

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And th' time you speak it in: you rub the sore
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good fir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the planting of this isle, my lord —

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olives, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant.