

# South-Jersey Republican.

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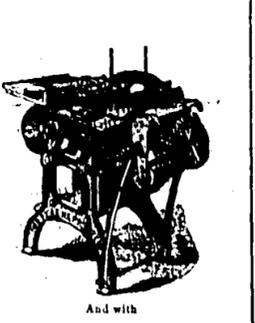
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## TRESSILIAN COURT;

OR,  
The Baronet's Son.

BY MISS BARBET LEWIS,  
Author of "The Double Life," "The  
Bully's Scheme," "The Sundered  
Hearts," "The Lady of Kildare,"  
"A Life at Stake," "The House  
of Secrets," &c., &c., &c.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A FATEFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Medi-  
terranean Sea, near the close of a dreary  
November day, and sky and waters were  
black with the gloom of the sudden and  
sudden tempest, before which a small-sail-  
ing vessel was scudding under bare poles.  
Her hull and rigging proclaimed her Sa-  
linian. She was the *Gull*, Captain Var-  
don's master, on her way from Cagliari to  
Palermo.

She had on board two seamen and two  
passengers. These passengers were Englishmen, who  
had proceeded passage on the *Gull* to Pal-  
ermo, whence they intended to embark by  
sea to Marcellus, the next day.

While the Captain and his assistants  
were attending to their duties, and expres-  
sing apprehensions as to their safety, the  
two Englishmen sat apart, leaning against  
the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild  
scene around them.

The two men were both young, apparently  
of the same age, about three and twenty,  
but evidently they were not of the same  
station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was  
aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and  
handsome, with dark eyes, a straight nose,  
and a full, well-shaped mouth. He had a  
small, curled-up mustache, and a pair of  
massive forelocks, and a pair of hair  
blowing back from his face. Noble, generous  
and kind-hearted, he had an adventurous  
disposition and a dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and  
heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, Baronet of  
Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable  
resemblance to him, being also tall and  
slender and fair, with wavy hair and a  
straight nose, but he had not the frank smile,  
the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit  
that characterized young Tressilian. Young  
as he was, he had seen much of the dark  
side of life, and his experiences had been  
such as to develop in him some of the worst  
qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's  
nephew, traveling companion and business  
friend. The meeting and connection of the two  
had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian  
had spent four years in a German university,  
whence he had been graduated with  
honor. On leaving the university, in obe-  
dience to his father's written command, he  
had undertaken a tour of the countries in-  
cluding the Mediterranean Sea, in company  
with one of his tutors. This gentleman,  
being exceedingly promoted to the profes-  
sorship, abandoned Tressilian at Baden,  
leaving him to find another traveling com-  
panion.

On the evening of the very day after this  
desertion, as Guy Tressilian was sauntering  
through the streets of Baden, he had been  
assaulted by a trio of his own countrymen,  
all more or less intoxicated. It was appar-  
ent that they took him for another, and in-  
tended to take vengeance upon him.  
Without allowing him to speak, they fore-  
ced him to defend himself. Guy was getting  
the worst of the conflict, when a stranger  
came running to his assistance, and in a  
few moments the two had put the ruffians  
to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely  
to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder.  
His resemblance to young Tressilian awak-  
ened in the latter a romantic interest. He  
questioned Lowder, learned that he was  
poor and alone in the world, and took him  
with him to his hotel. Believing that the  
similarity of features indicated a similarity  
of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder  
as his traveling companion, and the past  
year they had spent together more like  
brothers than like employer and employed.

marked Lowder. "You have been away  
from your home five years, and he has but  
just recalled you!"

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed, and  
Lowder saw in the lightning moment  
lightly upon the tempestuous ocean.

"Yes, my father formed a project to  
have me marry Blanche. He did not wish  
us to grow up together, lest we should learn  
to regard each other as brother and sister.  
When Blanche came to live at the Court  
my father sent me to Germany. The night  
before I left home, he called me into his  
library and told me all his hopes and plans  
for my future, and entreated me to continue  
worthy of his innocent ward, and to keep  
my heart pure for her. I have done so,  
Jasper. I have never yet loved any woman.  
And yesterday I received my father's sum-  
mons to come home. He recalled me  
after five years of absence. I know the  
well that lies nearest his heart. He wants  
me to return and marry Blanche. I shrank  
from the proposed marriage. I dread go-  
ing home. And I dread offending my dear  
father, whom I love better than any woman.  
He is hard, Jasper, to resist against the  
hopes and plans of a kind and generous  
father, whose very love for me causes him  
to urge on this marriage!"

