

The Project Gutenberg Etext of The Forfeiture, by Riviere Dufresny,
translated by Frank J. Morlock
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THE FORFEITURE

by Dufresny

translated and adapted by

Frank J. Morlock

CHARACTERS:

GERONTE, father of Isabelle
ISABELLE, lover of Valere
BELISE, Valere's older aunt
ARAMINTE, her younger sister
VALERE, nephew of Belise and Araminte
FRONTIN, Valere's valet
A Lackey
4 men, 3 women

(Enter Isabelle and Valere from opposite directions without seeing each other)

VALERE: What! Unable to reason with my two aunts!

ISABELLE: I can never return. What extravagants!

VALERE: Yes, the more I think of it the less I see of a way out.

ISABELLE: To have such revolting procedures for a nephew.

VALERE: We shall get nothing out of it.

ISABELLE: Oh Gods!

VALERE: Cruel Aunts. For more than ten years always new injustices.

ISABELLE: (seeing each other) What unpleasantness-- But--

VALERE: What cruelty! To be desolated side by side without finding any way to placate these crazies.

ISABELLE: My father has spoken sharply to them and is going to threaten them again, separately. For each stays in her own apartment.

VALERE: Yes, from the little I see the two avoid each other, speak only a few words in passing and leave each other. As for me, when I am speaking to them they turn their backs. Their hardness towards me appears on every occasion.

ISABELLE: Their hardness towards you condemns them. Ah, Valere, they push their ill natures too far. To not love you!

VALERE: I hoped that through you, my two aunts would do something for us, and that having seen you, adorable Isabelle, they could be counted on.

ISABELLE: Their barbarity is such that they speak of you with aversion.

VALERE: What unpleasant spirits not to approve my tender passion.

ISABELLE: To be capable of hating Valere. Their evil hearts make me tremble. I despair over it.

VALERE: Your father is still going to press them. Thus we may still hope. He's going to meet us here.

ISABELLE: Yes, give us at least a moment of hope. But I am indignant when I think of their latest remarks.

VALERE: You should count on them for they showed you a hundred signs of friendship yesterday.

ISABELLE: It's from that that I see they have scorned me. For only in embracing did they refuse me. The Prude scorned me with her haughty airs, took a soft tone mixed with disdain, affected caresses and vapid joking. You die in flattery.

"My tenderness for you," she told me very loudly, "makes me not want you to marry so soon. That is to say to give to a nephew who presses me some wealth to satisfy a mad passion; no I would become your accomplice in authorizing it." And a hundred like remarks, in a somewhat pleasant tone, made against marriage. "Be like us, a forfeiture makes you wise. Imitate our strength of character. One refusal will keep you at least from any forfeiture."

VALERE: What stupid remarks. Always the same rubric. But nothing comes from their gothic spirit. Without worldliness, visiting no one except

her sister who is less hard than she is, but crazier from misfortune.

ISABELLE: I am a little less furious with Araminte. For a few moments I thought I'd won her over. But her character is subject to change. Agitating itself with several passions at the same time, in her burning and turbulent vivacity. Here's what was told me by this aunt. "I rave from time to time but I have some sentiments. I love love but I hate lovers. Abhor them, too. I intend it, I order it. Without cease I promise but I never give, I hate my nephew a lot but I love you a great deal." From this balderdash I still conclude that she will do more for you than her sister.-- My father's coming.

VALERE: I am going to learn my fate.

ISABELLE: I tremble. Oh, I see him overwhelmed with chagrin.

VALERE: His approach seizes me. My misfortune is certain.

(Enter Geronte)

GERONTE: You perceive by observing my sadness that I have received only a refusal. My goodness, my fondness spoke loudly for you on this occasion. Take your leave daughter.

ISABELLE: Must we part?

GERONTE: Yes, daughter.

VALERE: What can I think?

ISABELLE: Oh. What blow to Valere.

GERONTE: Your aunts have made this separation imperative.

VALERE: What, charming Isabelle, I mustn't see you any more? What, sir, do you wish to put me in despair? You are going to tear me from Isabelle!

GERONTE: Yes, Valere.

VALERE: Ah, at least beg your father to stay in Paris several more days.

ISABELLE: No, Valere.

VALERE: Oh, sir.

GERONTE: Useless words.

VALERE: Oh, if it is your wish, adorable Isabelle.

