

she will be proud of such a chaste companion, and has besides the power to protect you.

M A R I N A.

O the good gods direct me how to find her!

B O L T.

But, hark, I hear my mistress. We must be gone: this way we may avoid her.

M A R I N A.

Jove's virgin-best-lov'd daughter, bright Diana,  
Who shar'st with Sol the skies, chaste queen of night,  
Defend my virtue, and direct my flight.

[*Exeunt MARINA and BOLT.*]

*Enter BAWD.*

B A W D.

Bolt, Bolt, where are you? secure Marina. The governor's officers are searching the house for her: we shall have her forc'd away. Why Bolt—O the devil! the back door is open: the villain is run away with my slave, and all the money I paid for her will be lost.

*Enter OFFICERS.*

F I R S T O F F I C E R.

She's no where to be found.

B A W D.

No, no, she's gone. My man had stole her away before you came, a pox confound him and you too: I am likely to be brought to a fine pass betwixt you.

O F F I C E R.

Then we must execute our other orders, which are to turn this beldame out of doors, and then shut up the house.

H 4

B A W D.