The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost, the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhumed to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at full of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow,
Of fountains far away.

Naught lost, for even the finest seed,
By wild birds borne, on breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance finds sustenance and soil
In some remote and desert place,
Or 'mid the crowded homes of toil
Sheds usefulness and grace.

The little drift of common dust,
By the March winds disturbed and tossed,
Though scattered by the fitful gust,
Is changed, but never lost;
It yet may bear some sturdy stem;
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or crown with verduous diadem
Some ruin of the past.

The furnace quenched, the flame put out,
Still cling to earth or soar in air,
Transformed, diffused, and blown about,
To burn again elsewhere,
Haply to make the beacon blaze
That gleams athwart the briny waste,
Or light the social lamp, whose rays
Illume the home of taste.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathing of some mournful flute,
Which we have heard with list'ning heart,
Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song;
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot,
But leave some trace upon the mind,
Pass on, but perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to;
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill
They have their power, scarce understood,
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay;
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless alway!

Then, since these lesser things ne'er die,
But work beyond our poor control,
Say, shall that suppliant for the sky—
The greater human soul?
Ah, no! it still will spurn the past,
And search the future for its rest,
Joyful! if it be found at last,
'Mong the redeemed and blest.

FOR FATHER'S HONOR.

"So much gone! I might have known how it would be!" said Mr. Sterling, looking up from a morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

"What has gone?" asked his wife.

"My money is gone," answered Mr. Sterling, fretfully.

"What Money?"

"That money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling, coldly.

"Dead!" The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die?"

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him as with him," was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been over persuaded to loan the sick clergyman, in order that he might go South during the Winter. "He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years."

"Oh, Harvey! How can you speak so?" remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heartbroken!"

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed," coldly replied Mr. Sterling.—"He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars, I wouldn't—"

But he checked for shame—not for any better feeling—the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many hundred yards away from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small, plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly laid out in box-boarded walks and filled with shrubbery. A honey-suckle, twined with a running rose bush, covered the latticed portico, and looked in at the chamber windows giving beauty and sweetness.

The hand of taste was seen everywhere—not lavish, but discriminate taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C——. Now the shadow of death was upon it.

Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans! Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. While her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless with her two little children weepeng over her in childish terror. The news of death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said; "I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home." Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs; and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away two or three months before, his loved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. "She cannot stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor make the heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death, he received a note from the widow.

"My husband," she said, "was enabled to go South in hopes of regaining his health, through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him, would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such things before. They sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, 'what a noble woman! what a fine sense of honor she has! but I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband."

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise and not a little to his pleasure, he discovered about three months afterwards that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with his dear familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable formality, an endorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's hands. It seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

"Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew," said Flora Temple to her mother, on the evening of the very day the first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

"I think her a very nice little girl," replied the mother. "So she *is* nice, returned the child, but then she is so queer."

"What do you mean by queer?"

"Oh, she isn't like the rest of the girls. She said the oddest thing to-day. I almost laughed out; but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie, Lillie Bonfield, and I, were walking round the square at recess time, when Uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten cent pieces, he said, 'Here's a dime for each of you girls, to buy sugar plums.' Lillie and I screamed out, and started away for the candy shops in an instant; but Kate stood still with her share of the money in her hand. 'Come along!' I cried. She didn't move, bvt looked strange and serious. 'Aren't you going to buy some candy with it?' I asked. Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear the words)—'It's for father's honor;' and leaving us, went back to the schoolroom. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange!"

"Her mother is very poor you know," replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Kittie's singular remark to be pondered over.

"She must be strange," said Flora, "for she's worn that same frock to school every day for 'most three months."

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katie's remark, "It's for father's honor;" the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and then Mrs. Granger called again on Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more. The pale, thin face made a stronger impression on him. It troubled him to lift the money in her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, as she counted it out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark, "Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidity whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness, and so he kept silent.

"No, dear, it's for father's honor; I cannot spend the money."

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when this sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister back from the window, "Don't look at them any more—don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie," pleaned the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a cent; but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held the honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of these pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burnt the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

"Here, little ones!" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in, and I will get you some apples," he said."

Katie held back, but Maggie drew her forward, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

"Come," repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse, and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money. But the vision of sober child-faces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child-voices in his ears.

Through over taxing toil, and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hands—to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half absent way the edges of the little pile of bills that lay under his fingers.—One thing was clear to him; he would never take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her self-denial and that of her children in order to pay the husband's and father's debt, in order to keep pure his honor; and they would ask naturally, who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket-book, and selected from one of the compartments a note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures, the sum of $300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well, to come squarely up to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figures of the obligation, but a sad, pleading little face, and with the vision of this face came to his ears the sentence: "No, dear, it's for father's honor."

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "cancelled," and handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"It means," said Mr. Sterling, "that I hold no obligations against your husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied as she reached back the note:

"I thank you for your generous kindness, but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done," answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions that were now to him. "It is as white as snow."

Then he thrust back upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

"No Mr. Sterling," the widow said.

"It shall be as I will!" was the response. "I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar would burn upon my conscience like living coals."

"But keep the last payment," urged the widow, "I shall feel better."

"No, Madame! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him, He assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But he left upon you another and most sacred obligation which you have overlooked in part."

"What?" asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children; whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving their meat to cancel an obligation which death paid. And you have made me a party in the wrong to them. Ah, Madam!" Mr. Sterling's voice softened, "if we could all see the right at the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true hearted self-devotion; but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time."

Under Providence, this circumstance was the means of breaking the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.

Preservation of the Teeth.

Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all desolved in your mouth, and then spit it out. This has fortified my teeth so that they are as strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till her death. Do not let your brushes be too hard, as they are likely to irritate the gums and injure the enamel. Avoid too frequent use of tooth powder, and be very cautious what kind you buy, as many are prepared with destructive acids. Those who brush their teeth thoroughly and carefully with tepid water and a soft brush (cold water should never be used, for it chills and injures the nerves) have no occasion to use powders. Should any little incrustation (tartar) appear on the side or at the back of the teeth, which illness, and very often the constant eating of sweetmeats fruits, and made dishes, containing acids will cause, put a little magnesia on your brush, and after two or three applications, it will remove it.—while treating on the care of the teeth, which is a subject of the highest importance to those who have young families and in fact every one who wishes to preserve them, I beg to remind my readers that the the period generaly occupied by sleep is calculated to be about (at least) six hours out of the twenty-four, it would greatly promote the healthful maintenance of the princeless pearls whose loss or decay so greatly influences our appearance and our comfort, if we were to establish a habit of carefully cleaning them with a soft brush before going to bed.—The small particles of food clogging the gums impede circulation, generate tartar and carries, and affect the breath. Think of an amalgamation of cheese, flesh, sweetmeats, fruit, &c., in a state of decomposition, remaining wedged between our teeth six or seven hours; yet how few ever take the trouble to attend to this most certain cause of toothache, discoloration, and decay, entailing the miseries of scaling, plugging, extraction, and the crowning horror—false teeth.—*Horace Walpole.*

A Hackettstown correspondent (says the Beividere *Intelligencer*,) sends us the following, which he thinks too good to be lost, and we think so too: "A young lawyer was on the stump, blowing his horn for Gen. McClellan. Getting on in his eloquence, he spread himself and said:—"I would that on the 8th day of next November, I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, and to every town and to every hamlet, to every mansion and every hut, and proclaim to every man, woman and child, George B. McClellan is President of these United States. At this point a youngster in the crowd sang out: 'Dry up, you old fool, you'd de shot for a *Shitepoke before you flew a mile.*'"

Much sensation is now caused in San Francisco on account of the Chinese temples there. This is the only Christian city in the world where idolatrous worship is openly carried on.

Besides a thousand barrels of apples the New yorkers forwarded to Grant's army 50,000 turkeys for Thanksgiving.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—A soldier in Sherman's army, with throat cut from ear to ear, was thought to be mortally wounded, by a council of surgeons; but the one under whose immediate care he was' thought he was justified in making an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man. He first commenced his task by cutting through where the two upper ribs meet the sternum, and through this orifice, for forty days, he has been fed five gallons of milk per week, and sometimes his apetite requires five per day.—He is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks, in two weeks, he will have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed, as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He first introduced a stomach pump, and thus fed his patient, and after a few hours would clear his stomach in the same manner, thus producing artificial digestion, till it was no longer necessary. A silver tube is now used to feed him.—*Louisville Journal.*

Two thirds of the product of the oil wells of America is shipped abroad.

The American residents of Buenos Ayres have raised $6,000 in gold for the Sanitary Commission of the United States.

If the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely yourself; perhaps the two whistles may make some melody.

The recent elections have placed a two-thirds Union majority in the next Congres, beyond question. 140 Union to 44 Democrats.

Capt. Winslow of the Kersage landed in Boston Tuesday, and immediately went to the polls of his district and voted the Union ticket.

A boy sixteen years of age, was sentenced by the magistrates of Tenderden, England, a few days ago, to six months imprisonment with hard labor, for stealing six walnuts.

Two of the trees in the mammoth grove in California, each measuring thirty feet in diameter, have been named respectively "John Bright" and "Richard Cobden," and tablets with their names placed upon them.

Now counterfeits have appeared on the Agawam Bank of Springfield, Mass., and our citizens should look out for them; they are new and very finely executed—none but the best judges being able to tell them.

The National Sailors' Fair at Boston has proved a great success. Up to the present the receips amount to $130,000. The Fair will remain open some days longer.

Ephraim Blair, who died recently at Salt Lake City, leaves nine widows. They have not much to mourn for, since they have lost each but the ninth part of a husband.

A pedestrian in Maine has been trying the feat of walking four days and nights continually. He is now delirious. Want of rest and sleep did the busines for him.

Jeff. Davis declares that "two-thirds of the confederate army are absentees." Are we to yield the defence of the Union to an authority two-thirds of whose supporters are abandoning it?

Scientific explorations in South Ohio indicate that the coal oil regeion extends through that State into Southren Indiana, forming a district of which Cincinnati is the geological center.

A Wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for a divorce in the Court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The Court wo'd'nt admit the plea, because almost every married man would be liable to the same imputation. Did you ever!

A drover in Cincinnati dropped a roll of money containing $400, in greenbacks, a few days ago, which a cow in his drove picked up and swallowed. The animile was killed the mas of bills taken from her stomach and cleaned, but only $186 out of the $400 were recovered in a fit condition to use.

The Harrisburg *Telegraph* states that in the guard house at Camp Curtain there were fifty-two votes for McClellan and ten for Lincoln. The *Telegraph* adds that "the guard house is filled with bounty-jumpers.

A man in Vermont set a trap for bears that troubeled his sheep, and going out early one morning found a "Varmint" caught. He rushed for his gun and killed a black sheep of his own flock.

The Major-Generalship in the Regular army made vacant by the resignation of Gen. McClellan, is fitly filled by the appointment of Gen. Sheridan. His commission dates from the battle of Cedar Creek. The whole country will rejoice, not only in this merited honor, but that the ensignia of a major General now rests on no unworthy shoulders