

father and friend of the private soldier in every respect; not like many others who in the battle cowardly dodge, or creep behind the front; but far from peril tramp upon the poor privates, steal their rations, and show their courage by a cruel and unlawful military treatment towards their subordinates.

The fire on both sides was kept up briskly till night, and must have been a grand sight to the spectators in the camp and upon the big sand hills round Vera Cruz. Towards evening, we scattered dragoons, were ordered to quit our hiding places and go home, namely to our tents. I darted up with some others, and rushed in full speed through that dangerous long ditch towards the magazine in the rear, behind which we thought to find shelter against them old big bullets. But arriving there, the ditches round the same were crammed up and stacked full with men already, and we had to stand on the platform—not on the Baltimore, but Santa Anna's. Our fine captain had to take the same stand with us, and seeing three bombs scattered round us in a very short distance, with their burning matches, and digging holes in the ground, addressed them in his usual polite manner, not to spit in our face. But he had scarcely finished his address, when one after the other burst, and threw their powder dirt in our face and the pieces of the shells close over our heads. This moment we dragoons embraced to get out of the cannon shot, and ran in full gallop over an open plain about three hundred yards long, till we came to the same ditch which we had first passed in the morning. Now we were safe, and breathing free, and our young lieutenant commanded with a martial voice:—"Right!" "Left!" "Keep up!" and so we stepped off in first rate order back to the camp, where every one was surrounded by his comrades to hear the story how he escaped from being shot.

Finally, I must remark, that our last race was the most dangerous. The Mexicans peppered us most gallantly from their forts with twenty-four pounders, and having no more ditches and ramparts for shelter, I thought by every step to get a knock down or a leg blown off, when a ball struck to the left and threw the sod and sand in my face, I jumped to the right, and when the same thing happened there on the right, I jumped to the left again. However, no man with a race horse could have kept up with us, by passing that fatal plain. I was quite surprised at my own swiftness, how fast I could run in my old days.

AN OLD DRAGON,
AND NOW A WOOD-CHOPPER.

A College for both Sexes.

It seems there is a collegiate institution at Alfred Centre, in this State, where male and female pupils have equal chances for an education, and receive alike the diplomas and honors of the College. We were not aware of this till now, and perhaps the fact will be news to most of our readers. We, therefore, publish the following letter, which we have received from a visitor there, giving some account of the Commencement Exercises on the 3d and 4th of the present month:—

To the Editor of the United States Magazine.
ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., }
5th July, 1864. }

Alfred Centre is two miles from the nearest railway dépot—a quiet little spot—a gem amid

the hills. It has much the aspect of a New England village, from which it was originally settled by a sect of "Seventh-Day Baptists," who came out to this lone valley that they might choose their day of rest, and disturb nobody's Sabbath by so doing. The houses are low, and painted white, with green blinds, and peering, as they do, from the midst of abundant foliage, the effect is quite picturesque. But whatever might have been the design of the Seventh Day-Baptists in choosing their location, the Alfred people are far from being exclusively of that sect at the present time. The site was chosen many years since by a gentleman of enterprise to be the foundation of a Seminary, or College, for the instruction of the youth of both sexes of the neighboring towns. He achieved his purpose with incredible patience and perseverance, and has now the pleasure of seeing three large convenient buildings crowning the side of the breezy hill, in which are accommodated some three or four hundred pupils, from all parts of the country. Besides this, there is a commodious chapel for religious or collegiate exercises.

It was a pleasant sight to see the youth of both sexes side by side in their recitations, and each receiving their diplomas without distinction of sex. On Monday, July 3d, the Female Literary Society held their anniversary. The exercises were creditable in the highest degree. I send you a poem read by one of the young ladies, which you will admit is very sweet, and gives promise of merit of a high order in the future.

In the evening, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith lectured, by invitation, to a large audience collected from the neighboring towns and villages. Then followed readings, music, poems, &c. On the Fourth, the day was pleasantly filled with the exercises of the male literary societies.

