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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, ETC.

Volume 1.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

Numer 41

THE CHAPEL HILL GAZETTE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
BY
JAMES M. HENDERSON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR
At \$2 Per Annum, Invariably in Advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at one dollar per square of 14 lines, for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

OUR STORY TELLER.

From the N. C. University Magazine.
LUCY HARNETT.

"This will be a mournful tale,"—GROCK.
"So you would hear an old man's tale?" said he of the mournful look, while a melancholy smile played on his thin lips and distorted his shrunk cheeks. "Well, listen." The rumbling sea rolled at our feet, filling with its hoarse murmur, the pauses in conversation; the bleak and desolate sand hills so characteristic of the Carolina coast, reared their barren peaks behind, and each passing gust whirled the dry sand in clouds around us. "It is hard," said he, "for youth, in the pride and joy of conscious strength and freshness, to dream that the days of age and trial will come. The boy that trudges laughingly to school to-day, finds it difficult to convince himself of the fact that days and years rolling over his head will at last reduce his strength, dry up his blood, and cause him to resemble the decrepit old man, who supports his faltering steps with a staff, held in a feeble hand, and murmurs hollowly of his rest in the grave. Yet such is the course of nature, and I, old and withered as I am, was once as young and joyous as the light-hearted school boy of to-day. Of my early life, it suits me not to speak, nor would its relation serve to interest or amuse you. One grand event of my life, one grand scene in my existence obscures all minor events, and on that I would dwell. In the village in which I dwelt resided a rich merchant, who, having resigned his business, sought in retirement and the society of an only daughter some recompense for the years spent in toil and the accumulation of money. Rich and respected, a happy conclusion to his toilsome life seemed opened to him in the ease and retirement of our little country town. But could the future have been laid before him the rich Harnett would gladly have changed places with the humblest plough boy that moves slowly behind his plough. "Living next door to, and attending the same school with the lovely Lucy Harnett, it was not surprising that an intimacy should have sprung up between us, and still less wonderful that my sentiments of regard for my little school-fellow should have ripened into a warmer feeling. So far as Lucy was concerned, I am unable to this day to decide whether she loved me or not. She was gentle, kind, and affectionate, but in her character was such a mixture of contradictions that it was impossible to tell at one moment what feeling would agitate her next. Poor Lucy! The smile that had before animated his face faded into a look of unutterable sadness, and a bitter tear rolled slowly down his worn cheek. "Well," he continued after a slight pause, "I loved Lucy Harnett. Her father, though wound up in his daughter, appeared not to notice our growing attachment, probably regarding us still as children, though Lucy was now seventeen, and I had some time since completed my twenty-first year. He appeared rather to like me, requesting my presence at his house frequently, and seeming much amused with my anecdotes of the outer world. Having graduated at a distinguished college, and having visited most of the noted cities of the United States, I was the better qualified to entertain him with my remarks. "Things were at this stand when one day the house of the old merchant was thrown into confusion by the sudden arrival of a stranger. We—Lucy, her father and myself—were quietly seated in the parlor when the sound of horse's feet was heard on the gravel walk of the yard, and the door bell rung violently. Before I could cross the floor the folding door was thrown open, and a young man of thirty-five walked into the room. Tall and well made, with regular fea-

