THE TWO HARLEQUINS

***The elderly Gerontes seeks the hand of Isabella, and he enlists his servant, Harlequin, to assist; but confusion arises when Harlequin's twin brother unexpectedly arrives in town.***

Dramatis Personae

Isabella, a young lady of quality

Octavio, Isabella’s lover

Gerontes, an old man in love with Isabella

Pasquariel, Octavio’s servant, under the name Florio

Colombine, Isabella’s servant

Marinetta, Isabella’s servant

Harlequin Senior, Gerontes’ servant

Harlequin Junior, lately returned from Italy

Pierrot, a countryman

Piquelard, a scullion boy

A commissary

Archers

Scene; Paris

# ACT 1

**Scene 1**

Enter Gerontes, Harlequin.

HAR. I formerly thought you a wise man, sir, but indeed, to speak with the respect of a servant you cannot have the best suspicion of -- do you know how old you are? Have you well weighed this bold attempt for a man of sense, turned of sixty, to think of marriage?

GER. Why not? Do you take me for such an old fellow? I am gay, active, have a good stomach, and fire in my eyes yet; I have a house well furnished, am out of debt, and out of law; a widower, and have no children. If Isabella be a woman of sense, and considers withall that my bags are full, she’ll discount twenty years of my age.

HAR. But how will she agree to this discount? There are equipage, clothes, jewels, entertainments, for a young lady of beauty; and when this is all done, the husband will be mistaken if he cannot perform the rest.

GER. By compliments, endearments, particular care and tenderness, I shall make a shift to hide my faults, and cover my infirmities.

HAR. Ah, sir, what can an old man with his dry carcass do to a young heart susceptible of pleasure! This will do nothing at all -- if you will follow the fashion of the good husband’s nowadays, you must, without jealousy, compliment the lady and her gallants, see ‘em, and receive ‘em with open arms, hand ‘em a chair, fill a glass of wine to ‘em, and --

GER. -- Ah, this is too complying -- I take Isabella only for myself, and not for other people; and, to speak my mind, I shall not yield her up to a laced coat and feather, a courtier, or e’er a star and garter in the kingdom.

HAR. Then you will be both jealous and old, sir?

GER. No doubt on’t.

HAR. Jealous and old -- then the consequence is plain, and we’ve a thousand examples in all ages to convince us that a jealous man is at least half a cuckold. You should be more complying -- ‘tis out of fashion to be jealous in Paris, and would you be marked out for a monster of a husband? Yes, you’d be hooted at for a bare resolution of jealousy. Can’t you leave it to Fortune to take care of your forehead? For an impertinent jealousy does nothing but irritate Love, and brings the gallant on full speed to his wishes.

GER. And he that gives him the most liberty, runs the least hazard?

HAR. I find this is a nice point -- but if a man must swallow the bitter pill, betwixt the two extremes, which is best: to be a quiet beast, or a mad bull?

GER. Sirrah, do you make a jest of me? This cane shall correct your insolence.

HAR. Be not angry, I beseech you; if this prediction displeases you, I’ll not speak of your love as you would have me -- you love Isabella, and would marry her.

GER. I think I’m in the right on’t, and am not ashamed of my passion for her.

HAR. Faith, then -- ‘tis like master, like man! You love the mistress, and I love the maid. We must assist one another, and act in concert: that jade, Colombine, if she had been cunning, might have served you better; but you know well enough that all servants, especially on marriage affairs, expect to be paid -- some money, some service. ‘Tis only the golden key that opens the gates of love; give nothing, and the jade turns the deaf ear to you, but a handsome tender removes the deafness.

GER. See, here are any wife’s jewels, which I will bestow as a pledge of my passion; I would have them presented to my mistress. Do you engage Colombine, and tell her I design her ten pieces besides.

HAR. Ten pieces, how! There’s life in the cause. These old lovers always succeed by paying well; leave Colombine to me, and depend on my word, I’ll engage for her.

GER. Be gone, and manage your matters so, that I may not repent it.

**SCENE 2.**

Harlequin, alone.

When once an old man fancies he has charms enough to engage a woman, he is but one degree better than a fool. If by chance she seems to love him, ‘tis only to lull him asleep with fine words, while she drains his purse to bestow it on another. But in troubling my head with other people's amours, I all this time neglect my own. I love Colombine, and she loves me; or at least, has told me so, so often that I believe it; and a thousand oaths are convincing arguments that her only aim is to be my wife; and after the pleasure of drinking, she is the only object I adore, for Marinetta, Toinon, Margaret and Lisetta -- they may attempt my heart but will find themselves very much mistaken. And Harlequin is nothing without Colombine. Why then hath nature formed me so complete, that I am forced to see a thousand hearts in flames? Heavens! That I should thus purchase by torment the beauty bestowed on me! I can't so much as step abroad without being ogled and caressed: However, I am a rock, and will have no other mistress than her to whom I have given my heart. I hate all side-dishes in love. But I must go and deliver my Master's message -- see, there's somebody.

**SCENE 3.**

Enter Colombine.

COL. Who’s there?

HAR. I.

COL. What, Harlequin?

HAR. Colombine! My heart! The very little punch that I love; I am overjoyed at my good fortune to meet you; let me hug and kiss you.

COL. What fit’s come on you now? I think your love makes you a fool.

HAR. Not so neither; but see here, I have a present for you; do you see these ten new-coined pieces? Come come, they are not to be despised. Do you like ‘em? I’faith they are yours, if you will deserve them.

COL.Get you gone, you and your present too! Do you think to move my virtues with your money? You know I love you, but tell me, do you think to make Colombine yield at the chinking of your money? He must needs be the greatest of all fools that attempts, after such a manner, one whom he designs to marry.

HAR. You take me wrong, or, at least, I explain myself so -- Can you believe I would seduce Colombine, whom I would honor with any marriage-bed? And could you think me guilty of such an impertinence?

COL. Your compliment is indeed very fine and the flurry pretty enough; but, upon my word, you may try very safely, since you are the last man in the world I should make choice of for a husband.

HAR. Well let this discourse fall; will you do my masters service with your mistress? He has a mind to marry her: I know his age has rendered him impotent, but he is rich and generous and you must second him in his designs. What matters it if her land lies unwilled, so we make but a plentiful harvest. Take these ten pieces from him, and live in expectation of something better. See, here's a present for Isabella, the success of which my master (honest gentleman) leaves to your management. Do all that lies in your power, and use all the art and rhetoric in his favor.

COL. I’ll exceed, you shall see, all your expectation, and for the success trust me. Leave these jewels with me, and retire; but, by the bye, let me tell you, your business is hence for an answer, I shall expect you, fail not.

HAR. You shall see me; but I must sup with you out of these ten pieces, therefore get ready against night a leveret, a fine young turkey, and two bottles of neat wine.

COL. That I will with pleasure.