GERONTE: I don't wish it, but through care of her. She wishes that which it is her duty to wish. To return to the country immediately

without seeing you any further.

VALERE: And you consent to this?

ISABELLE: It's better so, Valere. I gave you my heart by order of my father. I obeyed him. He now intends, wisely, that I separate from you. It must be admitted frankly that I am not sure of a like obedience. But I am going.

VALERE: What, sir, deny me all hope?

GERONTE: Better to give you no hope when I have none. You hoped to get 40,000 ecus restitution from your aunts. I tell you again, these two extravagants intend to keep that forfeiture, saying you cannot get it from us unless one of us marries. They're both over fifty. It's a joke to believe that will happen. I need money. My wealth is perishing. Expenses are ruining me. So, as a wise man, I ought to go back to the country and contract a marriage that will get me out of this financial trouble.

VALERE: True, but--

GERONTE: Let's break it off, then. It's with great shame, but tomorrow we part, that's certain.

ISABELLE: Oh, Valere; if I'm under orders from my father, be sure that in parting--

GERONTE: (taking Isabelle by the arm) Let's shorten the goodbyes. When one must leave, the shortest is the best.

(Exit Isabelle and Geronte)

VALERE: I am in despair. This parting kills me.

(Enter Frontin dressed as a cavalier, passing before Valere who is in despair)

FRONTIN: Sir.

VALERE: What is it then?

FRONTIN: It's Fortune greeting you.

VALERE: What do I see?

FRONTIN: You see Frontin who was wearing livery this morning.

VALERE: What are you talking about? Why are you dressed this way?

FRONTIN: You will never guess, I bet.

VALERE: Whose clothes are you wearing? It's one of mine, I believe.

FRONTIN: Could well be, cause it's none of mine.

VALERE: And my wig.

FRONTIN: Good. Have I bought it. I found this under my hand, quite ready. And your most handsome lace, and largest jewel.

VALERE: I've seen you do crazy things before, but nothing touching such insolence.

FRONTIN: It's come right on time, sir, this opulence.

VALERE: Scoundrel, you've picked a bad time to joke.

FRONTIN: I picked my time just right, I dare to boast. To know how to manage times for a master.

VALERE: To dare appear like this!

FRONTIN: Sir, till now, I've been careful to conceal my scoundrel like and insolent traits. That's why you hired me! Only working first on my own affairs, I have taken care to hide my traits with all necessary skill. You would have prevented me from acting as I have done. To deceive cleverly is virtue in a valet. You will have it that it's a vice in a master. I must tell you you are scrupulous to a fault. What I have done for you was done unknown to you.

VALERE: What have you done for me?

FRONTIN: It's a mere nothing. I'm working on marrying you to Isabelle.

VALERE: Frontin, my dear Frontin. You are working for me. In what way? How? Explain quickly!

FRONTIN: Let me explain first how I am to be rewarded. That's how I get to be zealous. If I get your Isabelle for you--

VALERE: Well?

FRONTIN: Lace, clothes, diamond. I won't return them. If the outfit is too short, too long, for better or for worse--I get it. As for the diamond. It's made for me.

VALERE: I will give you all.

FRONTIN: Listen to my story. With a little money, this brilliant outfit and finding a place at a card table and some winning cards, and ogling some of the old girls playing, with one especially, I got in deep. She has a sterile wit but babbles constantly. Always joking she is more crazy than funny. Do you recognize her, sir? She's your aunt.

VALERE: It's herself. Well, you are telling me you won money from my

aunt at cards?

FRONTIN: A little. But I won more of her heart. She adores me.

VALERE: She loves you!

FRONTIN: Yes, sir. And better yet. She wants to marry me.

VALERE: Great.

FRONTIN: Your valet Frontin could become your uncle or uncle in law tomorrow.

VALERE: What! Seriously?

FRONTIN: The lady is serious. I have the looks to make an old woman amorous.

FRONTIN: Without doubt. But still, to marry you must know the man.

FRONTIN: She knows me extremely well. A month of card playing causes you to know a chap extremely well. Saying I'm from a land between Paris and Rome, I took a name; a name half-known there. As in taking those that have never been.

VALERE: What name?

FRONTIN: The Chevalier de Cique. Noble name She believes I'm from an ancient family.

VALERE: I cannot get over my astonishment.

FRONTIN: Good! But that's nothing yet; I have done even more.

VALERE: What?

