

The poems of the late Henry Timrod are about to be published by Messrs. Blake & Son, of Philadelphia. The book is to be edited by Mr. Paul H. Hayne, and the entire proceeds from its sale will be appropriated to the benefit and relief of Mrs. Timrod.

Timrod's father was likewise a poet of no mean order. The forthcoming volume will embody the poems of both sire and son. The editor, Mr. Hayne, will give an account of Timrod's life, laying bare its charming simplicity, and skilfully portraying the love and sympathy which so gentle a spirit, and so true a genius, attracted around him.

We are not familiar with the poems of the father, nor have we seen those of the son for several years. But once read, they make an impression not to be forgotten. As a specimen of the elder Timrod's exquisite delicacy and felicity of thought and expression, we insert below a sonnet, (sent to us by a friend,) so pure, so suffused with tenderness, that it might have dropped from the Paradise it describes. It is entitled "Autumn Day in Carolina."

Sleeps the soft South—nursing its delicate breath, To fan the first buds of the early spring; And summer, sighing, mourns his faded breath, Its many colored glories withering. Beneath the kisses of the now-waked North, Who yet in storms approaches not, but smiles On the departing season and breathes forth A fragrance as of summer, till at whistles, All that is sweetest in the varying year, Seems softly blent in one delicious hour, Waking dim visions of some former sphere Where sorrows, such as earth ones, had no power To veil the angelous lustre of the skies, And mind and matter formed one Paradise.

It is stated definitely that Mr. Schuyler Colfax does not take editorial charge of the New York Tribune. We cannot say that we are sorry. In the Tribune we are accustomed to the terse and nervous English, and to the positiveness of Mr. Greeley. These have of late been supplemented or supplied by the resources and research of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. After them Mr. Colfax's shilly-shallying would be distasteful and rather excruciating. If we thought his stereotype smile had gone to the make-up of its issues, we could not read the Tribune any more, certainly not with the same zest.

The Reichsmark, the new German Imperial coin, is about equal in value to the English shilling, or twenty-four cents in gold. Heretofore these coins have been quoted by New York bankers in groups of three or four—thus seventy-two cents gold for three Reichsmarks, or ninety-six cents gold for four Reichsmarks. A movement, however, is on foot to give the price in the New York market of the single Reichsmark, so as to avoid the confusing method mentioned.

Africa Explorations. Sir Bartle Frere, accompanied by a numerous and distinguished suite, has arrived at Alexandria, Egypt, on his journey from Great Britain to Aden. There he will join the British expedition which has been commissioned to act for the suppression of the African slave trade. He was well received on landing, and will for a time be the guest of the Khedive before his departure for Zanzibar. Great interest is felt in the objects of the commission, of which he has been appointed the head.

Herr Meibohm, the German explorer of Africa, has arrived at Guilmane, on his way home, in good health. Prussian savans are making arrangements for some other and further explorations. The Berlin Geographical Society intends to send out an expedition to Central Africa, on a large scale, and with defined scientific objects. It is designed to penetrate the vast unexplored region, containing an area of some million English miles. African travelers have approached it on all sides, but have not yet entered it, as, for instance, Livingstone on the South and South-east; Speke, Burton, Grant and Schweinfurt in the Nile country, on the North-east; Park, Richardson, Barth and others on the North. From the West coast there has been no great successful expedition for any distance inland. The details of the new expedition are not yet settled, but it is thought that the exploration of the Congo and Lopez rivers will probably be a main object.

The great mystery of Africa must yield to the curious, pushing, enterprising spirit of the present age. It is not content to let anything remain in doubt or uncertainty. When the country is thoroughly penetrated, and its long cherished secrets disclosed, and its people brought into some connection with other races, and under the influence of more enlightened principles and policy, its old fatal curse of the slave trade may pass away. Only ideas of the sacredness of family ties, and the endearments of kindred, can extirpate it, and these can only come of a better development of material resources, and a higher advancement in civilization and religion.

The Louisiana troubles have had the most deplorable effect on business. Private advice from New Orleans are to the effect that the contest has brought every department of business and industry to a stand-still. A deep gloom pervades the entire city. The movements of commodities, usually so active at this season of the year, have been practically suspended. Planters and farmers are afraid to ship their cotton and other products to that city, and shipments to other cities are suspended. The orders for goods which formerly went to New Orleans are sent to rival cities. The prospect for the remainder of this winter, therefore, is anything but a cheerful one, and the end is not yet.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONTESTED CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION CASE.—The Washington Chronicle, of the 18th instant, says:

Hon. C. C. Bowen, of Charleston, S. C., is in the city. Having been successful in his contest for the sheriffship of Charleston County, he is now ready to press his contest for the seat in the House, now held by Mr. DeLoat. It is understood that the latter, since the taking of the last testimony, has abandoned the contest, and will make no further opposition to Bowen.