HAR. Farewell, you luscious jade.

COL. Farewell, thou pink of courtesy.

HAR. Farewell, thou shining pearl of chambermaids.

COL. How tedious are my hours, when you are from me.

HAR. I fly when I come to you, but when I leave you, creep like a snail.

COL. Farewell, Harlequin.

HAR. Farewell, my Colombine.

COL. Think of me.

HAR. Don’t forget supper.

Exit Harlequin.

**SCENE 4.**

Colombine, alone.

Gerontes loves Isabella; She is young, and he old, which is not, indeed, very agreeable; but as she is poor and wanton, and he rich and liberal, I can't see how she can do better; for of all evils, poverty is the worst. If you have no money, everyone turns his back on you, yet eat you must; and when the belly is empty, adieu to all the pleasures of love. When we are once married, we are settled; Therefore, we should think in time how we may make the pot boil; youth soon fades, a long purse will stick by us: and when age overtakes us, ‘tis then too late to repent of the pleasures we enjoyed by a beggarly marriage. Isabella must not refuse this offer: should she marry a poor young officer, or a lord who is all embroidered with silver and mortgages his land, she must be left exposed to the importunities of that prating, covetous fop, Octavio, that niggard, who would almost hang himself for five pence. No, no, my mistress had better take up with a good, rich, old man. A life far spent, and riches withal, are two powerful arguments -- but here she comes; now for a fine compliment.

**SCENE 5.**

Isabella and Colombine.

ISA. Colombine.

COL. Madam.

ISA. Is it after this rate you serve your mistress?

COL. Your visitants never come but in the evening.

ISA. I would have you have everything in readiness.

COL. Would you have me employ a whole day to prepare cards? And not have a moment's time to talk to you of business?

ISA. You had better know how to behave as a servant: dress and undress me; I shall be much better pleased than to be gossiped with.

COL. I have something under my thumb, and fancy that I am not mistaken in it. I love you well, madam, and want to talk to you upon it. You are well born, have a great deal of wit and beauty; but more accomplishments of mind. You are without friends, and have very little cash to trust to. Your equipage which is supplied from gaming, is either considerable or indifferent according to the caprice of Fortune which bestows her favors as she pleases.

ISA. We must live by industry, when we cannot support ourselves other ways. I am not the only one in Paris that lives thus. Without this dexterous employ I could not maintain two maidservants, a valet de chambre, two footmen, a handsome table, have always ready money, and yet have neither lands nor tenements.

COL. The fruit of the green table is of excellent nutrition. You are young and handsome, but was play an hundred times more innocent, you would at last find the poison mortal. Leave the deceitful appearance of gain, which is as dangerous as uncertain. Lookout for something more solid, that will last. Make yourself a wife by an advantageous match.’Tis time to fix your mercury.

ISA. I have considered it, but alas, how dangerous it is! Of all the young fools, Lysis appears the greatest, Damon wants an estate, Strephon loves his bottle too well, Timon is a beast, Philander a fop, and the covetous miser is ridiculous, so that none of ‘em please me.

COL. None of these lovers will do your business; besides, I cannot endure your young filly-fop who is as rich as foolish. You must have an husband that has money enough to answer your expenses. Believe me, you'll have enough, if you consent to marry one I know.

ISA. Whom do you mean?

COL. You know Gerontes, our rich neighbor.

ISA. That old dotard!

COL. That old dotard will buy you new clothes, you’ll find your account in it.

ISA. How can you propose such a thing to me?

COL. Poor heart! If it will answer, swallow the affront. Sweet meats must have sour sauce. The rich will do as they please. The poor must do as they can. He is old, but he has three-thousand crowns a year. If you agree, your fortune secured. He is worth an hundred of your young fools.

ISA. Can you imagine that I will marry a man of sixty years of age. That I will give him the beauty of my youth, and enjoy a mere skeleton, a jealous, ill-natured fellow, who, to make up all, is a covetous, wretched old hunx.

COL. That weakness, madam, which is scandalous and common to old men, Gerontes is free from; who is liberal as your merits may expect, and therefore resolves to make you mistress of his fortune. There are useful sallies which make people hearken to a thousand vain sighs which express a tenderness; but you will acknowledge that no love-letter ever spoke better than these jewels. [Opens the little casket, and shows the jewels.]

ISA. Heavens, what do I see!

COL. I cannot believe this stroke has wounded you. See, examine ‘em madam they are yours -- the first pledge of Gerontes’ love. I have executed my commission with pleasure; and if you are wise, answer my proposition without much trouble.

ISA. Colombine, I cannot condemn your officious zeal in what you have undertaken. I know as well as you the advantage of this match. But upon such a serious matter, we ought to take time to consider before we answer. I'll consult a little longer. Return Gerontes all his jewels; Not that I reject his passion, but for modesty’s sake; for if I was to yield so easily, I should be afterwards ashamed, that without any reserves I had given my heart so readily away.

COL. Oh, how nice you are now? You may be satisfied of his love. This false appearance of virtue flatters your pride. Do you hold out for that, then I wish you may be always a maid. If I was Isabella, I would not run such a risk.

ISA. Nor I refuse if I was Colombine; let 'em be returned, and Gerontes shall have my answer about the marriage today.

COL. I hope then I shall have you say: yes.

ISA. Do you say nothing of what you have offered to me. [Exit.]

**SCENE 6.**

Colombine, alone.

What a foolish scruple and blindness is this! To what do all these mysteries tend? How our wits fail us when we come to manage our own affairs; but fair and softly, since the business concerns me. If I return the jewels, and the old lover upon the refusal take snuff, farewell profit and intrigue. But I must obey and return them -- I'll consult Harlequin, he’ll advise me best what's to be done.

SCENE 7.

Enter Octavio and Florio his valet.

OCT. Stay awhile Colombine, I only beg two words with you in favor of my queen.

COL. These two words are not worth the trouble of hearing.

OCT. I burn with love for your mistress -- sigh all the night and languish all the day, while the tigress sneers at my passion, and looks upon my tears with dry eyes. The drops of blood run trickling from my heart, and the more I am sensible of her charms, the more I feel her rigor. In the name then of that pure and tender love, I once implore your pity for my sufferings.

COL. Is that all, sir?

OCT. Yes.

COL. If you have nothing else to say, I am your servant. [Exit.]

SCENE 8.

Octavio and Florio.

OCT. Well, Florio, well! Is there any torment equal to mine? How unworthily she returns a flame so pure! Thou art so far from comforting me, that thou sayst nothing.

FLO. What would you have, sir? I pity your adventure; you love Isabella, and so much the better.

OCT. Do you answer me so when I advise with you? Without sharing in my misfortune do you insult me?

