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UND ENGL. SCHULBIBLIOTHEK  
BAND 126. ENGLISCH.

# WHEN LONDON BURNED

A STORY OF RESTORATION  
TIMES AND THE GREAT FIRE

BY

G. A. HENTY.

LEIPZIG.  
RENGERSCHE BUCHHANDLUNG  
GEBHARDT & WILSCH.

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Bezüglich des inneren Wertes derselben verweisen wir auf den nachfolgenden Prospekt der Schriftleitung, in welchem die befolgten Grundsätze niedergelegt sind.

Über die äußere Ausstattung heben wir folgendes hervor:

a) *Schrift.* Dieselbe entspricht *allen von medizinisch-pädagogischen Vereinen gestellten Anforderungen.* Sie ist groß, scharf und deutlich lesbar wegen des richtigen Verhältnisses zwischen Höhe der großen und kleinen Buchstaben unter sich und zwischen Buchstabenhöhe und Entfernung der einzelnen Zeilen; *selbst schwache Augen dürften lange Zeit ohne Ermüdung diese Schrift lesen können.*

b) *Papier.* Dasselbe ist ein eigens hierzu angefertigter, kräftiger, nicht durchscheinender, guter Stoff von gelblicher Färbung, *die sehr wohlthuend auf das Auge des Schülers wirkt.*

c) *Einband.* *Kein Buch wird anders verkauft als in einem biegsamen, dauerhaften Einbände.* Es soll verhindert werden, was leider zu oft der Fall ist, daß der Schüler nach kaum einigen Wochen ein zerrissenes Buch in Händen hat.

### Prospekt.

Die „*Französische und Englische Schulbibliothek*“ ist aufgebaut auf den Thesen der Direktoren-Versammlung in der Provinz Hannover (1882); sie hat sich den Anforderungen der *Lehrpläne und Lehraufgaben für die höheren Schulen vom Jahre 1892*, soweit es überhaupt noch erforderlich war, *genau angepaßt.* Sie bringt nicht nur *modern französische Prosa und Poesie des XIX. Jahrhunderts* (Lehrpläne und Lehraufgaben von 1892, S. 30), sondern sie berücksichtigt auch *die Realien*, sodafs sie *die geforderte Bekanntschaft mit dem Leben, den Sitten, Gebräuchen, den wichtigsten Geistesbestrebungen beider Nationen* vermittelt (Lehrpläne und Lehraufgaben von 1892, S. 38 bis 39) und *den weitgehendsten Forderungen der Gymnasien und Realanstalten* gerecht wird. Folgende Grundsätze sind für die Gestaltung derselben maßgebend.

1. Die *Schulbibliothek* bringt *Prosa und Poesie.* Die *Prosa* dient teils zur *Belebung der geschichtlichen Kenntnisse*, teils zur *Erweiterung des Wortschatzes* nach der Seite des *Technischen, Wissenschaftlichen und Kommerziellen* hin (Lehrpläne und Lehraufgaben von 1892, S. 31 und S. 33), teils auch zur *Unterhaltung*; die *Poesie* bringt die *bedeutendsten Erzeugnisse des 17., 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts.*

2. Die *Prosa*bände enthalten den Lesestoff für je ein *Halbjahr.* Mit Ausnahme der *Lebensbeschreibungen* berühmter Männer aus den verschiedensten Gebieten des französischen und englischen Kultur-, Geistes- und Verkehrslebens, welche, *ohne Beeinträchtigung des Gesamtbildes*, zweckentsprechend gekürzt erscheinen, werden *nur Teile eines Ganzen veröffentlicht, die in sich eine Art Ganzes bildend*, eine hinreichende Bekanntschaft mit den bedeutendsten Geisteswerken und deren Verfassern ermöglichen.

3. Vor jedem Bande erscheint eine dem Gesichtskreis des Schülers entsprechende *Lebensbeschreibung* des Schriftstellers, sowie eine kurze Zusammenstellung *alles dessen, was zum vollen Verständnis desselben zu wissen nötig scheint.* Den *poetischen* Bänden gehen ferner eine *metrische* und eine *sprachliche* Einleitung voran, die sich streng an das betreffende Stück anlehnen.

4. Der *Text* ist bei den *Prosaikern* der Übersichtlichkeit halber in kürzere Kapitel geteilt und wird nach den *besten* Gewährsmännern gegeben.

5. Die *Rechtschreibung* ist *einheitlich* behandelt; den *französischen* Bänden liegt die Ausgabe des *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* von 1877 zu Grunde.

6. Die *Anmerkungen* sind *deutsch*; sie stehen von Band 100 ab in *allen* Bänden *hinter* dem Texte.

7. Die sachliche *Erklärung* bringt das *Notwendige* ohne *gelehrtes* Beiwerk. *Sprachliche Anmerkungen* finden sich da, wo eine *Eigenheit* in der Schreibweise des betr. Schriftstellers oder eine *Abweichung* von dem herrschenden Sprachgebrauche vorliegt; die *Grammatik* wird nur ganz *ausnahmsweise* behandelt, wenn sich die Schwierigkeit einer Stelle durch die nicht leicht bemerkbare *Unterordnung* unter eine grammatische Regel heben läßt; auf eine bestimmte Grammatik ist nicht hingewiesen. Die *Synonymik* ist nicht berücksichtigt. *Soll dieselbe ihren Zweck als formales Bildungsmittel nicht verfehlen, so muß da, wo das Verständnis des Textes und die Wahl des richtigen Ausdrucks selbst eine synonymische Aufklärung erheischen, diese gemeinschaftlich von den Schülern gesucht und unter der unmittelbaren Einwirkung des Lehrers gefunden werden.* Aus gleichen Gründen ist der *Etymologie* kein Platz eingeräumt.

8. *Übersetzungen*, die nur der *Trägheit* des Schülers Vorschub leisten, sind ausgeschlossen. — Die Herausgabe von *Sonderwörterbüchern* zu einzelnen Bänden hat sich als eine *zwingende Notwendigkeit* erwiesen; denn abgesehen davon, daß so ziemlich alle Konkurrenzunternehmungen derartige Wörterbücher haben, welche sich die Schüler *auf jeden Fall* zu verschaffen wissen, sind auch an die Schriftleitung seitens zahlreicher Amtsgenossen *Zuschriften* gelangt, denen zufolge die namentlich für die *mittleren* Klassen bestimmten Ausgaben nur *mit einem Wörterbuche* in Gebrauch genommen werden können, weil *erst in den oberen Klassen* auf die Anschaffung eines Schulwörterbuches *gedrungen* wird. Auch ist der *Wunsch* ausgesprochen, der *Privatlektüre* Rechnung zu tragen, „die auf den *oberen* Klassen die *notwendige Ergänzung* der *Schularbeit* (Lehrpläne und Lehraufgaben von 1891, S. 66) bilden soll“. *Da jedoch die Wörterbücher den betreffenden Bänden nicht beigegeben sind, sondern erst auf Verlangen nachgeliefert werden, so bedarf es nur eines Antrages seitens der Schule, wenn das Sonderwörterbuch nicht geliefert werden soll.*

9. *Aussprachebezeichnungen* werden hinzugefügt, wo die Schulwörterbücher den Schüler im Stiche lassen, *sie fehlen* auch bei den *seltenen* vorkommenden *ausländischen Eigennamen*, weil die *gebildeten Engländer und Franzosen* bemüht sind, *dieselben* so *auszusprechen, wie sie im Lande selbst ausgesprochen werden.*

10. Den *geschichtlichen* Stoffen sind *Abbildungen, Karten und Pläne* beigegeben; *Verzeichnisse* zu den *Anmerkungen* erleichtern das *Zurechtfinden* in einzelnen Bänden.



FRANZÖSISCHE UND ENGLISCHE  
SCHULBIBLIOTHEK

HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

OTTO E. A. DICKMANN.

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REIHE A: PROSA.

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BAND CXXVI.

ENGLISCH.

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RENGERSCHE BUCHHANDLUNG  
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# WHEN LONDON BURNED

A STORY OF  
RESTORATION TIMES AND THE GREAT FIRE

BY

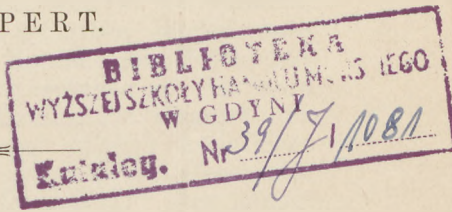
G. A. HENTY.

MIT EINER KARTE.

FÜR DEN SCHULGEBRAUCH BEARBEITET  
UND ERKLÄRT

VON

G. WOLPERT.



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RENGERSCHE BUCHHANDLUNG  
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## Vorwort.

George Alfred Henty, geboren am 8. Dezember 1832 zu Trumpington in Cambridgeshire, besuchte die Westminster-School in London und bezog dann die Universität Cambridge. Im Dienste des Proviandamtes machte er den Krimkrieg (1854) mit, verzichtete aber bald nach seiner Heimkehr auf seine Stelle und wurde Journalist. Als Berichterstatler des Standard war er u. a. Augenzeuge des italienisch-österreichischen Krieges, der Eröffnung des Suezkanals und des deutsch-französischen Krieges; auch bereiste er Rußland und die Vereinigten Staaten und begleitete den Prinzen von Wales nach Indien (1875). Jetzt lebt er ganz seiner schriftstellerischen Thätigkeit, die ihn einen der ersten Plätze unter den englischen Jugendschriftstellern einnehmen läßt.

Seine zahlreichen historischen Erzählungen sind vor allem deshalb so beliebt, weil er es versteht, nicht nur überaus fesselnd zu schreiben, sondern auch seine Stoffe den wichtigsten Epochen der Geschichte, vorzüglich der englischen, zu entnehmen. So wird auch in dieser von mir zur Herausgabe ausgewählten Erzählung der Leser in eine an aufsergewöhnlichen Ereignissen reiche Periode der englischen Geschichte versetzt. Der jugendliche Held des Buches nimmt thätigen Anteil an den Vorgängen nach der Restauration, an den Schrecknissen der Pest und des großen Brandes von London und an den Seekriegen zwischen England und Holland.

Bei der vorliegenden Bearbeitung für deutsche Schulen, zu welcher der Verfasser und die englische

Verlagshandlung mit liebenswürdigem Entgegenkommen ihre Einwilligung gegeben haben, lag mir die Aufgabe ob, die umfangreiche Erzählung auf den für die Französische und Englische Schulbibliothek vorgeschriebenen Raum zu beschränken, was sich durch Auslassung zweier größerer Nebenepisoden, sowie durch geeignete Kürzung der übrigen Kapitel ohne Störung des Zusammenhanges und ohne nennenswerte Änderungen des Textes erreichen liefs.

So möge sich denn dies Bändchen als anziehende und belehrende Lektüre für die mittleren Klassen erweisen und freundliche Aufnahme finden.

MÜNCHEN, im Februar 1900.

Gg. Wolpert,  
Kgl. Gymnasialprofessor.

## Historische Einleitung.

Am 29. Mai 1660 zog Karl II., vom Parlamente auf Veranlassung Monks wieder auf den Thron seines Vaters berufen, in London ein unter dem Jubel der Bevölkerung, welche die schweren Prüfungen nicht ahnte, die ihrer und des Landes unter der Regierung dieses schwachen und leichtfertigen Fürsten harrten.

Schon die nächsten Jahre brachten Unzufriedenheit und Unordnung im Innern, da der König sein in Breda (April 1660) gegebenes Versprechen allgemeiner Amnestie und voller Religionsfreiheit alsbald brach und, durch seine Verschwendungssucht in Geldnot geraten, den ärmeren Volksklassen die drückendsten Steuern auferlegte. Bald gestalteten sich auch die Beziehungen nach außen unsicher. Unter Cromwell hatte sich Englands Seehandel auf eine solche Höhe erhoben, daß es zur Nebenbuhlerin Hollands wurde und so nach nicht langer Zeit ernste Verwickelungen sich ergaben. In Westafrika machte die englisch-afrikanische Gesellschaft einen erfolgreichen Angriff auf die niederländischen Besitzungen, und in Nordafrika entrissen die Engländer den Niederländern Neu-Amsterdam, das den Namen New-York erhielt. Als nun die Holländer unter de Ruyter die Faktoreien in Guinea zurückeroberten und englische Schiffe kaperten, erklärte England im März 1665 den Krieg (2. englisch-holländische Seekrieg), in dem das Glück zunächst auf seiner Seite war. (Sieg des Herzogs von York bei Lowestoft am 3. Juni). Unterdessen war in London eine schreckliche Pest ausgebrochen, welche bis zum

Winter wütete und viele Tausende dahinraffte. Das Jahr 1666 brachte weiteres Mißgeschick. Ludwig XIV. trat auf die Seite der Generalstaaten, deren Flotte unter de Ruyter in einer 4tägigen furchtbaren Seeschlacht (11.—14. Juni) der englischen Flotte unter Monk schwere Verluste beibrachte. Diese und eine am 2. September in London ausgebrochene Feuersbrunst, die ganze Stadtviertel einäscherte, stimmten die Kriegslust der Engländer trotz eines Ende Juli errungenen kleinen Sieges herab, so daß Verhandlungen eingeleitet wurden, welche zum Frieden von Breda (21. Juli 1667) führten.

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# WHEN LONDON BURNED.

## CHAPTER I.

A lad stood looking out of the dormer window in a scantily furnished attic in the high-pitched roof of a house in Holborn, in September 1664. Numbers of persons were traversing the street below, many of them going out through the bars, fifty yards away, into the fields beyond, where some sports were being held that morning, while country people were coming in with their baskets from the villages of Highgate and Hampstead, Tyburn and Bayswater. But the lad noted nothing that was going on; his eyes were filled with tears, and his thoughts were in the little room behind him; for here, confined in readiness for burial, lay the body of his father.

Sir Aubrey Shenstone had not been a good father in any sense of the word. He had not been harsh or cruel, but he had altogether neglected his son. Beyond the virtues of loyalty and courage, he possessed few others. He had fought, as a young man, for Charles, and even among the Cavaliers who rode behind Prince Rupert was noted for reckless bravery. When, on the fatal field of Worcester, the last hopes of the Royalists were crushed, he had effected his escape to France and taken up his abode at Dunkirk. His estates had been forfeited; and after spending the proceeds of his wife's

jewels and those he had carried about with him in case fortune went against the cause for which he fought, he sank lower and lower, and had for years lived on the scanty pension allowed by Louis to the King and his adherents. X

Wholly neglected by his father, who spent the greater portion of his time abroad, Cyril would have fared badly indeed had it not been for the kindness of Lady Parton, the wife of a Cavalier of very different type to Sir Aubrey. The eldest of her sons was of the same age as Cyril; and as the latter's mother had been a neighbour of hers before marriage, Lady Parton promised her, on her death-bed, to look after the child, a promise that she faithfully kept.

Sir John Parton had always been adverse to the association of his boy with the son of Sir Aubrey Shenstone; but he had reluctantly yielded to his wife's wishes, and Cyril passed the greater portion of his time at their house, sharing the lessons Harry received from an English clergyman who had been expelled from his living by the fanatics of Parliament. He was a good and pious man, as well as an excellent scholar, and under his teaching, aided by the gentle precepts of Lady Parton, and the strict but kindly rule of her husband, Cyril received a training of a far better kind than he would ever have been likely to obtain had he been brought up in his father's house near Norfolk.

The news that Monk had declared for the King, and that Charles would speedily return to take his place on his father's throne, caused great excitement among the Cavaliers scattered over the Continent; and as soon as the matter was settled, all prepared to return to England, in the full belief that their evil days were over, and that they would speedily be restored to their former estates, with honours and rewards for their many sacrifices. X

"I must leave you behind for a short time, Cyril," his father said to the boy, when he came in one afternoon. "I must be in London before the King arrives there, to join in his welcome home."



"Don't you think you can take me with you, father?"

"Impossible," Sir Aubrey said shortly. "You are at home here, and will not feel it dull for the short time you have to remain behind." 5

Cyril said no more, but went up, with a heavy heart, for his last day's lessons at the Partons'. Young as he was, he was accustomed to think for himself, for it was but little guidance he received from his father; and after his studies were over he laid the case before his master, Mr. Felton, and asked if he could advise him. Mr. Felton was himself in high spirits, and was hoping to be speedily reinstated in his living. He looked grave when Cyril told his story. 10

"I think it is a pity that your father, Sir Aubrey, does not take you over with him. However that is his affair. I should think he could not do better for you than place you with the people where I lodge. You know them, and they are a worthy couple; so it would not be like going among strangers. Continue your studies. I should be sorry to think that you were forgetting all that you have learnt. I will take you this afternoon, if you like, to my friend, the Curé of St. Ursula. Although we differ on religion we are good friends, and should you need advice on any matters he will give it to you." 15 20 25

Sir Aubrey at once assented to the plan when Cyril mentioned it to him, and a week later sailed for England; Cyril moving, with his few belongings, to the house of Jean Baudoin, who was the owner and master of one of the largest fishing-boats in Dunkirk. Sir Aubrey had paid for his board and lodgings for two months. 30

"I expect to be over to fetch you long before that, Cyril," he had said, "but it is as well to be on the safe side. Here are four crowns, which will furnish you with ample pocket-money." 35

The two months passed. Cyril had received but one letter from his father. Although it expressed hopes of his speedy restoration to his estates, Cyril could see, by its tone, that his father was far from satisfied with the progress he had made in the matter. Madame 40

Baudoin was a good and pious woman, and was very kind to the forlorn English boy; but when a fortnight over the two months had passed, Cyril could see that the fisherman was becoming anxious. Regularly, on his return from the fishing, he inquired if letters had arrived, and seemed much put out when he heard that there was no news. One day, when Cyril was in the garden that surrounded the cottage, he heard him say to his wife,—

“Well, I will say nothing about it until after the next voyage, and then if we don’t hear, the boy must do something for his living. We were wrong in taking him. I have been inquiring about his father, and hear little good of him.”

Cyril, as soon as the fisherman had gone, stole up to his little room. He was but twelve years old, and he threw himself down on his bed and cried bitterly. Then a thought struck him; he went to his box, and took out from it a sealed parcel; on it was written, “To my son. This parcel is only to be opened should you find yourself in great need, Your Loving Mother.” He remembered how she had placed it in his hands a few hours before her death, and had said to him,—

“Put this away, Cyril. I charge you let no one see it. Do not speak of it to any one—not even to your father. Keep it as a sacred gift, and do not open it unless you are in sore need. It is for you, and you alone. It is the sole thing that I have to leave you; use it with discretion. I fear that hard times will come upon you.”

It was some time before Cyril opened the parcel; it contained a jewel-box in which was a necklace of pearls. After some consideration he took this to the Curé of St. Ursula, and asked him for his advice as to its disposal.

“Your mother was a thoughtful and pious woman,” the good priest said, “and has acted wisely in your behalf. You are surely justified in using her gift. I will dispose of this trinket for you; it is doubtless of considerable value. If it should be that your father speedily sends for you, you ought to lay aside the

money for some future necessity. If he does not come for some time, then draw from it only such amounts as are needed for your living and education. Study hard, my son, for so will you best be fulfilling the intentions of your mother. If you like, I will keep the money in my hands, serving it out to you as you need it; and in order that you may keep the matter a secret, I will myself go to Baudoin, and tell him that he need not be disquieted as to the cost of your maintenance, for that I have money in hand with which to discharge your expenses, so long as you may remain with him." 5 10

The next day the Curé informed Cyril that he had disposed of the necklace for fifty louis. Upon this sum Cyril lived for two years. 15

Things had gone very hardly with Sir Aubrey Shenstone. For a time he was able to keep up a fair appearance, as he obtained loans from Prince Rupert and other Royalists whom he had known in the old days, and who had been more fortunate than himself; but the money so obtained lasted but a short time, and it was not long before he was again in dire straits. 20

He wrote but seldom to Cyril; he had no wish to have the boy with him until he could take him down with him in triumph to Norfolk, and show him to the tenants as his heir. Living from hand to mouth as he did, he worried but little as to how Cyril was getting on. 25

Cyril worked assiduously at the school that had been recommended to him by the Curé, and at the end of two years he had still twenty louis left. He had several conversations with his adviser as to the best way of earning his living. 30

"I do not wish to spend any more, Father," he said, "and would fain keep this for some future necessity." 35

The Curé agreed with him as to this, and, learning from his master that he was extremely quick at figures and wrote an excellent hand, he obtained a place for him with one of the principal traders of the 40

town. He was to receive no salary for a year, but was to learn book-keeping and accounts. Although but fourteen, the boy was so intelligent and zealous that his employer told the Curé that he was able to  
5 entrust some of his books entirely to his charge.

Six months after entering his service, however, Cyril received a letter from his father, saying that he believed his affairs were on the point of settlement, and therefore wished him to come over in the first  
10 ship sailing. He enclosed an order on a house at Dunkirk for fifty francs, to pay his passage. His employer parted with him with regret, and the kind Curé bade him farewell in terms of real affection, for he had come to take a great interest in him.

15 "At any rate, Cyril," he said, "your time here has not been wasted, and your mother's gift has been turned to as much advantage as even she can have hoped that it would be. Should your father's hopes  
20 be again disappointed, you may, with the practice you have had, be able to earn your living in London. Here are the sixteen louis that still remain; put them aside, Cyril, and use them only for urgent necessity."

Cyril, on arriving in London, was heartily welcomed by his father, who had, for the moment, high  
25 hopes of recovering his estates. These, however, soon faded, and no chance remained of ever regaining possession of them.

It was not long before Cyril perceived that unless he himself obtained work of some sort they would  
30 soon be face to face with actual starvation. He said nothing to his father, but started out one morning on a round of visits among the smaller class of shopkeepers, offering to make up their books and write out their bills and accounts for a small remuneration.  
35 As he had a frank and pleasant face, and his foreign bringing up had given him an ease and politeness of manner rare among English lads of the day, it was not long before he obtained several clients. To some of the smaller class of traders he went only for an  
40 hour or two, once a week, while others required their bills and accounts to be made out daily. The pay

was very small, but it sufficed to keep absolute want from the door. When he told his father of the arrangements he had made, Sir Aubrey at first raged and stormed; but he had come, during the last year or two, to recognise the good sense and strong will of his son, and although he never verbally acquiesced in what he considered a degradation, he offered no actual opposition to a plan that at least enabled them to live, and furnished him occasionally with a few groats with which he could visit a tavern.

So things had gone on for more than a year. Cyril was now sixteen, and his punctuality, and the neatness of his work, had been so appreciated by the tradesmen who first employed him, that his time was now fully occupied, and that at rates more remunerative than those he had at first obtained.

A few days before the story opens, Sir Aubrey had, late one evening, been carried upstairs, mortally wounded in a brawl; he only recovered consciousness a few minutes before his death.

"You have been a good lad, Cyril," he said faintly, as he feebly pressed the boy's hand; "far better than I deserve to have had. Don't cry, lad; you will get on better without me, and things are just as well as they are. I hope you will come to your estates some day; you will make a better master than I should ever have done. I hope that in time you will carry out your plan of entering some foreign service; there is no chance here. I don't want you to settle down as a city scrivener. Still, do as you like."

"I would rather be a soldier, father. I only undertook this work because I could see nothing else."

"That is right, my boy, that is right. I know you won't forget that you come of a race of gentlemen."

He spoke but little after that. A few broken words came from his lips that showed that his thoughts had gone back to old times. "God and King Charles!" These were the last words he spoke.

When Sir Aubrey Shenstone was laid to rest in a little graveyard outside the city walls, Cyril was the

only mourner; and when it was over, instead of going back to his lonely room, he turned away and wandered far out through the fields towards Hampstead, and then sat himself down to think what he had best do.

5 Another three or four years must pass before he could try to get service abroad.

For the present, the question in his mind was whether he should continue at his present work, which at any rate sufficed to keep him, or should seek other  
10 employment. He would greatly have preferred some life of action, — but he saw no prospect of obtaining any such position.

“I should be a fool to throw up what I have,” he said to himself at last. “I will stick to it anyhow  
15 until some opportunity offers; but the sooner I leave it the better. If I had but a friend it would not be so hard; but to have no one to speak to, and no one to think about, when work is done, will be lonely indeed.”

20 At any rate, he determined to change his room as soon as possible. It mattered little where he went so that it was a change. He thought over various tradesmen for whom he worked. Some of them might have an attic, he cared not how small, that they  
25 might let him have in lieu of paying him for his work. Even if they never spoke to him, it would be better to be in a house where he knew something of those downstairs, than to lodge in one where he was an utter stranger to all. He had gone round to the  
30 shops where he worked, on the day after his father's death, to explain that he could not come again until after the funeral, and he resolved that next morning he would ask each in turn whether he could obtain a lodging with them.

35 The sun was already setting when he rose from the bank on which he had seated himself, and returned to the city. The room did not feel so lonely to him as it would have done had he not been accustomed to spending the evenings alone. He took out his  
40 little hoard and counted it. After paying the expenses of the funeral there would still remain sufficient

to keep him for three or four months should he fall ill, or, from any cause, lose his work. He had one good suit of clothes that had been bought on his return to England, and the rest were all in fair condition.

The next day he began his work again; he had 5  
two visits to pay of an hour each, and one of two hours, and the spare time between these he filled up by calling at two or three other shops to make up for the arrears of work during the last few days.

The last place he had to visit was that at which 10  
he had the longest task to perform. It was at a ship-chandler's in Tower Street, a large and dingy house, the lower portion being filled with canvas, cordage, barrels of pitch and tar, candles, oil, and matters of all sorts needed by ship-masters. The owner of this 15  
store was a one-armed man. His father had kept it before him, but he himself had taken to the sea. For twenty years he had voyaged to many lands, principally in ships trading in the Levant, and had passed through a great many adventures, including several 20  
fights with the Moorish corsairs. In the last voyage he took, he had had his arm shot off by a ball from a Greek pirate; on his return after this unfortunate voyage he told his father that he had come home to stay. 25

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## CHAPTER II.

"I am glad to see you again, lad," Captain David said, when Cyril entered his shop. "I have been thinking of the news you gave me last week, and have been talking it over. Where are you lodging?"

"I have been lodging until now in Holborn," Cyril 30  
replied; "but I am going to move."

"Yes; that is what we thought you would be doing. It is always better to make a change after a loss. I don't want to interfere in your business, lad, but have you any friends you are thinking of 35  
going to?"

"No, sir; I do not know a soul in London save those I work for."

"That is bad, lad — very bad. I am sure, lad, you are one of the right sort. I don't mean only  
5 your work, but I mean about yourself. There is not one in a thousand boys of your age who would have settled down to work and made their way without a friend to help them as you have done; it shows that there is right good stuff in you. Now, my ideas and  
10 my wife's come to this: we have got an attic upstairs which is not used, and if you like to come here and live with us, my wife and I will make you heartily welcome."

"Thank you, indeed," Cyril said warmly. "It is  
15 of all things what I should like; but of course I should wish to pay you for my board. I can afford to do so if you will employ me for the same hours as at present."

"No, I would not have that, lad; but if you like  
20 we can reckon your board against what I now pay you. I shall consider that we are making a good bargain."

"It is your pleasure to say so, sir, but I cannot  
25 tell you what a load your kind offer takes off my mind. The future has seemed very dark to me."

"Very well. That matter is settled, then. Come  
upstairs with me and I will present you to my wife and daughter; they have heard me speak of you so often that they will be glad to see you. In the first  
30 place, though, I must ask you your name. I have never thought of asking you."

"My name is Cyril, sir — Cyril Shenstone."

His employer nodded and at once led the way  
upstairs. A motherly looking woman rose from the  
35 seat where she was sitting at work, as they entered the living-room.

"This is the lad I have often spoken to you about, Mary. His name is Cyril; he has accepted the proposal we talked over last night."

40 "I am glad to see you," she said to Cyril, holding out her hand to him. "I feel very grateful to



you. Till you came, my husband used to sit here worrying over his books, and writing from the time the shop closed till the hour for bed. Now he is able to go out for a walk with us."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Mistress," 5  
Cyril said earnestly; "but it is I, on the contrary, who am deeply grateful to you for the offer Captain Dave has been good enough to make me."

At this moment Nellie, the captain's daughter, came into the room. She was a pretty girl some 10  
eighteen years of age.

"This is Cyril, your father's assistant, Nellie," her mother said.

"You are welcome, Master Cyril. I have been wanting to see you. Father has been praising you 15  
up to the skies."

"Your father is altogether too good."

"And is he going to live with us, mother?" Nellie asked.

"Yes, child; he has accepted your father's offer." 20  
Nellie clapped her hands.

"That is good," she said. "I shall expect you to escort me out sometimes, Cyril. Father always wants me to go down to the wharf to look at the ships or to go into the fields; but there is no one 25  
to take me."

"I shall be very happy, Mistress, when my work is done, though I fear that I shall make but a poor escort."

"I am sure you will do very well," Nellie said, 30  
nodding approvingly. "Is it true that you have been in France? Father said he was told so."

"Yes; I have lived almost all my life in France."

"And do you speak French?"

"Yes; I speak it as well as English." 35

"You must not keep him any longer now, Nellie; he has to go and pack up his things and see that they are brought here by a porter. He can answer some more of your questions when he comes here this evening." 40

Cyril returned to Holborn with a lighter heart than he had felt for a long time. His preparations

for the move took him but a short time, and two hours later he was installed in a little attic in the ship-chandler's house. He spent half an hour in unpacking his things, and then heard a stentorian shout from  
5 below, —

“Masthead, ahoy! Supper's waiting.”

Supposing that this hail was intended for himself, he at once went downstairs. The table was laid. Mistress Dowsett took her seat at the head; her husband sat on one side of her, and Nellie on the other.  
10 John Wilkes, the fore-man sat next to his master, and beyond him the elder of the two apprentices Robert Ashford. A seat was left between Nellie and the other apprentice for Cyril.

15 When supper was over, the two apprentices at once retired. Cyril would have done the same, but Mistress Dowsett said, —

“Sit you still, Cyril. The Captain says that you are to be considered as one of the officers of the ship,  
20 and we shall be always glad to have you here, though of course you can always go up to your own room, or go out, when you feel inclined.”

“I have to go out three times a week to work,” Cyril said; “but all the other evenings I shall be glad  
25 indeed to sit here, Mistress Dowsett. You cannot tell what a pleasure it is to me to be in an English home like this.”

“I wonder,” Captain Dave said, after they had talked for some time, “that after living in sight of  
30 the sea for so long your thoughts never turned that way.”

“I cannot say that I have never thought of it,” Cyril said. “I have thought that I should greatly like to take foreign voyages, but I should not have  
35 cared to go as a ship's boy, and to live with men so ignorant that they could not even write their own names. My thoughts have turned rather to the Army; and when I get older I think of entering some foreign service.”

40 “Then you are not satisfied with this mode of life?” Mistress Dowsett said.

"I am satisfied with it, Mistress, inasmuch as I can earn money sufficient to keep me. But rather than settle down for life as a city scrivener, I would go down to the river and ship on board the first vessel that would take me, no matter where she sailed for." 5

"I think you are wrong," Mistress Dowsett said gravely. "My husband tells me how clever you are at figures, and you might some day get a good post in the house of one of our great merchants." 10

"Maybe," Cyril said; "but such a life would ill suit me. I have truly a great desire to earn money; but it must be in some way to suit my taste."

"And why do you want to earn a great deal of money, Cyril?" Nellie laughed, while her mother shook her head disapprovingly. 15

"I wish to have enough to buy my father's estate back again," he said.

"Bravo, lad!" Captain Dave said. "I knew not that there was an estate in the case, though I did hear that you were the son of a Royalist. It is a worthy ambition. Now that I know how you stand, I blame you in no way that you long more for a life of adventure than to settle down as a city scrivener. Still there are fortunes made in the city, and no honest work is dishonouring even to a gentleman's son." 20 25

"Not at all," Cyril said warmly. "'Tis assuredly not on that account that I would fain seek more stirring employment; but it was always my father's wish and intention that, should there be no chance of his ever regaining the estate, I should enter foreign service, and I have always looked forward to that career." 30

"Well, I will wager that you will do credit to it, lad," captain Dave said. 35

Cyril remained talking for another two hours, and then betook himself to bed.

Cyril seemed to himself to have entered upon a new life when he stepped across the threshold of David Dowsett's store. All his cares and anxieties 40

had dropped from him. For the past two years he had lived the life of an automaton, starting early to his work, returning in the middle of the day to his dinner, — to which as often as not he sat down  
5 alone, — and spending his evenings in utter loneliness in the bare garret, where he was generally in bed long before his father returned. The pleasant evenings with Captain Dave and his family were to him delightful; he was like a traveller who, after a cold  
10 and cheerless journey, comes in to the warmth of a fire, and feels a glow of comfort as the blood circulates briskly through his veins.

While Cyril was received almost as a member of the family by Captain Dave and his wife, and found  
15 himself on excellent terms with John Wilkes, he saw that he was viewed with dislike by the two apprentices. He was scarcely surprised at this. Before his coming, Robert Ashford had been in the habit of escorting his young mistress when she went out, and  
20 had no doubt liked these expeditions, as a change from the measuring out of ropes and weighing of iron in the store. Then, again, the apprentices did not join in the conversation at table unless a remark was specially addressed to them; and as Captain Dave was  
25 by no means fond of his elder apprentice, it was but seldom that he spoke to him.

The younger apprentice, Tom Frost, was but a boy of fifteen; he gave Cyril the idea of being a timid lad. He did not appear to share his comrade's  
30 hostility to him, but once or twice, when Cyril came out from the office after making up the accounts of the day, he fancied that the boy glanced at him with an expression of anxiety, if not of terror.

"If it were not," Cyril said to himself, "that Tom  
35 is clearly too nervous and timid to venture upon an act of dishonesty, I should say that he had been pilfering something; but I feel sure that he would not attempt such a thing as that, though I am by no means certain that Robert Ashford, with his foxy face  
40 and cross eyes, would not steal his master's goods or any one else's did he get the chance. Unless he were

caught in the act, he could do it with impunity, for everything here is carried on in such a free-and-easy fashion that any amount of goods might be carried off without their being missed."

One afternoon when his employer came in while he was occupied at the accounts, he said: 5

"I have not seen anything of a stock-book, Captain Dave. Everything else is now straight, and balanced up to to-day. Here is the book of goods sold, the book of goods received, and the ledger with the accounts; 10 but there is no stock-book such as I find in almost all the other places where I work."

"What do I want with a stock-book?" Captain Dave asked.

"You cannot know how you stand without it," 15 Cyril replied. "You know how much you have paid, and how much you have received during the year; but unless you have a stock-book you do not know whether the difference between the receipts and expenditure represents profit, for the stock may have so fallen in 20 value during the year that you may really have made a loss while seeming to make a profit."

"Are you sure you think it needful, Cyril?"

"Most needful, Captain Dave. You will see the advantage of it afterwards." 25

"Well, if you think so, I suppose it must be done," the Captain said, with a sigh; "but it will be giving you a lot of trouble to keep this new book of yours."

"That is nothing, sir. Now that I have got all 30 the back work up, it will be a simple matter to keep the daily work straight."

Cyril now set to work in earnest, and finished it on the very day that the new stock-taking con- 35 cluded.

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### CHAPTER III.

Two days after the conclusion of the stock-taking, Cyril said, after breakfast was over,—

“Would it trouble you, Captain Dave, to give me an hour up here before you go downstairs to the counting-house. I am free for two hours now, and there is a matter upon which I should like to speak to you privately.”

“Certainly, lad,” the old sailor said, somewhat surprised.

Cyril went up to his room and returned with a large ledger and several smaller books.

“I have, for the last month, Captain Dave, been making up this stock-book for my own satisfaction.”

“Bless me, lad, why have you taken all that trouble? This accounts, then, for your writing so long at night.”

“It was interesting work,” Cyril said quietly. “Now, you see, sir,” he went on, opening the big ledger, “here are the separate accounts under each head.”

“I am sorry to say, that I greatly fear that you have been robbed to a considerable amount.”

“Robbed, lad!” the Captain said, starting up from his chair. “Who should rob me? Not John Wilkes, I can be sworn! Not the two apprentices for a surety, for they never go out during the day, and John keeps a sharp look-out upon them, and the entrance to the shop is always locked and barred after work is over, so that none can enter without getting the key, which, as you know, John always brings up and hands to me as soon as he has fastened the door! You are mistaken, lad, and although I know that your intentions are good, you should be careful how you make a charge that might bring ruin to innocent men. Carelessness there may be; but robbery! No; assuredly not.”

“I have not brought the charge without warrant, Captain Dave,” Cyril said gravely, “and if you will bear with me for a few minutes, I think you will see that there is at least something that wants looking into.”

“Well, it is only fair after the trouble you have taken, that I should hear what you have to say; but it will need strong evidence indeed to make me believe that there has been foul play.”

“Well, sir,” Cyril said, opening the ledger again, “in the first place, I would point out that in all the

heavy articles, such as could not conveniently be carried away, the tally of the stock-takers corresponds closely with the figures in this book. \ But when we turn to small articles, we find that there is a great discrepancy between the figures. According to your expenditure and receipt-book, Captain Dave, you have made, in the last fifteen months, twelve hundred and thirty pounds; but according to this book your stock is less in value, by two thousand and thirty-four pounds, than it should have been. You are, therefore, a poorer man than you were at the beginning of this fifteen months' trading, by eight hundred and four pounds."

Captain Dave sat down in his chair, breathing hard. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the drops of perspiration from his forehead.

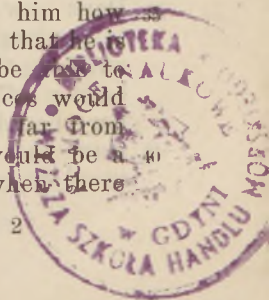
"Are you sure of this, boy?" he said hoarsely. "Are you sure that you have made no mistake in your figures?"

"Quite sure," Cyril said firmly. "In all cases in which I have found deficiencies I have gone through the books three times and I am sure that if you put the books into the hands of any city accountant, he will bear out my figures."

For a time Captain Dave sat silent.

"Hast any idea," he said at last, "how this has come about?"

"I have none," Cyril replied. "That John Wilkes is not concerned in it I am as sure as you are; and, thinking the matter over, I see not how the apprentices could have carried off so many articles, some heavy and some bulky, when they left the shop in the evening, without John Wilkes noticing them. So sure am I, that my advice would be that you should take John Wilkes into your confidence, and tell him how matters stand. My only objection to that is that he is a hasty man, and that I fear he would not be able to keep his countenance, so that the apprentices would remark that something was wrong. I am far from saying that they have any hand in it; it would be a grievous wrong to them to have suspicions when there



is no shadow of evidence against them; but at any rate, if this matter is to be stopped and the thieves detected, it is most important that they should have no suspicion that they are in any way being watched.

5 If they have had a hand in the matter they most assuredly had accomplices."

"You are right there, lad—quite right. I agree with you that if we tell John Wilkes about this, those boys will know five minutes afterwards that the ship  
10 is on fire; but if we don't tell him, how are we to get to the bottom of what is going on?"

"That is a difficult question, but a few days will not make much difference, when we know that it has been going on for over a year, and may, for aught  
15 we know, have been going on much longer. The first thing, Captain Dave, is to send these books to an accountant, for him to go through them and check my figures."

"There is no need for that, lad. I know how  
20 careful you are, and you cannot have gone so far wrong as all this."

"No, sir, I am sure that there is no mistake; but, for your own sake as well as mine, it were well that you should have the signature of an accountant to the  
25 correctness of the books. Nor would there be any delay now, for while the books are being gone into, we can be trying to get to the bottom of the matter here."

"Ay, ay, it shall be done, Master Cyril, as you say. I will carry them off at once, and when I return  
30 will look narrowly into the fastenings of the two windows and the door from the warehouse into the yard; and will take care to do so when the boys are engaged in the front shop."

Supper was an unusually quiet meal. Captain  
35 Dave now and then asked John Wilkes a question as to the business matters of the day, but evidently spoke with an effort. Nellie rattled on as usual; but the burden of keeping up the conversation lay entirely on her shoulders and those of Cyril. After the apprentices had left, and John Wilkes had started for his  
40 usual resort, the Captain lit his pipe.



"It is a fine evening," Cyril said to Captain Dave, "and I think I shall take a walk round. I shall return in an hour."

The Captain understood, by a glance Cyril gave him, that he was going out for some purpose connected with the matter they had in hand. 5

"Ay, ay, lad," he said. "It is not good for you to be sitting at home every evening."

Cyril's only object in going out, however, was to avoid the necessity of having to talk with Mrs. Dowsett and Nellie. His thoughts were running on nothing but the robbery, and he had found it very difficult to talk in his usual manner. It was dark already. A few oil lamps gave a feeble light here and there. 10

He walked along Cheapside as far as St. Paul's, and back. Quiet as it was in Thames Street there was no lack of animation elsewhere. A good many citizens were on their way home after supping with friends. The city watch, with lanterns, patrolled the streets, and not infrequently interfered in quarrels which broke out. Cyril felt more solitary than in the quiet streets, and was glad to be home again. Captain Dave himself came down to open the door. 15

"I have just sent the women to bed," he said. "The two boys came in five minutes ago. I thought you would not be long." 25

"You took the books away this morning, Captain Dave?" Cyril asked as they sat down.

"Ay, lad, but I have been able to do nothing here. I have been thinking that we must let John Wilkes into this matter; it is too much to bear on my mind by myself. He is my first mate, you see, and in time of danger, the first mate, if he is worth anything, is the man the captain relies on for help." 30

"By all means tell him, then," Cyril said. "I have no experience in matters like this, and shall be very glad to have his opinion and advice." 35

"There he is—half-past eight. He is as punctual as clock-work." 40

Cyril ran down and let John in.

“The Captain wants to speak to you,” he said, “before you go up to bed.”

John, after carefully bolting the door, followed him upstairs.

5 “I have got some bad news for you, John. There, light your pipe again, and sit down. It is hard to believe, but there is a pirate about somewhere.”

John Wilkes flung his pipe on to the table with such force that it shivered into fragments.

10 “Dash my timbers!” he exclaimed. “Who is the man?”

“That is what we have got to find out, John. That the goods have gone is certain, but how they can have gone beats us altogether.”

15 “Do you mean to say, Captain, that they have stolen them out of the place under my eyes and me know nothing about it? It can’t be, sir.”

“It is true enough, John, for all that. The books have been balanced up. I will read you the figures of some of them.”

John’s face grew longer and longer as he heard the totals ready.

25 “Well!” he said, when the list was concluded, “I could have sworn that the cargo was right according to the manifest. Well, Captain, all I can say is, if that ’ere list be correct, the best thing you can do is to send me adrift as a blind fool.”

30 “I don’t blame you, John, more than I blame myself. What we have got to do is to find out this leak and stop it. We are pretty well agreed, Cyril and me, that the things don’t go out of the shop by daylight. The question is, how do they go out at night?”

35 “Therefore, I say, let us watch and find out how they do it. When we once know that, we can lay our plans for capturing them the next time they come. I will take watch and watch with you.”

40 “Well, if it goes on long, Captain, I won’t say no to that; but for to-night anyhow I will sit up alone.”

“Very well, let it be so, John. But mind, whatever

you see, you keep as still as a mouse. Just steal to my room in your stockinged feet directly you see anything moving. Open the door and say, 'Strange sail in sight!' and I will be over at your window in no time. And now, Cyril, you and I may as well turn in." 5

The night passed quietly.

"You saw nothing, I suppose, John?" the Captain said next morning, after the apprentices had gone down from breakfast. 10

"Not a thing, Captain."

After supper it was arranged that Cyril and Captain Dave should keep watch by turns. X

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#### CHAPTER IV.

It was settled that Cyril was to take the first watch, and that the Captain should relieve him at one o'clock. At nine, the family went to bed. A quarter of an hour later, Cyril stole noiselessly from his attic down to John Wilkes's room, blew out the candle, and seated himself at the window. 15

The time passed slowly. He heard the bell of St. Paul's strike ten and eleven. The last stroke had scarcely ceased to vibrate when he rose to his feet suddenly. He heard, on his left, a scraping noise. A moment later it ceased, and then was renewed again. It lasted but a few seconds; then he heard an irregular, shuffling noise, that seemed to him upon the roof of the warehouse. Pressing his face to the casement, he suddenly became aware that the straight line of the ridge was broken by something moving along it, and a moment later he made out a second object, just behind the first. Moving with the greatest care, he made his way out of the room, half closed the door behind him, crossed the passage, and pushed at a door opposite. 20 25 30

"Captain Dave," he said, in a low voice, "get up at once, and please don't make a noise." 35

A moment later the Captain stood beside him.

"What is it, lad?" he whispered.

"There are two figures moving along on the ridge of the roof of the warehouse. I think it is the apprentices. I heard a slight noise, as if they were letting themselves down from their window by a rope. It is just over that roof, you know."

"That is so. The young scoundrels! What can they be doing on the roof?"

They went to the window behind. Just as they reached it there was a vivid flash of lightning. It sufficed to show them a figure lying at full length at the farther end of the roof.

"What does it mean, lad? What on earth is that boy doing there? I could not see which it was."

"I think it is Ashford," Cyril said. "The figure in front seemed the smaller of the two."

"There!" he broke off, as another flash of lightning lit up the sky. "He has gone, now; there is no one on the roof."

John Wilkes was by this time standing beside them, having started up at the first flash of lightning.

"Do you go up, John, into their room," the Captain said. "I think there can be no doubt that these fellows on the roof are Ashford and Frost, but it is as well to be able to swear to it."

The foreman returned in a minute or two.

"The room is empty, Captain; the window is open, and there is a rope hanging down from it. Shall I cast it adrift?"

"Certainly not, John. We do not mean to take them to-night, and they must be allowed to go back to their beds without a suspicion that they have been watched."

They again went close to the window, pushed the casement a little more open, and stood listening there. In two or three minutes there was a very slight sound heard.

"They are unbolting the door into the yard," John Wilkes whispered. "I would give a month's pay to be behind them with a rope's end."

Half a minute later there was a sudden gleam of light below, and they could see the door open. The

light disappeared again, but they heard footsteps; then they saw the light thrown on the fastening to the outer gate, and could make out that two figures below were applying a key to the padlock. This was taken off and laid down; then the heavy wooden bar was lifted, and also laid on the ground. The gate opened as if pushed from the other side. The two figures went out; the sound of a low murmur of conversation could be heard; then they returned, the gate was closed and fastened again, they entered the warehouse, the light disappeared, and the door was closed.

"That's how the things went, John."

"Ay, ay, sir," the foreman growled.

"As they were undoing the gate, the light fell on a coil of rope they had set down there, and a bag which I guess had copper of some kind in it. They have done us cleverly, the young villains! There was not noise enough to wake a cat. They must have had every bolt and hinge well oiled."

"We may as well turn in at once. There is nothing more to see now. Of course they will get in as they got out."

(Things went on as usual at breakfast the next morning. During the meal, Captain Dave gave the foreman several instructions as to the morning's work.

"I am going out," he said. "I don't expect I shall be in till dinner-time, so any one that wants to see me must come again in the afternoon."

When Cyril went out, on his way to his work Captain Dave was standing a few doors away.

"I am going up to the Chief Constable's to arrange about this business. I want to get four men of the watch. Two will post themselves this end of the lane, and two go round and station themselves at the other end. When the boys go out after supper we will steal down into the shop and listen there until we hear them open the door into the yard, and then go into the warehouse and be ready to make a rush out as soon as they get the gate open. John will have his boatswain's whistle ready, and will give

the signal. That will bring the watch up, so they will be caught in a trap."

"I should think that would be a very good plan, Captain Dave, though I wish that it could have been done without Tom Frost being taken. He is a timid sort of boy, and I have no doubt that he has been entirely under the thumb of Robert."

"Well, if he has he will get off lightly," the Captain said. "Even if a boy is a timid boy, he knows what will be the consequences if he is caught robbing his master. Cowardice is no excuse for crime, lad."

For six nights watch was kept without success.

"I rather hope this will be our last watch, Captain Dave," Cyril said, on the seventh evening. "I think it is likely that the men who take the goods come regularly once a week."

"Yes, that is like enough, Cyril; and the hour will probably be the same, too. John and I will share your watch to-night."

Cyril had always taken the first watch, which was from half-past nine till twelve. The Captain and Wilkes had taken the other watches by turns.

As before, just as the bell finished striking eleven, the three watchers again heard through the slightly open casement the scraping noise on the left. It had been agreed that they should not move, lest the sound should be heard outside. Each grasped the stout cudgel he held in his hand, and gazed at the roof of the warehouse, which could now be plainly seen, for the moon was half full and the sky was clear. As before, the two figures went along, and this time they could clearly recognise them. They were both sitting astride of the ridge tiles, and moved themselves along by means of their hands. They waited until they saw one after the other disappear at the end of the roof, and then John Wilkes quietly stole downstairs. The four constables had been warned to be specially wakeful.

The Captain and Cyril remained at the window until they saw the door of the warehouse open,

and then hurried downstairs. Both were in their stockinged feet, so that their movements should be noiseless.

"Come on, John; they are in the yard," the Captain whispered; and they entered the warehouse and went noiselessly on, until they stood at the door. The process of unbarring the gate was nearly accomplished. As it swung open, John Wilkes put his whistle to his lips and blew a loud, shrill call, and the three rushed forward. There was a shout of alarm, a fierce imprecation, and three of the four figures at the gate sprang at them. Scarce a blow had been struck when the two constables ran up and joined in the fray. Two men fought stoutly, but were soon overpowered. Robert Ashford, knife in hand, had attacked John Wilkes with fury, and would have stabbed him, had not Cyril brought his cudgel down sharply on his knuckles, when, with a yell of pain, he dropped the knife and fled up the lane. He had gone but a short distance, however, when he fell into the hands of the two constables, who were running towards him. One of them promptly knocked him down with his cudgel, and then proceeded to bind his hands behind him, while the other ran on to join in the fray. It was over before he got there, and his comrades were engaged in binding the two robbers. Tom Frost had taken no part in the fight. He stood looking on, paralysed with terror, and when the two men were overpowered, he fell on his knees beseeching his master to have mercy on him.

"It is too late, Tom," the Captain said. "You have been robbing me for months, and now you have been caught in the act you will have to take your share in the punishment. Still, if you make a clean breast of what you know about it, I will do all I can to get you off lightly. Pick up that lantern and bring it here, John; let us see what plunder they were making off with."

There was no rope this time, but a bag containing some fifty pounds' weight of brass and copper fittings. One of the constables took possession of this.

“You had better come along with us to the Bridewell, Master Dowsett, to sign the charge sheet, though I don’t know whether it is altogether needful, seeing that we have caught them in the act; and you will all three have to be at the Court to-morrow at ten o’clock.”

“I will go with you,” the Captain said. “You may as well lock up this gate again, John. I will go out through the front door and join them in the lane.” As he went into the house, John Wilkes closed the gate and put up the bar, then took up the lantern and said to Cyril, —

“Well, Master Cyril, this has been a good night’s work, and mighty thankful I am that we have caught the pirates. It was a good day for us all when you came to the Captain, or they might have gone on robbing him till the time came that there was nothing more to rob.”

Next morning as soon as John Wilkes had finished his breakfast he went with Captain Dave and Cyril to the Magistrates’ Court at the Guildhall. Some other cases were first heard, and then the apprentices, with the two men who had been captured in the lane, were brought in and placed in the dock. Tom Frost was sobbing bitterly. One of Robert Ashford’s hands was bandaged up. As he was placed in the dock he cast furtive glances round with his shifty eyes, and as they fell upon Cyril an expression of deadly hate came over his face. The men of the watch who had captured them first gave their evidence as to finding them in the act of robbery, and testified to the desperate resistance they had offered to capture. Captain Dave then entered the witness-box, and related how, it having come to his knowledge that he was being robbed, he had set a watch, and had, eight days previously, seen his two apprentices getting along the roof, and how they had come out from the warehouse door, had opened the outer gate, and had handed over some goods they had brought out to persons unknown waiting to receive them.



"Why did you not stop them in their commission of the theft?" the Alderman in the Chair asked.

"Because, sir, had I done so, the men I considered to be the chief criminals, and who had doubtless tempted my apprentices to rob me, would then have made off. Therefore, I thought it better to wait until I could lay hands on them also, and so got four men of the watch to remain in the house at night."

Then he went on to relate how, after watching seven nights, he had again seen the apprentices make their way along the roof, and how they and the receivers of their booty were taken by the watch, aided by himself, his foreman, and Master Cyril Shenstone, who was dwelling in his house.

After John Wilkes had given his evidence, Cyril went into the box and related how, being engaged by Captain David Dowsett to make up his books, he found, upon stock being taken, that there was a deficiency to the amount of many hundreds of pounds in certain stores, notably such as were valuable without being bulky.

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## CHAPTER V.

Two days later Cyril was returning home late in the evening after being engaged longer than usual in making up a number of accounts for one of his customers. He had come through Leadenhall Street, and had entered the lane where the capture of the thieves had been made, when he heard a footstep behind him. He turned half round to see who was following him, when he received a tremendous blow on the head which struck him senseless to the ground.

After a time he was dimly conscious that he was being carried along. He was unable to move; there was something in his mouth that prevented him from calling out, and his head was muffled in a cloak. He felt too weak and confused to struggle. A minute later he heard a voice say,—

"Have you got him?"

"I have got him all right," was the answer of the man who was carrying him.

Then he felt that he was being carried down some stairs. Some one took him, and he was thrown roughly  
5 down; then there was a slight rattling noise, followed by a regular sound. He wondered vaguely what it was, but as his senses came back it flashed upon him; it was the sound of oars; he was in a boat. It was  
10 some time before he could think why he should be in a boat. He had doubtless been carried off by some of the friends of the prisoners', partly, perhaps, to prevent his giving evidence against them, partly from revenge for the part he had played in the discovery of the crime.

