

VIRGINIA FREE PRESS AND FARMERS' REPOSITORY.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.
My friend, in declining to write for me, admires us in sundry particular, allows us the privilege of writing "beautiful" on the old year and "we," and suggests that we "must not ourselves to quotations." As we are an over-pesical turn ourselves, we, she will read with some degree of glee and satisfaction the following from one of the gifted Prentiss, which has furnished us by another esteemed lady

"I will not 'promise to make the Free more attractive,' because, as she kindly says, 'Editors cannot do impossible.' Thanking her for kind wishes, we her—

"THE CLOSING YEAR."

—BY GEORGE D. PRENTISS.

midnight's hush—silence now
eding like a gentle spirit's
gillian peaceful world. Hark on the wifely
deep tones are swelling—like the knell
of a melancholy light the moonbeam rest,
and, as the last bright spark—glows—dazzled
the amorous wife—and on you cloud
and dusk so still and placid through Heaven,
the Spring bright Summer, Autumn's
Brown tones.

And winter with his aged locks, and breath,
now with a voice no one abroad
like the last harsh wind and touching wall,
implants—dare—dare the dead year
from the earth of ever.

This same
or memory and fears. Within the deep
differences in the heart a spirit dim,
those tones are like the wizad voice of Time
from the forms of spring its cold
and sombre gloom to the beautiful
and bright visions, that have passed away
and left traces of their loveliness.

On the death-side of life, those species life
the effects of Hope and Joy, and Love,
and beauty in earthly shore the pale
sweet forms that slumber here scatters dead
flowers.

What has passed I thingless. The year
has gone, and with, many a glorious strong
of happy dreams. Its mark is on a brow,
its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
it waved its spray over the beautiful—

And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
is fallen and the fashions—dissolve—

It fled to the vanity where thronged
The bright young—soul and the heart wall
Of innocence is heard, where first the song
And reckless sound resounded. It passed over
The last round wave of summer and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
Of iron—shattered, and the grass
Green to the soul of courage, waves above
The crushed—now more fitting selection. It came
And took—like a wild hawk—

He stirs no more in his home
In his last hours.

Remorse—time—

Friends—time—time—time—what power
Can make this short course, or melt

His heart—time—time. On still, on,
He goes and to rest. The poor bird,

The number of hours that can soar
Through wings with human depths, or bane

The flood of the tempest hurricane,

And hark to the plumage in the slender home

Falls—wings at nightfall and sinks down
To sleep in his mountain ring—but time

Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,

And night's deep darkness has no claim to bind—

His sonorous sleep. Resounds a sweep—

Over every quiet vision to the breast

Of streaming sun—. Comes rise and sink

Like bubbles in the water. Every rise

Springing from the creas and go back,

To the incenseous cypress—Mountains roar

There—heat and braken—ruined—ruin and bend

There—heat in the plate. New comes the sun—

And—wishes—now—no chain to bind—

His—wishes—now—no chain to bind—

Starting the—cares—and the very stars,

You bright and burning blazier of God,

Glare awhile in their depths,

And like the Pearl, lost of their train,

Show them their glowing spires and pass away—

To—rise in the—last—rest—time—

Time—the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,

Dark—ocean—. pauses not

Amet—now—wishes that drew his path,

To—rise in the—last—rest—time—

Upon the feathered beam he had wrought.

REGISTERED LETTERS.

Many persons imagine that, when they use the precaution to have a letter of value registered—for which privilege they pay an extra charge to the Department—they are secured against loss, the Government being responsible for the amount thus deposited with its officers. There can be no greater mistake, as the unfortunate depositor will learn, when after having thus declared that he has put money in their care, and published the fact—which were better to conceal—with his letter, he finds that the letter never reaches its destination, and the Department utterly repudiates all responsibility for the promises.

We regard the system of registering letters as a palpable thumbing one by which advertisements are made to all the agents through whose hands they pass to the effect that the letters so marked are valuable; more of which we dare say fail from this cause, of reaching the parties for whom they were, indeed, than their value was unknown.

MEMORIAL.

An amendment was adopted to the Pacific Railroad bill, in the Senate, Monday week, by a vote of 25 to 23, providing that the iron employed in the construction of the road, shall be of American Manufacture. The vote stood—

Yours—Miss Allen Bigler, Broderick Alabamian, Black Coulommier, Cottenham, Dixon, Pensacola, Post Foster, Hale, Harter, Hou, on Kentucky King Seward, Simmone Thompson of Kentucky, Thompson of New Jersey, Troubles, Trumbull, Wade, Wilson, and Wright—25

Navy—Misses Balke, Bright, Clay, Clift, Davis, Parker, Patch, Fitzpatrick, Green, Hammon, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, Tennessee Jones, Mallery, Ma, Morris, Peale, Read, Ross, Schuster, Stant, and Ward—23

Univer.—On the 22d inst., W. H. Vicksburg, of Marshall, Hardy county, Va., got thrown out of a wagon while driving down the hill, when the driver, who makes the third time he has had an accident in the course of twelve months.

Etherial Oils.
JUST received a large quantity of Etherial Oil, which will be sold by lot.

THOMAS RAWLINS

Pharbour, Dec. 30, 1858.

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