The Potter Journal.

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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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COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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ODE TO MY BONNET.

Soft triangle of straw and lace,
That curves around my blushing face
With such a coy, bewitching grace,
No mortal man would dream your place
Was on my head.

Your airy touch can scarcely press
The shape from curl or flowing tress,
So light, so next to nothingness,
You surely could not well be less
And be a bonnet.

A bit of straw adorned with leather,
A yard of lace, a spray of heather,
Some bugles and a tossing feather,
These trifles shaken altogether—
Thus were you made.

No cape with starchy netting lined,
No buckram crown projects behind;
But streamers flutter in the wind,
There flows, in silken mesh confined,
My water-fall.

Yet most your dainty form I prize,
As sweeping back above mine eyes
It lets the crinkled hillock rise,
Where underneath in ambush lies
My pair of mice.

But when rough autumn winds sweep past,
And all your laces shake aghast,
Then can you shield me from the blast,
And round my neck a shelter cast
And keep me warm?

Alas, a summer friend are you,
And only kind while skies are blue;
I long have known the saying true—
Old friends are better than the new
When trouble comes.

So ere the dog-day heats be fled
Let me your flimsy glories spread;
For soon as Winter whistles dread
I'll tie once more about my head
My old scoop bonnet.

PARAGRAPHS.

Our neighbor of the Democrat is constantly repeating that he hasn't heard sounds. It can't be for the lack of length of ears.

To kill ants, hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

If literary thieves are guerrillas, the Federal forces had better turn their attention to the editoral fraternity.

The wickedest liar is he who lies for an object; the greatest liar is he who lies without one.

Does cheese belong to animated or inanimate nature?

The power of eloquence is a great one—next, perhaps, to the power of silence.

Don't mind an ulcer in the side; it is only a side issue.

Beautiful young girls and good corkscrews are very insinuating.

We come nearest to looking into the future when we look into the past.

Be true to all. We may be true to the bad without being false to the good.

Many a man is a perfect stranger to humanity. He has never had an introduction at all.

Many persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is they cannot find thoughts for their words.

Lovers generally woo their sweethearts in wretched verse, and this is probably the reason why so many are jilted.

Men scratch their heads for ideas. Hence speakers are generally bald.

Artists may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they give things a coloring

If a man can't argue without swearing his discussions are too cursery.

An eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

Many writers have any quantity of sheet-lightning which they can never condense in a thunderbolt.

The soul goes highest when the body kneels lowest.—*Geo. D. Prentice.*

Southey, in his "Omniana," relates the following: "When I was last at Lisbon a nun made her escape from a nunnery. The first thing for which she enquired when she reached the house where she was to be secreted, was a looking glass. She entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

"Want to see Grant mighty bad, do you?" said a blue coated veteran to the people crowding aboard the cars the other morning, on their way to get a squint at our famous General. "W-a-a-ll, why in thunder didn't you come down to the front, when he wanted to see you, hey?"

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by pill-age.

Beauty, like lightning, appears and strikes at the same instant.

The rich widow cries with one eye and rejoices with the other.

Soft words butter no parsnips, but a new bonnet presented to a wife will cover a multitude of her husband's sins.

A young lady's first love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. Its a great shock, but soon over.

FATE IN A TIN DIPPER.

"Want to buy any tin ware to day ma'am? pails, brooms, needles, scissors, thread washboard—all kinds of glass ware, cheap for old rags, iron, money or credit? Want to purchase? should like to trade with you."

This was the salutation of a tall handsome youth as he opened Mrs. Phillips' kitchen door, one fine morning in August and addressed the lady of the house at her seat by the window. Now Mrs. Phillips was a little nettled at the disorderly conduct of a skein of yarn which she was winding, and she answered the fellow's string of inquiries rather tartly for her:

"No—I don,t want any of your trash!"

Mrs. Phillips' eyes snapped portentously, and her eyebrows drew into closer relationship, as if determined that no pedler should be suffered to annoy their amiable owner.

"Please, Mr. Peddlerman, I want a tin dipper! called a child's voice from a back porch—and Eva Phillips, the first and last born of her parent, came bounding into the room. Eva was a beautiful child and the young pedler gazed at her with undisguised admiration.

"And pray for what does my curly-headed girl want a tin dipper?" he asked with au amused expression on his face.

"Oh, to dip up water from the brook—to get berries down on Blackberry hills, and," she added with charming naivette, "to see my face in."

The pedler laughed.

"Female vanity alike the world over!" he muttered to himself; then—"well, my dear girl you shall have the dipper. The best tin in the world might be proud of mirroring such a face! Come out to the cart and get it."

