

ЖАН-БАТИСТ МОЛЬЕР

THE
IMAGINARY
INVALID

Жан-Батист Мольер
The Imaginary Invalid

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Мольер Ж.

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Molière

The Imaginary Invalid

This is the last comedy written by Molière. He was very ill, nearly dying, at the time he wrote it. It was first acted at the Palais Royal Theatre, on February 10, 1673.

Molière acted the part of Argan.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Argan, an imaginary invalid.

Béline, second wife to Argan.

Angélique, daughter to Argan, in love with Cléante.

Louison, Argan's young daughter, sister to Angélique.

Béralde, brother to Argan.

Cléante, lover to Angélique.

Mr. Diafoirus, a physician.

Thomas Diafoirus, his son, in love with Angélique.

Mr. Purgon, physician to Argan.

Mr. Fleurant, an apothecary.

Mr. de Bonnefoi, a notary.

Toinette, maid-servant to Argan.

ACT I

SCENE I. – ARGAN

(sitting at a table, adding up his apothecary's bill with counters)

Arg. Three and two make five, and five make ten, and ten make twenty. "Item, on the 24th, a small, insinuating clyster, preparative and gentle, to soften, moisten, and refresh the bowels of Mr. Argan." What I like about Mr. Fleurant, my apothecary, is that his bills are always civil. "The bowels of Mr. Argan." All the same, Mr. Fleurant, it is not enough to be civil, you must also be reasonable, and not plunder sick people. Thirty sous for a clyster! I have already told you, with all due respect to you, that elsewhere you have only charged me twenty sous; and twenty sous, in the language of apothecaries, means only ten sous. Here they are, these ten sous. "Item, on the said day, a good detergent clyster, compounded of double catholicon rhubarb, honey of roses, and other ingredients, according to the prescription, to scour, work, and clear out the bowels of Mr. Argan, thirty sous." With your leave, ten sous. "Item, on the said day, in the evening, a julep, hepatic, soporiferous, and somniferous, intended to promote the sleep of Mr. Argan, thirty-five sous." I do not complain of that, for it made me sleep very well. Ten, fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen sous six deniers. "Item, on the 25th, a good purgative and corroborative mixture, composed of fresh cassia with Levantine senna and other ingredients, according to the prescription of Mr. Purgon, to expel Mr. Argan's bile, four francs." You are joking, Mr. Fleurant; you must learn to be reasonable with patients; Mr. Purgon never ordered you to put four francs. Tut! put three francs, if you please. Twenty; thirty sous.¹ "Item, on the said day, a dose, anodyne and astringent, to make Mr. Argan sleep, thirty sous." Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant. "Item, on the 26th, a carminative clyster to cure the flatulence of Mr. Argan, thirty sous." "Item, the clyster repeated in the evening, as above, thirty sous." Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant. "Item, on the 27th, a good mixture composed for the purpose of driving out the bad humours of Mr. Argan, three francs." Good; twenty and thirty sous; I am glad that you are reasonable. "Item, on the 28th, a dose of clarified and edulcorated whey, to soften, lenify, temper, and refresh the blood of Mr. Argan, twenty sous." Good; ten sous. "Item, a potion, cordial and preservative, composed of twelve grains of bezoar, syrup of citrons and pomegranates, and other ingredients, according to the prescription, five francs." Ah! Mr. Fleurant, gently, if you please; if you go on like that, no one will wish to be unwell. Be satisfied with four francs. Twenty, forty sous. Three and two are five, and five are ten, and ten are twenty. Sixty-three francs four sous six deniers. So that during this month I have taken one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight mixtures, and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve clysters; and last month there were twelve mixtures and twenty clysters. I am not astonished, therefore, that I am not so well this month as last. I shall speak to Mr. Purgon about it, so that he may set the matter right. Come, let all this be taken away. *(He sees that no one comes, and that he is alone.)* Nobody. It's no use, I am always left alone; there's no way of keeping them here. *(He rings a hand-bell.)* They don't hear, and my bell doesn't make enough noise. *(He rings again.)* No one. *(He rings again.)* Toinette! *(He rings again.)* It's just as if I didn't ring at all. You hussy! you jade! *(He rings again.)* Confound it all! *(He rings and shouts.)* Deuce take you, you wretch!