FLO. Because when you make love, you do nothing but cry! ‘S death, take another course, open your purse: that’s the key of hearts. -- You sigh, a pleasant remedy! But would you have your wishes answered, you must set up and praise yourself. Would you have the lady swallow the pill, gild it yourself all over, to convey the philter to the heart; that metal is the most powerful vehicle. You are young and rich, and have a good air; but your best talents are sullied by avarice. Before the fair sex there is nothing so obvious as a covetous coxcomb; your air, your mien, your youth, and gold, must go together.

OCT. Very well, what would you do?

FLO. Keep a good house and be merry. Gold is the only sinew of love, to find the ready way to the heart; and thereby I should without doubt secure myself from those repulses you have met with.

OCT. If gold hath so great an influence over hearts, we should husband it, by which means its charms will increase every day.

FLO. Yes indeed, your advice is very good, when the bird is caught; but no bait, no fish; your sighs and fine speeches, without money, avail but little. In love and law, he that gives most is sure to gain his point. Be a good economist after marriage; but to appear so before is only timing things ill.

OCT. My service to your morality; don't think that I shall swallow such dangerous poisons. Remember how poor the rich and prodigal Torincourt became in less than two years by his extravagancy of courtship. Shall I be as mad as he, to enjoy a lady, spend all my substance, and from the fetters of love fall into those of usury?

FLO. Is there no medium? Must a man to avoid covetousness run headlong upon the other vice? Cannot a man, without affecting foppery, dress like a gentleman?

OCT. Sirrah, you are impudent. I shall cane you.

FLO. I know you are no niggard in your blows; but, what would you have me do? Should you meet with a rebuff, you would lay all the blame on me; I only took the liberty to give you my sentiments, which, since they displease you, I shall for the future say no more.

OCT. Find out some way to assist me.

FLO. To be young, covetous, and willing to be beloved, a fine time i’faith!

OCT. Will you hold your tongue? But I think I am to blame to amuse myself thus. I'll go to Isabella, and by my warm sighs endeavor to raise in her some compassion.

The end of the first act.

# ACT 2

**Scene 1.**

Harlequin and Marinetta.

[In this Italian scene, which begins the second act, Harlequin appears as pursued by Marinetta, whose love and passion he has flighted. This scene contains what she says to him to endeavor to raise his love; he scornfully refuses, and gives her to understand he loves only Colombine; which declaration inspires Marinetta sentiments of rage and jealousy, and Harlequin goes off rallying and laughing at her.]

Scene 2.

Marinetta, alone.

[Marinetta, transported with love and jealousy, swears to be revenged of Harlequin, threatens to kill him, and at the time she is in the height of her passion sees Harlequin Jr. enter with Pierrot, and taking him for the other, says these words with a great deal of warmth:]

**Scene 3.**

Enter Harlequin Jr., Pierrot, and Marinetta.

MAR. Pernicious, ungrateful traitor, too hateful object! How comes it, base man, that you are returned? Is it to insult my weakness once again? Nothing can make me relent, my hate is inexorable and the more love I have had for you, the more cruelty you will meet with from me. No! I will hearken no longer to a blind passion, but will revenge myself on thee for the coldness thou hast expressed. Hold and take nevertheless these first effects of my just rage -- and thou too, brute, here receive thy share. [She gives Harlequin a box on the ear, and Pierrot another, and then goes off.]

**Scene 4.**

Harlequin and Pierrot.

HAR. JR. The jade has a very liberal hand of her own! A handsome reception, this! Iwit with such like strokes as these that they regale strangers which come to Paris.

PIE. I know not what you mean, Master Harlequin: what is this and what is that, nor why I ought to be boxed for the love of you. This morning when I scraped acquaintance with you, and you was afraid of the pickpockets, you gave me your purse to keep, in which was twenty ducats, saying you was an Italian, and that you had never been in Paris, and that all that came there were used with civility like friends.

HAR. JR. My surprise, Pierrot, is equal to yours; and I never was in Paris before.

PIE. The devil you was not. How come you be so well known?

HAR. JR. Let me be ground in a mill if ever I set foot in the place before, and did not come directly from Italy.

PIE. Perhaps there they may take a box of the ear in good friendship, but in Paris it may be otherwise.

HAR. JR. My eldest brother, head of the family of the Harlequine, after some months spent in the service of the public, upon the banks of the Seine, was seized with a sudden distemper of which he died in a quarter of an hour, and I am come as the heir to inherit what is left.

PIE. And that's the reason of your journey out of Italy? Well! Don't you know that whoever dies by the hand of justice, their effects are forfeited; therefore, ‘tis in vain for you to expect anything. But how do you know he is dead?

HAR. JR. He told me so himself, and I can't have better testimony.

PIE. Himself?

HAR. JR. Yes, I tell you, himself.

PIE. All trash and stories.

HAR. JR. If you won't believe what is said, see here’s the will, with the schedule to it, which the poor man writ before he died. [He reads.] “The same death which seized our late father in the open air, I die of. I leave you all my effects, desiring you to enclose the bones of your dear brother, and bury ‘em under some tree. Harlequin.”

PIE. In the midst of a hemp-ground, then, your father got his death.

HAR. JR. We are all like father, like son; our family could never be cured. They were all guilty of company-keeping, and my brother lost his life that way. What I ask of my dear Pierrot, since he has taken a share in my interest, is to tell what my brother’s business was, and the wealth he died possessed of.

PIE. Good God! What wealth would you have an Italian possessed of, who commenced a footman in Paris?

HAR. JR. Ah, Pierrot, how you are deceived. A footman in Paris is not like a serving-man or waiter in Rome, for in Rome, a servant may grow old, and be so still, with a livery twenty years on his back; but a footman at Paris is the true novice of fortune, and the first step towards a gentleman.

PIE. Well, I have seen those who have one while rolled in their coach, and at most, have scarce been happy enough to ride behind. I know now two fellow servants who lived with a rich Commissioner, that are both come to great preferment. I shall hear some news in a day or two of your brother.

**Scene 5.**

Enter Piquelard the Scullion, or cook’s-boy.

PIQ. See here, you are just come in pudding-time; meat was never better roasted, nor hotter; but don’t burn your greedy throat while it’s too hot.

HAR. JR. What says the lad?

PIQ. ‘Tis what Colombine ordered to be got ready for you.

HAR. JR. A pleasant piece of diversion. What devil has been here?

PIE. ‘Tis some relation to draw you in, undoubtedly a sharking trick.

PIQ. The flesh of the turkey is white and fine. Make haste to your victuals, for the leverets are roasted nicely; never morsel was more delicate or tender, you will pick the very bones. But pray go in, then: why do you wait?

HAR. JR. What say you to this masterpiece, tell me, Pierrot?

PIE. I say that it must certainly be a cheat.

PIQ. The meat is just ready for drawing; enter quickly, sir.

HAR. JR. Where is it that I must go?

PIQ. There.

HAR. JR. There?

PIQ. Yes, there; ‘tis there Colombine has prepared an entertainment for Harlequin.