15 In a few minutes the sound of oars ceased, and there was a bump as the boat struck against something hard. Then he was lifted up, and some one took hold of him above. He was carried a few steps and roughly thrust in somewhere. There was a sound of  
20 something heavy being thrown down above him, and then for a long time he knew nothing more.

When he became conscious again, he was able, as he lay there, to come to a distinct conclusion as to where he was. He had been kidnapped, carried off,  
25 taken out in a boat to some craft anchored in the river, and was now in the hold. He felt almost suffocated. The wrap round his head prevented his breathing freely, the gag in his mouth pressed on his tongue, and gave him severe pain, while his head ached  
30 acutely from the effects of the blow.

The first thing to do was, if possible, to free his hands, so as to relieve himself from the gag and muf-  
fling. An effort or two soon showed him that he was but loosely bound. Doubtless the man who had attacked  
35 him had not wasted much time in securing his arms, believing that the blow would be sufficient to keep him quiet until he was safe on board ship. It was, therefore, without much difficulty that he managed to free one of his hands, and it was then an easy task  
40 to get rid of the rope altogether. The cloak was pulled from his face, and, feeling for his knife, he cut

the lashings of the gag and removed it from his mouth. He lay quiet for a few minutes, panting from exhaustion. The next thing was to shift his position among the barrels and bales upon which he was lying, until he found a comparatively level spot. He was in too great pain to think of sleep; his head throbbled fiercely, and he suffered from intense thirst. 5

From time to time heavy footsteps passed overhead. Presently he heard a sudden rattling of blocks, and the flapping of a sail. Then he noticed that there was a slight change in the level of his position, and knew that the craft was under way on her voyage down the river. 10

It seemed an immense time to him before the hatch was lifted off, and he saw two men looking down.

"Water!" he said. "I am dying of thirst." 15

"Bring a pannikin of water," one of the men said, "but first give us a hand, and we will have him on deck."

Stooping down, they took Cyril by the shoulders and hoisted him out.

"He is a decent-looking young chap," the speaker went on. "I would have seen to him before, if I had known him to be so bad. Those fellows didn't tell us they had hurt him. Here is the water, young fellow. Can you sit up to drink it?" 20

Cyril sat up and drank off the contents of the pannikin. 25

"Why, the back of your head is all covered with blood!" the man who had before spoken said. "You must have had an ugly knock?"

"I don't care so much for that," Cyril replied. "It's the gag that hurt me. My tongue is so much swollen I can hardly speak." 30

"Well, you can stay here on deck if you will give me your promise not to hail any craft we may pass. If you won't do that I must put you down under hatches again." 35

"I will promise that willingly," Cyril said; "the more so that I can scarce speak above a whisper."

"Mind, if you as much as wave a hand, down you go into the hold again, and when you come up next time it will be to go overboard. Now just put 40

your head over the rail, and I will pour a few buckets of water over it. I agreed to get you out of the way, but I have got no grudge against you, and don't want to do you harm."

5        Getting a bucket with a rope tied to the handle, he dipped it into the river, and poured half-a-dozen pailfuls over Cyril's head. The lad felt greatly refreshed, and, sitting down on the deck, was able to look round. The craft was a coaster of about twenty tons burden.  
10 There were three men on deck besides the man who had spoken to him, and who was evidently the skipper. Besides these a boy occasionally put up his head from a hatchway forward. The shore on both sides was flat, and Cyril was surprised at the width of the river.  
15 Behind them was a small town, standing on higher ground.

"What place is that?" he asked a sailor who passed near him.

"That is Gravesend."

20        A few minutes afterwards the boy again put his head out of the hatchway and shouted,—

"Breakfast!"

"Can you eat anything, youngster?" the skipper asked Cyril.

25        "No, thank you, my head aches too much; and my mouth is so sore I am sure I could not get anything down."

"Well, you had best lie down, then, with your head on that coil of rope; I allow you did not sleep  
30 much last night."

In a few minutes Cyril was sound asleep, and when he awoke the sun was setting.

"You have had a good bout of it, lad," the skipper said, as he raised himself on his elbow and looked  
35 round. "How are you feeling now?"

"A great deal better," Cyril said, as he rose to his feet.

"Supper will be ready in a few minutes, and if you can manage to get a bit down it will do you good."

40        "I will try, anyhow," Cyril said. "I think that I feel hungry."

The land was now but a faint line on either hand. A gentle breeze was blowing from the south-west, and the craft was running along over the smooth water at the rate of three or four miles an hour. Cyril wondered where he was being taken to, and what was going to be done with him, but determined to ask no questions. The skipper was evidently a kind-hearted man, but it was as well to wait until he chose to open the subject. 5

As soon as the boy hailed, the captain led the way to the hatchway. They descended a short ladder into the fore-castle, which was low, but roomy. Supper consisted of boiled skate—oaten bread, and beer. His mouth was still sore, but he managed to make a hearty meal of fish, though he could not manage the hard bread. Little was said while the meal went on; but when they went on deck again, the skipper said,—  
“Well, I think you are in luck, lad.” 10

Cyril opened his eyes in surprise.

“You don’t think so?” the man went on. “I don’t mean that you are in luck in being knocked about and carried off, but that you are not floating down the river at present instead of walking the deck here. I can only suppose that they thought your body might be picked up, and that it would go all the harder with the prisoners, if it were proved that you had been put out of the way. You don’t look like an informer either!” 25

“I am not an informer,” Cyril said indignantly. “I found that my employer was being robbed, and I aided him to catch the thieves. I don’t call that informing.” 30

“Well, well, it makes no difference to me,” the skipper said. “I was engaged by a man, with whom I do business sometimes, to take a fellow who had been troublesome out of the way, and to see that he did not come back again for some time. I am sorry now I brought you off, though maybe if I had refused they would have put a knife into you, and chucked you into the river. However, now that I have got you I must go through with it. I ain’t a man to go 40

back from my word, and what I says I always sticks to. Well, at any rate, I promise you that no harm shall come to you as long as you are in my hands."

"And how long is that likely to be, captain?"

5 "Ah! that is more than I can tell you. I don't want to do you harm, lad, and more than that, I will prevent other people from doing you harm as long as you are on board this craft. But more than that I can't say. I can't go a step farther. You had better  
10 turn in now, a night's rest will set you up."

Cyril was soon soundly asleep. He was alone in the cabin when he opened his eyes; the sun was shining brightly through the open hatchway. He sprang up and went on deck. The craft was at anchor.

15 Cyril had enjoyed the quiet passage much. The wound at the back of his head still smarted, and he had felt disinclined for any exertion. More than once, in spite of the good allowance of sleep he had had, he dosed off as he sat on the deck with his back  
20 against the bulwark, watching the shore as they drifted slowly past it, and wondering vaguely how it would all end. They had been anchored but half an hour when the captain ordered the men to the windlass.

25 "There is a breeze coming, lads," he said; "and even if it only lasts for an hour, it will take us far enough into the bay to get into the tide running up the rivers."

30 The breeze, however, when it came, held steadily, and in two hours they were off Harwich.

Twenty minutes later they dropped their anchor opposite the town.

The work of unloading began at once, and was carried on until after dark.

35 "That is the last of them," the captain said, to Cyril's satisfaction. "We can be off now when the tide turns. I shall have a clean up, now, and go ashore. I have got your promise, lad, that you won't  
40 try to escape?"

Cyril assented. Standing on the deck there, with the river bank but twenty yards away, it seemed hard

that he should not be able to escape. But, as he told himself, he would not have been standing there if it had not been for that promise, but would have been lying, tightly bound, down in the hold.

Cyril and the men were asleep when the captain came aboard, the boy alone remaining up to fetch him off in the boat when he hailed. 5

"There is no wind, captain," Cyril said the next morning, as the anchor was got up.

"No, lad, I am glad there is not. We can drop down with the tide. I got some news ashore," he went on, as he took his place at the helm, while the three men rowed the boat ahead. "A man I sometimes bring things to told me that he heard there had been an attempt to rescue the men concerned in that robbery. Word was passed to the prisoners to be ready, and as they were being taken from the Guildhall to Newgate there was a sudden rush made. The constables were not caught napping, and there was a tough fight, till the citizens ran out of their shops and took part with them, and the men, who were sailors, watermen, 'longshore-men, and rascals of all sorts bolted. 10 15 20

"But two of the prisoners were missing. One was, I heard, an apprentice who was mixed up in the affair, and no one saw him go. They say he must have stooped down and wriggled away into the crowd. The other was a man they called Black Dick; he struck down two constables, broke through the crowd, and got clean away. I am heartily sorry now, boy, that I had a hand in carrying you off, though maybe it is best for you that it has been so." 25 30

## CHAPTER VI.

The Eliza, for this Cyril, after leaving Harwich, learnt was her name, unloaded the rest of her cargo at Aldborough, and then sailed across to Rotterdam. The skipper fulfilled his promise by taking Cyril to the house of one of the men with whom he did 35

business, and arranging with him to board the boy until word came that he could safely return to England. The man was a diamond-cutter, and to him packets of jewellery and gems that could not be disposed of in England had often been brought over by the captain.

“You understand,” the captain said to Cyril, “that I have not said a word touching the matter for which you are here. I have only told him that it had been thought it was as well you should be out of England for a time. I have paid him for a month’s board for you, and here are three pounds, which will be enough to pay for your passage back if I myself should not return. If you do not hear from me, or see the Eliza, within four weeks, there is no reason why you should not take passage back.”

“I cannot thank you too much for your kindness, captain. I trust that when I get back you will call at Captain Dowsett’s store in Tower Street, so that I may see you and again thank you; I know that the Captain himself will welcome you heartily when I tell him how kindly you have treated me.”

Cyril parted with regret from the captain, whose departure had been hastened by a report that war might be declared at any moment, in which case the Eliza might have been detained for a considerable time. He had, therefore, been working almost night and day to get in his cargo, and Cyril had remained on board until the last moment. He had seen the diamond dealer but once, and hoped that he should not meet him often, for he felt certain that awkward questions would be asked him.

He wandered about the wharf until it became dark. Then he went in and took supper with the clerk. As the latter spoke Dutch only, there was no possibility of conversation. Cyril was thinking of going up to his bed when there was a ring at the bell. The clerk went to answer it, leaving the door open as he went out, and Cyril heard a voice ask, in English, if his master was in. The clerk said something in Dutch.



"The fool does not understand English, Robert," the man said.

"Tell him," he said, in a louder voice, to the clerk, "that two persons from England—England, you understand—who have only just arrived, want to see 5 him on particular business."

The clerk went upstairs. A minute later he came down again, and made a sign for them to follow him. As they went up Cyril stole out and looked after them. The fact that they had come from England, 10 and that one of them was named Robert, had excited his suspicions, but he felt a shiver of fear run through him as he recognised the figures of Robert Ashford and the man who was called Black Dick. He remembered the expression of hatred with which they had 15 regarded him in the Court, and felt that his danger would be great indeed did they hear that he was in Rotterdam. Cyril's first impulse was to run back into the room, seize his cap, and fly. He waited, however, until the clerk came down again; then he put his cap 20 carelessly on his head.

"I am going for a walk," he said, waving his hand vaguely.

The man nodded, went with him to the door, and Cyril heard him put up the bar after he had gone 25 out. He walked quietly away, for there was no fear of immediate pursuit.

It was early yet. Some of the boats might be discharging by torchlight. At any rate, he might hear of a ship starting in the morning. He went down 30 to the wharf. There was plenty of bustle here; boats were landing fish, and larger craft were discharging or taking in cargo; but his inability to speak Dutch prevented his asking questions. He crossed to the other side of the road. The houses here were princi- 35 pally stores or drinking taverns. In the window of one was stuck up, "English and French Spoken Here." He went inside, walked up to the bar, and called for a glass of beer in English.

"You speak English, landlord?" he asked, as the 40 mug was placed before him.

The latter nodded.

"I want to take passage either to England or to France," he said. "I cannot speak Dutch, and therefore cannot inquire if any boat will be sailing in the morning for England or Dunkirk."

"My boy speaks French," the landlord said, "and if you like he can go along the port with you. Of course, you will give him something for his trouble?"

"Willingly," Cyril said, "and be much obliged to you into the bargain."

The landlord left the bar and returned in a minute with a boy twelve years old.

Cyril went out with the boy, and after making many inquiries learnt that there was but one English vessel still in port. However, Cyril told his guide that he would prefer one for Dunkirk if they could find one, for if war were declared before the boat sailed, she might be detained. After some search they found a coasting scow that would sail in the morning.

"They will touch at two or three places," the boy said to Cyril after a talk with the captain; "but if you are not in a hurry, he will take you and land you at Dunkirk for a pound. He will start at daybreak."

"Tell him that I agree to his price. I will come on board at once. I will get my bundle, and will be back in half an hour."

He went with the boy to one of the sailors' shops near, bought a rough coat and a thick blanket, had them wrapped up into a parcel, and then, after paying the boy, went on board.

As he expected, he found there were no beds or accommodation for passengers, so he stretched himself on a locker in the cabin, covered himself with his blanket, and put the coat under his head for a pillow.

At daybreak Cyril lay quiet until, by the rippling of the water against the side, he knew that the craft was under way. He waited a few minutes, and then went up on deck. The scow, clumsy as she looked, was running along fast before a brisk wind, and in an hour Rotterdam lay far behind them.

The voyage was a pleasant one. They ran along the coast, putting into Ostend and Nieuport, and, four days after starting, entered the port of Dunkirk.

Cyril did not go ashore at any of the places at which they stopped. At Dunkirk he was under the French flag, and half an hour after landing had engaged a passage to London on a brig that was to sail on the following day. The voyage was a stormy one, and he rejoiced in the possession of his great-coat, which he had only bought in order that he might have a packet to bring on board the scow.

It was three days before the brig dropped anchor in the Pool. As soon as she did so, Cyril hailed a waterman, and spent almost his last remaining coin in being taken to shore. He was glad that it was late in the afternoon and so dark that his attire would not be noticed. His clothes had suffered considerably from his capture and confinement on board the *Eliza*. He had, however, but a short distance to traverse before he reached the door of the house. He rang at the bell, and the door was opened by John Wilkes.

"What is it?" the latter asked.

"Don't you know me, John?" Cyril laughed.

The old sailor stepped back as if struck with a blow.

"Eh, what?" he exclaimed. "Is it you, Cyril? Why, we had all thought you dead! I did not know you in this dim light. Come upstairs. Captain Dave and the ladies will be glad indeed to see you. They have been mourning for you sadly, I can tell you."

Cyril followed John upstairs.

"There, Captain Dave," the sailor said, as he opened the door of the sitting-room. "There is a sight for sore eyes! — a sight you never thought you would look on again."

For a moment Captain Dave, his wife, and daughter stared at Cyril as if scarce believing their eyes. Then the Captain sprang to his feet.

"It's the lad, sure enough. Why, Cyril," he went on, seizing him by the hand, and shaking it violently, "we had never thought to see you alive again; we

made sure that those pirates had knocked you on the head, and that you were food for fishes by this time. There has been no comforting my good wife; and as to Nellie, if it had been a brother she had lost, she  
5 could not have taken it more hardly."

"They did knock me on the head, and very hard too, Captain Dave. If my skull hadn't been quite so thick, I should, as you say, have been food for fishes before now."

10 "But where have you been, Master Cyril?" Nellie broke in. "What has happened to you? We have been picturing all sorts of horrors, mother and I."

"Let him eat his supper without asking further questions, Nellie," her father said. "Cyril is here,  
15 alive and well; let that content you for a few minutes."

Captain Dave would not allow Cyril to begin his story until the table had been cleared and he and John Wilkes had lighted their pipes. Then Cyril told  
20 his adventure, the earlier part of which elicited many exclamations of pity from Dame Dowsett and Mistress Nellie, and some angry ejaculations from the Captain when he heard that Black Dick and Robert Ashford had got safely off to Holland.

25 "By St. Anthony, lad," he broke out, when the story was finished, "you had a narrow escape from those villains at Rotterdam. Had it chanced that you were out at the time they came, I would not have given a groat for your life."

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## CHAPTER VII.

30 Some weeks had passed quietly, when one evening John Wilkes returned after an absence of but half an hour.

"Why, John, you can but have smoked a single pipe!"

35 "I hurried back, Captain, because a man from one of the ships in the Pool landed and said there was a great light in the sky, and that it seemed to

him it was either a big fire in the Temple, or in one of the mansions beyond the walls; so methought I would come in and ask Cyril if he would like to go with me to see what was happening."

"I should like it much, John."

5

He took his hat and cloak and was about to be off, when Captain Dave called after him,—

"Buckle on your sword, lad, and leave your purse behind you. A fire ever attracts thieves and cut-throats, who flock round in hopes of stealing something 10 in the confusion."

Cyril ran upstairs to his room, buckled on his weapon, and ran down again and joined John Wilkes at the door. When they had come into Cheapside, one of the Fire Companies, with buckets, ladders, and 15 axes, passed them at a run. Even in Cheapside the glow in the sky ahead could be plainly seen, but it was not until they passed St. Paul's and stood at the top of Ludgate Hill that the flames, shooting up high in the air, were visible. They were almost straight 20 ahead.

"It must be at the other end of Fleet Street," Cyril said, as they broke into a run.

"Farther than that, lad. It must be one of the mansions along the Strand. A fire always looks closer 25 than it is."

The crowd became thicker as they approached Temple Bar. They passed through the Bar, expecting to find that the fire was close at hand. They had, however, some distance farther to go, for the fire was 30 at a mansion in the Savoy. Another Fire Company came along when they were within a hundred yards of the spot.

"Join in with them," Cyril said; and he and John Wilkes managed to push their way into the ranks, 35 joining in the shout, "Way there, way! Make room for the buckets!"

