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GNIONETTE POTS,
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ORANGE POTS,
O'RANGE POTS,
O'R

VOL. 8.—NO. 159.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1865.

CONTRABAND SONGS.

Echoes of Freedom and Slavery.

SONGS OF THE SAVANNAH FIREMEN.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS OF THE SEA

ISLANDS.

THE AMERICAN PEASANTRY.

RUGGLES, ST. HELENA ISLAND, S. C. While a few days resident in this cosy settle-

ment, I have picked up a collection of lyrical and literary curiosities, characteristic of a very characteristic neighborhood, and interesting to all those

at the North who study the popular tone of the war,

as echoed between Slavery and Freedom. The set-tlement mentioned is a landing-place half a dozen

miles across from Beaufort, glorying in one old plantation-house, now a cheerful home for New Englanders and Pennsylvanians, and a collection of freedmen's cabins and houses, the whole named impromptu after the estimable chief of this planta-

tion, and so to be designated hereafter, when this rude hamlet shall own a post office. In Southern

ride names that own a post office. In Southern times this plantation belonged to the Rev. Dr. Fuller, a cousin to the large stave-owning clergyman of Maryland, and a Unionist from choice, it is hinted, though a Secessionist from compulsion. He bore excellent reputs as a master, and is still remembered in one or two of the spiritual hymns. A produce the life the Sharpher Decreed sees.

wide quagmarsh, like the Slough of Despond, separates the old system from the new—Parson Fuller's

psalm-singing "happy plantation" of slavery from the modern "free farms" of General Saxton. Let us

return to the lyrical subject, premising a few notes

POPULAR NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

It must be confessed, even by those who do not like it, that the plantations, while giving to the country its supply of cotton, have also afforded the staple of our popular music and the greater part of the original musical idea of America. Take away

the negro songs, and we have little native music left. Crushed herbs give fragrance, and music, like

tears and heartaches, seems to be one of the pro-

ducts of slavery; but the negroes are also a musical people in themselves, however barbarously they may have begun the gamut. Minstrelsy and slavery have been old yokefellows, and the echo of the work-a-day slave-song has long haunted the ear of

the world, surviving the rubblah of statesmanship and other things more easily forgotten than music

and wrong. Through Northern musicians, who have been listeners on the plantations or creative

nough to frame a song in the mood of the negro's

favorite minor key, we have caught some of the

forrows or rebounding liveliness. His life about

best of our tunes at second-hand from his forlor

the old homestead, and on the "old" plantation, "way down in Tennessee," or wandering in Ala-bama and Louisiana, appears familiar in these songs, though some of them are inaccurate and

clumsy compared to the real life and music of which they are only the imitations, if others are more regular, full, and sweet than the original. "Nelly was a lady," one of the most musical of dit-ties, has been the favorite of a generation. It is the

tree, has been the ravorte of a generation. It is the dirge of a disconsolate beatman on the Mississippi : "Way down de Mississippi floating, Long time I trabelled on de way; All night de oottonwood a-totin', Sing for my true love all de day.

Every ear is acquainted with this beautiful dirge

as well as with the careless pathos of "Oh, Susan

nah," the weary plaint of "Old Virginny Sho',

The Swance River," "The Old Kentucky Home,"

and many other such compositions unnecessary to quote, but representing the old sentimental school of negro minstrelsy before the outbreak of the war.

posed to have been a souvenir of the march through

"Sweet potato posy, And the rose of Alabama!"

This is a white tune to a black burden, very old and

pretty, as every one knows, and only a convert to

"Jig-tunes," "walk-arounds," and vivacious bal-

lads, all more or less inspired by the plantation, but often utterly inferior to the real, are still parts of the repertoire of a very popular entertainment. The sentimental songs are likely to have been in some instances, plagiarized from Europe and out of

the musical classics, as well as colored in the cabin

but they have been readily adapted into the home

melody of the negro. None have been greater ad-

mirers of this minstrelsy than those who were for-

merly the apologists and favorers of the institu-

tion of slavery. The heaviness of the music often

sadly belied the words in praise of "massa" or

"missus"—for the musician could not be as untrue as the versifier. In the multitude of songs, hints of the slave-sale and thewhipping post bould not be escaped. It is curious how much the mirth and sen-

timent of the country have been supplied out of the

ning their greatest applause by becoming more negro

than the negroes themselves, and, with all the ge-

nius of a despised and everywhere persecuted race,

WAR SONGS.

The war seemed to have found us as unprepared

in song as in arms—the Anglo Saxon American mind slow to form its spirit into music, and the old

national songs too stately for the camp and the

march of the modern volunteers. Negro genius

(such as it is) again filled the vacuum, and was

war song of "Rally Round the Flag," the "John Brown Song," and "Dixle's Land," they are the

of the war. "Dixle's Land" has been credited to

Foster, the parent composer of Northern minstrelsy, but its genius is so undeniably African that the

claim is worthy of investigation. None of our tune

were better fitted for the rough service of a march

chorus; with words of spirit, few could be so in-spiring in a way; and it is not to be wondered that the rebel Albert Pike, of Arkansas, gave it eloquent

words, and made it a Southern song. The tune of "John Brown's Body" was a common one in the African churches South and North, to the old words "When my poor body lies a-mouldering in

the grave." Transplanted to Kansas, the hymn

heard in every camp and in every free plantation of

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul's marching on."

It is impossible to wrest from the negro the credit

of this lyric, which is alone sufficient to prove that

PLANTATION BALLADS—THE SAVANNAH FIRE-MEN'S SONGS.

Those who doubt that the negro has the ability to invent some of the sweetest songs which bear his character, might be improved by a visit to the

South. Composers in quest of themes for popular songs, and not scrupulous to plagiarize, might gather fruitful suggestions and some whole ideas from fragments of miscellaneous song floating about in the native negro minstreley of the South. A few

who form unjust notions of the musical gift, will be

surprised that some of the best of these are nothing more than simple, sweet, unambitious plaints in the minor key, with very small tendency to variety or

power, but much more genuine and characteristic

than the popular imitations. Others are guite a wild and tame, alternately, as the negro song can be imagined. Calling them "profane songs," we only admit a distinction which seems to have been

ade by the pious freedmen of the Sea Islands, who

seldom or never sing what they call a "fiddle song." The Mississippi contraband, called "Ole Shady," is a capital jubilee of this class:

Good-bye, Massa Jeff—good-bye, Missus Stephen,
'Souse dis nigga for takin' his leavin',
Guess by and by you'll see Ole Aby,
Comin', comin',
Hall! mighty day.

For another very scampish and subtle ditty, which

"Old Ben Cusick layin' on de groun', In de ladies' garden, One eye psepin' up, t'other peepin' down, In de ladies' garden—

ted "The Lady's Garden," we are

I've got a wife and I've got a baby, Way up North in Low Canady, Won't dey smile when dey see Ole Shady,

Comin', comin', Hail! mighty day.

ndebted to the note-book of a journalist:

"Storr back, storr back, gemmen,

The black firemen of Savannah are eminently happy in the number and spirit of their songs. They

HEAVE AWAY.