¹ As usual, Argan only counts half; even after he has reduced the charge.

SCENE II. – ARGAN, TOINETTE

Toi. Coming, coming.

Arg. Ah! you jade, you wretch!

Toi. (*pretending to have knocked her head*). Bother your impatience! You hurry me so much that I have knocked my head against the window-shutter.

Arg. (*angry*). You vixen!

Toi. (*interrupting Argan*). Oh!

Arg. There is ...

Toi. Oh!

Arg. For the last hour I ...

Toi. Oh!

Arg. You have left me ...

Toi. Oh!

Arg. Be silent! you baggage, and let me scold you.

Toi. Well! that's too bad after what I have done to myself.

Arg. You make me bawl till my throat is sore, you jade!

Toi. And you, you made me break my head open; one is just as bad as the other; so, with your leave, we are quits.

Arg. What! you hussy...

Toi. If you go on scolding me, I shall cry.

Arg. To leave me, you ...

Toi. (*again interrupting Argan.*) Oh!

Arg. You would ...

Toi. (*still interrupting him*). Oh!

Arg. What! shall I have also to give up the pleasure of scolding her?

Toi. Well, scold as much as you please; do as you like.

Arg. You prevent me, you hussy, by interrupting me every moment.

Toi. If you have the pleasure of scolding, I surely can have that of crying. Let every one have his fancy; 'tis but right. Oh! oh!

Arg. I must give it up, I suppose. Take this away, take this away, you jade. Be careful to have some broth ready, for the other that I am to take soon.

Toi. This Mr. Fleurant and Mr. Purgon amuse themselves finely with your body. They have a rare milch-cow in you, I must say; and I should like them to tell me what disease it is you have for them to physic you so.

Arg. Hold your tongue, simpleton; it is not for you to control the decrees of the faculty. Ask my daughter Angélique to come to me. I have something to tell her.

Toi. Here she is, coming of her own accord; she must have guessed your thoughts.

SCENE III. – ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE

Arg. You come just in time; I want to speak to you.

Ang. I am quite ready to hear you.

Arg. Wait a moment. (*To Toinette*) Give me my walking-stick; I'll come back directly.

Toi. Go, Sir, go quickly; Mr. Fleurant gives us plenty to do.

SCENE IV. – ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE

Ang. Toinette!

Toi. Well! what?

Ang. Look at me a little.

Toi. Well, I am looking at you.

Ang. Toinette!

Toi. Well! what, Toinette?

Ang. Don't you guess what I want to speak about?

Toi. Oh! yes, I have some slight idea that you want to speak of our young lover, for it is of him we have been speaking for the last six days, and you are not well unless you mention him at every turn.

Ang. Since you know what it is I want, why are you not the first to speak to me of him? and why do you not spare me the trouble of being the one to start the conversation?

Toi. You don't give me time, and you are so eager that it is difficult to be beforehand with you on the subject.

Ang. I acknowledge that I am never weary of speaking of him, and that my heart takes eager advantage of every moment I have to open my heart to you. But tell me, Toinette, do you blame the feelings I have towards him?

Toi. I am far from doing so.

Ang. Am I wrong in giving way to these sweet impressions?

Toi. I don't say that you are.

Ang. And would you have me insensible to the tender protestations of ardent love which he shows me?

Toi. Heaven forbid!

Ang. Tell me, do you not see, as I do, Something providential, some act of destiny in the unexpected adventure from which our acquaintance originated?

Toi. Yes.

Ang. That it is impossible to act more generously?

Toi. Agreed.

Ang. And that he did all this with the greatest possible grace?

Toi. Oh! yes.

Ang. Do you not think, Toinette, that he is very handsome?

Toi. Certainly.

Ang. That he has the best manners in the world?

Toi. No doubt about it.

Ang. That there is always something noble in what he says and what he does?

Toi. Most certainly.

Ang. That there never was anything more tender than all he says to me?

Toi. True.

Ang. And that there can be nothing more painful than the restraint under which I am kept? for it prevents all sweet intercourse, and puts an end to that mutual love with which Heaven has inspired us.

Toi. You are right.

Ang. But, dear Toinette, tell me, do you think that he loves me as much as he says he does?

