for him who makes his love most apparent.

OR. Yes; but we perceive the ardor of a lover much better through respect than through jealousy.

CL. It is my opinion that he who is attached to us loves us the more that he shows himself jealous?

OR. Fie, Climene, do not call lovers those men whose love is like hatred, and who, instead of showing their respect and their ardor, give themselves no thought save how to become wearisome; whose minds being ever prompted by some gloomy passion seek to make a crime out of the slightest actions, are too blind to believe them innocent, and demand an explanation for a glance; who if we seem a little sad at once complain that their presence is the cause of it, and when the least joy sparkles in our eyes will have their rivals to be at the bottom of it; who, in short, assuming a right because they are greatly in love, never speak to us save to pick a quarrel, dare to forbid anyone to approach us, and become the tyrants of their very conquerors. As for me, I want lovers to be respectful; their submission is a sure proof of our sway.

CL. Fie, do not call those men true lovers who are never violent in their passion; those lukewarm gallants, whose tranquil hearts already think everything quite sure, have no fear of losing us, and overweeningly suffer their love to slumber day by day, are on good terms with their rivals, and leave a free field for their perseverance. So sedate a love incites my anger; to be without jealousy is to love coldly. I would that a lover, in order to prove his flame, should have his mind shaken by eternal suspicions, and by sudden outbursts show clearly the value he sets upon her to whose hand he aspires. Then his restlessness is applauded; and if he sometimes treats us a little roughly the pleasure of seeing him, penitent at our feet, to excuse himself for the outbreak of which he has been guilty, his tears, his despair at having been capable of displeasing us, are a charm to soothe all our anger.

OR. If much violence is necessary to please you I know who would satisfy you; I am

acquainted with several men in Paris who love well enough to beat their fair ones openly.

CL. If to please you there must never be jealousy, I know several men just suited to you; lovers of such enduring mood that they would see you in the arms of thirty people without being concerned about it.

OR. And now you must, by your sentence, declare whose love appears to you preferable. (*Orphise appears at the back of the stage, and sees Eraste between Orante and Climene.*)

ER. Since I cannot avoid giving judgment I mean to satisfy you both at once; and in order not to blame that which is pleasing in your eyes the jealous man loves more, but the other loves wisely.

CL. The judgment is very judicious; but . . .

ER. It is enough. I have finished. After what I have said permit me to leave you.

—

SCENE V.—ORPHISE, ERASTE.

ER. (*Seeing Orphise, and going to meet her.*) How long you have been, madam, and how I suffer.

ORPH. Nay, nay, do not leave such a pleasant conversation. You are wrong to blame me for having arrived too late. (*Pointing to Orante and Climene, who have just left.*) You had wherewithal to get on without me.



THE BORES

ACT II. SCENE IV.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER.

F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

THE SCENE IS IN A GARDEN WITH TERRACE, STATUE AND HEDGES, THE MOTIVE BEING TAKEN FROM THE DECORATION OF THE PARK AT VAUX-LE-VICOMTE, WHERE THE PIECE WAS FIRST PLAYED. ORPHISE APPEARS AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE, AND SEES ERASTE BETWEEN THE BORES, ORANTE AND CLIMENE, TO WHOM HE GIVES JUDGMENT AS FOLLOWS:

"THE JEALOUS MAN LOVES MORE, BUT THE OTHER LOVES WISELY."

... those who love to live in tedium, and who, instead of showing respect and their ardor, give no more thought save how to become weary; whose minds being ever oppressed by some gloomy passion seek to make some out of the slightest actions; are unable to believe them innocent, and demand an explanation for a glance; who if they seem a little sad at once complain that their presence is the cause of it, and when the least joy sparkles in our eyes will have their wits to be at the bottom of it; who, in short, assuming a right because they are greatly in love, never seek to us sure to dare to forbid a word to become the tyrants of their very eyes. As for me, I want love, but their submission is a sure proof of our sway.

CL. Fie, do not call those men true lovers; those warm valiants, whose tranquil hearts already think everything quite sure, have no fear of losing us, and overweeingly suffer

THE SCENE IS IN A GARDEN WITH TERRACE, STATUE AND HEDGES, THE MOTIVE BEING TAKEN FROM THE DECORATION OF THE PARK AT VAUX-LE-VICOMTE, WHERE THE PIECE WAS FIRST PLAYED. ORPHISE APPEARS AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE, AND SEES ERASTE BETWEEN THE BORES ORANTE AND CLIMENE TO WHOM HE GIVES JUDGMENT AS FOLLOWS:
 "THE JEALOUS MAN LOVES MORE, BUT THE OTHER LOVES WISELY."

... and he aspires. Then he nestles near me; and if he sometimes treats us a little, the pleasure of seeing him, and his feeble, to excuse himself for the pleasure which he has been guilty, his tears, and he has been capable of displeasing us, to give us all our anger.

... necessary to please you; I am

acquainted with several men in Paris who love well enough to beat their fair ones openly.

CL. If to please you there must never be jealousy, I know several men just suited to you; lovers of such enduring mood that they would see you in the arms of thirty people without being concerned about it.

OR. And now you must, by your sentence, declare whose love appears to you preferable. (*Orphise appears at the back of the stage, and sees Eraste between Orante and Climene.*)

ER. Since I cannot avoid giving judgment I mean to satisfy you both at once; and in that which is pleasing in the man loves more, but the judgment is very judicious; wisely.

CL. His judgment is very judicious; wisely.

ER. It is enough. I have finished. After what I have

EDM. HEDDING, PAINTER.

ACT II. SCENE V.—ORPHISE, ERASTE.

ER. (*Sings Orphise, and going to meet her.*) How long you have been, madam, and how I suffer.

ORPH. Nay, nay, do not leave such a pleasant conversation. You are wrong to blame me for having arrived too late. (*Pointing to Orante and Climene, who have just left.*) You had wherewithal to get on without me.



ER. Will you be angry with me without reason, and reproach me with what I am made to suffer? Oh, I beseech you, stay . . .

ORPH. Leave me, I beg, and hasten to rejoin your company.

SCENE VI.—ERASTE (*Alone*).

Heaven! must bores of both sexes conspire this day to frustrate my dearest wishes? But let me follow her in spite of her resistance, and make my innocence clear in her eyes.

SCENE VII.—DORANTE, ERASTE.

DOR. Ah, Marquis, continually we find tedious people interrupting the course of our pleasures! You see me enraged on account of a splendid hunt, which a booby . . . It is a story I must relate to you.

ER. I am looking for some one, and cannot stay.

DOR. (*Retaining him.*) Egad, I shall tell it you as we go along. We were a well-selected company who met yesterday to hunt a stag;

on purpose we went to sleep on the ground itself—that is, my dear sir, far away in the forest. As the chase is my greatest pleasure I wished to do the thing well to go to the wood myself; we decided to concentrate our efforts upon a stag which every one said was seven years old.¹² But my own opinion was—though I did not stop to observe the marks—that it was only a stag of the second year.¹³ We had separated, as was necessary, into different parties, and were hastily breakfasting on some new-laid eggs, when a regular country-gentleman, with a long sword, proudly mounted on his brood-mare, which he honored with the name of his good mare, came up to pay us an awkward compliment, presenting to us at the same time, to increase our vexation, a great booby of a son, as stupid as his father. He styled himself a great sportsman, and begged that he might have the pleasure of accompanying us. Heaven preserve every sensible sportsman, when hunting, from a fellow who carries a dog's horn, which sounds when it ought not; from those gentry who, followed by ten mangy dogs, call them "my pack," and play the part of wonderful hunters. His request granted, and his knowledge commended, we all of us started the deer,¹⁴ within thrice the length of the leash, tally-ho! the dogs were put on the track of the stag. I encouraged them, and blew a loud blast. My stag emerged from the wood, and crossed a pretty wide plain, the dogs after him, but in such good order that you could have covered them all with one cloak. He made for the forest. Then we slipped the old pack upon him; I quickly brought out my sorrel-horse. You have seen him?

ER. I think not.

DOR. Not seen him? The animal is as good as he is beautiful; I bought him some days ago

from Gaveau.¹⁵ I leave you to think whether that dealer who has such a respect for me would deceive me in such a matter; I am satisfied with the horse. He never indeed sold a better, or a better-shaped one. The head of a barb, with a clear star; the neck of a swan, slender, and very straight; no more shoulder than a hare; short-jointed, and full of vivacity in his motion. Such feet—by Heaven! such feet!—double-haunched: to tell you the truth, it was I alone who found the way to break him in. Gaveau's Little John never mounted him without trembling, though he did his best to look unconcerned. A back that beats any horses' for breadth; and legs! O ye heavens!¹⁶ In short, he is a marvel; believe me, I have refused a hundred pistoles for him, with one of the horses destined for the King to boot. I then mounted, and was in high spirits to see some of the hounds coursing over the plain to get the better of the deer. I pressed on, and found myself in a by-thicket at the heels of the dogs, with none else but Drécar.¹⁷ There for an hour our stag was at bay. Upon this, I cheered on the dogs, and made a terrible row. In short, no hunter was ever more delighted! I alone started him again; and all was going on swimmingly, when a young stag joined ours. Some of my dogs left the others. Marquis, I saw them, as you may suppose, follow with hesitation, and Finaut was at a loss. But he suddenly turned, which delighted me very much, and drew the dogs the right way, whilst I sounded horn and hallooed, "Finaut! Finaut!" I again with pleasure discovered the track of the deer by a mole-hill, and blew away at my leisure. A few dogs ran back to me, when, as ill-luck would have it, the young stag came over to our country bumpkin. My blunderer began blowing like mad, and bellowed aloud,

"Tallyho! tallyho! tallyho!" All my dogs left me, and made for my booby. I hastened there, and found the track again on the high-road. But, my dear fellow, I had scarcely cast my eyes on the ground, when I discovered it was the other animal, and was very much annoyed at it. It was in vain to point out to the country fellow the difference between the print of my stag's hoof and his. He still maintained, like an ignorant sportsman, that this was the pack's stag; and by this disagreement he gave the dogs time to get a great way off. I was in a rage, and heartily cursing the fellow I spurred my horse up hill and down dale, and brushed through boughs as thick as my arm. I brought back my dogs to my first scent, who set off to my great joy in search of our stag, as though he were in full view. They started him again; but did ever such an accident happen? To tell you the truth, Marquis, it floored me. Our stag, newly started, passed our bumpkin, who, thinking to show what an admirable sportsman he was, shot him just in the forehead with a horse-pistol that he had brought with him, and cried out to me from a distance, "Ah! I've brought the beast down!" Good heavens! did any one ever hear of pistols in stag-hunting? As for me, when I came to the spot, I found the whole affair so odd, that I put spurs to my horse in a rage, and returned home at a gallop, without saying a single word to that ignorant fool.

ER. You could not have done better; your prudence was admirable. That is how we must get rid of bores. Farewell.

DOR. When you like, we will go somewhere where we need not dread country-hunters.

ER. (*Alone.*) Very well. I think I shall lose patience in the end. Let me make all haste, and try to excuse myself.

BALLET TO ACT II.

First Entry.

Bowlers stop Eraste to measure a distance about which there is a dispute. He gets clear of them with difficulty, and leaves them to dance a measure, composed of all the postures usual to that game.

Second Entry.

Little boys with slings enter and interrupt them, who are in their turn driven out by

Third Entry.

Cobblers, men and women, their fathers, and others, who are also driven out in their turn.

Fourth Entry.

A gardener, who dances alone, and then retires.





ACT III.

SCENE I.—ERASTE, LA MONTAGNE.

ER. It is true that on the one hand my efforts have succeeded; the object of my love is at length appeased. But on the other hand I am wearied, and the cruel stars have persecuted my passion with double fury. Yes, Damis, her guardian, the worst of bores, is again hostile to my tenderest desires, has forbidden me to see his lovely niece, and wishes to provide her to-morrow with another husband. Yet Orphise, in spite of his refusal, deigns to grant me this evening a favor; I have prevailed upon the fair one to suffer me to see her in her own house, in private. Love prefers above all secret favors; it finds a pleasure in the obstacle which it masters; the

slightest conversation with the beloved beauty becomes when it is forbidden a supreme favor. I am going to the rendezvous; it is almost the hour; since I wish to be there rather before than after my time.

LA M. Shall I follow you?

ER. No. I fear lest you should make me known to certain suspicious persons.

LA M. But . . .

ER. I do not desire it.

LA M. I must obey you. But at least, if at a distance . . .

ER. For the twentieth time will you hold your tongue? And will you never give up this practice of perpetually making yourself a troublesome servant?

SCENE II.—CARITIDES, ERASTE.

CAR. Sir, it is an unseasonable time to do myself the honor of waiting upon you; morning would be more fit for performing such a duty, but it is not very easy to meet you, for you are always asleep, or in town. At least your servants so assure me. I have chosen this opportunity to see you. And yet this is a great happiness with which fortune favors me, for a couple of moments later I should have missed you.

ER. Sir, do you desire something of me?

CAR. I acquit myself, sir, of what I owe you; and come to you . . . Excuse the boldness which inspires me, if . . .

ER. Without so much ceremony, what have you to say to me?

CAR. As the rank, wit, and generosity which every one extols in you . . .

ER. Yes, I am very much extolled. Never mind that, sir.

CAR. Sir, it is a vast difficulty when a man has to introduce himself; we should always be presented to the great by people who commend us in words, whose voice, being listened to, delivers with authority what may cause our slender merit to be known. In short, I could have wished that some persons well-informed could have told you, sir, what I am . . .

ER. I see sufficiently, sir, what you are. Your manner of accosting me makes that clear.

CAR. Yes, I am a man of learning charmed by your worth; not one of those learned men whose name ends simply in *us*. Nothing is so common as a name with a Latin termination. Those we dress in Greek have a much superior look; and in order to have one ending in *es*, I call myself Mr. Caritides.

ER. Caritides be it. What have you to say?

CAR. I wish, sir, to read you a petition, which I venture to beg of you to present to the king, as your position enables you to do.

ER. Why, sir, you can present it yourself! . . .

CAR. It is true that the king grants that supreme favor; but, from the very excess of his rare kindness, so many villainous petitions, sir, are presented that they choke the good ones; the hope I entertain is that mine should be presented when his Majesty is alone.

ER. Well, you can do it, and choose your own time.

CAR. Ah, sir, the door-keepers are such terrible fellows! They treat men of learning like snobs and butts; I can never get beyond the guard-room. The ill-treatment I am compelled to suffer would make me withdraw from court forever if I had not conceived the certain hope that you will be my Mecænas with the King. Yes, your influence is to me a certain means . . .

ER. Well, then, give it me; I will present it.

CAR. Here it is. But at least, hear it read.

ER. No . . .

CAR. That you may be acquainted with it, sir, I beg.

“TO THE KING:

“*Sire:—Your most humble, most obedient, most faithful and most learned subject and servant, Caritides, a Frenchman by birth, a Greek¹⁸ by profession, having considered the great and notable abuses which are perpetrated in the inscriptions on the signs of houses, shops, taverns, bowling-alleys, and other places in your good city of Paris; inasmuch as certain ignorant composers of the said inscriptions subvert, by*

a barbarous, pernicious and hateful spelling, every kind of sense and reason, without any regard for etymology, analogy, energy or allegory whatsoever, to the great scandal of the republic of letters, and of the French nation, which is degraded and dishonored, by the said abuses and gross faults, in the eyes of strangers, and notably of the Germans, curious readers and inspectors of the said inscriptions . . .”¹⁹

AR. This petition is very long, and may very likely weary . . .

CAR. Ah, sir, not a word could be cut out.

AR. Finish quickly.

CAR. (Continuing.) “*Humbly petitions your Majesty to constitute, for the good of his state and the glory of his realm, an office of controller, supervisor, corrector, reviser and restorer in general of the said inscriptions; and with this office to honor your suppliant, as well in consideration of his rare and eminent erudition, as of the great and signal services which he has rendered to the state and to your Majesty, by making the anagram of your said Majesty in French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic . . .*

ER. (Interrupting him.) Very good. Give it me quickly and retire: it shall be seen by the King; the thing is as good as done.

CAR. Alas! sir, to show my petition is everything. If the King but see it I am sure of my point; for as his justice is great in all things he will never be able to refuse my prayer. For the rest, to raise your fame to the skies, give me your name and surname in writing, and I will make a poem, in which the first letters of your name shall appear at both ends of the lines, and in each half measure.

ER. Yes, you shall have it to-morrow, Mr. Caritides. (Alone.) Upon my word, such learned men are perfect asses. Another time I should have heartily laughed at his folly.

SCENE III.—ORMIN, ERASTE.

ORM. Though a matter of great consequence brings me here, I wished that man to leave before speaking to you.

ER. Very well. But make haste; for I wish to be gone.

ORM. I almost fancy that the man who has just left you has vastly annoyed you, sir, by his visit. He is a troublesome old man whose mind is not quite right, and for whom I have always some excuse ready to get rid of him. On the Mall,²⁰ in the Luxembourg,²¹ and in the Tuileries he wearies people with his fancies; men like you should avoid the conversation of all those good-for-nothing pedants. For my part I have no fear of troubling you, since I am come, sir, to make your fortune.

ER. (Aside.) This is some alchemist: one of those creatures who have nothing, and are always promising you ever so much riches. (Aloud.) Have you discovered that blessed stone, sir, which alone can enrich all the kings of the earth?

ORM. Aha! what a funny idea! Heaven forbid, sir, that I should be one of those fools. I do not foster idle dreams; I bring you here sound words of advice which I would communicate through you to the King, and which I always carry about me sealed up. None of those silly plans and vain chimeras which are dinned in the ears of our superintendents;²² none of your beggarly schemes which rise to no more than twenty or thirty millions; but one which, at the lowest reckoning, will give the King a round four hundred millions yearly, with ease, without risk or suspicion, without oppressing the nation in any way. In short, it is a scheme for an inconceivable profit, which will be found feasible at the first explanation. Yes, if only through you I can be encouraged . . .

ER. Well, we will talk of it. I am rather in a hurry.

ORM. If you will promise to keep it secret, I will unfold to you this important scheme.

ER. No, no; I do not wish to know your secret.

ORM. Sir, I believe you are too discreet to divulge it, and I wish to communicate it to you frankly, in two words. I must see that none can hear us. (*After seeing that no one is listening, he approaches Eraste's ear.*) This marvelous plan, of which I am the inventor, is . . .

ER. A little farther off, sir, for a certain reason.

ORM. You know, without any need of my telling you, the great profit which the King yearly receives from his seaports. Well, the plan of which no one has yet thought, and which is an easy matter, is to make all the coasts of France into famous ports. This would amount to vast sums; and if . . .

ER. The scheme is good, and will greatly please the King. Farewell. We shall see each other again.

ORM. At all events assist me, for you are the first to whom I have spoken of it.

ER. Yes, yes.

ORM. If you would lend me a couple of pistoles you could repay yourself out of the profits of the scheme . . .

ER. (*Gives money to Ormin.*) Gladly. (*Alone.*) Would to Heaven, that at such a price I could get rid of all who trouble me! How ill-timed their visit is! At last I think I may go. Will any one else come to detain me?

—

SCENE IV.—FILINTE. ERASTE.

FIL. Marquis, I have just heard strange tidings.

ER. What?

FIL. That some one has just now quarreled with you.

ER. With me?

FIL. What is the use of dissimulation? I know on good authority that you have been called out; and as your friend I come, at all events, to offer you my services against all mankind.

ER. I am obliged to you; but believe me you do me . . .

FIL. You will not admit it; but you are going out without attendants. Stay in town, or go into the country, you shall go nowhere without my accompanying you.

ER. (*Aside.*) Oh, I shall go mad.

FIL. Where is the use of hiding from me?

ER. I swear to you, Marquis, that you have been deceived.

FIL. It is no use denying it.

ER. May Heaven smite me, if any dispute . . .

FIL. Do you think I believe you?

ER. Good Heaven, I tell you without concealment that . . .

FIL. Do not think me such a dupe and simpleton.

ER. Will you oblige me?

FIL. No.

ER. Leave me, I pray.

FIL. Nothing of the sort, Marquis.

ER. An assignation to-night at a certain place . . .

FIL. I do not quit you. Wherever it be, I mean to follow you.

ER. On my soul, since you mean me to have a quarrel I agree to it, to satisfy your zeal. I shall be with you who put me in a rage, and of whom I cannot get rid by fair means.

FIL. That is a sorry way of receiving the service of a friend. But as I do you so ill an

office, farewell. Finish what you have on hand without me.

ER. You will be my friend when you leave me. (*Alone.*) But see what misfortunes happen to me! They will have made me miss the hour appointed.

—

SCENE V.—DAMIS, L'EPINE, ERASTE,
LA RIVIERE, and his Companions.

DAM. (*Aside.*) What! the rascal hopes to obtain her in spite of me! Ah! my just wrath shall know how to prevent him!

ER. (*Aside.*) I see some one there at Orphise's door. What! must there always be some obstacle to the passion she sanctions!

DAM. (*To L'Epine.*) Yes, I have discovered that my niece in spite of my care is to receive Eraste in her room to-night alone.

LA R. (*To his companions.*) What do I hear those people saying of our master? Let us approach softly, without betraying ourselves.