HAR. JR. See, here’s another adventure started. Don’t you hear this knave knows my name!

PIE. Pure knavery, altogether a cheat; ‘tis undoubtedly some whore.

HAR. JR. Who is this Colombine that would treat me? Is she young and fresh, of a good mean and sound?

PIQ. When the meat goes out of the kitchen, you’ll have no time to banter; but I know your humor, Harlequin; you think of nothing but mirth, and are always rallying. I must run quickly, here, take my plate and call for a pint.

HAR. JR. If the reckoning’s paid, I shall do well enough.

PIQ. Yes, sir, long ago; you have reason to believe.

HAR. JR. Give me the plate.

PIQ. But, pray,sir, remember the boy, he has had nothing yet.

HAR. JR. Take this, and drink my health with it. I’ll make use of your plate, and have two partridges tomorrow at the same price.

PIQ. Spare nothing that the shop affords; your credit’s good for the whole.

HAR. JR. Always please my palate, and I shall be a good customer. [Exit Piquelard.]

**Scene 6.**

Harlequin and Pierrot.

HAR. JR. Ha ha ha ha ha! This turn is extraordinary. The reason’s plain: as soon as the Parisians receive a stranger, the bring him something to eat. ’Tis a civil sort of policy, and the provisions are very obliging. I would they would bring us some flasks of wine, then our supper would be complete.

PIE. Are not we to blame to take affront?

HAR. JR. Here, take the plate, and I’ll follow thee into the tavern, and drink good wine.

**Scene 7.**

Harlequin Jr., Colombine.

HAR. JR. He bid me take care how I behaved myself, but I am always glad to be thus cheated when I know my price. This moment I imagined that poor Colombine was waiting for me in the kitchen, while the meat was at the fire, and her dear Harlequin smoking.

[Colombine enters, and approaches gently.]

COL. Yes, my dear, I waited with impatience. Each minute seemed longer than a day.

HAR. JR. See the sly jade, with what impudence she professes love.

COL. What say you now you are all alone, dear object of my soul!

HAR. JR. Oh, the impudent woman! [Aside.] I say, that the first time we meet, ‘tis impossible to prostitute one’s passion, and that before we love, we ought to know one another.

COL. Tell me what ails you. Have I given you any occasion for this harsh reproach?

HAR. JR. If you will have me explain myself to tell you truly, I am a stranger, and not a beast, and despise a wanton, fickle heart.

COL. You talk as jealous as an Italian; but thy sudden melancholy amazes me, and concerns me, since thy poor Colombine never sighed for anyone besides thyself. For thee I have despised the caresses and presents of a thousand young gallants, slave to my charms, and have abandoned my heart to the pleasure of loving thee; nay, have sacrificed everything for the person. Perfidious man! Is this all that is due to me? Du Buisson, la Forest, Saint-Amant, and Pepine, all famous valets, would have sacrificed their hearts to me; but I refuse to them all for Harlequin, whom I thought only deserving of all my vows: forbear, then, cruel man, thy unjust fears; let thy heart return again, through pity, if not through love, regard my tears.

HAR. JR. [Aside.] Who a pox can help believing this prating woman, she manages her tack so well -- but why does she address herself to me? She must certainly be a fool. One can’t tell what to make of these women at Paris! One boxes me, and another banters me.

COL. Too ungrateful Harlequin, you see the condition whereunto I am reduced; why dost thou throw me off, dost not thou return me an answer? Hath so just a reproach confounded thee? Calm with one word my troubles, and observe the cruel torments wherewith my soul is overwhelmed!

HAR. JR. [Aside.] This woman's brain is certainly turned; they say, that humoring them in their folly, often times brings them to their senses again -- I’ll try it for once.

COL. What a pleasure you take, cruel wretch, at my grief!

HAR. JR. ‘Twas only to make proof of thy love and constancy, that I alarmed, by this feigned rigor, thy timorous heart. I have proved thy perseverance, and am so well convinced of thy passion, that, for the future, was I to be a cuckold, I should patiently submit.

COL. Oh, never put my heart to such trials again; for then you touched it too near, for one whose flame is pure, and without disguise. Art thou sensible of the melancholy which this trial causes in me? However, I forgive thee, provided thou promisest to love forever thy Colombine, who adores thee.

HAR. JR. Yes, yes, I’ll love thee ‘till Aurora draw her crimson curtain. [Aside.] Five doses of hellebore will hardly cure her.

COL. What’s that you say?

HAR. JR. I say, that love devours me, and that my heart bleeds within me.

COL. Now to thy master’s amours, I have done all that lies in my power to serve him.

HAR. JR. [Aside.] A new vision again!

COL. [Opening the caskets of jewels, and showing them to Harlequin.] I presented these to my mistress, from Gerontes; and used all my art to explain the old gentleman’s impatience, love, and tenderness. She approved his passion; but out of niceness refused them, and ordered me to return them to you.

HAR, JR. [Taking the jewels, aside.] Upon my faith, a very odd adventure.

COL. Give them to your old master and tell him Isabella is not adverse to a marriage with him; but know at the same time that Colombine expects the same from Harlequin. Thou answer’st not! Are thy eyes so earnestly fixed on the jewels that thou hast not a word to say?

HAR. JR. [Looking greedily on the jewels.] No, not I; but the more I look at them, the more I admire them; they are so beautiful, I cannot but look at them with pleasure -- they are alright; just my number.

COL. Go and carry them this minute to Gerontes, and tell him that I shall, to my utmost, support all his designs; that he need not trouble himself; that all things will go well on his side; and that I warrant he shall hear from Isabella in less than a week -- Go quickly, and come to supper presently.

HAR. JR. Farewell; you shall see me again in an instant.

COL. You know where the cook lives; as you go, tell him we are ready.

HAR. JR. [Aside, going out] This is very well -- could I get as much everyday, I would not desire better fortune; I could live very well. [Exit.]

**Scene 8.**

Colombine, alone.

I am afraid, lest this old fellow should run back; but in play it is not allowed, where the board is a player; and I wish it was so in this case. But I see Harlequin -- what, returned already!

**Scene 9.**

Enter Harlequin.

HAR. Well, my dear, is supper ready? Forgive me, my dear Colombine, forgive me, I have been running about ever since noon; let us see if our roast is not too cold, for, to dissipate a melancholy humour, nothing is more agreeable than the air of the kitchen.

COL. Are you then a fool? What's come to you; did you bid them, as you went out, bring the victuals?

HAR. I! No. Why do you ask that question? Did you order me, or did I know they waited?

COL. Did I not bid you?

HAR. You bid me! When?

COL. Just now.

HAR. Where?

COL. There.

HAR. You banter me.

COL. What? Can you deny it?

HAR. Do you take a pleasure to laugh at me?

COL. Did I not bid you, when I gave you the jewels, carry them to Gerontes?

