

his left arm behind him, and carrying off, in lieu of it, a brace of bullets in his body. One was successfully extracted, and in due course, the wound healed.

The stump of his left arm, too, progressed favourably, and, but for the empty sleeve, was as sound as before. But the second bullet puzzled the whole staff of surgeons, army and civilian. They knew it was in, but not all their skill could get it out. In vain they probed, in vain they speculated as to its whereabouts. Wherever it was, it seemed determined to remain; so, after putting the poor wounded soldier to the torture several times in each day during a weary month, they gave it up in despair—allowed the wound in the chest to heal, and sent the incorrigible Russian projectile home in the invalided body of poor George Selby. One surgeon, loath to give up the search, boldly proposed to the patient that he should submit to a "little operation." When interrogated by the wounded Lieutenant as to its nature, this practitioner coolly informed him that the "little operation" merely consisted in cutting down through the dorsal muscles, &c., to the supposed site of the ball, instead of attempting to find it by the wound—

"But suppose it's not where you expect to find it?" asked the patient.

"Then my dear sir," replied the imperturbable son of the knife, "we shall have had our trouble for nothing."

"And the operation?"

"Oh! it's not very dangerous, and if we don't find the ball we'll strap you up, and the wound will heal in no time. A clean operation wound is a very different thing from these crushing, tearing bullets."

"Pretty cool that, Doctor, wasn't it?" said Selby, laughing, when he related the anecdote to me; "after I'd been suffering the torments of the damned under their hands for a month, to want to cut down through my back on the chance of finding the bullet somewhere."

However, to return. When first young Selby placed himself under my hands, he was in the last stage of emaciation and weakness from hectic fever. The pain from the ball was still constant and distressing; and it was at once evident to me that, unless something decided were done, there would be a vacancy in Her Majesty's—th Foot in less than a month.

All my professional brethren whom he had consulted had strictly enjoined a lowering diet, with total abstinence from stimulants, and anything which could in the least degree tend to irritate and inflame the seat of mischief. Now, although I could not condemn this mode of treatment under the circumstances, yet I saw plainly that a change was the only chance of saving the patient's life. Fearful of inflammation, which was always threatening, sometimes imminent, they had adopted the most stringent antiplogistic measures, and had thereby weakened the system and lowered the vital powers to that degree, that to lower them further would be to lower the patient out of existence. Such being the state of affairs, I ordered him to the sea side, told him to take nourishing food and a pint of port wine daily, until the inflammation and pain very decidedly appeared. Then I gave him directions how to subdue it, principally by local means, for I foresaw clearly that the system would bear no more tampering with. He followed my advice with much wonder, and some little misgiving. However, the case turned out exactly as I had expected; the wine and good living *did* bring on a return of the inflammatory symptoms. These, however, were subdued

by local applications, leeching, stopping the wine, and lowering the diet again for a day or so, while the general health was so much improved as to enable him, successfully, to resist and tide over the danger. After the first fortnight, he had no return of the pain, or any of the bad symptoms, and I congratulated myself on having effected a perfect cure. Selby returned to town, and, seeing much of him, I got to like him amazingly. His large, frank nature, had in it something so fresh; his gratitude to myself was, though unostentatious, so genuine, that I, old hard man of the world, as a long London practice had made me, felt deeply interested in the young Lieutenant. His fortitude and good temper, even when his frame was at the weakest, and his sufferings were at the highest point, were such, as in a long experience, I had seldom seen equalled—never exceeded. He came to see me frequently, and made me a confident in all his troubles, mental as well as physical. Thus it happened I knew all about himself and his prospects. The latter were tolerable, for, although he had in *presenti* only about a hundred and thirty pounds a year above his pay, he had in *futuro* a certainty of a moderate estate of something like fifteen hundred a year, after the death of an old uncle of sixty.

Arriving in Clages Street, I was shown into his apartments, where I found him impatiently pacing up and down the room. His face was flushed, while I could see at once by the sudden, quick twitch that ever and anon came over his features, that his old enemy, the "Russian," as he called the bullet, was making its self felt.