DAM. (*To L'Epine.*) But before he has a chance of accomplishing his design we must pierce his treacherous heart with a thousand blows. Go and fetch those whom I mentioned just now, and place them in ambush where I told you, so that at the name of Eraste they may be ready to avenge my honor, which his passion has the presumption to outrage; to break off the assignation which brings him here, and quench his guilty flame in his blood.

LA R. (*Attacking Damis with his companions.*) Before your fury can destroy him, wretch! you shall have to deal with us!

ER. Though he would have killed me, honor urges me here to rescue the uncle of my mistress. (*To Damis.*) I am on your

side, sir. (*He draws his sword and attacks La Riviere and his companions, whom he puts to flight.*)

DAM. Heavens! By whose aid do I find myself saved from a certain death? To whom am I indebted for so rare a service?

ER. (*Returning.*) In serving you, I have done but an act of justice.

DAM. Heavens! Can I believe my ears? Is this the hand of Eraste?

ER. Yes, yes, sir, it is I. Too happy that my hand has rescued you: too unhappy in having deserved your hatred.

DAM. What! Eraste, whom I was resolved to have assassinated has just used his sword to defend me! Oh, this is too much; my heart is compelled to yield; whatever your love may have meditated to-night, this remarkable display of generosity ought to stifle all animosity. I blush for my crime, and blame my prejudice. My hatred has too long done you injustice! To show you openly I no longer entertain it I unite you this very night to your love.

—

SCENE VI.—ORPHISE, DAMIS, ERASTE.

ORPH. (*Entering with a silver candlestick in her hand.*) Sir, what has happened that such a terrible disturbance . . .

DAM. Niece, nothing but what is very agreeable, since, after having blamed for a long time your love for Eraste, I now give him to you for a husband. His arm has warded off the deadly thrust aimed at me; I desire that your hand reward him.

ORPH. I owe everything to you; if, therefore, it is to pay him your debt, I consent, as he has saved your life.

ER. My heart is so overwhelmed by this great miracle that amidst this ecstasy, I doubt if I am awake.

DAM. Let us celebrate the happy lot that awaits you; and let our violins put us in a joyful mood. *(As the violins strike up, there is a knock at the door.)*

ER. Who knocks so loud?

SCENE VII.—DAMIS, ORPHISE, ERASTE,
L'EPINE.

L'EP. Sir, here are masks, with kits and tabors. *(The masks enter, filling the stage.)*

ER. What! Bores forever? Hulloa, guards, here. Turn out these rascals for me.

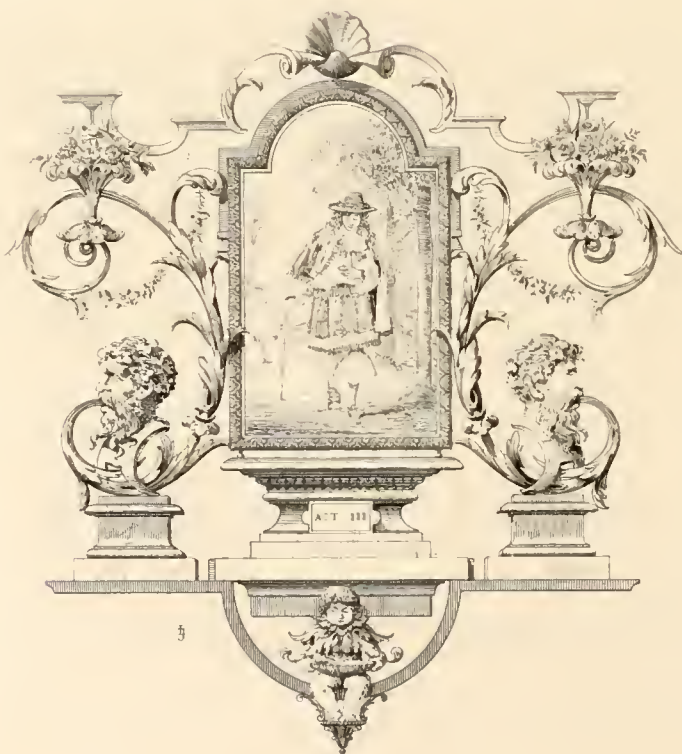
BALLET TO ACT III.

First Entry.

Swiss guards, with halberds,²³ drive out all the troublesome masks, and then retire to make room for a dance of

Second Entry.

Four shepherds and a shepherdess, who in the opinion of all who saw it concluded the entertainment with much grace.



NOTES

¹ Molière himself played probably the parts of Lisandre the dancer, Alcandre the duelist, or Alcippe the gambler, and perhaps all three, with some slight changes in the dress. He also acted Caritides the pedant, and Dorante the lover of the chase. In the inventory taken after Molière's death we find: "A dress for the Marquis of the *Fâcheux*, consisting in a pair of breeches very large, and fastened below with ribbands (*rhingrave*), made of common silk, blue and gold-colored stripes, with plenty of flesh-colored and yellow trimmings, with Colbertine, a doublet of Colbertine cloth trimmed with flame-colored ribbands, silk stockings and garters." The dress of Caritides in the same play, "cloak and breeches of cloth, with picked trimmings, and a slashed doublet." Dorante's dress was probably "a hunting-coat, sword and belt; the above mentioned hunting-coat ornamented with fine silver lace, also a pair of stag-hunting gloves and a pair of long stockings (*bas a botter*) of yellow cloth." The original inventory, given by M. Soulié, has *toile Colbertine*, for "Colbertine cloth." I found this word in Webster's Dictionary described from *The Fop's Dictionary of 1690* as "A lace resembling net-work, the fabric of Mons. Colbert, superintendent of the French king's manufactures." In Congreve's *The Way of the World*, Lady Wishfort, quarreling with her woman Foible (Act v, Scene 1), says to her, among other insults: "Go, hang out an old Frisoneer gorget, with a yard of yellow colberteen again!"

² It was the custom for young men of fashion to seat themselves upon the stage (see Prefatory Memoir). They often crowded it to such an extent that it was difficult for the actors to move. This custom was abolished only in 1759, when the Count de Lauraguais paid the comedians a considerable sum of money, on the condition of not allowing any stranger upon the stage.

³ The *Cours* is that part of the Champs-Élysées called *le Cours-la-Reine*; because Maria de Medici, the wife of Henry IV., had trees planted there. As the theatre finished about seven o'clock in the evening it was not too late to show a carriage.

⁴ The servants had always a comb about them to arrange the wigs of their masters, whilst the latter thought it fashionable to comb and arrange their hair in public (see *The Pretentious Young Ladies*).

⁵ See note 35, *The Pretentious Young Ladies*.

⁶ A *fleuret* was an old step in dancing formed of two half *coupées* and two steps on the point of the toes.

⁷ A *coupé* is a movement in dancing, when one leg is a little bent, and raised from the ground, and with the other a motion is made forward.

⁸ Jean Baptiste Lulli had been appointed, in the month of May of 1661, the same year that *The Bores* was first played, *Surintendant et Compositeur de la musique de la chambre du Roi*.

⁹ During his long reign, Louis XIV. tried to put a stop to dueling; and, though he did not wholly succeed, he prevented the seconds from participating in the fight,—a custom very general before his rule, and to which Eraste alludes in saying that he does not "fear that the refusal of his (my) sword can be imputed to cowardice."

¹⁰ In the seventeenth century, piquet was not played with thirty-two, but with thirty-six, cards; the sixes, which are now thrown away, remained then in the pack. Every player received twelve cards, and twelve remained on the table. He who had to play first could throw away seven or eight cards, the dealer four or five, and both might take fresh ones from those that were on the table. A trick counted only when taken with one of the court-cards, or a ten. Saint-Bouvain, after having taken up his cards, had in hand six small diamonds with the ace, which counted 7, a sequence of six diamonds from the six to the knave counted 16, thus together 23, before he began to play. With his seven diamonds he made seven tricks, but only counted 3, for those made by the ace, knave and ten; this gave him 26. Besides his seven diamonds he had four spades, most likely the ace, king, knave and a little one, and a six of hearts; though he made all the tricks he only counted 3, which gave him 29. But as Alcippe had not made a single trick, he was *capot*, which gave Saint-Bouvain 40; this with the 29 he made before brought the total up to 69. As the latter only wanted a *piquet*, that is 60,—which is when a player makes thirty in a game, to which an additional thirty are then added, Saint-Bouvain won the game. Alcippe does not, however, state what other cards he had in his hand at the moment the play began besides the ace of clubs and a high sequence of five hearts, as well as the eight of the same color.

¹¹ Compare with Molière's description of the game of piquet Pope's poetical history of the game of Ombre in the third Canto of *The Rape of the Lock*.

¹² The original expression is *cerf dix-corps*; this, according to the *dictionnaire de chasse*, is a seven years' old animal.

¹³ The technical term is: "a knobbler;" in French, *un cerf à sa seconde tête*.

¹⁴ The original has *frapper à nos brisées*; *brisées* means "blinks." According to Dr. Ash's Dictionary, 1775, "Blinks are the boughs or branches thrown in the way of a deer to stop its course."

¹⁵ A well-known horse-dealer in Molière's time.

¹⁶ Compare the description of the horse given by the Dauphin in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, Act iii, Scene 6, and also that of the "round hoof'd, short jointed" jennet in the *Venus and Adonis* of the same author.

¹⁷ A famous huntsman in Molière's time.

¹⁸ The original has *Grec*, a Greek. Can Caritides have wished to allude to the *græca fides*? *Grec* means also a cheat at cards, and is said to owe its name to a certain Apoulos, a knight of Greek origin, who was caught in the very act of cheating at play in the latter days of Louis XIV.'s reign, even in the palace of the *grand monarque*.

¹⁹ This is an allusion, either to the reputation of the Germans as great drinkers, or as learned decipherers of all kinds of inscriptions.

²⁰ The Mall was a promenade in Paris, shaded by trees, near the Arsenal.

²¹ The Luxembourg was in Molière's time the most fashionable promenade of Paris.

²² This is an allusion to the giver of the feast, Mons. Fouquet, *surintendant des finances*.

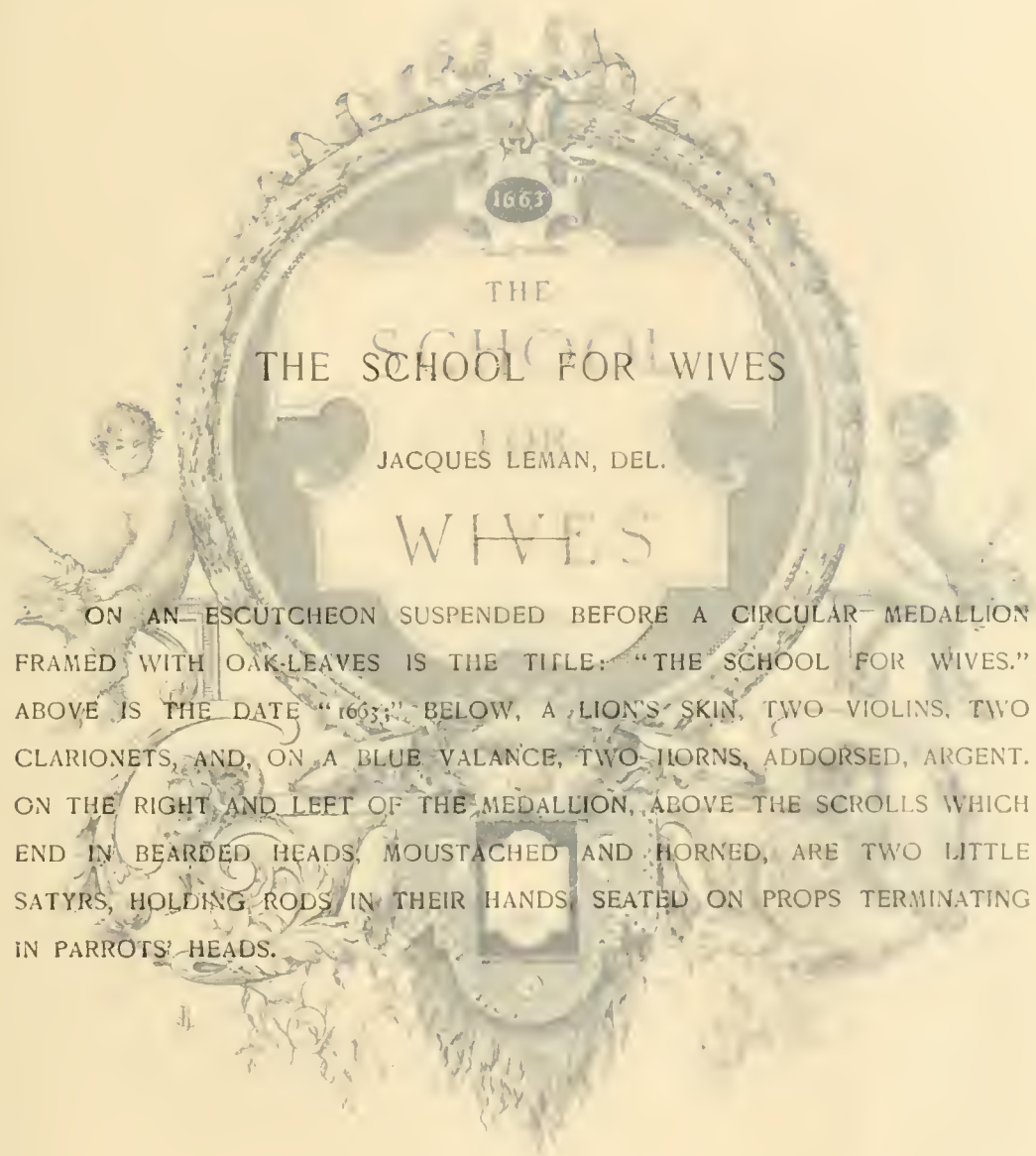
²³ The origin of the introduction of the Swiss Guards (mercenaries) in the service of the French and other foreign powers may be ascribed to the fact that Switzerland itself, being too poor to maintain soldiers in time of peace, allowed them to serve other nations on condition of coming back immediately to their own cantons in time of war or invasion. It is particularly with France that Switzerland contracted treaties to furnish certain contingents in case of need. The first of these dates back as far as 1444 between the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII., and the different cantons. This Act was renewed in 1453, and the number of soldiers to be furnished was fixed once for all, the minimum being 6000, and the maximum 16,000. The Helvetians, who until 1515 had always been faithful to their engagements, turned traitors in that year against Francis I., who defeated them at Marignan. But the good feeling was soon afterwards re-established, and a new treaty, almost similar to the former, restored the harmony between the two nations. Another document is extant, signed at Baden in 1553, by which the cantons bind themselves to furnish Henry II. with as many troops as he may want. It is particularly remarkable, inasmuch as it served as a basis for all subsequent ones until 1671. These conventions have not always been faithfully carried out, for the Swiss contracted engagements with other nations, notably with Spain, Naples and Sardinia, and even with Portugal. At the commencement of the campaign of 1697, Louis XIV. had, notwithstanding all this, as many as 32,000 Swiss in his service, the highest number ever attained. The regulations for the foreign colonels and captains in their relations among themselves, and with the French Government, were not unlike those in force at present for the native soldiery in our Indian possessions. Towards the end of Louis XIV.'s reign the number decreased to 14,400, officers included; it rose in 1773 to 19,836, and during the wars of 1742-48 to 21,300. The ebb and flow of their numbers continued from that time until the Revolution of 1830, when they were finally abolished. They received a much higher pay than the national troops, and had besides this many other advantages, one of them being that the officers had in the army the next grade higher than that which they occupied in their own regiments; for instance, the colonel of a Swiss regiment had the rank of a major-general, and retired on the pay of a lieutenant-general, etc. They enjoyed the same privileges, with some slight modifications, wherever they served elsewhere.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

THE BORES

	<i>After</i>	
THE BORES	Jacques Leman . . .	5
TITLE OF 1662	" " . . .	7
A NAIAD IN GARDEN ADORNED WITH TERMINI . Prologue	" " . . .	15
PORTRAIT OF PAUL PELISSON Prologue	" " . . .	17
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ	" " . . .	20
A BORE SEATED ON THE STAGE Act I, Scene I	" " . . .	21
ERASTE AND LA MONTAGNE Act I, Scene I	" " . . .	22
LISANDRE AND ERASTE Act I, Scene V	" " . . .	27
ORANTE, CLIMENE AND ERASTE Act II, Scene IV	" " . . .	29
ORANTE, CLIMENE, ERASTE AND ORPHISE . . . Act II, Scene IV . . . Edm. Hédouin . . .		32
DORANTE Act II, Scene VII . . . Jacques Leman . . .		35
ERASTE AND ORMIN Act III, Scene III . . . " " . . .		37
ERASTE Act III, Scene IV . . . " " . . .		42

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

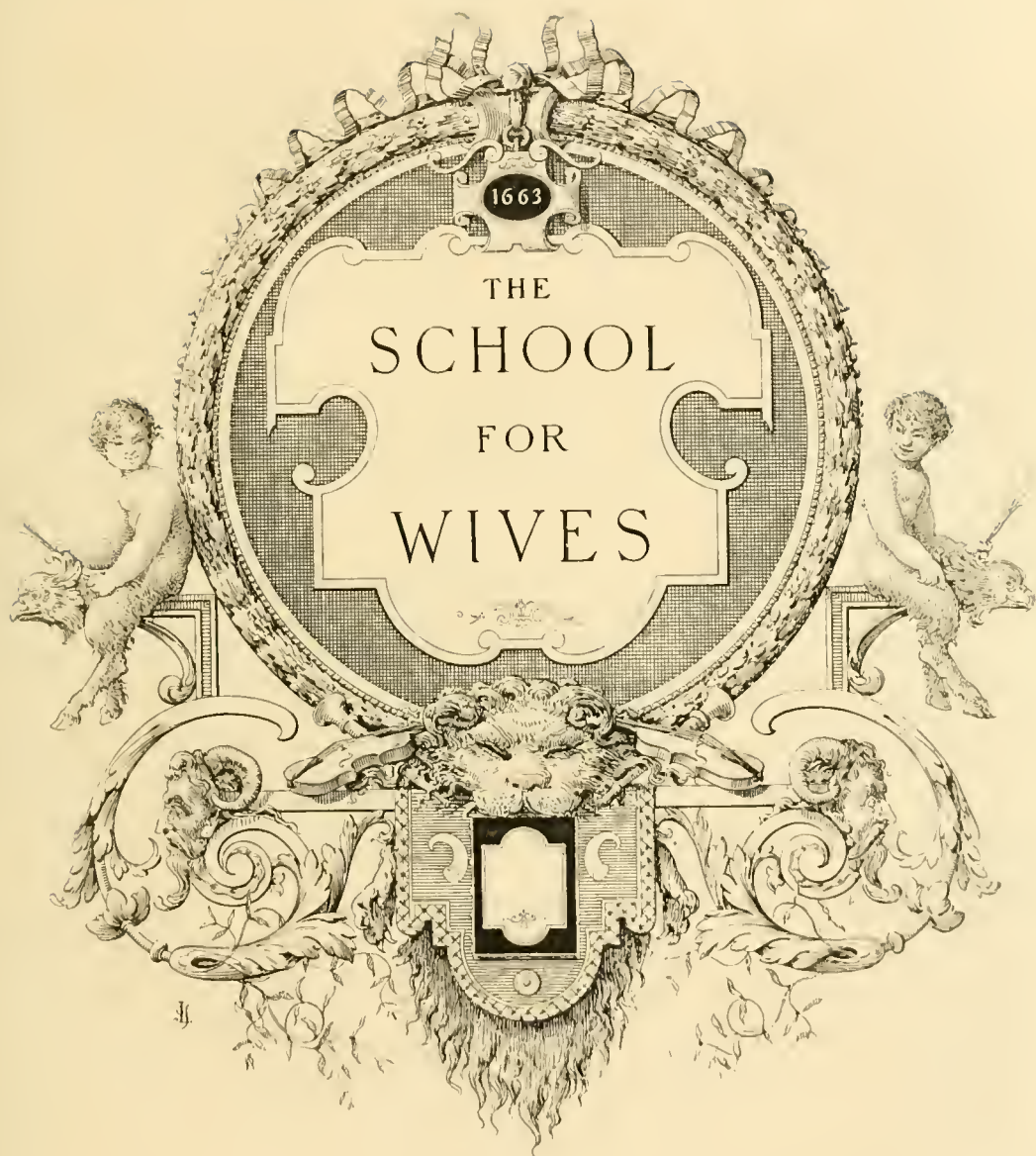


ON AN ESCUTCHEON SUSPENDED BEFORE A CIRCULAR MEDALLION FRAMED WITH OAK LEAVES IS THE TITLE: "THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES." ABOVE IS THE DATE "1663." BELOW, A LION'S SKIN, TWO VIOLINS, TWO CLARIONETS, AND, ON A BLUE VALANCE, TWO HORNS, ADDORSED, ARGENT. ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT OF THE MEDALLION, ABOVE THE SCROLLS WHICH END IN BEARDED HEADS, MOUSTACHED AND HORNED, ARE TWO LITTLE SATYRS, HOLDING RODS IN THEIR HANDS, SEATED ON PROPS TERMINATING IN PARROTS' HEADS.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

ON AN ESCUTCHEON SUSPENDED BEFORE A CIRCULAR MEDALLION
FRAMED WITH OAK-LEAVES IS THE TITLE: "THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES."
ABOVE IS THE DATE "1663"; BELOW, A LION'S SKIN, TWO VIOLINS, TWO
CLARIONETS, AND, ON A BLUE VALANCE, TWO HORNS, ADORSED, ARGENT.
ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT OF THE MEDALLION, ABOVE THE SCROLLS WHICH
END IN BEARDED HEADS, MOUNTACHED AND HORNED, ARE TWO LITTLE
SATYRS, HOLDING RODS IN THEIR HANDS, SEATED ON PROPS TERMINATING
IN PARROTS' HEADS.