Heave away—heave away!
I never loved a white gal, and I hope I never will,
Heave away—heave away!
I'd rather court a chambermaid than work for Henry

Clay.
Heave away—away! Heave away—away!
Yallo' gal, I want to go.

Heave away—heave away! De captain's on de quarter-deck wid de spy glass in

his hand, Heave away—heave away:

"Walk along, walk along, In de ladies' garden; Walk along, chalk along, In de ladies' garden.

ock its present shape, and new its strains can be

only proverbially popular and characteristic tun-

adopted in the camp. Excepting Root's favorite

making their daily fame and profit.

servitude and oppression of the black, comedians win-

the plantations—a negro gallant's song :

the cotton fields.

soldier in Savannah hummed what may be sup-

Nelly was a lady, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lovely

My dark Virginny bride."

upon the general character of negro songs.

Special Correspondence of The Press. ]

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1865. De ladies in de cabin, and trouble in de mind, Heave away—away! Heave away—away! Yallo' gal, I want to go!

different words, expressive of the loyal feelings of the blacks, were adapted to this tune by their oremen. The firemen's songs are for a cons part the creatures of a ready invention, and, like most all of their kind, are made up principally of chorus, which a necessarily ignorant and bookless tradition finds it easiest to preserve. Many of the choruses strike the ear strangly, as for instance :

"Last night the fire broke out in Yamacraw, To-hoot! To-whoot! To-whoo!" in imitation of the night-owl. Not much can be said for the general melody of these compositions; but they have a species of harmony, and are sung with much stress and variety of vocal effect. A native composer, James Lewis, who between whiles of his daily business of carpentering, invented and helped to invent a number these catches for his own fire company, obliged me with a few specimens, and an explanation of their musical principle. They are distinguished by time rather than tune; and for the most part require different voices in chorus, so that It is something of an art to manage them. "Jurande—hey," one of the common catches going to a fire, is improvised t

Jurande—hey!
Come along, I say!
Jurande—hey!
I hoard a mighty racket,
Jurande—hoy! The following steamboat song has the character of an air, with a faint touch of sweetness:

Cynthey, I am bound away, Bound away, to Florida! Cynthey, I am bound away, Don't you say dis boat won't go. Cynthey, I am bound away,
Prettlest gal in Yamacraw;
Cynthey, I am bound away,
Prettlest gal I ever saw.
Bound away, bound away, &c.

A tedious song, called "Sally Brown," to be said and sung ad libitum, is unintelligibly rakish : Sally Brown!
Look here, old lady!
What's de matter!
Seven year I court de widow.
Come along, my Greole lady.
Hey! my Sally.

Here is part of a pastoral lyric : Hard laws in old Virginny! Stealin' sheep is a hangin' matter! You come down with a bunch of roses. Did you hear what de white folks say An unpopular negro trader came to Sayann

and the firemen made a song about him : "Whoever heard of Wright, de trader?
He sold my wife and seven children,
But when he sold 'em he sold a lady!
Ladles, ant you sorry?
Packet sails to-morrow,
Sails to Loodens Salls to Looslana. Ladies, aint you sorry? See. de trader got me! Ladies, fare you well.

Curious as it may seem, the Savannah firemen have a John Brown song, old as the martyrdom at Harper's Ferry. From the ludicrous jumble in which it was disguised, here is a fragment of earnest

Old John Brown, come down, Come down, Old John Brown, come down, Come down, to Harper's Ferry. Hang me! oh, hang me! Strike de bolt, and strike it soon; Dat won't stop de battle.

Take de war, and rush it through, O, Lord! Sally. Take de war, and rush it through, O, Lord! Sally. With this for a text, it is not difficult to prove that the negroes had some appreciation of the nature and cause of the war.

Concerning their vocalism, a word will suffice

Single voices are poor, but what with yodelling and hoarse chorussing, the entire effect of their songs is strangely enjoyable, and, with a good leader, they give a certain regularity and music to the songs. Nething is so bad or so good. THE SPIRITUAL HYMNS, as they are termed by the more intelligent siders of he Sea Islands, comprise by far the greater part of his collection, of original slave literature and music

to others are sung by the freedmen of the islands and many of them are equally the songs of the black boatman and the church member. What are called "fiddle tunes," together with songs referring to a former condition of slavery, are gravely ignored An affecting ballad of the latter class has been pre-It is a dying slave girl's farewell to the world chanted in a sad undertone. The lines are gone rally repeated twice or thrice in the singing: POOR ROSIE.

Poor Rosie! Poor gal! Poor Rosie! Poor gal! Heaven shall be my home. I'se had hard trial in my way; shall be my home! hat massa want wid mo Ah! heaven shall be my home!

No more peck o' corn for me, Heaven shall be my home! No more driber's horn for me, Oh! heaven shall be my home! No more driber's lash for me, Heaven shall be my home! No more driber's lash for me, Ah! heaven shall be my home!

When I walk I walk wid God, Heaven shall be my home! Vhen I talk I talk wid God, Ah! heaven shall be my home O dis day no holiday, Heaven shall be my home! Before I spend one day in hell, Ah! heaven shall be my home!

I sing and pray my soul away! Heaven shall be my home! Peor Rosie! Poor gal! Ah! heaven shall be my home! The song, thus given, is not complete, thoug gathered from the various imperfect versions e ant-the verses, originally of two lines, being placed in double verse where the ideas seem chime. Its rare merit is a natural expression celing, every word filling its place in the grief the singer. The following is more quaint and not less pathetic, and is held in superstitious reverence and love by the blacks. It was but lately that a

little boy died, singing "GOOD LORD, REMEMBER ME,"
GOOd Lord, remember me!
I pray my Lord, as the years roll round,
Good Lord, remember me! Oh, Death, he is a little man,

And he go from do' to do'; And he kill some soul and he wounded some, And he lef' some soul to pray. No man can die like a Jesus : No man can use has a sonae, He lay down in de grave, He closed his eyes, He folded his arms, And died with a free good will.

O God he am de fader. And Christ he am de son; Three Spirit and one God; And do, Lord, remember me.

O Lord, remember me! I pray to my God as the years roll round, Do, Lord, remember me. A comforting lullaby this child's hymn must have been to the little sufferer who breathed his last. Many songs of the Freedmen are thus devoted to the grave and the death-bed, and a kindred one with the last is the following:

GRAVBYARD. Oh! lay my body in de graveyard, Sing, oh! graveyard! Oh! lay my body in de graveyard, Oh! ring, Jerusalem.

