

recently hung up in its steeple, was a nuisance and brought suit in Court to have it abated. Dr. Wister described the situation in the following lines for the amusement of his friends.

“Concordia, we the bell shall call.”

—SCHILLER.

*Time.*—The Bells of Shandon.

With deep vexation and execration  
I wake at six to those St. Mark's bells,  
That, with clash and jingle, make my nerves tingle,  
While the doctor's visit my pulse foretells,  
As I lie quaking and the house is shaking,  
With the noise they're making—

I dread to meet

The storm that's brewing,

To their undoing,

In the troubled bedding of Locust Street.

From Christ Church steeple, o'er the humble people  
Who dwell around it, the sweet chimes ring,  
And add a savour to the rest from labour,  
That the peaceful Sabbath is sure to bring.  
But here's no liking to the din and smiting  
That makes indicting

A purpose meet,

For the roar and rumble,

The growl and grumble

That make a Bedlam of Locust Street.

There's a bell whose swinging gives out no ringing,  
And I hear no dinging in the State House yard;  
And where its rolling looks like tolling  
I stand and tremble lest my hearing's hard;  
For, with steeple rocking and hammer knocking,  
And the people mocking,

I hear no more

The low dull mutter

Those dumb lips utter

Than the Stone Washington before the door.