The Potter Journal.

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

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

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THE REFUGEE.

A friend and I were strolling down
The gay and crowded street,
When with a pale and sad-eyed one
It was our chance to meet.

My friend had bowed to ladies fair,
Who passed and were forgot;
He bowed to her, on his cheek
I saw a crimson spot.

And yet it was no flush of shame
Upon his cheek that burned;
His look was soon as sad as hers;
To look at her I turned,

Her years they might have been two score,
Her step was sad and slow;
Not weariness—but just that pace
At which all mourners go.

Though poor, around her yet there was
That nameless grace, which says,
Even to careless passers by,
"I have seen better days."

"Tell me," said I, "why you, who wear
A soldier's name and sword,
Changed color as she passed us by—
Passed us without a word.

His eyes flashed flame. "My blood," he said,
"It near to madness stirs
To meet that sad, that patient one,
And think what wrongs are hers.

"Two years ago—alas, how changed!—
A fond, proud wife was she,
And mother, too, of three fair sons—
Three fairer could not be.

"Her noble husband to his flag
And to his country true,
Was foully slain, at midnight, by
A cruel traitor crew.

"Slain, not in open, manly fight;
But on his own hearth-stone
She saw his life-blood ebb away,
And heard his dying groan.

"She heard the troopers' curses deep
Re-echo through the hall;
She saw the lurid flames spread fast,
She saw the roof-tree fall.

"When morning came, half crazed she stood
There desolate and lone,
Gazing with tearless eye upon
A mass of whitened bone;

"All that was left of him whose love
Had made her life so sweet
Now mingled with the ashes of
Her home now at her feet."

"But where were they, her noble boys,
In this her hour of woe?"
"Ah! they had sought the battle-field
Ere fell this fearful blow.

"Two were with Grant when Vicksburg fel."
"The other, where was he?"
"Another flag above him waved
At Richmond, under Lee.

"And him she mourns as worse than dead.
For in this deadly strife
He battles on the side of those
Who took his father's life.

"Bright-eyed, glad-hearted, once she dwelt
In lovely Tennessee:
Slow-paced, sad-eyed, sad-hearted now,
She's here a Refugee."

HOW SOLDIERS VOTE.

The following is an abstract of the bill prescribing the manner in which the soldiers shall vote:

SECTION first provides that whenever any of the qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall be in actual military service under a requisition from the President or Governor, and consequently absent on the day of holding general, special or Presidential elections, they shall be entitled to exercise the right of suffrage as fully as if they were present at their proper places of voting, and the right of such voter is not to be impaired by reason of his being credited for bounty in any other locality than his actual residence.

SEC. 2. A poll is to be opened in each company, composed in whole or part of Pennsylvania soldiers, at the quarters of the captain or other officer, and all electors of said company who shall be within one mile of such quarters on the day of election, and not be prevented from returning by the proximity of the enemy or orders of commanders, shall vote at such headquarters, and no other place. Officers other than those of the company, the other voters detached and absent from their companies, or in any military and naval hospital, or in any vessel or navy yard, may vote at such other polls as are most convenient to them. When there are ten or more electors unable to attend at the company polls or proper places of election they may open a poll at such place as they may select.

SEC. 3. The the polls are not to be opened before 7 o'clock, and must be kept open three hours, or, if deemed necessary in order to receive all the votes, until seven o'clock in the evening.

SEC. 4. Before opening the polls the electors present shall elect, *viva voce*, three persons for judges, and the judges shall appoint two clerks, and prepare boxes for the ballots.

SEC. 5. Before receiving any votes the judges and clerks shall be sworn to observe the law and guard against fraud and deceit, and this oath must be entered on the poll-book and signed by the judges and clerks.

SEC. 6. All voting shall be by ballot, and the applicant to vote, if challenged, must be examined under oath by the judges as to his right to vote in the precinct in which he claims residence.

SEC. 7. Separate poll-books shall be kept, and separate returns made, for the voters of each city or county. The poll-books shall name the company and regiment, and post, place or hospital in which the election is held. The county and township, city, borough, ward, precinct, or election district of each voter shall be endorsed opposite his name on the poll-books, of which each clerk shall keep one.

SEC. 8. The tickets shall have upon them the names of all the officers for for whom the elector desires to vote.

SEC. 9 On receiving the ticket the judges must pronounce audibly the name of the elector presenting it, and if satisfied of the right of the elector to vote, and he is not challenged, shall deposit the ballot in the proper box, while the clerks register the name and legal residence of the voter in their poll-books.

SEC. 10. At the close of the polls the number of the voters must be counted, set down, and certified at the foot of the poll-books.

SEC. 11. After the poll-books are signed the ballots are to be counted, each judge reading the names thereon, and the third stringing the vote of each county on a separate string, and carefully preserving the same.