Oh! grass grown in de graveyard, Sing, oh! graveyard! Oh! graveyard, you ought to know me, Ring, oh! Jerusalem. Twin with this is another refrain of the grave-

I know a graveyard,
Lay dis body down;
I know a starlight,
Lay dis body down;
I know a moonrise,
Oh! lay dis body down. Here is the fragment of a death-bed relic : My body is racked wid de fever, My head aches wid de pain I have; And I wish I was in de kingdom, Sittin' beside my Lord. The following bears the same aspiration:

My moder's gone to glory, I want to get dere too, When de warfare end in hallelujah! and runs on with but slightly modified repetition through half a dozen verses. The next has an echo f slavery :

Oh, brother, gib up your right for your heaven,
O yes, my Lord.
Oh, member, gib up your right for your heaven,
O yes, my Lord.
But gib me Jesus,
Gib me Jesus,
You may hab all dis worl'—
Gib me Jesus. "Too Late" is a hymn of warning against tardy

repentance:

Dyin' sinner, you too late!

Oh where ha' you bin when de bells do ring?

Too late! Too late!

De preacher call, you would not come;

Too late! Too late!

De Bible read, you would not hear;

Too late! Too late!

Dyin' sinner, you too late! The next fragment hints of resurrection in a joy-

In de mornin' when I rise,
Tell my Jesus, Huddy, oh.!
I wash my hands in de mornin' glory,
Tell my Jesus, Huddy, oh!'' And of a similar character, and with a spirited une, is this Christmas chorus: "Weep no mo', Mary; Weep no mo', Marta; Jesus rise from de dead,

Sunday mornin',
Happy mornin'! Glorious mornin'!" "Don't get weary, member, for dis world's most done," is another pathetic refrain, valuable only for the feeling of its chant. But the following, sung to a rapid melody, and involuntarily accompanied by the patting of feet and hands, is more a favorite: WRARY SOUL\_ Hurry on, my weary soul! I hear from Heaben to-day.

Hurry on poor weary soul! Lhear from Heaben to-day. My sin is forgiven, and my soul set free, An' I bear from Heaben to day; My name is called in de oder bright world, An' I bear from Heaben to day. De bells are ringing in de oder bright world, An' I hear from Heaben to-day; I leave my soul in de oder bright world, An' I hear from Heaben to-day.

In the review of the firemen by Gen. Sherman Hurry on, my weary soul, I hear from Heaben to-day. "No man can hinder me," "Religion's so sweet;"
I no weary yet," "Yes, my Lord, I come," and like sentences, serve as illustrative titles to re-peating choruses, of which they form the chief part. The Angel Gabriel, the last trumpet, Mary and Martha, Jordan, Zion, Moses, &c., are never-ending themes in the black hymnology. The name of Par son Fuller, the owner of plantations on St. Helena

requently appears in a celestial connection, as for Belieber build a house In Paradise; Parson Fuller build a house In Paradise, &c. "General Saxby," (as Gen. Saxton is called, the legroes from an old habit perverting almost ever vhite man's name,) has taken the place former! accorded to Parson Fuller upon "De tree of life."
The song in which this compliment occurs is a great
favorite, and has a full sounding, harmonious The following is its simplest version :

ROLL, JORDAN. Little children, sittin' on de tree of life, To heares when Jordan roll, Roll, Jordan; roll, Jordan; Roll, Jordan, roll!

March, de angel march; March, de angel march— My soul will rise to Heaven above, When I heares when Jordan roll! Little children learn to fear de Lord,

And let no false or spiteful word ound upon your tongue; Roll, Jordan, roll, &c. Two of the most imaginative of the regular church orals have the texts subjoined: OH! WHAT A MORNING.

I think I hear my Fader say, "Call de nations great and small, Lookee on to God's right hand, When de stars begin to fall! Sing, Oh, what a morning, Oh, what a morning, Oh, what a morning, When de stars begin to fall." KING IMMANUEL. O my King Immanuel, O Immanuel my King, Sing Glory be To my King Immanuel.

We touch one string And de whole heabens ring Sing Glory be To my King Immanuel. It will be remarked that all these songs have rhythm without rhyme, but music is left to compen sate for what seems wanting either in rhyme or reason. This little hymn is one of the most complete, and is deserveally cherished for its simplicity

> THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. Jehoviah! Hallelujah! De Lord will purwide. De foxies hab holes, An' de birdies hab nests; But de Son ob man hab nowhere To lay his weary head.

Jehovish! Hallelujsh!
De Lord will purvide;
De Lord He will purvide a place
For de weary head to rest. THE SHOUT. If it be not altogether indescribable, the "shout" deserves more than a passing notice. Last evening such an exercise took place in the short avenue of huts neighboring the plantation house. After praying and hymning in the regular order of prayer meeting—the words of the hymn chanted first by the conductor of the meeting, and then sung from memory by the others—the "shout" began in the growing enthusiasm of "the members." About

twenty were present, under the dismal timbers of an old hut, and in the murky light of a few tallow candles. The first proceeding was a shuffling round. This increased in vigor and in variety, as the turmotions, the leader jumping up and down in the centre, shouling "move!" and appearing to keep all going by the magic of a contagious frenzy.

Those not belonging to the circle of shufflers kept time by patting their hands and knees, but all joined in the song : Brudder Georgie's gone to glory, Tak' car' de sin-sick sou!! This was the principal part of it, but its rolling ffect is not to be understood unless seen and heard. As a picture, nothing could be stranger than thes shuffling and swaying phenomena, yodelling and roaring, and shaking their turbans. This shout was like a perpetual motion, one song rolling into another, and all kinds of movements making one.

Hottentot countenances, and others which seemed the caricatures of all races, made it for one instant like something dreamed of—night-mareish and bar-baric. A mother, holding her babe asleep, took part in it with great enjoyment to the close, and the exercise seemed to please and inspire everybody.
Wild as it seemed to a stranger, the rythmical shuffle had a peculiar decorum, and the fiercest shouters were probably the gentlest men. The shout may be briefly explained as nothing higher than a religious entertainment, of as much use physically as morally. Religion has afforded a large class of the slaves their only means of amusem and this amusement is a serious one. Reckoning the circumstances of the negro, attentive observers do not consider it altogether irrational.

In the revival, or "shout," the most powerful of all the hymns have their element, and in the hall their sense (if we can credit all of them with neaning intelligible to the white mind) is devoured to sustain the consuming activity of the religious exercise. They seem to be composed to suit the ctions of many bodies, or what may be called religious marching, and are accompanied by the close shuffle of many feet, the march and the song growing more and more rapid or loud in progress. In this manner a large portion of the African's music bears character with his physical play, his song and religion hinting more or less of the terpsichorean, although anything like "fiddle-tunes" or out-

right dancing are placed under solemn ban in his Christian community. Here is a specimen of the shout song, celebrating what it seems impossible to tell, unless it be a baptism. Rain fall and wet Becka Lawton—oh!
Rain fall and wet Becka Lawton—oh! Rock back holy, oh!
Rock back slowly, oh!
I must cry holy,
I will cry holy,
And all cry holy. After this the tune begins again, with a slight

change of verse, declaring that the "rain" has "wet all de members," or "dried Becka Lawton." The following are songs of the same rousing DE LONESOME VALLEY.