FATAL AFFRAY IN MISSISSIPPI.—On Thursday last, in Starkville, Mississippi, Col. Henry L. Muldrow, a prominent lawyer, killed Col. Jas. L. Graves, a planter, in a street affray. We learn that Col. Graves had both arms broken, was shot through the body and had his skull crushed by the clubbing of his adversary's pistol. Col. Muldrow was slightly wounded in the breast. Both were well known and highly respected citizens of that place.—Mobile Register.

GIN HOUSES BURNED.—Within the last ten days, two gin houses in Robeson County, N. C., (just across the State line,) were burned. Both fires occurred at night, and in each house was contained about twenty-five bales of cotton. One was the property of Mr. John D. McCormic, and the other of Mr. Duncan McNair. The fire at Mr. McCormic's was thought to have been the work of an incendiary, and that at Mr. McNair's was certainly so.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS RAGLAND.—The Columbus, Ga., Enquirer, of Thursday, announces the death of Thomas Ragland, Esq., the senior proprietor of that paper. The immediate cause of his death was a violent attack of colic. He had twice previously, during last fall, had attacks of a somewhat similar kind. Mr. Ragland was born in Raleigh, N. C., on the 4th day of October, 1798.

INQUEST.—An inquest was held on Thursday, December 19, at Fogle's Mill, in Orangeburg County, upon the body of Janey Smalley, a colored girl, who was accidentally shot by her brother on Tuesday of this week. The verdict was in accordance with the facts.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Wm. Sumner died in the vicinity of Hill's store, in Marlboro County, on Saturday last, after a brief illness.

SILK CULTURE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A reporter for the Savannah Republican has had a long talk with a Beaufort planter, who expects to go North soon for the purpose of making arrangements for the establishment of a silk worm nursery at Beaufort. The reporter says: "He appears to have given the subject the closest attention, and brought to our notice several very interesting points in the report of the Agricultural Department published last year. The cocoons which he showed us, and which were grown near Beaufort, were certainly very beautiful, and were stated by him to be as fine as any ever grown in the United States. He carries them on with handsome letters of introduction and recommendation to silk manufacturers at the North, and certainly, upon consideration of the facts before us, we cannot but say that he must succeed in making arrangements satisfactory to all."

"The breeding of the silk worm was, in colonial times, quite an extensive business in South Carolina. Its final abandonment, as far as we can learn, was not on account of the want of profit, but the great difficulty existing at that time in transporting from the old country a sufficient number of skillful manipulators to take care of the plant and the feeding of the worm in its earlier stages. At the present time these are comparatively easily found at the North and from the West. In England the matter has engaged the particular attention of the government for the past two years. Nurseries have been established in various parts of the kingdom, and, with the encouragement of the government, are making large importations of eggs and cocoons from all parts of the world. In Mexico and in various parts of the Northern States it is a business carried on with great profit to the owners of nurseries."

"The experiment of raising the silk worm at Beaufort has been made with the most satisfactory results. The cocoons produced are, as we have stated, very beautiful to our uneducated eye, and the fact that efforts are being made to establish a nursery at that place proves that the parties making the experiment are willing to risk a considerable amount of capital in it. Should the doctor succeed in his efforts, (and we sincerely hope he will,) it must open in South Carolina a field of great profit for her people, and will probably do away, to a certain extent, with the culture of cotton on the sea islands."

ABSINTHE.—One liquor is likely, in future, to be labeled "poison," and thereby delight the hearts of those earnest people, the temperance reformers. It is the French absinthe. A French commission has just made a report to the Pharmaceutical Society of France, in which, after reviewing all the methods employed in the manufacture of absinthe, and the great loss of life caused by its use in France and her colonies, they unequivocally condemn it as a poison, and recommend that efforts be made to prohibit its sale, unless on the prescription of a physician. They say that "the pleasant flavor of absinthe"—it certainly must be one of the acquired tastes, for to most Americans the flavor would be anything but pleasant—"induces persons to consume twenty times as much alcohol as they would be likely to consume if their drinking was confined to brandy." The rapid popularity of absinthe in France as a drink is surprising. It was hardly known until the Algerian expedition of 1848. Then it was prescribed to the army, mixed with worm-wood, as a preventative against the miasmatic fumes of that climate. The army "took to it naturally," to use a popular expression, and only became too fond of it. They brought the taste for it home with them, and the evil increased daily, until it has latterly assumed frightful proportions.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—On Friday afternoon last, an old citizen of Darlington County, Nathaniel Odum, died under the following circumstances: Mr. Odum lived not far from town; had been drinking liquor on Thursday afternoon, and on trying to reach his home got lost in the woods, where he wandered all night. Next morning he was found and taken care of, but was too far gone, and died as stated. His voice was heard repeatedly while he was in the woods, but the practice of shouting and screaming in the night was so common, in this instance, it was not noticed.

