

A Picture of the Memphis Slavery.

(From the Memphis Avalanche.)
A stricken city! Alas, fair Memphis! What sights meet the eyes of those who yet remain in your midst! At every turn and corner a cry of distress is wafted on the breeze that floats o'er house-tops, through your streets and alleys. On every side is met the bowed form of some citizen who has lost a relative or friend.

"The river in a calm is hurried onward through channels of despair."

The small piles of bedding that are seen on every street but tell the passer by, "A death has occurred here." These blackened spots are growing in number daily, and yet there are scores of brave hearts who remaining, bound by a duty to their fellow man, cannot but shudder in anticipating that perhaps within the week the bed on which he throws himself to rest to-night will mark the street with its burning record of a sacrificed life. During the day there is bustle and confusion. Doctors are hurrying by. The hearse is met on every square. The Howard visitor is seen in every inhabited dwelling. The change of this comes when night has thrown its mantle of darkness over all. Then, only the rumbling of some buggy over the stony street is heard; or, some nurse sent in haste for a physician to come and try to bring to life the dying patient, is met as he speeds in search of the doctor; or, the patrolman, as he walks his beat guarding the store or dwelling of some citizen who has fled to escape the epidemic, is seen by some Howard who has toiled late in the night to succor the orphan children of a dead parent. Each day brings its changes. The form that but yesterday was seen in the full vigor of manhood, to night lies tossing upon a bed, aching with fever. The chair on which a dear friend chatted while relating the horrors of the plague, scarcely twenty-four hours since, is filled not by him who had shown such a brave spirit the night before—no, he is in his bed, stricken down, leaving his friend to try to write of death's doings, that is making such a fearful record in the history of our city. Who will be left to tell the tale to-morrow?

The South has never felt any special interest in the local politics of Massachusetts, but we could not have wished the Democracy of that State so much harm as to have seen Benet Butler foisted upon them.—At a recent Democratic State Convention held at Worcester the Butlerites captured the hall and the Convention and nominated the cock-eyed animal for Governor, while the Central Executive Committee and a large body of the delegates repudiated the action and another Convention has been called to meet in Boston.

God help any State that should be afflicted with such a Governor as the Beast!

The accounts from the yellow-fever section show but little abatement in the ravages of the fell disease, though a better feeling exists both in Memphis and New Orleans, the cool weather giving some hope of an early frost. The help given by a generous public has been amply sufficient to meet all demands upon the benevolent associations in the afflicted cities and towns.

The fever, however, has reached Chattanooga, and a perfect stampede took place there last week, and fears are entertained in Atlanta, though we hope without foundation.

Continued accounts of the suffering from this disease will be found elsewhere in the CITIZEN.

In an editorial article on the recent development of the velocipede, the London Times says: "A bicyclist can perform a journey of one hundred miles a day with less fatigue than he could walk thirty; fifty miles—that is from London to Brighton—as he could walk ten, and a daily journey to and fro between London and the distant suburbs with just the usual results of moderate exercise."

THE YELLOW FEVER.

From the Raleigh Observer of Saturday
Memphis papers are sad to see and sadder to read, and yet it was a satisfaction to know yesterday that one of them still lives. The editor-in-chief of the Appeal, the last of his corps, and for that matter we believe the last working man on the paper, was attacked more than a week ago, and have had no copy of the Appeal since. The Avalanche has been missing since Saturday last, and we feared that it too had gone down before the plague. Yesterday's mails, however, brought us the missing numbers, their columns filled as for weeks past with the names of dead and dying.

Elsewhere in this morning's Observer are printed letters describing the sufferings of the sick, the horrors surrounding those who have so far escaped, and the heroism of the men and women who have devoted themselves night and day nursing the sick, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked.—Column after column could be published of such extracts from the correspondence of the press in all parts of the country; but enough is given, as the Charleston Courier says, to show that the image of God, which man was created, has not been entirely defaced, and that its glory still reflects a brightness athwart the dark clouds of danger and death that redeems poor human nature from that total depravity of which it is so often accused.

If the great English philanthropist whose self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity has made him immortal, and whose name has been so appropriately adopted by the members of the greatest benevolent association of modern times, could revisit the earth and behold the noble deeds of these, his disciples, he would truly feel that he had not lived in vain, and that his mantle had fallen on shoulders worthy of its holy inspiration. If sublime courage, patient endurance, indomitable perseverance, indefatigable activity and utter self-abnegation contribute any title to the admiration of mankind, then, indeed, the Howards—who have faced the pestilence that walketh at noonday and stayeth not its hand in the dark hours of the night, who have nursed the sick, fed the hungry and clothed the naked, day by day and night by night, while their own strength and health held out, and when finally the grim monster has seized them in their turn, have met their fate with calm composure, or, if recovering have only received back their life to devote it anew to the cause of humanity—are the heroes of the present time.

(From the New York Sun.)

The Last of the Staff.