O, sister Kitty, d'ye want to get religion?
Go down in de lonesome valley.
O, my bradder, d'ye want to get religion?
Go down in de lonesome valley,
To meet my Jusus there.

I eat God's milk and honey,
I eat God's milk and honey,
And meet my Jesus there.
O, brudder, d'ye want to get religion? &c. JORDAN. Oh, you ought to be my fader's children, Oh, you ought to be my fader's children, Roll, Jordan, roll.

Oh, my sin so hebby and I can't get along, ah, Can't get along, Sin's so hebby an' I can't get along, Roll, Jordan, roll:

I cast my sins in de middle ob de sea, ah, In de middle ob de sea.— I cast my sins in de middle of de sea, Roll, Jordan, roll. I take my text in Matthew, And in de Rebelashuns,

Dere's a meetin' here to night, Dere's a meetin' here to-night, We hope to meet again. HOLD YOUR LIGHT. I ask old Satan why he follow me so? I sin't got notin' to do wid you; Hold your light, hold your light, Hold your light on Canaan's sho'.

HOUSE ON THE ROCK. I build my house upon de rock,
Oh, yes, Lord;
No wind or storm can blow him down,
Oh, yes, Lord!
March on, member, bound to go;
Sinner, fare you well.

I wont do like de foolish man.
Oh, yes, Lord!
Build him house on de sandy rock,
Oh, yes, Lord!
De fus' wind come and blow him down,
Oh, yes, Lord!
March on, member, bound to go;
Sinner, fare you well.

OLD ELDER,

Old Elder, old Elder, Where hab you been, While de Gospel's bin a flourishing All ober de world? Oh, I've something to tell you,
De secret of my heart;
I'm married to King Jesus,
And no more to part.
Old Elder, &c. I NO WEARY YET.

Oh, I no weary yet, Lord, I hab a witness in my heart; I no weary yet. I hab a heaben to maintain,
I no weary yet!
What dat shine upon my heart?
I no weary yet!
De bands of fath are on my soul,
I no weavy yet. I no weary yet! Ole Satan toss a ball at me,
I no weary yet!
Him tink de ball would hit my soul,

I no weary yet!

De ball for hell and I for heaben!
I no weary yet!

Of a higher and stronger character are these very popular hymns: WEESTLIN' JACOB. Oh, wrastle on, Jacob, Jacob,
Day is a-breaking i
Wrastle on, Jacob i
Lord, I would not let him go, I hold de angel wid a tremblin' hand, De Lord shall bless my soul! Wrastle on; Jacob Day is a-breaking!

JORDAN'S FIGHT. Oh, Jordan's fight am a good ole fight,
And I got but one more riber to cross,
And I want some valiant soldier
To help me bearing gross.

Praise, member, praise God,
I praise my God until I die,
Praise, member, praise God,
Till I reach my Hesvenly home.

GABRIEL'S TRUMPET. Blow de trumpet, Gabriel, Blow loud and louder i I want dat trumpet to blow me home, To de new Jerusalum! Paul and Silas bound in jail, Did sing God's praise both night and day. I want dat trumpet to blow me home, To de new Jerusalum!

De tallest tree in Paradise De Christian call de tree of life. I want some trumpet to bow me home, To de new Jerusalum!

"Gabriel's Trumpet" is probably the most powerful hymn of its class. The song quoted below is a curious sacred barcarole of the negro boatmen of ae Port Royal isles : ROW DE BOAT ASHO'.

Milohael, row de boat ashto,
Hallelujah!! Hallelujah!
Wonder where my mudder go,
Hallelujah
See my mudder on de rook gwine home,
Hallelujah! On de rock gwine home in Jesus' name, Hallelujah!

Michael's beat a music beat, Hallelujah! Gabriel blow de Gospel førn, Hallelujah! Boastin' tak will sink my soul! Michael, row de beat asho!,

Hallelujah!
When de riber oberflow,
Hallelujah!
Oh! poor sinners, how you land,
Hallelujah!
Riber run and darkness comin',
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! On de riber bank I stand, Hallelujah! Sinner, row to sabe your soul!

On a sunny, spring-like Sunday, approaching the open doors of the Baptist Church of St. Helena, under the gnarled and far reaching arms of the mosse live oaks which bend their funeral tresses over the tombs of the former owners of the plantations, the following simple strain, a common household me lody of the freedmen, reached the hearer like an humble but sweet fragrance :

O go, my sister, go tell my Lord, O go, my sister, go tell my Lord, O go, my sister, go tell my Lord, Belleber hab a home at last!

I'm a hunting for a city to stay awhile, Pm a hunting for a city to stay awhile, Pm a hunting for a city to stay awhile, Ah! belieber hab a home at last! This strain is not distant in spirit; and tune from ome adopted into the white revivals and prayer-

meetings, such as the one called "Thave a Father in the Promised Land," &c., a style of melody apparently inspired by the negro. The same may be said of other compositions in the hymnal of enthusi astic religions.
"The Spiritual Hymns" might sometimes afford. serious pleasure, and a sincere though humble sympathy to the religious imagination of a wonderful

but simple man like William Blake, but to an ex-tensive class of readers, they will afford only mere tensive class of readers they will afford only mere amusement. Yet none can doubt, who attentively scans and hears the hymns of the freedmen, that the slave has deeply felt and suffered. The idea of heaven, vaguely conceived from the quaintest images and symbols of the Bible, formed his grand poem, his daily consoling victory over his condition and trials—and who will deny that such an aspiration was respectable? He lived a life lit-tle known to the master, overseer, or paid minister of slavery; and the child-like trust and hope of re-ligion has saldom found better use and example than in his case. Apology for the frequent lack of connection observable in his songs will be discovered in the extreme poverty and helplessness of the negro's means of tradition. His music should be read with, perhaps, more attention than his poems, which are but the variously and rudely remembered literature of a people that can neither read nor write, but possess some of that natural spring of music which needs no expression in writing, and underlies all that is read and written. The "spiritual hymns" quoted are evidently but these of a community, and it is presumable that other plantations throughout the South have dis-tinctive hymnals and songs not less, and perhaps more, interesting. Where there has been such a general tendency to musical expression as among the negroes, it would be next to impossible to trace out any one composer. What black Foster was the creator of the family of strange and pretty tunes which haunt the musical traveller in his journeys South! The inglorious musician (if such there may have been) rests, perhaps, in some trodden or overgrown corner, without even a wooden head stone or an undecipherable epitaph; for there is no oblivion like that of slavery. These melodies of a genius, more popular than individual, which have gathered theme and text from all quarters, according to the mood of the singers, must be

taken for what they are—popular songs, in the sin plest and widest sense, of the peasantry of America. KANE O'DONNEL. NEW YORK CITY.

