BUSINESS NOTICES.

New Styles Fall Clothing.—In Store and receiving daily; also new and choice styles in the piece to be made up to order. Great bargains in Gents' Goods, ready made or made to order.
Style, fit and workmanship of our garments surpassed by none, equalled by few.
All prices guaranteed lower than the lowest standard and full satisfaction guaranteed every purchaser, or no sale invoiced and money refunded.
Half way between } BENETT & CO.,
Fifth and } NOWER HALL,
Sixth streets. } SS MARKET STREET,
AND ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder.
IT KILLS INSTANTLY.
Cockroaches, fleas, bugs, and every kind of insect vermin are most troublesome during the fall months. They are killed at once by this remarkable powder. It is not poisonous, but certain to do its work. A single 25 cent flask has often
KILLED A PECK OF COCKROACHES.
Use now; 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. sm18m2

Use Rose's Cow Charms for the Eyes—myrtle, which is not to be wondered at when we take into the account the amount of bad to and mental suffering that this distressing malady generates. The Florentine Myrtle is evaporated, and has cured thousands who were suffering from that complaint. s27 6t

BRIGGS & SCHMIDT,
Manufacturers of
FIRST CLASS SILVER PLATED
WARE NOVELTIES.
No. 613 ARCH Street,
Philadelphia.
s4 tu, th, s, 1m3

EVENING BULLETIN.

Thursday, September 9, 1868.

NATIONAL TICKET.

President:
Gen. ULYSSES S. GRANT
OF THE UNITED STATES.

Vice President:
SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.

STATE TICKET

Auditor General:
Gen. JNO. F. HARTRANFT,
OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Surveyor General:
Gen. JACOB M. CAMPBELL,
OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

BINCKLEY.

It may fairly be hoped that Binckley has made his last appearance in public life. His appearances have been numerous and very ridiculous, and since his first attempt to draw American audiences, his success in his particular line of business has been steady and very remarkable. When he has not with Partington, he never opens his mouth without putting his foot into it. Binckley has never written anything when he has not written himself down an ass. But the last end of Binckley is worse than the first. Binckley with a black eye is a fearful sinking in poetry. Binckley tried the little game of bluff upon District-Attorney Courtney, of New York. Summoning that high official upon his premises, at the Astor House, he demanded to know which side he was going to take in the Rollins conspiracy. Courtney, after reminding Binckley that he is an incorrigible fool, decides to take the outside. Binckley the Brave objects to Courtney's departure, and pinches his fingers in the door. Now are willing to have their fingers pinched in doors by Binckleys or any other men, and Courtney knocks Binckley down and decides to take the upper side, following the first knock-down with a succession of powerful arguments that rapidly reduce Binckley to a condition of black-and-blueness more easily imagined than described. Binckley bellows, or rather brays for help, which arrives rather tardily, and after receiving "a walloping" as the man in the song refused to give his donkey, to whom he "wouldn't go," Binckley goes back to his employers at Washington s sorer and a sadder man.

Binckley's little conspiracy against Mr Rollins has thus ended in about the only way in which it could possibly have done him any good. A tremendous thrashing, such as he seems to have received must certainly teach him, at least two practical lessons. First, Binckley must not pinch gentlemen's fingers in door-cracks. Gentleman don't like it; and however ignorant Binckley may have been on this subject heretofore, as he is on most subjects, he cannot plead ignorance hereafter. The moment Mr. District-Attorney got his hand in, Binckley was demolished, and no man can be much of a hero, with a couple of black eyes. Second, this subject teaches Binckley to keep his own fingers out of dangerous places. If he had not tried to be a public man, if he had kept his fingers out of the door-crack of politics, nobody but his own private circle would ever have known what an ass he is. If he had kept his fingers out of the little conspiracy to damage Commissioner Rollins, he would not have come in contact with that terrible bruiser, the U. S. District-Attorney of New York. And if he had not pinched Mr. Courtney's fingers in the door-crack, that gentleman would never have disfigured Binckley in this disagreeable manner.

Binckley will now certainly subside. No one can expect more from him than he has already achieved. His eyes, by all accounts, are now as large as his ears, and what more can be asked of him? And yet we do not like the idea of losing our Binckley. Brooklyn, of Brooklyn, but partially fills the place of Jack Rogers," at Washington, but Binckley more than fills it. Yes, Binckley must hold on. Time, brown paper, and raw beef will restore the natural proportions of his noble visage, and we hope he may live out all the official days of his master, Andrew Johnson, to amuse the American public with his clumsy antics and absurd mishaps.

The principal person concerned in this affair is the Hon. John Morrissey. Does Mr. Courtney reside in Morrissey's district? If so, Courtney must run for Congress. John Allen will scarcely be taken up this year. He needs a good deal of cleaning up before even New York sends him to Congress. But Courtney, so nimble with his fists, so persistent in his punishment, so conclusive in his conclusions—Courtney, the blacker of Binckley's eyes, the defender of the majesty of the law, the champion of the light weights—Courtney springs up into formidable rivalry with Morrissey, and demands, as he deserves, the Congressional belt.

It would go far to develop American muscularity if this Binckley-Courtney mill could be adopted as a regular pugilistic. Diplomacy would be greatly simplified, and much valuable time would be saved to the country. There are Binckleys in all the walks of public and private life, continually pinching honest men's fingers in their stupid door-cracks. Let us we not have a race of Courtneys to abolish them as a social evil and a public nuisance?

THE REAL ISSUES.

There has not been, since the formation of the Federal Government, if we except the years 1860 and 1864, a Presidential election in which such tremendous issues were involved as are pendant in the contest that must be decided at the polls in November next. We have named two years as possible exceptions, to wit, 1860 and 1864. The struggle in the year first named was to decide whether the North should assert its manhood and vote according to its honest convictions, or be influenced by Southern threats of secession and destruction. The North refused to act the part of the cringing spaniel, and the South attempted to beat it into subjection; it failed in the effort, and whether four years of fearful struggle for Union and freedom upon the one side, and for secession and slavery upon the other, should mean something, or go for nothing, was the great question to be decided at the ballot-box in 1864. This, truly, was a momentous question and it is not necessary to claim upon to reach it.

Scarcely less important are the great questions of the present campaign. Reconstruction, finance, the preservation of the Union from new and threatening dangers, the admission of a popular form of government and numerous minor issues that cluster about these great central points, must be settled in the coming struggle at the ballot-box. The lines are clearly marked, and "those who run may read." The Democratic platform, the rebel agency in its construction, Southern threats, the Blair-Broadhead letter and the utterances of all the Copperhead oracles upon both sides of Mason & Dixon's line, define Democratic position with perfect precision. Upon the other hand, the Republican platform, the grand record of the party during four years of war, Grant's letter of acceptance and every authorized Republican utterance, leave no doubt as to where the Republican party stands in 1868.

With all these great issues to discuss, the *Age* of this morning devotes its editorial columns to a consideration of political questions that are so strained, trifling and irrelevant that but for the seriousness of the conflict upon which the country is entering they would only excite contempt and ridicule. The poor "nigger" is of course the great staple of abuse. With that generosity which is so peculiar to the Copperhead nature, the negro who is our enemy is alike abused and hated, less to offend others or defend himself, is selected as the butt of men who cannot stand questions to attack a prosecuted class, whose weakness would protect them with a generous nature. Then Governor Geary is attacked because he exercised his constitutional right and commuted the punishment of a man whom he believed to have been illegally convicted. This act is charged to the Republican party, and the fact that Alfred Alexander was not improperly hanged is urged as a reason why General Grant should not be elected President.

Then the fact that a little girl has been cruelly outraged and murdered is urged as an argument why Mr. Daniel M. Fox should be elected Mayor of Philadelphia, though what either Mr. Fox or Gen. Tyndale had to do with the crime passes the understanding of common-sense people. Mayor McMichael, as the municipal representative of the Republican party, is held almost directly responsible for all the crimes that are committed in the city just as though crimes were not committed in every community, from the most arbitrarily governed city in Russia or Turkey to the Judge Lynch-ridden frontier towns of the West. The last Democratic Mayor of Philadelphia appointed incendiaries, thieves, black-legs, dog-fighters and common ruffians upon the police force. We are quite sure that Mayor McMichael would make no such appointments. What Mr. Daniel M. Fox would do under similar circumstances we shall never know.

This raising of minor questions when silence concerning graver ones is coveted, is an old trick. Mr. Seymour sinks finance and reconstruction to discuss watermelon, and it is only following his illustrious example to hide all important questions under a huge cloud of dust raised upon comparatively trifling and irrelevant issues, and which have no earthly object except to confuse and bewilder those whose mental optics are not very clear.

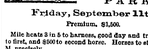
Colorado responds handsomely to Vermont, and so does New Mexico. A delegate to Congress was voted for day before yesterday in Colorado, and Allen A. Bradford, (Republican) was elected by a large majority, every county showing Republican gains. The Legislature also will be largely Republican. In New Mexico an election for Legislature also took place on Tuesday, and resulted in a Republican victory. A despatch from Santa Fe says that the Legislature will be two-thirds Republican. Thus two promising embryo States of the West are showing what they think of Democracy. Next Monday we shall have their votes recorded from the far East, for Maine is to speak then. The skies are bright all around.