Aided by some of the City watch the Company made its way through the crowd, and hurried down the hill from the Strand into the Savoy. 40

The mansion from which the fire had originated

was in flames from top to bottom. The roof had fallen in. Volumes of flame and sparks shot high into the air, threatening the safety of several other houses standing near. The Fire Companies were  
5 working their hand-pumps, throwing water on to the doors and woodwork of these houses. Long lines of men were extended down to the edge of the river and passed the buckets backwards and forwards. City officials, gentlemen of the Court, and officers of the  
10 troops, moved to and fro superintending the work.

"It is a grand sight," Cyril said, as, with his companion, he took his place in a quiet corner where a projecting portico threw a deep shadow.

"It will soon be grander still. The wind is  
15 taking the sparks and flames westwards, and nothing can save that house over there. Do you see the little jets of flame already bursting through the roof?"

"The house seems empty. There is not a window open."

20 "It looks so, Cyril, but there may be people asleep at the back. Let us work round and have a look from behind."

They turned down an alley, and in a minute or two came out behind the house. There was a garden  
25 and some high trees, but it was surrounded by a wall, and they could not see the windows.

"Here, Cyril, I will give you a hoist up. If you stand on my shoulders, you can reach to the top of the wall and pull yourself up. Come along here to  
30 where that branch projects over. That's it. Now drop your cloak, and jump on to my back. That is right. Now get on to my shoulders."

Cyril did as he was told, grasped the top of the wall, and, after a sharp struggle, seated himself  
35 astride on it. Just as he did so, a window in a wing projecting into the garden was thrown open, and a female voice uttered a loud scream for help. There was light enough for Cyril to see that the lower windows were all barred. He shouted  
40 back, —

"Can't you get down the staircase?"

"No; the house is full of smoke. There are some children here. Help! Help!" and the voice rose in a loud scream again.

Cyril dropped down into the roadway by the side of John Wilkes.

"There are some women and children in there, John. They can't get out. We must go round to the other side and get some axes and break down the door."

Snatching up his cloak, he ran at full speed to his former position, followed by Wilkes. The roof of the house was now in flames. Many of the shutters and window-frames had also caught fire, from the heat. He ran up to two gentlemen who seemed to be directing the operations.

"There are some women and children in a room at the back of that house," he said. "I have just been round there to see. They are in the second story, and are crying for help."

"I fear the ladders are too short."

"I can tie two or three of them together," Wilkes said. "I am an old sailor and can answer for the knots."

The firemen were already dashing water on the lower windows of the front of the house. A party with axes were cutting at the door, but this was so massive and solid that it resisted their efforts. One of the gentlemen went down to them. At his orders eight or ten men seized ladders. Cyril snatched some ropes and the party, with one of the gentlemen, ran round to the back of the house. Two ladders were placed against the wall. John Wilkes, running up one of them, hauled several of the others up, and lowered them into the garden.

The flames were now issuing from some of the upper windows. Cyril dropped from the wall into the garden, and, running close up to the house, shouted to three or four women, who were screaming loudly, that help was at hand, and that they would be speedily rescued. John Wilkes rapidly tied three of the short ladders together. These were speedily raised,

but it was found that they just reached the window. One of the firemen ran up, while John set to work to prepare another long ladder. As there was no sign of life at any other window he laid it down on the  
5 grass when finished.

"If you will put it up at the next window," Cyril said, "I will mount it. The woman said there were children in the house, and possibly I may find them."

The room was full of smoke as Cyril leapt into it.  
10 Near the window, an elderly woman was lying on the floor insensible, and three girls of from eight to fourteen lay across her. Cyril thrust his head out of the window.

"Come up, John," he shouted. "I want help."

15 He lifted the youngest of the girls, and as he got her out of the window, John's head appeared above the sill.

"Take her down quick, John," he said, as he handed the child to him. "There are three others. They are  
20 all insensible from the smoke."

Filling his lungs with fresh air, he turned into the blinding smoke again, and speedily reappeared at the window with another of the girls. John was not yet at the bottom; he placed her with her head out-  
25 side the window, and was back with the eldest girl by the time Wilkes was up again. He handed her to him, and then, taking the other, stepped out on to the ladder and followed Wilkes down.

"Brave lad!" the gentleman said, patting him on  
30 the shoulder "Are there any more of them?"

"One more—a woman, sir. Do you go up, John. I will follow, for I doubt whether I can lift her by myself."

He followed Wilkes closely up the ladder. There  
35 was a red glow now in the smoke. Flames were bursting through the door. John was waiting at the window.

"Which way, lad? There is no seeing one's hand in the smoke."

40 "Just in front, John, not six feet away. Hold your breath."



They dashed forward together, seized the woman between them, and, dragging her to the window, placed her head and shoulders on the sill.

"You go first, John. She is too heavy for me," Cyril gasped.

John stumbled out, half suffocated, while Cyril thrust his head as far as he could outside the window.

"That is it, John; you take hold of her shoulder, and I will help you get her on to your back."

Between them they pushed her nearly out, and then, with Cyril's assistance, John got her across his shoulders. She was a heavy woman, and the old sailor had great difficulty in carrying her down. Cyril hung far out of the window till he saw him put his foot on the ground; then he seized a rung of the ladder, swung himself out on to it, and was soon down.

For a time he felt confused and bewildered, and was conscious that if he let go the ladder he should fall. He heard a voice say, "Bring one of those buckets of water," and directly afterwards, "Here, lad, put your head into this," and a handful of water was dashed into his face. It revived him, and, turning round, he plunged his head into a bucket that a man held up for him. Then he took a long breath or two, pressed the water from his hair, and felt himself again. The women at the other window had by this time been brought down. A door in the garden wall had been broken down with axes, and the women and girls were taken away to a neighbouring house.

"There is nothing more to do here," the gentleman said. He then put his hand on Cyril's shoulder, and walked back with him to the open space.

"We have saved them all," he said to the other gentleman who had now come up, "but it was only by the gallantry of this young gentleman and another with him that the lives of three girls and a woman were rescued."

"Now, young sir, may I ask your name?" he said to Cyril.

"Cyril Shenstone, sir," he replied respectfully; he saw that the two men before him were persons of rank.

"Shenstone? I know the name well. Are you any relation of Sir Aubrey Shenstone?"

"He was my father, sir."

"A brave soldier, and a hearty companion," the other said warmly. "He rode behind me scores of times into the thick of the fight. I am Prince Rupert, lad."

Cyril doffed his hat in deep respect. His father had always spoken of the Prince in terms of boundless admiration.

"What has become of my old friend?" the Prince asked.

"He died six months ago, Prince."

"I am sorry to hear it. But we cannot speak here. Ask for me to-morrow at Whitehall. Do you know this gentleman?"

"No, sir, I have not the honour."

"This is the Duke of Albemarle, my former enemy, but now my good friend. You will like the lad no worse, my Lord, because his father more than once rode with me into the heart of your ranks."

"Certainly not," the Duke said. "It is clear that the son will be as gallant a gentleman as his father was before him. You may count me as your friend, sir, henceforth."

Cyril bowed deeply and retired, while Prince Rupert and the Duke hurried away again to see that the operations they had directed were properly carried out.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

After leaving Prince Rupert, Cyril returned to John Wilkes, who was standing a short distance away.

"John! John!" he said eagerly, as he joined him. "Who do you think those gentlemen are?"

"I don't know, lad. It is easy to see that they are men of importance by the way they order every one about."

"The one who went with us to the garden is Prince Rupert; the other is the Duke of Albemarle."

And the Prince has told me to call upon him to-morrow at Whitehall."

"That is a stroke of luck, indeed, lad, and right glad am I that I took it into my head to fetch you out to see the fire. This may help you a long way towards bringing about the aim you were talking about the other night, and I may live to see you Sir Cyril Shenstone yet." 5

"You can see me that now," Cyril said, laughing. "My father was a baronet, and therefore at his death I came into the title, though I am not silly enough to go about the City as Sir Cyril Shenstone when I am but a poor clerk. But do not say anything about it at home. I am Cyril Shenstone, and have been fortunate enough to win the friendship of Captain Dave, and I should not be so comfortable were there any change made in my position in the family." 10 15

They waited for two hours longer. At the end of that time four mansions had been burnt to the ground, but the further progress of the flames had been effectually stayed. The crowd had already begun to scatter, and as they walked eastward the streets were full of people making their way homeward. The bell of St. Paul's was striking midnight as they entered. The Captain and his family had long since gone off to bed. 20 25

The next morning the story of the fire was told, and excited great interest.

"Who were the girls you saved, Cyril?" Nellie asked.

"I don't know. I did not think of asking to whom the house belonged, nor, indeed, was there any one to ask." 30

"And so you are to see Prince Rupert to-day, Cyril?" Captain Dave said. "I am afraid we shall be losing you, for he will, I should say, assuredly appoint you to one of his ships if you ask him." 35

"That would be good fortune indeed," Cyril said. "I cannot but think myself that he may do so, though it would be almost too good to be true. At any rate, it is a great thing indeed to have so powerful a friend at Court. It may be that, at the end of another two 40

years, we may be at war with some other foreign power, and that I may be able to enter our own army instead of seeking service abroad."

That day Cyril went down after breakfast in what he had often called, laughingly, his Court suit. This suit he had had made for him a short time before his father's death, to please Sir Aubrey, who had repeatedly expressed his anxiety that Cyril should always be prepared to take advantage of any good fortune that might befall him.

"Well, truly you look a pretty fellow, Cyril," the Captain said, as he entered. "Don't you think so, Nellie?" The girl nodded.

"I don't know that I like him better than in his black suit, father. But he looks very well."

"Hullo, lass! This is a change of opinion, truly! I had thought that you always inclined to gay attire, and Cyril now would seem rather to belong to the Court than to the City."

"If it had been any other morning, father, I might have thought more of Cyril's appearance; but what you were telling us but now of the continuance of the Plague is so sad, that mourning, rather than Court attire, would seem to be the proper wear."

✕"Is the Plague spreading fast, then, Captain Dave?"

"No; but it is not decreasing, as we had hoped it would do. From the beginning of December the deaths rose steadily until the end of January. Then the weather setting in very severe checked it till the end of February, and we all hoped that the danger was over, and that we should be rid of the distemper before the warm weather set in; but for the last fortnight there has been a rise rather than a fall. So far, there has been no case in the City, and it is only in the West that it has any hold; but, with the hot weather approaching, and the tales we hear of the badness of the Plague in foreign parts one cannot but feel anxious."

A few minutes later, Cyril took a boat to the Whitehall steps, and after some delay was shown up to Prince Rupert's room.

"None the worse for your exertions yester-even, young gentleman, I hope?" the Prince said, shaking hands with him warmly.

"None, sir. The exertion was not great, and it was but the inconvenience of the smoke that troubled me in any way." 5

"Have you been to inquire after the young ladies who owe their lives to you?"

"No, sir; I know neither their names nor their condition." 10

"I sent round early this morning," the Prince said, "and heard that they were as well as might be expected after the adventure they went through. And now tell me about yourself, and what you have been doing." 15

Cyril briefly related the story of his life since his return to London, stating his father's plan that he should some day take foreign service.

"You have shown that you have a stout heart, young sir, as well as a brave one, and have done well, indeed, in turning your mind to earn your living by such talents as you have. It may be that you have acted wisely in thinking of taking service on the Continent, seeing that we have no Army; and when the time comes, I will further your wishes to the utmost of my power. But in the meantime there is opportunity for service at home, and I will gladly appoint you as a Volunteer in my own ship. There are many gentlemen going with me in that capacity." 20 25

"Thank you greatly, Prince. I have been wishing, above all things that I could join the Fleet, and it would be, indeed, an honour to begin my career under the Prince of whom I heard so often from my father." 30

Prince Rupert looked at his watch.

"The King will be in the Mall now," he said. "I will take you across and present you to him. It is useful to have the *entrée* at Court, though perhaps the less you avail yourself of it the better." 35

So saying, he rose, put on his hat, and, throwing his cloak over his shoulder, went across to the Mall, asking questions of Cyril as he went, and extracting 40

from him a sketch of the adventure of his being kidnapped and taken to Holland.

Presently they arrived at the spot where the King, with three or four nobles and gentlemen, had been playing. Charles was in a good humour, for he had just won a match with the Earl of Rochester.

"Well, my grave cousin," he said merrily, "what brings you out of your office so early?"

"I have come to present to your Majesty a very gallant young gentleman, who yesterday evening, at the risk of his life, saved the three daughters of the Earl of Wisbech from being burned at the fire in the Savoy, where his Lordship's mansion was among those that were destroyed. I beg to present to your Majesty Sir Cyril Shenstone, the son of the late Sir Aubrey Shenstone, who rode under my banner in many a stern fight in the service of your royal father."

"I knew him well," the King said graciously, "but had not heard of his death. I am glad to hear that his son inherits his bravery."

"Sir Cyril Shenstone is going to accompany me as a Volunteer against the Dutch, and if the war lasts I shall ask for a better appointment for him."

"That he shall have," the King said warmly. "None have a better claim to commissions in the Navy and Army than sons of gentlemen who fought and suffered in the cause of our royal father. My Lords," he said to the little group of gentlemen, who had been standing a few paces away while this conversation had been going on, "I would have you know Sir Cyril Shenstone, the son of a faithful adherent of my father, and who, yesterday evening, saved the lives of the three daughters of My Lord of Wisbech in the fire at the Savoy. He is going as a Volunteer with my cousin Rupert when he sails against the Dutch."

The gentlemen all returned Cyril's salute courteously.

"He will be fortunate in beginning his career under the eyes of so brave a Prince," the Earl of Rochester said, bowing to Prince Rupert.

The Prince made no reply, but, turning to the King, said,—

"We will not detain you longer from your game, Cousin Charles."

"Remember, I shall be glad to see you at my *levées*, Sir Cyril," the King said, holding out his hand. "Do not wait for the Prince to bring you, for if you do you will wait long." 5

Cyril doffed his hat, raised the King's hand to his lips, then, with a deep bow and an expression of thanks, followed Prince Rupert, who was already striding away. 10

"You might have been better introduced," the Prince said when he overtook him. "Still it is better to be badly introduced than to have no introduction at all. Come and see me if there is anything you want to ask me. Do not let the clerks keep you out with the pretence that I am busy, but send up your name to me, and tell them that I have ordered it shall be taken up, however I may be engaged." 15

Having no occasion for haste, Cyril walked back to the City after leaving Prince Rupert. A great change had taken place in his fortunes in the last twenty-four hours. Then he had no prospects save continuing his work in the City for another two years, and even after that time he foresaw grave difficulties in the way of his obtaining a commission in a foreign army. Now he was to embark in Prince Rupert's own ship. He would be the companion of many other gentlemen going out as Volunteers, and, at a bound, spring from the position of a writer in the City to that occupied by his father before he became involved in the trouble between King and Parliament. He was already admitted to Court, and Prince Rupert himself had promised to push his fortunes abroad. 20 25 30

And yet he felt less elated than he would have expected from his sudden change. As a Volunteer he would receive no pay, and yet he must make a fair show among the young noblemen and gentlemen who would be his companions. Had it not been for the future he would have been inclined to regret that he had not refused the tempting offer; but the advantages to be gained by Prince Rupert's patronage were so 35 40

great that he felt no sacrifice would be too great to that end—even that of accepting the assistance that Captain Dave had more than once hinted he should give him. It was just the dinner-hour when he arrived  
5 home.

“Well, Cyril, I see by your face that the Prince has said nothing in the direction of your wishes,” Captain Dave said, as he entered.

10 “Then my face is a false witness, Captain Dave, for Prince Rupert has appointed me a Volunteer on board his own ship.”

“I am glad, indeed, lad, heartily glad, though your going will be a heavy loss to us all. But why were you looking so grave over it?”

15 “I have been wondering whether I have acted wisely in accepting it,” Cyril said. “I am very happy here, I am earning my living, I have no cares of any sort, and I feel that it is a very serious matter to make a change. The Prince has a number of noblemen  
20 and gentlemen going with him as Volunteers, and I feel that I shall be out of my element in such company. At the same time I have every reason to be thankful, for Prince Rupert has promised that he will, after the war is over, give me introductions which  
25 will procure me a commission abroad.”

“Well, then, it seems to me that things could not look better,” Captain Dave said heartily. “When do you go on board?”

30 “The Prince says it may be another fortnight; so that I shall have time to make my preparations, and warn the citizens I work for, that I am going to leave them.”

35 “I should say the sooner the better, lad. You will have to get your outfit and other matters seen to. Moreover, now that you have been taken under Prince Rupert’s protection, and have become, as it were, an officer on his ship it is hardly seemly that you should be making up the accounts of bakers and butchers, ironmongers, and ship’s storekeepers.”

40 “The work is honest, and I am in no way ashamed of it,” Cyril said; “but as I have many things to see



about, I suppose I had better give them notice at once. Prince Rupert presented me to the King to-day, and His Majesty requested me to attend at Court, which I should be loath to do, were it not that the Prince urged upon me that it was of advantage that I should 5 make myself known."

"One would think, Master Cyril, that this honour which has suddenly befallen you is regarded by you as a misfortune," Mrs. Dowsett said, laughing. "Most youths 10 would be overjoyed at such a change in their fortune."

"It would be all very pleasant," Cyril said, "had I the income of my father's estate at my back; but I feel that I shall be in a false position, thus thrusting myself among men who have more guineas in their 15 pockets than I have pennies. However, it seems that the matter has been taken out of my own hands, and that, as things have turned out, so I must travel."

"There was a Providence in it, Cyril," Mrs. Dowsett said gently. "You may be sure that, as the way has thus been suddenly opened to you, so will all 20 other things follow in due course."

"Thank you, madam," Cyril said simply. "I had not thought of it in that light, but assuredly you are right, and I will not suffer myself to be daunted by the difficulties there may be in my way." 25

John Wilkes now came in and sat down to the meal. He was vastly pleased when he heard of the good fortune that had befallen Cyril.

Nellie had said no word of congratulation to Cyril, but as they rose from dinner, she said,— 30

"You know I am pleased, and hope that you will have all the good fortune you deserve."

Cyril set out at once to make a round of the shops where he worked. The announcement that he must at once terminate his connection with them, as he was 35 going on board the Fleet, was everywhere received with great regret.