"Why, George my boy," I said, "what's the matter? You look hot and feverish. Let me feel your pulse?" I took his hand. "Ninety-five, as I live," I cried, "and with a twang like a harp string! Why, what on earth have you been doing with yourself? You were perfectly well when I saw you yesterday."

"Doing with myself?" he replied, "upon my word, Doctor, I hardly know. It's not the bullet that troubles me, though Heaven knows that's bad enough."

Here his features again twitched convulsively, and he turned deadly pale as the pain shot through him. True, to himself, however, he never uttered a word on the subject, and when it had somewhat passed off, continued—

"Sit down, Doctor, and I'll tell you all about it."

He filled himself a glass of wine, and was about to commence, when I stopped him.

"You are drinking wine I see! How much have you taken to-day?" I asked.

"That's the second bottle since four o'clock," he said coolly, pointing to a decanter, in which there was about a teaspoonful left.

"Well, upon my word, this is very nice conduct! Here, you send for me, and I find you in a burning fever, with all the old bad symptoms returning, and you drink wine before my face, and coolly tell me you've finished two bottles in less than three hours. Why, sir, you're mad! I'll have you locked up in an asylum on my own responsibility. Here have I made a wonderful, almost miraculous cure; and no sooner does my patient get round, than he must show his gratitude by drinking himself into a fever! It's too bad; I wash my hands of the case, and if you have a desire to oblige me, place yourself again under the care of your old medical advisers, and die in their hands."

"Come, Doctor," he said, "don't be ill-tempered. I care little for the bodily

pain; but if you knew what I suffer in mind, you would make some allowance for me."

"Well, well," I said, looking at my watch; "make haste and say what you have to say, as I have another patient to visit, and have not yet dined."

"Yes, I know," he said, bitterly; "you are going to see Clara Mansfield; her mother has sent for you;" then, seeing my look of surprise, he added, "You wonder how I knew it—quite a *clairvoyant* you think me, do you not? But it is easily explained, for I was there when the young lady was attacked, and it was on my arm she fell when she fainted."

My astonishment was great at this, for although I knew George Selby to be acquainted with the Mansfields, having myself introduced him, I was not aware that he was on such terms of intimacy as to be an afternoon visitor. If I was surprised at this fact, I was infinitely more so as he went on speaking. He spoke rapidly and passionately, and several times, ere he concluded, rose and walked impatiently up and down the room.

It was now some months since I had introduced him to the Mansfield family. Mrs. Mansfield, whose whole heart was set on forcing her way into good society, had asked me, as a particular favour, to introduce to her as many gentlemen of good position and family as possible. Mr. Mansfield had but lately retired from business, and migrated from his house at Clapham to the Eaton Square mansion; consequently their circle of West-end acquaintances was extremely limited; nor could Mrs. Mansfield, with all her worldly wisdom and manoeuvring, backed by the money-bags of her husband, succeed in increasing it as she could have wished. A great dinner party was determined on; but although the viands and cookery might be of the best, and the wines of the costliest vintages, the dinner would be given in vain if there were no one to eat it.

It was under these circumstances that I introduced my friend, Lieutenant Selby. In answer to these inquiries, I was enabled to inform them that he was well born, well connected, with good prospects, and moving in good circles. With this they were fully satisfied, and George Selby, with his interesting pale face and empty sleeve, was made quite a lion of. With the two young ladies he became an especial favourite, and I soon fancied that Clara, the younger, was far from indifferent to his merits, mental and personal, which were not small, spite of his one arm. As for the young fellow himself, I never could quite make him out. He would talk, laugh, and flirt to their heart's content; with the full approval, be it observed, of the worthy mamma, who doubtless, at that time, considered him a decidedly eligible *parti*—at all events, too good an acquaintance to be discouraged. It seemed to me, however, that notwithstanding the undisguised preference of my pretty Clara for him, that he divided his attentions pretty equally between the two sisters; I was, therefore, the more surprised when he informed me this day, that although he had never declared his love, he and the young lady perfectly understood each other after less than a month's acquaintance. Soon, however, the Mansfields, by dint of pushing and elbowing their way, managed to get the thin end of the wedge into Society; one introduction led to another: occasionally the merchant could boast of a live lord at his mahogany, and more than one baronet's card might have been found in the card-plate.