

fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same summer and winter as a christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant from Anthonio.*

*Ser.* Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Sal.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter Tubal.*

*Sola.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn *Jew*. [*Exeunt Sala. and Solar.*]

*Sby.* How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua*? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Sby.* Why there, there, there! a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in *Frankfort*! the curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels! I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O, would she were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? why, so! and I know not what spent in the search! why then loss upon loss; the thief gone with so much; and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua* —

*Sby.* What, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.*