proceed from a candle or lamps in the West Building. The cry had continued for a few moments only, when a bright light flashed into my room. I immediately dressed with great dispatch, thinking that the West Building was in flames and with the intention of rendering every aid in my power to its unhappy inmates, but soon discovered that it was the belfry, wrapped in a broad sheet of flame.

Considerable excitement had prevailed among the young men in regard to the different elections, and there seemed to be large numbers of them in the Campus both at the time when the balls were thrown, and during the burning of the belfry.

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