"Is it?" said Lowder, and with a  
strange smile full of sneering bitterness.  
"My experience has been widely different  
from yours, Tressilian. Did I ever tell you  
of my father?"

"No. Look it for granted that he is  
dead." "Perhaps he is, I don't know," said  
Lowder with a reckless laugh. "But if he  
is living, he is a second—Don't start,  
Tressilian, at my unflinching speech. Wait  
till you hear my story. I am in a desper-  
ate mood to-night. This storm stirs up all  
the bad within me. As nearly as I can  
discover, my father was the younger son of  
a proud old county family—"

"You do not know, then?" asked Tressilian, pressing his companion's hand.  
"I have no proofs of it. All I positively  
know is this. My mother was of humble  
station, pretty, with blue eyes and an apple  
blossom face, and tender, appealing ways.  
She was the daughter of a widow, residing  
at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother,  
kept a lodging-house, and my father, a gay,  
fashionable young fellow, came to lodge with  
her. As might be expected, he fell in love  
with his landlady's daughter. He offered  
her the young girl's hand, on condition that  
the union should be kept secret until his  
affairs brightened and he chose to  
divulge it. The young girl loved him. Her  
mother was ambitious and penurious. The  
result was the lover had his way, and mar-  
ried the daughter of his landlady quietly,  
almost secretly. Then he took his bride  
to London, to a grand and obscure lodg-  
ings, where, a year later, I was born."

The wind for a moment drowned his  
voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed,  
recklessly and with passionate bitterness.  
"For years my mother and I lived in  
those sty, obscure lodgings until her  
bloom had faded, and she had grown thin  
and was nervous. My father visited us  
at stated seasons, once or twice a week,  
but he never brought any of his family to  
call upon us. I doubt if his aristocratic  
relatives ever suspected the existence of the  
faded wife and the son of whom he was  
secretly ashamed. I have good reason to  
believe that he had fine lodgings at a  
West End, where he was supposed to be a  
bachelor, and that he went into fashionable  
society, while my poor mother and I lived  
obscurely. I was a profligate and a rascal,  
but he had an air of fashion that awakened  
my boyish admiration, and my mother's  
mother's affectionate pride in him. She  
was always pleading to be introduced to his  
relatives, and to have her son publicly ac-  
knowledged. But my father always put  
her off, saying that he was not yet ready.  
Worn out and despairing, my mother died  
when I was ten years old."

Again the wind shrieked past, again the  
little vessel lurched, the sea sweeping over  
her deck.

The captain screamed his orders to his  
men, and for a few minutes disorder reigned.  
"A nasty bit of weather!" said Lowder.  
"And a bad sky!"

"Yes, but I've seen as bad," returned  
Tressilian. "We shall make port all right,  
never fear. We must be well on toward  
the Capo di Gallo. And it's only seven  
miles from the Cape to Palermo."

"But seven miles in this storm are worse  
than seventy in good weather. These  
castles are dangerous, Tressilian."

Lowder shuddered as he surveyed sea  
and sky.

"But about your father, Jasper?" said  
Tressilian, who had become deeply inter-  
ested in his companion's story. "What  
did he do after your mother's death?"

"I remained at the old lodgings with  
my single old servant for some months,  
my father visiting me several times, and ex-  
pressing anxiety as to what he should do  
with me. A week after my mother's death  
he told me that his brother was dead. A  
month later, his father was killed by being  
thrown from his horse. My father came  
into riches and honors by those deaths. At  
last deciding to rid himself of me, he took  
me down to Brighton, to my old grand-  
mother. Her sons were dead, she had  
given up keeping lodgers, and had grown  
silly. He promised her five hundred  
pounds a year to keep me, and to keep also  
the secret of my paternity, solemnly prom-  
ising to acknowledge me some day as his  
son and heir. The old woman agreed to  
carry out his wishes. She would have  
done anything for money. I never saw my  
father again. I went to school, grew up,  
and at the age of twenty one came into my  
grandmother's money, the fruits of years  
of saving, she dying at that time. I did  
not know where to seek him, if I had wish-  
ed to. I took my money and came abroad.  
I had been two years on the Continent,  
and had spent my little fortune when I met  
you. The rest you know."

"What is your father's name, Jasper?"  
asked Tressilian. Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lip  
savagely.