SEC. 12. Where two tickets are folded together, both are to be thrown out, and where two ballots are votdd together for the same office, neither is to be counted for that office.

SEC. 13. Each clerk shall keep, in addition to the poll-book, a list of the volunteers for each county, which shall constitute part of the poll-book.

SEC. 14. The number of voters on these county poll lists must also be set down and certified.

SECS. 15 and 16 prescribe the form of the poll-book, and the manner of entering the returns.

SEC. 17. After canvassing the votes, the judges will seal up and send the poll book lists, and ballots to the Prothonotary of the proper county, and secure the other boll-book and lists, to be called for by the Commissioner appointed under the act. If not called for within ten days, the second book, &c., are to be sent to the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

SEC 18. The Prothonotary must furnish the Return Judges with a certified copy of returns so received.

SECS. 19 and 20. The Return Judges are to meet on the second Tuesday of November to count and enter the vote of soldiers thus returned.

SEC. 21. In Presidential elections, all returns received by the Secretary of the Commonwealth are to be compared with the county returns, for the correction of the latter.

SEC. 22. All elections are to be subject to contest as under present laws.

SEC. 23. The Secretary of the Commonwealth is required to provide a sufficient number of copies of this law, together with extracts from the general election laws, blank form of poll-books, tally lists, and returns, postage stamps, etc., and forward the same by commissioners, or otherwise, to the commanding officers of companies, detached posts and hospitals, who shall deliver the same to the election judges on the day of election, but no election is to be invalidated by reason of such blanks not being received.

SECS. 24, 26, 26, 27. The Governor is to appoint such commissioners, not exceeding one to each Pennsylvania regiment in service, as shall be necessary to carry out the law. Said commissioners are to be sworn to fulfil their duties, under penalty of $1,000 or imprisonment, for one year. They are to deliver four copies of the laws, and at least two sets of blanks to the commanding officer of every company and part of company; provide for opening polls, and call for one copy of the poll-book after the election. They are to be paid ten cents per mile for traveling to and from their respective regiments, and may vote at one of the company polls. No failure of commissioners to visit regiments shall invalidate any election under the act.

SECS. 28, 29. The officers authorized to conduct elections are to be subject to the usual penalties for the non-fulfillment of duties. They are to receive no compensation.

SEC. 30. When the Sheriff issues his proclamation for an election, he shall transmit immediately copies of the same to the troops in the field from the county.

SEC. 31. $13,000 is appropriated to carry the law into effect.

SECS. 32, 33. Where less than ten persons are separated from their proper company they are to vote as follows:—Each voter is authorized, before the day of election, to place his ballot, properly folded, in a sealed envelope, together with a statement signed by the voter and his commanding officer, or some other witness, and duly sworn to and certified before said officer or some other competent person. This statement must set forth the following facts:

The name and proper residence of the voter.

An authority to some qualfied voter at the place of his residence, to cast the ballot for him.

That he is a qualified voter in the precinct where he porposes to vote.

That he is in the active militaay service, and give the name of the organization of which he is a member.

That he has not sent his ballots to any other person than the one so authorized.

That he will not attempt to vote at any polls opened on said election day, at any place whatsoever.

That he has not been dishonorably dismissed from the serviec.

Said sealed envelope, ballots and statement are to be sent by mail, or otherwise, to the proper person, with the endorsement on the sealed part thereof, "Soldier's ballot for ——— township, (ward or borough,) in the county of ———," &c.

SECS. 34, 35, 36, 37. The elector to whom this ballot is sent shall deliver it *unopened*, on the day of the election, at the proper polls. The election officers shall open it in the presence of the board, and deposit the ballots and accompanying papers, as other ballots are deposited.—The person delivering the ballot shall be compelled to testify on his oath that he has delivered it in the same state as when received, and that he has not opened or changed or altered the contents. Without such oath the vote shall not be received. The right to vote of the person sending the ballot may be challenged the same as if he was personally present.—Any election officer refusing to receive and count such vote, excepting when fraudulent, and any elector to whom such ballot is sent refusing to present it at the proper poll, are punishable by $500 fine and one year's imprisonment. Any person making false oath touching these matters is subject to a penalty of $1,000 fine and five year's imprisonment.

SEC. 38. The Secretary of State shall prepare and furnish the necessary blanks to carry out this act.

SEC. 39. In case of an elector in military service on a vessel, the master of said vessel shall be competent to take affidavit and written statement of said elector.

