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Advertisements: One square 1 week 75 cents. For longer periods, apply to the office.

Agents: We desire a live agent in every town and city in the South.

Contributions: We are always glad to receive original poems and contributions of any industrial, educational or historical nature.

Population of North Carolina, 1,399,758.

Sunday Morning, January 7, 1883.

The Greensboro Patriot very sensibly says that one of the first acts of the Legislature should be the employment of competent stenographers.

Those persons using subscriptions for this paper must either pay for same or their names will be stricken from our list.

The State Game, Patron of Husbandry, of North Carolina has been organized, with Willis W. Williams as Master, and R. L. Beal, Secretary.

The Mason Telegraph says, "Some people don't like a plain spoken paper. And yet such people will always be found to take great pride in being thought to be plain spoken people."

The General Assembly is now in session at Raleigh. Mr. Geo. M. Rose, of Cumberland, was elected Speaker of the House.

The venerable Edward J. Hale, of the New York publishing firm, and a man who was unequalled in his devotion for North Carolina, is dead, at the age of eighty.

The importance of more largely advertising the State. We have received a letter from Prof. W. R. Phillips, 1st Assistant at the State Geological Bureau.

Knowing your lively interest in all that concerns the prosperity and development of this State I take the liberty of addressing you upon a matter of great importance to the State.

The suggestion which Prof. Phillips makes, has been repeatedly urged in THE NEW SOUTH. The editor even before the first publication of this paper, has time and again brought the matter before the public.

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holds out to the immigrant are bound to have the desired effect if properly brought to the notice of those people we desire to come into our midst.

The present department which has our immigration interests in hand seems loath to do any thing of practical value to induce newcomers, therefore, we urged in a recent issue the immediate appointment of a State Bureau of Immigration with a Commissioner, a Clerk, and a Special Agent.

Since writing the above, we have received a letter from Hon. A. A. Robinson, Commissioner of Immigration, of Florida, enclosing a copy of the Act of the Legislature under which the Bureau of Immigration, for that State, was organized.

This Bureau pays fourteen hundred dollars per annum as the salary of the Commissioner of Immigration, and eight hundred as the salary of the Secretary and the same to the Special Agent. The State appropriates \$5,000 per year to be devoted to immigration.

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Said Commissioner shall make a quarterly report of his acts and doings, and of the expenditures of his office, to the Bureau of Immigration, and the same shall be approved by the Bureau, before any further amount is drawn by said Commissioner.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne, Boston; D. Lothrop & Co. 1882. This much heralded work has arrived, and we unhesitatingly pronounce it a veritable mosaic of the book making art.

Now a word about the contents. The beauty and excellence of Paul Hayne's poems need no commendatory words from our feeble pen. They are the gems of Nineteenth Century literature, precious to every man of letters, and their inspiring influence appreciated by all who lay any claims to delicate feeling and a sense of true refinement.

Poplar is the principal wood used in making paper, and of which North Carolina boasts of several species and an almost inexhaustible supply.

Passing down Newspaper Row in New York city one morning, the late Horace Greeley met one of his readers, who very excitedly exclaimed: "Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning, I intend to stop your paper."

The plan who hangs on the coat-tails of a dead ancestor to gain respectability and character for himself, is running serious risks of being precipitated into the dust of insignificance.

AN ANECDOTE OF HORACE GREELEY.

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PRESIDENT FOR ONE DAY.

Gen. David R. Atchison, ex-Senator of the United States, and who became Vice-President at the death of W. R. King, and was by the operation of the constitution, the legal President of the United States for one day.

AN OLD TIME DUEL.

The Washington Evening Star of last Saturday contains a two column account of a duel fought in 1845 between Gen. T. L. Clingman of North Carolina, and Hon. William L. Yancey, of Alabama.

comment equally as mediæval. This sort of narrow minded policy, has seen its best days, and will, ere another decade has past, slumber in the graves of such fault finding old fogies, who retard the progress of North Carolina and the South.

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place near the little village of Beltsville, on the Baltimore and Washington turnpike, about twelve miles from Washington. Mr. Huger, of South Carolina, was Mr. Yancey's second. The parties had a narrow escape from the police, who were after them, but finally got on the field. We give the following extract from the account of the duel:

The principals were placed in their positions, the pistols loaded and just handed them, when a crowd of not less than one hundred persons on horseback and afoot came rushing over the hill from the turnpike, one of them on horseback waving a stick and shouting, "Hold! I am a magistrate."

After apology from Mr. Huger he again proceeded to give the word, but the interruption seemed to disconcert both him and his principal, for, without again commencing, "Are you ready?" he gave the word "fire!" at which Mr. Clingman, who had all the time been coolly holding his pistol perpendicularly up, in accordance with the terms agreed on, fired, missing his adversary; but the ball evidently passed very near his head; drawing his fire, the bullet striking the ground considerably out of line, midway between the parties, scattering some dust upon the person of Mr. Clingman.