tures, and neatly dressed, the stranger would have been considered eminently handsome, had not a cold sneer lurked about the corners of his mouth, giving a harsh expression to the whole face. Advancing with an easy nonchalant air, he nodded slightly to Lucy, and bowing gracefully to Mr. Harnett, presented a packet of letters. The old merchant, without noticing the salutation of the stranger, proceeded slowly to peruse the letters, glancing occasionally over his spectacles at his visitor. The gentleman in question manifested no embarrassment at his rather cool reception, but, coolly possessing himself of a chair, proceeded to inspect at his leisure the different ornaments of the room. "Mr. Harnett having finished reading the letters, rose, and, addressing the stranger as Mr. Collins, cordially welcomed him to his house, introducing him to his daughter, who he treated to a bow, and to myself, who he honored with a well bred but rather impertinent stare. Seating himself by Lucy, and filling her head with the last flatteries of the city, I soon found myself neglected; and angry with her for allowing herself to be pleased with such lies, I rose and left abruptly. "Business requiring my presence in the city, I was necessarily absent from home many weeks,—in that time was accomplished the ruin of my hopes. An anonymous letter, with hints of strange proceedings at Mr. Harnett's, recalled me home, and with a heart torn by a thousand fears, I found myself late on Sunday evening entering the gate of my mother's cottage. The first to greet me on my return was a little rosy-cheeked brother of some seven years, who ran eagerly to meet 'bud,' as in his childish manner he was accustomed to designate me. 'Oh! bud,' said he, 'I'm so glad you come. Ma's been crying all day; and Jim says Miss Lucy Harnett's mad with you, and all the boys say she's going to marry squint-eyed Collins, and I heard no more, but leaning against the gate-post a moment to collect my scattered senses, hurried breathlessly to the house to enquire of my mother the meaning of my brother's words. The tale was soon told. The dashing Henry Collins had won the affections of the volatile Lucy, and by his artful address had so insinuated himself into the good opinion of her father that not only had he consented to his union with his daughter, but had actually confided the care of his estate to the hand of an almost total stranger. Young man! He paused, and while the hoarse bellows of the ocean rang in my ear, laid his hand upon my arm in an impressive manner, and said: "Affliction and pain are the natural concomitants of existence,—physical suffering a man of strong nerves can endure, but the pain of the wretch who submits to the most agonizing surgical operation was pleasure to the mental torments I endured that night." The old man rose from his seat on the sand and rapidly paced the beach. The loneliness of the spot, the strangeness of the man, and the sorrows he seemed to have suffered, all served to render me restless and uneasy, and I was about to request him to resume his story, when he observed my impatience, and re-seating himself proceeded thus: "I rose early next morning and walked towards the Harnett House. I slowly approached the door and applied for admission. The servant who answered my summons replied to my question of 'Is Miss Harnett at home?' gruffly in the negative. 'Is Mr. Harnett?' 'No!' I retired sorrowfully to my lonely home, and addressed a note to Lucy. In the course of an hour it was returned unopened, and then I felt as if my misery was complete. But there was another pang in reserve for me. Walking out a few evenings after, accompanied by my little brother, in a retired grove, I

was surprised at hearing the sound of horse's feet behind me, and turning beheld Lucy Harnett attended by Henry Collins. He rode by with a contemptuous sneer on his lips, while his companion turning her head avoided my gaze. In front of them my little brother was standing directly in the path, and instead of being drawn to the horses stood gazing with childish wonder upon their rich trappings. Riding up to the little fellow, the horseman deliberately raised his whip, and, turning towards me with a sneer on his lips, brought it across my brother's face. I could stand no more. To rob me of my love, deprive me of a friend, sneer at my actions, and horsewhip my brother, I could not endure it, but rushing forward tore him from his horse, (for he was no match for me in physical strength,) and trampled him in the dust. Slowly resuming his feet, he drew a pistol and directed it towards me. I sprang forward as the instrument exploded, and the ball, intended for my heart, entered the arm of my brother. He fell with a cry, and I, thinking him dead, was too overcome with surprise and horror to prevent the escape of Collins, who hastily mounted his steed and fled. I raised the bleeding form of my brother, and carefully bearing him to the next house, summoned the best medical aid. As soon as the wound was examined, and his life pronounced out of danger, I collected a few friends, and proceeded towards the Harnett Place, with the intention of punishing Collins. But I was too late—the bird had flown,—and we found the old man in a frantic condition bewailing the loss of his daughter who had eloped with him. It was a cruel sight to see that old man raising his thin hands to heaven, and while his white locks streamed in the wind, bitterly call down divine wrath upon the head of the villain who had robbed him of his daughter. I carried him to my own humble home, and watched beside his sick couch for many a weary week, though nearly as much in want of attention myself." The old man paused, and I pondered on his tale. At length I ventured to observe that it surprised me that he should never have endeavored to revenge himself for these moments of pain. "Revenge!" said he, and a hoarse laugh burst from his lips; "Listen, I will become a novelist for your especial benefit, and give you the sequel in true orthodox style.—About one year from the occurrence of the above mentioned events two young men were seated in a retired room of one of our second class hotels. One was tall, handsome, and drunk; of the other I will not speak. 'Here Henry,' said the latter, 'take a horn,' and he passed a glass of whisky towards his companion, who stretched out a drunken hand to receive it. 'Bill,' said Henry, 'don't frown so; I'll swear you look so like a d—d fool I met at C—, when I was down last year.' 'Come,' said the other, 'give me an account of your trip to C—? You know you promised to tell me all about it.' 'Well, Bill,' said Henry, 'I haven't known you six months, but you're a good fellow, and you shall have the yarn, but you must be 'mum.' You see I forgot some letters in the old gentleman's former partner's style, and down I went. My principal object when I started was the old boy's gold, but he had a right pretty daughter, and I included her in my plan of operations. I succeeded admirably,—I got hold of the old boy's secret funds and got Lucy. (That was the girl's name,) to loving me pretty strong. If I had had time I would have made a fortune of him, but having made a little 'muss' with a d—d country booby, I was obliged to move. But all things considered, it was a profitable trip." "What did you do with the girl? Marry her?" asked the other. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Henry. "Bill, I didn't think you were so green. Marry indeed! No, I kept her about a month or two, and then sold her to Charley. She didn't much like to go, but Charley had paid for her, and she devilish soon found she had to." Boy!"

