

Arlequin – a foolish servant with overtones of a deep-thinking poet

ARLEQUIN: In our wanderings through the countryside that surrounds this city, which is its best feature without any doubt, I believe that we have unexpectedly arrived in front of the inn. What a creature of habit is man! And what a difficult habit it is to feed oneself every day! [...] (to *THE INKEEPER*) Do you think money is everything in this vile world? Do you count as nothing the praises we have heaped on your inn everywhere you go? I've even dedicated a sonnet to you, in which I extol your stewed partridges and your hare pies! ...And as for the Captain here, be assured that, singlehanded, he will uphold the good repute of your inn against the whole army. Does that have no value? Everything in this world must be cash!