Toi. Hum! That's a thing hardly to be trusted at any time. A show of love is sadly like the real thing, and I have met with very good actors in that line.

Ang. Ah! Toinette, what are you saying there? Alas! judging by the manner in which he speaks, is it possible that he is not telling the truth?

Toi. At any rate, you will soon be satisfied on this point, and the resolution which he says he has taken of asking you in marriage, is a sure and ready way of showing you if what he says is true or not. That is the all-sufficient proof.

Ang. Ah! Toinette, if he deceives me, I shall never in all my life believe in any man.

Toi. Here is your father coming back.

SCENE V. – ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE

Arg. I say, Angélique, I have a piece of news for you which, perhaps, you did not expect. You have been asked of me in marriage. Halloa! how is that? You are smiling. It is pleasant, is it not, that word marriage? there is nothing so funny to young girls. Ah! nature! nature! So, from what I see, daughter, there is no need of my asking you if you are willing to marry.

Ang. I ought to obey you in everything, father.

Arg. I am very glad to possess such an obedient daughter; the thing is settled then, and I have promised you.

Ang. It is my duty, father, blindly to follow all you determine upon for me.

Arg. My wife, your mother-in-law, wanted me to make a nun of you and of your little sister Louison also. She has always been bent upon that.

Toi. (aside). The excellent creature has her reasons.

Arg. She would not consent to this marriage; but I carried the day, and my word is given.

Toi. (to Argan). Really, I am pleased with you for that, and it is the wisest thing you ever did in your life.

Arg. I have not seen the person in question; but I am told that I shall be satisfied with him, and that you too will be satisfied.

Ang. Most certainly, father.

Arg. How! have you seen him then?

Ang. Since your consent to our marriage authorises me to open my heart to you, I will not hide from you that chance made us acquainted six days ago, and that the request which has been made to you is the result of the sympathy we felt for one another at first sight.

Arg. They did not tell me that; but I am glad of it; it is much better that things should be so. They say that he is a tall, well-made young fellow.

Ang. Yes, father.

Arg. Of a fine build.

Ang. Yes, indeed.

Arg. Pleasant.

Ang. Certainly.

Arg. A good face.

Ang. Very good.

Arg. Steady and of good family.

Ang. Quite.

Arg. With very good manners.

Ang. The best possible.

Arg. And speaks both Latin and Greek.

Ang. Ah! that I don't know anything about.

Arg. And that he will in three days be made a doctor.

Ang. He, father?

Arg. Yes; did he not tell you?

Ang. No, indeed! who told you?

Arg. Mr. Purgon.

Ang. Does Mr. Purgon know him?

Arg. What a question! Of course he knows him, since he is his nephew.

Ang. Cléante is the nephew of Mr. Purgon?

Arg. What Cléante? We are speaking about him who has asked you in marriage.

Ang. Yes, of course.

Arg. Well, he is the nephew of Mr. Purgon, and the son of his brother-in-law, Mr. Diafoirus; and this son is called Thomas Diafoirus, and not Cléante. Mr. Fleurant and I decided upon this match this morning, and to-morrow this future son-in-law will be brought to me by his father... What is the matter, you look all scared?

Ang. It is because, father, I see that you have been speaking of one person, and I of another.

Toi. What! Sir, you have formed such a queer project as that, and, with all the wealth you possess, you want to marry your daughter to a doctor?

Arg. What business is it of yours, you impudent jade?

Toi. Gently, gently. You always begin by abuse. Can we not reason together without getting into a rage? Come, let us speak quietly. What reason have you, if you please, for such a marriage?

Arg. My reason is, that seeing myself infirm and sick, I wish to have a son-in-law and relatives who are doctors, in order to secure their kind assistance in my illness, to have in my family the fountain-head of those remedies which are necessary to me, and to be within reach of consultations and prescriptions.

Toi. Very well; at least that is giving a reason, and there is a certain pleasure in answering one another calmly. But now, Sir, on your conscience, do you really and truly believe that you are ill?

Arg. Believe that I am ill, you jade? Believe that I am ill, you impudent hussy?

Toi. Very well, then, Sir, you are ill; don't let us quarrel about that. Yes, you are very ill, I agree with you upon that point, more ill even than you think. Now, is that settled? But your daughter is to marry a husband for herself, and as she is not ill, what is the use of giving her a doctor?

Arg. It is for my sake that I give her this doctor, and a good daughter ought to be delighted to marry for the sake of her father's health.

Toi. In good troth, Sir, shall I, as a friend, give you a piece of advice?

Arg. What is this advice?

Toi. Not to think of this match.

Arg. And your reason?

Toi. The reason is that your daughter will never consent to it.

Arg. My daughter will not consent to it?

Toi. No.

Arg. My daughter?

Toi. Your daughter. She will tell you that she has no need of Mr. Diafoirus, nor of his son, Mr. Thomas Diafoirus, nor all the Diafoiruses in the world.

Arg. But I have need of them. Besides, the match is more advantageous than you think. Mr. Diafoirus has only this son for his heir; and, moreover, Mr. Purgon, who has neither wife nor child, gives all he has in favour of this marriage; and Mr. Purgon is a man worth eight thousand francs a year.

Toi. What a lot of people he must have killed to have become so rich!

Arg. Eight thousand francs is something, without counting the property of the father.

Toi. That is very well, Sir, but, all the same, I advise you, between ourselves, to choose another husband for her; she is not of a make to become a Mrs. Diafoirus.

Arg. But I will have it so.

Toi. Fie! nonsense! Don't speak like that.

Arg. Don't speak like that? Why not?

Toi. Dear me, no, don't.

Arg. And why should I not speak like that?

Toi. People will say that you don't know what you are talking about.

Arg. People will say all they like, but I tell you that I will have her make my promise good.

Toi. I feel sure that she won't.

Arg. Then I will force her to do it.

Toi. She will not do it, I tell you.

Arg. She will, or I will shut her up in a convent.

Toi. You?

Arg. I.

Toi. Good!

Arg. How good?

Toi. You will not shut her up in a convent.

Arg. I shall not shut her up in a convent?

Toi. No.

Arg. No?

Toi. No.

Arg. Well, this is cool! I shall not put my daughter in a convent if I like!

Toi. No, I tell you.

Arg. And who will hinder me?

Toi. You yourself.

Arg. Myself?

Toi. You will never have the heart to do it.

Arg. I shall.

Toi. You are joking.

Arg. I am not joking.

Toi. Fatherly love will hinder you.

Arg. It will not hinder me.

Toi. A little tear or two, her arms thrown round your neck, Or "My darling little papa," said very tenderly, will be enough to touch your heart.

Arg. All that will be useless.

Toi. Oh yes!

Arg. I tell you that nothing will move me.

Toi. Rubbish!

Arg. You have no business to say "Rubbish."

Toi. I know you well enough; you are naturally kind-hearted.

Arg. (*angrily*). I am not kind-hearted, and I am ill-natured when I like.

Toi. Gently, Sir, you forget that you are ill.

Arg. I command her to prepare herself to take the husband I have fixed upon.

Toi. And I decidedly forbid her to do anything of the kind.

Arg. What have we come to? And what boldness is this for a scrub of a servant to speak in such a way before her master?

Toi. When a master does not consider what he is doing, a sensible servant should set him right.

Arg. (*running after Toinette*). Ah, impudent girl, I will kill you!

Toi. (*avoiding Argan, and putting the chair between her and him*). It is my duty to oppose what would be a dishonour to you.

Arg. (*running after Toinette with his cane in his hand*). Come here, come here, let me teach you how to speak.

Toi. (*running to the opposite side of the chair*). I interest myself in your affairs as I ought to do, and I don't wish to see you commit any folly.

Arg. (*as before*). Jade!

Toi. (*as before*). No, I will never consent to this marriage.

Arg. (*as before*). Worthless hussy!

Toi. (*as before*). I won't have her marry your Thomas Diafoirus.

Arg. (*as before*). Vixen!

Toi. (*as before*). She will obey me sooner than you.

Arg. (stopping). Angélique, won't you stop that jade for me?

Ang. Ah! father, don't make yourself ill.

Arg. (to Angélique). If you don't stop her, I will refuse you my blessing.

Toi. (going away). And I will disinherit her if she obeys you.

Arg. (throwing himself into his chair). Ah! I am done for. It is enough to kill me!