The old man paused, and looking steadily at me (I continued thus: "That man who boasted of his villainy was Henry Collins—the woman he spoke of, Lucy Harnett, and the man he addressed, myself! For months I had dogged his footsteps, sought his friendship, and insinuated myself into his good-will, all for revenge,—and now the hour had come. I rose from my seat, rushed upon him and bound him hand and foot to the table. Ringing a small bell, (which was a preconcerted signal,) from a side door the pale and emaciated form of the once beautiful Lucy Harnett entered the room, while from another the feeble steps of her father were heard as he tottered towards the table. 'Henry Collins,' said I, 'the hour of your death is near. My own hand would long since have freed the earth of such a monster, but the greater wrongs inflicted upon others give them a prior claim to vengeance.' The once gentle and effeminate Lucy Harnett, now the stern avenger of her outraged innocence, advanced towards the table, and placed a loaded pistol at the prisoner's head. Rapid steps were heard on the staircase, and loud voices calling to one another; for the cries of Collins had alarmed the house, and the servants were hastening to discover the cause of the disturbance. These sounds caused a feeling of hope in the wretch's bosom, and he redoubled his efforts to escape. In vain! Even with a shout upon his lips, the weapon exploded, and the wall was bespattered with his brain. A back way afforded us the means of escape, and the servants rushing in from the outer door found but a lifeless corpse. "The rest of my tale is shortly told. The green grass covers the graves of Lucy and her father, and another season will number me with those that have passed away."

Literature and College Literature.
It has grown into a proverb, that an author's language is the index of his mind and heart, that what he utters is what he thinks and feels. This we may adopt as a true maxim; and although many writers might be convicted of expounding theories, and teaching lessons which they themselves have never reduced to practice, yet the pen will hardly be so unfaithful as to fail to stamp the image of the writer upon his writings. The bold allurances of vice or the quiet seclusion of a hermit's home, cannot so disturb the pool of his thoughts as that it shall not mirror faithfully his character. In treating of authors in their relations to life, we might be struck with wonder at the fact that they have so often eulogized, and sung so sweetly of joys that they have never tasted; that they have cried out so loudly against vices to which they were themselves a prey, and extolled virtues which they never possessed. This would seem to say that one must not pass sentence upon an author's character from his writings; but upon close examination the truth will manifest itself. The philosophy of the human heart teaches us that we most desire that which is denied us. It was to satisfy this craving after what is not our own, that caused our first parents to eat the forbidden fruit. This principle will account for that seeming inconsistency, which we so often remark between a man and his actions. An author sits down to write with the fumes of his own debauchery sickening his senses, and as he looks around him and sees the happy countenances of those who are pursuing "the sunpaths of virtue," free hearted and joyful, he cannot refrain from bursting forth in an indignant wailing against vice, and an eloquent appeal in behalf of virtue. Well might Thackeray, in "Vanity Fair," make the direful consequences of drinking too much Vauxhall punch turn poor James Sedley into a philosopher in his next day's reflections. It is for this reason that moral teachers are not always moral doers; it is for this reason that he, whose eyes "roll in vain" to catch the cheering sunlight, can sing so sweetly of the beauties of the landscape, and that he whose vices have disgusted his own self, can use his sad experience as the warning and the guide of his fellow man. We see then, that literature partakes as much of the peculiar character and disposition of its authors, as the tree does of the soil to which it owes its growth. An author cannot wander so far out of himself, in the reflections of his closet, as that his every-day tastes and inclinations shall not give their tone to the character of his thoughts; the likes and dislikes, will pre-empt the badly-fitting outer garment of his assumed philosophy. The various mutations through which lit-