Special Correspondence of The Press. ] NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1865;-DEVELOPMENTS OF CORRUPTION. -It seems very probable that the Legislative inve our city government will expose an amount of cor-ruption which none others than victimized tax-pay-ers ever dreamed of. Of course, we have and we are to have the usual number of protests from high-minded officials, who desire nothing half so much as that every detail of their official lives may be soanned with microscopic severity; that severe Justice may screw on her high-power spectacles, and mercilessly analyze and dissect. Such things be; but people pay but little attention to them. The present inquiry which is being prosecuted, even in its raw, incipient stages, inexorably points us to such a presumption. Already witnesses are testifying that such-and-such offices are mere sineoures, and we hear the somewhat singular question put to the Deputy Controller, "if he had seen any streetsweepers at the office wearing diamond pins?" It is sweepers. At the olines wharing attenuate prins? It is stated that the street cleaning expenses for the past year will foot up \$\$%,000, whereas a responsible company offers to do the work quite as thoroughly for \$300,000. The Controller testifies that he has had two or three pay-rolls presented where some fif-teen men did not call for their money, and on which he detected five or six names of men who did no work at all. He speaks of the first pay day, when "a man came up who had on avery large pin; he was on the pay roll as a street-sueeper." Snoh things look badly. We pay enormously not only for work which is wretchedly done, but for work which is not done at all. All the care is bestowed on a few of the main thoroughfares, while the pest-sluices of the by-streets are allowed to drench the air with noxious, pertilence engendering vapors. The very localities whence are puffed up, as from gaseous velcances, ors are left untouched. Occasionally s ost ashman sneaks therein, and violently carries off such debris as he finds in the boxes and barrels, and this would appear to be all. For such arrangements we pay \$300,000, and our street-sweepers wear "large pins," which, it is charged, are of dia-

PERILS OF SKATING. Crowds are the past of everything metropolitan. They infest and destroy. Especially is the fact no-ticeable upon the skating ponds of Central Park, to which every one must go, acting on the omnibus fal-lacy that there is always room for a few more. Very recently a lady lost her life as the result of the overcrowding system. While skating she fell, and the sliding avalance of human beings was around her in an instant. A gentleman, unable to check his career struck her temple with the blade of his skate, inflicting a mortal wound. She was carried home and shortly expired—the second lady who had lost her life there within a week. Indeed, many of our leading physicians are entering their many of our leading physicians are entering their solemn and professional protests against any parti-cipation of ladies in the exercise, declaring that, in

cipation of ladies in the exercise, declaring that, in their case, it promotes ill health and causes many physical injuries and degeneracies.

MORE EDITORIAL TROUBLES.

The Count Johannes has once more with all solemnity invoked the terrors of the judiciary. Appearing before Judge Barnard, he requested that a mandamus be issued to Police Justice Dowling requiring him to order the arrest of S. E. Fisk, Esq., editor of the New York Leader, charging that said Fish was the author and concector of a certain libelious arti-cle at him levelled in said paper some months ago. The Judge declined upon technical grounds. THE OPERA SEASON opens on the evening of February 2, with "Don Sebastian." much to the distraction of critical circles,

which are divided against themselves upon the ques-tion of its merits. Lucchi, Massimiliani, Bellini. Susini, and Lorini are in the principal rôles. MISCRLLANHOUS. A Petroleum Exchange has been inaugurated. All the New York and the most prominent of the Philadelphia companies will be called twice each

Mr. and Mrs. Vandenhoff are delivering their humorous entertainment, "Irish Bulls," at Dod-worth's Hall, John Owers has undertaken Paul Pry without any marked success, his popularity here depending on his solon Shingle. Mrs. General Lander (Miss Davenport) arrived here last night from Philadelphia, and is stopping at the Metropolitan Hotel. She will make her reappearance on the stage, after an absence of four years, at Niblo's Garden on Monday evening next. MEXICO.

Jan. 21st state that Alvarez had collected \$20,000 duties, and was trying to put the harbor in a state Flour and corn were scarce and commerce was lead. Everything was quiet at Colima. The armies of Rejar and Garcia had vanished since their defeat. Get. Vicaro had received 800 more French regiments, and was going to march on Acapulco again. The Eiberals were miking energetic resistance n Cajaca. Porfirio Dia had 800 men well armed Sailed, bark Onward and vatcht Prince for Hono. lulu, the latter being a pleasure yacht for the Hawalian royal family. Arrived, ships Arabla and

Flying Eagle, from Bostin.

ALVAREZ LEVYING DUTIES—THE PRENCH SOON TO

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 81.—Acapulco advices of

INCOME RETURNS.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT. Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Wards We continue this morning the returns of incomes, and present that portion of the First Congressional district which embraces the Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth wards. The remainder of the district,

visions 3 and 4 the Third ward; Divisions 5 and 6 the Fourth ward; Divisions 7, 8, 11, and 15 the Fifth ward. SECOND WARD.

Barnes, Capt Jac
Barthelonew, Joh
Black, Wm R
Balts, W H R
Balts, W M F
Grainer, Wm F
Grainer, Fw
Grainer, Hrgh
Callighan, Jas
Ockerli, Thos
Cantrell, John A
Casily, Alexander
Casilinan, Edward
Cantrell, J H. M D
Coffin, Wm C
Carey, Frank
Chaplain, John
Frawford, H
Dodgson, Jas
Davis, T Nelson
Daviss, A C
Daviss, M H
Danby, Byron
Dougherty, Maior
Dougherty, Maior

Danby, Byron
Bougherty, Major
Elvins; A
English, John A
Ervine, S R
Foster; Chas P
Fields, Paul J

Griffiths, Geo Griffiths, Wm Glesaner, Mrs A Gigon, Gratan Hartman, B F Hooley, James Henderson, J L Hazlett, M G Hamilton, J D Haughery, Hanna Horstman, F Hall, Geo H Hall, Geo H Handles, Nathan S Hancock; Jaa Handlin, John B Handlin, John B Hamilton, John B Harschel, John S Herschel, John S H

comprising the Sixth and Eleventh wards, will be published to-morrow. The district is apportioned. ions 1 and 2 embrace the Second ward; Di-PIRST DIVISION Bartholomew, J Bavis, J F Baldwin, M B Bien, August Baxten, J B Brown, Robert Bavans, D Bradley, John C Ballenger, Win Barnes, Capi Jas Bartholomew, Jo

Patterson, Chas M Power, John Potter, J

1666 Pride, Geo W
114 Peterson, John
400 Richardson, E C
568 Boberts, Geo P
2.198 Rumei, Theodore
166 Read, Chas T
366 Rowen, JA
30 Rawlings, James
414 Eitchie, E
2.431 Strauch, D B
544 Smith, F
5,634 Strahan, Wm
164 Stevens, Charles
242 Sinexson, Thomas
6,160 Simpson, James
4,432 Specht, Charles
230 Simpson, Arthur
447 Sharp, Eichard
56 Sandgran, Geo M
1,400 Story William

