The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES, } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { FOUR CENTS.

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Thos. S. Chase,
To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.
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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., opposite the Court House. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

C. L. HOYT,
CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR and DRAUGHTSMAN, Bingham, Potter Co., Pa., will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to him. First-class professional references can be given if required. 10:29-1y*

J. W. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, will attend to all business in his line promptly and faithfully. Orders may be left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or at the house of H. L. Bird, in Sweden Twp. Particular attention paid to examining lands for non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:30

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon reasonable terms. References given if required. P. S.—Maps of any part of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

COLLINS SMITH. E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

MARK GILLON,
DRAPER and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England, Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

H. J. OLMSTED. : : : : : : : : : : : : E. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Poet's Corner:

☞The following, which we find in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for September, is one of those gems of poetized Truth which give back echoes to the heart from the excellences of literature:—ED. JOURNAL.

STORY OF A DEW-DROP.

In a hare-bell cup, at the break of day,
Sparkling and bright a dew-drop lay;

When ruddy morn the east o'erspread,
The dew-drop caught the rays it shed;

And blending with them the flowerets blue,
It rivaled the gem with its delicate hue.

But the sun, when he rose, was wroth to see
A dew-drop could shine more brightly than he;

So he sent down a beam to the hare-bell cup,
And drank the drop, in its beauty, up.

And such is the law in Nature's plan;
Subject to it is the fate of Man:

Life is the dew in the hare-bell cup,
And Death the beam that shall drink it up.

THE LOVER AND THE ECHO.

The following elegant bagatelle was the production of Dr. John M. Harney, who died at Bardstown, Ky., in 1825. He has published several light pieces of uncommon merit.

Lover:
Echo, mysterious nymph, declare
Of what you're made, and what you are—
Echo: *Air!*

Lover:
Mid-air, cliff, and places high,
Sweet Echo! listening love, you lie—
Echo: *You lie!*

Lover:
Thou dost resuscitate dead sounds—
Hark! how my voice revives—resounds!
Echo: *Zounds!*

Lover:
I'll question thee before I go—
Come, answer me more apropos!
Echo: *Poh! Poh!*

Lover:
Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw
So sweet a girl as Phebe Shaw!
Echo: *Pshaw!*

Lover:
Say, what will turn that frisking coney
Into the toils of matrimony?
Echo: *Money!*

Lover:
Has Phebe not a heavenly brow?
Is it not white as pearl—as snow?
Echo: *Ass! no!*

Lover:
Her eyes! Was ever such a pair?
Are the stars brighter than they are?
Echo: *They are!*

Lover:
Echo, thou liest! but can't deceive me!
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me—
Echo: *Leave me!*

Lover:
But come, thou saucy, pert romancer,
Who is fair as Phebe! Answer!
Echo: *Ann, sir!*

Choice Reading.

THE CLEVELAND MYSTERY—ITS LESSON.

Death of E. T. Sterling.

A Sermon Preached at St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, on Sunday Evening, August 14, 1859, by Rev. Dr. Claxton, Rector of said Parish.

From the Cleveland Herald, August 15.

Never have I been called, my friends, to so painful a duty as that which is now before me. Never have I known—God grant I may never again know—such a struggle of mind and of soul, as that through which I have passed since on last Sunday morning it was told me "E. T. Sterling is dead." Dead? Can it be? My friend! my counsellor! my brother! He whose kindness I had so often proved; whose unselfishness I had seen so abundantly manifested; whose generosity I had so largely experienced; whose sympathising tenderness had soothed my hours of deep personal affliction; whose hand was the first of all the members of this parish to give me the warm grasp of greeting, in my then distant home on the banks of the Ohio, and afterwards, when drawn largely by the magnetism of his noble nature, I came to seek a home amongst you; he with whom I had spent many of the most pleasant hours of social intercourse that I had ever enjoyed; he whose business tact and far-reaching sagacity had made him an invaluable coworker with me in the Vestry of this church, in the Convention of this Diocese, in the trusteeship of Kenyon College, (an institution whose present prosperity is largely wing to his faithful and disinterested labor in directing its administration); he whom his fellow-citizens (by whom he was so well known) had admired, and honored, and trusted; he, whose presence in any circle was wont to add to the satisfaction of all with whom he mingled; he, whose name I had so often mentioned, in places near and far off, as one who was a treasure to me as a pastor—he is dead!

* * * * * * *

That our thoughts may take a more profitable shape, let me seek to link them with a passage of God's own word. Genesis iv. 9, 10:

"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not, am I my brother's keeper?

"And He said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

It is a fearful thought that the first human death of which we have any record was a death by violence—a death by murder—and that by a brother's hand.

But I cannot dwell on this thought. Yet does one ask me whether I do not overstep the bounds of propriety—whether I do not trench on the prerogatives of the civil tribunals when I even infer concerning our departed brother that his was a death of violence, inflicted by another's hand? I do not accuse here any man of the wilful murder of this my friend. I have my own opinion as to the propable agency that immediately caused his death. But as God's messenger, I cite to answer at God's tribunal every man who, knowing the weaknessess of the departed, acted other than a brother's part towards him!

Beloved friends—it would be a false charity—a tenderness which would indeed be a weakness, not to say chargeable with unfaithfulness to God and to man, were I to seek to cover up the past. Had the history of the deceased during the past few months been hitherto concealed, it would not be my part to give it publicity. Gladly would I, if I dared, imitate those reverent, loving sons, who, with a garment laid on both their shoulders, walked backwards, and covered up their father's shame. No man in this community (save, possibly, those nearest of kin,) loved E. T. Sterling more than I loved him. None admired more his noble qualities. None, perhaps, was under greater obligations to his generosity than myself. When death, once and again, entered my household, his brotherly sympathy offered me not only consolation, but a resting place for the remains of my own loved dead. By the graves of my own children, in his own burial place, I stood on Thursday last, to deposite his remains. Can I speak otherwise than tenderly concerning him? I will speak as he (for I knew well his heart) would have wished me to speak. God give me grace to be faithful.

E. T. Sterling was one of the founders of this church. He was, pecuniarily, its largest benefactor. He gave not only his money, but his time, his thoughts, his watchful care to its well-being. Twelve years ago, under the ministry of the first Rector of St. Paul's, he professed, in Holy Baptism, to be Christ's disciple; and the tongue would deserve to be forever palsied which should charge him with having made that profession in wilful hypocrisy. When I first knew him, almost seven years ago, I thought I had seldom seen his equal in all that makes the high-minded, liberal, Christian gentleman. He was a warden of this church; a regular and faithful teacher in the Sabbath-school; an exceedingly punctual attendant on all the services of the Sanctuary. His hand was ever open to the cause of Christ, and to the relief of His poor.

I found him just what the venerable Bishop of this Diocese, who had known him for twenty-seven years, described him to be—"a most perfectly confidential, and large-hearted, energetic man, as staunch a friend as ever was." A man, wrote the Bishop, "whose mind is one of great influence." And on Friday last I received from this eminent Christian minister a lament from which I must read a few words: "I have no heart to write—but to be dumb—except to say 'It is the Lord' in reference to this most awful death of our poor friend. What a blow to you as his Pastor. For nearly twenty-seven years has his house been my kind and affectionate home, and never anything but the most generous and affectionate hospitality did I receive from him, and never did I see anything in him inconsistent with his profession as a Christian." I need say no more in his praise. Many of you knew him well; if any knew him better than myself, he knew more of the nobleness of his nature. Yet this is the man whose name has for a week past been in every mouth; whose sad, sad end we can never cease to deplore.

More than two years ago, as his pastor, I could not but see and lament the beginning of a change in the aspect of his Christian character. Business troubles annoyed him and called him often from his home. I feared that he was forming new and injurious associations. Soon his attendance at the Communion table became irregular, and ere long it ceased. At last the fearful truth was made too apparent that there were tempters about his steps, luring him to his ruin. I shall not recite what took place in the repeated interviews between the pastor and this, his erring brother. He ever took kindly my admonitions and my counsels. He ingenuously, and with self-loathing, acknowledged his faults. He wept, he prayed, he resolved, he struggled, he promised, he tried; but the arch tempter had many willing helpers, watching, laying snares for the destruction of body and of soul.

Where were the men who ought to have been this our brother's keeper?

God only knows how far he was responsible; God only knows, whether by a miracle of grace, in the last hours, after the fatal injury was received, when, perhaps seemingly unconscious, he so sought God's mercy in Christ—so believed—and the work of God's Spirit was so wrought as to rescue his precious soul. That soul is now in the hands of the Judge of all the earth who will surely "do right." Happy is it that man is not the final judge of his fellow-mortal. But here I arraign as guilty of his death, every man who, knowing his weakness, partook with him in that most debasing of vices, in which only when reason was dethroned by alcoholic drinks he could stoop to indulge! These men—druggists, saloon keepers, hotel keepers—who, knowing the first glass would open the flood gates of evil supplied him with the maddening poison, must answer to God when He maketh inquisition for blood; and woe to them if they dare say with the first murderer, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Those men, who, masking themselves as friends, lure their victims into their lurking dens, and when they have destroyed for the time all self-control, plunder them of that which belongs to their families, it may be, their creditors or their employers; those men must meet the investigations of an Omniscient, inflexible Judge, who has power to cast soul and body into hell. There will they find what is the guilt of him who, not his brother's keeper, has been his brother's destroyer. There they will find what is God's estimate of conduct like that which the past week's investigations have disclosed; what the decision of Heaven's Supreme Court will be as to the man who, professing friendship, could take to his own room a companion who, *he knew*, lost his self-control as quickly as he partook of the first intoxicating glass; who made of that room what the just verdict of society's unanimous execration call a hell; who with a malignity that one might have looked for only in the realm where the devil—the first murderer—rules, plied his companion with the draught of moral death; who won from him (so the world describes this trade of robbery) all the money in his possession; and who (if his own tale be true) opened his door, led forth his victim—then incapable of standing unaided—and, as though he would ensure his injury if not his death, extinguished the light and left him in darkness on the stairs to grope and to stumble, and to plunge headlong to destruction?

To each one of us, my hearers, the Providence of God in this calamity has a voice.

It speaks to each of us of the sin. of drunkenness. There is not one word in this sacred book, from first to last, of the *disease* of drunkenness. I do not say it is never a disease, nor ever to be treated as a disease; but where a man has such use of his mental and moral faculties as enables him to know right from wrong, he cannot excuse himself before God, if, whatever be his appetite or propensity, he yields to the temptation. God classes the drunkard with the murderer. He says that for such there is no part in the kingdom of Christ and of God. Not that it is an unpardonable sin; but it is like any other sin of the flesh, and one which the Divine justice cannot let go unpunished. The current conversation of society, the common language of the press deals altogether too lightly with this offence against God and against man. Even Christian men and women are too ready to make a jest of the drunkard and of his habits a fault which may well remind us of the Divine Declaration—'Fools make mock of sin."

Of the other vice into which our friend fell, I can scarcely bring myself to speak at all. Drunkenness drags a man down to the level of a brute. Gambling, persevered in, degrades him to the baseness of a fiend. It was only by destroying his moral sense through the intoxicating cup that he could be made to stoop to such degradation. The essential nature of gambling is seen in the revelation that has been even partially made in the investigations of the past week. It is worse than theft; worse than highway robbery; worse than a hundred other crimes for which the law sends culprits to the Penitentiary. So even the imperfect legislation of most well ordered communities deals with it. Why, then, let me ask, has it been tolerated in this city? Why has not public sentiment demanded the enforcement of existing laws? Why have not those in authority felt themselves under continual pressure of public opinion insisting that the laws, both as to this vice and as to the traffic in poisonous drinks, should be vigorously executed? Have any of us said "It is not my business?" Have any said, "If I do not drink and gamble I have nothing to do with others who may thus offend?"

But where is Sterling, our brother? Dare I, dare you, say, "I am not my borther's keeper?" Nay, "we are verily guilty concerning our brother." Every one of us ought to have been "his keeper," his guardian, his true, watchful friend!

There are other men in like peril at this hour! Other brethren, fathers, sons, citizens, are in danger of being plundered, degraded, ruined—it may be, murdered, through the allurement of these destroyers. Men and brethren,—before God, I charge you, save them. Let the thunders of public indignation expel from our city all who would continue to ply this trade of death amongst us! Let the voice of our brother's blood be heard—if not crying for vengeance on his murderers—yet crying for protection, moral protection, legal protection—for our own sons, for your husbands, Christian wives—for your fathers, young men—for all who are lured into the society of those vampires who would plunder and destroy them.

The day before this deed was done—eight days ago—sitting at my own table with the venerable Bishop of Kentucky, I was giving vent to my feelings of strong detestation of everything that has the remotest semblance to gambling—and even the experienced Bishop seemed to think me in danger of taking an extreme view. The next morning he understood why I spoke and felt as I did. * * *

From every pack of cards in your offices, in your parlors, in your chambers, the voice of E. T. Sterling's blood cries to you. Touch them not except to consign them to the flames. Every spot upon them is a spot of blood—of soul-blood. Teach your children to abhor them. Here, before God, I thank my own revered Christian parents (now in Heaven) that they never suffered me to tirfle with the gambler's tools. If my sons perish as our loved friend has perised, they shall not have to charge me with being even the unwitting occasion of their perdition. Happy was I to hear of one of your most honored fellow-citizens, (NOT a Church communicant,) say this week, "I have never played a game of cards in my life. I do not know one card from another." Would that every man, in public or private life, could make the honorable avowal! No respectable household—not to say no Christian family—should ever tolerate what a distinguished citizen of Alabama not long since described as "the well-known implements of the gamester." If heretofore you have used them thoughtlessly, hereafter when you would touch them, think of E. T. Sterling, and let them alone. If one so generous, so unselfish, so truthful, so noble, could not resist the fascinations of evil in this form, who can safely make an experiment of going so far and no farther?

How fearful is the description which Mary Howitt gives of the votary of vice: "He is one self-conducted to sacrifice; a captive who rivets on his own fetters, while he groans for freedom; for the indulgence of those vices miscalled pleasure, while they deaden the will, leave quiveringly alive the sense of degradation. * * Alas! the spirit writhing under the compunctious sense of evil, and the hopelessness of good, is a sight upon which the angels of God might drop tears of pity."

Political.

Circular of the Republican National Committee

The Republican National Committee, at their meeting, recently held in Albany, N. Y., issued the following circular to their Republican friends throughout the Union:

"In the judgement of the undersigned members of the Republican National Committee, the time has arrived for consultation and preliminary action in regard to the approaching struggle for the Presidency, and they beg, therefore, to call your attention to the suggestions which follow. The Republican party had its origin in the obvious necessity for resistance to the aggressions of the slave power, and maintaining for the states respectively their reserved rights and sovereignties. In the contest of 1859, by the presentation and advocacy of the true science of government, it laid the foundation of a permanent political organization, although it did not get possession of the power to enforce its principles. When the result, adverse to its efforts and its hopes, was declared, it unaffectedly acquiesced, giving to the victor, for the sake of the country, its best wishes for an honest and fair administration of the government.

"How far Mr. Buchanan's administration has realized these wishes is now patent to the world. With the executive power of the government in his hands, his administration has failed in every respect to meet the expectaions of the people, and has presented the most humiliating spectacle of corruption, extravagance, imbecility, recklessness and broken faith. So apparent is this, even to our opponents, that the so-called democratic organization, always distinguished for its discipline and party fidelity, is utterly demoralized and distracted, without any recognised or accepted party principle, and throatened with disruption by the rival aspirations and struggles of its leading partisans. While the administration has been thus faithless to the interests of the country, and has thus disorganized the party which placed it in power, the Republican party has been constantly mindful of the great, public necessity which called it into existence, and faithful to the fundamental principle upon which it was erected. Experience has only served to strengthen the conviction of its absolute necessity, in the reformation of the national government, and of the wisdom and justice of its purpose and aims.