erature has passed in the world and in different countries, present this fact in a clear light, showing that authors, after all, are not so much raised, in their moral character, above the rest of mankind. If we will look at the history of letters, we shall find that they have had their ebbs and flows, dependent upon the elevation or depression of the moral and mental faculties of their masters, in as striking, yet solemn succession, as the rise and fall of nations. Literature, the precedent of civilization, still continues to follow the course of the sun, (from east to west,) changing, of course, its nature as it passes through different climes and races of men, but always carrying with it more blessings than evils, until one may hope and expect that it will complete the great circle in which it seems to be moving, and restore all the blind descendants of Noah to one common and brotherly bond of union and enlightenment. Why is it, we may ask, that people, in the enjoyment of the refinement and blessings bestowed by the cultivation of letters, should be willing that their literature become degraded, and thus pave the way for the overthrow of their morality and perhaps of their country? Why is it that a literary degradation is so apt to be the precursor of the downfall of that government under which it exists, and whose pillars of support it has turned into wormwood? Why is it that nations, whose strength would seem to be unconquerable, so often humbled in the dust? Because they have suffered their minds and hearts to run in the wrong channel, and their tastes to be corrupted by bad influences, while they who ought to be the guardians of morality and civilization, the men of letters, themselves fall victims to the vices of the age, and thus give greater impetus to its downward and ruinous course.—These evil influences spread themselves imperceptibly over the whole community, working most peculiarly through the medium of literature, until the nation is gradually deprived of its moral and mental strength, and thus becomes a prey to the more intellectual advancement of some other nation, or the superior physical force of its barbarian neighbors. This was the fact at the commencement of the middle ages, when but for the pious works of sequestered monasteries the bright lights of ancient genius would never have penetrated the thick gloom that was flung over them. However corrupt the masses of the people may be, there is yet hope for a better state of things, so long as the writing classes stand aloof from vice; but when they too become a prey to moral depravity, their country's prosperity is sealed. Alas! that authors seem generally to appreciate so little the high responsibility of their station, to yield so often to those petty prejudices, and evil influences peculiar to their circumstances, and to the age in which they live; when they should rather, feeling the importance of their office, be somewhat raised, in moral and mental cultivation above the rest of mankind, as their teachers and guardians. There is no class of literature which presents a more striking example of the influence of age and circumstances upon its character, than that which we see issuing from the walls of our colleges. With the exception of the productions of a few, more mature in years and of riper judgment than the rest, it partakes almost entirely of that romantic and imaginative tone, so peculiar to the ardent temperament of youth. If we will but look into college magazines, which for the most part form the medium by which the student exhibits his thoughts to the public eye, we will find that the better portion of their contents are either the record of love scenes, in which Romeo has at last succeeded in marrying his adorable Juliet, and faithful Cressida, after all the trials of war, famine and pestilence, has finally gone to live in a neat little cottage at the foot of a green hill with her dear, dear Troilus, or tales of fancy, in the composition of which the author was carried back to those good old times when *lady-love* and *valiant knight* were all "the go." These remarks might apply, in some measure, to the literature of all our colleges; but they are intended more especially for our own Alma Mater, where the imaginative and the romantic have almost at times run riot. If an opinion can be formed from the character of our literary productions, we are most emphatically an ardent, warm-hearted band, with but one end in view, the attainment of which we are striving for by various and dissimilar means—that end, our *summum