HAR. The jewels!

COL. Aye, the jewels.

HAR. By your leave, you dream.

COL. ‘Tis you yourself that dreams.

HAR. This story of yours in sets my brains to work.

COL. Could going four or five steps thus take away thy memory, deprive thee of thy senses, and make thee such a fool?

HAR. Can you think that you can make me believe -- but, indeed, I am a fool to offer to confound thee by arguments when I ought only to study to answer them.

COL. Leave off your fooling, it begins to vex me.

HAR. Have done! You take too much delight in laughing thus at me.

COL. And you too much pleasure in seeing me so uneasy.

HAR. There’s no great satisfaction in repeating it so often.

COL. We have laughed already too much.

HAR. I am sure we have rallied too much.

COL. I cannot bear it any longer; you have them, I am sure, and I will search you.

HAR. That you shall, to the very bottom of my purse; look, if you will I’ll undress me.

COL. Show me your hands -- nigher -- let me see your right hand -- now the other -- now both.

HAR. Hold, look if the casket is at the bottom of my pockets, under my hat, in my hair, or in any plait of my shirt.

COL. [After searching him.] Tell me, where have you put it? You carry the jest too far; for you did but just go out after I gave it into your hands.

HAR. What dream are you in! Do you take me for a fool to laugh at? For since I left you last, I have been three hours together running about Paris; and if you do not soon put an end to this pleasantry of yours, any anger will get the better of my love.

COL. I shall not be able to govern my passion neither, if you don't tell what's become of the jewels.

HAR. This discourse, in short, puts me out of all patience; my heart already gives way to my rage.

COL. What, do you design to cheat your master, and to lay it upon me?

HAR. Is this your art, to father your theft on poor Harlequin?

COL. What, is it not sufficient to play upon Colombine, by so barefaced an affront, but you must insult me too with your tongue, even to injure me in sport! But now I find out the bottom of thy false transport; thou, like an arch offender, art sure to cry out “Whore!” first. Go, traitor, and enjoy the product of thy malice; and enriched as thou art with thy booty, take back also thy heart, which is unworthy of me -- my engagement is now void, and thou mayst go, guilty monster, as thou art, whither thy fate hurries thee, since thou art now disdained and renounced by Colombine. [Exit Colombine.]

**Scene 10.**

Harlequin, alone.

[In speaking these lines, imitated from The Cid, Harlequin copies after that famous and never to be too much regretted French comedian, Mr. Baron, in whom every action was perfection.] (EDITOR’S NOTE: The text here goes on at length, describing how great Baron’s performance was, and how great the comedian who imitated Baron was.)

Pierced to the very bottom of my heart with so mortal and unexpected an accusation, I thus torture my poor distracted brain on this unhappy incident; and the more I think, the worse I am. Oh heavens! How great is my confusion, and how cunning this artifice! To be accused of theft, and that by Colombine! Is this a feint, or is it matter of fact? Has she lost these jewels, or is this a concerted business, between her and Isabella, to lay this upon me? However, I condemn, and as freely forgive; alas! Love is my greatest torment -- but after so vile an action, how canst thou, Harlequin, be so weak? She flies also, yet canst thou preserve any sparks of love? No, my blood boils at the very remembrance, the ingrate hath but too much injured me. Well, I can renounce this cheat -- without any pain -- for whom I despised the lovely Marinetta, who was much more deserving; and would she now but hearken to my flatteries, thou shouldst see I’d give her both my heart and hand. It's very dark, and there's neither moon nor stars to light me. I must retire, and in some tavern go drown my sorrows.

**Scene 11.**

[The scene draws and represents night.]

Harlequin, Marinetta, and Harlequin Jr.

[While Harlequin is thinking of going off, hears Marinetta carrying a guitar, who goes out on the one side, while Harlequin Jr. enters on the other; which makes Harlequin to stay, and say:]

HAR. But what do I hear? Let me listen.

HAR. JR. How soon the night is closed! I have made sure of the turkey in my belly, of the jewels at home; and, since I have gone thus far, why may I not still go on? But what’s this? Am I at Rome, where the guitar is continually jingling in one’s ears?

[Marinetta plays a small prelude, to which the two Harlequins listen.]

HAR. So fine a prelude raises my expectations of somewhat more finer -- I’ll listen. [Marinetta, tuning her voice, sings an Italian air to her guitar.] ‘Tis very fine -- how well she plays! What a turn she gave to that air!

HAR. JR. I perceive she is in love, and dissatisfied.

MAR. [Sings the following air to this purpose:] Cruel love, I break thy chains; I adore Harlequin, and the ingrate flights me. Ah! How sweet it is to love! But alas, there’s no flame so violent but what cold disdain may extinguish.\*

(\*Ed: This was the translation given for the original French lyrics to this second song: Cruel amour je romps tes noeuds/J’adorois Arlequin, et l’ingrat me dédaigne/Ah qu’il est doux d’aimer! Mais il n’est point de feux/Qu’un froid mépris enfin n’éteigne. No music is provided, but it is likely to be in the 17th century air de cour style.)

HAR. JR. Is this not my fool with her jewels?

HAR. ‘Tis undoubtedly Marinetta.

MAR. [Hears them, and goes off, saying:] Let them stay that will; for my part, I’ll retire. [Exit.]

**Scene 12.**

Harlequin, Harlequin Jr.

HAR. JR. I’ll approach.

HAR. I’ll advance.

HAR. JR. By some stratagem I’ll attempt to gain some other prize.

HAR. I will say that I love, and that Harlequin will no more be Colombine’s.

[Both seek each other, and pass from one end of the stage to the other, without touching.]

HAR. JR. Colombine, hist -- hist --

HAR. Art thou Marinetta?

HAR. JR. Hist -- hist --

[They repass a third time.]

HAR. Hist -- hist --

HAR. JR. Are you there, then?

HAR. I can’t find you.

[They repass again, and in meeting take each other by the arm.]

HAR. JR. Do you pretend to play at hide and seek?

[They feel each other by their beards, and retire.]

HAR. [Taking the arm of the other.] Marinetta, I have caught you.

BOTH [Going off, say:] Who goes there? [Both at a time answer:] Harlequin. [In pronouncing the word Harlequin, both fall.]

HAR. JR. ‘Tis my brother’s ghost, which knows that I’m arrived.

HAR. I hope it is not the soul of my father, who died discontented at the finishing a stave. [Both rise on their knees.]

HAR. JR. Thou wandering ghost of my once dear brother, whom hemp deprived of life, why are you so troublesome, to take all this pain here? Leave Harlequin in peace, and quit the place; I was never curious of hearing news from the other world.

[They rise gently, and as the one rises, the other falls flat on the ground.]