SEC. 40. Assessors are required to assess a county tax of ten cents on every non-commissioned officer and private, and the usual tax on every commissioned officer known by them to be in the military service of the United States or of the State, in the army or navy, and when names shall have been omitted they must be added on application of any resident of the district. Non-commissioned officers and privates are to be exempt from all other personal taxes while in the service. Assessors must receive this tax from, and furnish a certificate of payment to, any citizen offering to pay the same for said soldier. Where the name has been entered on the assessment books no certificate of assessment shall be required. The certificate of payment shall set forth the name of the persons for whom the tax is paid, the date of payment, and year for which it is assessed. This certificate shall be evidence of payment of taxes, and shall preclude a demand for other evidence of a right to vote. The penalty for non compliance on the part of the assessors, collectors, or treasurers shall not be less than $20, or more than $100.

Our readers will not fail to be touched by the child like simplicity with which General Mc Clellan declares his belief that the views expressed in his letter of acceptance are identical with those of the Chicago Convention. The Platform of the Convention proclaims the war a failure insists upon an immediate cessation of hostilities, and invites peace at any sacrifice; while McClellan, aghast at the perilous position taken by his colleagues, hedges toward a vigorous prosecution of the war, in case the indispensable condition of a complete re-establishment of the Union should prove unattainable by other means. In other words, while the utterance of the Chicago Convention are undisguisedly traitorous, those of Gen. McClellan are to some extent consistant with loyalty. If black is white, then the "views expressed" by the General are those of the Convention, and not otherwise. We hardly know whether to be most entertained by this assumption of innocent credulity, or his assurance in supposing that the people can be for a moment duped by it.

General McClellan regrets that we have failed to reap "the benefits of our many victories." This is a questionable allusion coming from the source whence it does. Prudence, if not modsty, might have counseled the General to reflect upon the utter insignificance of his own contributions to the victories of the war, and to leave that topic undisturbed.

Mrs. Brown Discourseth.

"A woman's work is never done," said Mr. Brown, as she brought a chair from the rank and file against the wall, and offered it to her neighbor, Mrs. Jones. In performing this hospitable action, Mrs. Brown called the ghost of a smile to her face, and in the care-worn features could be seen signs of beauty and sweetness that time and trouble were stealing from her. She resumed her seat, and while rocking the cradle, wearily proceeded to pare, quarter and core the apples in the pan beside her, while she discoursed in this wise to the strong, hearty looking farmer who sat opposite:

"No, John isn't in, Mr. Jones. He's gone to the village to hear about secession—something or other. I can't keep track of it, i'm so hurried and tried—'Tugged with fortune and wearied with disaster,' as my mother used to say."

"You mean to say you aint any patriotism; dont care what them rascally fire-eaters do, any how, I suppose; little odds to you whether Major Andersen holds out or not." Mr. Jones said this in a wondering, good-natured way.

"Now, look here, neighbor," and into Mrs. Brown's pale cheek a faint crimson crept and wavered uncertainly, then stationed itself in the unaccustomed place. "Look here, neighbor, you know that hen of ours—the speckled one, that's so famous for raising chickens? You know how she worries over 'em, and clucks and scratches and watches for 'em, and gets poor and fretted like, so she's nothing at last but a bundle of bones and feathers—but the chickens come through all right—fat and plump and bright-eyed. You know old Fuss—that's the name John gave her—never minds what she eats, or how heavy the rain pelts down on her, and she isn't afraid of anything for the chickens' sake. Well, somehow I think I'm like the poor old hen." Mrs. Brown dropped her knife and bent over the cradle a moment. Farmer Jones didn't notice the tear that fell on the baby's cheek. "You see, neighbor," the woman went on, "when my heart and hands are full of thoughts and work for John and the children—of how I can manage to save here, and get along without this, and make that last beyond all reason—I don't have much time left to think about these politics, or anything beyond this room we live in. But I used to have thoughts outside of this, about the countries away over the sea"—and the woman's eyes had a far-off, mournful look in them. "In geography, I remember how I liked to learn about 'em, and then I thought may be I'd see all those beautiful things some day; you know girls have their fancies. But I've given all that up. 'Tisn't easy to go 'wool-gathering' when I see bub's toes coming out of his stockings, and John's mittens needing a patch. I'm afraid you men don't make hardly allowance enough for us, always. We're not so strong as you, and then our work is different. You are out in the fresh air and sunshine, but we stay in the house and don't have much change. You go to market, and haul wood and straw, and meet your neighbors and have a pleasant word with them, but we see the same things day after day, and get lonesome sometimes, and wonder why we were put into such kind of lives as these. Then it's trying to a woman's nerves—the kind of work she has to do. 'Tisn't like plowing and sowing and driving horses; that's heavy work, to be sure, but then you're strong to do it. But we have such particular, careful work. Now, there is bread-making—you don't know how much worry there is about it. You must take so much into the account, the kind of flour, the kind of wood you have to make your fire, the yeast; all these are changing, and you must make allowance for this. You must let the bread rise just so much, and fix the dampers just right, and handle it so careful. Why, Dr. D— told me that it's like managing chemicals; and he said that men that had to work with chemicals were the most nervous kind, because they were so full of tho'ts and care. Then, there's preserves and pickles, and cakes and coffee. You don't know anything about the care and trouble it is to get them up so nice, when you sit down to eat the light, crisp pastry and drink the coffee, creamed to the color that suits you. You don't know how tiresome it is to feel so much care always on you, nor how much patience and watching it takes before a turkey or roast is 'done to a turn.'"