bonum*, a lady's smile. This conclusion may seem strange and unfounded; but the justness of it will be apparent, if any one will take the trouble to look into our literary archives and examine the character of their contents, especially the practical portion of them. On examination, he will find that by far the larger portion of this part of our literature is sacred to woman, and be struck with the fact that about two-thirds of the shorter poems possess significant titles, like the following: "Lines to Miss A. B., of C.," "To a Young Lady on hearing of her fall from a carriage," "On my picture being returned to me," "A lover's reflections on a moonlight night," &c., &c. Some partake more of the chivalric nature, pleading eloquently in behalf of woman's rights, as if any one ever denied her importance as a member of society, or was so *sacrilegious* as to wish to deprive her of that sovereignty which is undoubtedly hers, in her proper sphere. Most of these scintillations of hopeful genius begin somewhat in the following manner: "Maiden, fairer than the moon, Whose charmer's brighter than the sun, Ah! that these charms must fade so soon, Must fade when they are scarce begun!" We see the sun and moon are made use of in the very first stanza generally, then follow the stars and other planetary orbs in succession, until the author, tired of simile and metaphor, bursts forth in a fiery and pathetic peroration, as follows: "Ye sun, moon and stars, do ye not sometimes blush at the uses made of you by these college postasters who 'trim the midnight lamp' over their love-songs, declaring that they were composed 'by the moon's pale light!'" While the foregoing remarks give a good idea of the character of a great deal of college literature, prose and poetical, we should be treating our subject with injustice, if we should fail to mention that there are also to be found essays and poems which would do credit to heads older and more experienced than those of their authors. And we are not disposed to despise, by any means, even that which is so sacred to woman; but only wish to laugh a little at the *l'vo-mania* which seems to manifest itself so strikingly among the literary portion of the students, and to remark the manner in which it colors all the productions of their intellect. The facts are evident, and the reasons for them as obvious. The student is young, warm-hearted, more or less susceptible of the beautiful in everything, and most especially in woman, and when he sits down alone at night, after the monotonous routine of a college-day's exercises, how can he restrain his thoughts from flying away to bask in the sunny smiles of fair ones, whose fancies have hardly died away upon his ear? He takes up his pen to write, with woman uppermost in his thoughts, and her charms are often the burden of his song. Many men, in married life, have doubtless laughed, or perhaps sighed, over the love sick productions of their college-days, exclaiming *how changed!* But after all, the question may be asked, Whether it is not better that the thoughts of the student, in his leisure moments, should run in this romantic-imaginative channel, if we may so call it? The imagination is certainly an important faculty, and what can be better than exercising it on so noble an object as woman? With a just appreciation of the faculty mentioned, and a due reverence for the nobility of woman, we venture the assertion that no disease or influence is more apt to fit its victim for the lunatic asylum than imagination run wild on the subject of love. The literary productions of one who is so unfortunate as to be thus possessed will partake of the author's wild extravagancies, and fail to be appreciated by those who look at them from a sober, judging point of view. This mania of imagination and romance, caused in most cases by an overweening attachment to female beauty, deprives one of that reasoning power and depth of thought which is the only stepping-stone to intellectual greatness. Then while we would say to the student—still continue to respect, admire and reverence woman, as the sacred treasure, the support of man, we would advise him not to allow love or any other influence to so far get the better of him, as to control and keep under those more healthy operations of the mind which are most essential to mental growth. If students could attain this balance of their faculties, college literature would assume a different character, and less of pens, ink, paper and time would be sacrificed to the God of love, imagination and romance.