MADAME

L'ESCOLE DES FEMMES

TITLE OF 1663
COMEDIE

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

P. ARENTS, SC.

J. B. P. MOULIERE

THE UPRIGHT OF THE BORDER ON THE LEFT COMMENCES WITH A SATYR SEATED ON A SCROLL; HE SUPPORTS ON HIS NOSE A PORTE BOUQUET, AND, SUCCESSIVELY, A SHIELD, A VASE, A BASKET OF FLOWERS, A TABLET WITH THE WORDS *Première Maxime*, AND, IN THE UPPERMOST PART OF THE FRAME, A WINGED CUPID, GIVING THE FLAME OF HIS TORCH TO THE YOUNG CUPIDS WHO ARE IN THE LATERAL PART OF THE BORDER. THE UPRIGHT ON THE RIGHT REPEATS THE SAME ORNAMENTATION. IN THE MIDDLE OF EACH OF THESE, TWO OVAL FRAMES; ON THE LEFT, THE PORTRAIT OF ARNOLPHE, HOLDING THE *MAXIMS OF MARRIAGE*; ON THE RIGHT, THAT OF AGNES, IN WHITE HOOD. IN THE CENTRE OF THE UPPER BORDER, THE ADDRESS OF THE DEDICATION: "A MADAME." BELOW IS THE DATE "MDCLXIII." IN THE CENTRE OF THE TITLE, THE ARMS OF MOLIERE, IN FRONT OF A CAGE, IN THE CORNERS OF WHICH ARE SEATED TWO LITTLE SATYRS BLOWING CHILDREN'S TRUMPETS.

CHEZ GABRIEL COPPIN AU PALAIS
DANS LA GALERIE DE PEINTURE

AMSTELÆDAMI

TITLE OF 1663

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

P. ARENTS, SC.

THE UPRIGHT OF THE BORDER ON THE LEFT COMMENCES WITH A SATYR SEATED ON A SCROLL; HE SUPPORTS ON HIS NOSE A PORTE BOUQUET, AND, SUCCESSIVELY, A SHIELD, A VASE, A BASKET OF FLOWERS, A TABLET WITH THE WORDS *Præcipue Maxima*, AND, IN THE UPPERMOST PART OF THE FRAME, A WINGED CUPID, GIVING THE FLAME OF HIS TORCH TO THE YOUNG CUPIDS WHO ARE IN THE LATERAL PART OF THE BORDER. THE UPRIGHT ON THE RIGHT REPEATS THE SAME ORNAMENTATION. IN THE MIDDLE OF EACH OF THESE TWO OVAL FRAMES; ON THE LEFT, THE PORTRAIT OF ARNOLPHE, HOLDING THE MANTLES OF MARRIAGE; ON THE RIGHT, THAT OF AGNES. IN THE CENTRE OF THE UPPER BORDER, THE ADDRESS OF THE DEDICATION: "A MADAME." BELOW IS THE DATE "MDCCLXIII." IN THE CENTRE OF THE TITLE, THE ARMS OF MOLIÈRE, IN FRONT OF A CAGE, IN THE CORNERS OF WHICH ARE SEATED TWO LITTLE SATYRS BLOWING CHILDREN'S TRUMPETS.

A
MADAME

PREMIERE
MAXIME

SECONDE
MAXIME

L'ESCOLE DES FEMMES

COMEDIE

PAR

J. B. P. MOLIERE



A PARIS

CHEZ GABRIEL QUINET, AU PALAIS
DANS LA GALLERIE DES PRISONNIERS
A L'ENCRUE GABRIEL

M. DC. LXIII

AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

Par Grâce et Privilège du Roy, donné à Paris le 4 Février 1663, signé : par le Roy en son Conseil : GUITONNEAU, il est permis à GUILLAUME de LUYNE, Marchand Libraire de nostre bonne Ville de Paris, de faire imprimer une Pièce de Théâtre de la composition du Sieur MOLIÈRE, intitulée l'Escole des Femmes, pendant le temps de six années ; et deffences sont faites à toutes personnes, de quelque qualité et condition qu'elles soient, d'imprimer, vendre, ny débiter ladite Comédie de l'Escole des Femmes, à peine (de) mille livres d'amande, et de tous despens, dommages et interests, comme il est plus amplement porté par lesdites Lettres.

Achévé d'imprimer pour la première fois, le 17 Mars 1663.

Les exemplaires ont esté fournis.

Registré sur le Livre de la Communauté des Marchands Libraires et Imprimeurs, le 16 Mars 1663.

Signé : DUBRAY, Syndic.

Et ledit DE LUYNE a fait part du Privilège cy-dessus aux sieurs SERCY, JOLY, BILLAINE, LOYSON, GUIGNARD, BARBIN et QUINET, pour en jouir le temps porté par iceluy.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The School for Wives, played for the first time in the theatre of the Palais-Royal, on the 26th of December, 1662, was the complement of *The School for Husbands*, which it succeeded at an interval of eighteen months, *The Bores* intervening. The one no doubt suggested the other. The central situations of the two have much in common: the arbitrary and jealous lover, to whom circumstances have given almost the authority of a husband; the simple ward, rescued from physical constraint by the unfettered cunning of love. In fact, there is not that contrast of character between the two plays which the antithesis of their titles might lead us to expect. The text is not altered; we have merely another reading of the same text. Arnolphe is a more refined and rational Sganarelle; and if his fault is the same, and his catastrophe similar, we do not despise him and rejoice in his misfortune, as we were compelled to do with the tyrant of Isabella. His selfishness is perhaps equally great, but its exhibition does not render him so odious.

The reason of this is to be found in the display of his many eccentricities, his system of education, his cunning, his choice of foolish servants, his absurd whimsicalities, his pedantry, and above all his perpetual restlessness. He hardly ever leaves the stage during the whole of the five acts of the play: he goes away, appears again, moves about, plots, scolds, loses his temper, recovers it, dogmatizes, entreats, and, after all, is punished by his very faults. His servants are more stupid than he wishes them to be, his ward more simple than he thought her; he has jeered at husbands who are deceived, and he himself is victimized; he wanted to abuse the confidence Horace placed in him, and becomes himself a dupe; he intended to sacrifice Agnes to his own happiness, and at the end becomes "The most unfortunate of mankind."

The troubles of Sganarelle and Arnolphe are the troubles of jealous husbands in every age, and it would be idle to heap up instances in the predecessors of Molière which may have contributed to form his conceptions. One of those that come nearest to the type before us is the story about a gentle knight of Hainault, in the forty-first of the *Nouvelles nouvelles du Roi Louis XI.*, reproduced by Scarron in his *Nouvelles tragi-comiques*.

Still more suggestive is Scarron's *la Précaution inutile*, partly based upon *The Jealous Man of Estremadura*, by Cervantes, in which there are several situations to which we must consider Molière to have been indebted for his first and second acts. The ingenuous self-confidence of Arnolphe, quaintly contrasting with his recurrent jealousies, finds an ante-type in many an ancient Italian story. Straparola's fourth night of the *Piacevoli Notte* (*Agreeable Nights*) has suggested some hints for the third and fourth acts; the fifth is wholly original. Molière's own history also furnished him with his subject. We already mentioned in the Introductory Notice to *The School for Husbands* the supposed connection between Ariste and the author; the latter was now married, and did not find in marriage the happiness he hoped for. Without wishing to attribute to him all the ridiculous absurdities of Arnolphe, or to suppose that his wife was another Agnes, still we imagine that though he had scarcely been married a year, he felt already the necessity of watching over, and if possible of guiding the steps of his youthful spouse. It seems to us that in many of the sayings of Arnolphe there is to be found a feeling of bitterness and passion, rather out of place in the mouth of such a ridiculous personage, but which give clear indications of what was even then passing in the mind of our author. The words which Arnolphe uses when kneeling at the feet of Agnes show what tempestuous passions must have possessed Molière; and though it is often dangerous to identify a poet with his creation, still there must be always some part, however small, of the individuality of the originator in the character he produces.

As regards Agnes, whose name is the type of a simple, artless girl, her character develops as the plot of the comedy rolls on. In the first scene, she is an uneducated, ingenuous maiden; but she gradually changes under the influence of love, and becomes earnest, intelligent, and even logical.

This comedy was fiercely attacked by several, who accused it of being wanting in good taste, sound morality, rules of grammar, and, what was more dangerous, of undermining the principles of religion. The second scene of the third act in which mention is made of "boiling caldrons," of a soul as "white and spotless as a lily," but "as black as coal," when at fault; of "The Maxims of Marriage or the Duties of a Wife, together with her daily exercise," gave great offense, and were said to be like the phrases of the catechism or the confessional. A former patron of Molière, the Prince of Conti, who had become a mere devotee, wrote against it in his *Traité de la Comédie et des Spectacles*, and in later times, even such men as Fénelon, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Geoffroy, a critic of the beginning of this century, have found much to blame in this comedy, whilst several literary men, Hazlitt amongst the English, and Honoré de Balzac amongst the French, consider this play as Molière's masterpiece.

This play was dedicated by Molière to the Duchess of Orleans,¹ in the following words:

MADAM,

I am the most perplexed man in the world when I have to dedicate a book, and I am so little cut out for the style of a dedication, that I do not know how to get through this. Another, in my place, would soon think of a hundred fine things to say of your ROYAL HIGHNESS, upon this title of *The School for Wives*, and upon the offering he made to you of it. But for my part, MADAM, I confess my weakness. I have not the talent of finding any relation between things which have so little connection; whatever information my brother-authors every

day give me in such cases, I do not see what your ROYAL HIGHNESS can have to do with the comedy I present to you.

Nobody indeed can be at a loss how to praise you. The matter, MADAM, is but too obvious, and in whatever way we behold you, we meet with glory upon glory, and perfection upon perfection. You possess, MADAM, the perfection of rank and birth, which makes you respected by all the world. You possess the perfection of charms, both of the mind and body, which makes you admired by all who see you. You possess the perfection of soul, which, if any one dare to say so, makes you beloved by all who have the honor to come near you: I mean that charming gentleness, with which you temper the stateliness of the great titles you bear; that obliging goodness, that generous affability, which you shew to everybody: and particularly these last, upon which I find plainly I one day shall not be able to be silent. But once more, MADAM, I am ignorant of the manner how to bring in here such shining truths; and these are things, in my opinion, both of too vast an extent, and of too high a merit to be included in a dedication, and mixed with trifles. All things considered, Madam, I do not see what else I can do beyond dedicating my comedy to you; and assuring you, with all possible respect, that I am, MADAM,

Your Royal Highness' most Humble, most Obedient, and most Obliged Servant,
MOLIÈRE.

Wycherley, in his *Country Wife*, acted probably in 1672 or 1673, and of which the subject is so indecent that it cannot even be mentioned at the present time, has borrowed from Molière's *School for Wives* the character of Agnes, whom he calls Mrs. Pinchwife; he has also partly imitated Arnolphe as Mr. Pinchwife, and followed the plot of the French play in all the scenes where those two characters are mentioned, and in some where Alithea and Horner appear. Voltaire, in his *Essay on English Comedy*, says of *The Country Wife*: "This piece, I admit, is not a school for good morals and manners, but it is really a school for wit and sound *vis comica*." Garrick, in his *Country Girl*, acted in 1776, tried to make Wycherley's play more fit to appear on the English stage, but with little success. It is true he changed Mrs. Pinchwife into Miss Peggy: but he also destroyed the vigor of the original, and introduced some alterations in the ending taken chiefly from the last act of Molière's *School for Husbands*. Another alteration of Wycherley's play was a farce, in two acts, called *The Country Wife*, written by an actor, John Lee, and performed at Drury Lane in 1765, for his benefit. But deservedly it met with no success.

John Caryl, probably a Sussex man, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was secretary to Queen Mary, the wife of James the Second, and one who followed the fortunes of his abdicated master. For his attachment to this king he was rewarded by him, first, with the honor of knighthood, and afterwards with the honorary titles of Earl Caryl, Baron Dartford. How long he continued in the service of James is unknown; but he was in England in the reign of Queen Anne, and recommended the subject of Mr. Pope's *Rape of the Lock* to that author, who on its publication addressed it to him. He was alive in 1717, and at that time must have been a very old man.² He wrote also a tragedy, *The English Princess, or the Death of Richard the Third*, 1667, and a comedy, *Sir Salomon, or the Cautious Coxcomb*, which was not printed till 1671, but was certainly acted in the season of 1669-1670 at the latest. In May 1670, the King and the Court being at Dover, they were extremely pleased with the performance of *Sir Salomon*; and as the French Court at that time wore very short laced coats, the actor, Nokes, had one made still shorter, in which he acted

Sir Arthur Addell; "the Duke of Monmouth gave him his sword and belt from his side, and buckled it on himself, on purpose that he might ape the French,—his appearance was so ridiculous that at his first entrance he put the King and Court in an excessive laughter; and the French were much chagrined to see themselves aped by such a buffoon as Sir Arthur."³ All dramatic biographies are agreed that Caryl took his plot from Molière's *School for Wives*. We think that though several of the scenes are imitated from Molière, the plot in *Sir Salomon* is far more intricate. In the English play, old Sir Salomon Single, and in the French Arnolphe, bring up in strict seclusion a young girl, whom they afterwards intend to marry, and in both plays the old men are made the confidants of the lovers, who afterwards really marry the innocent maidens; but in *The School for Wives* the characters of young Single, Mr. Barter, an Indy merchant, that of Timothy, the steward, Mr. Wary, and Mrs. Julia, are wanting, whilst no counterpart of either Chrysalde or Enriquer from *The School for Wives* is to be found in *Sir Salomon*. Another personage not in the French comedy is Sir Arthur Addell, who is very well drawn; his way of wooing is at least original, and so are the following four lines with which he ends the first act:

"As sure, as Chick in Pouche, or . . . in Bosome
My flames are raging; and who dares oppose 'em?
They soon shall thaw her Heart, though ne'er so Icy;
Like Julius Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici.*"

The author, however, who ought to be the best judge of the sources from which he borrowed his play, admits his thefts in the epilogue to *Sir Salomon*,—an epilogue which we give below, and of which some of the points are not lost even at the present day.

Since stealing's grown a pretty thriving Trade,
Which many Rich, but few has guilty made:
To needy Poets why should you deny
The Privilege to steal, as well as lie?
Their Theft (alas) swells not the Nation's Debt
Nor makes Wine dear, nor will Land-tax beget.
Money they always wanted; Now they grow
No less in Fancy, than in Fortune, low;
And are compelled to rook, as Gamesters are,
That can hold out no longer on the square.
Faith, be good natur'd to this hungry Crew,
Who what they filch abroad, bring home to you.
But still exclude those men from all Relief,
Who steal themselves, yet boldly cry, Stop, Thief:
Life-taking Judges, these without remorse
Condemn all petty Thefts, and practice worse;
As if they robb'd by Patent, and alone
Had right to call each Foreign play their own.
What we have brought before you, was not meant

For a new Play, but a new Precedent ;
 For we with Modesty our theft avow,
 (There is some conscience shown in stealing too)
 And openly declare that if our Cheer
 Does hit your Palates, you must thank Molière:
 Molière, the famous Shakespear of this Age,
 Both when he writes, and when he treads the Stage.
 I hope this Stranger's Praise gives no pretense
 To charge us with a National Offense :
 Since, were it in my power, I would advance
 French Wit in England, English Arms in France.

Mrs. Cowley composed with Caryl's *Sir Salomon* and Molière's *School for Wives* a comedy called *More Ways than One*, produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1783, in which the only novelty appears to be the character of a rascally doctor, called Barkwell, and a lover, Bellair, who pretends to be dying in order to be near the object of his affection, Arabella, the Agnes of the French play; whilst the part of Sir Maxwell Mushroom is borrowed from Sir Positive in Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers*. The only thing remarkable in this comedy is the high-flown language of the dedication to the author's husband in India, of which we give the beginning—

Hence! Comic Scenes, to where rich Ganges laves
 Hindostan's Golden shores with hallowed waves,
 Where Palms gigantic rear their tufted heads,
 And all colossal vegetation spreads,
 Where rich Ananas court the Indian's eye,
 And Groves of Citrons fan the feverish sky,
 Where rattling Canes along the rivulets play,
 And the Centennial Aloe conquers day,
 In their deep Shades bid Lucidorus' smile
 His heavy sense of distant hours beguile.

A collected edition of the works of Mrs. Cowley was published in 1813, in three volumes, with a preface, which is really a model of the longest and most Latinized words in the English language, with the smallest possible amount of sense.

Edward Ravenscroft (see Introductory Notice to *The Pretentious Young Ladies*,) has, in *London Cuckolds*, acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1682, partly imitated *The School for Wives*, and given Arnolphe the name of Wiseacre, and Agnes that of Peggy; but the whole play is so filthy that nothing can be quoted from it. Until 1754 it was frequently represented on Lord Mayor's day, in contempt, as it were, of the city.

Isaac Bickerstaffe wrote *Love in the City*, a comic opera, which was acted at Covent Garden in 1767, but did not meet with much success. The character of Priscilla, an unmanageable Creole girl, is partly taken from Agnes, and that of Barnacle from Chrysalde,—both from *The School for Wives*. Priscilla persuades her lover, young Walter Cockney, that her "love for the captain . . . was only a sham," and that if she "can manage it she will go off with

him to Scotland to-night, where they say folks may be married in spite of any one." The characters of Wagg, the attorney, who disguises himself first as a Colonel, and afterwards as Captain Delany from "the county of Mayo," and of Spruce, who appears as a Lord, are partly borrowed from *The Pretentious Young Ladies*. The arguments of Wagg in Act iii, Scene 2, seem to owe their origin to Gros-Rene's speech in *Sganarelle, or the Self-Deceived Husband*, whilst the whole scene appears to be taken from the sixth scene of the second act of Molière's *School for Wives*. This play, with the characters of Wagg, Spruce, and Miss Molly Cockney omitted, and cut down to two acts, was brought out as *The Romp*, and met with great success.

NOTES

¹ Henrietta of England, daughter of Charles I., first wife of Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV., died at Saint Cloud, the 30th of June, 1670, twenty-six years old. Her funeral sermon, preached by Bossuet, remains a perennial monument of pulpit eloquence.

² Baker's "Biographica Dramatica," 1812, vol. i, p. 91.

³ Geneste, "Some Account of the English Stage," 10 vols., 1832, vol. i, p. 107.

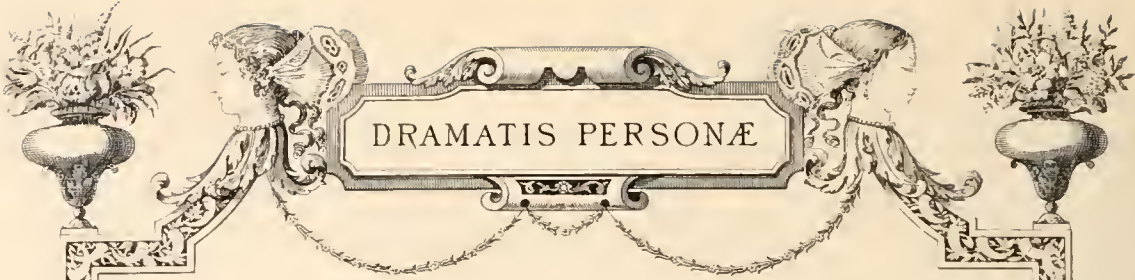
PREFACE

A great many people at first hissed this comedy, but the laughs were for it, and all the ill that was said of it could not hinder its having a success with which I am very well satisfied. I know it is expected from me that I should give some preface in answer to the critics, and in justification of my work. Doubtless I am sufficiently indebted to all those who have given it their approbation to think myself obliged to defend their judgment against that of others; but a great many of the things I should say on that head are already in a dissertation, which I have written in the form of a dialogue, with which as yet I do not know what I shall do. The idea of this dialogue, or, if you like it better, of this little comedy,¹ came into my head after the first two or three representations of my play. I mentioned this idea one evening at a house where I visited; and immediately a person of quality, whose wit is sufficiently known to the world,² and who does me the honor to call me his friend, liked the thought of it so well, that he not only begged me to put my hand to it, but likewise to put his own; and I was amazed that two days afterwards he showed me the whole thing done, in a manner which was indeed better written and more witty than I am able to do it, but which was too flattering for me, so that I was afraid that if I brought that work out in our theatre I should presently be accused of having begged the praises which were therein bestowed upon me. Yet that hindered me, for some reason, from finishing what I had begun. But so many people daily urge me to write it that I do not know what will be done; and this uncertainty is the reason I do not put in this preface what will be seen in the Criticism, in case I resolve to let it appear—which, if it does, I say it again, it will only be to revenge the public for the squeamishness of some people. For my part, I think myself sufficiently revenged by the success of my Comedy, and I wish that all I shall hereafter write may receive the same treatment from them, provided it has the same good fortune elsewhere.

