BUSINESS NOTICES.

New Styles Fall Clothing.—In Store and receiving daily; also new and choice styles to the piece to be made up to order. Great bargains in Ready Goods, ready made or made to order.

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Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder.

IT KILLS INSTANTLY.

Cockroaches, flies, bugs, and every kind of insect vermin are most troublesome during the hot season. They are killed at once by this wonderful powder. It is not poisonous, but certain to do its work. A single 25 cent flask has often

KILLED A PECK OF COCKROACHES.

Use *here*; it keeps vermin from depositing their eggs, and thus prevents next year's crop. Be sure you get *Lyon's*. It is the original and true Insect Destroying Powder. Beware of imitations. See the signature of H. LYON on the flask. Sold by all druggists. aug1-3m5

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is "a combination and form hitherto unknown" for healing and curing diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. It cures a cough, however severe, quickly, safely and permanently. It is the best remedy for the cough of children, because it does not sicken and leaving the disease behind. aug1-s0

EVENING BULLETIN.

Thursday, September 3, 1868.

FORGERY AND COUNTERFEITING.

The Democratic sorcerers of the New York Carnival often succeeded in raising the devil, and as he threatens to destroy them they are now busily engaged in endeavoring to lay him. Their platform, republican and democratic alike, is a ship with rebels called forth from its lurking places the foul spirit of rebellion and disunion, and now, frightened at their own work, they are earnestly begging him to subside for a time, lest his premature appearance should deprive him and them of all chance of prolonged existence. As the Charleston *Mercury*, of July 30, sagely remarked to its friends, begging them not to show the cloven foot too soon: "What we want just now is to win." Let us keep our power for that purpose. Too much is at stake to waste it now in *fetue de joie*. Let us have our pyrotechnics next March. In the mean time, friends, *let us, without abating one sentiment that is true, be cool and steady, and give the enemy no advantage.*"

That this advice is being acted on we have ample evidence in General Roseeran's mysterious mission to Lee, Beauregard, Stephens and the other cooler heads of the South, who recognize the enormous damage likely to accrue to the new rebellion and its Democratic allies from the too early development of their hopes and schemes. What mouse this mountain of the chivalry in labor is to bring forth we have yet to see, but, meanwhile, a tolerable specimen of the cauchemar which we are to expect from the South between this and November, is to be found in the New York *World* of last Friday.

A month ago, that delectable sheet exhausted its imagination upon "the dirty dogs of despotism" who presumed to criticise "gallantly, the free, the wise or the unwise utterances of the leaders of the rebellion." Six weeks later matters have become too serious, and the success of the party is evidently hopeless unless these manly and free utterances can be explained away or denied. Accordingly the *World* now turns upon the Republican press and accuses it of forging and counterfeiting the expressions of Southern opinion to which our papers have given a circulation so much larger than is agreeable to Democratic lungering for the flesh-pots of Egypt. This charge is endeavored to be substantiated by finding a "private" letter from Howell Cobb to a friend in New York, protesting against the abominable way in which his recent speech as a great meeting in Georgia had been perverted and misrepresented in the North. We give this loyal Cobb the benefit of his own words:

"Well, imagine, if you can, the surprise with which I have read the comments in Radical papers on that speech, perverting its meaning, distorting and construing my words of peace and hope into words of blood and revolution! I am made the advocate of strife and war, when from every part of my speech there comes gushing the most earnest and sincere desire for peace—lasting, eternal peace."

Doubtless the readers of the *World*, which has carefully abstained from reproducing any of the fiery effusions of its rebel allies, will henceforth regard Mr. Cobb as a most maligned apostle of peace. We ourselves begin to feel that, in the language of the *World*, we are the victims of forgers and counterfeiters. Let us therefore refer to an authentic report of the speech in question as published in a bitterly rebel sheet, the Savannah *Tri-Weekly News and Herald* of August 12, 1868. Let us gather from this irreproachable authority, Mr. Cobb's "most earnest and sincere desire for peace as it comes gushing from every pore of his heart:"

"In war we drew the sword and bade them defiance; in peace we gather up the scattered of the South, and raising the banner of constitutional equality, and gathering around it the good men of the North as well as the South, we hurl our thirty thousand up the same defiance, and bid them come on to the struggle. We are ready for it if they are. [Great applause.]