"Never before was such a sight witnessed," says the Boston Transcript, "as was seen at the Revere House on Friday afternoon, when 200 merchants, who had been burned out at one fire, ate dinner together, and had sociable family converse about the past, present and future of their trade."

Warned by the \$30,000 fire caused last Christmas by fire crackers, the Mayor of Macon prohibits the use on the streets, during the present Christmas, of all "villainous saltpetre." His example might well be followed by other officials of towns and cities.

DIED IN JAIL.—A colored man, named John Quilty, charged with horse stealing, was found dead in Darlington jail, on Thursday morning of last week. John was subject to fits, and had recently been pronounced of unsound mind, and was to have been brought over to Columbia on Thursday.

"Lord" Gordon Gordon has finally found rest. He is in jail in Canada for borrowing \$1,500 on a bogus check. Somehow or other the barbers and waiters who turn lords don't make a long run of it.

Helmhold is living very quietly in the suburbs of Philadelphia, and has the calm satisfaction of knowing that he owes more creditors than any other man living or dead.

A seducer is murderer of fondest hopes, a betrayer of confidence, an outrager of love, an assassin of virtue and a social outlaw. Excommunicate him!

Local Items.

STAY MATTERS.—The price of single copies of the Phoenix is five cents.

Owing to the non-arrival of our regular sized paper, we are compelled to issue, this morning, an unshapely paper. Christmas is almost here. Look at the array of Christmas and New Year presents advertised in our columns. Make your choice from among them. All will please in price and quality.

The latest styles wedding and visiting cards and envelopes, tastily printed, can be obtained at the Phoenix office.

Old newspapers for sale at Phoenix office, at fifty cents a hundred.

Governor Moses has made the following appointments: J. P. Body, Notary Public for Lexington; M. L. Owens, agent Catawba Indians, vice P. J. O'Connell, resigned; Charles Edmonston, C. N. Plunket and D. L. Henderson, Notaries Public for Aiken; Wm. Hood, Notary Public for Abbeville.

Mr. Pollock is in receipt of another lot of Bagley's Mayflower-Michigan tobacco.

Yesterday was a pleasant day, and there was every indication that the rainy spell is over.

The dwelling of Mrs. English, on the Eastern edge of the city, was robbed again on Friday night—making the third or fourth in the last two years. A lot of clothing and the bed clothes in an unoccupied room were carried off. The thief must have had more than he could manage, as a pair of shoes and some of the clothes were found under the front steps yesterday morning.

Messrs. Love & Co., of the Grand Central, are out with a Christmas card. See it, by all means.

Mr. Stokes is up for the holidays. His stock of stationery is well selected, and embraces all grades.

Brookbanks & Co. announce their display of Christmas goods. They have a variety that will gratify any and every taste and desire. They have a scheme in the prize line. It is worth a chance. The gifts are both valuable and cheap.

There was an immense collection of individuals at Santa Claus' headquarters—Mr. McKenzie's—yesterday. Numerous articles were carried off, but there is still a large stock on hand.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the anniversary celebration of the Demosthenean Literary Society, of Roanoke College, Salem, Va. The report of Dr. Neagle, late Comptroller-General, was delivered to the Governor on the 20th ult.

W. D. Love & Co. have made their holiday selections with a view to pleasing the tastes of the ladies in particular, and gentlemen can here purchase articles for their wives, mothers and sisters. Read his announcement of holiday goods, and repair to the "Grand Central Dry Goods Establishment" and make your purchases.

Messrs. Agnew & Son have just received a choice lot of Christmas goods in their line.

Messrs. Hope & Gyles have just received a superior quality of syrup.

And still they come. Mr. P. W. Kraft is out with a card to the purchasers of holiday goods.