When he came in to supper, the servant was placing the things upon the table, and, just as they were about to take their seats, the bell of the front 40 door rang loudly.

"See who it is, John," Captain Dave said.

In a minute or two John returned, followed by a gentleman. The latter paused at the door, and then said, bowing courteously, as he advanced, to Mrs. Dowsett,—

"I must ask pardon for intruding on your meal, madam, but my business is urgent. I am the Earl of Wisbech, and I have called to see Sir Cyril Shenstone, to offer him my heartfelt thanks for the service he has rendered me by saving the lives of my daughters."

All had risen to their feet as he entered, and there was a slight exclamation of surprise from the Captain, his wife, and daughter, as the Earl said, "Sir Cyril Shenstone."

Cyril stepped forward.

"I am Cyril Shenstone, my Lord," he said, "and had the good fortune to be able, with the assistance of my friend here, John Wilkes, to rescue your daughters, but I must disclaim any merit in the action."

"Your modesty does you credit, sir," the Earl said, shaking him warmly by the hand. "But such is not the opinion of Prince Rupert, who described it to me as a very gallant action; and moreover, he said that it was solely owing to you that the ladders were taken round."

"Will you allow me, my Lord, to introduce to you Captain Dowsett, his wife, and daughter, who have been to me the kindest of friends?"

"A kindness, my Lord," Captain Dave said earnestly, "that has been repaid a thousandfold by this good youth, of whose rank we were indeed ignorant until you named it. May I ask you to honour us, by joining in our meal?"

"That will I right gladly, sir," the Earl said, "for, in truth, I have scarce broke my fast to-day. I was down at my place in Kent when I was awoke this morning by one of my grooms, who had ridden down with the news that my mansion in the Savoy had been burned, and that my daughters had had a most narrow escape of their lives. Of course, I mounted at once and rode to town, where I was happy in find-

ing that they had well-nigh recovered from the effects of their fright and the smoke. Neither they nor the nurse who was with them could give me any account of what had happened, save that they had, as they supposed, become insensible from the smoke. X When 5 they recovered, they found themselves in the Earl of Surrey's house, to which they had been carried. After inquiry, I learned that the Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert had both been on the scene directing 10 operations. I went to the latter, and he told me the whole story, saying that had it not been for Sir Cyril Shenstone, my daughters would certainly have perished. He gave credit, too, to Sir Cyril's companion, who, he said, carried them down the ladder."

Then he seated himself on a chair that Cyril had 15 placed for him between Mrs. Dowsett and Nellie.

"I hear," he said to Cyril, "that you are going out as a Volunteer in Prince Rupert's ship. My son is also going with him, and I hope, in a day or two, to introduce him to you. He is at present at Cam- 20 bridge, but, having set his mind on sailing with the Prince, I have been fain to allow him to give up his studies. I heard from Prince Rupert that you had recently been kidnapped and taken to Holland. How was it that such an adventure befell you?" X 25

"It was the result of his services to me, my Lord," Captain Dave said. "Having been a sea-captain, I am but a poor hand at accounts; and when Master Shenstone, as he then called himself, offered to keep my 30 books for me, it seemed to me an excellent mode of saving myself worry and trouble. However, when he set himself to making up the accounts of my stock, he found that I was nigh eight hundred pounds short; and, setting himself to watch, discovered that my 35 apprentices were in alliance with a band of thieves, and were nightly robbing me. We caught them and two of the thieves in the act. It was to prevent Sir Cyril from giving evidence at the trial that he was kidnapped and sent away."

"I thank you deeply, Captain Dowsett, for having 40 told me this story," the Earl said. "I need not say

that it has had the effect of raising Sir Cyril Shens-  
stone highly in my esteem. Prince Rupert spoke of  
him very highly and told me how he had been honour-  
ably supporting himself and his father, until the death  
5 of the latter. Now I see that he possesses unusual  
discretion and acuteness, as well as bravery. Now I  
will take my leave, thanking you for the good enter-  
tainment that you have given me. I am staying at  
the house of the Earl of Surrey, Sir Cyril, and I hope  
10 that you will call to-morrow morning, in order that  
my daughters may thank you in person."

Captain Dave and Cyril escorted the Earl to the  
door and then returned to the chamber above.

## CHAPTER IX.

On arriving at the room upstairs, Captain Dave  
15 placed his hand on Cyril's shoulder and said:

"How can I thank you, lad, for what you have  
done for us?"

"By saying nothing further about it, Captain Dave."

"Well, well, lad, but there is one thing that you  
20 must let me do—it is but a small thing, but at present  
I have no other way of showing what I feel: you  
must let me take upon myself, as if you had been my  
son, the expenses of this outfit of yours. I trust that  
you will not refuse me and my wife this small oppor-  
25 tunity of showing our gratitude."

"I will not, Captain Dave, providing that you let  
it be as a loan that I may perhaps some day be  
enabled to repay you."

"That is right, lad, and you have taken a load  
30 off my mind."

The next morning Cyril again donned his best  
suit, and started to pay his visit to the Earl. Had  
he not seen him over-night, he would have felt very  
uncomfortable at the thought of the visit; but he had  
35 found him so pleasant and friendly, and so entirely  
free from any air of pride or condescension, that it  
seemed as if he were going to meet a friend. It

seemed strange to him to give his name as Sir Cyril Shenstone to the lackeys at the door. They had, however, evidently received instructions respecting him, for he was without question at once ushered into the room in which the Earl of Wisbech and his daughters were sitting. 5

The Earl shook him warmly by the hand, and then, turning to his daughters, said,—

“This is the gentleman to whom you owe your lives, girls. Sir Cyril, these are my daughters—Lady Dorothy, Lady Bertha, and Lady Beatrice. It seems somewhat strange to have to introduce you, who have saved their lives, to them; but you have the advantage of them, for you have seen them before, but they have not until now seen your face.” 10 15

“They have begged me,” the Earl continued, “to thank you in their names, which I do with all my heart, and beg you to believe that their gratitude is none the less deep because they have no words to express it.” 20

“I am most happy to have been of service to you, ladies,” Cyril said, bowing deeply to them.

The three girls curtsied, first to their father, and then to Cyril, then left the room.

“Now, Sir Cyril,” the Earl said, as the door closed behind them, “we must have a talk together. You may well believe that, after what has happened, I look upon you almost as part of my family, and that I consider you have given me the right to look after your welfare as if you were a near relation of my own. I wish to take upon myself all the charges connected with your outfit, and to make you an allowance, similar to that which I shall give to my son, for your expenses on board ship. All this is of course but a slight thing, but, believe me, that when the expedition is over it will be my pleasure to help you forward to advancement in any course which you may choose.” 25 30 35

“I thank you most heartily, my Lord,” Cyril said, “and would not hesitate to accept your help in the present matter, did I need it. However, I have saved some little money during the past two years, and 40

Captain Dowsett has most generously offered me any sum I may require for my expenses, and has consented to allow me to take it as a loan to be repaid at some future time, should it be in my power to do so. Your offer, however, to aid me in my career afterwards, I most thankfully accept."

"Well, if it must be so, it must," the Earl said. "Your friend Captain Dowsett seems to me a very worthy man. You have placed him under an obligation as heavy as my own, and he has the first claim to do you service. In this matter, then, I must be content to stand aside, but on your return from sea it will be my turn, and I shall be hurt and grieved indeed if you do not allow me an opportunity of proving my gratitude to you."

"I expect my son up to-morrow, and trust that you will accompany him to the King's levée next Monday. Prince Rupert tells me that he has already presented you to the King, but I will take the opportunity of introducing you to several other gentlemen who will sail with you. On the following day I shall be going down into Kent, and shall remain there until it is time for Sydney to embark. If you can get your preparations finished by that time, I trust that you will give us the pleasure of your company, and will stay with me until you embark with Sydney. In this way you will come to know us better, and to feel, as I wish you to feel, as one of the family."

Cyril gratefully accepted the invitation, and then took his leave.

The next day Sydney Oliphant, the Earl's son, called upon Cyril. He was a frank, pleasant young fellow, about a year older than Cyril. He was very fond of his sisters, and expressed in lively terms his gratitude for their rescue.

In accordance with his invitation, Cyril and he embarked in the Earl's boat in which he had been rowed to the City.

They rowed down as low as Greenwich, then, as the tide turned, made their way back; and by the

time Cyril alighted from the boat at London Bridge stairs the two young fellows had become quite intimate with each other.

The levée was a brilliant one, and was attended, in addition to the usual throng of courtiers, by most of the officers and gentlemen who were going with the Fleet. Cyril was glad indeed that he was with the Earl of Wisbech and his son, for he would have felt lonely and out of place in the brilliant throng, in which Prince Rupert's face would have been the only one with which he was familiar. The Earl introduced him to several of the gentlemen who would be his shipmates, and by all he was cordially received when the Earl named him as the gentleman who had rescued his daughters from death.

At times, when the Earl was chatting with his friends, Cyril moved about through the rooms with Sydney, who knew by appearance a great number of those present, and was able to point out all the distinguished persons of the Court to him.

When it came to his turn Cyril passed before the King with the Earl and his son. The Earl presented Sydney, who had not before been at Court, to the King, mentioning that he was going out as a Volunteer in Prince Rupert's vessel.

After leaving the levée, Cyril went back to the City, and the next morning started on horseback, with the Earl and his son, to the latter's seat, near Sevenoaks, the ladies having gone down in the Earl's coach on the previous day. Wholly unaccustomed as Cyril was to riding, he was so stiff that he had difficulty in dismounting when they rode up to the mansion. The Earl had provided a quiet and well-trained horse for his use, and he had therefore found no difficulty in retaining his seat.

"You must ride every day while you are down here," the Earl said, "and by the end of the week you will begin to be fairly at home in the saddle. A good seat is one of the prime necessities of a gentleman's education, and if it should be that you ever carry out your idea of taking service abroad it will

be essential for you, because, in most cases, the officers are mounted."

The week passed very pleasantly. Cyril rode and fenced daily with Sydney, who was surprised to find that he was fully his match with the sword. He walked in the gardens with the girls, who had now quite recovered from the effects of the fire.

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## CHAPTER X.

When the Earl had returned with his son and Cyril to town, the latter spent the night in the City. "I do not know, Cyril," Captain Dave said, as they talked over his departure, "that you run much greater risk in going than do we in staying here. The Plague makes progress, and although it has not invaded the City, we can hardly hope that it will be long before it appears here. There are many evil prophecies abroad, and it is the general opinion that a great misfortune hangs over us, and they say that many have prepared to leave London. I have talked the matter over with my wife. We have not as yet thought of going, but should the Plague come heavily, it may be that we shall for a time go away. (Did the Earl tell you, Cyril, what he has done with regard to John?"

"No; he did not speak to me on the subject."  
"His steward came here three days since with a gold watch and chain, as a gift from the Earl. The watch has an inscription on the case, saying that it is presented to John Wilkes from the Earl of Wisbech, as a memorial of his gratitude for the great services rendered to his daughters. Moreover, he brought a letter from the Earl saying that if John should at any time leave my service, owing to my death or retirement from business, he would place at his service a cottage and garden on his estate, and a pension of twenty pounds a year, to enable him to live in comfort for the remainder of his days."



Early the next morning Sydney Oliphant rode up to the door, followed by two grooms, one of whom had a led horse, and the other a sumpter-mule, which was partly laden. Captain Dave went down with Cyril to the door.

"I pray you to enter, my Lord," he said. "My wife will not be happy unless you take a cup of posset before you start. Moreover, she and my daughter desire much to see you, as you are going to sail with Sir Cyril, whom we regard as a member of our family."

"I will come up right willingly," the young noble said, leaping lightly from his horse.

He remained for a few minutes upstairs, chatting gaily, vowing that the posset was the best he had ever drank. He shook hands with John Wilkes heartily when he came up to say that Cyril's valises were all securely packed on the horses, and then went off, promising to send Captain Dave a runlet of the finest schiedam from the Dutch Admiral's ship.

"Truly, I am thankful you came", Cyril said to Sydney, as they mounted and rode away. "Before you came, we were all dull, now we have gone off amidst smiles."

Crossing London Bridge, they rode through Southwark, and then out into the open country. Each had a light valise strapped behind the saddle, and the servants had saddle-bags containing the smaller articles of luggage, while the sumptermule carried two trunks with their clothes and sea necessaries. It was late in the evening when they arrived at Chatham. Here they put up at an hotel which was crowded with officers of the Fleet, and with Volunteers like themselves.

On going downstairs, Lord Oliphant found several young men of his acquaintance among those staying in the house. He introduced Cyril to them. But the room was crowded and noisy; many of those present had drunk more than was good for them, and it was not long before Cyril told his friend that he should go up to bed.

The next morning after breakfast they went down to the quay, and took a boat to the ship, which was

lying abreast of the dockyard. The captain, on their giving their names, consulted the list.

“That is right, gentlemen, though indeed I know not why you should have come down until we are  
5 ready to sail, which may not be for a week or more. It is but little accommodation you will find on board here, though we will do the best we can for you.”

“We do not come about accommodation, captain,”  
Lord Oliphant laughed. “There are three or four others  
10 at the inn where we stopped last night who are coming on board, but I hear that the rest of the Volunteers will probably join when the fleet assembles in Yarmouth roads.”

“Then they must be fonder of journeying on horse-  
15 back than I am,” the captain said. “While we are in the Hope, they could come down by boat conveniently without trouble, whereas to Yarmouth it is a very long ride, with the risk of losing their purses to the gentlemen of the road. Moreover, though the  
20 orders are at present that the Fleet gather at Yarmouth, and many are already there, 'tis like that it may be changed in a day for Harwich or the Downs. I pray you get your meals at your inn to-day, for we are,  
25 as you see, full of work taking on board stores. If it please you to stay and watch what is doing here you are heartily welcome, but please tell the others that they had best not come off until late in the evening, by which time I will do what I can to have a place  
30 ready for them to sleep. We shall sail at the turn of the tide, which will be at three o'clock in the morning.”

Oliphant wrote a few lines to the gentlemen on shore, telling them that the captain desired that none should come on board until the evening, and having sent it off by their boatmen, telling them to return  
35 in time to take them back to dinner, he and Cyril mounted to the poop and surveyed the scene round them. The ship was surrounded with lighters and boats from the dockyards, and from these casks and barrels, boxes and cases, were being swung on board  
40 by blocks from the yards, or rolled in at the port-holes. A large number of men were engaged at the work.

"'Tis like an ant-hill," Cyril said. "'Tis just as I have seen when a nest has been disturbed. Every ant seizes a white egg as big as itself, and rushes off with it to the passage below."

"They work bravely," his companion said. "Every man seems to know that it is important that the ship should be filled up by to-night." 5

They returned to the inn to dinner, after which they paid a visit to the dockyard, where work was everywhere going on. After supper they, with the other gentlemen for Prince Rupert's ship, took boat and went off together. As soon as they got on board they were taken below. They found that a curtain of sail-cloth had been hung across the main deck, and hammocks slung between the guns. 10 15

"This is all we can do for you, gentlemen," the officer who conducted them down said. "Had we been going on a pleasure trip we could have knocked up separate cabins, but as we must have room to work the guns, this cannot be done. In the morning the sailors will take down these hammocks, and will erect a table along the middle, where you will take your meals." 20

"It will do excellently well," one of the gentlemen said. "We have not come on board ship to get luxuries, and had we to sleep on the bare boards you would hear no grumbling." 25

"Now, gentlemen, as I have shown you your quarters, will you come up with me to the captain's cabin? He has bade me say that he will be glad if you will spend an hour with him there before you retire to rest." 30

On their entering, the captain shook hands with Lord Oliphant and Cyril.

"I must apologise, gentlemen, for being short with you when you came on board this morning. I had no time to be polite. Now however, I am glad to see you all, and will do my best to make you as comfortable as I can, which indeed will not be much; for as we have the Prince on board, we have less cabin room than we should have were we not an admiral's flagship." 35 40

Wine was placed on the table, and they had a pleasant chat. They learnt that the Fleet was now ready for sea.

“Four ships will sail with ours to-morrow,” the  
5 captain said, “and the other five will be off the next morning. They have all their munitions on board, and will take in the rest of their provisions to-morrow. The Dutch had thought to take us by surprise, but  
10 from what we hear they are not so forward as we, for things have been pushed on with great zeal at all our ports. The Portsmouth ships, and those from Plymouth, are already on their way round to the mouth of the Thames, and in a week we may be at sea.”

After an hour’s talk the five gentlemen went below  
15 to their hammocks, and then to bed, with much laughter at the difficulty they had in mounting into their swinging cots.

It was scarce daylight when they were aroused by a great stir on board the ship, and, hastily putting  
20 on their clothes, went on deck. Already a crowd of men were aloft loosening the sails. A few minutes later the moorings were cast off, the sails sheeted home, and the crew gave a great cheer, which was answered from the dockyard, and from boats alongside,  
25 full of the relations and friends of the sailors, who stood up and waved their hats and shouted good-bye.

The sails still hung idly, but the tide swept the ship along. Soon afterwards the wind sprang up and the sails bellied out. The breeze continued until they  
30 passed Sheerness, and presently they dropped anchor inside the Nore sands. There they remained until the tide turned, and then sailed up the Thames to the Hope, where some forty men-of-war were already at anchor.

The next morning some barges arrived from Til-  
35 bury, laden with soldiers, of whom a hundred and fifty came on board. A cutter also brought down a number of impressed men, twenty of whom were put on board the *Henrietta* to complete her crew. Cyril was standing  
40 on the poop watching them come on board, when he started as his eye fell on two of their number. One

was Robert Ashford; the other was Black Dick. He pointed them out to his friend Sydney.

"So those are the two scamps? Well, they can do you no harm here, Cyril. I should let them stay and do their share of the fighting."

In the evening the other ships from Chatham came up. Cyril thought that he had never seen a prettier sight, as the Fleet, consisting of fifty men-of-war, of various sizes, and eight merchant vessels that had been bought and converted into fire-ships, got under weigh and sailed down the river. That night they anchored off Felixstowe, and the next day proceeded, with a favourable wind, to Yarmouth, where already a great number of ships were at anchor.