200 Simpson, Arthur
47 Sharp, Richard
96 Sand gran, Geo M
1,40 Story, William
7,40 Story, William
7,40 Story, William
835 Eargeaut, H
835 Eargeaut, H
836 Eargeaut, H
837 Salster, E B
2,100 Shamerirg-Fhomas
210 Steen, James
210 Steen, James
367 Taggart, Joshua
100 Fruitt, William
3,566 Thompson, Oschua
67 Toggart, Joshua
100 Fruitt, William
3,566 Thompson, Oschua
223 Trowbridge, E S
600 Toy, George
223 Trowbridge, E S
600 Toy, George
237 Towbridge, E S
600 Toy, George
237 Towbridge, E S
600 Toy, George
237 Towbridge, E S
600 Toy, George
257 Towbridge, E S
600 Toy, George
500 Williams, C V
96 Wiler, E
200 Whitaker, John
618 Watson, James
200 Watson, J W
510 Wilson, Henry
657 Wentzell, B
100 Webb, Edward
310 Wilson, H
863 Wilson, Williams
160 Young, Nicholes
464 Young, Thomas
767 Ziegler, A A

Jones, Geo W
274 Jurdon, Wm
1,000 Karcher, Daniel
200 Lenby, Jacob
401 Loughlin, Wm
4,800 Lynch, Ed
400 Lifferty, Edward
4,618 McLoughlin, Wm
500 Mchenamy, Thos
4 McVickers, Jas
1,480 McCloskey, Jas
301 Myers, Fred
202 Marley, Wm
1,626 Morrie, B E
243 Macham, Caroline
161 Milliaesto, C
720 Maddock, Wm A
9,66 Metz, R P
9,66 Metz, R P

Metz, R P Munzart, Albert Nobinger, Geo W Orthwein, H J Parker, Wm H

500 Parker, Wm H
500 Perine, Jas
186 Patton, Henry
1,000 Purlon, Harrier
69 Porter, John
567 Rutherford, John
148 Schoffer, John
148 Schoffer, John
148 Schoffer, John
149 Schoffer, John
140 Shirley, John
141 Wateney, Sam
150 Taggart, John H
120 Waterhouse, E G
120 Waterhouse, E G
2,687

THIRD WARD.

THIRD DIVISION.

Pile, Wilson H Paynter, And'w Poole, C F Patton Jr, W Pallitt, C

Portner, Caroline Portner, E Queen, Francis Rutter, Saml P Rawland, Jas

200 Rawland, Jas 140 Rocholl, H T 150 Rosell, Mill 1,646 Roberts, Fanny 2,922 Simon, Jas K 200 Seott, Jno H 2,923 Sayder, Jno S 1,776 Sandgran, C M 10,927 Stevenson, W E 1,500 Emith. G W 220 Singleton, Thos 6,660 Swain, T W 803 Scowe, H 577 Skadman, W 1,350 Swift, H 6,150 Swift, H 6,150 Swift, H 6,150 Swyift, H 6,150 Swyift, H

O Swift, H
2 Stevens, C W
2 Stevens, C W
2 Simpson, Adam
5 Snyder, A F
6 Snyder, A F
6 Stone, S S
6 Stenens, O
6 Schellenger, L
6 Smith, J B
6 Salheimer, W B

O Tanlane, Geo
O Tanlane, JB
3 Tindaul, H M
O Thackars, W H
O Thompson, J n
O Thompson, J n
O Thompson, J n
O Thompson, J n
O Veight, A S
O Wakins, W B
O Warr, N R
O Weight, Chas
G Williams, J n
O Welton, C h
O Welton, C M
O Watton, C W

768) Whitear, Jas 400 Wayel, EMD 378) Webb, TO 378) Webb, TO 188 Welsh, Jno 19 Wesselt, LS 8 West, W. H 19 Weeks, Joel S 17 Young, Aftred 17 Young, Lewis Franklin, Jno G Foster, Ferdinand

FOURTH DIVISION.

Brington, John
Bringhurst, George
Brady, William F
Brady, B
Bruster, Joseph P
Heck, William
Buckley, Andrew

Cochrane, Wm J Chardon, S R

Devitt, FA
Davis, W M
Davis, W M
Dinwidde, C A
Donnelly, James
Ragish, B
England, Robert
Barly, James W
Fidther, FA
Fietcher, James W
Fidther, James Green, William
Gaw, John
Gardiar William
Glentworth, James
Giller, John U
Gallagher, Francis
Hayes, John

Allen, Robert
Ashcroft, John
Baymore, Joseph
Bussier, Jiane
Baker, Valentine
Callahan, Robert
Cronse P. M.

\$500 Kempton, Wm B 200 Kelley, John 1,425 Kelley, Thomas 64 Kelley, Joseph 645 Kirk, S W 200 Lettinbra B

o Alfa, S. W.
O McConvell, Hagh
O McConvell, Hagh
O McConfort, Geo
O McCofferty, Chas
S McGleasey, Wm
Mc Cormtok, A A
McLaughitu, John
McAllister, John
Murphy, James S
Martin, Dantel
Morgan, B B
Morrison, John
Morrison, John
Morrison, John
Morrison, John
Morrison, John
Morrison, John

arienheimer, Edw ark, Richard drz, F.W

147 Pearson. W H
22 Quin, E C
246 Robinson. William
150 Richardson, Thos.
8, 729 Rogers, Matthew N
739 Smith, John
2 000 Strickland, Edward
60 Seynave, F A
749 Smith, John B
458 Bhuits, Philip
458 Bmith, H Y H

480 Smith, H Y
482 Smith, H Y
4,226 Stewart, R H
4,236 Thomas, S W
503 Vondersmith, J V
503 Winchester, A
503 Watkins, Charles
707 CO.
700 Wincon, Henry
4,655 Washburg, Rev D
500 Wilson, Thomas
12,392 Waleh, T g
525 Ward, A F
5,000 Young, James P
199 Zeisse, S

183,289 Large, D K 1814 Lang, John F 100 Lang, William 800 Mullen, William 679 Main, W H 650 McKenney, F 1,000 McKenney,

FOURTH WARD.

FIFTH DIVISION.

WH

hn J Biddle

Barn E. Heaton.

Aull, Jss A
Allen, Thos H
Allen, Thos H
Allen, John C
Allen, Sannel
Burgen, Geo H
Barry, Philip
Bernheim, M
Bastisn, Geo
Bernard, John
Cannade, David
Campbeli, Wm
Curry, Wm
Curry, Wm
Curry, Wm
Carr, Mrs L
E
Lay, Alired
Dickson, Elizabeth
Davenport, John M
Dos Santos, A
F
Davenport, Mrs Susannah
Emley, Gilbert
Fenton, Elezzer
Fowler, TF

Forgueson, Wm F Franklin, John J Gardiner, Rich'd Gaughan, Pat'k Geddes, Wm F Graffent Robt Glenn, Alfred

Glenn, Alfred Glenn, Alfred Henkels, Geo J Hutley, A A Hicking, G M Hutchinson, Edv

Comstock, Andrew Cunningham, C Contingham, C Cottingham, W H Dialogue, Henry Elliott, Robert T Ely, J Olden Foster, J M Gist. C M Gage, D F Gregs, W H Hendrickson, E T Hart, Herry C, tru for D C Mayrin Jones, Owen

EIGHTH DIVISION.