Eva ran merrily down to the brown gate, where the pedler's good natured horse was patiently waiting the master's coming, her happy head full of the grand times she would have with that tin dipper. The pedler opened the box, and took from thence a very bright dipper, and then with the point of his knife, he engraved his name—Eugene Fuller—upon the outside and gave it into the child's hand.

"There my little Miss, what is your name?"

"Eva Pearl Phillips," said the girl, inspecting her gitt with sparkling eyes.

"Miss Eva!—a very pretty name. Well accept this dipper as a love gage from Eugene Fuller, who, when you get older is coming back to make you his little wife! Good-bye, wifey!" and the laughing boy sprang upon his cart and drove off.

"His little wife!" mused Eva, on her way back to the house; "I wonder what mother will say? I wonder if she will begin to make pillow cases and sheets, just as Aunt Ethel did before Cousin Carrie Pearl was married! I must tell her about it."

Eva dashed into the kitchen full of important news.

"Mother! mother! the pedlerman says he is going to marry me one of these days Ain't it funny! Only think, then I can have as many tin dippers as I like!"

"As many fiddlesticks! Go, help Jane shell the beans for dinner. I do wish there had'nt been a pedler created—they are a pest!"

Mrs. Philips rocked violently forth in her hencushioned chair, and made an extra knot in the refractory yarn.

Time passed on, and Eva kept the tin dipper among the most cherished playthings, she did not use it often to hold berries or dip spring water, for fear its lustre would be spoiled, and the name of the donor effaced. Mrs. Phillips dispised the dipper, because she despised pedlers, and she would have desstroyed the "amulet" had not her mother's love pleaded against it.

So when Eva had reached her tenth year—a bright blooming lassie, full of gaitey and happiness—the dipper was still in existence, bearing bravely its age and its oft repeated struggles for favor with Mrs. Phillips.

Eva was as fond of it as ever—she kept it on the pretty dressing bureau, that it might meet her eyes the first thing in the morning. One world have thought that the little maiden was completely infatuated with what Eugene Fuller five years ago had styled a "love gage,"—and perhaps she was. There is no accounting for a female head—no philosopher has ever discovered a test by which to analyze the mysterious composition.

One evening Mrs Phillips was coming into the kitchen in something of a hurry, and it being dusky in the room, she hit her foot against some obstacle, and in consequence lost her balance and fell down into a huge pan of buttermilk, which Jane the careless house maid, had left on the floor. There was quite a splashing and splattering, and Mrs. Phillips, though unhurt, was decidedly put out—not out of buttermilk but out of temper. Her favorite poodle dog was frightened at her fall and flew upon the cat's back for refuge, and the latter animal made her escape through the chimney, leaving poor Roche to drop down at his leisure.

From the ruins, phœnix-like, Mrs. Phillips arose—and on Jane's bringing a light she proceeded to investigate matters—wondering all the time what she could have stumbled against. The wonder was soon dispelled by the appearance of Eva's dipper—for the child, wearied out with a long ramble over the fields, had returned home so drowsy that her mother had sent her directly to her room, without giving her a chance to put away her treasure.—The sight of the tin dipper only seemed to increase Mrs. Phillips' indignation, and she vowed vengeance on the unfortunate cause of her fall.

Consequently, the next morning when Eva arose and looked about for her dipper it was not to be seen. She went to her mother for information the lady was profoundly ignorant in the matter, and Jane proved—on being brought to the inquisition by Eva—to be in a like blissful state with her mistress.

Then Eva went through with a grand system of reconnoitering, which resulted in the recovery of the dipper from a mass of rubbish in the corner of the woodshed. It was bruised and battered a little, but in other respects as good as new, and Mrs. Phillips, though guilty of the intent was not exactly guilty in act of the sin of the iconoclast.

Resolved to guard against all further profanation of her idol, Eva tied the dipper in a piece of strong silk—which had been given her by the village milliner to make her doll a dress—which she deposited in a little hollow at the foot of the pasture and covered the aperture with a flat stone.

Some days after she was sent by her mother on an errand to her Aunt Ethel, and as her way lay down the pasture lane she thought she would take out her dipper and give it an airing and perhaps fill it with straw borries down in Grant's meadow. Singing blithely she went her way, the exhumed dipper still in its bandages hanging upon her arm. She came to the narrow bridge across the Dead river, and was nearly to the crossing, when her attention wts attracted by a large cluster of wild dragon star clinging to the willows which hung over the bridge.—Thoughtlessly her eyes fixed on the flowers, she advanced to the verge of the bridge, the plank bent and tipped with her weight, one scream, and the little form of Eva struggled in the water. She closed her eyes and gave herself up for lost—but no the dipper, bound with silken cloth, acted like a life preserver and kept her above the surface.

