

For the Natchitoches Times.

**Farewell to the Old Year.**  
By STANNIS LEE.

Farewell to the year that has vanished  
Like some beautiful dream too bright  
to stay.  
Farewell to the hours that have gone  
rest,  
Forever beyond the sunlit west—  
They gleamed for awhile like a flash  
of light  
E're they sank evermore into oblivion  
night.

Farewell to the dreams that have circled  
around  
My heart that was filled with vision  
fond,  
Like a mist of the morn as the sun sped  
on high,  
Those hopes have wither beneath life's  
sky,  
And hearts that once throbb'd with love  
and trust,  
I're pulscless and silent beneath the dune.

Farewell to the friends that the world  
could breathe,  
Hapstrid by a barrier wider than death,  
For across death's stream the spirit it crossed  
long  
To efface by love life's deeds of wrong,  
But cold are the hearts that in life turn  
away  
From those who for them in devotion press.

Then adieu, Old Year, thou no more shalt  
come  
To gladden our hearts in our lit-hom  
Thou hast glided in beauty adown life's  
stream,  
But thy memory forever will around us  
gleam,  
And wherever on earth our steps may  
tend,  
Still backward to thee our thoughts will  
wend.  
January 1st 1867.

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**Religious sympathies in China.**

A Presbyterian missionary has published a monthly journal of a long excursion which he made last winter in the interior of China, partly for purposes of general observation and partly to visit the Jewish settlement at Auran. At Auran he found an important mission of the Roman Catholics.

"Until the recent treaties opened the way for his return to the Imperial city, Auran was the seat of the bishop of Peking, he resided in a small village, but far from the city was surrounded by a body of converts, who, with a constancy worthy of all praise, remained true to their convictions in the face of persecution and death in those dark days this retired spot afforded a safe retreat and now when the faith of the Cross is no longer proscribed, whether under Papal or Protestant forms, it affords as an advantageous post for operations in the interior of the province."

Two days further on he learned of the existence of another Catholic settlement which he had not heard of before at Auran.

The informant was a young man who was a native of the capital of the province where he had been to visit the site of all the villages. There were, he said, several villages in which half or more of the people had been Christians. In his own village, for example, he had professed the faith within the last few years, including his own parents, but he had not followed their example, as he had spent much of his time away from home. Though very ignorant, he knew enough about God to say at least among the heathens and repeat it in his hearing portions of the catechism and some other formulae. I asked him what his first religion was. He said that he called his first religion: "Ayye" which means "let us enter the church!" Answered that I may honor my Lord of Heaven, and obtain the salvation of my soul.

The informants from District 6, who were the majority of that part of the province, said that they spoke of the Christians as "the natives" and that they were some of their natives help to bring back to Rome. On a rising at the city, which he found was twelve miles inland, but people and things spoke. "As I entered the gate of the place asked if I was not to the house of the king, the Hall of the Lord of Heaven, the common name which he give to Christians as "Catholic" and indeed to all Christians as "Christians." He said that he was one of the principal elders and it was his duty to be important, not so much on a kind of the day of the city, as with reference to the large district of which it is the civil centre. There are here a good many Mohammedans, as would infer from the procession we saw following a Moslem wedding. Hanli gave a book to the man, who was not of the party, he received it with a bow, and said, "we are of the same faith as you, and we are from the West." The Mohammedans of China are less bigoted and more hopeful than those of other countries. They are, indeed, quite ready to fraternize with us on the ground of our common position to the prevailing idolatry."

**Honorable.**

The Memphis Post tells a story greatly

a dinner party in Richmond, one of the guests, reposed as a toast, "The Fallen Flag." It says:

Colonel Lee promptly placed his hands upon the glass and arose. "Gentlemen," said he, "this will not do. We are pardoned prisoners. We now have but one flag, and that is the flag of our whole country—the glorious old stars and stripes. I can recognize no other, fight for no other, and will drink to no other."

**YOUNG LADY.**—A gray soft poplin dress reaching a little below the knees, cut in battlements and lengthened by bright blue poplin to a desirable walking length. A short sack of gray poplin, battlements all around, also up the front, the fastenings being a jet button in each bat tlement, and loops of black ribbon on each shoulder. A black hat trimmed with blue ribbon, a blue veil, yellow or brown gloves, and a black hand bag-reticlé.

**WOMAN.**—A woman who lived in a small snug cottage in a village, was un fortunate, enough to lose her hus band and set about preparing for the funeral obsequies. A neighbor Mr Grundy, with her cloak and um brella, called to see things, to condole, and speculate. On coming into the house she looked around, raised her spectacles and her hands and said :—

"Why, lor ! me ! how nice you are fixed up for the funeral ; well I do declare, Lor, Suz ! me ! why do tell. You borried Mrs. Webster's cherra, ain't you? and Mrs. Stime's vases on the mantelpiece—they look right smart, I declare ; and there's a clock too—why where on earth did you get that, I want to know?"

Among the persons I had the pleasure of meeting to-day was Mr. Slidell, whom the press has lately ac cused of murdering in America. Mr. Slidell looks well, not to say rosy