

Give him this letter—do it secretly, and so farewell!
I would not have my father see me with thee.”

“Our house is hell!” How great must have been her apprehension, to drive so gentle a creature to give expression to such a violent thought! In the next verse Jessica seems to deplore the situation, in the words:

“Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be called my father’s child?”

But, in justice to her own noble self, she says: “But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners.” Then she delights us by giving us the key to a pretty little love tale in the sentence:

“O, Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife.”

Now we enter into a beautiful romance. Where is the girl who would object to being taken away from her father’s house by her own true love? Jessica, furnished with gold and jewels, and having a page’s suit in readiness, waits impatiently for the coming of Lorenzo, with whom she is to elope. She doffs her skirts and disguises herself in the page’s uniform, for Lorenzo desires that she be torch bearer. They flee to Belmont where their nuptials are duly celebrated.

Shylock, in the meantime, is searching in vain for his daughter; not that he cares particularly about recovering his daughter, but because he wishes to recover his diamonds and ducats taken from him by Jessica. He nearly goes wild when Tubal says: “Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night four score ducats.”

“I am glad tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange;
But love is blind and lovers cannot see