GHTH DIVISION.

\$6,945 Krider, P L
1,207 Kaiser, R
2,627 Killduff, Robt, M D
649 Kretzmer, R
6,617 Lloyd, Inaac
560 Lamar, A
8,400 Lamar, Geo
1,195 Leomhardt, T
295 Michener, J G
190 McCormick, Thos B
7,422 Martin, Robt
645 Martin, R
651 McMickle, Pat'k
146 Martin, W M
702 Martin, W M
703 Martin, W M
704 Martin, U M
705 Martin, U M
705 Martin, C M
706 Martin, C M
707 Martin, C M
708 Martin, C M
709 M
70

Rhea, Jas 168 Robe, Chas 792 Roberts, David 4 798 Ropsell Kugon

860 kmth, Wm 8 400 sterling, Benj 3.501 Smith, Clifford 3.614 Townsend, R G 1.562, Tete, Francis 575; Taylor, Sophia P 600 Traylor, Geo W 246 Wood, Thos 109 Whildin, L M 100 Warren, David 833 White, Phillip 8 2,056 West, Collins 3,000 Young, Jas

ELEVENTH DIVISION.

DIVISION FIFTHENTH.

Askan, Jas Washan, Jas Washey, M. H. Balley, Saml B. Bailey, Melbourne Bailey, Riwood Bacon, Jas W. Badium, Jos Bartolett, Wm F. Bauer, John A. Baxter, Issac B. Jr. Bayer, John B. Gowlby, Saml Boyd, Wm S. Boyle, Thos

Boyle, Thos
Block, Simon
Buchanan, Rich'd
Burn, Byard
Barnes, Thos
Callahan, Wm
Callahan, Martha

Callahan, Martha Campbell, W.R. Campbell, W.R. Camplon, Jos H. Carnoll, W.M. Cannon, John H. Cannon, John H. Cannon, John H. Cannon, Haris Carpenter, Francis Cathrall, Unas J. Castner, Samnel Olendaniel, John Conway, Francis Conway, W.M. Cooper, W.M. M. Cooper, W.M. M. Cooper, W.M. Cooper, M. Coo

Cunningham, DC

Dugan, Jos C
Dunton, Anne
Dunn, Michael
Denn, W B
Resby, John
Eddridge, S Tuston
Ekinicah, Thos
Reglish, M
Evans, W m
Evans, Jos R
Econs, Jos R, truste
Evinge, S
Bimsile, W m
Fangeid, Jas F
Finnesey, James
Fichtel, Chas
Fittpatrick, Patrick
Floye, John R
Folwell, Saml C
Forntar, Joseph
Francis John R
Folwell, Saml C
Forntar, Joseph
Francis Joseph
Fr

8700 Keenan, Francis 1,200 Keefe, Jos J 1,522 Kirkpatrick, Jas 6,108 Eirkeman, Ritz 3,600 Kirkeman, Ritz 462 King, Rdwin 760 Kaight, R C 521 Lawler, John 241 Larser, Chas 241 Large, Step D 390 Laikmore, Jos P 29 Lagan, Daniel

S80 Laismora, Jos P
29 Lagan, Daniel
660 Letchworth, AL, admi
2, 772 Lebman, Wm,
5, 481 Lebman, Wm, trust
200 Lowry, J T
400 Loper, B F
241 Loxiey, B R, trustee
100 Maddin, Jr, John
600 Marks, Jas P

100 Marks, Js. Friese
100 Marks, Js. P
236 Makhoney, Marks, Js. P
236 Mackintosh. Alex
1,200 Markintosh. Alex
1,200 Markintosh.
1,200 Mary
1,200

200 metruire, Anos 144 McReown, Benj 1,06 McGunie, John A 1,06 McGunie, John A 1,09 McDowell, F B 1,09 McDowell, F B 1,09 McDowell, F B 1,09 McGunie, Lon 1,00 McGunie, Paul 1,00 McGunie, McGunie

enwood, Mary Earvey, J S lechs, J W SIXTH DIVISION. [This division is not complete. The remaining names will be furnished in a few days.] #450 Harper, J E

60 Hanning, F

100 Jenks, Franklin

122 Kline, John

67,025 Lees, Wm

3,019 Marous, Henry

225 McMullin, Jno S

827 McFetridge, Saml

224 McAllister. Jno A

776 Nealis Jas

1,022 Peers, Ellis J

778 Questo. Christian

200 Roe, Wm

40 Sansom, Joseph

477 Springer, John B

429 Sevill, Jacob

606 Schomacher, J H

271 Tindall. Thomas

2,024 West, W Russell FIFTH WARD. SEVENTH DIVISION

Ephraim, J Ellenbogen, Familton, J Fullaway,

Fitzpatrick Forguson, Joeller, Jr Jibbs, Joh

FOUR CENTS.

Trustee
Binney, Susan
Bioren, J
Bloodsood, J B
Borie, H P
Soffe, A E, Trustee
Borie, H P, Err
Horie, H P, Err
Trustees
Borie, H P & A E,
Trustees 8,366 Lamberti, John 15,130 Lee, Stephen 8,660 Levering, W A Loughery, A M Makler, Matthe 3,152 McKintry, Geo Masthan M. 8 Boffe, H P & A E,
Trustees Barabenan, Martin
Claric, W H
Carpenfor, Edw
Carpenfor, Edw
Carpenfor, Edw
Carpenfor, Edw
Carnovas, Jas
Chambers, Wm
Carnovas, Jas
Chambers, Maris
Chambers, Maris The last day of grand historic da la constant de la contraction tive history. On that day the popules 6th. Government, the representatives of From it of the United States, consecrated the Thirty eights.

question to a vote. It had failed at the last session. and opinion was very much divided as to its success These were whispered changes of position on the part of several Democratic members, and it was part of soreign Democratic members, and it was ardently hoped that enough would stay away to ensure its passage, even though they might refuse to record their names in its favor. But the public was in doubt, and manifested its intense interest crowding the galleries and threnging the corridor and ante-rooms. Even the reporters gallery was and ante-rooms. Even the reporter: gainery was in part taken possession of by the fair sex. The proceedings preliminary to the vote were uninteresting enough. The House has seldom seemed less attentive to the immediate business before it. As we watched the eager, expectant faces which lined the galleries, and the careless or otherwise absorbed man ner of the members, we found ourselves involuntarily wondering whether these representatives of the people realized how important a part they were playing in shaping their country's future. Err. McAllister's brief, terse statement of the reacons which induced his change of vote was respectfully heard. He was followed by Mr. Coffroth, of Pennsylvania, in a similar strain; but the speech was read, and the House was in no mood for liston-