Mr. Jones looked steadily at his neighbor while she talked. She paused a moment to replenish the fire. He sat in a kind of maze, without offering her any assistance. Finding that he did not speak, she continued—

"And so you see, with all these things, I don't think much about what's going on outside, that you and John talk about, though I often wish I could. And I think, somehow, I'm like our old hen I spoke of, for I don't mind much about myself. I see that I'm getting to stoop more every year, and there are gray hairs here on my temples, though I'm not thirty yet. The wrinkles are so plain, too, on my forehead. I am sorry; John tho't I was so pretty, years ago. I remember how straight and slim I used to be, and I had nice brown hair and red cheeks. Dear me! there hasn't been a bit of color in them for years. John is always good and kind, but he don't know how worried I get, most every day, and when I speak short and fretful sometimes, he looks surprised and says, 'What! Mary, is that you speaking in such a voice as that?'"

Mr. Jones looked up in a wondering kind of way. "Why, I never thought of this before," he said. "I thought women's work wasn't much, any way. But I see you're right. According to your strength, you have the hardest time. We work hard, but then, as you say, we're stronger, and have more variety; and then at evening we rest. I'm glad you spoke so, Mrs. Brown. I'll be more considerate toward the women. I'd advise you to keep a hired girl, only they are such cross, vexing things."

"No, I don't think so," Mrs. Brown replied. "Hired girls are abused, too. They have the same troubles that I have, almost. No wonder they complain sometimes, who have cause always. We ought to be sorry for them, and remember their troubles. And then, John can't afford to keep a girl; I wouldn't let him. No, there's no way for me but to keep on working and worrying till I can't do any more, and then they'll lay me away where it's quiet and I shall rest. But ——" and her eyes grew bright, the children will grow up tall and strong, and if my life goes to nourish theirs, I suppose it's all the same. And yet I wish sometimes my life had been a brighter one."

A rough hand fell on the woman's head, but the touch was gentle as a mother's might have been; a firm, manly voice said,

"Your life shall be a bright one, Mary God help me to make it so."

She turned quickly, exclaiming in her sad, sweet voice—

"John, John!"

One of our men in the trenches before Petersburg, acting under a promise of safety from the rebels, went to the enemy's lines to exchange some papers, and they took him papers and all. This breach of faith was considered a proper subject of retaliation. A Corporal, disguised as an officer, ventured out in front of another portion of the line, and holding up a package of papers, expressed a wish to exchange for Southern papers.—"Come over here, and we will exchange with you," a rebel called out. "Meet me half way," our Corporal replied. His firmness on this point soon brought out a grayback officer, and a Major at that. "Glad to see you," said the Corporal.—"Do you see that man behind that tree with a musket? You are my prisoner, and if you open your head, or don't follow me, you are a dead man." The Major followed, and is now a prisoner. Subsequently an offer was made to send back the man they had taken prisoner in exchange, but our boys couldn't see it.

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens has been renominated for Congress, by the Union men of Lancaster county. Of course there is nothing surprising in this renewal of confidence. In Congress, Mr. Stevens gives to his district an importance equal to that enjoyed by many States, from the representation of their delegations in both branches of that body; and hence, while the veteran statesman lives and is willing to forego his own repose and personal interests to occupy a seat in Congress, the people of Lancaster county will, of course, insist upon his distinguished services. We do not believe that there is a pure Union man or a clean "Democrat" in his district who will vote against Mr. Stevens at the October election.

There is not a word of cheer in the Chicago platform for the unequaled successes of Farragut and our tars. We say unequaled. All history shows but four or five viatories of fleets against forts, and none such as his. Is there nothing in this to arouse Democratic blood?

Among others, we are curious to know if the Vallandighammers are going to permit McClellan to engineer the campaign on their side. If so, the contest will be greatly simplified and cheapened; as a few wooden guns will keep him and his army of American Knights and Minute Men in check until the campaign is over. By all means let "Little Mac" manage the campaign.

Grant wants 100,000 more men to make the rebellion draw its final breath. He will have them, and that soon; and with the fall of the rebellion in Virginia goes the last hope of rebels and their sympathisers.

"Democracy" sees the "wickedness" of the Administration. Why does it fail to see the wickedness of the rebellion?