

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* *Tunis* was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow *Dido*'s time.

*Ant.* Widow? a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*!

*Seb.* What if he had said widower *Æneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

*Gon.* This *Tunis*, sir, was *Carthage*.

*Adr.* *Carthage*?

*Gon.* I assure you, *Carthage*.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay.

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*.

*Ant.* O, widow *Dido*! ay, widow *Dido*!