HAR. [Drawing his sword.] What devil has assumed my shape -- be bold, Harlequin, and break his neck; they say they are afraid of a mortal stab with iron. Fly hence, and dread my fatal sword, or I shall strike off thy head. [He flourishes his sword, seeking for the other, who endeavors to rise softly. Harlequin strikes him on the head, and at the same time falls upon him. Both rise again, the younger Harlequin flies, after having exchanged some blows, and Harlequin Sr. enters on the other side, fencing.]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

# ACT 3

**Scene 1.**

Gerontes and Colombine.

COL. I tell you truth, sir, I gave your box of jewels to that knave.

GER. What has he done with them, has he lost them? ‘Tis enough, I know it, and keep my temper; but speak of a more grateful subject.

COL. Though your servant, through malice, affronted me, as I told you; yet, in return of your kindness towards me, I prefer your service to the revenge of the affront. I have managed so well, as to think that Isabella is not averse to hearken to your passion. I’ll call her, you shall speak to her yourself; I have smoothed the way for you, sir; and if a man loves, and will explain himself in the most forcible and nervous words, he need not fear success. But, good! See here she comes! You’ll know her intentions; you need not then to beat the air in vain, in amorous raptures, or reckon it your misfortune that your words are not gilded o’er. [Enter Isabella.]

**SCENE 2.**

Gerontes, Colombine, Isabella.

GER. With what hopes, madam will you flatter my passion and suffer an old man to pay you homage? I know that ladies of your age are apt to hearken to our stories but with trouble and disdain; but I have a heart that is neither false nor vain; if I love, ‘tis from my soul, and what I possess is all yours.

ISA. Your heart is certainly an advantageous offer: you are rich, and I not so, which is as great a means to make us happy as poverty miserable; and if I may explain myself here frankly, Gerontes, I believe I know you well, and you ought to know me: I'll give you my sentiments in two words, in saying, that ‘tis agreeable to me to be married; but then ‘tis hard to have a master and bear the misfortune of a jealous husband.

GER. Ah! Never think I’ll be a domestic tyrant. I know how to govern a family.

ISA. I know an old man will exercise an absolute power; the weaker he is, the more he'll pretend to domineer; he’ll quarrel with a feather, and keep up his anger against a youthful heart, on purpose to control and make it truckle to him. Such a power as this would be insupportable, and give me the vapors, or else raise my passion to the last resentment: I had a rather live in conversation, and not be a prisoner, love a peaceable husband with respect, have my liberty without reserve, and never make an ill-use of it. Gerontes, I have here drawn my own character, which is only proper for them to know we would fix with. Will this suit with your temper? Will you agree to these conditions? Are you for marriage or no? You say nothing! You seem by your silence to be confounded, that you are neither pleased with one or the other.

COL. No, no, have a better opinion; he's impatient to be your husband. It would be too barefaced a lie, to say an old man would not be jealous; but excess of passion ruins all. If too much jealousy has seized his mind, and made his love a torment to him, the indolence of a patient wife may reconcile his rage, and quench the imperious flame. He takes you to be prudent, and loves you; and every glance you give increases still his love.

ISA. Ah! These are false proofs of love, and carry such a poison with them that he cannot cure.

COL. True love will bear a great deal, especially where there is an advantage: if you will give your consent, you will find an answer so far in your account as to dissipate all your melancholy apprehensions.

GER. ‘Tis enough; let’s say no more on this subject.

COL. When a man loves to excess, ‘tis folly to stick at trifles. We cannot expect a good husband to pass by everything, but, if he sees with his eyes, he knows when to hold his tongue. As for the rest, it shall be to your own wishes; you shall be mistress of his table and his family.

GER. Cut, slash, divide, give away; you have my consent. By my wealth I hope to cover the defects of age; say but the word and I am ready.

ISA. Fair and softly, Gerontes, if you please; not that my heart renounces you; but I shall resolve on nothing without advising, and I will give you my answer today. Adieu; leave me to myself for a moment. [Exit Isabella and Colombine.]

**SCENE 3.**

Harlequin Jr., Gerontes.

[Enter Harlequin Jr. with his casket of jewels.]

GER. I'll go to a notary, and order him to draw the contract -- but see there, my rogue, what can he say now, or pretend he has done? He has got the casket of jewels in his hand, perhaps he comes to give ‘em me. I'll go softly to him, and before he perceives me, attempt to seize them.

HAR. JR. [Fancying himself alone, and looking over the jewels.] As I am a stranger, if I go to sell ‘em, they may take me for a rogue and hang me up. There Dame Justice, at the sight of such a rich prey, may chance to apprehend me, and stop my return to Italy with the prize.

GER. [Appearing.] No, traitor, no, thou robber; thou shalt not go so far, I have taken thee in the fact. Well now, what have you to say?

HAR. JR. [Looking on Gerontes, whom he knows not.] I say, I have no occasion for an old monkey to make me laugh. This old screech-owl has the air of a Knight of the Post.

GER. Villain! Is it thus you speak to your master?

HAR. JR. And is it thus, Master Coxcomb, that you speak to people whom you know not? Be gone quickly, or I shall break your pate.

GER. What do I hear! Just heaven! What horrid impudence! Shall a rogue after he has robbed me, add to all this his threats, and disown me?

HAR. JR. Honest man, out of what tavern came you lately, and what wine did you drink, white or red, Burgundy or Champagne?

GER. Ah! I cannot bear this insult! I shall go mad. Traitor, restore what you have stole; give me my jewels again, or dread the consequences.

HAR. JR. [Aside.] See what a master thief this is, who knows my adventure, and has pursued me.

GER. What can you say, that you don’t return what you have stole? Do it handsomely.

HAR. JR. Old man, you want a beating…? My patience is worn out; and if you don’t quit the place, you shall feel the weight of my fist presently.

GER. Do you speak thus to me, traitor; to Gerontes, your master?

HAR. JR. To you! Why, whence come you? I know not, neither am I known to you; therefore don’t come nearer, except you want a beating.

GER. The height of insolence! What, do I sleep? Are you not Harlequin? Had not you my jewels in the little casket? Did I not give them into your hands myself? And were not you to carry ‘em as a present to Isabella? Were they not presented by Colombine to that lady? And were they not again returned into your hands by the same Colombine? Say, rascal -- are not you the worst of men, to deny this theft thus obstinately?

HAR. JR. Have patience, old gentleman; don't be angry, and tell me, I beseech you, where you had this vision. I have waited almost this quarter of an hour to swallow the fumes of your fancy, and the discourse is scarce yet ended. ‘Tis true, I'm called Signor Harlequin, but the devil take me if in all my life I ever saw or spoke with you before, nay, or ever had an inclination. And if anybody has robbed you, pursue him, follow him -- you are at your liberty; but leave Harlequin to return to the banks of the Tiber. Your servant. [He offers to go, Gerontes holds him by the arm.]

GER. Hold, hold, sirrah. You shall not escape with my jewels, but be punished for robbery.