Gase, D.F.
Gregg, W. H.
Hendrickson, R.T.
Hart, W. H. H.
Harty Q. trustee

for D. C. Maylin

John McKens, Entred.
Lowber, Thos H.
McKens, J. W.
Maddison, John G.
McKens, J. W.
Malleyne, John G.
Ashhurst, John, for Alleyne, John G.
M. D. Eyre G.
Ashhurst, John, for Thomas Kennard
Andrade, Jos J.
Ashhurst, John, for Thomas Kennard
Andrade, Jos J.
Ashhurst, John, for Thomas Kennard
Andrade, Jos J.
Ashhurst, John, for J.
M. D. Eyre G.
McKens, J. W.
McKens, J. W.
McKens, J. W.
McKens, McKens, J.
McKens, McKens, J.
McKens, J. universal understanding that the test was to be had to-day. The question of reconsidering the vote of last session was then put by the Speaker, and the ayes and noes called. The result was announced 112 to 57-a gain of one on the previous vote. but still not enough to make two-thirds. The reconsideration was, however, made. The original question was now before the House. "Shall the joint resolution pass?" was announced as the Issue in the clear, ringing tones of the Speaker. Again, amid universal stillness, did the Olerk proceed with the

those names in the affirmative will be held in honor through all coming time. History will record the fact that when the opportunity was offered of extinguishing the foul cause of our angry political con-tentions and of this fearful and unnatural rebellion, fifty-six representatives of a free people declined to avail themselves of the chance for immortality. Posterity will remember it to the eternal honor of those voting in the affirmative, that they made the organic law of the nation accord with the sacred claims of justice and with the fundamental princi-When the name of John Ganson was called, followed by a prompt aye, there was a slight burst of applause, promptly repressed, however, by the Speaker. That vote settled the question. It was e subtracted from the previous fifty-seven, and left a clear majority. Others were added as the roll-call proceeded. When it was finished, the Speaker asked the Clerk "to call his name as a member of this House." He voted aye, and never more proudly throughout his brilliant and successful career, and then amounted "that on the pas-sage of the joint resolution to amond the Constitu-tion of the United States the ayes are 119, the noes 56. The constitutional majority of two-thirds having voted in the affirmative, the joint resolution has

There was a momentary lull, when, as by an elec-tric shock, the exultant shouts of the friends of free-dom rung through the Hall. The scene beggars de-scription. It was the sublimest outbreak of popucrying out at the tap of their voices. Fair women waved their handkerchiefs and joined in the loud huzzas. The floor of the House resounded with the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet, and the intgo full for utterance over this memorable hour of our national regeneration. When this tempest of excitement, which lasted for several minutes, and sition indicated on the ayes and noss. The me-chanical roll-call acted as a brake, and slowly toned the House down to something of its ordinary decorum, while the assembled crowd surged out in the midst of a patriotic enthusiasm that will never

This event will thrill the nation. It will carry mendment is secure. The State Legislatures will promptly ratify the action of the representatives of the people. The principle of the Emancipation Proclamation will become the supreme law of the land. Waine will send endorsed the edict of freedom to the teeming valley of the Mississippi. It will come approved from the thousands of freemen the line the banks of the great Father of Waters to the Legislative Assembly of the Land of Gold; and the guardians of the national honor on the shores of the Pacific will echo back the demand: Give us a republic without a slave—a nation of reemen without a master.



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Congress of the nation to immortality; for at four o'clock in the afternoon the House, by the decisive vote of 119 to 56, decreed to amend the organic law of this great nation so as evermore to prohibit involuntary servitude, except for crime. This com-pletes the action of Congress on the proposed amendment, the Senate having agreed to it by a prior vote, and nothing now remains but for three-fourths of the State Legislatures to ratify this amendment, when it will become part of the Consti-tution. No one who was witness to the deliberations of the House yesterday afternoon will ever forget the scene. It was announced several days in advance that on Tuesday Mr. Ashley proposed pressing the

ing to essays. Mr. Miller interjected a protest against what he chose to consider an infringement of the Constitution. Mr. Herrick, of New York, read a vigorous argument in behalf of settling this vexed question once and for all. He was succeeded by a curious essay from Mr. Brown, of Wisconsin, who seemed inclined to indulge a feat of parliawho seemed inclined to indulge a feat of parlia-mentary acrobatism by arguing both ways. Mr. Harding, of Kentucky, was anxious to get the floor, before Mr. Brown's speech, and after a little colloquy it was arranged he should follow Mr. Brown, and the vote should be taken at three o'clock. Mr. Harding speke without notes. and paid his special respects to those border-State men, like Yeaman and Rollins, and Green Clay Smith, who had changed fronts on the slavery question. He managed to command somewhat of the attention of the House, until he repeated the threadbare argument against the desecration of the 1,306 Goforth, John FA 62 C 1,376 Girard L'd Trust Co, 2,639 Sirard L'd Trust Co, 2,639 Sirard L'd Trust Co, 4,660 for Samuel Hill 51,769 Gorard L'd Trust Co, 30,006 for Mill 1,393 Girard L'd Trust Co, 1,769 Ingrard L'd Trust Co, 7 or C C Larker 8,567 constitutional rights of slavery. For this the House has little taste. He was succeeded by Mr. Kalbficisch, who also read his speech in opposition to the amendment. The indifference of the House to written harangues here culminated. It is hardly possible to conceive of a less orderly body when here is no special cause of disturbance. Every member was doing what seemed good in his own eyes, and several times Mr. Kalb-fleisch invoked the attention of the House, and the gavel of the Speaker called the body to order. On the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Ashley, who has borne himself throughout this protracted discussion with great courtesy and fairness, demanded the previous question, on his motion to reconsider the vote of last session. Mr. Stiles moved to lay that on the table. It was the preliminary skirmish of the great contest, and unusual quiet brooded over the hall while the vote was taken. It was decided in the negative, by 111 to 57, one short of the constitutional mejority. Will that one be forth-coming? was the eager thought of the galle-ries. The friends of the measure on the floor-looked serenely confident. Mr. Mallory raised a point of order that the vote required two-thirds of the House, but was promptly overruled by the Speaker. He then successful overruled by the Speaker. He then suggested day's delay, but was reminded by Mr. Ashley of the

roll, which we published yesterday.

And there they will stand forever! Side by sidewith the signers of the Declaration of Indepen

lar enthusiasm we ever witnessed. Men sprang to their feet, throwing up their arms exultantly, and cessant shouting of volces. The galleries echoed back with tenfold enthusiasm the overwhelming demonstrations on the floor of the House. Men hugge one another in an ecstacy of delight. They grappled hands and shouted over this triumph of freedom. Many a bright eye glistend, and many a heart was seemed to find no adequate outlet, had partially sub-pided, a motion was made to adjourn, and the Oppo-

**-**TROWBRIDGE'S NEW WAR STORY, "The Three Scouts," has already passed to its tenth thousand, and promises to have a larger sale than "Cudjo's Cave." It is certainly an improvement on that popular book. The passages of description are vivid and brief, the course of the narrative rapid, and the representation of the characters close to nature and life. It is impossible to open the volume at any page without being struck by the quick movement and pervading suimation of the story. - Boston Transcript.