General Forrest, impelled probably by that mysterious fascination which attracts murderers to the scenes of their crimes, has revisited Port Pillow. While there, he positively denied the truth of the charge that he ordered or permitted the slaughter of the garrison. In support of his assertion he indulged in some ingenious arithmetic, designed to account for the men who surrendered to him and were assassinated. Neither his denial nor his figures are worth anything. As a forsworn rebel his word is not to be received; and especially is it not credible when it contradicts the statements of hundreds of eye witnesses, the record of history, and the report of an impartial Congressional investigating committee. It is a certified fact that he permitted his soldiery not only to slay inoffensive prisoners of war, but to butcher in cold blood wounded men who lay stretched upon the ground, helpless, defenceless. No excuse can palliate this frightful crime; no apology can extenuate it. With the barbarity of Andersonville it stands in history among the most fiendish atrocities of modern times. And we are the more ready to believe that he participated in it, from the fact that only a few weeks ago this valiant Democrat threatened us a second time with a war in which "no quarter shall be given."

When Philadelphia philanthropists have expended the emotion excited in their breasts by the story of the conversion of that arrant humbug John Allen, the so-called "wickedest man" in New York, perhaps they can find a home fitter material upon which to lavish their sympathy. There are in the Bedford street district, in this city, to-day, men compared with whom Allen is an angel of light, and does so infinitely more that the pen of a truthful writer, rather than that of a "sensational reporter," is only needed to fill the community with horror by describing them. Half of the wickedness and misery and wretchedness or the people of this locality remains untold. Some of it no newspaper dares to tell.* But those who feel impelled to do good service in behalf of humanity and Christianity may find here a field in which there is opportunity for the most zealous and energetic philanthropy to expend itself—a field in which every humanitarian in this city may labor without finding his good intentions anticipated. If any one questions the vastness of the aggregate wickedness of Bedford street and its congenial slums, he has but to place himself at the disposal of the little mission which is striving valiantly, but almost without assistance, to regenerate these people, in order to comprehend fully the depths to which the wickedness of men and women in this city has attained. A single nocturnal visit to the locality, guided by the missionary, will convince the most incredulous that we need not shed tears or indulge in balladizing over the crimes and the sham conversion of a New York rum-seller, whose highest mission it has been to give notoriety to a poor periodical.

*Extensive Sale of Real Estate.—See A. Freeman's advertisement, advertising a large amount of valuable property to be sold by order of *Executors, Trustees, and Assignees under Mortgage*, to which the attention of capitalists and others is invited.

THE TURF.



POINT BREEZE PARK.
Friday, September 11th.
Premium, $1,500.
Mile heats 3 in 5 to harness, road day and track. $1,500 to first, and $500 to second horse. Horses to start at 3 P. M. precisely.
HUDD DOBLE ent. b. m. GOLDSMITH MAID.
J. Wise ent. ch. m. GEORGE WILKES.
The privilege of another introduction a male friend will be given.
Omnibuses will start from Library street at 2½ P. M.
The above horses are ready with the fastest in the country, having recently made 2.20½ time.
J. Wise, Jr.
s9 2t rp9

POINT BREEZE PARK
Friday, September 11th.
Purse $200.
Mile Heats, 2 in 3, good day and track.
M. Goodin named g. h. Gen. Thomas, to wagon.
Owner names g. m. Carrie, to harness.
s9 2t

Point Breeze Park.
Admission will be Charged
for Ladies at the Races on FRIDAY and MONDAY next, except those accompanying Members and Subscribers. No Ladies admitted unless accompanied by Gentlemen.
s6 2t

Point Breeze Park,
Monday next, 11th inst.
At 3 o'clock P. M.
Mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness. Premium $2,000.
$1,500 to first horse, $500 to second horse.
SAMUEL McCLOSKIEY enters b. h. MOUNTAIN BOY.
DANL. PIFER enters b. m. LADY THORN.
The above horses are the fastest public trotting horses in the world.
Each day a new ticket, member introducing a male friend without pay for a single ticket.
Omnibuses will start for the Park from LIBRARY street, daily, at 2 P. M.
Admission, $1.
s6 rp9t

CLOTHING.

H. STECK & CO., AND HAINES BROTHERS
Have removed to Nos. 34 and 36 South Second St., Organ Factory at Nos. 1004 and 1006 Buttonwood st.
s4 2m rp
No. 602 Chestnut street.

HENRY PHILLIPPI,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
NO. 1020 SPRUCE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
s6 1m rp

JOHN CRUMP & SONS,
NO. 317 CHESTNUT STREET,
and 312 LODGE STREET,
Mechanics of every branch required for housekeeping and fitting promptly furnished.

WARREROOMS IMPROVED, VENTILATED and well ADAPTED to the exhibition of Pianos, Melodeons and Organs of the season, Chestnut street, next door to the Post-office.
PIANOS FURNISHED WITH THE MOST CAREFUL SELECTION of Organs, Melodeons, Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise, at the lowest cash prices.
A BEAUTIFUL ROSEWOOD PIANO, SIXTY-SEVEN OCTAVES, for sale at a sacrifice. Also, one Grand Piano, Full Iron Frame, Rosewood case, Grand Action, Sixty-five Octaves, Thirty-five Pedals, Front Action, Sixty-five Octaves, Thirty-five Pedals, Front Action, Sixty-five Octaves, Thirty-five Pedals, Front