

to England, probably at the colonel's instigation, and I was put into a training academy to fit me for the army.

"At twenty-one I received my commission as lieutenant in the artillery, through the influence of Colonel Brand, who from time to time took a certain care of my fortunes.

"About this time, noticing a great resemblance between the colonel and myself, a suspicion seized me that I had found my father.

"I once hinted as much to him, and was furiously ordered to hold my tongue, and to beware how I insulted my benefactor.

"From that day I lost favor with him; he treated me when we met with such cold contempt that my blood boiled; and all the while he was raising a fiend of hatred in my heart against him, he continued to pay over to me an annuity, which kept my suspicions on the alert.

"At last I wrote to my mother, who sent me the whole story, asking me whether I had ever seen the colonel's son, St. Udo Brand, who was five years younger than I.

"Colonel Brand, upon returning from Cuba to England, had married a lady of birth, whose one son had absorbed all the affection which was truly mine by priority of birth, and from the moment in which I heard of his existence, I hated him with furious hatred, and longed to visit my wrongs upon him.

"Three years after this I first saw St. Udo Brand, then just twenty. He was an ensign in the Guards, and mightily admired for his good humor and wit. He, too, was extremely like his father, which made me chary of his acquaintance for fear he would make me out what I was, and taunt me with it before my companions; so we never knew each other in the slightest.

"But a devil of envy possessed me, for I knew that this chap had no more business to be happy, rich, and respected than I had—nor so much, for I was his elder brother; and I was neither happy, nor rich, nor respected—everybody giving me the name of a sullen dog, etc., which was scarce fair play.

"So I watched my man till I saw an opening for spoiling his smiling fortunes, and then I cut in cleverly.

"I found out that St. Udo was madly in love with a young lady of fashion, and that some had it they were to be married whenever he attained his majority. I knew the girl myself, as luck would have it, and was rather fond of her, too; so, rather than let him, of all others in the world, cut me out of anything more which was mine by rights, I set myself cunningly to winning her affections.

"How often I've watched till the coast was clear of the dashing young ensign, and then got in for my visit to Genevieve Carlisle. So cleverly did I manage the thing, that not once did St. Udo contrive to meet me, although I was there every day as regularly as he himself was.

"At last I induced her to fly with me, and we went to Paris, and they lost all trace of us, for I was always good at a dodge, and had been bred to it for many a year.

"She was discontented and moping as might have been expected, after a few months; she had been used to luxury and fashion, and plenty of approving friends, and now she hadn't enough to eat or wear, nor a friend in the world; for, of course, when I was in hiding, my father couldn't send me my annuity; and as for her-family, they cut her dead when she eloped with a nameless adventurer, as they were pleased to call me.

She also took into her head to repent of her bargain, and to take a dislike to me, and I consider that this wasn't exactly fair play, seeing that she had been ready enough to fall in love with me when I was fawning about her in London.

"Well, we got on miserably enough, until her continual reproaches sent me off to hunt up some money, and I had the misfortune to be caught in a forgery, which had it succeeded, might have left me a prosperous man to-day.

"But the sharp dogs detected me, and had me convicted and booked for twelve years penal service in Tasmania, and the news killed the woman; she never held her head up after she found out what company her treachery to St. Udo Brand had brought her into.

"I can't blame myself for anything in the affair; was it my fault that I was born with a wrong to avenge? Was it my fault that my father gave me opportunity to hate him and his, by his unjust treatment of me? And was it my fault that St. Udo chose to fall in love with a girl whom I had my eye on, or that she should be false to him, and prefer me, after all her vows to him?

"As for the forgery business, if either of us were to blame, it was she, who should have stood in my chains, for her eternal harping and carping sent me off in a fury to do anything I could for funds.

"Still, it was I that suffered, all through-out; strive as I might, my cursed ill-luck met me at every turn, and balked me.

"As we went out in the beastly convict ship, we took on board an old sea-captain and his daughter, who were going part of the way with us.

"I used to see the little girl walking the