Some one has defined polite society as being a place where manners pass for too much and morals for two little.

ACCIDENT.—A few miles this side of Littleton, on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, two cars attached to the down passenger train yesterday were very badly damaged, the running gear being totally ruined. The cars (smoking and second class passenger) were well filled with passengers at the time, but fortunately no person was hurt. The accident was caused by a broken rail, and occurred about 5 o'clock. The train was delayed only about an hour.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES THIS DAY.—Trinity Church—Rev. P. J. Shand, D. D., Rector, 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Catholic Church—Rev. J. L. Fullerton, First Mass, at 7 A. M.; Second Mass at 10 A. M.; Vespers at 4 1/2 P. M.

Marion Street Church—Rev. S. H. Browne, 10 1/2 A. M. Services also at 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday School, 3 1/2 P. M.

Washington Street Church—Rev. W. Martin, 10 1/2 A. M. Funeral of Rev. J. Lee Dixon, 3 P. M.

Lutheran Church—Rev. A. R. Rude, 10 1/2 A. M.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. R. Wilson, 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

Baptist Church—Rev. J. K. Mendenhall, 11 A. M.

Asylum—Rev. Mr. Bhea, 9 1/2 A. M.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Northern mail opens 6.30 A. M. and 3.00 P. M.; closes 8 P. M. and 11.00 A. M. Charleston day mail opens 6.15 P. M.; closes 6 A. M.; night opens 7.00 A. M.; closes 6.15 P. M. Greenville opens 6.45 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. Western opens 6.30 A. M. and 12.30 P. M.; closes 8 and 1 P. M. Wilmington opens 3.30 P. M.; closes 10.30 A. M. On Sunday the office is open from 3 to 4 P. M.

Portraits of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

At a meeting of the South Carolina Survivors' Association, held at Charleston, on the 12th of December, 1872, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this association be returned to Mr. Albert Guerry, the artist, for the exhibition by him of his two portraits of Gen. Robert E. Lee; and that this association commend the work of Mr. Guerry to the public as the most faithful and admirable expression of the features and frame of that distinguished presence.

Resolved, That the thanks of this association be tendered to the Town Councils of Greenville and Spartanburg for their consent to the use of these portraits.

GEN. J. B. KERSHAW, Vice-President, presiding. A. C. HASKELL, Secretary.

The following letter has been sent to the artist:

CHARLESTON, December 13, 1872. MY DEAR SIR: We have taken great pleasure in examining your portraits of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and desire to assure you of our high appreciation of the paintings, both as works of art and faithful likenesses of the great chieftain in his latter years. In all respects they are eminently satisfactory, and worthy of high commendation. Wishing you entire success in your honorable career as an artist, so auspiciously begun, we are very truly, yours,

J. B. KERSHAW, JAMES CONNER, EDWARD MCCRADY, JR., PETER C. GALLARD, THEO. G. BARKER, W. J. BURNETT, W. M. K. BACHMAN, ALEX. C. HASKELL. To ALBERT GUERRY, Esq.

THE JANUARY MAGAZINES.—The January number of the Eclectic commences a new volume, and commences it in such a way as to challenge the attention of every intelligent reader to the claims of this sterling periodical. It is embellished with two steel engravings, one of them being a reproduction of Guido's beautiful and pathetic portrait of "Beatrice di Cenci." This is one of the finest pictures that ever appeared in an American magazine, and is only an exceptionally striking example of the excellent steel engravings with which the Eclectic is illustrated every month, and which add greatly to the value of its volumes. A fine portrait of Dr. Livingstone also accompanies this number. In literature the Eclectic is always exceptionally strong. Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton street, New York. Terms, \$5 a year; two copies, \$9. Single number, forty-five cents.

Scribner's Monthly differs in many respects from the other magazines of the country. The second paper on "New Ways in the Old Dominion"—an illustration on every page—leads off in this issue. A poem by William Morris, "The King of Denmark's Sons," follows. And this again is followed by an illustrated article on "How Stanley found Livingstone," by Edward King. "Arthur Bonnicastle," by the editor, is continued. T. W. Higginson contributes an article on "Intercollegiate Scholarships;" C. D. Warner, author of "Back-log Studies," one on "A Night in the Garden of the Tuilleries;" and Edward Eggleston one on "The Christmas Club—A Ghost Story." In poetry the number is exceedingly rich.