SCENE VI. – BÉLINE, ARGAN

Arg. Ah! come near, my wife.

Bel. What ails you, my poor, dear husband?

Arg. Come to my help.

Bel. What is the matter, my little darling child?

Arg. My love.

Bel. My love.

Arg. They have just put me in a rage.

Bel. Alas! my poor little husband! How was that, my own dear pet?

Arg. That jade of yours, Toinette, has grown more insolent than ever.

Bel. Don't excite yourself.

Arg. She has put me in a rage, my dove.

Bel. Gently, my child.

Arg. She has been thwarting me for the last hour about everything I want to do.

Bel. There, there; never mind.

Arg. And has had the impudence to say that I am not ill.

Bel. She is an impertinent hussy.

Arg. You know, my soul, what the truth is?

Bel. Yes, my darling, she is wrong.

Arg. My own dear, that jade will be the death of me.

Bel. Now, don't, don't.

Arg. She is the cause of all my bile.

Bel. Don't be so angry.

Arg. And I have asked you ever so many times to send her away.

Bel. Alas! my child, there is no servant without defects. We are obliged to put up at times with their bad qualities on account of their good ones. The girl is skilful, careful, diligent, and, above all, honest; and you know that in our days we must be very careful what people we take into our house. I say, Toinette.

SCENE VII. – ARGAN, BÉLINE, TOINETTE

Toi. Madam.

Bel. How is this? Why do you put my husband in a passion?

Toi. (*in a soft tone*). I, Madam? Alas! I don't know what you mean, and my only aim is to please master in everything.

Arg. Ah! the deceitful girl!

Toi. He said to us that he wished to marry his daughter to the son of Mr. Diafoirus. I told him that I thought the match very advantageous for her, but that I believed he would do better to put her in a convent.

Bel. There is not much harm in that, and I think that she is right.

Arg. Ah! deary, do you believe her? She is a vile girl, and has said a hundred insolent things to me.

Bel. Well, I believe you, my dear. Come, compose yourself; and you, Toinette, listen to me. If ever you make my husband angry again, I will send you away. Come, give me his fur cloak and some pillows, that I may make him comfortable in his arm-chair. You are all anyhow. Pull your night-cap right down over your ears; there is nothing that gives people such bad colds as letting in the air through the ears.

Arg. Ah, deary! how much obliged I am to you for all the care you take of me.

Bel. (*adjusting the pillows, which she puts round him*). Raise yourself a little for me to put this under you. Let us put this one for you to lean upon, and this one on the other side; this one behind your back, and this other to support your head.

Toi. (*clapping a pillow rudely on his head*). And this other to keep you from the evening damp.

Arg. (*rising angrily, and throwing the pillows after Toinette, who runs away*). Ah, wretch! you want to smother me.

SCENE VIII. – ARGAN, BÉLINE

Bel. Now, now; what is it again?

Arg. (*throwing himself in his chair*). Ah! I can hold out no longer.

Bel. But why do you fly into such a passion? she thought she was doing right.

Arg. You don't know, darling, the wickedness of that villainous baggage. She has altogether upset me, and I shall want more than eight different mixtures and twelve injections to remedy the evil.

Bel. Come, come, my dearie, compose yourself a little.

Arg. Lovey, you are my only consolation.

Bel. Poor little pet!

Arg. To repay you for all the love you have for me, my darling, I will, as I told you, make my will.

Bel. Ah, my soul! do not let us speak of that, I beseech you. I cannot bear to think of it, and the very word "will" makes me die of grief.

Arg. I had asked you to speak to our notary about it.

Bel. There he is, close at hand; I have brought him with me.

Arg. Make him come in then, my life!

Bel. Alas! my darling, when a woman loves her husband so much, she finds it almost impossible to think of these things.

SCENE IX. – MR. DE BONNEFOI, BÉLINE, ARGAN

Arg. Come here, Mr. de Bonnefoi, come here. Take a seat, if you please. My wife tells me, Sir, that you are a very honest man, and altogether one of her friends; I have therefore asked her to speak to you about a will which I wish to make.

Bel. Alas! I cannot speak of those things.

Mr. de Bon. She has fully explained to me your intentions, Sir, and what you mean to do for her. But I have to tell you that you can give nothing to your wife by will.

Arg. But why so?

