

HUMMER'S BELL

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TO A NOTORIOUS PERSONAGE

Ex-teacher of truth, for the love of gain,  
You deserted the Church, you vowed to sustain,

'Twas a scurvy part to act:

But polish and breeding, the more's the pity,  
You lacked even while at Iowa City,

And you're now on the "half-breed tract."

The sound of your Bell will reverberate long.

Repeated in story, and warbled in song

A bellicose bloodless affray

Yet although you are helplessly left in the lurch

As bell-weather <sup>e</sup> had of the Militant Church;

Your brass will yet carry the day.

Perhaps you may ask, who and what am I,

That thus so familiarly write? I reply

I am nought but a jingler of rhymes;

While you are a famed Swedenborgian wight,

Holding converse with spirits, dark-colored and light

But squinting hard after drives

Farewell: Great polemical champion of brass,

Though by many considered a consummate ass;

Thy tale I'll no longer unfold,  
For thy Keokuk proselytes now in their glory  
Might possibly hear of the wonderful story  
The last that the Bell Tolloed.