The January number of the Galaxy fully sustains the already high reputation of this excellent journal, and is quite up to the expectations of its best friends. Its thousands of readers have reason to be gratified with the excellency of its productions, and hope to be able to welcome its familiar face for a long period to come. Sheldon & Co., No. 677 Broadway, New York, are the publishers, at \$1 per annum.

PHOENIXIANA.—A good face needs no paint. How to get along well—Dig deep. An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts, it is just the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts out immediately, and grows in its place.

An exchange tells of an inebriate who whipped his wife Saturday morning, and came home drunk Saturday night. His wife, having no coals of fire to heap upon his head, poured his ear full of pepper sauce. He appeared to be just as well satisfied.

Justifiable homicide is now held to include "the case of every man who kills any other man on account of any woman, and of every woman who kills any man on any account whatever."

A blacksmith cannot only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse shoe.

Fair dealing is the bond and cement of society.

A passionate man scourgeth himself with his own scorpions.

A Criminal Court—Sparking another man's wife.

Plated-ware—Armor.

The Columbus Sun tearfully proponds a conundrum: "American liberty—where is it?"

[Get Stanley to search for it.]

Death of Rev. J. Lee Dixon.

The painful intelligence reached this city, yesterday, of the death of this clergyman, which occurred at his temporary residence, at Paolet Station, Union County, on the 20th. Mr. Dixon had resided in Columbia for a number of years, where he has many friends. The disease was bilious fever, but his death was, doubtless, hurried by a congestive chill. He was born in Lancaster, and was just about entering his forty-fifth year. The remains were brought to this city, yesterday evening, and will be interred to-day. He leaves a wife and five children.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Brookbanks & Co.—Christmas Goods House Wanted. E. R. Stokes—Stationery. Convocation of Myrtle Lodge. Extra Communication Acacia Lodge. J. Agnew & Son—Christmas Goods. Hope & Gyles—Syrup. W. D. Love & Co.—Merry Christmas. Extra Meeting Palmetto Lodge. P. W. Kraft—Toys, &c. &c.

A VALUABLE MEDICAL TREATISE.—The edition for 1873 of the sterling medical annual known as Hostetter's Almanac is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western hemisphere. This almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for about one-fifth of a century. It combines with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1873 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburg, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. D22 131

The city missionary of Dubuque is overwhelmed and discouraged. He talked to an excited German, and the German said: "Dame it, why don't you go to work? Vat in der teivel vas der use of your gone roud mit dem piece of baper? Dem was played out. Dame it, go to work, and doud be acding der loafer mit your blows about dem religias bizness."

The Augusta Constitutionalist has this piece of news: "Since 1865, many, we may say a large number of planters in Georgia, have hid away a large amount of gold which they received in payment for cotton, or which they obtained for greenbacks at the rate of forty-two or fifty-one per cent premium. We have heard the amount estimated as high as \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000."

A remorseless Terre Haute man "is keeping a diary which was commenced by his great-grandfather in England, continued by his grand-father in the same country and on the voyage across the Atlantic to this country, and by him kept up in the United States till just before his death, when his son, the father of the present diarist, took up the task and brought it down to 1827, when the present keeper began it."

Dr. Grant, of the American mission at Cairo, has found Hebrew manuscripts of portions of the Bible in a synagogue reported to have been built forty-five years before the second temple was destroyed. It was carefully deposited in a niche in the wall, ten feet above the ground, and could be secured only by means of a ladder.

A gentleman handed up a ten dollar bill in one of the Red Line coaches, from which one fare, five cents, was to be taken. "Look a here," said the driver, down through the hole, "which of these two horses do you wish to buy with this ten dollars?" "Well," coolly replied the gentleman, "I thought I might get them both for that." Boston Traveller.

A ten year old Socrates lately stated the situation as follows in a Detroit police station: "Oh, it's the old folks again, pounding and mauling each other, and smashing up the dishes. I've talked to 'em at' reasoned with 'em, but they keep right on. It's getting dreary up there, and I guess you'd better bring 'em both in and give 'em three months each."

"Everything has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It is like a lighthouse, to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite, on which we might otherwise be wrecked," answered the professor.

"If all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so out of the trade in potash," says the philosopher Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his just-published "Poet at the Breakfast Table."

When the Parliament began to coin money, an old cavalier, looking at the new piece, read this on one side: "God be with us;" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see, God and Commonwealth are on different sides," said he.

An Irish editor says that, "in the absence of both editors, the publishers have succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper this week."

A witty keeper in Central Park says that, although Mr. Barnum has removed all his seals from the tanks, there are plenty of cygnets on the ponds yet.