LANDRUM.—In Memphis, Tenn. Sept. 12, Henry Landrum, local editor of the Avalanche, the last of the staff.
"The last of the staff." What a story is told in those five words! Young Landrum—we believe he was little more than a boy—saw his associates fall, one by his side; but still he stood at his post, as true a hero as any soldier who ever joined in a "forlorn hope" charge upon the enemy's batteries. He was worthy of his editor-in-chief, the immortal Thomson, who, knowing that the fever was upon him, insisted that no word should be sent to his wife whom he had hurried to a place of safety, and faced death alone rather than risk a life dearer to him than his own. The courage and devotion shown by clergymen, the sisters of the religious orders, physicians and nurses in the fever-stricken cities are above all praise; but many an obscure newspaper man and many an under paid telegraph operator have shown themselves equally courageous and devoted.

A man walked into the yellow fever relief office, gave \$1,000 to the treasurer refused to tell his name, and went away unrecognized.

Trade and Mexican Dollars.
This coin is being generally refused at par by merchants and dealers, although, as a matter of fact, they contain more silver than the standard silver dollar, which, being legal tender, passes without difficulty. This shows that the people have faith in the Government. It is the same quality of faith which the people put in the merits of Dr. Hart's Antibilious Discovery for the cure of biliousness, and this makes the great demand for it.

WANTED

Wanted, either for cash or goods, 5000 Dozen Rabbit Skins and all Other Kinds of Furs.

5000 Bushel Dried Fruit, also Wool, Feathers, &c.

For all of which I am willing to pay New York Prices, less freight and commission.

S. HAMMERSLAG.

Asheville, Sept. 8, 1878.

Price for your own satisfaction.

Sold at Bottom Figures.

The above goods have all been bought at the lowest prices for cash, and will be

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS.

Hats, Caps and Clothing.

Hardware and Cutlery.

Harness and Saddlery.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

TOBACCO.

GROCERIES!

JUST ARRIVING!

New Store. New Goods.

I take pleasure to announce to my old Friends and Customers of Buncombe and adjoining Counties that I am now opening in the

Store House of B. H. Merrimon, opposite the Old Buck Hotel, (NOW CENTRAL HOTEL.)

A new and well-selected Stock of Goods, selected expressly for this market,

At Prices that will Defy Competition,

Consisting of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions,

FANCY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c.,

I shall take in exchange all kinds of Country Produce, such as Grain, Flour, Bacon, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fowls, Doves, Wax, Dried Fruit of every description, also all kinds of Furs, Bones, Deer, Herbs, Barks, Leaves, of which I give below a partial Price List for the year annexed.

I shall be pleased to have my old friends and customers call on me, examine my stock, and convince themselves that I intend to do all that can be done by fair dealings, to get a fair share of your patronage.

PRICE-LIST OF A FEW OF THE LEADING GOODS.

Ready-Made Pants at 85 cts.	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	Ladies' White and Striped Hose 10 cts upwards.
and \$2.50.				Gent's White Shirts from 85 cents to \$2.00.
Whole Suits, Coats, Pants, Vests, at \$6.50 worth \$10				All Silk Ribbons, 4 inches wide, 15 cents.
do. do. do. do. 7 50 "	12			All Silk Sash Ribbon, 7 inches wide, 25 and 35 cts.
do. do. do. do. 10.00 "	15			Fine French Flowers from 10 cents upwards.
do. do. do. do. 15.00 "	20			Hamburg Edging from 5 cents yard upwards.
do. do. do. do. 20.00 "	30			Silk and Pearl Dress Buttons, in great variety, from 10 cents dozen up.
Black Wool Hats from 25 cents upwards.				
Heavy Undershirts from 50 cents upwards.				

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Important Announcement.

The Hardware Store lately conducted by DeVault, Pulliam & Co. has passed into the hands of

PENNIMAN BROTHERS & PULLIAM,

Mr. DeVault having retired.

The business will hereafter be on an enlarged scale, with greatly

improved facilities, one partner to reside in New York, attending to

purchasing and shipping goods. The attention of

Merchants, Farmers and Mechanics

is respectfully invited to this important change, and observe that

their wants can be

Supplied on Terms not hitherto approached.

It is our aim to keep a supply of goods sufficient to meet every

demand, large or small, for every variety of

HARDWARE.

TERMS CASH, or such Produce as will readily sell on the market.

Asheville, N. C., July 1, 1878.

PENNIMAN BROS. & PULLIAM.

My Two Stores are Headquarters!

H. G. TROTTER,

Main Street, Franklin, N. C., and Court Square East, Hayesville, N. C.

GENERAL DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Family Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Ladies' Fancy Goods, Millinery, &c., House-keepers' Supplies, Notions, &c.

MINERS SUPPLIES kept in full stock. Drugs, Medicines, &c. always on hand. Also dealer in latest improvements in Farmers' Implements, Plows, &c.

Sewing Machines and Machine Needles on hand—cheap, best patents. My Tin Shop is in full and successful operation, for repairing and manufacturing all kinds of Tin-Ware.

WRECA!—Greenbacks or silver will be paid out, at highest prices, for first-class Mies. Call on me. my 3-ly

H. G. TROTTER, Franklin or Hayesville.

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