On the third day after their arrival, the Duke of York and Prince Rupert, with a great train of gentlemen, arrived in the town, and early the next morning embarked on board their respective ships. The following morning the signal was hoisted on the mast-head of the *Royal Charles*, the Duke of York's flagship, for the Fleet to prepare to weigh anchor, and they presently got under way in three squadrons, the red under the special orders of the Duke, the white under Prince Rupert, and the blue, under the Earl of Sandwich.

The fleet consisted of one hundred and nine men-of-war and frigates, and twenty-eight fire-ships and ketches, manned by 21,006 seamen and soldiers. They sailed across to the coast of Holland, and cruised, for a few days, off Texel, capturing ten or twelve merchant vessels that tried to run in. So far, the weather had been very fine, but there were now signs of a change of weather. The sky became overcast, the wind rose rapidly, and the signal was made for the Fleet to scatter, so that each vessel should have more sea-room, and the chance of collision be avoided. By nightfall the wind had increased to the force of a gale, and the vessels were soon labouring heavily.

For forty-eight hours the gale continued, and when it abated and the ships gradually closed up round the three admirals' flags, it was found that many had suffered sorely in the gale. There was a consultation

between the admirals and the principal captains, and it was agreed that it was best to sail back to England for repairs; as many of the ships were unfitted to take their place in line of battle, and as the Dutch Fleet was known to be fully equal to their own in strength, it would have been hazardous to risk an engagement. So the ketches and some of the light frigates were at once sent off to find the ships that had not yet joined, and give them orders to make for Yarmouth, Lowestoft, or Harwich. All vessels uninjured were to gather off Lowestoft, while the others were to make for the other ports, repair their damages as quickly as possible, and then rejoin at Lowestoft. x

5 No sooner did the Dutch know that the English Fleet had sailed away than they put their fleet to sea. It consisted of one hundred and twelve men-of-war, and thirty fire-ships, and small craft manned by 22,365 soldiers and sailors. x It was commanded by Admiral Obdam, having under him Tromp, Evertson, and other Dutch admirals.

The *Henrietta* had suffered but little in the storm, and speedily repaired her damages without going into port. With so much haste and energy did the crews of the injured ships set to work at refitting them, that in four days, after the main body had anchored off Lowestoft, they were rejoined by all the ships that had made for Harwich and Yarmouth.

At midnight on June 2nd, a fast-sailing fishing-boat brought in the news that the Dutch Fleet were but a few miles away, sailing in that direction, having apparently learnt the position of the English from some ship or fishing-boat they had captured.

The trumpets on the admiral's ship at once sounded, and Prince Rupert and the Earl of Sandwich immediately rowed to her. They remained but a few minutes, and on their return to their respective vessels made the signals for their captains to come on board. The order, at such an hour, was sufficient to notify to all that news must have been received of the whereabouts of the Dutch Fleet, and by the time the captains returned to their ships the crews were all up and

ready to execute any order. At two o'clock day had begun to break, and soon from the mastheads of several of the vessels the lookout shouted that they could perceive the Dutch Fleet but four miles away. A mighty cheer rose throughout the Fleet, and as it subsided a gun from the *Royal Charles* gave the order to weigh anchor, and the three squadrons, in excellent order, sailed out to meet the enemy. 5

They did not, however, advance directly towards them, but bore up closely into the wind until they had gained the weather gauge of the enemy. Having obtained this advantage, the Duke flew the signal to engage. 10

"'Tis a grand sight, truly, Cyril," Sydney said, in a low tone, as the great fleets met each other. 15

"A grand sight, truly, Sydney, but a terrible one. There goes the first gun."

As he spoke, a puff of white smoke spouted out from the bows of one of the Dutch ships, and a moment later the whole of their leading vessels opened fire. There was a rushing sound overhead, and a ball passed through the main topsail of the *Henrietta*. No reply was made by the English ships until they passed in between the Dutchmen; then the *Henrietta* poured her broadsides into the enemy on either side of her, receiving theirs in return. Again and again as she passed, did the *Henrietta* exchange broadsides with the Dutch vessels, until—the two fleets having passed through each other—she bore up, and prepared to repeat the manœuvre. 20 25 30

As soon as the ships were headed round they passed through the Dutch as before, and this manœuvre was several times repeated. Up to one o'clock in the day no great advantage had been gained on either side. Spars had been carried away; there were yawning gaps in the bulwarks; guns had been dismounted, and many killed; but as yet no vessel on either side had been damaged to an extent that obliged her to strike her flag, or to fall out of the fighting line. There had been a pause after each encounter, in which both fleets had occupied themselves in repairing damages, as far 35 40

as possible. Four of the Volunteers had been struck down, two of them mortally wounded, but after the first passage through the enemy's fleet, Prince Rupert had ordered them to arm themselves with muskets, and to  
5 keep up a fire at the Dutch ships as they passed, aiming specially at the man at the wheel. The order had been a very welcome one, for they had all felt inactivity in such a scene to be a sore trial. They were ranged along on both sides of the poop.

10 Cyril had now no time to give a thought as to what was passing elsewhere. The *Henrietta* had ranged up alongside a Dutch vessel of equal size, and was exchanging broadsides with her. All round were vessels engaged in an equally furious encounter. The roar  
15 of the guns and the shouts of the seamen on both sides were deafening. One moment the vessel reeled from the recoil of her own guns, the next she quivered as the balls of the enemy crashed through her sides.

20 Suddenly, above the din, Cyril heard the voice of Prince Rupert sound like a trumpet.

“Hatchets and pikes on the starboard quarter! Draw in the guns and keep off this fire-ship.”

Laying their muskets against the bulwarks, he and Sydney sprang to the mizzen-mast, and each seized  
25 a hatchet from those ranged against it. They then rushed to the starboard side, just as a small ship came out through the cloud of smoke that hung thickly around them.

There was a shock as she struck the *Henrietta*,  
30 and then, as she glided alongside, a dozen grapnels were thrown by men on her yards. The instant they had done so, the men disappeared, sliding down the ropes and running aft to their boat. Before the last leaped in he stooped. A flash of fire ran along the  
35 deck, there was a series of sharp explosions, and then a bright flame sprang up from the hatchways, ran up the shrouds and ropes, that had been soaked with oil and tar, and in a moment the sails were on fire. In spite of the flames, a score of men sprang on to the  
40 rigging of the *Henrietta* and cut the ropes of the grapnels, which, as yet—so quickly had the explosion



followed their throwing—had scarce begun to check the way the fire-ship had on her as she came up. ✓

Cyril, having cast over a grapnel that had fallen on the poop, looked down on the fire-ship as she drifted along. The deck, which, like everything else, had been smeared with tar, was in a blaze, but the combustible had not been carried as far as the helm, where doubtless the captain had stood to direct her course. A sudden thought struck him. He ran along the poop until opposite the stern of the fire-ship, climbed over the bulwark and leapt down on to the deck, some fifteen feet below him. Then he seized the helm and jammed it hard down. The fire-ship had still steerage way on her, and he saw her head at once begin to turn away from the *Henrietta*; the movement was aided by the latter's crew, who, with poles and oars, pushed her off.

The heat was terrific, but Cyril's helmet and breast-piece sheltered him somewhat; yet though he shielded his face with his arm, he felt that it would soon become unbearable. His eye fell upon a coil of rope at his feet. Snatching it up, he fastened it to the tiller and then round a belaying-pin in the bulwark, caught up a bucket with a rope attached, threw it over the side and soused its contents over the tiller-rope, then, unbuckling the straps of his breast-and back-pieces, he threw them off, cast his helmet on the deck, blistering his hands as he did so, and leapt overboard. It was with a delicious sense of coolness that he rose to the surface and looked round. Hitherto he had been so scorched by the flame and smothered by the smoke that it was with difficulty he had kept his attention upon what he was doing, and would doubtless, in another minute, have fallen senseless. The plunge into the sea seemed to restore his faculties, and as he came up he looked eagerly to see how far success had attended his efforts.

He saw with delight that the bow of the fire-ship was thirty or forty feet distant from the side of the *Henrietta* and her stern half that distance. Two or three of the sails of the man-of-war had caught fire,

but a crowd of seamen were beating the flames out of two of them while another, upon which the fire had got a better hold, was being cut away from its yard. As he turned to swim to the side of the *Henrietta*,  
5 three or four ropes fell close to him. He twisted one of these round his body, and, immediately, was hauled up into the waist. He was saluted with a tremendous cheer, and was caught up by three or four strong fellows, who, in spite of his remonstrances,  
10 carried him up on to the poop. Prince Rupert was standing on the top of the ladder.

“Nobly done, Sir Cyril!” he exclaimed. “You have assuredly saved the *Henrietta* and all our lives. Another minute, and we should have been on fire  
15 beyond remedy.”

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## CHAPTER XI.

During the time that the greater part of the crew of the *Henrietta* had been occupied with the fire-ship, the enemy had redoubled their efforts, and as the sailors returned to their guns, the mizzen-mast fell  
20 with a crash. A minute later, a Dutch man-of-war ran alongside, fired a broadside, and grappled. Then her crew, springing over the bulwarks, poured on to the deck of the *Henrietta*. They were met boldly by the soldiers, who had hitherto borne no part in the  
25 fight, and who, enraged at the loss they had been compelled to suffer, fell upon the enemy with fury. For a moment, however, the weight of numbers of the Dutchmen bore them back, but the sailors, who had at first been taken by surprise, snatched up their  
30 boarding pikes and axes.

Prince Rupert, with the other officers and Volunteers, dashed into the thick of the fray, and, step by step, the Dutchmen were driven back, until they suddenly gave way and rushed back to their own ship.  
35 The English would have followed them, but the Dutch who remained on board their ship, seeing that the fight was going against their friends, cut the ropes of

the grapnels, and the ships drifted apart, some of the last to leave the deck of the *Henrietta* being forced to jump into the sea. The cannonade was at once renewed on both sides, but the Dutch had had enough of it—and drew off from the action.

Cyril had joined in the fray. He had risen to his feet and drawn his sword, but he found himself strangely weak; still, he had staggered down the steps to the waist, and, recovering his strength from the excitement, threw himself into the fray.

Scarce had he done so, when a sailor next to him fell heavily against him, shot through the head by one of the Dutch soldiers. Cyril staggered, and before he could recover himself, a Dutch sailor struck at his head. He threw up his sword to guard the blow, but the guard was beaten down as if it had been a reed. It sufficed, however, slightly to turn the blow, which fell first on the side of the head, and then, glancing down, inflicted a terrible wound on the shoulder.

He fell at once, unconscious, and, when he recovered his senses, found himself laid out on the poop, where Sydney, assisted by two of the other gentlemen, had carried him. His head and shoulder had already been bandaged, the Prince having sent for his doctor to come up from below to attend upon him.

The battle was raging with undiminished fury all round, but, for the moment, the *Henrietta* was not engaged, and her crew were occupied in cutting away the wreckage of the mizzen-mast, and trying to repair the more important of the damages that she had suffered.

Suddenly a tremendous explosion was heard a quarter of a mile away.

“The Dutch admiral’s ship has blown up,” one of the men aloft shouted, and a loud cheer broke from the crew.

It was true. The Duke of York in the *Royal Charles*, of eighty guns, and the *Eendracht*, of eighty-four, the flagship of Admiral Obdam, had met and engaged each other fiercely. For a time the Dutchmen had the best of it, and the *Royal Charles* suffered

heavily until a shot from one of her guns struck the Dutchman's magazine, and the *Eendracht* blew up, only five men being rescued out of the five hundred that were on board of her.

5 This accident in no small degree decided the issue of the engagement, for the Dutch at once fell into confusion. Four of their ships, a few hundred yards from the *Henrietta*, fell foul of each other, and while the crews were engaged in trying to separate them an  
10 English fire-ship sailed boldly up and laid herself alongside. A moment later the flames shot up high, and the boat with the crew of the fire-ship rowed to the *Henrietta*. The flames instantly spread to the Dutch men-of-war, and the sailors were seen jumping  
15 over in great numbers. Prince Rupert ordered the boats to be lowered, but only one was found to be uninjured. This was manned and pushed off at once, and, with others from British vessels near, rescued a good many of the Dutch sailors.

20 Still the fight was raging all round; but a short time afterwards three other of the finest ships in the Dutch fleet ran into each other. Another of the English fire-ships hovering near observed the opportunity, and was laid alongside, with the same success as her con-  
25 sort, the three men-of-war being all destroyed.

Two Dutch vice-admirals were killed, and a panic spread through the Dutch fleet. About eight o'clock in the evening between thirty and forty of their ships made off in a body, and the rest speedily followed. During the  
30 fight and the chase eighteen Dutch ships were taken. Fourteen were sunk, besides those burnt and blown up. Only one English ship, the *Charity* had struck, having, at the beginning of the fight been attacked by three Dutch vessels, and lost the greater part of her men,  
35 and was then compelled to surrender to a Dutch vessel of considerably greater strength that came up and joined the others. The English loss was, considering the duration of the fight, extremely small, amounting to but 250 killed, and 340 wounded.

40 As soon as the battle was over Cyril was taken down to a hammock below.

(He spent a restless night. The wind was blowing strongly from the north, and the crews had hard work to keep the vessels off the shore. His wounds did not pain him much, but his hands, arms, face, and legs, smarted intolerably, for his clothes had been almost burnt off him, and refreshing as the sea-bath had been at the moment, it now added to the smarting of the wounds. 5

In the morning Prince Rupert came down to see him.

"It was madness of you to have joined in that *mêlée*, lad, in the state in which you were. It would have marred our pleasure in the victory we have won had you fallen, for to you we all owe our lives and the safety of the ship. No braver deed was performed yesterday than yours. I fear it will be some time before you are able to fight by my side again; but at least, you have done your share, and more." 10 15

Cyril was in less pain now, for the doctor had poured oil over his burns, and had wrapped up his hands in soft bandages. 20

"It was the thought of a moment, Prince," he said.

"Yes, lad, it was but a moment's thought, no doubt, but it is one thing to think, and another to execute, and none but the bravest would have ventured that leap on to the fire-ship. By to-morrow morning we shall be anchored in the river. Would you like to be placed in the hospital at Sheerness, or to be taken up to London?" 25

"I would rather go to London, if I may," Cyril said. "I know that I shall be well nursed at Captain Dave's, and hope, ere long, to be able to rejoin." 30

"Not for some time, lad—not for some time. Your burns will doubtless heal apace, but the wound in your shoulder is serious. The doctor says that the Dutchman's sword has cleft right through your shoulder-bone. 'Tis well that it is your left, for it may be that you will never have its full use again. You are not afraid of the Plague, are you? for on the day we left town there was a rumour that it had at last entered the City." 35

"I am not afraid of it," Cyril said; "and if it should come to Captain Dowsett's house, I would rather 40

be there, that I may do what I can to help those who were so kind to me."

"Just as you like, lad. Do not hurry to rejoin. It is not likely there will be any fighting for some  
5 time, for it will be long before the Dutch are ready to take the sea again after the hammering we have given them."

The next morning Cyril was placed on board a little yacht, called the *Fan Fan*, belonging to the  
10 Prince, and sailed up the river, the ship's company mustering at the side and giving him a hearty cheer. The wind was favourable, and they arrived that afternoon in town. According to the Prince's instructions, the sailors at once placed Cyril on a litter that had  
15 been brought for the purpose, and carried him up to Captain Dowsett's.

The City was in a state of agitation. The news of the victory had arrived but a few hours before, and the church bells were all ringing, flags were flying,  
20 the shops closed, and the people in the streets. John Wilkes came down in answer to the summons of the bell.

"Hullo!" he said; "whom have we here?"

"Don't you know me, John?" Cyril said.

John gave a start of astonishment.

"By St. Anthony, it is Master Cyril! At least,  
25 it is his voice, though it is little I can see of him, and what I see in no way resembles him."

"It is Sir Cyril Shenstone," the captain of the  
30 *Fan Fan*, who had come with the party, said sternly, feeling ruffled at the familiarity with which this rough-looking servitor of a City trader spoke of the gentleman in his charge. "It is Sir Cyril Shenstone, as brave a gentleman as ever drew sword, and who, as I hear, saved Prince Rupert's ship from being burnt  
35 by the Dutchmen."

"He knows me," John Wilkes said bluntly, "and he knows no offence is meant. The Captain and his  
40 dame, and Mistress Nellie are all out, Sir Cyril, but I will look after you till they return. Bring him up, lads. I am an old sailor myself, and fought the Dutch under Blake and Monk more than once."

He led the way upstairs into the best of the spare rooms. Here Cyril was laid on a bed. He thanked the sailors heartily for the care they had taken of him, and the captain handed a letter to John, saying,—

“The young Lord Oliphant asked me to give this to Captain Dowsett, but as he is not at home I pray you to give it him when he returns.”

As soon as they had gone, John returned to the bed.

“This is terrible, Master Cyril. What have they been doing to you? I can see but little of your face for those bandages, but your eyes look mere slits, your flesh is all red and swollen, your eyebrows have gone, your arms and legs are all swathed up in bandages— Have you been blown up with gunpowder?— for surely no wound could have so disfigured you.”

“I have not been blown up, John, but I was burnt by the flames of a Dutch fire-ship that came alongside. It is a matter that a fortnight will set right.”

“And you are not hurt otherwise, Master?” John asked anxiously.

“Yes; I am hurt gravely enough, though not so as to imperil my life. I have a wound on the side of my head, and the same blow, as the doctor says, cleft through my shoulderbone.”

“I had best go and get a surgeon at once,” John said; “though it will be no easy matter, for all the world is agog in the streets.”

“Leave it for the present, John. There is no need whatever for haste. So sit down quietly, and let me hear the news.”

“The news is bad enough, though the Plague has not yet entered the City.”

“The Prince told me that there was a report, before he came on board at Lowestoft, that it had done so.”

“No, it is not yet come; but people are as frightened as if it was raging here. For the last fortnight they have been leaving in crowds from the West End, and many of the citizens are also beginning to move. They frighten themselves like a parcel of children. The comet seemed to many a sign of great disaster.”

Cyril laughed.

