

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard-hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when you shun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charibdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he; we were christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be porkeaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you say: here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, because I am a *Jew's* daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting *Jews* to christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

*Laun.* It is much that the *Moor* should be *more* than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, *more* than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon a word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, firrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Good lord, what a witnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir; only cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir?

*Laun.*