

Humorous Department.

WILLIAM TELL.



A MAN of mark was William ell,
Among his fellow Swiss,
His aim was true, his name a spell,
He never did amiss.

No Austrian rowdy bent him low,
Thus 'came he an offender,
Quoth he, "I'm fairish at a bow,
But not much on a bender."

"Bring me," quoth tyrant, "an
apple green,
Hither the braggart's brat,
At splitting hairs, my man, you're
keen,
I'll give you tit for th' hat."

The son stood firm against a tree,
The vegetable bearing,
Looking so arch, that archery
Seemed less of skill than daring.

But yet the archer's heart was
wrung,
—He chewed his arrow root!
With quivering lips and nerves un-
strung,
He looked unfit to shoot.

At last he drew his longest bow,
And twanged its tensioned tether,
Then struck an attitude to show
The colour of his feather.

A second afterwards, or more,
An arrow flashed apace,
An instant, and an apple core
Splashed in the Austrian's face.

The tyrant tumbled on the heath,
The boy upraised a shout.
The people all gave lusty breath,
The hero—stood in doubt.

"Why gaze so fierce," whined Austrian prone,
What for 's that pocket arrow?"
Thus W. T., in hoarsest tone,
" 'Twas kept there' for your marrow!"

The air by Alpine horns was torn,
And hurdy-gurdies madly turning,
While homeward was the hero borue,
Hand-organs, meanwhile, rapture-churning.