

On the Shores of Tennessee.

"Move my arm—faithful Pompey, In the sunshine bright and strong; For this world is fading, Pompey— Mass' won't be with you long; And I ain't worth the south wind Bring one more the sound to me, Or the wavellets softly breaking On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur, As they still the story tell, How no vessel float the banner That I've loved so long and well, I shall listen to their music, Dreaming that again I see Stars and Stripes on sleep and shallop Sailing on the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting For Death's last dispatch to come, If he called stary banner Should come proudly sailing home, You should greet it, slave no longer— Voice and hand shall both be free, That shout and point to Union colors On the waves of Tennessee.

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey; But ole darkey's happy here, Where he's tended corn and cotton, For dose many a long one year, Ober yonder miss' sleeping— No one tend her grave like me; Mebbe she would miss de flowers She used to love in Tennessee.

"Pears like she was watching Massa— If Pompey should beside him stay, Mebbe she'd remember better, How for him she used to pray— Telling him dat way up yonder, White as snow his soul would be, If he served de Lord on Heaven, While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling Down the poor old dusky face, As he stepped behind his master, In his long accustomed place, Then a silence fell upon the air, As they gazed on rock and tree, Pictured in the placid waters Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master, dreaming of the battle Where he fought by Major's side, When he led the mighty Tarleton 'Stoop his lordly crest of pride, Man, remember how you sleepier Once he held upon his knee, For she loved the gallant soldier, Ralph Verrair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers 'Mid the veteran's silver hair; Still the bonman, close beside him, Stands behind the old arm chair, With his dark-hand band uplifted, Shading eyes, he bends to see Where the woodland, hallo justling, Turns aside the Tennessee.

the great longing of her life was fulfilled. But, somehow, the county gentry held aloof from the Hall. Whether it was that they held it as still tainted with an undiscovered crime; whether some person had fancied that they recognized Helen, and some whispered suspicion of the true state of the case began to be bruited about, it would be useless to discuss. But there was the simple fact—nobody visited the mother and son. It was the one drop of bitterness in Helen's cup of triumph, and was sufficient to flavor the whole. Her maternal love was sorely wounded at the thought that her noble boy, whom she looked upon as a paragon of excellence, should be thus cut off from her, except in social position, she regarded as infinitely his inferiors.

When she returned to Blakely, she brought the Gaudys with her, and ensconced them in the lodge, which the death of Mrs. Miller had just previously left vacant. An advertisement inserted in the county newspaper for an experienced man to manage the Blakely Farm, had resulted in the selection of Carry Lee's father for the post. And now the reader is in possession of every fact that it is necessary for him to know at present.

Leaning upon her son's arm, Helen's passed into the house. The change within was greater even than without. No dust and tatters now—every place as clean as paint and varnish could make it. Grand new furniture—gorgeous hangings; Helen's savings had gone in the purchase of these.

Only one part of the Hall remained as before—there the dust lay thicker than ever, and no human foot had disturbed it since that summer day when Charley and his companion explored those gloomy chambers. The doors that communicated with that wing were fastened up.

There was twice as much room in the great building now as could ever possibly be required. Why, then, should they incur the expense of furnishing another wing? This was what Helen said. Of course, in a little time, the servants began to scent out a mystery. Then they began to make inquiries among the natives; then came out the story of the murder; then they began to fancy that they heard strange noises behind the locked-up doors; to avoid their vicinity after nightfall, and even the men-servants did not care about it.

As young Robert had said, every respectable family mansion has its ghost, and why should that be an exception?—more especially when there were such admirable materials out of which to create one. Let not the reader, however, suppose that we are going to create one. Poor Ethel Blakely slept soundly in the grave; she had not found such unalloyed happiness in this world that she should desire to revisit "glimpses of the moon."

The mother and son entered a handsome, furnished room upon the ground floor, looking out upon the lawn. Reclining upon a couch, reading the Times, in a gorgeous demitulle, was a pleasant-looking gentleman, with a closely-shaven face, a nose somewhat inclined to redness, and hair dressed in little bunches at the temples—indeed, it was no other than our old friend, Pontifex. The fickle goddess seemed to have smiled upon him at last, to judge by his outward man.

"Any news this morning?" asked Robert. "Nothing particular in the political world," replied Pontifex. "Foreign news has been decidedly dull since the Italian war ended. Since Italy has been for the Italians, it has been decidedly uninteresting. Plenty going on in the fashionable world. Lots of old aristocratic friends of mine giving grand parties. Egad! here is the whole season passing away, and I have never once been seen in Rotton Row."

anhematize the laziness of all mankind, and this one in particular. Coming, however upon a cool, shady bank, that lay beneath the shadow of some trees—the very spot where Charley and Bilge had sat down, to take a council of war, upon the occasion of their memorable visit to the Hall—he began to think that a few moments' repose, out of the heat and the dust, might be agreeable to himself. So, selecting the most comfortable spot upon the bank, he laid himself down full length, tilted his hat over his eyes, and was soon in a doze.