NOTES

¹This was *The School for Wives* criticised, played the 1st of June, 1663.

²The Abbé Dubuisson, who was called the *grand introducteur des ruelles* (see note 10, *The Pretentious Young Ladies*).



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ARNOLPHE,¹ Alias M. de la Souche.

CHRYSALDE, Friend to Arnolphe.

HORACE, In love with Agnes.

ENRIQUE, Brother-in-law of Chrysalde.

ORONTE, Father to Horace and a great friend of Arnolphe.

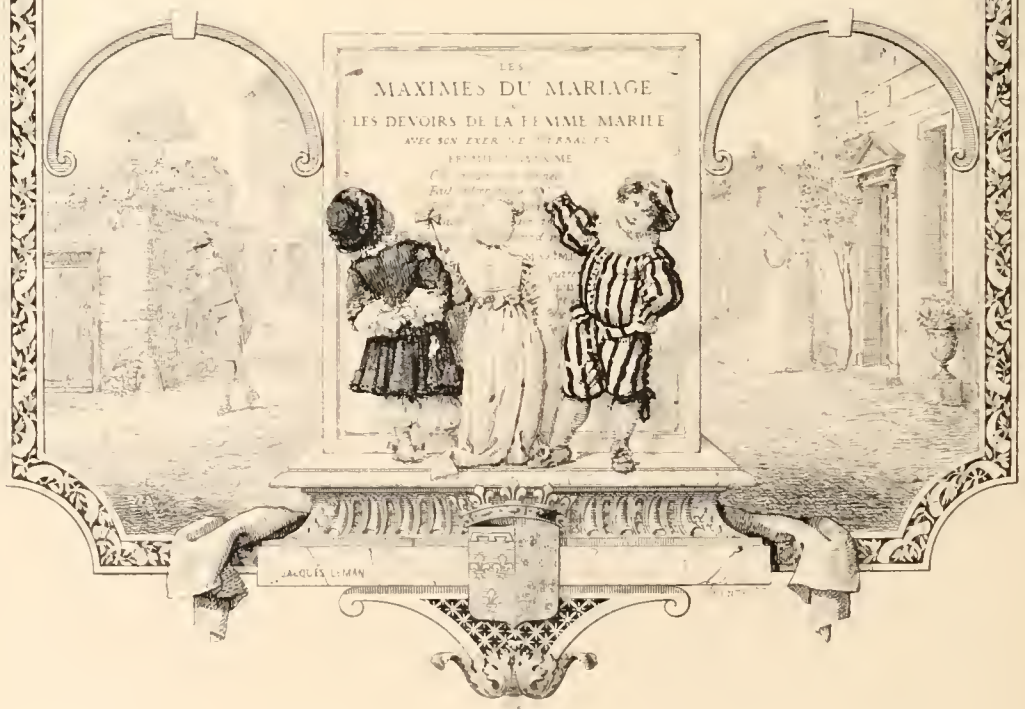
ALAIN, A country fellow, servant to Arnolphe.

A NOTARY.

AGNES, A young innocent girl, brought up by Arnolphe.

GEORGETTE, A country woman, servant to Arnolphe.

SCENE—*A Square in a Town.*





JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

THE BORDER HAS FOR MOTIVE HORNS INTERLACED WITH LEAVES, END-
 ING ABOVE IN VASES OF FLOWERS. THE TABLET IN THE CENTRE IS ACCOM-
 PAINED BY THE HEADS OF TWO WOMEN, THE BARS OF WHICH TERMINATE

ACT I

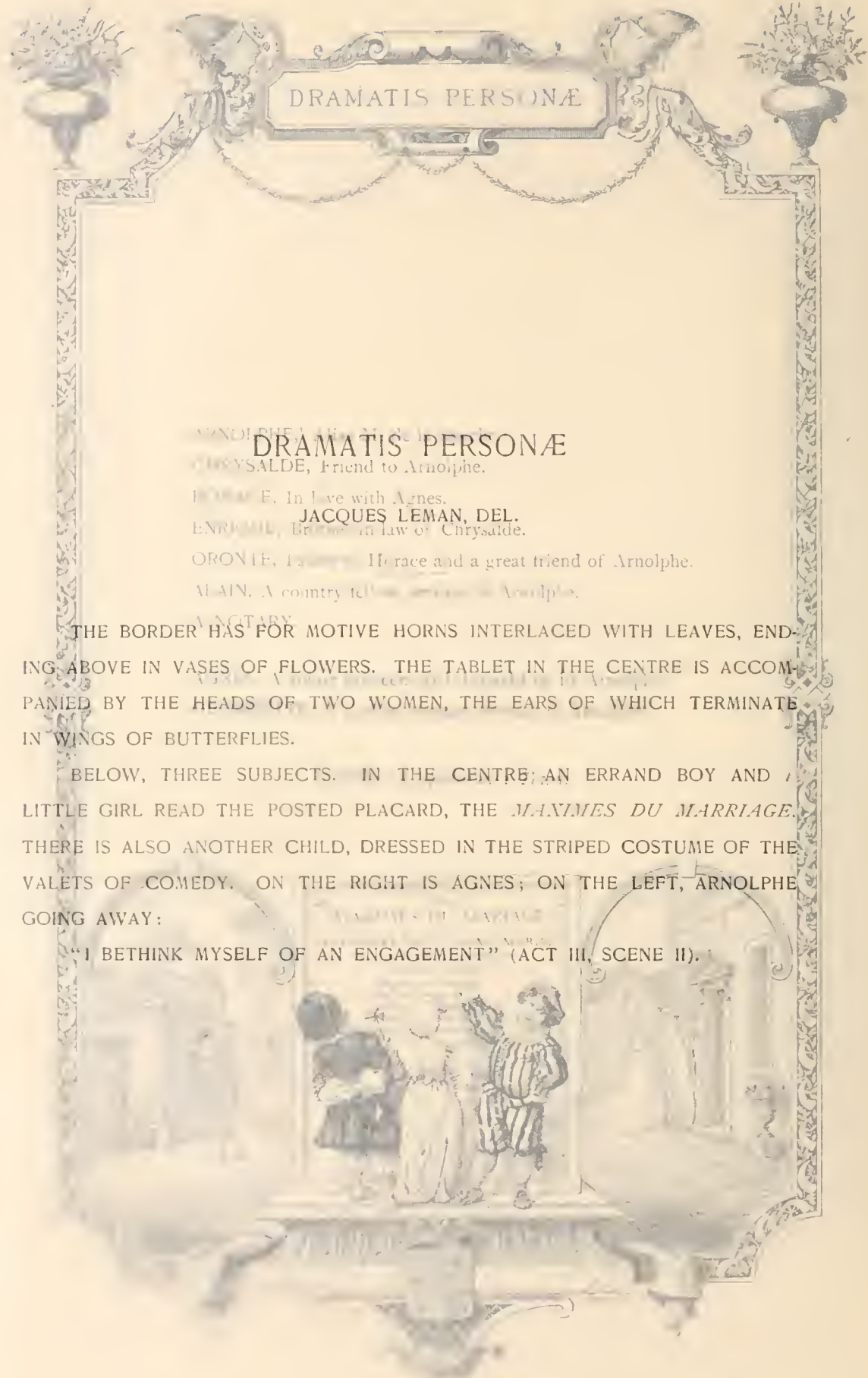
SCENE I.—CHRYSALDE. (A man in a long coat and hat, standing on a stage.)

Below, three subjects in the centre an errand boy and a little girl read the posted placard, the wives du marriage there is also another child, dressed in the striped costume of the

valets of comedy. On the right is Agnes; on the left, another child. They speak together without fear.

Do you wish me to open my eyes to you like a friend? I tremble with fear for you. To take a rash step for you, whichever way you consider the matter.

True, my friend. Possibly you find in your own home reasons why you fear for me. I fancy that your own shows that horns are everywhere, the accompaniment of marriage.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ARNOLPHE, Friend to Arnolphe.

AGNES, In love with Arnolphe.

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.
ENRIQUEL, Brother-in-law of Arnolphe.

ORONTE, His uncle and a great friend of Arnolphe.

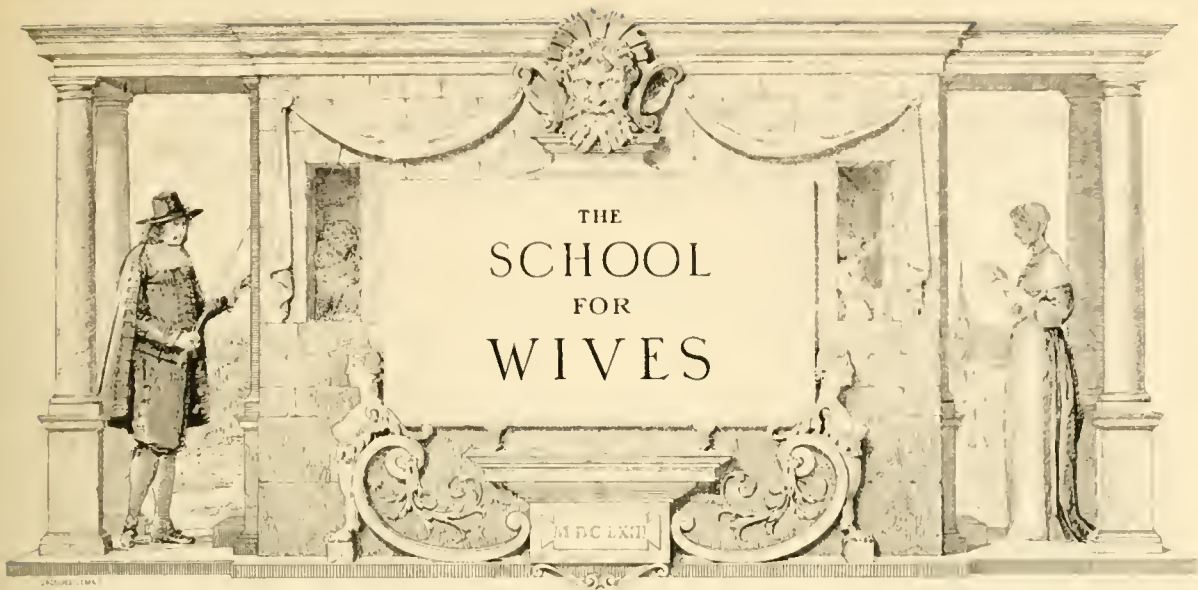
ALAIN, A country fellow.

THE BORDER HAS FOR MOTIVE HORNS INTERLACED WITH LEAVES, ENDING ABOVE IN VASES OF FLOWERS. THE TABLET IN THE CENTRE IS ACCOMPANIED BY THE HEADS OF TWO WOMEN, THE EARS OF WHICH TERMINATE IN WINGS OF BUTTERFLIES.

BELOW, THREE SUBJECTS. IN THE CENTRE, AN ERRAND BOY AND A LITTLE GIRL READ THE POSTED PLACARD, THE *MAXIMES DU MARRIAGE*. THERE IS ALSO ANOTHER CHILD, DRESSED IN THE STRIPED COSTUME OF THE VALETS OF COMEDY. ON THE RIGHT IS AGNES; ON THE LEFT, ARNOLPHE GOING AWAY:

“I BETHINK MYSELF OF AN ENGAGEMENT” (ACT III, SCENE II).





ACT I.

SCENE I.—CHRYSALDE, ARNOLPHE.

CH. You have come to marry her, you say?

AR. Yes, I mean to settle the business to-morrow.

CH. We are here alone, and I think we can speak together without fear of being overheard. Do you wish me to open my heart to you like a friend? Your plan makes me tremble with fear for you. To take a wife is a rash step for you, whichever way you consider the matter.

AR. True, my friend. Possibly you find in your own home reasons why you should fear for me. I fancy that your own forehead shows that horns are everywhere the infallible accompaniment of marriage.

CH. These are accidents against which we cannot insure ourselves; it seems to me that the trouble people take about this is very ridiculous. But when I fear for you, it is on account of this raillery of which a hundred poor husbands have felt the sting. For you know that neither great nor small have been safe from your criticism; that your greatest pleasure, wherever you are, is to make a mighty outcry about secret intrigues . . .

AR. Exactly. Is there another city in the world where husbands are so patient as here? Do we not meet with them in every variety, and well provided with everything? One heaps up wealth, which his wife shares with those who are eager to make him a dupe; another, slightly more fortunate, but not less

infamous, sees his wife receive presents day after day, and is not troubled in mind by any jealous twinge when she tells him that they are the rewards of virtue. One makes a great noise which does him not the slightest good; another lets matters take their course in all meekness, and seeing the gallant arrive at his house, very politely takes up his gloves and his cloak. One married woman cunningly pretends to make a confidant of her confiding husband, who slumbers securely under such a delusion, and pities the gallant for his pains, which, however, the latter does not throw away. Another married woman, to account for her extravagance, says that the money she spends has been won at play; and the silly husband, without considering at what play, thanks Heaven for her winnings. In short, we find subjects for satire everywhere, and may I, as a spectator, not laugh at them? Are not these fools . . .

CH. Yes; but he who laughs at another must beware, lest he in turn be laughed at himself. I hear what is said, and how some folks delight in retailing what goes on; but no one has seen me exult at reports which are bruited about in the places I frequent. I am rather reserved in this respect; and though I might condemn a certain toleration of these matters, and am resolved by no means to suffer quietly what some husbands endure, yet I have never affected to say so; for, after all, satire may fall upon ourselves, and we should never vow in such cases what we should or should not do. Thus, if by an overruling fate, some natural disgrace should ever happen to my brow, I am almost sure, after the way in which I have acted, that people would be content to laugh at it in their sleeve; and possibly, in addition, I may reap this advantage, that a few good fellows will say "What a pity!" But wit

you, my dear friend, it is otherwise. I tell you again you are running a plaguy risk. As your tongue has always persistently bantered husbands accused of being tolerant; as you have shown yourself like a demon let loose upon them, you must walk straight for fear of being made a laughing-stock; and if it happens that they get the least pretext take care they do not publish your disgrace at the public market-cross, and . . .

AR. Good Heaven, friend, do not trouble yourself. He will be a clever man who catches me in this way. I know all the cunning tricks and subtle devices which women use to deceive us, and how one is fooled by their dexterity, and I have taken precaution against this mischance. She whom I am marrying possesses all the innocence which may protect my forehead from evil influence.

CH. Why, what do you imagine? That a silly girl, to be brief . . .

AR. To marry a silly girl is not to become silly myself. I believe, as a good Christian, that your better half is very wise; but a clever wife is ominous, and I know what some people have to pay for choosing theirs with too much talent. What, I go and saddle myself with an intellectual woman, who talks of nothing but of her assembly and *ruelle*;² who writes tender things in prose and in verse, and is visited by Marquises and wits, whilst, as "Mrs. So-and-so's husband," I should be like a saint, whom no one calls upon! No, no, I will have none of your lofty minds. A woman who writes knows more than she ought to do. I intend that my wife shall not even be clever enough to know what a rhyme is. If one plays at *corbillon* with her, and asks her in her turn "What is put into the basket," I will have her answer, "A cream tart."³ In a word, let her be very ignorant; and to tell you

the plain truth it is enough for her that she can say her prayers, love me, sew and spin.

CH. A stupid wife, then, is your fancy?

AR. So much so that I should prefer a very stupid and ugly woman to a very beautiful one with a great deal of wit.

CH. Wit and beauty . . .

AR. Virtue is quite enough.

CH. But how can you expect, after all, that a mere simpleton can ever know what it is to be virtuous? Besides, to my mind, it must be very wearisome for a man to have a stupid creature perpetually with him. Do you think you act rightly, and that, by reliance on your plan, a man's brow is saved from danger? A woman of sense may fail in her duty; but she must at least do so knowingly; a stupid woman may at any time fail in hers, without desiring or thinking of it.

AR. To this fine argument, this deep discourse, I reply as Pantagruel did to Panurge: Urge me to marry any other woman than a stupid one; preach and lecture till Whitsuntide, you shall be amazed to find, when you have done, that you have not persuaded me in the very slightest.⁴

CH. I do not want to say another word.

AR. Every man has his own way. With my wife, as in everything, I mean to follow my fashion. I think I am rich enough to take a partner who shall owe all to me, and whose humble station and complete dependence cannot reproach me either with her poverty or her birth. A sweet and staid look made me love Agnes, amongst other children, when she was only four. It came into my mind to ask her from her mother, who was very poor; the good country-woman, learning my wish, was delighted to rid herself of the charge. I had her brought up according to my own notions in a little solitary convent;

that is to say, directing them what means to adopt in order to make her as idiotic as possible. Thank Heaven, success has crowned my efforts; and I am very thankful to say I have found her so innocent that I have blessed Heaven for having done what I wished, in giving me a wife according to my desire. Then I brought her away; and as my house is continually open to a hundred different people, and as we must be on our guard against everything, I have kept her in another house where no one comes to see me; and where her good disposition cannot be spoiled, as she meets none but people as simple as herself. You will say, "Wherefore this long story?" It is to let you see the care I have taken. To crown all, and as you are a trusty friend, I ask you to sup with her to-night. I wish you would examine her a little, and see if I am to be condemned for my choice.

CH. With all my heart.

AR. You can judge of her looks and her innocence when you converse with her.

CH. As to that, what you have told me cannot . . .

AR. What I have told you falls even short of the truth. I admire her simplicity on all occasions; sometimes she says things at which I split my sides with laughing. The other day—would you believe it?—she was uneasy, and came to ask me, with unexampled innocence, if children came through the ears.

CH. I greatly rejoice, Mr. Arnolphe . . .

AR. What! will you always call me by that name?

CH. Ah, it comes to my lips in spite of me; I never remember Mr. de la Souche. Who on earth has put it into your head to change your name at forty-two years of age, and give yourself a title from a rotten old tree on your farm?

AR. Besides that the house is known by that name, la Souche pleases my ear better than Arnolphe.⁵

CH. What a pity to give up the genuine name of one's fathers, and take one based on chimeras! Most people have an itching that way, and without including you in the comparison I knew a country-fellow called Gros-Pierre, who having no other property but a rood of land had a muddy ditch made all around it, and took the high-sounding name of M. de l'Isle.⁶

AR. You might dispense with such examples. But, at all events, de la Souche is the name I bear. I have a reason for it; I like it; and to call me otherwise is to annoy me.

CH. Most people find it hard to fall in with it; I even yet see letters addressed . . .

AR. I endure it easily from those who are not informed; but you . . .

CH. Be it so; we will make no difficulty about that; I will take care to accustom my lips to call you nothing else than M. de la Souche.

AR. Farewell. I am going to knock here, to wish them good-morning, and simply to say that I have come back.

CH. (*Aside.*) Upon my word, I think he is a perfect fool.

AR. (*Alone.*) He is a little touched on certain points. Strange, to see how each man is passionately fond of his own opinion. (*Knocks at his door.*) Hulloo!

—

SCENE II.—ARNOLPHE, ALAIN, GEORGETTE
(*Within.*)

AL. Who knocks?

AR. Open the door! (*Aside.*) I think they will be very glad to see me after ten days' absence.

AL. Who is there?

AR. I.

AL. Georgette!

GEO. Well!

AL. Open the door there!

GEO. Go, and do it yourself!

AL. You go and do it.

GEO. Indeed, I shall not go.

AL. No more shall I.

AR. Fine compliments, while I am left without. Hulloo! Here, please.

GEO. Who knocks?

AR. Your master.

GEO. Alain!

AL. What!

GEO. It is the master. Open the door quickly.

AL. Open it yourself.

GEO. I am blowing the fire.

AL. I am taking care that the sparrow does not go out, for fear of the cat.

AR. Whoever of you two does not open the door shall have no food for four days. Ah!

GEO. Why do you come when I was running?

AL. Why should you more than I? A pretty trick indeed!

GEO. Stand out of the way.

AL. Stand out of the way yourself.

GEO. I wish to open the door.

AL. And so do I.

GEO. You shall not.

AL. No more shall you.

GEO. Nor you.

AR. I need have patience here.

AL. (*Entering.*) There; it is I, master.

GEO. (*Entering.*) Your servant; it is I.

AL. If it were not out of respect for master here, I . . .

AR. (*Receiving a push from Alain.*) Hang it!



THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

ACT I. SCENE IV.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER.

F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

THE SCENE REPRESENTS THE RETURN OF ARNOLPHE. TO AGNES, WHO APPEARS AT THE DOORWAY, HE SAYS:

“WORK IN HAND? THAT IS A GOOD SIGN. WELL, AGNES, I HAVE RETURNED. ARE YOU GLAD OF IT?”

NEAR THE RAILING OF THE DOORSTEPS ARE ALAIN AND GEORGETTE, WHOM ARNOLPHE HAS JUST BEEN QUESTIONING AS TO THE CONDUCT OF AGNES.