"What I have told you about myself I  
learned from my own observation, or from  
chance words of my parents and grand-  
mother. My mother's maiden name was  
Jeanette Lowder. At our London lodgings  
my father bore the name of Lowder. I do  
not know his real name, but I should know  
his face anywhere, although I have not  
seen him in thirteen years. My mother  
was actually married, Tressilian, but I never  
heard father's name. The clergyman who  
married my mother was dead; the witnesses  
also. When my grandmother was dying  
she tried to tell me the story. She had  
put it off too long. All that I could under-  
stand of her mumbings was the name of  
Deveroux. I shall never forget that name—  
Deveroux! Probably that was my  
father's name—my own rightful name.  
[But as I should never find him if I sought  
him, and as he would repulse me if I did  
find him, I stand no chance of inheriting  
his property. He may be dead. He may  
have other sons who have succeeded him. It  
is all a mystery, but the prominent  
truth is that I am an outcast, poor, dis-  
owned and friendless.]

"Tressilian's heart warmed to him.  
"My poor friend!" he said. "Must I  
say again that you are not friendless while  
I live. My father has influence enough to  
obtain for you a government appointment.  
This might straighten itself out some  
day. But if it don't, you are resolute  
enough to make your own happiness."

He glanced over the bulwark, the spray  
dashing over his face violently.  
Tressilian's heart warmed to him.  
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of Tressilian and drew out his private note  
book, a packet of letters, a few trinkets.  
I secured these among his own wet gar-  
ments. Their possession seemed to give  
him courage, and his face brightened, and he  
knew beside the body of his friend and  
rifled his garments of all that they contain-  
ed, bestowing his plunder on his own per-  
son.

Then he took his own purse, his note  
book, a few receipts and trifles from his  
own pockets and put them in the pockets  
of Tressilian.

"It is done," he whispered to himself,  
looking with wild defiant eyes through the  
darkness. "No one is harmed. He is  
dead. If he had lived he would have pro-  
vided for me. As he is dying or dead, I  
must provide for myself. This likeness be-  
tween us will make my fortune. His  
friends will be spared a terrible grief, and  
I shall live at last! Fortune gives me  
a chance to gain name and wealth at one  
lucky stroke!"

As if to give himself no chance for re-  
pentance, he arose to his feet and touched  
his searching glasses in an inland direction.  
A light, as from a cottage window, glim-  
mered faintly through the thick haze,  
caught his gaze.

Raising his voice he called loudly:  
"Help! Ho there! help!"  
The wind had abated, and his cries rang  
out through the night with startling dis-  
tinctness. The light he had seen moved  
and disappeared. A minute later, answer-  
ing cries reached Lowder's ears, and he  
heard heavy steps, and saw the approach-  
ing light of a lantern, borne aloft by a man's  
upraised arm.

"This way," shouted Lowder. We are  
wrecked on the rocks. For the love of  
Heaven, hasten!"  
The bearer of the lantern attended by a  
male companion, came running to him, and  
was soon at his side. The lantern bearer  
was a rough Sicilian, but evidently of some-  
what higher degree. Both were all excite-  
ment, astonishment and sympathy.

In a few words as possible Lowder told  
the story of the shipwreck, and called at-  
tention to the condition of his noble young  
employer.

"I think he is dead," he said, in a chok-  
ing voice. "Carry him up to your cabin.  
Let everything be done that can be done to  
save him. I will pay you well for any kind-  
ness you show to him. Excuse me, my  
traveling companion. I loved him as if he  
had been my brother instead of only my  
lired attendant. Poor Jasper!"

The two Sicilians lifted the helpless form  
of poor young Tressilian, and carried it be-  
tween them toward their cottage. Jasper  
Lowder followed them, bestowing his last  
advice on the man who carried him. The  
two men pushed as a specimen char-  
acter; but the continuation of this story will  
be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask  
for the number dated January 7th, which  
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odical in the world. It will publish news  
but the very best. Its moral tone is  
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every person who takes it is happier for  
having it.

**A Death for a Death.**  
Long ago, when I was a child, I had my  
fortune told. The woman, brown, gipsy-  
ish and evil, peered into my face and said,  
"Shun blonde-haired men; one of them  
will bring you much sorrow."  
I laughed then. Afterwards I remem-  
bered.

I never could understand how I came to  
such good fortune as the possession of Lu-  
cio Pomfret's love. In no rash lover's rap-  
ture do I say that she was as beautiful an  
angel. I have never seen equalled the snow  
of her skin, the blue of her eyes, the pure  
gold of her hair.

