

BENRABBI'S WIFE.

A DOLEFUL LEGEND.



Good people all, give ear while I
A doleful tale relate
Of Jacob Raphael Benrabbi,
A Jew of large estate.
He had a wife; but sad to say,
Her health each day declined,
And he, with Doctors' bills to pay,
Could scarcely feel resigned.

And yet this very simple Jew,
At last, so I've been told,
Adored his wife, as few men do,
Far more than all his gold.
And when he saw Death's blighting grip
Defied the power of wealth,
He took a trip on a clipper ship
To benefit her health.



Now, when upon the open sea
A week had scarcely passed,
He saw as plainly as could be,
His wife was dying fast.
Now, in the learned books you'll see
That Jews are all agreed
The burial of their dead at sea
By no means suits their creed.

So to the Captain came this Jew;
And as he sorrowing crept
Along the decks, as oft they do,
The very dead-eyes wept.
The tears they pitched from out their eyes
Came trickling thick and fast,
And the Captain screamed as the tear-drops streamed
Down the newly painted mast.



"Oh, Captain," said the doleful Jew,
"If you'll to port return,
A thousand pounds, or even two,
Your kindly act shall earn—"
Then warm were the tears that the Captain shed,
(A warm-hearted man in his way),
But, turning his head, in a gruff voice, he said:
"And what would the owner say?"

"Though you offered the whole of your golden hoard
It is out of the question quite;
With my cargo aboard, and my ship insured,
It certainly wouldn't be right—"
Oh! then this Jew he tore his wig,

And wailed like a child in his grief,
And his sorrow found vent in a break-down jig
That seemed to afford him relief.



"Oh, Captain," he cried, "then lower a boat,
There were six in the davits near,
"And Lizzie and I on the sea will float
Till some inward bound vessel appear."
"No!" roared the Captain, "you fools! don't you think
If a tempest arose you would drown?
Besides that," he muttered, "those cock shells would sink
If I ventured to lower them down."

Oh, sad was the face of that wrathful Jew,
As he turned to depart in pain;
When another thought fled, like a flash through his head,
And he turned to the Captain again.
"Oh, Captain! now, come, you've got plenty of rum,
Of that if you'll give me a vat full,
To keep my wife's body preserved in the toddy,
Of money I'll give you a hatful."

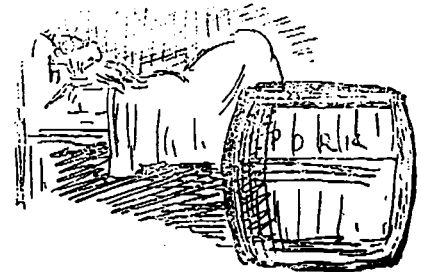
"All right," said the Captain, "but let me reflect—
I'll give him the rum, for I see,
When I've got the coin, if my crew should object,
It wouldn't much matter to me."
So the Jew got the rum, and the skipper the gold
Ben Rabbi went smiling below,
In his innocent heart never deemed he was sold,
But he was, and most awfully so.



For Mrs. Jew died, and was pickled in rum
Some three days, it couldn't be more,
When up to the Captain three spokesmen come,
With the bos'n, Ben Truck, to the fore.
"Oh, Captain," said they, "you have learnt ore this day,
Since you've fought all descriptions of squalls,
When a body aboard of a vessel is stored,
Ill-luck to that vessel befalls."



So bold Ben Truck and his mate, Bill Wreck,
While the Jew serenely snored,
With four or five tars, brought the barrel on deck,
And lowered it overboard—
And then, in the nook beside his bed,
That the cabin might look the same,
A barrel of pork they placed instead,
And the Jew never twigged the game.



FACTS.

A few speeches emanating from well-known individuals, and others in a city not far from Lake Ontario, and worthy of being embalmed for their wisdom, in the most popular publication of the day.

"Yes, sir, though I believe a steam fire-engine would be a most excellent thing for the city, and one that is urgently needed, still I am opposed to getting one for the reason that the chief of the department is already too pompous, and if additional importance were added to his position by the acquisition of a steam fire-engine, he would become unbearably so. Therefore, I say, let the city burn to the ground before we purchase one of these engines."

C. M. . . . L, Esq., M. Y. R.

"It is indeed strange. Three nights in succession a darkness that might almost be felt has brooded over this city, and yet hardly a lamp has been lit. It is not so in Toronto, and they manage these things better in Ancaster."

STRANGER IN THE PLACE.

"I'm an athlete, and St. Jacobs oil has my unqualified approval."

A. D. S., C'F OF PLEESE.

"I may as well send this down to the 'Sphere.' I know it isn't true and the paper will have to apologize for me, but what's the odds so long as I scoop the locals here. How many inches of my collar can you see, eh?"

CORRESPONDENT OF "SPHERE."

"I notice a great improvement in the place since it was placed upon the Grand Trunk. Neat little way station on the N. & N. W. R. R. as well."

MR. HICKSON.

"When I was in Winnipeg—"
EVERYBODY THAT ISN'T THERE YET.

"If the Speckletator ever speaks the truth, it is by accident."

"METIS."

"Veracity and the 'Metis' are strangers to one another."

"SPECKLETATOR."