After the fire Hon. Kenneth Rayner, who had joined us on the field as one of Mr. Clingman's advising friends, suggested to the opposite party that an amicable arrangement might be arrived at. Upon consultation the very terms which had been offered and rejected in Baltimore were now agreed to. The parties advanced toward each other, shook hands, and the matter was declared honorably and amicably adjusted.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Anna Alexander Cameron of Hillsboro, N. C. has a short story entitled, "The Old, Old Story" in last week's Our Continent.

COTEMPORANEOUS CLIPPINGS.

The plan who hangs on the coat-tails of a dead ancestor to gain respectability and character for himself, is running serious risks of being precipitated into the dust of insignificance.

The old year, as it goes out, leaves us fighting on the line of right and duty. It has made no friends for us among the corrupt, the sycophantic and the time-serving, but the masses are not made up from these classes.

When we hear our old Bourbons raise that favorite and familiar cry of theirs we always know that the fogies are about to try to steal another march on the youngsters. It is always expected in such cases that the juveniles will cheerfully fall back with the polite expression—"Age before beauty!"

Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as the Diamond Dyes. For carpet rugs, better and cheaper than any other dye-stuffs.



TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR. ED. OLDHAM. Paragraph.

H. M. C. W. T. T. A hoop snake very often "makes both ends meet."

Some people are never too lazy to labor under misapprehensions. Frank Frayne was a shooting star.—Chicago Eye. "Re-Frayne audacious star!"

Even the mists of Heaven dew good.—Whitehall Times. Arn't you a little mist-aken? Did you ever see a cold snap?—New South. Did you ever here a damp spell?—Arkansasian.

The fellow who was "wrapped in thought" must have had a cold time of it unless he had s'noother cover. A good many St. Louis papas have gone into bankruptcy. They attempted to fill their daughters' stockings with Christmas presents.

The Cincinnati water-works are completed. The city has now a capacity of 15,000,000 gallons every 24 hours. Its capacity for beer is much greater. Bill must have come pretty Nye pass in his checks during his late illness. We see that he has expended a hundred dollars in a pew in the Laramie Episcopal Church.

Dr. Burton says throwing up a hat is a cheering sign, but for our part, when we see a fellow throwing up hats, we will feel convinced that either one or the other of us is drunk.

At a fashionable wedding up at Rocky Point last week an absent-minded organist played, "What shall the harvest be?" but the congregation mistook it for a selection from Beethoven.

It is about time for the tramp printers to make their appearance from the North. Not a one, however, will come, who has not worked on the New York Herald, or had at one time in the past tackled an editorial of Horace Greeley's.

Hasn't the Arkansas Traveler more notes in his head than in his pocket?—Wilmington, New South. Hasn't THE NEW SOUTH more "cents" in its pocket than in its head?—Arkansas Traveler. We are sufficiently conceited to think not.

The language of the man who stepped on a slippery place in front of our office, was so hot that it melted the ice which occasioned his downfall, and as our type is not secured by a fire policy we refrain from giving his exact language for the same reason.

When you take a "gal" to a hop, and have no money for an ice-cream, just walk off, and let the gal go for it.—Marble, Folio. But wouldn't the proprietor make a racket?—Barton, Baton. Well wouldn't he! and probably polka a host or two at the gentleman, as he glided out.

Here is one of the London Punch's latest, the key to the goak will probably arrive by the next steamer: "Out of tune and harsh." First alter at the "Kirk Skellin"—"Did yer herd Dogal More snorin' in the sermon? Second elder—'Perfectly'ly disgraced!' He's wakened's a'!"

The machinist's favorite author—Lever.—Bato. Every Saturday. The lawyer's favorite author—Sue.—Bruce, Enterprise. The butcher's favorite authors—Lamb and Bacon.—Oldham, New South. A racer's favorite author—Swift.—El. Railway Journal. An accountant's favorite author—Addison.—Baton. A butcher's favorite author—Hogg.—Terre Haute Democrat.

We see that some fellow recently kissed his girl in the ear and instantly depreciated the value of that apparatus for hearing. It is thought that the fellow must have kissed with such cyclonic vehemence as to deter her permitting osculation in the customary quarters for fear he would uproot her teeth and conform her into a candidate for dentistic honors.

Prof. Tyndall says that if a player on an accordion happens to strike the right cord, he can render a listener temporarily insane. From the numerosity of uncomplimentary remarks made anent the accordion by a number of our paragraphic exchanges, we infer that the "right cord" has been struck within their hearing.—Norristown Herald.—That's according to our idea of the matter.

Log Cabin Logic. Lazy nigger never snore. Nigger loves money for what it fetches. Possum heap sweeter arter it all eat up. Nigger neber gib nuffin way ceptin' he laff. Darkie mus fus lose 'possum fore soup taste good.

Nigger what aint got nuffin to gib an mighty liberal. Nigger what hab bad luck am de wisest in de end. Nigger what gits de bigges' wages aint got no friends.

De waggin what has de lightes' load makes de mos' fus. Nigger what steals de 'possum tink ebbery body knows it. Obseseyer what talks de purties' aint allus nigger's bes' fren.