HAR. JR. And you, master cheat, with your rogues’ tricks -- do you think to take away what does not belong to you? Let me go, you old rogue! I say let me go!

GER. I will hold you, sirrah.

HAR. JR. If you quit me not, I’ll pluck your beard to the last hair. [He pulls his beard.]

GER. A thief! A thief!

HAR. JR. Let me go, then.

GER. A thief! Help, gentlemen, help!

HAR. JR. Won’t you hold your tongue?

GER. Villain!

HER. JR. You court your own misfortune.

GER. Rogue!

HAR. JR. I’ll satisfy you for your jewels -- here, take payment. [He beats him.]

GER. Hey, hey! A commissary, a commissary! What a wicked attempt is this! My servant has robbed me and beat me. I’ll fly to justice, and be revenged on the wretch. [Exit.]

**SCENE 4.**

Harlequin Jr., alone.

Do you see this old put with his story? He thought to have decoyed me; and if I had not presently confounded him, with what an air of impudence he would have made me believe it! But I should soon have spoiled his whiskers. I have secured the jewel in the bottom of my pocket. This Paris, plague take it, is half full of thieves; but as I think he spoke of a commissary, I have terrible apprehensions of those black cattle. They are a sight I like not; ‘tis hazardous to escape their greedy paws. I'll figure something. [Exit.]

**SCENE 5.**

Harlequin.

[Harlequin enters.]

The more I think, the worse I am; the more my trouble increases, and the less I find how to be relieved. Ah, unhappy Colombine! Must I ever be scorned for this infamous trick! I, who was the pearl of goodness, the cream of faithfulness, the true mirror of innocence, the receptacle of sweetness, and the vessel of sincerity -- and now like a base poltroon, to love thee after this infidelity! What will the good man my master say to me, how shall I count for that impudent theft? Since the fatal accident, I cannot look him in the face. My spirits are sunk, my senses lost; I seek for rest but find none; I seek in vain to drown my cares in the bottle, all the night they perplex me. Though my head is well-made, I cannot support my melancholy by the force of wine -- but don't I perceive Gerontes at a distance? At his presence my bowels grumble, the blood boils with a burning bashfulness.

**SCENE 6.**

Gerontes and Harlequin.

GER. [Musing on the stage.] ...I have made my complaint to the commissary, who will be here presently -- see -- there’s my rogue -- thanks to heaven, he’s not gone. I shall lay him so fast by the heels, that he shan’t easily get his liberty again. How thoughtful and grave he looks! I’ll warrant he’s now full of his roguery. He mutters something between his tooth, and walks about shaking his head, and then stops suddenly, with his hand lifted up to his head. He’s all in a bath -- see how he sweats, leaning his chin on his arm, he seems very uneasy. Oh, how tormenting is a guilty conscience!

HAR. [Coming out of his surprise.] Hear me, sir, what I have to say. You’ll see if my fidelity --

GER. Come not near me, impudent varlet!

HAR. What have I done to deserve all this anger? What is my crime?

GER. Undoubtedly I should be in the wrong to put it up -- to vaunt thus before my face, after you have robbed me of my jewels. To abuse thus my old age, and beat me, ought not this to be complained of?

HAR. I robbed you! I beat you! Ah! You wrong an honest man too much! What pleasure can you take in dissembling thus? For my part, I am much more concerned at the loss of your jewels than you yourself are, and in the height of passion, notwithstanding my love for Colombine, loaded her with the most rigorous reproaches as soon as I heard of this base cheat. Tell me only where they are concealed, and you shall see how faithful and diligent Harlequin will be to discover and ferret them out.

GER.Traitorous imposter! Hangtrace dog! Instead of insulting me in this manner, thou ought’st to give them me again, since I have surprised them in thy hands --

HAR. In my hands! When?

GER. Just now.

HAR. Certainly, sir, you dream.

GER. I dream!

HAR. Surely, sir, your eyes were very bad, or else your spectacles -- where could you see me? For I never stirred out of the tavern.

GER. I admire the impudence of the rascal! Yes, sirrah, I have good eyes, and keep ‘em not shut neither: but I wish I had had no back, or you no hands. Here comes the commissary, who’ll make you change your note.

**Scene 7.**

Gerontes, Harlequin, Commissary, and Three Archers.

COM. Is this the rogue?

GER. Yes, sir.

COM. [To his archers.] Seize that fellow. [They seize Harlequin.]

HAR. I, sir! For what?

COM. We’ll let you know.

HAR. What have I done?

COM. Enough to hang you.

GER. Before, sir, you take him away, examine him.

COM. That I’ll do immediately; but let us see whether the rogue has not your jewels about him, that they may be put into the Register’s hands, for we shall expect some share of the spoil. Where are they?

GER. On him.

COM. That's well; then we'll search him carefully, and afterwards prosecute him.

HAR. [To the archers that search him.] I see your hands know the way to the bottoms of my pockets. Put not the casket upon me, and search Harlequin with all my heart -- maybe it is hid in my eye, mouth, or somewhere else. Look sharp -- well, have you searched everywhere?

COM. How happens it that we find nothing upon this fellow? Justice, sir, lives not by words, look’ee; if you would have her speak in your favor, since we cannot meet with these jewels, you must advance some pistoles. We shall be the more ready to serve you in what lies in our power; my clerk shall be accountable for them.

**Scene 8.**

Pierrot, Gerontes, Harlequin, Commissary, and Archers.

PIE. What! My friend insulted! I must relieve him; there's no time to consider. Stand off, scoundrels. Let him go -- I'll maul you! [Strikes the Archers, who run away.]

GER. [Running away.] I’ll get away as fast as I can.

HAR. Ah! Master Commissary. [Beating him.] Methinks your coat’s dusty, I’ll brush it for you. [The Commissary runs away.] Goodbye, Commissary, when your coat wants brushing, come to me again.

**SCENE 9.**

Harlequin and Pierrot.

HAR. You have helped me out purely at a dead life.

PIE. Yes; but let us make the best of our way, lest they come back again. Hold -- there's the money, and thy purse.The twenty ducats you put into my hands are in it, but let us leave this place.

HAR. This will bear a good argument, and I take it with a great deal of pleasure. Harlequin never is so nice as to refuse money, but tell me who I am obliged to for this so seasonable relief? Be pleased to tell me your name, that I may know how to pay my acknowledgments to so hearty a friend.

PIE. What a plague makes thee forget thy friend Pierrot?

HAR. What, Pierrot?

PIE. Why, Pierrot -- one who is no fool.

HAR. You Pierrot! Who are you? If I have the honor to know you, may I never have drank with you?

PIE. Art thou often thus?

HAR. He must certainly have a little too much wine in his noddle.

PIE. By my faith, he’s a fool.

HAR. Very pleasant, upon my word.

PIE. Are you not Harlequin?

HAR. Yes, without a doubt.