This gushing desire for peace with the Union men of the North is only to be equalled by the affectation displayed for the loyalty of the Union men of the South. Hear his dove-like accents of pacification!

"O, Heaven! for some blistering words that I may write many upon the hearts and souls of these men [applause] that they may travel through earth despised of all men, and rejected of heaven, scorned by the devil himself. They may seek their last congenial resting place under the mud-sills of that ancient institution prepared for them from the beginning of the world. [Laughter and applause.]"

In the same dulcet tones our peaceful Cobb proceeds to invite his erring fellow-citizens into the Democratic fold:

"The doors are wide open, wide enough, broad enough to receive every white man in Georgia, unless you should discover him coming to you creeping and crawling under the Chicago platform. Upon them there should be no mercy. They have dishonored themselves, and sought to dishonor you. *Anathematize them. Drive them from the pale of social and political society.*

Leave them to wallow in their own mire and filth. Nobody will envy them, and if they are never taken out of the gully until I rescue forth my hand to take them up, they will die in their natural element. (Laughter and applause.)

These peaceful gushings from the heart-pores of Cobb completely overcome us. We own up to our forging and counterfeiting, and henceforth will be ready to complain from the house-tops that the Copperhead platform is peace and Howell Cobb is its prophet.

"TOM" FLORENCE.

The Unterrified Democracy of the Ninth Ward met last evening for the purpose of forming a "Workingmen's Florence Campaign Club." Colonel Florence was on hand and he came out in great force in a speech which he delivered upon the august occasion. He is reported to have assured his hearers that the Democratic party are the friends of the white working people; that they do not intend, as the Republicans have done, to burden the working people with taxation by the introduction of black labor. That the working men to look at the imposition forced upon them in the privilege extended to colored people to ride in the city railway cars, and to tell him whether the state of things was ever intended by the Maker of all men. He continued at length, discussing the right of negroes to occupy places in workshops and factories to the exclusion of white men, and concluded by urging workingmen to arouse, and by their efforts before the election, as well as on the day set apart for the polls, place in power only such men as would advance their interests. There are a great many capitalists who are receiving the Democratic victory particularly when he was in Congress; but it is very questionable whether any previous effort of the "Widow's Friend" ever afforded a finer specimen of the *ridiculum et absurdum* than did the Ninth Ward speech of last night.

"If a man who turnips cries
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a sign that he had rather
Have a turnip than a father,"

is a cubic logic in comparison with that used by the Democratic candidate in the Twelfth Congressional District. But nobody ever thought of quarrelling with the handsome colonel upon account of his Democratic views. There is nothing the BULLETIN could say that would improve the logic of the Honorable "Tom," or mend his political morals; but we will venture upon one suggestion. To begin, we come de the possession of numerous and various qualities to the ex-Representative of the First District. As a book-builder's man he doubtless inherited some of the nautical capacity of the parent block; as a carpenter and a hatter he was at least usefully employed; as a member of the Philadelphia Board of School Controllers he cut a respectable figure; as Most Worthy Grand Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance he was prominent in a good work; as a newspaper publisher he was not a disturbing element in his native city, having laid down Democratic organs cold and stark in their final graves; but he has done better in the Federal Capital, and with the aid of governmental pap his Congressional *Globe* became lucrative. We also concede to the amiable Colonel the possession of unusual ability as Marshal of a firemen's parade, and nobody ever doubted his fitness to be the party successor in Congress of a representative who spelt a whole some excellent, *habitbich*. We concede, too, the admirable fitness of the colonel's name for a Democratic candidate. Florence is a good name, and although the party has no special concern with the clerical force of the Attorney-General's office, it is satisfactory to know that we shall be spared, for the future, such effusions as that which has properly cost the self-called "Deputy Attorney-General" his position.

As Mr. Robert Ould is again agitating the question of the treatment of our prisoners at the South, the following information, which may be relied on, will be interesting. General Jeff. C. Thompson, of the rebel army, who was a prisoner for a time at Johnson's Island, testified to the excellence of the treatment received by him and his fellow prisoners. After his parole, and while in Georgia, he went to Jacksonville, and was so shocked at what he witnessed there that in a subsequent visit to Richmond he went to Jefferson Davis to urge the necessity of some action on the subject. The result was that