... house is known by that
... pleases my ear I tell them

... What a pity to give up the name
... fathers, and that are based on
... cameras! Most people have an itching that
... you in the compar-
... I knew a country fellow called Gros
... Pierre, who owned no other property but a
... a muddy ditch made all
... and took the high-sounding name
... of Monsieur de la Souche.

Al. You might dispense with such examples.
In all events, de la Souche is the name I
... otherwise is to annoy me.

... find it hard to fall in
... I even yet see

Al. Endure it easily from those who are
... but you . . .

... make no difficulty
... I will take
... nothing else than

Al. Farewell. I am going
... THE RETURN OF ARNOLPHE TO AGNES, WHO

... I have come back.

... A GOOD SIGN. WELL, AGNES, I HAVE RETURNED.

Al. He is a little tired on
... ARE ALAIN AND GEORGETTE.

... AS TO THE CONDUCT OF

Hulloa!

SCENE I.—ARNOLPHE, ALAIN, GEORGETTE
(*Al. lin.*)

Al. Who knocks?

Ar. Open the door! (*Aside.*) I think
... will be very glad to see me after ten
... absence.

Al. Who knocks?

Al. I

Al. Georgette!

Geo. Well!

Al. Open the door there!

Geo. Go, and do it yourself!

Al. You go and do it.

Geo. Indeed, I shall not go.

Al. No more shall I.

Ar. Fine compliments, while I am left
... without. Hulloa! Here, please.

Geo. Who knocks?

Al. Your master.

Geo. Alain!

Geo. It is the master. Open the door

quickly

Al. Open it yourself.

Geo. I am blowing the fire

Al. I am taking care that the sparrow does
... not go out, for fear of the cat.

Ar. Why does not open the

door lays. Ah!

Ar. Why do you come when I was run-

... AT THE DOORWAY, HE SAYS:

Geo. Stand out of the way.

Al. Stand out of the way yourself.

Ar. I have just been questioning as to the conduct of

Geo. You shall not.

Al. No more shall you.

Geo. Nor you.

Ar. I need have patience here.

Al. (*Entering.*) There: it is I, master.

Geo. (*Entering.*) Your servant; it is I.

Al. If it were not out of respect for master

here, I . . .

Ar. (*Receiving a push from Alain.*) Hang

it!



AL. Pardon me.

AR. Look at the lout!

AL. It was she also, master . . .

AR. Hold your tongues, both of you. Just answer me and let us have no more fooling. Well, Alain, how is every one here?

AL. Master, we . . . (*Arnolphe takes off Alain's hat.*) Master, we . . . (*Arnolphe takes it off again.*) Thank Heaven, we . . .

AR. (*Taking off the hat a third time and flinging it on the ground.*) Who taught you, impertinent fool, to speak to me with your hat on your head?

AL. You are right; I am wrong.

AR. (*To Al.*) Ask Agnes to come down.

AG. Yes, sir, Heaven be thanked.

AR. I too am glad to see you again. You have always been well? I see you have.

AG. Except for the fleas, which troubled me in the night.

AR. Ah, you shall soon have some one to drive them away.

AG. I shall be pleased with that.

AR. I can easily imagine it. What are you doing there?

AG. I am making myself some caps. Your night-shirts and caps are finished.

AR. Ah, that is all right. Well, go up stairs. Do not tire yourself. I will soon return, and talk to you of important matters.

SCENE III.—ARNOLPHE, GEORGETTE.

AR. Was she sad after I went away?

GEO. Sad? No.

AR. No?

GEO. Yes, yes.

AR. Why, then?

GEO. May I die on the spot, but she expected to see you return every minute; and we never heard a horse, an ass, or a mule pass by without her thinking it was you.

SCENE IV.—ARNOLPHE, AGNES, ALAIN,
GEORGETTE.

AR. Work in hand? That is a good sign. Well, Agnes, I have returned. Are you glad of it?

SCENE V.—ARNOLPHE (*Alone*).

Heroines of the day, learned ladies, who spout tender and fine sentiments, I defy in a breath all your verses, your novels, your letters, your love-letters, your entire science, to be worth as much as this virtuous and modest ignorance. We must not be dazzled by riches; and so long as honor is . . .

SCENE VI.—HORACE, ARNOLPHE.

AR. What do I see? Is it . . . Yes. I am mistaken. But no. No; it is himself.

Hor . . .

HOR. Mr. Arn . . .

AR. Horace.

HOR. Arnolphe.

AR. Ah! what joy indeed! And how long have you been here?

HOR. Nine days.

AR. Really.

HOR. I went straight to your house, but in vain.

AR. I was in the country.

HOR. Yes, you had been gone ten days.

AR. Oh, how these children spring up in a few years! I am amazed to see him so tall, after having known him no higher than that.

HOR. You see how it is.

AR. But tell me how is Oronte, your father, my good and dear friend whom I esteem and revere? What is he doing? What is he saying? Is he still hearty? He knows I am interested in all that affects him; we have not seen one another these four years, nor, what is more, written to each other, I think.

HOR. Mr. Arnolphe, he is still more cheerful than ourselves; I had a letter from him for you. But he has since informed me in another letter, that he is coming here, though as yet I do not know the reason for it. Can you tell me which of your townsmen has returned with abundance of wealth earned during a fourteen years' residence in America?

AR. No. Have you not heard his name?

HOR. Enrique.

AR. No.

HOR. My father speaks of him and his return, as though he should be well known to me; he writes that they are about to set out together, on an affair of consequence, of which his letter says nothing (*Gives Oronte's letter to Arnolphe*).

AR. I shall assuredly be very glad to see him, and shall do my best to entertain him. (*After reading the letter.*) Friends do not need to send such polite letters, and all these

compliments are unnecessary. Even if he had not taken the trouble to write one word you might have freely disposed of all I have.

HOR. I am a man who takes people at their word; and I have present need of a hundred pistoles.

AR. Upon my word, you oblige me by using me thus. I rejoice that I have them with me. Keep the purse too.

HOR. I must . . .

AR. Drop this ceremony. Well, how do you like this town so far?

HOR. Its inhabitants are numerous, its buildings splendid, and I should think that its amusements are wonderful.

AR. Every one has his own pleasures after his own fashion; but for those whom we christen our gallants, they have in this town just what pleases them, for the women are born flirts. Dark and fair are amiably disposed, and the husbands also are the most kind in the world. It is a pleasure fit for a king; to me it is a mere comedy to see the pranks I do. Perhaps you have already smitten some one. Have you had no adventure yet? Men of your figure can do more than men who have money, and you are cut out to make a cuckold.

HOR. Not to deceive you as to the simple truth, I have had a certain love-passage in these parts, and friendship compels me to tell you of it.

AR. (*Aside.*) Good. Here is another queer story to set down in my pocket-book.

HOR. But pray, let these things be secret.

AR. Oh!

HOR. You know that in these matters a secret divulged destroys our expectations. I will then frankly confess to you that my heart has been smitten in this place by a certain fair

maid. My little attentions were at once so successful that I obtained a pleasant introduction to her; not to boast too much, nor to do her an injustice, affairs go very well with me.

AR. (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! And she is . . .

HOR. (*Pointing to the house of Agnes.*) A young creature living in yonder house, of which you can see the red walls from this. Simple, of a truth, through the matchless folly of a man who hides her from all the world; but who, amidst the ignorance in which he would enslave her, discloses charms that throw one into raptures, as well as a thoroughly engaging manner, and something indescribably tender, against which no heart is proof. But perhaps you have seen this young star of love, adorned by so many charms. Agnes is her name.

AR. (*Aside.*) Oh, I shall burst with rage!

HOR. As for the man, I think his name is De la Zousse, or Souche; I did not much concern myself about the name. He is rich, by what they told me, but not one of the wisest of men; they say he is a ridiculous fellow. Do you not know him?

AR. (*Aside.*) It is a bitter pill I have to swallow!

HOR. Why, you do not speak a word.

AR. Oh yes . . . I know him.

HOR. He is a fool, is he not?

AR. Ugh!

HOR. What do you say? Ugh!—that means yes? Jealous, I suppose, ridiculously so? Stupid? I see he is just as they told me. To be brief, the lovely Agnes has succeeded in enslaving me. She is a pretty jewel, to tell you honestly; it would be a sin if such a rare beauty were left in the power of this eccentric fellow. For me, all my efforts, all my dearest wishes, are to make her mine in spite

of this jealous wretch, and the money which I so freely borrow of you was only to bring this laudable enterprise to a conclusion. You know better than I, that, whatever we undertake, money is the master-key to all great plans, and that this sweet metal which distracts so many promotes our triumphs, in love as in war. You seem vexed? Can it be that you disapprove of my design?

AR. No; but I was thinking . . .

HOR. This conversation wearies you? Farewell. I will soon pay you a visit to return thanks.

AR. (*Thinking himself alone.*) What! must it . . .

HOR. (*Returning.*) Once again, pray be discreet; do not go and spread my secret abroad.

AR. (*Thinking himself alone.*) I feel within my soul . . .

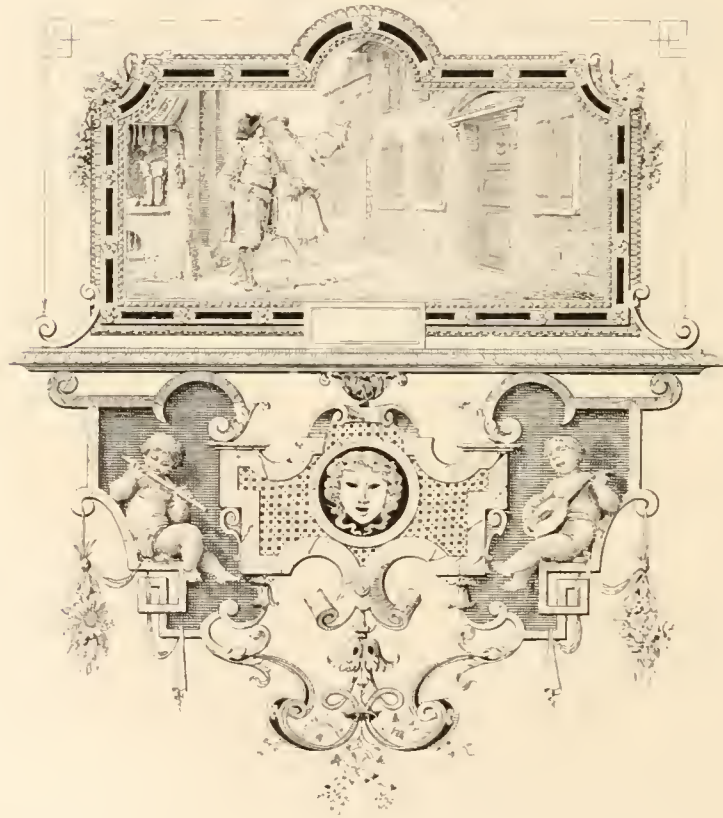
HOR. (*Returning again.*) And above all to my father, who would perhaps get enraged, if he knew of it.

AR. (*Expecting Horace to return again.*) Oh! . . .

SCENE VII.—ARNOLPHE (*Alone*).

Oh, what I have endured during this conversation! Never was trouble of mind equal to mine! With what rashness and extreme haste did he come to tell me of this affair! Though my second name keeps him at fault, did ever any blunderer run on so furiously?

But having endured so much I ought to have refrained until I had learned that which I have reason to fear, to have drawn out his foolish chattering to the end, and ascertained their secret understanding completely. Let me try to overtake him; I fancy he is not far off. Let me worm from him the whole mystery. I tremble for the misfortune which may befall me; for we often seek more than we wish to find.





ACT II.

SCENE I.—ARNOLPHE (*Alone*).

It is no doubt well, when I think of it, that I have lost my way, and failed to find him; for after all, I should not have been able entirely to conceal from his eyes the overwhelming pang of my heart. The grief that preys upon me would have broken forth, and I do not wish him to know what he is at present ignorant of. But I am not the man to put up with this, and leave a free field for this young spark to pursue his design. I am resolved to check his progress, and learn, without delay, how far they understand each other. My honor is specially involved in this. I regard her already as my wife. She cannot have made a slip without covering me with shame; and whatever she does will be placed

to my account. Fatal absence! Unfortunate voyage!
(Knocks at his door.)

SCENE II.—ARNOLPHE, ALAIN, GEORGETTE.

AL. Ah, master, this time . . .

AR. Peace. Come here, both of you. That way, that way. Come along, come, I tell you.

GEO. Ah, you frighten me; all my blood runs cold.

AR. Is it thus you have obeyed me in my absence? You have both combined to betray me!

GEO. *(Falling at Arnolphe's feet.)* Oh master, do not eat me, I implore you.

AL. *(Aside.)* I am sure some mad dog has bitten him.

AR. (*Aside.*) Ugh, I cannot speak, I am so filled with rage. I am choking, and should like to throw off my clothes . . . (*To Alain and Georgette.*) You cursed scoundrels, you have permitted a man to come . . . (*To Alain, who tries to escape.*) You would run away, would you! You must this instant . . . (*To Georgette.*) If you move . . . Now I wish you to tell me . . . (*To Alain.*) Hi! . . . Yes, I wish you both . . . (*Alain and Georgette rise, and again try to escape.*) . . . Whoever of you moves, upon my word, I shall knock him down. How came that man into my house? Now speak. Make haste, quick, directly, instantly, no thinking! Will you speak?

BOTH. Oh, oh!

GEO. (*Falling at his knees.*) My heart fails me!

AL. (*Falling at his knees.*) I am dying.

AR. (*Aside.*) I perspire all over. Let me take a breath. I must fan myself, and walk about. Could I believe when I saw Horace as a little boy that he would grow up for this? Heaven, how I suffer! I think it would be better that I should gently draw from Agnes' own mouth an account of what touches me so. Let me try to moderate my anger. Patience, my heart; softly, softly. (*To Alain and Georgette.*) Rise, go in, and bid Agnes come to me . . . Stay, her surprise would be less. They will go and tell her how uneasy I am. I will go myself and bring her out. (*To Alain and Georgette.*) Wait for me here.

SCENE III.—ALAIN, GEORGETTE.

GEO. Heavens, how terrible he is! His looks made me afraid—horribly afraid. Never did I see a more hideous Christian.

AL. This gentleman has vexed him; I told you so.

GEO. But what on earth is the reason that he so strictly makes us keep our mistress in the house? Why does he wish to hide her from all the world, and cannot bear to see any one approach her?

AL. Because that makes him jealous.

GEO. But how has he got such a fancy into his head?

AL. Because . . . because he is jealous.

GEO. Yes; but wherefore is he so? and why this anger?

AL. Because jealousy . . . understand me, Georgette, jealousy is a thing . . . a thing . . . which makes people uneasy . . . and which drives folk all round the house. I am going to give you an example, so that you may understand the thing better. Tell me, is it not true that when you have your broth in your hand and some hungry person comes up to eat it you would be in a rage, and be ready to beat him?

GEO. Yes, I understand that.

AL. It is just the same. Woman is in fact the broth of man; and when a man sees other folks sometimes trying to dip their fingers in his broth he soon displays extreme anger at it.

GEO. Yes; but why does not every one do the same? Why do we see some who appear to be pleased when their wives are with handsome fine gentlemen?

AL. Because every one has not the greedy love which will give nothing away.

GEO. If I am not blind, I see him returning.

AL. Your eyes are good; it is he.

GEO. See how vexed he is.

AL. That is because he is in trouble.

SCENE IV.—ARNOLPHE, ALAIN, GEORGETTE.

AR. (*Aside.*) A certain Greek told the Emperor Augustus, as an axiom as useful as

it was true, that when any accident puts us in a rage, we should first of all repeat the alphabet; so that in the interval our anger may abate, and we may do nothing that we ought not to do.⁷ I have followed his advice in the matter of Agnes; and I have brought her here designedly, under pretense of taking a walk, so that the suspicions of my disordered mind may cunningly lead her to the topic, and by sounding her heart gently find out the truth.

—

SCENE V.—ARNOLPHE, AGNES, ALAIN,
GEORGETTE.

AR. Come, Agnes. (*To Alain and Georgette.*) Get you in.

—

SCENE VI.—ARNOLPHE, AGNES.

AR. This is a nice walk.

AG. Very nice.

AR. What a fine day.

AG. Very fine.

AR. What news?

AG. The kitten is dead.

AR. Pity! But what then? We are all mortal, and every one is for himself. Did it rain when I was in the country?

AG. No.

AR. Were you not wearied?

AG. I am never wearied.

AR. What did you do then, these nine or ten days?

AG. Six shirts, I think, and six night-caps also.

AR. (*After musing.*) The world, dear Agnes, is a strange place. Observe the scandal, and how everybody gossips. Some of the neighbors have told me that an unknown

young man came to the house in my absence; that you permitted him to see and talk to you. But I did not believe these slandering tongues, and I offered to bet that it was false . . .

AG. Oh, Heaven, do not bet; you would assuredly lose.

AR. What! It is true that a man . . .

AG. Quite true. I declare to you that he was scarcely ever out of the house.

AR. (*Aside.*) This confession, so candidly made, at least assures me of her simplicity. (*Aloud.*) But I think, Agnes, if my memory is clear, that I forbade you to see any one.

AG. Yes; but you do not know why I saw him; you would doubtless have done as much.

AR. Possibly; but tell me then how it was.

AG. It is very wonderful, and hard to believe. I was on the balcony, working in the open air, when I saw a handsome young man passing close to me under the trees, who seeing me look at him immediately bowed very respectfully. I not to be rude made him a courtesy. Suddenly he made another bow; I quickly made another courtesy; and when he repeated it for the third time I answered it directly with a third courtesy. He went on, returned, went past again, and each time made me another bow. And I who was looking earnestly at all these acts of politeness returned him as many courtesies; so that if night had not fallen just then, I should have kept on continually in that way; not wishing to yield, and have the vexation of his thinking me less civil than himself.

AR. Very good.

AG. Next day, being at the door, an old woman accosted me, and said to me something like this: "My child, may good Heaven bless you, and keep you long in all your beauty. It did not make you such a lovely creature to abuse its gifts; you must know

that you have wounded a heart which to-day is driven to complain."

AR. (*Aside.*) Oh, tool of Satan! damnable wretch.

AG. "Have I wounded any one?" I answered, quite astonished. "Yes," she said, "wounded; you have indeed wounded a gentleman. It is him you saw yesterday from the balcony." "Alas!" said I, "what could have been the cause? Did I, without thinking, let anything fall on him?" "No," replied she; "it was your eyes which gave the fatal blow; from their glances came all his injury." "Alas! good Heaven," said I, "I am more than ever surprised. Do my eyes contain something bad that they can give it to other people?" "Yes," cried she, "your eyes, my girl, have a poison to hurt withal, of which you know nothing. In a word, the poor fellow pines away; and if," continued the charitable old woman, "your cruelty refuses him assistance, it is likely he shall be carried to his grave in a couple of days." "Bless me!" said I, "I would be very sorry for that; but what assistance does he require of me?" "My child," said she, "he requests only the happiness of seeing and conversing with you. Your eyes alone can prevent his ruin, and cure the disease they have caused." "Oh! gladly," said I; "and since it is so he may come to see me here as often as he likes."

AR. (*Aside.*) O cursed witch! poisoner of souls! may hell reward your charitable tricks!

AG. That is how he came to see me, and got cured. Now tell me, frankly, if I was not right? And could I, after all, have the conscience to let him die for lack of aid?—I, who feel so much pity for suffering people, and cannot see a chicken die without weeping!

AR. (*Aside.*) All this comes only from an innocent soul; I blame my imprudent absence

for it, which left this kindness of heart without a protector, exposed to the wiles of artful seducers. I fear that the rascal, in his bold passion, has carried the matter somewhat beyond a joke.

AG. What ails you? I think you are a little angry. Was there anything wrong in what I have told you?

AR. No. But tell me what followed, and how the young man behaved during his visits.

AG. Alas! if you but knew how delighted he was; how he got rid of his illness as soon as I saw him, the present he made me of a lovely casket, and the money which Alain and Georgette have had from him, you would no doubt love him, and say as we say . . .

AR. Yes. But what did he do when he was alone with you?

AG. He swore that he loved me with an unequalled passion, and said the prettiest words possible; things that nothing ever can equal, the sweetness of which charms me whenever I hear him speak, and moves I know not what within me.

AR. (*Aside.*) Oh! sad inquiry into a fatal mystery, in which the inquirer alone suffers all the pain. (*Aloud.*) Besides all these speeches, all these pretty compliments, did he not also bestow a few caresses on you?

AG. Oh, so many! He took my hands and my arms, and was never tired of kissing them.

AR. Agnes, did he take nothing else from you? (*Seeing her confused.*) Ugh!

AG. Why, he . . .

AR. What?

AG. Took . . .

AR. Ugh!

AG. The . . .

AR. Well?

AG. I dare not tell you; you will perhaps be angry with me.

AR. No.

AG. Yes, but you will.

AR. Good heavens! no.

AG. Swear on your word.

AR. On my word, then.

AG. He took my . . . You will be in a passion.

AR. No.

AG. Yes.

AR. No, no, no, no! What the devil is this mystery? What did he take from you?

AG. He . . .

AR. (*Aside.*) I am suffering the torments of the damned.