"Help me! Do somebody come and help me!" she screamed, as she was borne rapidly past a field where some farmers were engaged in planting their corn. In a moment a stalwart man cleft the waters and reaching Eva he grasped her in one hand, while with the other he swam to shore.

"Where, am I, and where is my tin dipper?" queried the child as soon as she come to realization.

"You are here," replied the man: "but what of your dipper? Ha! as I live, 'tis an old tin dipper—rather the worse for wear—tied up in a rag! Well, it has saved your life!

Then the good man put her into his rough wagon and conveyed her home, taking particular care to relate to her mother the important part the dipper had played in the rescue of the child.

"I tell you ma'am, if it hadn't been for that 'ar dipper's keeping her above water she'd a been dead drowned afore any mortal man would 'a reached her! Thank the dipper ma'am and not me!"

This unbiassed account of the praiseworthy dipper, softened Mrs. Phillips towards it, and she allowed Eva to keep it wherever she chose.

Months and years rolled away and when Eva Phillips was fourteen she was sent to a celebraaed female seminary, in a neighboring State, from whence after a long three years course she was emancipated, a finished young lady.' But her learning and accomplishments had not spoiled her, and she was the same gay, light hearted little fairy who had begged a tin dipper of Eugene Fuller twelve years before.

Shortly after Eva's Return to Wheatwold her mother sickened and died, and although in many respects a hard woman she was long and sincerely mourned by her daughter.

With the coming summer Mr. Phillips at Eva's earnest request, let his farm for a couple of years, and with his child set out upon a European tour. Eva's beauty excited the most fervent admiration wherever she went, but though she received many offers of marriage she preferred to remain with her father. They visited all places of interers in southern Europe—sighed over desolate Rome, walked upon the lava of Vesuvius, beheld the magnificent prospect from the highest peak of Mount Blanc, floated upon the waters of Lake Constance, admired the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, and sojourned for some months in the French capital.

At last they took passage from Liverpool to New York, and with melting hearts looked out daily towards the blue distance where they knew home was. A prosperous passage was theirs; and from the bustling American metropolis they took the express train on the Eastern Railroad, which would set them down at home before sunset.

But alas! how little do we know of coming events! How little do we realize upon what a slender cord hangs our destiny! At lightning speed the train which carried our travelers sped on Eva joyous and cheerful in view of beholding once more the dear old place; her father rejoicing in his daughter's happiness. In crossing a bridge built on a broad but shallow river the machinery of the engine became disordered and in an instant the foaming monster plunged into the river, dragging the train after it.

At the first shock of the overthrow, a young man, who for the whole journey had been regarding Eva with fixed attention, dashed towards her and clasped her in his arms and reached the platform just as it was going over—one frantic leap and he with his senseless burden went down beneath the water to rise almost instantaneously and strike for shore.

Boldly he swam on and at last he safely reached the shore, when after giving Eva into the care of some benevolent people who dwelt near the bridge, he returned to the scene of the accident, hoping to be of some service in resecuing those imperiled.

Sad to relate, Mr. Phillips was among the killed, and Eva found on the return of conciousness, herself orphaned and alone in the world among strangers. It was a new and terrible experience to her and her shrinking spirit was nearly broken by the shock. She suffered herself to be guided entirely by the advice of her unknown preserver—depending upon him with the trust of a helpless child. Under his protection Eva set out for home—home no longer, now that there were none on earth to care for her. The house at Wheatwold had been closed the greater part of the time during the absence of its owners, and had only been opened a few weeks before in the expectation of their coming. Everything there was damp and mouldy—the curtains were falling to pieces in the continual moisture of the atmosphere—everything bore the impress of gloom. Still heavier fell the gloom when the closed coffin, holding the remains of Mr. Phillips, was brought into the long dark parlor—awaiting the funeral services of to-morrow's morn.

Eva's affliction was dreadful to witness She took notice of nothing, neither ate nor slept, and refused all attempts at consolation from her sympathizing neighbors

The young stranger who accompanied her home took charge of everything, and the good people of the vicinity, supposing him to have been an intimate friend of the deceased, made no inquiries concerning his right to act as he saw fit.

Mr. Phillips was buried by the side of his wife, and Eva, on the arm of the pitying old clergyman went down to the grave icily, tearlessly—like a stone statue. She exhibited no emotion—standing with a fixed immovable stare. The funeral over. the stranger engaed two trusty servants, a man and his wife, to take charge of domestic affairs about the place, and then made preparation for immediate departure. The morning upon which he was to leave, he sent a message to Eva, requesting a private interview. It was granted and she met him in the little boudoir attached to her chamber, where she had passed the greater portion of her time since her return. He came in with a little hesitation in his step, and took the chair her silent nod indicated. As he did so, his eyes involuntarily fell upon the tin dipper, which still retained its olden place on her dressing bureau. He started up, and approached it, took it in his hand and examined it long and attentively. Still retaining it, he came to Eva's side:

"Miss Phillips!"