FRONTIN: Seeing that fortune gave me one aunt, still there remained another--

VALERE: Well?

FRONTIN: A difficult, astonishing, a hazardous plan. In the same house I see them both. It's true, I know that since she became amorous, Araminte is ashamed, fearful of her sister. For more security against the other, I take a different name, character, arms, clothes. From a grave Senechal, I adopt the character, a composed air, grave tone, cold face, saying nothing like she does in a sententious tone, and like her a fastidious censor of marriage. My name as Senechal is Groux. I present myself. Similarity of character charms the prudish aunt. And in a word, sir, I succeeded.

VALERE: What's this? My other aunt?

FRONTIN: She's going to marry me, also.

VALERE: Singular fact. But from their benevolence how do you propose to extract--?

FRONTIN: From their extravagance I believe we will get some money for a forfeiture. But tell me how was their double forfeiture written?

VALERE: Here's how. You know their cruel tricks. I have been unable to get any restitution from them. The only thing they would agree to was that if they should marry, in order that I would not lose my claim to the inheritance, they would each give me 100,000 francs. However, they have sworn never to marry and they've kept their oath constantly so far. These forfeitures are under seal.

FRONTIN: Then that is how I'll get the money. But I intend-- Ah good, it's a lackey of mine.

(Enter Lackey)

LACKEY: Time passes, sir. To the notary and explain. Disguise yourself. All will be lost. (Frontin puts on a brown coat and a black wig)

FRONTIN: It's necessary that I first be Senechal Groux. Wait for me upstairs at Aunt Araminte's. She's getting ready to leave. There I can go without fear and instruct you in everything.

VALERE: I am going there.

FRONTIN: I will rejoin you.

(Exit Valere)

FRONTIN: (to Lackey) I thought I'd have two days time at least. But both of them taking the money to the notary are going to discover the trick. We'll have to speed up the affair.

(Exit Lackey, enter Belise)

FRONTIN: Good. The prude is leaving. By having imitated trait for trait her insipidity, her cold gravity, I pleased her. There's no other way to please this foolish woman except by echoing her vapid whims.----- Madame

BELISE: Ah, Senechal. What! You are here. I see you again.

FRONTIN: You see? As for me, I see you again, too.

BELISE: Once more I see the happiness of an unfeeling woman.

FRONTIN: I see again the happiness of a fire-proof man.

BELISE: Who looks with frigidity on the most charming of men.

FRONTIN: Who views with disdain the most loveable object.

BELISE: Preceded by terror, considering my love. I am astonished to see this extreme change you've wrought in me in less than two weeks.

FRONTIN: I see with a kind of horror that you have effected a metamorphosis in me.

BELISE: Both of us, at the same time, think the same thing?

FRONTIN: The same thing, and always sympathy between us.

BELISE: What a coincidence! Oh, heaven! To take you for a spouse. That makes me tremble.

FRONTIN: I quiver, Madame, on account of the step I am going to take, by taking you for my wife.

BELISE: I, who by my example have kept my sister in the vow she made to guard her heart. She respected me as the most perfect. I must blush before my little sister.

FRONTIN: I who to my elders reprimanded passions, forcing even my sisters to celibacy, I who in history to distinguish my name would have gloried in the title of extinguisher of my race--

BELISE: I who abhorred even the name of marriage and would have become famous for it.

FRONTIN: I, Senechal Groux, caustic philosopher who jested at suitors, insulted them, apostrophized them.

BELISE: I called marriage a myth, a stumbling block.

FRONTIN: The prison of desires, the coffin of the living.

BELISE: (tenderly) The abyss. Now see what an unfeeling fondness--

FRONTIN: Towards the abyss, a slope--

BELISE: Yes, sweet--

FRONTIN: Imperceptible--

BELISE: Leads me to the brink--

FRONTIN: The foot slips and here I am.

BELISE: Here I am. But at least the world agrees I have chosen you from taste, from wisdom.

FRONTIN: Our marriage is the wisest type.

BELISE: But all my embarrassment is, that by marrying, I must--here's the trouble-- I must pay this forfeiture. What to do? This forfeiture note that I gave to Valere. That crazy sister of mine invented the forfeiture. We made two promissory notes to this cursed nephew. All falls on me, since I am marrying, so I will have to pay up all by myself, and I'm going to have to put up with all kinds of jesting from her. Blush to death.