Mr. de Bon. It is against custom. If you were in a district where statute law prevailed, the thing could be done; but in Paris, and in almost all places governed by custom, it cannot be done; and the will would be held void. The only settlement that man and wife can make on each other is by mutual donation while they are alive, and even then there must be no children from either that marriage or from any previous marriage at the decease of the first who dies.

Arg. It's a very impertinent custom that a husband can leave nothing to a wife whom he loves, by whom he is tenderly loved, and who takes so much care of him. I should like to consult my own advocate to see what I can do.

Mr. de Bon. It is not to an advocate that you must apply; for they are very particular on this point and think it a great crime to bestow one's property contrary to the law. They are people to make difficulties, and are ignorant of the bylaws of conscience. There are others whom you may consult with advantage on that point, and who have expedients for gently overriding the law, and for rendering just that which is not allowed. These know how to smooth over the difficulties of an affair, and to find the means of eluding custom by some indirect advantage. Without that, what would become of us every day? We must make things easy; otherwise we should do nothing, and I wouldn't give a penny for our business.

Arg. My wife had rightly told me, Sir, that you were a very clever and honest man. What can I do, pray, to give her my fortune and deprive my children of it?

Mr. de Bon. What you can do? You can discreetly choose a friend of your wife, to whom you will give all you own in due form by your will, and that friend will give it up to her afterwards; or else you can sign a great many safe bonds in favour of various creditors who will lend their names to your wife, and in whose hands they will leave a declaration that what was done was only to serve her. You can also in your lifetime put in her hands ready money and bills which you can make payable to bearer.

Bel. Alas! you must not trouble yourself about all that. If I lose you, my child, I will stay no longer in the world.

Arg. My darling!

Bel. Yes, my pet, if I were unfortunate enough to lose you ...

Arg. My dear wifey!

Bel. Life would be nothing to me.

Arg. My love!

Bel. And I would follow you to the grave, to show you all the tenderness I feel for you.

Arg. You will break my heart, deary; comfort yourself, I beseech you.

Mr. de Bon. (to BÉLINE). These tears are unseasonable; things have not come to that yet.

Bel. Ah, Sir! you don't know what it is to have a husband one loves tenderly.

Arg. All the regret I shall have, if I die, my darling, will be to have no child from you. Mr. Purgon told me he would make me have one.

Mr. de Bon. That may come still.

Arg. I must make my will, deary, according to what this gentleman advises; but, out of precaution, I will give you the twenty thousand francs in gold which I have in the wainscoting of the

recess of my room, and two bills payable to bearer which are due to me, one from Mr. Damon, the other from Mr. G ronte.

Bel. No, no! I will have nothing to do with all that. Ah! How much do you say there is in the recess?

Arg. Twenty thousand francs, darling.

Bel. Don't speak to me of your money, I beseech you. Ah! How much are the two bills for?

Arg. One, my love, is for four thousand francs, and the other for six thousand.

Bel. All the wealth in the world, my soul, is nothing to me compared to you.

Mr. de Bon. (to *Argan*). Shall we draw up the will?

Arg. Yes, Sir. But we shall be more comfortable in my own little study. Help me, my love.

Bel. Come, my poor, dear child.

SCENE X. – ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE

Toi. They are shut up with the notary, and I heard something about a will; your mother-in-law doesn't go to sleep; it is, no doubt, some conspiracy of hers against your interests to which she is urging your father.

Ang. Let him dispose of his money as he likes, as long as he does not dispose of my heart in the same way. You see, Toinette, to what violence it is subjected. Do not forsake me, I beseech you, in this my extremity.

Toi. I forsake you! I had rather die. In vain does your stepmother try to take me into her confidence, and make me espouse her interests. I never could like her, and I have always been on your side. Trust me, I will do every thing to serve you. But, in order to serve you more effectually, I shall change my tactics, hide my wish to help you, and affect to enter into the feelings of your father and your stepmother.

Ang. Try, I beseech you, to let Cléante know about the marriage they have decided upon.

Toi. I have nobody to employ for that duty but the old usurer Punchinello, my lover; it will cost me a few honeyed words, which I am most willing to spend for you. To-day it is too late for that, but to-morrow morning early I will send for him, and he will be delighted to ...

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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