AG. He took away from me the ribbon you gave me. To tell you the truth, I could not prevent him.

AR. (*Drawing his breath.*) Oh! let the ribbon go. But I want to know if he did nothing to you but kiss your arms.

AG. Why! do people do other things?

AR. Not at all. But to cure the disorder which he said had seized him did he not ask you for any other remedy?

AG. No. You may judge that I would have granted him anything to do him good, if he had asked for it.

AR. (*Aside.*) By the kindness of Heaven, I am cheaply out of it! May I be blessed if I fall into such a mistake again! (*Aloud.*) Pooh! That is the result of your innocence, Agnes. I shall say no more about it. What is done is done. I know that, by flattering you, the gallant only wishes to deceive you, and to laugh at you afterwards.

AG. Oh, no! He told me so more than a score of times.

AR. Ah! you do not know that he is not to be believed. But, now, learn that to accept caskets, and to listen to the nonsense of these handsome fops,⁸ to allow them languidly to

kiss your hands and charm your heart, is a mortal sin, and one of the greatest that can be committed.

AG. A sin, do you say? And why, pray?

AR. Why? The reason is the absolute law that Heaven is incensed by such doings.

AG. Incensed! But why should it be incensed? Ah, it is so sweet and agreeable! How strange is the joy one feels from all this; up to this time I was ignorant of these things.

AR. Yes, all these tender passages, these pretty speeches and sweet caresses, are a great pleasure; but they must be enjoyed in an honest manner, and their sin should be taken away by marriage.

AG. Is it no longer a sin when one is married?

AR. No.

AG. Then please marry me quickly.

AR. If you wish it, I wish it also; I have returned hither for the purpose of marrying you.

AG. Is that possible?

AR. Yes.

AG. How happy you will make me!

AR. Yes, I have no doubt that marriage will please you.

AG. Then we two shall . . .

AR. Nothing is more certain.

AG. How I shall caress you, if this comes to pass.

AR. Ha! And I shall do the same to you.

AG. I can never tell when people are jesting. Do you speak seriously?

AR. Yes, you might see that I do.

AG. We are to be married?

AR. Yes.

AG. But when?

AR. This very evening.

AG. (*Laughing.*) This very evening?

AR. This very evening. Does that make you laugh?

AG. Yes.

AR. To see you happy is my desire.

AG. Oh, how greatly I am obliged to you, and what satisfaction I shall have with him!

AR. With whom?

AG. With . . . him there . . .

AR. Him there! I am not speaking of him there. You are a little quick in selecting a husband. In a word, it is some one else whom I have ready for you. And as for that gentleman, I require, by your leave (though the illness of which he accuses you should be the death of him), that henceforth you break off all intercourse with him; that when he comes

to the house you will by way of compliment just shut the door in his face; throw a stone out of the window at him when he knocks, and oblige him in good earnest never to appear again. Do you hear me, Agnes? I shall observe your behavior, concealed in a recess.

AG. Oh dear, he is so handsome! He is . . .

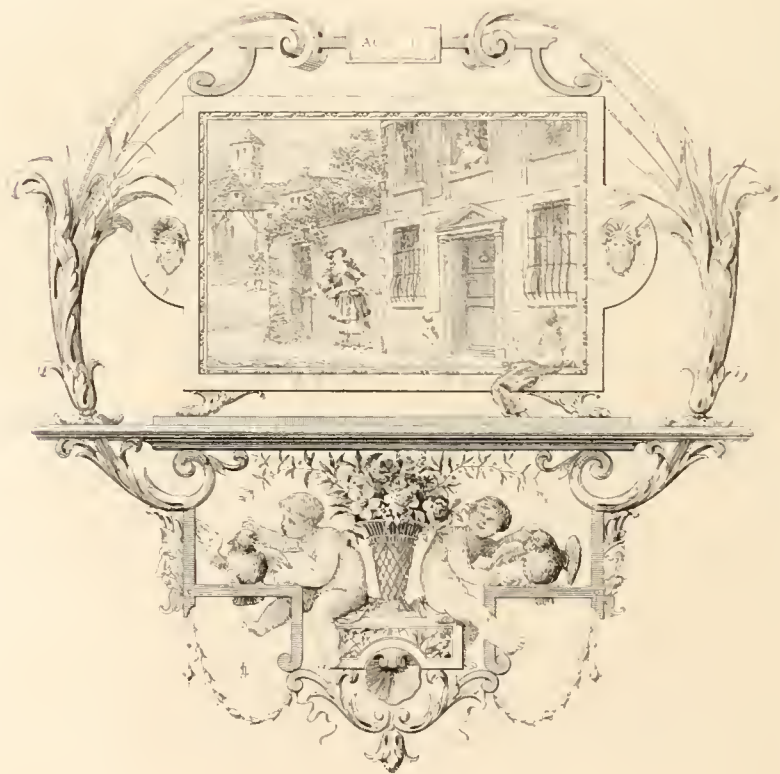
AR. Ha! How you are talking!

AG. I shall not have the heart . . .

AR. No more chatter. Go up stairs.

AG. But surely! Will you . . .

AR. Enough. I am master; I command; do you go and obey.





ACT III.

SCENE I.—ARNOLPHE, AGNES, ALAIN,
GEORGETTE.

AR. Yes, all has gone well; my joy is extreme. You have obeyed my orders to perfection, and brought the fair seducer⁹ to utter confusion. See what it is to have a wise counselor. Your innocence, Agnes, had been betrayed; look what you had been brought to before you had been aware of it. You were treading, deprived of my warnings, right down the broad path to hell and perdition. The way of all these young fops is but too well known. They have their fine rolls, plenty of ribbons and plumes, big wigs, good teeth, a

smooth address; but I tell you they have the cloven foot beneath; and they are very devils, whose corrupt appetites try to prey upon the honor of women. This time, however, thanks to the care that has been taken, you have escaped with your virtue. The style in which I saw you throw that stone at him, which has dashed the hopes of all his plans, still more determines me not to delay the marriage for which I told you to prepare. But, before all, it is well I should speak a few words with you which may be salutary. (*To Georgette and Alain.*) Bring out a chair in the open air. As for you, if you ever . . .

GEO. We shall take care to remember all your instructions; that other gentleman imposed on us, but . . .

AL. If he ever gets in here, may I never drink another drop. Besides he is a fool. He gave us two gold crowns the other day which were under weight.¹⁰

AR. Well, get what I ordered for supper; and as to the contract I spoke of let one of you fetch the notary who lives at the corner of the market-place.

SCENE II.—ARNOLPHE, AGNES.

AR. (*Seated.*) Agnes, put your work down and listen to me. Raise your head a little, and turn your face round. (*Putting his finger on his forehead.*) There, look at me here while I speak, and take good note of even the smallest word. I am going to wed you, Agnes; you ought to bless your stars a hundred times a day, to think of your former low estate, and at the same time, to wonder at my goodness in raising you from a poor country girl to the honorable rank of a citizen's wife; to enjoy the bed and the embraces of a man who has shunned all such trammels, and whose heart has refused to a score of women, well fitted to please, the honor which he intends to confer on you. You must always keep in mind, I say, how insignificant you would be without this glorious alliance, in order that the picture may teach you the better to merit the condition in which I shall place you, and make you always know yourself, so that I may never repent of what I am doing. Marriage, Agnes, is no joke. The position of a wife calls for strict duties; I do not mean to

exalt you to that condition in order that you may be free and take your ease. Your sex is formed for dependence. Omnipotence goes with the beard. Though there are two halves in the connection, yet these two halves are by no means equal. The one half is supreme, the other subordinate: the one is all submission to the other which rules; the obedience which the well-disciplined soldier shows to his leader, the servant to his master, a child to his parent, the lowest monk to his superior, is far below the docility, obedience, humility, and profound respect due from the wife to her husband, her chief, her lord, and her master. When he looks at her gravely, her duty is at once to lower her eyes, never daring to look him in the face, until he chooses to favor her with a tender glance. Our women nowadays do not understand this; but do not be spoiled by the example of others. Take care not to imitate those miserable flirts whose pranks are talked of all over the city; and do not let the evil one tempt you, that is, do not listen to any young coxcomb. Remember, Agnes, that in making you part of myself I give my honor into your hands, which honor is fragile, and easily damaged; that it will not do to trifle in such a matter, and that there are boiling caldrons in hell into which wives who live wickedly are thrown forevermore. I am not telling you a parcel of stories; you ought to let these lessons sink into your heart. If you practice them sincerely, and take care not to flirt, your soul will ever be white and spotless as a lily; but if you stain your honor it will become as black as coal. You will seem hideous to all, and one day you will become the devil's own property, and boil in hell to all eternity—from which may the goodness of Heaven defend you! Make a courtesy. As a novice in a convent ought to know her



THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

ACT III. SCENE II.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER.

GERY-BICHARD, ETCHER.

SCENE IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE HOUSE OF ARNOLPHE. HAVING MADE AGNES READ THE "MAXIMS OF MARRIAGE." ARNOLPHE INTERRUPTS WHEN SHE BEGINS TO READ THE ELEVENTH, BY SAYING:

"YOU SHALL FINISH IT BY YOURSELF; AND, BY AND BY, I SHALL EXPLAIN THESE THINGS TO YOU PROPERLY, WORD FOR WORD."

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

... We will take care to remember all
... that other gentlemen in the
... of it, but . . .

... If he ever gets in his way I never
... another drop. I must be a fool. He
... us two . . . the other day which
... were under . . .

AK While . . . I ordered for supper ;
... I spoke of let one of
... who lives at the corner
... of . . .

... that count on in order that you
... be free and take your ease. Your sex is
... formed for dependence. Omnipotence goes
... with the beard. Though there are two halves
... in the connection, yet these two halves are by
... no means equal. The one half is supreme,
... the other subordinate : the one is all submis-
... sion to the other which rules ; the obedience
... which the well-disciplined soldier shows to his
... leader, the servant to his master, a child to his
... parent, the lowest monk to his superior, is far
... below the docility, obedience, humility, and
... profound respect due from the wife to her
... husband her chief, her lord, and her master.
... When he looks at her gravely, her duty is at

... never daring to look
... him in the face, until he chooses to favor her
... with a tender glance. Our women nowa-

... don't understand this ; but do not be
... led by the example of others. Take care
... not to imitate those miserable flirts whose

... tempt you, that is, do not
... I can never,

... you part of myself I
... honor

... in such a matter, and that there
... are boiling caldrons in hell into which wives
... " YOU SHALL FINISH IT BY YOURSELF."

... who live wickedly are thrown forevermore. I
... ought to let these lessons sink in to your heart.

If you practice them sincerely, and take care
... not to flirt, your soul will ever be white and
... spotless as a lily ; but if you stain your honor
... it will become as black as coal. You will

... seem hideous to all, and one day you will
... become the devil's own property, and boil in
... hell to all eternity—from which may the good-

ness of Heaven defend you ! Make a courtesy.
... A novice in a convent ought to know her

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES
ACT III.
SCENE II.
THE COURTYARD OF THE HOUSE OF ARNOULPHÉ.
AGNES READS THE "MAXIMS OF MARRIAGE," ANNOULPHÉ INTERRUPTS WHEN SHE BEGINS TO READ THE ELEVENTH, BY SAYING :
" YOU SHALL FINISH IT BY YOURSELF. AND BY AND BY I SHALL EXPLAIN THESE THINGS TO YOU PROPERLY."

... has refused to you
... ought to let these lessons sink in to your heart.

... to please, the honor which
... confer on you. You must

... I say, how insignificant
... this glorious alliance, in
... which I shall place

... you always grow yourself, so
... of what I am doing.
... The position of
... not mean to



duties by heart, so it ought to be on getting married: here in my pocket I have an important document which will teach you the duty of a wife. I do not know the author, but it is some good soul or other; and I desire that this shall be your only study. (*Rises.*) Stay. Let me see if you can read it fairly.

AG. (*Reads.*) "*The Maxims of Marriage; or the Duties of a Wife; together with her Daily Exercise.*"

First Maxim.

She who is honorably wed should remember, notwithstanding the fashion nowadays, that the man who marries does not take a wife for any one but himself."

AR. I shall explain what that means, but at present let us only read.

AG. (*Continues*)—

"Second Maxim.

She ought not to bedeck herself more than her husband likes. The care of her beauty concerns him alone; and if others think her plain, that must go for nothing.

Third Maxim.

Far from her be the study of ogling, washes, paints, pomatums, and the thousand preparations for a good complexion. These are ever fatal poisons to honor; and the pains bestowed to look beautiful are seldom taken for a husband.

Fourth Maxim.

When she goes out she should conceal the glances of her eyes beneath her hood, as honor requires; for in order to please her husband rightly she should please none else.

Fifth Maxim.

It is fit that she receive none but those who visit her husband. The gallants that have no business but with the wife are not agreeable to the husband.

Sixth Maxim.

She must firmly refuse presents from men, for in these days nothing is given for nothing.

Seventh Maxim.

Amongst her furniture, however she dislikes it, there must be neither writing-desk, ink, paper, nor pens. According to all good rules everything written in the house should be written by the husband.

Eighth Maxim.

Those disorderly meetings, called social gatherings, ever corrupt the minds of women. It is good policy to forbid them; for there they conspire against the poor husbands.

Ninth Maxim.

Every woman who wishes to preserve her honor should abstain from gambling as a plague; for play is very seductive, and often drives a woman to put down her last stake.

Tenth Maxim.

She must not venture on public promenades nor picnics; for wise men are of opinion that it is always the husband who pays for such treats.

Eleventh Maxim . . . "

AR. You shall finish it by yourself; and, by and by, I shall explain these things to you properly, word for word. I bethink myself of an engagement. I have but one word to say, and I shall not stay long. Go in again, and take special care of this volume. If the notary comes, let him wait for me a short time.

SCENE III.—ARNOLPHIE (*Alone*).

I cannot do better than make her my wife. I shall be able to mould her as I please; she is

like a bit of wax in my hands and I can give her what shape I like. She was near being wiled away from me in my absence through her excess of simplicity; but, to say the truth, it is better that a wife should err on that side. The cure for these faults is easy; every simple person is docile; and if she is led out of the right way a couple of words will instantly bring her back again. But a clever woman is quite another sort of animal. Our lot depends only on her judgment; naught can divert her from what she is set on, and our teaching in such a case is futile. Her wit avails her to ridicule our maxims, often to turn her vices into virtues, and to find means to cheat the ablest, so as to compass her own ends. We labor in vain to parry the blow; a clever woman is a devil at intrigue, and when her whim has mutely passed sentence on our honor we must knock under. Many good fellows could tell as much. But my blundering friend shall have no cause to laugh; he has reaped the harvest of his gossip. This is the general fault of Frenchmen. When they have a love adventure, secrecy bores them, and silly vanity has so many charms for them, that they would rather hang themselves than hold their tongues. Ah! women are an easy prey to satan when they go and choose such addle-pates! And when . . . But here he is . . . I must dissemble, and find out how he has been mortified.

SCENE IV.—HORACE, ARNOLPHE.

HOR. I am come from your house. Fate seems resolved that I shall never meet you there. But I shall go so often that some time or other . . .

AR. Bah, for goodness sake, do not let us begin these idle compliments. Nothing vexes me like ceremony; and if I could have my way it should be abolished. It is a wretched custom, and most people foolishly waste two-thirds of their time on it. Let us put on our hat, without more ado. (*Puts on his hat.*) Well, how about your love affair? May I know, Mr. Horace, how it goes? I was diverted for a while by some business that came into my head; but since then I have been thinking of it. I admire the rapidity of your commencement, and am interested in the issue.

HOR. Indeed, since I confided in you, my love has been unfortunate.

AR. Ay! How so?

HOR. Cruel fate has brought her governor back from the country.

AR. What bad luck!

HOR. Moreover, to my great sorrow, he has discovered what has passed in private between us.

AR. How the deuce could he discover this affair so soon?

HOR. I do not know; but it certainly is so. I meant at the usual hour to pay a short visit to my young charmer, when with altered voice and looks her two servants barred my entrance, and somewhat rudely shut the door in my face, saying "Begone, you bring us into trouble!"

AR. The door in your face!

HOR. In my face.

AR. That was rather hard.

HOR. I wished to speak to them through the door; but to all I said their only answer was, "You shan't come in; master has forbidden it."

AR. Did they not open the door then?

HOR. No. And Agnes from the window made me more certain as to her master's

return, by bidding me begone in a very angry tone, and flinging a stone at me into the bargain.

AR. What, a stone?

HOR. Not a small one either; that was how she rewarded my visit with her own hands.

AR. The devil! These are no trifles. Your affair seems to me in a bad way.

HOR. True, I am in a quandary through this unlucky return.

AR. Really I am sorry for you; I declare I am.

HOR. This fellow mars all.

AR. Yes; but that is nothing. You will find a way to recover yourself.

HOR. I must try by some device to baffle the strict watch of this jealous fellow.

AR. That will be easy: after all the girl loves you.

HOR. Doubtless.

AR. You will compass your end.

HOR. I hope so.

AR. The stone has put you out, but you cannot wonder at it.

HOR. True; and I understood in a moment that my rival was there, and that he was directing all without being seen. But what surprised me, and will surprise you, is another incident I am going to tell you of; a bold stroke of this lovely girl, which one could not have expected from her simplicity. Love, it must be allowed, is an able master; he teaches us to be what we never were before; a complete change in our manners is often the work of a moment under his tuition. He breaks through the impediments in our nature, and his sudden feats have the air of miracles. In an instant he makes the miser liberal, a coward brave, a churl polite. He renders the dullest soul fit for anything, and gives wit to the most simple. Yes, this last miracle is surprising in Agnes; for, blurting out these very words:

“Begone, I am resolved never to receive your visits. I know all you would say, and *there* is my answer!”—this stone or pebble, at which you are surprised, fell at my feet with a letter. I greatly admire this note, chiming in with the significance of her words, and the casting of the stone. Are you not surprised by such an action as this? Does not love know how to sharpen the understanding? And can it be denied that his ardent flames have marvelous effects on the heart? What say you of the trick, and of the letter? Ah, do you not admire her cunning contrivance? Is it not amusing to see what a part my jealous rival has played in all this game? Say . . .

AR. Ay, very amusing.

HOR. Laugh at it, then. (*Arnolphe forces a laugh.*) This fellow, garrisoned against my passion, who shuts himself up in his house, and seems provided with stones, as though I were preparing to enter by storm, who in his ridiculous terror encourages all his household to drive me away, is tricked before his very eyes by her whom he would keep in the utmost ignorance! For my part, I confess that, although his return throws my love affair into disorder, I think all this so exceedingly comical that I cannot forbear laughing at it whenever it comes into my head. It seems to me that you do not laugh at it half enough.

AR. (*With a forced laugh.*) I beg pardon; I laugh at it as much as I can.

HOR. But I must show you her letter, for friendship's sake. Her hand knew how to set down all that her heart felt; but in such touching terms, so kind, so innocently tender, so ingenuous—in a word, just as an unaffected nature confesses its first attack of love.

AR. (*Softly.*) This is the use you make of writing, you hussy. It was against my wish you ever learned it.

HOR. (Reads.) "*I wish to write to you, but I am at a loss how to begin. I have some thoughts which I should like you to know; but I do not know how to tell them to you, and I mistrust my own words. As I begin to feel that I have been always kept in ignorance I fear to say something which is not right, and to express more than I ought. In fact I do not know what you have done to me; but I feel that I am desperately vexed at what I am made to do against you, that it will be the hardest thing in the world for me to do without you, and that I should be very glad to be with you. Perhaps it is wrong to say that, but the truth is I cannot help saying it, and I wish it could be brought about without harm. I am assured that all young men are deceivers, that they must not be listened to, and that all you told me was but to deceive me; but I assure you I have not yet come to believe that of you, and I am so touched by your words that I could not believe them false. Tell me frankly if they be; for, to be brief, as I am without an evil thought, you would be extremely wicked to deceive me, and I think I should die of vexation at such a thing.*"

AR. (Aside.) Ah, the cat!

HOR. What is wrong?

AR. Wrong? Nothing! I was only coughing.

HOR. Have you ever heard a more tender expression? In spite of the cursed endeavors of unreasonable power, could you imagine a more genuine nature? Is it not beyond doubt a terrible crime villainously to mar such an admirable spirit, to try to stifle this bright soul in ignorance and stupidity? Love has begun to tear away the veil, and if, thanks to some lucky star, I can deal as I hope with this sheer animal, this wretch, this hang-dog, this scoundrel, this brute . . .

AR. Good-bye.

HOR. Why are you in such a hurry?

AR. It just occurs to me that I have a pressing engagement.

HOR. But do you not know any one, for you live close by, who could get access to this house? I am open with you, and it is the usual thing for friends to help each other in these cases. I have no one there now except people who watch me; maid and man, as I just experienced, would not cease their rudeness and listen to me, do what I would. I had for some time in my interest an old woman of remarkable shrewdness; in fact more than human. She served me well in the beginning; but the poor woman died four days ago. Can you not devise some plan for me?

AR. No, really. You will easily find some one without me.

HOR. Good-bye then. You see what confidence I put in you.

SCENE V.—ARNOLPHE (Alone).