FRONTIN: While our love remains secret, compose yourself and retrieve your promissory notes from Valere.

BELISE: That's my intention. I am going to my notary to take some money to my nephew. Without a doubt he will instantly return my promissory note to me. But if my sister should learn of it, oh, my heart palpitates. From reason and from shame, I avoid her carefully. After seeing you, I dare not see her.

(Exit Belise)

FRONTIN: We shall get to tap that money she's going to receive.

(Enter Lackey)

LACKEY: Sir, change clothes or hide yourself quickly. Araminte has returned.

FRONTIN: I ought to avoid her. But no. Let's pull it off! I am going to wait for her here. Time presses. Wait, take this wig. By knotting it this way, I will have the most comic look. Playful, negligent. It's the Chevalier Cique. To charm a madwoman you have to rave.

(Exit Lackey, enter Araminte)

ARAMINTE (assuming all passions, one after another) I run in thoughtless. They've just been plotting against me. I tremble; I still have a hundred things to say to you. And jests. First, I am going to make you laugh. But no. The serious is more pressing. My sister, seeing me there, passed by proudly. I was trembling. It's of this we will speak first. Let's begin by you admiring my conduct, the softness and complacency with which I hide my shame. Now, in secret, I hoped, but I fear. At the same time I sense an infinite joy. You are going to deliver me from the tyranny of my sister. And the more I hate that nephew, the more I going to settle everything for you on that score. But tell me first: what part should I take? Speak slowly, for I love to hear you. When you breathe I listen. Speak of your love and let me reply. Speak.

FRONTIN: If I am silent it's because the crowd of my passions is rolling in me, as in you, and are preventing me from speaking. For in vivacity, I dare equal you. But my love has reduced me to silence. I was unable to say a word, 'cause you were speaking.

ARAMINTE: You are all wit, although you are quiet. For you, your manners, your looks, all speak loudly. All speak your heart, my dear Chevalier de Cique!

FRONTIN: Everything in you is beautiful. All of me loves you. Everything in me, everything in you, a charming agreement that demands marriage.

ARAMINTE: It's true. But I fear this forfeiture which preoccupies me. And I fear still more this severe sister who believes that, alas, it is a crime to have a heart; she made me take a vow of indifference when I would have broken it in my childhood. That is to say from the age when my discernment had been able to distinguish you, to choose you for my lover. Yes, my dear Chevalier, yes, I repeat it to you, I love you, I love you too late. I regret without cease the years I have spent without knowing you.

FRONTIN: I'm only twenty five but I would have come into the world twenty years sooner to know you. Yes, time is dear to us, as it ought to be. Let us see quickly. Let's decide. Have you resolved?

ARAMINTE: I've looked, looked again, decided, determined, concluded. Ought I to be in fear of this savage sister who hates marriage for herself and for me? You will be my husband from tomorrow, from this evening.

FRONTIN: But to the essential. You must be able, before declaring our business to your sister, to get rid of those promissory notes to Valere. Reach an agreement with him. Is your money ready?

ARAMINTE: Yes, I've withdrawn everything. It is in my interest this forfeiture be taken care of, alas, before my sister learns of my marriage. I am prudent and wise.

FRONTIN: Haste! I am going to see my illustrious relatives to tell them the role I am taking.

(Exit Frontin)

ARAMINTE: Let's quickly send a lackey to Valere. But what do I see! My sister returning from the notary. She's going to be irritated about the money I've taken out. He's just informed her.

(Enter Belise. They don't speak to each other at first.)

BELISE: Yes, my sister is going to see the Notary. She's going to guess the mystery.

ARAMINTE: I see she's upset. Oh, I hear her rage. Where shall I tell her I intend to place the money?

BELISE: Ah, I see that she knows it. What it will cost me to say that

this money is for my marriage?

ARAMINTE: Sooner or later my sister must confide in me.

BELISE: I tremble. Dare I make her my full confidante? Let's try.
Let's talk to her.

ARAMINTE: (aloud) Sister.

BELISE: (aloud) Sister, I think-- (aside) Oh, fear seizes me!

ARAMINTE: (aside) Shame smothers my voice.

BELISE:(aloud) To put money when the law--

ARAMINTE: When one disposes of joint funds by oneself--

BELISE: One ought to warn of taking it, but one dares not--

ARAMINTE: One ought to confide in her sister.