"Although some of the exciting incidents of the election of 1856 have been partially disposed of by the energy, enterprise and valor of a free people, the duty of Republicans to adhere to their principles, as enunciated at Philadelphia, and to labor for their establishment, was never more pressing than at this moment. The attitude of the slave power is persistently insolent and aggressive. It is not content with the absolute control of the national government; not content with the dispensation of the honors and employments of the national administration; not content with its well-kown influence—always pernicious over the legislation at the national capital—but it demands fresh concessions from a free people for the purpose of extending and strengthening an institution local in its character, the creature of state legislation, which the federal government is not authorized to establish or extend by and grant of delegated powers. It demands, by an unauthorized asumption of power—after having, as occasion required, adopted and repudiated all the crude theories for the extension of slavery of the ambitious politicians who sought its favor—the establishment and protection of slavery in the territories by act of Congress, and the revival of the African slave-trade.

"Upon no organization except that of the Republican party can the country rely for successful resistance to these monstrous propositions, and for the correction of the gross abuses which have characterised the present national administration. It is the duty, then, of all patriotic men who wish for the establishment of Republican principles and measures in the administration of the national government, to aid in perfecting and strengthening this organization for the coming struggle. There is much th be done, involving earnest labor and the expenditures of time and money. There should be:

"First—A thorough understanding and interchange of sentiments and views between the Republicans of every section of the country.

"Second—An effective organization of the Republican voters of each state, county and town, so that our party may know its strength and its deficiencies, its power and its needs, before we engage in the Presidential struggle;

"Third—The circulation of well-considered documents, making clear the position of the Republican party, and exposing the dangerous character of the principles and policy of the administration.

"Fourth—Public addresses in localities where they are desired and needed, by able champions of the Republican cause.

"Fifth—A large and general increase of the circulation of Republican journals throughout the country.

"To give practical effect to these suggestions, an adequate amount of money will be required, for the legal and faithful expenditure of which the undersigned will hold themselves responsible. The vast patronage of the federal government will be wielded against us, to which we can oppose nothing but earnest and efficient devotion to the Republican cause and the voluntary pecuniary offerings of our Republican friends.

"In conclusion, the undersigned may be permitted to express their opinion that the signs of the times are auspicious for the Republican party, and that, in their judgement, discreet and patriotic action throughout the confederacy promises to secure a Republican victory in 1860. Unwilling, however, to encourage hopes which may be disappointed, and to place their appeal for aid and co-operation upon the assurance of success in the contest that is approaching, the undersigned are constrained to say that they rely most confidently upon the patriotism and zeal of their Republican brethren for such aid and co-operation; meanwhile we have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

E. D. Morgan, *N. Y.*	O. N. Schoolfield, *Tenn.*
Wm. M. Chase, *R. I.*	Thos. Spooner, *Ohio.*
Jos. Bartlett, *Me.*	Norman B. Judd, *Ill.*
Geo. G. Fogg, *N. H.*	Jas. Ritchie, *Ind.*
J. C. Goodrich, *Mass.*	Zach. Chandler, *Mich.*
L. Brainard, *Vt.*	And. J. Stoneus, *Iowa.*
Gideon Wells, *Conn.*	Jno. N. Tweedy, *Wis.*
J. N. Sherman, *N. J.*	Cornelius Cole, *Cala.*
Thos. Williams, *Pa.*	M. F. Conway, *Kansas.*
E. D. Williams, *Del.*	Lewis Clephlane, *D. C*
Geo. Harris, *Md.*	Asa S. Jones, *Mo.*
Alf'd Caldwell, *Va.*	Alex. Ramsay, *Minn.*

Cassius M. Clay, *Ky.*
Republican National Committee."