How I am obliged to suffer before him!
 How hard it is to conceal my gnawing pain!
 What! Such ready wit in a simpleton? The traitress has pretended to be so to my face or the devil has breathed this cunning into her heart. But now that cursed letter is the death of me. I see that the rascal has corrupted her mind, and has established himself there in my stead. This is despair and deadly anguish for me. I suffer doubly by being robbed of her heart, for love as well as honor is injured by it. It drives me mad to find my place usurped, and I am enraged to see my prudence defeated. I know that to punish her guilty passion I have only to leave her to

her evil fate, and that I shall be revenged on her by herself; but it is very vexatious to lose what we love. Good Heaven! after employing so much philosophy in my choice, why am I to be so terribly bewitched by her charms? She has neither relatives, friends, nor money; she abuses my care, my kindness, my tenderness; and yet I love her to distraction, even after this base trick! Fool, have

you no shame? Ah, I cannot contain myself; I am mad; I could punch my head a thousand times over. I shall go in for a little; but only to see what she looks like after so vile a deed. Oh Heaven, grant that my brow may escape dishonor; or rather, if it is decreed that I must endure it, at least grant me, under such misfortunes, that fortitude with which few are endowed.





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ARNOLPHE (*Alone*).

I declare I cannot rest anywhere ; my mind is troubled by a thousand cares, thinking how to contrive both indoors and out so as to frustrate the attempts of this coxcomb. With what assurance the traitress stood the sight of me ! She is not a whit moved by all that she has done ; and though she has brought me within an inch of the grave, one could swear, to look at her, that she had no hand in it. The more composed she looked when I saw her the more I was enraged, and those ardent transports which inflamed my heart seemed to redouble my great love for her. I was provoked, angry, incensed against her, and yet I

never saw her look so lovely. Her eyes never seemed to me so bright ; never before did they inspire me with such vehement desires ; I feel that it will be the death of me if my evil destiny should bring upon me this disgrace. What ! I have brought her up with so much tenderness and forethought ; I have had her with me from her infancy ; I have indulged in the fondest hopes about her ; my heart trusted to her growing charms ; I have fondled her as my own for thirteen years, as I imagined—all for a young fool with whom she is in love to come and carry her off before my face, and that when she is already half married to me ! No, by Heaven—no, by

Heaven, my foolish young friend ; you will be a cunning fellow to overturn my scheme, for, upon my word, all your hopes will be in vain, and you shall find no reason for laughing at me!

SCENE II.—A NOTARY, ARNOLPHE.

NOT. Ah, there he is. Good-day. Here I am, ready to draw up the contract which you wish.

AR. (*Not seeing or hearing him.*) How is it to be done?

NOT. It must be in the usual form.

AR. (*Thinking himself alone.*) I shall take the greatest possible care.

NOT. I shall do nothing contrary to your interests.

AR. (*Not seeing him.*) I must guard against all surprise.

NOT. It is enough that your affairs are placed in my hands. For fear of deception you must not sign the contract before receiving the portion.

AR. (*Thinking himself alone.*) I fear, if I let anything get abroad, that this business will become town talk.

NOT. Well, it is easy to avoid this publicity, and your contract can be drawn up privately.

AR. (*Thinking himself alone.*) But how shall I manage it with her?

NOT. The jointure should be proportionate to the fortune she brings you.

AR. (*Not seeing him.*) I love her, and that love is my great difficulty.

NOT. In that case the wife may have so much the more.

AR. (*Thinking himself alone.*) How can I act towards her in such a case?

NOT. The regular way is that the husband that is to be settles on the wife that is to be a third of her marriage portion as a jointure ; but this rule goes for nothing, and you may do a great deal more if you have a mind to it.

AR. If . . . (*Seeing him.*)

NOT. As for the *préciput*,¹¹ that is a question for both sides. I say the husband can settle on his wife what he thinks proper.

AR. Eh?

NOT. He can benefit her when he loves her much and wishes to do her a favor, and that by way of jointure, or settlement as it is called, which is lost upon her death ; either without reversion, going from her to her heirs, or by statute, as people have a mind, or by actual deed of gift in form, which may be made either single or mutual. Why do you shrug your shoulders? Am I talking like a fool, or do I not understand contracts? Who can teach me? No one, I imagine. Do I not know that when people are married they have a joint right to all movables, moneys, fixtures, and acquisitions, unless they resign it by act of renunciation? Do I not know that a third part of the portion of the wife that is to be becomes common, in order . . .

AR. Yes, verily, you know all this ; but who has said one word to you about it?

NOT. You, who seem to take me for a fool, shrugging your shoulders, and making faces at me.

AR. Hang the man and his beastly face ! Good-day : that's the way to get rid of you.

NOT. Was I not brought here to draw up a contract?

AR. Yes, I sent for you. But the business is put off ; I shall send for you again when the time is fixed. What a devil of a fellow he is with his jabbering !

NOT. (*Alone.*) I think he is mad, and I believe I am right.

—

SCENE III.—A NOTARY, ALAIN, GEORGETTE.

NOT. Did you not come to fetch me to your master?

AL. Yes.

NOT. I do not know what you think; but go and tell him from me that he is a down-right fool.

GEO. We will not fail.

—

SCENE IV.—ARNOLPHE, ALAIN, GEORGETTE.

GEO. Sir . . .

AR. Come here! You are my faithful, my good, my real friends; I have news for you.

AL. The notary . . .

AR. Never mind; some other day for that. A foul plot is contrived against my honor. What a disgrace it would be for you, my children, if your master's honor were taken away! After that, you would not dare to be seen anywhere; for whoever saw you would point at you. So, since the affair concerns you as well as me, you must take care that this spark may not in any way . . .

GEO. You have taught us our lesson just now.

AR. But take care not to listen to his fine speeches.

AL. Oh, certainly . . .

GEO. We know how to deny him.

AR. Suppose he should come now, wheedling: "Alain, my good fellow, cheer my drooping spirits by a little help."

AL. You are a fool.

AR. You are right! (*To Georgette.*) "Georgette, my darling, you look so sweet-tempered and so kind!"

GEO. You are a lout.

AR. You are right. (*To Alain.*) "What harm do you find in an honest and perfectly virtuous scheme?"

AL. You are a rogue.

AR. Capital! (*To Georgette.*) "I shall surely die if you do not take pity on my sufferings."

GEO. You are a brazen-faced blockhead.

AR. First-rate! (*To Alain.*) "I am not one who expects something for nothing; I can remember those who serve me. Here, Alain, is a trifle in advance, to have a drink with; and, Georgette, here is wherewith to buy you a petticoat. (*Both hold out their hands and take the money.*) This is only an earnest of what I intend to do for you; I ask no other favor but that you will let me see your pretty mistress."

GEO. (*Pushing him.*) Try your games elsewhere.

AR. That was good.

AL. (*Pushing him.*) Get out of this.

AR. Very good!

GEO. (*Pushing him.*) Immediately!

AR. Good! Hulloa, that is enough.

GEO. Am I not doing right?

AL. Is this how you would have us act?

AR. Yes, capital; except for the money, which you must not take.

GEO. We did not think of that.

AL. Shall we begin again now?

AR. No. It is enough. Go in, both of you.

AL. You need only say so.

AR. No, I tell you; go in when I desire you. You may keep the money. Go. I shall soon be with you again; keep your eyes open, and second my efforts.

SCENE V.—ARNOLPHE (*Alone*).

I will get the cobbler who lives at the corner of the street to be my spy, and tell me everything. I mean to keep her always indoors, watch her constantly . . . and banish in particular all sellers of ribbons, tire-women, hair-dressers, kerchief-makers, glove-sellers, dealers in left-off apparel, and all those folks who make it their business clandestinely to bring people together who are in love. In fact, I have seen the world, and understand its tricks. My spark must be very cunning, if a love-letter or message gets in here.

—

SCENE VI.—HORACE, ARNOLPHE.

HOR. How lucky I am to meet you here! I had a narrow escape just now, I can assure you. As I left you I unexpectedly saw Agnes alone on her balcony, breathing the fresh air from the neighboring trees. After giving me a sign, she contrived to come down into the garden and open the door. But we were scarcely into her room before she heard her jealous gentleman upon the stairs; and all she could do in such a case was to lock me into a large wardrobe. He entered the room at once. I did not see him, but I heard him walking up and down at a great rate, without saying a word, but sighing desperately at intervals, and occasionally thumping the table, striking a little frisky dog, and madly throwing about whatever came in his way. In his rage he broke the very vases with which the beauty had adorned her mantel-piece; doubtless the tricks she played must have come to the ears of this cuckold in embryo. At last, having in a score of ways vented his passion or

things that could not help themselves, my restless jealous gentleman left the room without saying what disturbed him, and I left my wardrobe. We would not stay long together, for fear of my rival; it would have been too great a risk. But late to-night I am to enter her room without making a noise. I am to announce myself by three hems, and then the window is to be opened; whereby, with a ladder, and the help of Agnes, my love will try to gain me admittance. I tell you this as my only friend. Joy is increased by imparting it; and should we taste perfect bliss a hundred times over it would not satisfy us unless it were known to some one. I believe you will sympathize in my success. Good-bye. I am going to make the needful preparations.

—

SCENE VII.—ARNOLPHE (*Alone*).

What, will the star which is bent on driving me to despair allow me no time to breathe? Am I to see through their mutual understanding my watchful care and my wisdom defeated one after another? Must I in my mature age become the dupe of a simple girl and a scatter-brained young fellow? For twenty years, like a discreet philosopher, I have been musing on the wretched fate of married men, and have carefully informed myself of the accidents which plunge the most prudent into misfortune. Profiting in my own mind by the disgrace of others, and having a wish to marry, I sought how to secure my forehead from attack, and prevent its being matched with those of other men. For this noble end I thought I had put in practice all that human policy could invent; but, as though it were

decreed by fate that no man here below should be exempt from it, after all my experience and the knowledge I have been able to glean of such matters, after more than twenty years of meditation, so as to guide myself with all precaution, I have avoided the tracks of so many husbands to find myself after all involved in the same disgrace! Ah, cursed fate, you shall yet be a liar! I am still possessor of the loved one; if her heart be stolen by this obnoxious fop I shall at least take care that he does not seize anything else. This night which they have chosen for their pretty plan shall not be spent so agreeably as they anticipate. It is some pleasure to me, amidst all this, to know that he has warned me of the snare he is laying, and that this blunderer, who would be my ruin, makes a confidant of his own rival.

—

SCENE VIII.—CHRYSALDE, ARNOLPHE.

CH. Well, shall we take our supper before our walk?

AR. No, I fast to-night.

CH. Whence this fancy?

AR. Pray excuse me; there is something that hinders me.

CH. Is not your intended marriage to take place?

AR. You take too much trouble about other people's affairs.

CH. Oh ho, so snappish? What ails you? Have you encountered any little mishap in your love, my friend? By your face I could almost swear you have.

AR. Whatever happens, I shall at least have the advantage of being unlike some folks, who meekly suffer the visits of gallants.

CH. It is an odd thing that with so much intelligence you always get so frightened at these matters; that you set your whole happiness on this, and imagine no other kind of honor in the world. To be a miser, a brute, a rogue, wicked and cowardly, is nothing in your mind compared with this strain; and however a man may have lived he is a man of honor if he is not a cuckold. After all, why do you imagine that our glory depends on such an accident, and that a virtuous mind must reproach itself for the evil which it cannot prevent? Tell me, why do you hold that a man in taking a wife deserves praise or blame for the choice he makes, and why do you form a frightful bug-bear out of the offense caused by her want of fidelity? Be persuaded that a man of honor may have a less serious notion of cuckoldom; that as none is secure from strokes of chance, this accident ought to be a matter of indifference; and that all the evil, whatever the world may say, is in the mode of receiving it. To behave well under these difficulties, as in all else, a man must shun extremes; not ape those over-simple folks who are proud of such affairs, and are ever inviting the gallants of their wives, praising them everywhere, and crying them up, displaying their sympathy with them, coming to all their entertainments and all their meetings, and making every one wonder at their having the assurance to show their faces there. This way of acting is no doubt highly culpable; but the other extreme is no less to be condemned. If I do not approve of such as are the friends of their wives' gallants, no more do I approve of your violent men whose indiscreet resentment, full of rage and fury, draws the eyes of all the world on them by its noise, and who seem, from their outbreaks, unwilling that any one should be ignorant of

what is wrong with them. There is a mean between these extremes, where a wise man stops in such a case. When we know how to take it there is no reason to blush for the worst a woman can do to us. In short, say what you will, cuckolding may easily be made to seem less terrible; and as I told you before all your dexterity lies in being able to turn the best side outwards.

AR. After this fine harangue all the brotherhood owes your worship thanks; any one who hears you speak will be delighted to enroll himself.

CH. I do not say that; for that is what I have found fault with. But as fortune gives us a wife I say that we should act as we do when we gamble with dice, when, if you do not get what you want, you must be shrewd and good-tempered, to amend your luck by good management.¹²

AR. That is, sleep and eat well, and persuade yourself that it is all nothing.

CH. You think to make a joke of it; but, to be candid, I know a hundred things in the world more to be dreaded, and which I should think a much greater misfortune, than the accident you are so grievously afraid of. Do you think that in choosing between the two alternatives I should not prefer to be what you say, rather than see myself married to one of those good creatures whose ill-humor makes a quarrel out of nothing—those dragons of virtue, those respectable she-devils, ever piquing themselves on their wise conduct, who because they do not do us a trifling wrong take on themselves to behave haughtily, and because they are faithful to us expect that we should bear everything from them? Once more, my friend, know that cuckoldom is just what we make of it, that on some accounts it is even to be desired, and that it has its pleasures like other things.

AR. If you are of a mind to be satisfied with it I am not disposed to try it myself; and rather than submit to such a thing . . .

CH. Bless me! do not swear, lest you should be foresworn. If fate has willed it your precautions are useless; and your advice will not be taken in the matter.

AR. I!—I a cuckold!

CH. You are in a bad way. A thousand folks are so—I mean no offense—who, for bearing, courage, fortune and family, would scorn comparison with you.

AR. And I, on my side, will not draw comparisons with them. But, let me tell you, this pleasantry annoys me. Let us have done with it if you please.

CH. You are in a passion. We shall know the cause. Good-bye; but remember, whatever your honor prompts you to do in this business, to swear you will never be what we have talked of is half-way towards being it.

AR. And I swear it again! I am going this instant to find a good remedy against such an accident.

SCENE IX.—ARNOLPHE, ALAIN, GEORGETTE.

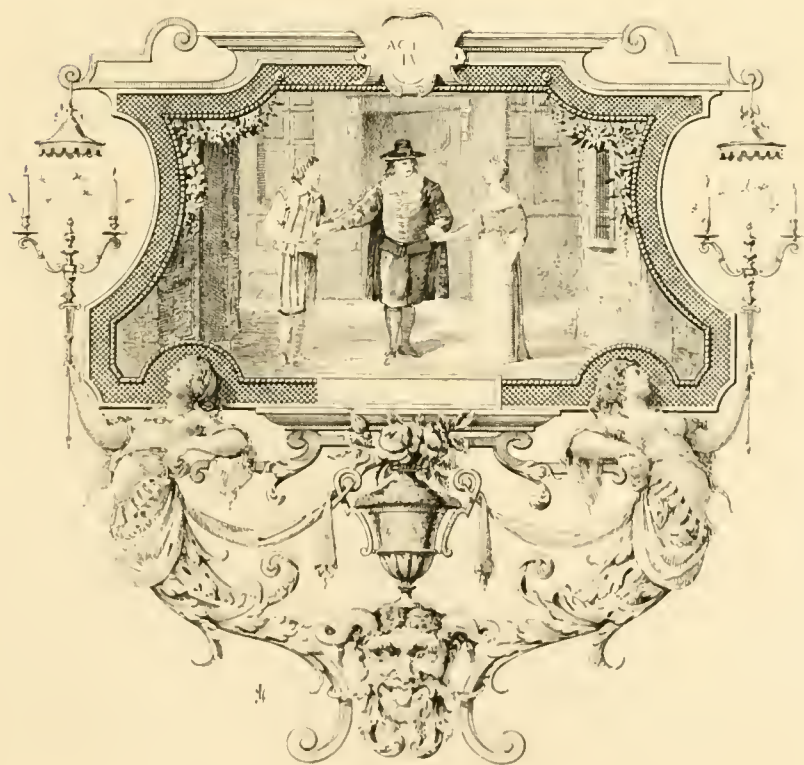
AR. My friends, now is the time that I beg your assistance. I am touched by your affection; but it must be well proved on this occasion; and if you serve me in this, as I am sure you will, you may count on your reward. The man you wot of (but not a word!) seeks, as I understand, to trick me this very night, and enter by a ladder into Agnes' room. But we three must lay a trap for him. I would have each of you take a good cudgel, and when he shall be nearly on the top round of the ladder (for I shall open the window at the

proper time), both of you shall fall on the rascal for me, so that his back may be sure to remember it, in order that he may learn never to come here again. Yet do it without naming me in any way, or making it appear that I am behind. Would you have the courage to execute my resentment?

AL. If the thrashing is all, sir, rely on us. You shall see, when I beat, if I am a slow coach.

GEO. Though my arm may not look so strong it shall play its part in the drubbing.

AR. Get you in, then; and above all, mind you do not chatter. (*Alone.*) This is a useful lesson for my neighbors; if all the husbands in town were to receive their wives' gallants in this fashion the number of cuckolds would not be so great.





ACT V.

SCENE I.—ARNOLPHE, ALAIN, GEORGETTE.

AR. Wretches! what have you done by your violence?

AL. We have obeyed you, sir.

AR. It is of no use trying to defend yourselves by such an excuse. My orders were to beat him, not to murder him. I told you to discharge your blows on his back, and not on his head.¹³ Good heavens! into what a plight my fate has now thrown me! And what course can I take as the man is dead? Go into the house, and be sure to say nothing of the harmless order that I gave you. (*Alone.*) It will be daylight presently, and I shall go and consider how to bear myself under this

misfortune. Alas! what will become of me? And what will Horace's father say when he shall suddenly hear of this affair?

SCENE II.—ARNOLPHE, HORACE.

HOR. (*Aside.*) I must go and make out who it is.

AR. (*Thinking himself alone.*) Could one ever have foreseen . . . (*Running against Horace.*) Who is there, pray?

HOR. Is it you, Mr. Arnolphe?

AR. Yes; but who are you?

HOR. Horace. I was going to your house to beg a favor. You are out very early.

AR. (*To himself aside.*) Wonderful! Is it magic? Is it a vision?

HOR. To tell the truth I was in a great difficulty; I thank Heaven's great goodness that at the nick of time I thus meet you. Let me tell you that everything has succeeded, much better even than I could have predicted, and by an accident which might have spoiled all. I do not know how our appointment could possibly have been suspected; but just as I was reaching the window I unluckily saw some persons, who, unceremoniously raising their hand against me, made me miss my footing, and fall to the ground, which, at the expense of a bruise, saved me from a score of blows. These people, of whom I fancy my jealous rival was one, attributed my fall to their blows, and as the pain compelled me to lie for some time motionless, they honestly thought they had killed me, and were greatly alarmed. I heard all their noise in profound silence. Each, accusing the other of the violence, and complaining of their ill-fortune, came softly, without a light, to feel if I were dead. You may imagine that I contrived in the darkness of night to assume the appearance of a real corpse. They went away in great terror; and as I was thinking how I should make my escape, the young Agnes, frightened by my pretended death, came to me in great concern. For the talking of those people had reached her ears from the very first, and being unobserved during all this commotion she easily escaped from the house. But finding me unhurt she displayed a transport which it would be difficult to describe. What more need I say? The lovely girl obeyed the promptings of her affection, would not return

to her room, and committed her fate to my honor. You may judge from this instance of innocence to what she is exposed by the mad intolerance of a fool, and what frightful risks she might have run if I were a man to hold her less dear than I do. But too pure a passion fills my soul; I would rather die than wrong her. I see in her charms worthy of a better fate, and naught but death shall part us. I foresee the rage my father will be in. But we must find an opportunity to appease his anger. I cannot help being transported by charms so delightful; and, in short, we must in this life be satisfied with our lot. What I wish you to do, as a confidential friend, is to let me place this beauty under your care; and that, in the interest of my love, you will conceal her in your house for at least a day or two. For, besides that I must conceal her flight from every one to prevent any successful pursuit of her, you know that a young girl, especially such a beautiful one, would be strongly suspected in the company of a young man; and as I have trusted the whole secret of my passion to you, being assured of your prudence, so to you only, as a generous friend, can I confide this beloved treasure.

AR. Be assured I am entirely at your service.

HOR. You will really do me so great a favor?

AR. Very willingly, I tell you; I am delighted at the opportunity of serving you. I thank Heaven for putting it in my way; I never did anything with so much pleasure.

HOR. How much I am obliged to you for all your kindness! I feared a difficulty on your part: but you know the world, and your wisdom can excuse the ardor of youth. One of my servants is with her at the corner of this street.

AR. But how shall we manage, for day begins to break? If I take her here I may be seen; and if you come to my house the servants will talk. To take a safe course you must bring her to me in a darker place. That alley of mine is convenient; I shall wait for her there.