BELISE: Yes, of course--

ARAMINTE: One ought--

BELISE: One is afraid--

ARAMINTE: It's I.--

BELISE: I admit it--

ARAMINTE: I was wrong.

BELISE: One ought to ask pardon--

ARAMINTE: A fault so huge--

BELISE: Yes, when one is promised--

ARAMINTE: Sister, I ask your pardon--

BELISE: Pardon, sister--

ARAMINTE: Pardon.

BELISE: Pardon.

ARAMINTE: What? We are asking each other for pardon?

BELISE: But truly, you ask me. What is your offense then?

ARAMINTE: I believe it was you who asked first. What have you done to me?

BELISE: But you, too, sister?

ARAMINTE: Tell me your secrets.

BELISE: Open your heart to me.

ARAMINTE: Oh, well. You will doubtless have learned from the notary that I have taken this money.

BELISE: Your business. You are right to take your wealth. For each can dispose of hers as she pleases.

ARAMINTE: To place it elsewhere, I thought I had the right to take it.

BELISE: You don't owe me any accounting. I have taken mine as well.

ARAMINTE: So much the better, sister, so much the better. On that account I calm my curiosity.

BELISE: You have good sense. You are not being irritating.

ARAMINTE: One is liberal with you because you are charming.

BELISE: Alas, I never irritated you about anything. Except about marriage and that was for your good. If boredom at being a maiden made you do it, I would be compassionate, like a tender sister--for a weakness.

ARAMINTE: You will never have such a weakness. If you come to that--and the wisest have--far from condemning you I would be complaisant about it.

BELISE: Ah, be sure of my condescension.

ARAMINTE: Sometimes, we must be humane to each other.

BELISE: Alas, I, in getting married would authorize you to do so, without wishing you ill for it.

ARAMINTE: Yes, marry quickly, yes. I would be ravished, for then I could--

BELISE: What? Why?

ARAMINTE: But, sister--

BELISE: Could you have been capable of letting your heart be surprised?

ARAMINTE: And you?

BELISE: But you--

ARAMINTE: But you--

BELISE: Eh!

ARAMINTE: But yes.

BELISE: Me, too.

ARAMINTE: Embrace me, sis.

BELISE: Sis, how I love you. Yes, we are truly sisters today.

ARAMINTE: You know, good hearts are always made for love. You would have stayed a maid. What folly!

BELISE: Like you, I wonder how we made that imprudent vow thirty years ago.

ARAMINTE: The one you love, you have freely. Without doubt, dear sister, wise as you are, you have meditated over the choice that you've made.

BELISE: You whose taste is so fine, so exquisite, undoubtedly you made your choice with discernment.

ARAMINTE: Lively, playful, humorous. He's an amiable young man.

BELISE: The one that I love is young and yet respectable; wise, grave, self possessed.

ARAMINTE: Mine always has the air--

BELISE: A solidity--

ARAMINTE: Brilliant like a flash of lightning.

BELISE: Who rarely speaks but with weight and measure.

ARAMINTE: Mine talks ceaselessly and about everything. But always well.

BELISE: Like you, I see you and I have chosen our spouses according to our characters.

ARAMINTE: It's prudent.

BELISE: It's wisdom. Mine has wealth, birth, esteem. He's the Senechal Groux.

ARAMINTE: That's a man who is known. Like you, I have found a noble spouse. But of ancient nobility. A distinguished man. He's the Chevalier Cique.

BELISE: They speak well of him. Your vote, sister, and the voice of the people honor him.

ARAMINTE: The public ought to praise us for our choices, But, in other respects, we've had strange obstacles. This forfeiture, for example--

BELISE: Yes, this forfeit, right.

ARAMINTE: Our promissory notes.

BELISE: Our promissory notes.

ARAMINTE: We've suffered a great wrong. To promise this nephew a hundred thousand francs each.

BELISE: I have just refused this importunate demand and I believe he's unaware of our plans. For a little money he will return our notes to us.

ARAMINTE: But to discharge them, what trick can we employ?

(Enter Geronte, Valere, Isabelle)

VALERE: (to Geronte) Take advantage of the opportunity. Better not wait. They are pushing their explanation a long way. (aloud) Isabelle didn't leave my aunts happily. And I've learned some good news.

GERONTE: I come to rejoice for the sake of Isabelle's love.

ISABELLE: I come with all my heart to congratulate you and I saw immediately it was in joking that you always declaimed against marriage, for you yourselves--

ARAMINTE: We ourselves--

BELISE: Ah, sis, what language--

VALERE: You are both going to get married.

