

I know, he will be glad of our success:

We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would, you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steal the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!

With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half yourself,

And I must have the half of any thing

That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*!

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;

And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart: when I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you,

That I was worse than nothing: for, indeed,

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend;

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;

The paper is the body of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing lifeblood. But is it true, *Salanio*?

Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit

From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,

From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*?

And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch

Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that, if he had

The present money to discharge the *Jew*,