HOR. It is quite right to use these precautions. I shall only place her in your hands, and return at once to my lodgings without more ado.

AR. (*Alone.*) Ah, fortune! This propitious accident makes amends for all the mischief which your caprice has done!

(*He muffles himself up in his cloak.*)

—

SCENE III.—AGNES, HORACE, ARNOLPHE.

AR. (*To Agnes.*) Do not be uneasy at the place I am taking you to. I conduct you to a safe abode. It would ruin all for you to lodge with me. Go in at this door, and follow where you are led. (*Arnolphe takes her hand, without being recognized by her.*)

AG. (*To Horace.*) Why do you leave me?

HOR. Dear Agnes, it must be so.

AG. Remember, then, I pray you to return soon.

HOR. My love urges me sufficiently for that.

AG. I feel no joy but when I see you.

HOR. Away from you I also am sad.

AG. Alas, if that were so, you would stay here.

HOR. What! Can you doubt my excessive love?

AG. No; you do not love me as much as I love you! Ah! he is pulling me too hard!

(*Arnolphe pulls her away.*)

HOR. It is because it is dangerous, dear Agnes, for us to be seen together here; this true friend, whose hand draws you away, acts with the prudent zeal that inspires him on our behalf.

AG. But to follow a stranger . . .

HOR. Fear nothing. In such hands you cannot but be safe.

AG. I would rather be in Horace's; and I should . . . (*To Arnolphe, who still drags her away.*) Stay a little.

HOR. Farewell. The day drives me away.

AG. When shall I see you, then?

HOR. Very soon, you may be sure.

AG. How weary I shall be till I do!

HOR. (*Going.*) Thank Heaven, my happiness is no longer in suspense! now I can sleep securely.

—

SCENE IV.—ARNOLPHE, AGNES.

AR. (*Concealed by his cloak, and disguising his voice.*) Come; it is not there you are going to lodge. I have provided a room for you elsewhere, and intend to place you where you will be safe enough. (*Discovering himself.*) Do you know me?

AG. Ah!

AR. My face frightens you now, hussy; it is a disappointment to you to see me here. I interrupt your love and its pretty contrivances. (*Agnes looks for Horace.*) Do not imagine you can call your lover to your aid

with those eyes of yours; he is too far off to give you any assistance. So, so! young as you are, you can play such pranks. Your simplicity, that seemed so extraordinary, asks if infants came through the ear; yet you manage to make an assignation by night, and to slink out silently in order to follow your gallant! Gad, how coaxing your tongue was with him! You must have been at a good school. Who the deuce has taught you so much all on a sudden? You are no longer afraid then to meet ghosts; this gallant has given you courage in the night time. Ah, baggage, to arrive at such a pitch of deceit! To form such a plot in spite of all my kindness! Little serpent that I have warmed in my bosom, and that as soon as it feels it is alive, tries ungratefully to injure him that cherished it!

AG. Why do you scold me?

AR. Of a truth, I do wrong!

AG. I am not conscious of harm in all that I have done.

AR. To run after a gallant is not then an infamous thing?

AG. He is one who says he wishes to marry me. I followed your directions; you have taught me that we ought to marry in order to avoid sin.

AR. Yes; but I meant to take you to wife myself; I think I gave you to understand it clearly enough.

AG. You did. But, to be frank with you, he is more to my taste for a husband than you. With you marriage is a trouble and a pain, and your descriptions give a terrible picture of it; but there—he makes it seem so full of joy that I long to marry.

AR. Oh, traitress, that is because you love him!

AG. Yes, I love him.

AR. And you have the impudence to tell me so!

AG. Why, if it is true, should I not say so?

AR. Ought you to love him, minx?

AG. Alas! can I help it? He alone is the cause of it; I was not thinking of it when it came about.

AR. But you ought to have driven away that amorous desire.

AG. How can we drive away what gives us pleasure?

AR. And did you not know that it would displease me?

AG. I? Not at all. What harm can it do you?

AR. True. I ought to rejoice at it. You do not love me then after all?

AG. You?

AR. Yes.

AG. Alack! no.

AR. How! No?

AG. Would you have me tell a fib?

AR. Why not love me, Madam Impudence?

AG. Heaven! you ought not to blame me. Why did you not make yourself loved, as he has done? I did not prevent you, I fancy.

AR. I tried all I could; but all my pains were to no purpose.

AG. Of a truth then he knows more about it than you; for he had no difficulty in making himself loved.

AR. (*Aside.*) See how the jade reasons and retorts! Plague! could one of your witty ladies say more about it? Ah, I was a dolt; or else, on my honor, a fool of a girl knows more than the wisest man. (*To Agnes.*) Since you are so good at reasoning, Madam Chop-logic, should I have maintained you so long for his benefit?

AG. No. He will pay you back even to the last farthing.¹⁴

AR. (*Aside.*) She hits on words that double my vexation. (*Aloud.*) With all his ability, hussy, will he discharge me the obligations that you owe me?

AG. I do not owe you so much as you may think.

AR. Was the care of bringing you up nothing?

AG. Verily, you have been at great pains there, and have caused me to be finely taught throughout. Do you think I flatter myself so far as not to know in my own mind that I am an ignoramus? I am ashamed of myself, and at my age I do not wish to pass any longer for a fool if I can help it.

AR. You shrink from ignorance, and would learn something of your spark, at any cost.

AG. To be sure. It is from him I know what I do know; I fancy I owe him much more than you.

AR. Really, what prevents me from revenging this saucy talk with a cuff? I am enraged at the sight of her provoking coldness: and to beat her would be a satisfaction to me.

AG. Ah, you can do that if you choose.

AR. (*Aside.*) That speech and that look disarm my fury, and bring back the tenderness to my heart which effaces all her guilt. How strange it is to be in love! To think that men should be subject to such weakness for these traitresses! Every one knows their imperfection. They are extravagant and indiscreet. Their mind is wicked and their understanding weak. There is naught weaker, more imbecile, more faithless; and, in spite of all, everything in the world is done for the sake of these bipeds. (*To Agnes.*) Well, let us make peace. Listen, little wretch, I forgive all, and restore you to my affection. Learn thus how much I love you; and seeing me so good love me in return.

AG. With all my heart I should like to please you if it were in my power.

AR. Poor little darling, you can if you will. Just listen to this sigh of love. See this dying look, behold my person, and forsake this young coxcomb and the love he inspires. He must have thrown some spell over you, and you will be a hundred times happier with me. Your desire is to be finely dressed and frolicsome; then I swear you shall ever be so; I will fondle you night and day, I will hug you, kiss you, devour you; you shall do everything you have a mind to. I do not enter into particulars; and that is saying everything. (*Aside.*) To what length will my passion go? (*Aloud.*) In short, nothing can equal my love. What proof would you have me give you, ungrateful girl? Would you have me weep? Shall I beat myself? Shall I tear out one-half of my hair? Shall I kill myself? Yes, say so if you will. I am quite ready, cruel creature, to convince you of my love.

AG. Stay. All you say does not touch my heart. Horace could do more with a couple of words.

AR. Ah, this is too great an insult, and provokes my anger too far. I will pursue my design, you intractable brute, and will pack you out of the town forthwith. You reject my addresses and drive me to extremities: but the innermost cell of a convent shall avenge me of all.¹⁵

SCENE V.—ARNOLPIE, AGNES, ALAIN.

AL. I do not know how it is, master, but it seems to me that Agnes and the corpse have run away together.

AR. She is here. Go and shut her up in my room. (*Aside.*) Horace will not come here to see her. Besides, it is only for half an hour. (*To Alain.*) Go and get a carriage, for I mean to find her a safe dwelling. Shut yourselves safely in, and, above all, do not take your eyes off her. (*Alone.*) Perhaps when her mind is buried in solitude, she will be disabused of this passion.

SCENE VI.—HORACE, ARNOLPHE.

HOR. Oh, I come here, plunged in grief. Heaven, Mr. Arnolphe, has decreed my ill-fortune! By a fatal stroke of extreme justice I am to be torn away from the beauty whom I love. My father arrived this very evening. I found him alighting close by. In a word the reason of his coming, with which, as I said, I was unacquainted, is, that he has made a match for me, without a word of warning; he has arrived here to celebrate the nuptials. Feel for my anxiety, and judge if a more cruel disappointment could happen to me. That Enrique, whom I asked you about yesterday, is the source of all my trouble. He has come with my father to complete my ruin; it is for his only daughter that I am destined. I thought I should have swooned when they first spoke of it; not caring to hear more, as my father spoke of paying you a visit, I hurried here before him, my mind full of consternation. I pray you be sure not to let him know anything of my engagement, which might incense him; and try, since he has confidence in you, to dissuade him from this other match.

AR. Ay, to be sure!

HOR. Advise him to delay; and thus, like a friend, help me in my passion.

AR. No fear!

HOR. All my hope is in you.

AR. It could not be better placed.

HOR. I look on you as my real father. Tell him that my age . . . Ah, I see him coming! Hear the arguments I can supply you with.

SCENE VII.—ENRIQUE, ORONTE, CHRYSALDE, HORACE, ARNOLPHE.

(*Horace and Arnolphe retire to the back of the stage and whisper together.*)

EN. (*To Chrysalde.*) As soon as I saw you, before any one could tell me, I should have known you. I recognize in your face the features of your lovely sister, whom marriage made mine in former days. Happy should I have been if cruel fate had permitted me to bring back that faithful wife to enjoy with me the great delight of seeing once more, after our continual misfortunes, all her former friends. But since the irresistible power of destiny has forever deprived us of her dear presence, let us try to submit, and to be content with the only fruit of love which remains to me. It concerns you nearly; without your consent I should do wrong in wishing to dispose of this pledge. The choice of the son of Oronte is honorable in itself; but you must be pleased with this choice as well as I.

CH. It would argue a poor opinion of my judgment to doubt my approbation of so reasonable a choice.

AR. (*Aside to Horace.*) Ay, I will serve you finely!

HOR. Beware, once more . . .

AR. Have no uneasiness. (*Leaves Horace, and goes up to embrace Oronte.*)

OR. Ah, this is indeed a tender embrace.

AR. How delighted I am to see you!

OR. I am come here . . .

AR. I know what brings you without your telling me.

OR. You have already heard?

AR. Yes.

OR. So much the better.

AR. Your son is opposed to this match; his heart being pre-engaged, he looks on it as a misfortune. He has even prayed me to dissuade you from it; for my part, all the advice I can give you is to exert a father's authority and not allow the marriage to be delayed. Young people should be managed with a high hand; we do them harm by being indulgent.

HOR. (*Aside.*) Oh, the traitor!

CH. If it is repugnant to him, I think we ought not to force him. I think my brother will be of my mind.

AR. What? Will he let himself be ruled by his son? Would you have a father so weak as to be unable to make his son obey him? It would be fine indeed to see him at his time of life receiving orders from one who ought to receive them from him. No, no, he is my intimate friend, and his honor is my own. His word is passed, and he must keep it. Let him now display his firmness, and control his son's affections.

OR. You speak well; in this match I will answer for my son's obedience.

CH. (*To Arnolphe.*) I am indeed surprised at the great eagerness which you show for this marriage, and cannot guess what is your motive . . .

AR. I know what I am about, and speak sensibly.

OR. Yes, yes, Mr. Arnolphe; he is . . .

CH. That name annoys him. He is Monsieur de la Souche, as you were told before.

OR. It makes no difference.

HOR. (*Aside.*) What do I hear?

AR. (*Turning to Horace.*) Ay, that is the mystery; you can judge as to what it behooved me to do.

HOR. (*Aside.*) What a scrape . . .

SCENE VIII.—ENRIQUE, ORONTE, CHRYSALDE, HORACE, ARNOLPHE, GEORGETTE.

GEO. Sir, if you do not come we shall scarcely be able to hold Agnes; she is trying all she can to get away; I fear she will throw herself out of the window.

AR. Bring her to me, for I mean to take her away. (*To Horace.*) Do not be disturbed. Continual good fortune makes a man proud. Every dog has his day as the proverb says.

HOR. (*Aside.*) Good Heaven, what misfortune can equal mine? Was ever a man in such a mess as this?

AR. (*To Oronte.*) Hasten the day of the ceremony. I am bent on it, and invite myself beforehand.

OR. That is just my intention.

SCENE IX.—AGNES, ORONTE, ENRIQUE, ARNOLPHE, HORACE, CHRYSALDE, ALAIN, GEORGETTE.

AR. (*To Agnes.*) Come hither, my beauty, whom they cannot hold, and who rebels.

Here is your gallant, to whom to make amends you may make a sweet and humble courtesy. (*To Horace.*) Farewell. The issue rather thwarts your desires; but all lovers are not fortunate.

AG. Horace, will you let me be carried off in this manner?

HOR. I scarcely know where I am, my sorrow is so great.

AR. Come along, chatterbox.

AG. I shall stay here.

OR. Tell us the meaning of this mystery. We are all staring at each other without being able to understand it.

AR. I shall inform you at a more convenient time. Till then, good-bye.

OR. Where are you going? You do not speak to us as you should.

AR. I have advised you to complete the marriage; let Horace grumble as much as he likes.

OR. Ay; but to complete it, have you not heard—if they have told you all—that the lady concerned in this affair is in your house?—that she is the daughter of Enrique and of the lovely Angelica, who were privately married? Now, what was at the bottom of your talk just now?

CH. I too was astonished at his proceedings.

AR. What?

CH. My sister had a daughter by a secret marriage, whose existence was concealed from the whole family.

OR. And in order that nothing might be discovered she was put out to nurse in the country by her husband, under a feigned name.

CH. At that time, fortune being against him, he was compelled to quit his native land.

OR. To encounter a thousand various dangers in far-distant countries, and beyond many seas.

CH. Where his industry has acquired what in his own land he lost through roguery and envy.

OR. And when he returned to France the first thing he did was to seek out her to whom he had confided the care of his daughter.

CH. This country-woman frankly told him that she had committed her to your keeping from the age of four.

OR. And that she did it because she received money from you, and was very poor.

CH. Oronte, transported with joy, has even brought this woman hither.

OR. In short, you shall see her here directly to clear up this mystery to every one.

CH. (*To Arnolphe.*) I can almost imagine what is the cause of your grief; but fortune is kind to you. If it seems so good to you not to be a cuckold, your only course is not to marry.

AR. (*Going away full of rage, and unable to speak.*) Ugh! ugh! ugh!

SCENE LAST.—ENRIQUE, ORONTE, CHRYSALDE, AGNES, HORACE.

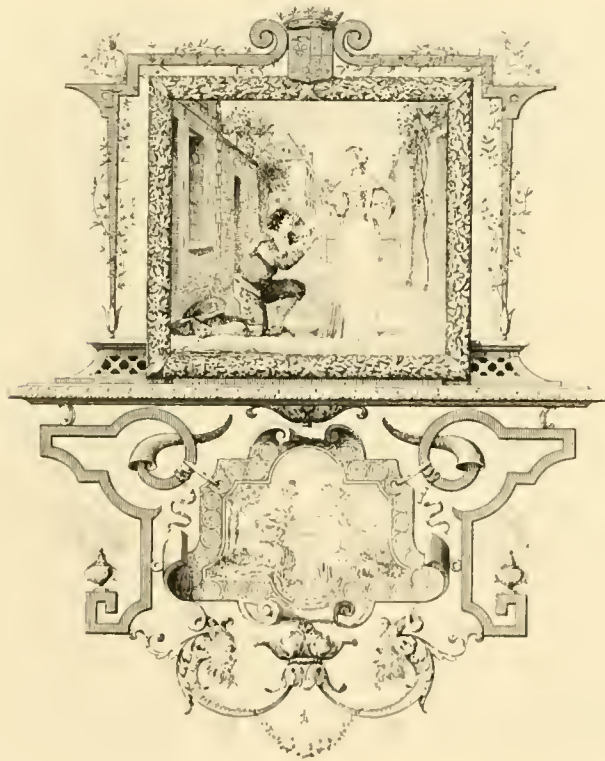
OR. Why does he run away without saying a word?

HOR. Ah, father, you shall know the whole of this surprising mystery. Accident has done here what your wisdom intended. I had engaged myself to this beauty in the sweet bonds of mutual love; it is she, in a word,

whom you come to seek, and for whose sake I was about to grieve you by my refusal.

EX. I was sure of it as soon as I saw her; my heart has yearned for her ever since. Ah, daughter, I am overcome by such tender transports!

CH. I could be so, brother, just as well as you. But this is hardly the place for it. Let us go inside, and clear up these mysteries. Let us show our friend some return for his great pains, and thank Heaven, which orders all for the best.



NOTES

¹ This part was played by Molière himself.

² See note 18, *The Pretentious Young Ladies*.

³ In France there was, and may be still, a kind of round game which consists in replying with a word ending in *on* to the question, *Que met on dans mon corbillon?*—(what is put into my little basket?) The supposed answer of Agnes, “A cream tart,” though it does not rhyme with *corbillon*, may come natural enough, because the *corbillon* was a kind of basket in which pastry-cooks took home pastry to their customers.

⁴ In the fifth chapter of the third book of Rabelais’ *Pantagruel: How Pantagruel altogether abhorreth the debtors and borrowers*, we find: “I understand you very well, quoth Pantagruel, and take you to be very good at topics, and thoroughly affectioned to your own cause. But preach it up and patrocinate it, prattle on it, and defend it as much as you will, even from hence to the next Whitsuntide, if you please so to do, yet in the end will you be astonished to find how you shall have gained no ground at all upon me, nor persuaded me . . . never so little.”

⁵ Arnulphus was in the middle ages considered the patron saint of deceived husbands; this belief was not wholly forgotten in the seventeenth century: hence the dislike of Arnolphe to his name.

⁶ Some contemporaries of Molière imagined he alluded to Thomas Corneille, or to Charles Sorel, the author of *Françion*, who, it is said, had both adopted the name of M. de l’Isle.—As Mr. Big Peter (*Gros-Pierre*) had made of his rood of land a kind of island, he thought he had a right to call himself after an isle.

⁷ The story is in Plutarch, and is told of Athenodorus from Tarsus and Augustus; only the stoic philosopher advised the Roman emperor never to undertake anything until he had said twenty-four letters to himself. The Emperor was so grateful for this advice that he kept Athenodorus another year, and at last dismissed him with a rich reward, quoting a line from Simonides, imitated by Horace in the second ode of the third book: There is a certain reward even for silence.

⁸ The original has *beaux blondins*. See note 4, *The School for Husbands*.

⁹ The original has *blondin séducteur*. See note 4, *The School for Husbands*.

¹⁰ The clipping of coin was very common at that time. The golden crown was then worth five livres four sous, and would be now of the value of ten francs and a half.

¹¹ *Préciput* is an advantage stipulated by the marriage-contract, in favor of the survivor, and which is taken from the joint fund before the property is divided.

¹² This is from Terence’s *Adelphi*, Act iv, Scene 8, where he says: Life is like a game where dice are employed. If we do not get the chance we need the science of the player ought to correct fate. It may perhaps not be unnecessary to hint that the whole of Chrysalde’s speeches are meant ironically, and are an imitation of the ancient *fabliaux* and of Rabelais.

¹³ This is imitated by Otway in *The Soldier’s Fortune* (Act iv, Scene the last), when Lady Dunce and Sir Jolly Jumble accuse Sir Davy Dunce of having ordered Beaugard to be killed, and Sir Davy answers: “As I hope to be saved, neighbor, I only bargained with ’em to bastinado him in a way, or so, as one Friend might do to another; but do you say that he is dead?”

¹⁴ In the original *jusqu’ au dernier double*. A *double* was a small coin, worth two *deniers*, of which twelve made one *sou*; twenty *sous* made a *livre*, and eleven *livres* a golden *louis*.

¹⁵ Molière probably puts in the mouth of Arnolphe the doubts and fears that beset himself after a few months of his marriage with Armende BÉjart, who was about half his age. This comedy was written in the summer of 1662, and was performed on the 26th of December, whilst Molière was married on the 20th of February of the same year. (See Introductory Notice.)

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

	<i>After</i>	
THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES	Jacques Leman	5
TITLE OF 1663	" "	7
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ	" "	18
ARNOLPHE AND AGNES Act I	" "	19
ARNOLPHE, AGNES, ALAIN AND GEORGETTE . . Act I, Scene IV	Edm. Hédouin	22
HORACE AND ARNOLPHE Act I, Scene VI	Jacques Leman	26
ARNOLPHE, AGNES, ALAIN AND GEORGETTE . . Act II, Scene VI	" "	27
HORACE AND AGNES Act II, Scene VI	" "	32
AGNES AND ARNOLPHE Act III, Scene II	" "	33
AGNES AND ARNOLPHE Act III, Scene II	" "	34
HORACE AND ARNOLPHE Act III, Scene IV	" "	39
ARNOLPHE AND A NOTARY Act IV, Scene II	" "	41
ARNOLPHE, ALAIN AND GEORGETTE Act IV, Scene IV	" "	47
ARNOLPHE, AGNES AND HORACE Act V, Scene III	" "	49
ARNOLPHE AND AGNES Act V, Scene IV	" "	57



PQ1825 E5V3 v.3
Moliere, 1622-1673
The works of Moliere.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



D 000 373 496 9