ARAMINTE: (low) So as not to pay out, sister, we must deny it.

BELISE: The rumor is false.

ARAMINTE: Very false.

VALERE: Aunties, I believe it's true.

BELISE: What? You takes us for some extravagants? Us, marry! Us!

ARAMINTE: We, no, no. It's no longer time.

BELISE: No, don't think it. I am past forty.

VALERE: You're not.

ARAMINTE: And I am more than fifty.

VALERE: No.

BELISE: We are--

ISABELLE: No.

ARAMINTE: The dispute is funny. I believe we know our age better than you. He's joking. And, sister, the notes he has from us are worthless. Worth nothing. It's a vain hope.

BELISE: They are worth nothing. But, sister, Isabelle and Valere have a tender feeling for each other. Their legitimate flames make me pity them. Can they, like we, hate marriage? No. We must do something to their advantage. They move me.

ARAMINTE: Yes, we are moved.

VALERE: You will be moved. Your notes will be fine.

BELISE: Let's not joke further. We will give Valere 10,000 ecus in all.

ARAMINTE: Yes. That's what we must do.

VALERE: No, no. We will wait for it all.

BELISE: Huh?

ISABELLE: Nothing presses us.

ARAMINTE: Take advantage of the opportunity.

VALERE: We will wait for you.

ARAMINTE: Because I am generous: Fifty thousand francs.

BELISE: That's too much. But I will equal it from generosity.

VALERE: Fifty thousand ecus. We shall wait.

BELISE: Oh, I won't keep more for you.

ARAMINTE: My nephew, my nephew,

ISABELLE: Manage them Valere, because fifty thousand francs is enough for my father.

GERONTE: Yes, that's enough.

ARAMINTE: So as not to dispute further, give them.

BELISE: Come then, we will execute--

ARAMINTE: I have on me what I got from the notary.

BELISE: He has given me some to end this business.

VALERE: Let's see if by chance I don't have your promissory notes.
Yes, truly, I believe they are here.

GERONTE: The business seems to me easy to finish.

VALERE: Let's see.

BELISE: This is my note.

ARAMINTE: Here's my signature.

BELISE: Forty thousand francs on my banker and ten.

ARAMINTE: Thirty thousand in bills of exchange plus fourteen and six.

VALERE: What happiness.

ISABELLE: I breathe.

VALERE: With great pleasure I tear up your forfeitures.

(Enter Frontin with a cape, a short wig and a cap like Pasquin)

FRONTIN: Our lovers are satisfied. We must amuse them.

ARAMINTE: Oh, it's you Chevalier. Why are you dressed like that?

BELISE: Oh. It's the Senechal. What is this mystery? Why aren't you wearing your usual clothes?

FRONTIN: Here I am only a servant-chevalier.

ARAMINTE: He's playful.

BELISE: But Senechal--

FRONTIN: Although Senechal, I often wear livery.

BELISE: Have you gone mad?

ARAMINTE: Drunk on pleasures, my sister sees in you her lover, the Senechal, dear Chevalier.

BELISE: Sister we are misunderstanding each other. He's the Senechal

Groux.

ARAMINTE: But I think you are dreaming. He's my Chevalier Cique.

FRONTIN: Yes, from complacency to please the younger, I am playful, lively and to please the elder, stern. But unable to be two except in appearance I must admit that Frontin is neither Cique nor Groux.

BELISE: What?

ARAMINTE: How's that?

VALERE: It's Frontin himself.

BELISE: Where are we?

VALERE: A scoundrel of a valet to pretend to be such a person.

ARAMINTE: A valet?

BELISE: A valet.

GERONTE: The wisest thing would be to ask us about this matter in private.

ISABELLE: Pardon the nephew for the valet's sake.

BELISE: Oh, sister.

ARAMINTE: Oh, sis, let's hide our shame from them.

(Exit Araminte and Belise)

VALERE: The fear they have of making the subject of a fine story perhaps may make them less unjust to me.

FRONTIN: In comic moral, it is, I believe, permitted, for Frontin to punish the aunts' avarice and to make fun of these broken down lovers.

CURTAIN

End of the Project Gutenberg Etext of The Forfeiture, by Riviere Dufresny, translated by Frank J. Morlock.

Senechal, dear Chevalier.

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