

And made all sorts of signs, that he
Should rid me of my enemy.

I saw the rogue's malicious smile,
Though I was fuming all the while.

“ You said you something had to tell
In private.”—“ Ah! I mind it well;
But not just now; you know, they say,
This is the Jew's high Sabbath day;
Would you iusult the circumeised?”

“ I care not for a race despised.”

“ But I am somewhat weaker, one

I own it, of the common run :

Excuse me for the present, pray,
Some other time and place,—good day.”

That o'er my fated head alack !

The Heavens should thus be hung with black.

He left me trembling for my life,

A lamb beneath the butcher's knife.

But here by great good luck, his bail

Comes running out of breath and pale,

“ Wretch,” he exclaimed, and held him fast,

“ Have I encountered you at last?”