In comparing the productions of the two sexes in the various exercises of the College, the balance is by no means in favor of the masculine half of the pupils. I observe throughout the institution an air of courtesy entirely devoid of all familiarity in the deportment of the students. They dress plainly, live temperately, and perform the duties designed on the part of parents and guardians in sending them here—that is, they study. In this respect the College of Alfred Centre might be cited as a model to more richly endowed seminaries. No ardent spirits are sold anywhere in the village, and the pupils have all of them an air of sobriety and good faith pleasing to witness; they are treated also by the faculty with a companionable consideration. There is excellent material for an institution of the very highest order, and it is to be regretted that the funds of this College are not equal to their opportunities.

The musical department is well sustained, and in the evening we had the Flower Queen, so celebrated of late in school-girl annals, performed by about fifty young ladies, all dressed in white and crowned with flowers, the hair sweeping the shoulders in long curls. The effect was very beautiful, and the whole well sustained. The Queen looked, and sustained her part, admirably. This was really a very fine thing everywhere, but in a secluded spot like this, was a most unexpected gratification.

The graduating class consisted of about thirty members of both sexes. I observed the young girls were some of them affected to tears as they received their diploma, and well they might be, for this is a new era in the experience of womanhood, and one that points most significantly to a great and brightened future. It would seem to be invidious to particularize any one of this interesting group, or I would like to name one whose calm, earnest face, simple diction, and womanly tone, gave promise of more excellence and usefulness in the time to come. The ladies were all tastefully habited in black silk dresses, with white silk scarfs passing over one shoulder and knotted under the other.

The occasion has been one of great interest to me as illustrating views I have long entertained in regard to education, and which have been here carried out in a very good degree, though not entirely, for there is no reason why women of capacity should not fill professors' chairs in

our public institutions. But time—time will bring about the realization of all great aims.

Adieu.

[The following is the poem of the young lady student, alluded to in the preceding letter.]

FAREWELL.

BY FRONIE COREY.

"FAREWELL! a word that must be, and hath been,—
A sound which makes us linger,—yet farewell!"—BYRON.

FAREWELL! a word of fearful power,
That's ever in the ear;
The burthen of each passing hour,
From the cradle to the bier.
A sound that echoes everywhere,
That heart may beat, or footstep dare.

It trembles low on every breath,
That rustles lightly by;
It blights the buds in Beauty's wreath,
And clouds Hope's sunny sky:
Its gifts are mournful ones; and sad,—
A brow less smooth—a heart less glad.

I've stood within the halls of song,
'Mid wildest revelry,
And every heart and harp seemed strung,
To mirth and melody;
But long ere night had taken wing,
Broken was many a silver-string.

I've seen the coral lip grow pale,
Tears dim the beaming eye,
As 'midst the joy, some heart's low wail
Came stealing sadly by.
E'en 'midst the music's merriest swell,
The discord came,—it was—farewell.

I've gazed upon the snowy brow,
Damp with the dews of death;
I've felt the faint pulse fluttering low,
With the last departing breath;
I've seen the eye grow strangely bright—
As if to trace the spirit's flight.

I've felt the hand of waxen hue
Clasp mine, when cold and weak;
It mutely gave the fond adieu,
The white lip could not speak.
That clasp unlocked the spirit's cell,
And gave to mine—but that farewell.

It was enough! it bore my thought
High o'er the care-dimmed earth,
To realms with so much gladness fraught,
Where the spirit has its birth;
It filled my soul with heaven-sent gleams,
From a fairer land, than the land of dreams.

And I have gazed on scenes like this,
In many a by-gone day,
With fairy forms that now—ah, yes!
That now are far away;
I've listened to the silver tone
Of voices, joyous as your own.

But the glowing cheek, the sunny brow,
The bright eye's laughing beam,
The happy heart—what are they now?
Nought—but a vanished dream,—
A severed chain—a broken spell—
A song, whose last note was—farewell.

Farewell! in bitterness, again
The parting cup is filled;
Its nectar-draughts are—tears of pain
From throbbing hearts distilled.
And of that cup, each ruby lip
Now wreathed with smiles, too soon must sip.

Farewell! perchance we never more,
As we have met, may meet;
The by-gone paths we've rambled o'er,
May sound to other feet;
But will not memory's golden spell
Still linger, though we say—farewell?

Ah, yes! like old delicious lays
Of music's sweetness, borne
From the far distance of bright days,
That never may return,—
Visions of early bliss will thrill
The spirit's rusted chords,—farewell!

ALFRED CENTRE, July 3rd, 1864.