

the first who came in sight was Miss Montgomerie, preceded by the old negro. The lamentation of the latter was intense and when on approaching his young master, he discovered the true nature of his accident and confessed his ignorance of all remedy, he burst into tears, and throwing himself upon the earth tore his gray woollen hair away, regardless of all entreaty on the part of Gerald to moderate his grief. Miss Montgomerie now came forward, and never did sounds of melody fall so harmoniously on the ear, as did her voice on that of the younger Grantham as she pledged herself to the cure, on their instant return to the spot where the marquee had been erected. With this promise she again disappeared, and several others of the party having now joined them, Gerald, duly supported, once more slowly retraced his way to the same point.

"Damn him partridge" muttered Sambo, who lingered a moment or two in the rear to harness himself with the apparatus of which his master had disencumbered his person. "Damn him partridge" and he kicked the lifeless bird indignantly with his foot "you all e cause e dis; what e hell e do here?"

This tirade however against the partridge did not by any means prevent the utterer from eventually consigning it to its proper destination in the game bag as the noblest specimen of the day's sport, and thus burthened he issued from the wood, nearly at the same moment with the wounded Gerald and his friends.

The consternation of all parties on witnessing the disaster of the sailor, whose arm had already been swollen to a fearful size, while the wound itself began to assume an appearance of mortification, was strongly contrasted with the calm silence of Miss Montgomerie, who was busily employed in stirring certain herbs which she was boiling over the fire that had been kindled in the distance for the preparation of the dinner. The sleeve of the sufferer's shooting jacket had been ripped to the shoulder by his brother and as he now sat