She was the only daughter of one of the  
wealthiest men on 'change. The Pomfrets  
were not only wealthy, but naturally noble  
men and women, of the highest culture.  
Lucio's brother was my friend; I became  
his guest, and my darling became my  
promised wife.

Judge Pomfret promised me his daugh-  
ter, and then we kept the secret amongst  
us. Lucio wished it so; she would not be  
Mrs. Vernon in perspective; she said, play-  
fully, but with an earnest feeling beneath,  
I did not love her less that she clung as  
long as possible to the girlish life that had  
not been blessed to and by her. We were  
not to be married for a year.

bury the next day. Circumstances fa-  
vored me, after all.

I set off, greatly exhilarated. Western  
railroad travelling is not excessively divert-  
ing, and during those twenty-four hours I  
lived in a day-dream, dwelling on my hap-  
piness, past, present and to come. Yet so  
tedious is a night spent on the rail, that I  
should have welcomed daylight quite as  
heartily, I think, if I had not expected to  
meet my betrothed wife before another  
sunset. I reached New York, and took  
the express for Oakville.

The way towards Rose Hill was pleas-  
ant. The silvery lake, the white villas among  
the graceful shade trees, the grouped cat-  
tle under the willows, the orchard glades,  
the banks of clover and buttercups, and the  
rose-rich wayside gardens made a living  
panorama which delighted me. New En-  
gland pastoral life was sweet after the mer-  
cantile activity of Chicago.

The sun was setting as I reached Oak-  
ville, the railroad station of Rose Hill. Not  
being expected, the carriage was not in  
waiting, and having seen my luggage lock-  
ed safely in the baggage-room, I set off  
across the fields.

The lake glistened like gold between  
the trees; warm pink shadows filled every  
nook of the forest. Down in the low mead-  
ows the frogs had commenced a shrill pip-  
ing, and across the hills the redstart called  
for its mate, as it flew westward. The  
bland air was full of the scent of new-mown  
hay. I inhaled oxygen, sweet-cloves,  
and bayberry that lay dying in the swaths.

At last I reached the road that skirted  
the village and led to Rose Hill. The swift  
light stroke of horse's feet made me turn  
my head to see who rode so gaily.

The horse was blooded and beautiful.  
The rider turned upon me a handsome and  
exultant blonde face.

"A fine night, sir."  
"It is," I said.  
He passed, gaily, mockingly, it seemed  
to me. His horse's steel-bound feet glit-  
tered over the man's blonde curls, as he rode.  
Steel and rider disappeared over the hill.  
I stopped to look at the white village  
which lay in the valley to my right. The  
gilded spire of the church caught the sun's  
last ray.

In the distance I could hear the herd-  
boy shouting to his cattle. The woods  
grew brown and still; a star peeped out  
in the dew fall, and the fragrance of the vic-  
etis stole up. A nightingale called from a  
thicket of alders.

"Money!"  
The word was not a request, but a de-  
mand. A woman, bent, hideous, neglect-  
ed started up from the roadside, into my  
path. To see such misery in so sweet a  
scene, touched me with a deep sadness.

"Here is money, mother," I said. "You  
are old and feeble. Do not sit there on the  
damp grass; go to some decent lodging  
house."  
"He called me mother!" cried the wom-  
an, with a mocking laugh, the shrillness of  
which revealed a nature wicked indeed.  
"This fellow, with his soft speech and  
white hands, ha, ha! Do I look as if I  
ever dandled a child, and curled his bonny  
hair, and sung lullabies?"

She paused, her yellow face turned up in  
the twilight, her palsied head shaking, her  
deep-set eyes twinkling upon me malicious-  
ly.

"Your mother, perhaps, would take cold  
to sleep by the roadside. She has a warm  
bed, and rest, and shelter, while I sleep on  
the stones and snatch my food from the  
dogs—for what? Because I had a child,  
who was beautiful!"

The gaily avenue was in pale shade,  
but the lights of the gay vista shone a gleam  
down half its length. I sat in heavy shade,  
and feasted my eyes upon the distant pic-  
ture, with its moving figures and glowing  
colors, until out of the merry riot came  
two sedate and graceful figures, leaving the  
dancers and softly approaching me. They  
moved slowly; they were evidently in earn-  
est conversation. At length, they stopped  
where the light dropped off near my feet.  
The lady's face was in shadow, but the  
glowing vista's rays touched the man's  
blonde hair and beard, and showed him to  
be the rider who had passed me so exultant-  
ly.