She looked up drearily on hearing her name spoken, but her face brigtened instantly when she beheld her old plaything

"May I ask you how you came by this, Miss Phillips?"

"It was given to me by a pedler some years ago—his name is on the side."

"And you have preserved it through all this time—you evidently prize it!"

"Prize it!—sir, it has saved my life."

"Would you like to see the giver of that trifling toy? Would it please you to see Eugene Fuller?"

"Yes, it would gratify me above all things. Then would I thank him for the good his gift has been to me."

"Then Eva Phillips, look up into my face and thank me! I am Eugene Fuller!"

The girl rose to her feet, and threw a long, searching look into the face of the young stranger. Then her eyes fell and she said, with something of a doubt—

"Is it true?"

"It is true," he answered.

She put her hands confidingly in his.

"And it is Eugene Fuller to whom I owe my preservation from a terrible death in that time when—"

Her voice failed—a sigh heaved from the inmost depths of her heart—her frame shook—tears, blessed tears, flowed like rain down her face. They were the first she had shed since her orphanhood.—Eugene blessed them—for he knew that only through much weeping could the burthen which crushed her be lightened. When she was calmer he drew her down beside him on the settee and said—

"Eva it is fifteen years ago, that I—a youth of fourteen—charmed with the beauty of a little girl—gave her a tin dipper with my name cut thereon, telling her that when she was older, and when I was older, I should come back and make her my wife. Dost thou remember this Eva?"

Eva's voice was low and subdued, as she answered him—

"Yes, I remember it."

"Well, I am older now—twenty-nine summers have passed over my head, giving me wealth and influence and to day the heart but echoes the sentiment of the boy. I have always remembered you—have always cherished the fond idea of coming back to this country town where I first saw you, and renew our accquaintanceship, but until last Thursday my business could never be arranged for leaving. Fate placed me on board that fatal train of cars, and the first face which I saw on seating myself, was yours. I did not recognize you as Eva Phillips, but I recognized you as the twin of my soul, for I have been a strong believer in predestined marriages. I saved you from death because I felt that my life would be desolate without you, and when afterwards I learned that you were Eva Phillips, my contentment was perfect. And now, Eva the mate of my spirit, may I waive etiquette, now in this moment when your heart is suffering from your sorrowful bereavement, and ask you to give me, of all the world, the right to comfort you?"

"Eugene I give it to you!"

He drew her into his arms and kissed off the tears which still clung to her cheek. And she, feeling the warm bond of affection around her, looked up with hope and trust to the hope of all happiness—Heaven.

Eugene Fuller and Eva Phillips were married two months from that day, and the health of the bride was drank by the coterie of distinguished guests assembled from the tin dipper, which subsequently became an heirloom to the Fuller family. Mr. Fuller and his wife removed to Boston immediately on their union, and their lives were blessed to them.

There, dear, bright-eyed reader, is the story of the Tin Dipper. Quite a dipper wasn't it?

CHILDREN HALF PRICE.—Nearly everybody remembers McDonald Clarke, who was so well known in New York a few years since as the "Mad Poet."—During the last years of his life, Clarke was made free at the Astor House table and often times this errant man of genius could be seen accepting its hospitalities when other doors were closed upon his fallen fortunes. Every one knew Clarke by sight; and one day while quietly taking his dinner, two dandy fops, seating themselves opposite, commenced a conversation intended for the ears of Clarke: One said:

"Well, I have been to New York two months, and have seen all I wish to see, with one exception."

"Ah!" said the other, "what is that!"

"McDonald Clarke, the great poet," responded the first with great emphasis.

Clarke, raising his eyes slowly from his plate, and seeing the attention of the table was on him, stood up, and placing his hands over his heart, and bowing with great gravity to the dandys, said:

"I am McDonald Clarke, the great poet."

Both the latter started in a mock surprise, gazed at him in silence for a few moments, and then, amidst an audible titter of the company, one drew from his bocket a quarter-dollar, and laying it before Clarke still looking him in the face without a smile. Clarke raised the quarter in silence, and bestowing it in his pocket, he drew from thence a shilling which he deposited before the fops with these words.

Children, half-price!"

The titier changed to a roar, and the discomfited jokers were missing *instanter.*

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches!" said a young married lady to her husband with whom she was always quarreling.

"The process is very simple," said the husband—"I once made one."

"How did you manage it?"

"By leading you to the altar."

Mr. Quilp notices that many of our fashionable ladies are running to waist—There seems but one way to *stay* the epidemic.