

## The South.

### FOR THE SOUTH. THE DYING YEAR.

Shed a tear for the dying year,  
For his days are numbered;—  
At the winter's bid he stands aghast  
On dark December's shore.

He wears with furrowed brow  
The marks of his care;  
In his heart there rest bare faint  
Remains of his former glee.

Now pale and wan he goes to hear  
The mournful dirges of the dead;  
No dirge is now heard around  
But the wail of his lost love.

"Other lands" in vain he sought,  
So near the old master,  
"Why am I left to misery?"  
So near my final doom.

What I lost of health and mead  
The general guides fair?  
She filled the land with zealous bland  
And with fragrance still'd the air!

On shady boughs the quiet hours  
The wild birds were singing;  
And vernal showers brought forth the flowers—  
Sweet harbinger of spring.

But still the same

Is the same in vied  
Vowing wealth

Our dear namesake store  
Is all that I now doomed to die;  
Given these their birth.

I'm of all sorts and lonely left  
To misery and decay;

Let a prayer be said when I am dead,

And in peace I'll taste awa.

Though I'm weak and old amid the cold  
Of winter winds and snows,

The world ingrate and filled with hate,

Scots, peers and butts me gal.

But a parting word—let it be known—  
By those who wish my fall—

My sun will soon with many a beam

Reign peacefully over all.

Then shed a tear for the dying year,  
For his days are nearly o'er;

December's gloom will be his tomb,

As I was of years before.

Baltimore, Dec. 1861.

### DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

The fire and vigor which usually characterize

the letter of the spunk Old Soldier, are not as

conspicuous as usual in the following communication.

It seems as if the concessions made, or to

be made, by our Government to John Bull, on

account of the Trent affair, and the dictatorial

policy of the military authorities at Washington,

had produced a direct effect on the spirits of the

troops here. We fear that the grand army of the Potomac is destined to in gloomy inaction

for the next three months—though we lose other

were. No wonder that our veteran friend chafes

at the idea of *Abraham* within a few hours

of an enemy inferior in numbers, poorly

clothed, and by no means a match for the Federal

cohorts either in artillery practice or close en-

counter. He cannot understand it—neither can

we—neither can the People.

Washington, December, 27, 1861.

*Editor of the Sunday Times.*

Poplar forty feet to a刺 high in this

country, and with we get up a tree almighty rapid

(in the case generally with people in ardent

sime), yet our ephigments quickly subside,

and then we will to consider the subject

only in its all its branches.—Seth has been the case

in the Sam Jasino and Trent disputation. At

first our Eudoxus was up, and even went it on

the board for an enroute with England.

As far as we go, he wanted to take advantage of the difference,

and we called him a mean cur, but

as you see he manifested a disposi-

tion to discuss the matter in an am-

iable spirit our government set at wits with

the utmost liberality and stability.—Seth it out

well hear what you have to say, Old Buffer, and if

you've been ronged in a matter of etiquette, we'll

make it all right, right away!" John, who thinks a bad fellow, considers he's a furrier and doesn't speak English as good as we do, was mildly swetted up by this mark of cordiality with the reply—"Hi Hesse, Hesse, Hesse!" So the rumpass was mocked as ever, and all danger of a blow was averted at end. As Secker had remarked to me yesterday, "Uncle Sam will make the *most* *handsome* and everything will be in. *State you go Andy Baltimore*, or, as often in common ways, nothing but happiness to enter-  
face with our peaceful formis relashon.

Seward, they do say, has played his keards all-thunderously in this business. He represented to the British ambassador that nothing would

please Loose Napoleon better than to see England

and the United States in an intercessional

match of *kick*. Lucked sed to me at Willard's to-day, it was singularly appetizing.

The note at Adelton Heights feasted high on

Christmas Day. Line ahead there went polets,

each held fast in that maddened, Godless

war-party assault, ducks was abduled, hounds

was snarly dash with, and I cocklate from what

heard of the exploits our brave undaundous

that specked birds was want, saved the Capital,

that most on em is sound on the goose. Sartain-

ly they shone plain like the sun.

Every entremet was a Fort Pickings, and

when it come to attack on the wings and broad-

ways it's a regiment don't do.

With the rank and file was rigorous than

than the foederal crewman without distinction

of age or sex, the officers was bankswetting at that

kwarts, and by all accounts they didn't do

things by halves. They sellabrated the jostal

cocktail with *to do* of shampain and wishes

win another mornin happy returns, tell that skin

was as full of hicks as Low's baller in the

dragoon when he goes on a bark inter the hills.

Not as many on go to get a boat.

They kept their right side up with keep, and

of the to go on them they would let found em com-

ing. In case the girls they left behind em was

drink with the biggest kinder "hip" and mi-

thun was wantin but the actl presents of the after-

act to make it as jolly a nannysery as ever

sun of any ware. All that eunched the gallant  
young offars was ther bed to go it alone.

Sum of the tests (both reglar and volunteer)  
displayed considerable gumption. A list of up-  
wards of fifty has been kindly furnish me by the  
orthurs, from which I hav cut out the follerin.—  
The spellin is theirs not mine, so lins responsible  
for errors.

By an owner of the 6th—Our *Selfick* friends  
—the *Devil*.

A *Zouave* Captain.—The Pet Lamb—so  
called because they always law their enemies.

By a lieutenant of the 7th.—The Kilt. (Owing  
to a slight misapprehension of this toast, it  
was drunk by the officers of the 6th standing  
in silence.)

By a Boston artillery officer.—Federal shells—  
wherever they burst in the land of slaves may  
the god be honored.

By a regular side de camp.—Soon may the  
wind of our discontent be cheered by a glorious  
war.

By a major in the rifles.—May we soon have  
something better to shoot at than Folly as it  
flies."

By a cavalier colonel.—Heaven send us manlier  
work than killing Time.

The rest is pretty much in the same vase—most  
on em been clamorous for a forced movement—  
The hot armament the like of Levin atop all  
winter has discontinued. They are wuffy ananks to  
make the enemies for fly, and can't be of  
use for such a long pax.

Hoping they will allowed fitin enuf to keep  
that bird in sirkelskin and thar weepins from  
being even up with rust, I remain with great com-  
tempt, for certain slo coaches that shall be name-  
less, yours alius.

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

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