PIE. Did you not yesterday arrive here from Italy?

HAR. Who, I? Thou dreamst. I have not eat a bit of sea-biscuit these ten years -- see how drink makes the wisest men fools? -- but if my eyes don’t fail me, I see my master coming with my thieving baggage. I know who’d be the fool if I should stay. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE 10.**

Gerontes, Colombine.

GER. Come, go to the commissary’s, and swear against this rogue.

COL. Is this fair, sir? Some remains of love interposes on his behalf. Was he only to run the hazard of a whipping, I should give him a lifting hand; but as the punishment which such perfidy deserves is hanging for a quarter hour, or so, I must beg your pardon.

GER. What! Can you have any compassion for this villain?

COL. As I have an heart naturally tender, and some remains of friendship left, I cannot think of seeing him hanged. But I believe I can do you some better service. Can this loss of your jewels stifle all the love which my mistress hath inspired you with, and is this the return you make me for my care and service?

GER. No, no, Colombine, I cannot forget my love for Isabella. How happy I should be, if by thy office I could gain her.

COL. See, here she comes. Use all your arguments with her, and make her consent; for nothing is impossible nowadays to one who is both rich and in love.

**SCENE 11.**

Isabella, Gerontes, Colombine.

GER. Madam, must I still sigh in vain: reign sole mistress of my heart and wealth, and give your hand to one who offers you his all?

COL. Consent to satisfy the desires of the amorous Gerontes; what need is there for so much boggling at so easy a word? Why do you sillily defend what must at last be given him?

ISA. You overcome at last my resistance, and triumph, since the great difference in our ages shall not prevent my being yours.

**SCENE 12.**

Octavio, Gerontes, Isabella, Colombine.

OCT. [Entering hastily.] Heavens, what is it I hear, madam? Is it possible you can love this old man and be insensible to my ardent flame and violent passion?

ISA. I have told you often, and now repeat it to you again: your sighs are all in vain. I am not for you.

OCT. Cruel woman!

ISA. Indeed, this may make you angry, but the more you urge me, the more averse I shall be. I think I had better be cruel to you than so to myself. When we marry, ‘tis forever; and I shall not be guilty of so great a folly as to marry one who never knew the way to gain an heart; and if you could not please when a lover, ‘tis unlikely you should when an husband. You express your love and tenderness only by fine words; but believe me, that man loves but little that values his money more than his mistress.

OCT. And do you prefer that unworthy rival before me?

ISA. You are young and covetous -- he old and generous, which is a thing somewhat uncommon. In short, I like him. The business is resolved on, and no more words about it. If this pill is a little too bitter for you, you may go and comfort yourself with your bags.

OCT. That I will; and since a man is not to be loved but at his expense, rather than endure the martyrdom of squandering away my money, which my heart is so set on, I'll stifle all sparks of love and renounce all womankind. Farewell. Make much of your old man. [Exit.]

**SCENE 13.**

Isabella, Gerontes, Colombine.

ISA. Without doubt, I have made a good match -- Gerontes, support that good character which is seldom to be met with in one of your years, and I'll endeavor to show my love and please you. You shall not find me like other young women here in Paris, who marry old men for their riches, and keep their gallants, or else get divorces and so become the town talk; who run everyday to fortune tellers to know how soon they shall be widowed, and go to entertainments, balls and plays while their poor husbands, who are so remediless, stay at home to see how the pot boils. I accept your offer, will be ever yours, and by my tender love show how agreeable an old man is when virtue is our guide.

COL. To complete your joy, there is nothing wanting but the recovering the booty the traitor Harlequin hath made off with... but what has heaven sent us here?

**SCENE 14.**

Isabella, Gerontes, Colombine, and the Two Harlequins entering on each side of the stage.

COL. [Seeing the two Harlequins both at once.] What is it I see, madam? There are two Harlequins as like as two peas. [The Two Harlequins, seeing each other, put themselves into strange postures to show their surprise.]

GER. I am amazed!

ISA. ‘Tis very strange.

GER. Let us see which of these two ought to be hanged.

COL. [Looking at them both.] Do my eyes see double?

ISA. The more I see them, the more I am confounded.

COL. I’ll examine them, and see which one will answer -- Harlequin?

BOTH. Colombine!

COL. The longer I look at them, the more I am undetermined. Ye cheats, tell me which of you is the true Harlequin -- speak, and answer me.

BOTH. I am.

GER. I say they ought both to be hanged -- one for a thief, and the other for a devil.

COL. Maybe by feeling of them I may know better. Come both to me. [Both go, making the same bows and gestures.] They are flesh and blood, have the same body, size, bellies and flat noses. One of them is the devil, or they are twins.

HAR. JR. Oh! My brother there must be hanged!

HAR. I’d like to have been twice, but got bravely off.

HAR. JR. Dear elder brother, is it thee?

HAR. Dear younger brother, is it thee?

HAR. JR. How glad I am to see thee!

HAR. How pleased am I! I am the very same that you thought was hanged.

HAR. JR. Give me leave to embrace thee, and taste the pleasures of this happy meeting. [They embrace each other in a very comical manner.]

COL. [To Harlequin Senior after the embracing is over.] Well, but the jewels!

HAR. Ah, Colombine, leave off playing the fool, and give my master of thy mistress the jewels -- why should you put this pretended theft upon me?

HAR. JR. Don't trouble your head about the jewels. You all torment yourselves to no purpose, and none of you can guess what is become of them. I, through mistake, received them from Colombine, and warmed that old gentleman's back there, who would have taken them from me whether I would or no; and here, brother, I restore them to you. Say no more of the matter.

HAR. [To Colombine.] If I had been hanged by this trick of yours, what should I have said afterward?

ISA. The injury is not very great, since you are here to complain of it.

HAR. A plague take these mistakes; they might ruin man. Just so in justice and physic, like my Colombine -- they take white for black and black for white.

GER. Well, I'm glad my jewels are not fallen a prey to rogues and thieves! After our marriage, we’ll dance and feast all the day.

HAR. But what will become of the two Harlequins? Colombine, my dear little rogue, you know how to make me amends for all my wrongs.

ISA. Thou wouldst marry her, I know; and I’ll bestow her on thee, and Marinetta on thy brother. Are you satisfied?

HAR. Yes.

HAR. JR. And I’ll stand to the bargain.

HAR. Now our joy begins with weddings, feasts and balls, in which I'll show what I can do. We’ll jump, skip, and sing, and drink, that two Harlequins may be talked off.

GER. ‘Till supper’s ready, I’ll entertain you with a very whimsical diversion.

ISA. Let’s have it.

GER. ‘Tis ready.

ISA. Let them begin.

[The bottom of the stage openes with grotesque music, and Four little Harlequins dance with Scaramouche, who is Pasquariel. Between the music and the dance, a voice sings two couplets in praise of old age.]

FINIS.