"But I could not forget," said he, in a  
low appealing voice. "I have put thou-  
sands of miles between us, yet I've come  
back to you."  
"I regret it. It was best that we should  
not have met again."

The gentle tones were Lucio's. Like a  
living voice sounded the forgotten remem-  
brance in my ear. "A blonde-haired man  
will bring you much sorrow."  
"Have you so hard a heart, then? Are  
you indifferent—that I love and worship  
you? Lucio, you were once kinder than  
this."

"You cannot forget me," said my Lucio,  
"because you still hope. Two years ago I  
told you we must part. We have met  
twice, since then, and not by my will."  
"And yet, last summer, I did not mean  
to come. I was rising to town. My horse  
took the old familiar path; I was startled  
when I found myself at your gate. And  
you were not as cruel then as you are  
now."

"You took me by surprise. I was  
walking in the garden; I could not be  
riding."  
"And I was unweelcome then, as now,  
and you hoped I would not come again?"  
"The music of that voice I cannot trans-  
cribe."  
"O, this is all wrong!" cried my dar-  
ling's tender voice. "Basil Grey, I must not  
love you—I never did—you do leave  
me."  
"But you may, Lucio. Only let me try  
to teach you."  
She shook her head. "No, no!" And  
then came "revelation of our engage-  
ment."

I saw the man's eyes glittering in his  
blonde face; I saw his resolute look.  
"And do you think that I will give you  
up to him?" he asked. "No," softly lay-  
ing his hand on her white arm. "I will kill  
you first."  
She recoiled, looking into his fierce face  
with shocked, unbelieving eyes.

"Do you think me as tame as that, to  
let another man take you off?" he asked.  
"My Saxon blood were sluggish, indeed."  
"The slender girl faltered, before the spir-  
its she had evoked. But every that Meph-  
istopheles laugh was cruel.  
"What will you do?" she asked, her  
clear eyes in his face.  
"Let me show you?"  
"With the words, he lifted her lightly  
from the ground, and pressing one hand  
over her mouth, bore her swiftly toward  
the gate.

I leaped to my feet, but a hand like iron  
dragged me back into my seat. Before I  
could gain my equilibrium, a figure, wild  
and strange, darted from my side, and leap-  
ing behind the man, seemed to strike him  
with her clinched hand upon the neck. But  
he stopped, groaned and reeled, and Lucie  
struggled from his arms as he fell. In-  
stantly the horrible old woman was over  
him, one knee planted upon his breast; her  
skinny fingers clonched in his soft blonde  
hair.

"Die, like a dog!" she shrieked. "She  
might have died on the ground, the spot  
where she fell, dying, when she knew that  
she was betrayed, and hid from the scorn of  
men's eyes as she died. She never cursed  
you, but by her leavty. I curse your dy-  
ing moment!—By these eyes, I curse you,  
by these shaking hands, by this hollow  
bosom, where she has lain! For years I  
have sought you, saying, 'It shall be  
death for a death!' But now you are dy-  
ing. I would you into another world laden  
with my maledictions!"

With a strange cry she slipped from the  
unsupportable body and lay upon the ground.  
I put my clinging darling from my  
breast, and approached the bodies. The  
man's blonde face was rigid in death. I  
lifted the old woman's grey hair, a fine  
stream of blood was trickling from her part-  
ed lips.

I lifted her and laid her on the grass,  
seeing that she had burst a blood-vessel,  
and that no aid could avail to save her life.  
I wiped the blood from her lips, and took  
from one of her clenched hands a sharp  
knife. Then I put back the grey from her  
face, and seeing by the look of her eyes  
that she recognized me, bent to hear her  
last words. A look of terrible appeal  
brightened those sunken orbs; she trem-  
bled with the effort to speak; the single  
word, "Allice!" broke, gaspingly, from her  
throat, with unexpressed anguish, she lifted  
her bazaar lace to heaven and died.

Afterwards I heard a recital of her sto-  
ry. Her name was Jane Dale. She had  
been the mother of a large family, and was  
singularly devoted to her children. One  
by one, they died, leaving her, at last, with  
only the youngest, a beautiful girl named  
Allice. Around this child her torn heart-  
strings clung. When Allice was sixteen,  
her beauty attracting the attention of Basil  
Grey, a wealthy man of pleasure, who was  
dwelling in the vicinity of her home, he  
found means to accomplish

The Republican

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