Nigger hab Christmas ebbery day in de year if he hab money in he pocket. Nigger tell what kinder 'backer you smokes by de ash ye knock outten yer pipe. Nigger what prays 'lodes' at meetin' most alls jeck bigges' chicken off de roost.

Darkie what don't hab much to say ain't allus de wisest nigger on de plantashun. Nigger what hoed de longes' row, am de happiest han' on de farm when de sun goes down.

SPECIAL NOTICES. The subscription price of the Texas Siftings is \$2.50, that of THE NEW SOUTH, \$1.50. These two publications will be sent to any address for \$3.00 cash.

To every person sending us a cash annual subscription to this paper within the next sixty days, we will give as a premium the celebrated "Sketches from Texas Siftings." A book of 228 pages with 56 illustrations, and containing 329 laughs to every page, making in all, no less than, 75,012 laughs for only \$1.50.

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Eighteen half yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each may be sent instead of yearly ones if preferred.

RAILROADS.

WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILROAD CO. OFFICE OF GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT, Wilmington, N. C., June 25, 1882.



CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. On and after JUNE 25, 1882, at 6.40 a. m., Passenger Trains on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad will run as follows:

Leave Wilmington, Front St. Depot, at 6.40 a. m. Arrive at Weldon at 12.50 p. m. Leave Weldon at 3.37 p. m. Arrive at Wilmington, Front St. Depot 9.50 p. m.

Train No. 43 North and 40 South. Leave Wilmington, Front St. Depot, at 5.35 p. m. Arrive at Weldon at 11.55 a. m. Leave Weldon at 3.10 p. m. Arrive at Wilmington, Front St. Depot 10.55 p. m.

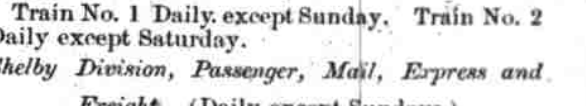
Train No. 40 South will stop only at Rocky Mt., Wilson, Goldsboro and Magnolia. Trains on Tarboro Branch, Read leave Rocky Mount for Tarboro at 12 m. and 7.15 p. m. Daily. Returning, leave Tarboro at 9.00 a. m. and 3 p. m. Daily.

Train No. 47 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond, and daily except Sunday via Bay Line. Train No. 43 runs daily and makes close connection for all points North via Richmond and Washington. No. 47 makes close connection for Tarboro.

All trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington, and have Pullman Palace Sleepers attached. JOHN P. DIVINE, General Supt. A. POPE, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

CAROLINA CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.

OFFICE OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, Wilmington, N. C., June 21, 1882.



CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. On and after JUNE 22nd, 1882, the following Schedule will be operated on this Railroad:

Passenger, Mail and Express Train, Daily. No. 1. Leave Wilmington at 6.30 p. m. Arrive at Charlotte at 7.40 a. m. No. 2. Leave Charlotte at 7.55 p. m. Arrive at Wilmington at 8.50 a. m.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 stop at regular stations only, and Points designed in the Company's Time Table. Train No. 1 Daily except Sunday. Train No. 2 Daily except Saturday.

Shelby Division, Passenger, Mail, Express and Freight. (Daily except Sundays.) Leave Charlotte at 8.40 a. m. Arrive at Shelby at 12.40 p. m. Leave Shelby at 1.40 p. m. Arrive at Charlotte at 5.40 p. m.

Trains No. 1 and 2 make close connection at Hamlet with R. & A. Train to and from Raleigh, and at Charlotte with Shelby Division Train. Through Sleeping Cars between Wilmington and Charlotte and Raleigh and Charlotte.

Train No. 1 makes connection at Charlotte with A. T. & R. for Statesville, connecting there with W. N. C. R. for all points on said Road. Train No. 1 makes connection at Charlotte with A. T. & R. for Spartanburg, Greenville, Athens, Atlanta and all points beyond.

V. Q. JOHNSON, General Superintendent. SEABOARD & ROANOKE RAILROAD, OFFICE SUP'T OF TRANSPORTATION, Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 8, 1881.



CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. Trains of this Road will leave Weldon daily, (except Sundays), as follows: Mail Train at 1.30 p. m. Through Freight at 4.45 a. m. Through Freight at 6.00 a. m. Way Freight, Tri-Weekly, 5.00 a. m.

ARRIVE. Mail Trains at 2.30 p. m. Way Train Tri-Weekly at 1.46 p. m. Through Freight daily at 9.30 p. m. Through Freight daily at 12.40 a. m.

Mail Trains stops at all Stations. Steamer leaves Franklin Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for Edenton, Plymouth and landings on Blackwater and Chowan rivers. Apply to R. O. Edwards, Agent, Weldon, N. C., or to E. G. GHIO, Sup't of Transportation, Portsmouth, Va.

FRUIT TREES. WM. K. NELSON, PROPRIETOR OF THE GEORGIA NURSERY. Cultivator and dealer in Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Strawberry Plants, &c. deol 101 Augusta, Georgia.