A FRESHMAN'S LAMENT.
Woe, woe, woe, oh! how woe,
Ego vixit college veve!
Nostra pars quam dura est,
Stude, stude minus rest,
Aut we have about our ears,
Fees, professors, and courses,
Ante diem we must read,
Et peccamus rub our eyes,
Et ad possumus hie ire,
Sine question vult inquiry,
Shivering in omnia membra,
Mensio gelido Decembris,
Tunc ad locum relictum,
Omnis nos must tunc our station
Alli crowding, allii squeezing,
Deinde claudunt, digiti freezing,
Nunc preceptor nomina legit,
Duty, tunc, y-a-mittis legit,
Nunc he calls our recitations,
Sine reason qui or quare,
Strident stat—tremble report
He can't find the place or keep it;
Magis magisque rubescit,
Et hic jam has to confess it—
That he has not learned his lesson,
Et ad "next" one is dish position,
Illa, forte, nunc is screaming
Et ad domum he is dooming
Cum amicus remanet,
Aut cum socrus formosa facit,
Oculi in vacillatione,
Limes and tengens do he hate 'em!
Quam difficile non est hinc
Transmigrare to the real—
Breakfast still claims our attention,
Obliviscor non to mention,
That sure placet omnibus,
Facultas as well as
Non nocere sed nos
How the grand nos we do carry
Ad nostrum ventrum, nunc modo,
If all others do as I do;
Not to say me esse glutinum,
Aut me alimur nutum,
Nec that studies give me quies
Nunciam, appere, nunciam
Nunciam, appere, nunciam
Ad collegium; stulti primus;
Locus non est furibundum
In hoc parvum college munium,
Veniens ad collegium slowly,
Heard deprecans, me, k, and lowly,
Eri' I've heard, in thought or seen it,
Dona a gull of papa venit;
Magna physis—nec from column,
If I had a magnam telum
How I'd beat those Sophomore's brains,
Et give them incus for their pain!
Oh, quia persequi amum!
They sure ad nostrum non to doom us;
Si quare, ad pro nobis,
Si quare, ad pro nobis,
Let us have it—v-e-r-nam,
Ous et omnes, what the harm is,
Pagnis, digitis, calcibusque,
Sed 'em down to Pinto usque—
Sic has done given nos to doom us;
Lecti nos when Sol's last ray,
Luctus nos molibus,
And from nos from the Sophomore's curse,
Non-hora, venit; tunc
Tropismus in our bank,
Vale curantibus, nos nos amum,
Morphosus habet nos et omnem,
Stelle omnem lucentis,
Socite our animas et mentes,
Nunc est media nos. Per Jovem!
Erit tonitru! Semper novum!
Jam salutat auribus,
Quidam nunc is best for us;
Furor! ignis! quis tantumne
Pretoris our piping fulvis,
Cruor! rumbat et sonnet et cinders,
Sopha are smothering in the windows!
Ink-bottles and rocks are plenty,
Quick, dum! non—fotinus lentis,
Aetis non the glass is clicking,
Stratus—quies sta a whirling
Light a lamp for heaven's sake!
Let's cause their capita to ache,
Luctus Jax; but Soph'ra—where?
Jam, alas! sunt nulli there,
O, nos miserabili!
Tormentus sunt illi we die;
Suro our noble nos can fix it,
Went they mind his ipse dixit?
I'm decided—soon or later,
I am bound for home and minter;
Indefatigable dixit,
Vale! tunc—so "ONE WHO WAS THERE."
SERENADING SONG.
AIR—"The Raging Winds."
Oh! the college boys, what a show!
The college boys, what a show!
The professor stands near, and the lesson isn't clear,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go, as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
The first "called up" was the high-bred Fresh,
And a standing collar had he,
Says he—"I've a 'pape' in the cuff of my coat,
I'd read it if I could only see.
The bell rings loudly as they go, as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
The next "called up" was the high-bred Soph,
And a "glorious" rumbler got he,
Says he—"I've a sweet-heart at home, and just now
I am glad that she does not see me.
The bell rings loudly as they go, as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
The junior came next with his gold-headed can,
And a first-ono' man was he,
Says he—"If I hadn't gone a sparking last night,
This Greek would be easier on me."
The bell rings loudly as they go, as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
The Senior came last with a fine mustache,
And a trifling show of goatee,
Says he—"I care more for my Magazine's eclat,
Than for 'Kitt' or for Chas—18—17"
The bell rings loudly as they go, as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
Oh! the bell rings loudly as they go,
APPAREL.
By habit as they pass can buy,
Coutly, dressed in fancy, rich and costly,
But not as they pass can buy,
For the apparel of the day.