The woman, dropping her burden, sank down upon the grass, and wiped away the perspiration that was streaming down her face with the corner of her ragged shawl, and took off her all but soles boots to cool her blistered feet. The soft air and the pleasant couch quickly soothed the poor tired wretch to sleep. Presently the man woke up, and seeing her oblivious for a moment of his persecution, waxed wroth, and called to her with an oath and a kick to rouse up.

Just at that moment two gentlemen on horseback turned the corner of the road that lay behind the bank, and saw the kick and heard the woman cry out. Spurring his horse forward, the younger of the two raised his whip, and lashed the fellow smartly across the face.

With a howl of rage, he sprang up and made a dart at the horse's head; another cut across the face, that left there a broad red wheel, was the result of this attack. In the meantime the woman had staggered to her feet, and was trying to hold him back; upon which he turned his impotent rage upon her, dashed his fist in her face, and felled her to the earth, with the blood flowing from her nose and mouth.

In an instant the young man sprang from his horse, threw the bridle to his companion, and seizing the brute by the back of his neck, horsewhipped him until he howled for mercy. Robert Blakely, for it was he, would have been satisfied with this castigation; but his companion very judiciously remarked that if the ruffian was left free he would undoubtedly wreak his malice upon the woman.

"Quite right, old fellow; ride back and find a groom or a gamekeeper to take charge of this fellow, and we will look him up." Mr. Pontifex rode away upon his errand. The brute, who, like a true British ruffian, was brave only in woman-beating, finding himself worsted began to beg for mercy; and upon finding such entreaties useless, grew ferocious again; and threatened all kinds of vengeance. Very soon, however, Mr. Pontifex, returning with a stalwart groom, put an end to the scene, and the fellow was dragged away, uttering the most frightful imprecations, to the nearest lock-up.

This part of the business having been disposed of, Robert next turned his attention to the woman, who was now sitting up, wiping the blood from her face, and moaning with pain. "Is the ruffian your husband?" asked Robert, kindly. "No, sir," she answered, in a faint voice. "So much the better. Here is half a sovereign for you, and I should advise you to get out of the neighborhood as quickly as possible. They will look that fellow up for a time, so you have nothing to fear from him; but the magistrates are jolly hard upon tramps down here, and they might look you up also if they catch you loitering about. I wish I was on the bench; by Jove, I'd give that fellow a twelvemonth on the treadmill, as sure as my name is Robert Blakely."

"Robert Blakely!" exclaimed the woman, looking up and speaking distinctly for the first time. "You are not Robert Blakely, of Blakely, Hall—he must be an old man by this time." At the sound of that voice—he could not see her face, her back being to ward him—Mr. Pontifex started listened for a moment then turned his horse's head, and rode gently up the road.

Over his dress, which was plain, and of a fashion, he wore a large military cloak. A small portmanteau constituted his entire luggage, and these he deposited in the cloak room. After taking some refreshment at the bar he sallied forth from the station, and crossing over London Bridge, took his way into the City.

Many a passer-by turned round to admire his handsome figure, and to stare at his strange dress. But, without appearing to notice the observations which he excited, he walked rapidly along, looking neither to the right nor the left. When he arrived at the Banks he mounted to the top of a "Favorite" omnibus. He got down at the "Angel," and stood for a moment to look about him.

"Just the same," he muttered; "no change here. I can fancy myself a youth again, looking upon the great world for the first time. Can it be possible that I am the same being? It seems to me rather as the dim memory of some former state of existence." He sighed, and crossed over to St. John's Road, on which he proceeded until he came to a certain dingy-looking house. Here he stopped and knocked at the door.

"Does Mrs. Gripley still live here?" he inquired of the stately servant who answered his summons. "Yes, sir," she replied, dropping a courtesy, and looking awe-stricken at such a visitor. Then, running up to the top of the kitchen staircase, cried out, "Missus, you're wanted!" "Who is it?" asked a voice from beneath. "A gentleman," was the answer. "Stay," said the stranger, with something of a foreign intonation in his voice; "as an old friend of Mrs. Gripley's, I will take the liberty of going down-stairs."

And, suiting the action to the word the next moment he stood in the presence of the astonished lady. "You will not remember me," he said, doffing his hat, and holding out his hand; although I well remember you." "Lawks a mercy on us!" she ejaculated. "You don't mean to say that you're that delicate-looking, quiet youth, that—Well, I never! Well, I am glad to see you! I took a fancy to you from the first. But, dear me, what a change! Why, have you been soldiering?"

"A little," he answered, laughing. "But the first thing I wish to know is, can you accommodate me with a bedroom? I have just arrived from the continent, and have not yet pitched my tent." "Yes, I've got your old bedroom, and I have had it fitted up afresh lately. You'll find it much more comfortable," she answered. "That will do. What has become of your old lodgers? Neither of them with you now, I suppose?"

"What?" he cried eagerly. "Mr. Kaufman with you still?" [TO BE CONTINUED.] Nebraska State S. S. Association. STATE SECRETARY'S OFFICE, PRESENT, SEPT. 20, 1875. To Pastors and Superintendents: DEAR BROTHERS—Sunday and Monday, October 22d, and 23d, 1875, having been designated as days of United Prayer in behalf of Sunday Schools, throughout the world, the officers of our association are desirous that the workers in the State should join in this general observance.

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