

College Argus.

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DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

The lonely traveler night o'ertaken,
Sinks upon the darkened plain ;
Wearied, and by light forsaken,
Pleasures all give way to pain ;

While clouds and mists above his head,
Seem like the wrappings of the dead.
But the bright dawn of coming day
Brings cheer and comfort to his soul ;

He sees afar the promised way,
And hopes to reach the wished for goal ;
While clouds and mists that round him rolled,
The scene transforms to brightest gold.

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PLACE AUX DAMES!

DEAR ARGUS:—In your last appears a communication from a "Graduate," which at once excites my curiosity and arouses my righteous indignation. I turn to your "Business Letters received" and find my suspicions confirmed. T. H. Kimpton must be the victim and I intend to "go for him" in a more serious manner than I did in my "Reminiscences."

Now I cannot see how he came to write such an article, unless it be his wife was away on a visit in Granby, or some naughty Magdalene had left a couple of female infants upon his front doorstep. It is perfectly scandalous, coming from him ; it does not sound like the Truman of old. The Chevalier as I love to remember him was *sans peur, sans reproche*, the very embodiment of courtesy, chivalry and tender devotion to the fair sex. Now that their once favored ally and bosom companion should in this way turn upon the ladies, and deny them the privileges they ask is beyond my comprehension.

The burden of his objection appears to be the spoiling of those "choice memories" of his college days. Now I yield to none in my cherished memories of Alma Mater. No period of my life stands out with brighter and more alluring prominence than the palmy days of '63. I was peculiarly fortu-

nate in every relation I sustained to old Wesleyan, not excepting even my chum, a rare fellow of generous parts, a regular trump (except when Hubbard dealt). Yet, with all these glorious memories and intimate connections, I must confess I wish this question of female participation in our college duties and privileges had been agitated in our day. Our class would have gone for them in a body, welcomed them with open arms and dared the judgment of our creditors, and guardians. (Ah! Chum, I am afraid had this event been consummated in our time, you and I would have walked arm in arm less frequently up and down Dr. Barrett's pre-adamite causeway, but each with our *respective chums* hanging deliciously upon our arms would have only "met by chance"—seldom then.) Think of cultivation under such circumstances! Do you imagine my fair Briseis would have "swung out" in a fortnight? My brain whirls as I thus picture the possible realization of those sad words, "It might have been."

Why, Kimp, just think of Cook dashing into "Prayers" with dressing-gown, drawers and one stocking on! Think of Newcomb shaving, out at the back pump on a Sunday morning, in a shirt and pair of slippers! Think of Wright walking up College street with a Hebrew Grammar upside down in one hand and a quart can of kerosene, and an attenuated codfish in the other! None of these things would have happened had there been fair eyes to behold our deeds—not much. The Dining Club would have witnessed no hasty scramble after the first plate of oysters and hot buckwheats, an indignant thrust at some architectural fowl and a convulsive gulping down of the familiar hash—the whole in charge of some unfeeling economical sumposiarchos, but rather a banquet graced by fair maids, presided over by the buxom landlady of song and story. The chapel would have been no longer a mockery with half-suppressed anathemas and half-chilled anatomies, but rather a cheerful, genial place where kindred spirits might blend in worship.

The recitation room, no longer a pen for boors