"If it could be seen only in London there might be something in it, but as it can be seen all over Europe, it is hard to say why it should augur evil to London especially. It was shining in the sky three  
5 nights ago when we were chasing the Dutch, and they had quite as good reason for thinking it was a sign of misfortune to them as have the Londoners."

"That is true enough", John Wilkes agreed, "though, in truth, I like not to see the thing in the  
10 sky myself. Then people have troubled their heads greatly because, in Master Lilly's Almanack, and other books of prediction, a great pestilence is foretold."

"It needed no great wisdom for that," Cyril said, "seeing that the Plague has been for some time busy  
15 in foreign parts, and that it was here, though not so very bad, in the winter, when these books would have been written."

"That may be, Master Cyril, but methinks if the pestilence is so heavy without the walls, where the  
20 streets are wider and the people less crowded than here, it may well be that we shall have a terrible time of it in the City when it once passes the walls."

"That may well be, John, but cowardly fear will not make things any better. Now, I think that I  
25 could sleep for a bit."

"Do so, Master. Maybe by the time you wake again Captain Dave and the others will be back."

It was dark when Cyril woke at the sound of the bell. He heard voices and movements without,  
30 and then the door was quietly opened.

"I am awake," he said. "You see, I have taken you at your word, and come back to be patched up."

"You are heartily welcome," Mrs. Dowsett said. "Nellie, bring the light. Cyril is awake. We were  
35 sorry indeed when John told us that you had come in our absence."

Nellie now appeared at the door with the light, and gave an exclamation of horror as she approached the  
bedside.

"It is not so bad as it looks, Nellie," Cyril said. Mrs. Dowsett made a sign to Nellie to be silent.



"John told us that you were badly burned and were all wrapped up in bandages, but we did not expect to find you so changed. However, that will soon pass off, I hope."

"I expect I shall be all right in another week, 5  
save for this wound in my shoulder. As for that on my head, it is but of slight consequence. My skull was thick enough to save my brain."

"Well, Master Cyril," Captain Dave said heartily, as he entered the room with a basin of broth in his 10  
hand, and then stopped abruptly.

"Well, Captain Dave, here I am, battered out of all shape, you see, but not seriously damaged in my timbers. There, you see, though I have only been a fortnight at sea, I am getting quite nautical." 15

"That is right, lad—that is right," Captain Dave said, a little unsteadily.

"But I think it were best first, that John and I should get you comfortably into bed."

"That will be best," his wife agreed. 20

As soon as Cyril was comfortably settled John Wilkes was sent to call in a doctor, who, after examining him, said that the burns were doing well, and that he would send in some cooling lotion to be applied to them frequently. As to the wounds, he said they 25  
had been so skilfully bandaged that it were best to leave them alone, unless great pain set in.

Another four days, and Cyril's face had so far recovered its usual condition that the swelling was almost abated, and the bandages could be removed. 30  
The peak of the helmet had sheltered it a good deal, and it had suffered less than his hands and arms. Captain Dave and John had sat up with him by turns at night, while the Dame and her daughter had taken care of him during the day. He had slept a great 35  
deal and had not been allowed to talk at all. This prohibition was now removed, as the doctor said that the burns were now all healing fast, and that he no longer had any fear of fever setting in.

"We have one piece of bad news to tell you, 40  
Cyril," Mrs. Dowsett remarked that day. "We heard

this morning that the Plague has come at last into the City. Dr. Burnet was attacked yesterday."

"That is bad news indeed, though it was not to be expected that it would spare the City. If you will  
5 take my advice, you will go away at once, before matters get worse, for if the Plague gets a hold here the country people will have nothing to do with Londoners, fearing that they will bring the infection among them."

10 "We shall not go until you are fit to go with us, Cyril," Nellie said indignantly.

"Then you will worry me into a fever," Cyril replied. "I am getting on well now, and as you said, when you were talking of it before, you should leave  
15 John in charge of the house and shop, he will be able to do everything that is necessary for me. If you stay here, and the Plague increases, I shall keep on worrying myself at the thought that you are risking your lives needlessly for me, and if it should come  
20 into the house, and any of you die, I shall charge myself all my life with having been the cause of your death."

"Do not agitate yourself," Mrs. Dowsett said gently, pressing him quietly back on to the pillows  
25 from which he had risen in his excitement. "We will talk it over, and see what is for the best. It is but a solitary case yet, and may spread no further. In a few days we shall see how matters go. Things have not come to a bad pass yet."

30 Cyril, however, was not to be consoled. Hitherto he had given comparatively small thought to the Plague, but now that it was in the City, and he felt that his presence alone prevented the family from leaving, he worried incessantly over it.

35 "Your patient is not so well," the doctor said to Mrs. Dowsett, next morning. "Yesterday he was quite free from fever. If this goes on, I fear that we shall have great trouble."

40 "He is agitating himself because we do not go out of town. We had, indeed, made up our minds to do so, but we could not leave him here."

"Your nursing would be valuable certainly, but if he goes on as he is, he will soon be in a high fever. Is there no one who could take care of him if you went?"

"John Wilkes will remain behind, and could 5 certainly be trusted to do everything that you directed; but that is not like women, doctor."

"No, I am well aware of that; but if things go on well he will really not need nursing, while, if fever sets in badly, the best nursing may not save him. 10 If you will take my advice, Dame, you will carry out your intention, and leave at once. I hear there are several new cases of the Plague to-day in the City, and those who can go should lose no time in doing so; but, even if not for your own sakes, I should 15 say go for that of your patient."

"Will you speak to my husband, doctor? I am ready to do whatever is best for our patient, whom we love dearly, and regard almost as a son."

"If he were a son I should give the same advice. 20 Yes, I will see Captain Dowsett."

Half an hour later, Cyril was told what the doctor's advice had been, and, seeing that he was bent on it, and that if they stayed they would do him more harm than good, they resolved to start the next day 25 for Gloucestershire.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Reluctant as they were to leave Cyril, Mrs. Dowsett and her daughter soon saw that the doctor's advice was good. Cyril did not say much, but an expression of restful satisfaction came over his face, 30 and it was not long before he fell into a quiet sleep that contrasted strongly with the restless state in which he had passed the night.

"You see I was right, madam," the doctor said that evening. "The fever has not quite left him, but 35 he is a different man to what he was this morning; another quiet night's rest, and he will regain the

ground he has lost. I think you can go in perfect comfort so far as he is concerned. Another week and he will be up, if nothing occurs to throw him back again; but of course it will be weeks before he can  
5 use his arm."

John Wilkes had been sent off as soon as it was settled that they would go, and had bought, at Epping, a waggon and a pair of strong horses. It had a tilt, and the ladies were to sleep in it on the journey, as  
10 it was certain that, until they were far away from London, they would be unable to obtain lodgings. Early next morning they started.

"It seems heartless to leave you, Cyril," Nellie said, as they came in to say good-bye.

15 "Not heartless at all," Cyril replied. "I know that you are going because I wish it."

Nellie and her mother went away in tears, and Captain Dave himself was a good deal upset. They were somewhat consoled by seeing that Cyril was un-  
20 doubtedly better and brighter. He had slept all night without waking, his hands were cool, and the flush had entirely left his cheek.

"If they were starting on a voyage to the Indies they could not be in a greater taking," John Wilkes  
25 said, on returning to Cyril's bedside.

"I am heartily glad they are gone, John. If the Plague grows there will be a terrible time here. Is the shop shut?"

30 "Ay; the man went away two days ago, and we sent off the two 'prentices yesterday. We shall have a quiet time of it, you and I; we shall be like men in charge of an old hulk."

Another week, and Cyril was up. All his bandages, except those on the shoulder and head, had been thrown  
35 aside. John had wanted to sit up with him, but as Cyril would not hear of this, he had moved his bed into the same room, so that he could be up in a moment if anything was wanted. He went out every day to bring in the news.

40 "There is little enough to tell, Master Cyril," he said one day. "So far, the Plague grows but slowly

in the City, though, indeed, it is no fault of the people that it does not spread rapidly. Most of them seem scared out of their wits; they gather together and talk, with white faces, and one man tells of a dream that his wife has had, and another of a voice that he says he has heard; and some have seen ghosts. Yesterday I came upon a woman with a crowd round her; she was staring up at a white cloud, and swore that she could plainly see an angel with a white sword, and some of the others cried that they saw it too. They say the magistrates are going to issue notices about shutting up houses, and to have watchmen at the doors to see none come in or go out, and that they are going to appoint examiners in every parish to go from house to house to search for infected persons."

"I suppose these are proper steps to take," Cyril said, "but it will be a difficult thing to keep people shut up in houses where one is infected. No doubt it would be a good thing at the commencement of the illness, but when it has once spread itself, and the very air becomes infected, it seems to me that it will do but little good, while it will assuredly cause great distress and trouble. I long to be able to get up myself, and to see about things."

After a fortnight Cyril was able to do so. The Plague had still spread, but so slowly that people began to hope that the City would be spared any great calamity, for they were well on in July, and in another six weeks the heat of summer would be passed. Some of those who had gone into the country returned, more shops had been opened, and the panic had somewhat subsided.

"What do you mean to do, Master Cyril?" John Wilkes asked that evening. "Of course you cannot join the Fleet again, for it will be, as the doctor says, another two months before your shoulder-bone will have knit strongly enough for you to use your arm. I don't say you are fit to travel yet, but you should be able before long to start on a journey, and might travel down into Gloucestershire, where you will be

gladly welcomed by the Captain. Or, should you not care for that, you might go aboard a ship. There are hundreds of them lying idle in the river, and many families have taken up their homes there, so as to be  
5 free from all risks of meeting infected persons in the streets.”)

“I think I shall stay here, John, and keep you company. If the Plague dies away, well and good. If it gets bad, we can shut ourselves up. Besides,  
10 John, neither you nor I are afraid of the Plague, and it is certain that it is fear that makes most people take it. If it becomes bad, there will be terrible need for help, and maybe we shall be able to do some good. If we are not afraid of facing death in battle,  
15 why should we fear it by the Plague. It is as noble a death to die helping one’s fellow-countrymen in their sore distress as in fighting for one’s country.”

“That is true enough, Master Cyril, if folks did but see it so. I do not see what we could do, but if  
20 there be aught, you can depend on me.”)

Towards the end of the month the Plague spread rapidly, and all work ceased in the parishes most affected. But, just as it had raged for weeks in the Western parishes outside the City, so it seemed  
25 restricted by certain invisible lines, after it had made its entry within the walls, and while it raged in some parts others were entirely unaffected, and here shops were open, and the streets still retained something of their usual appearance. The Lord Mayor, some of the  
30 Aldermen, and most other rich citizens, had hastened to leave the City. While many of the clergy were deserting their flocks, and many doctors their patients, others remained firmly at their posts, and worked incessantly, and did all that was possible in order to  
35 check the spread of the Plague and to relieve the distress of the poor.

Numbers of the women were engaged as nurses. Examiners were appointed in each parish, and these, with their assistants, paid house-to-house visitations,  
40 in order to discover any who were infected; and as soon as the case was discovered the house was closed,

and none suffered to go in or out, a watchman being placed before the door day and night.

So great was the dread of the people at the thought of being shut up in their houses, without communication with the world, that every means was used for concealing the fact that one of the inmates was smitten down. This was the more easy because the early stages of the disease were without pain, and people were generally ignorant that they had been attacked until within a few hours, and sometimes within a few minutes, of their death; consequently, when the Plague had once spread, all the precautions taken to prevent its increase were useless.

Cyril frequently went up to view the infected districts. He was not moved by curiosity, but by a desire to see if there were no way of being of use. There was not a street but many of the houses were marked with the red cross. The air rang with pitiful cries. Sometimes women, distraught with terror or grief, screamed wildly through open windows. Sometimes people talked from the upper stories to their neighbours on either hand, or opposite, prisoners like themselves, each telling their lamentable tale of misery, of how many had died and how many remained.

It was by no means uncommon to see on the pavement men and women who, in the excess of despair or pain, had thrown themselves headlong down. While such sounds and sights filled Cyril with horror, they aroused still more his feelings of pity and desire to be of some use. Very frequently he went on errands for people who called down from above to him. Money was lowered in a tin dish, or other vessel, in which it lay covered with vinegar as a disinfectant. Taking it out, he would go and buy the required articles, generally food or medicine, and, returning, place them in a basket that was again lowered.

Sometimes Cyril went into a church when he saw the door open. Here very small congregations would be gathered, for there was a fear on the part of all of meeting with strangers. One day, he was passing a church that had hitherto been always closed,

its incumbent being one of those who had fled at the outbreak of the Plague. Upon entering he saw a larger congregation than usual, some twenty or thirty people being present.

5 The minister had just mounted the pulpit, and was beginning his address as Cyril entered. The latter was struck with his appearance. He was a man of some thirty years of age, with a strangely earnest face. His voice was deep, but soft and flexible. The  
10 very text seemed strange at such a time: "*Rejoice ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*" From most of the discourses he had heard Cyril had gone out depressed rather than inspirited. They had been pitched in one tone. The terrible scourge that raged round  
15 them was held up as a punishment sent by the wrath of God upon a sinful people, and the congregation were warned to prepare themselves for the fate, that might at any moment be theirs, by repentance and humiliation. The preacher to whom Cyril was now  
20 listening spoke in an altogether different strain.

{“You are all soldiers of Christ,” he said, “and now is an opportunity given to you to show that you are worthy soldiers. When the troops of a worldly  
25 monarch go in to battle they do so with head erect, with proud and resolute bearing, with flashing eye, and with high courage, determined to bear aloft his banner and to crown it with victory, even though it cost them their lives. Such is the mien that soldiers  
30 of Christ should bear in the mortal strife now raging round us. Let them show the same fearlessness of death, the same high courage, the same unlimited confidence in their Leader. What matter if they die in His service? He has bidden them visit the sick and comfort the sorrowing. What if there be danger  
35 in the work? Did He shrink from the Cross which was to end His work of love. This is a noble opportunity for holding high the banner of Christ. There is work to be done for all, and as the work is done, men should see by the calm courage, the cheerfulness,  
40 and the patience of those that do it, that they know that they are doing His work, and that they are



content to leave the issue, whatever it be, in His hands."

Such was the tone in which, for half an hour, he spoke. When he had finished he offered up a prayer, gave the blessing, and then came down from the pulpit 5 and spoke to several of the congregation. He was evidently personally known to most of them. One by one, after a few words, they left the church. Cyril remained to the last.

"I am willing to work, sir," he said, as the preacher came up, "but, so far, no work has come in 10 my way."

"Have you father or mother, or any dependent on you?"

"No one, sir." 15

"Then come along with me; I lodge close by. I have eaten nothing to-day, and must keep up my strength, I have a long round of calls to make."

"This is the first time I have seen the church open," Cyril said, as they went out. 20

"It is not my church, sir, nor do I belong to the Church of England; I am an Independent. But as many of the pastors have fled and left their sheep untended, so have we—for there are others besides myself who have done so—taken possession of their 25 empty pulpits, none gainsaying us, and are doing what good we can. You have been in the war, I see," he went on, glancing at Cyril's arm, which was carried in a sling.

"Yes; I was at the battle of Lowestoft, and having 30 been wounded there, came to London to stay in a friend's house till I was cured. He and his family have left, but I myself have little fear of the plague."

"That is the best of all preservatives from its 35 ravages, although not a sure one; for many doctors who have laboured fearlessly have yet died. Have you thought of any way of being useful?"

"No, sir; that is what is troubling me. As you see, I have but the use of one arm, and I have not 40 got back my full strength by a long way."

“Every one can be useful if he chooses,” the minister said. “There is need everywhere among this stricken, frightened, helpless people, of men of calm courage and cool heads. Nine out of ten are so scared  
5 out of their senses, when once the Plague enters the houses, as to be well-nigh useless, and yet the law hinders those who would help if they could. I am compelled to labour, not among those who are sick, but among those who are well. When one enters a  
10 house with the red cross on the door, he may leave it no more until he is either borne out to the dead-cart, or the Plague has wholly disappeared within it, and a month has elapsed. The sole exception are the doctors; and yet, so few is their number and so heavy  
15 already their losses, that not one in a hundred of those that are smitten can have their aid. Here is one coming now, one of the best—Dr. Hodges. If you are indeed willing so to risk your life, I will speak to him. But I know not your name?”

20 “My name is Cyril Shenstone.”

The clergyman looked at him suddenly, and would have spoken, but the doctor was now close to them.

“Ah! Mr. Wallace,” he said, “I am glad to see you, and to know that, so far, you have not taken the  
25 disease, although constantly going into the worst neighbourhoods.”

“Like yourself, Dr. Hodges, I have no fear of it.”

“I do not say I have no fear,” the doctor replied. “I do my duty so far as I can, but I do not doubt  
30 that, sooner or later, I shall catch the malady, as many of us have done already. I take such precautions as I can, but the distemper seems to baffle all precautions. My only grief is that our skill avails so little. So far we have found nothing that seems to  
35 be of any real use. Perhaps if we could attack it in the earlier stages we might be more successful. The strange nature of the disease, and the way in which it does its work before the patient is himself aware of it, puts it out of our power to combat it. In many  
40 cases I am not sent for until the patient is at the point of death, and by the time I reach his door I

am met with the news that he is dead. But I must be going."

"One moment, Dr. Hodges. This young gentleman has been expressing to me his desire to be of use. Would you take him as an assistant? He has no 5 relations or friends, and therefore considers himself free to venture his life."

The doctor looked earnestly at Cyril and then raised his hat.

"Young sir," he said, "since you are willing so 10 to venture your life, I will gladly accept your help. There are few enough clear heads in this city, God knows. But I am pressed for time. Here is my card. Call on me this evening at six, and we will talk further on the matter." 15

Shaking hands with the minister he hurried away.

"Come as far as my lodgings," Mr. Wallace said to Cyril, "and stay with me while I eat my meal.

"Your name is Shenstone. I come from Norfolk. There was a family of that name which formerly had 20 estates near my native place. One Sir Aubrey Shenstone was at its head—a brave gentleman."

"Sir Aubrey was my father," Cyril said quietly; "he died a year ago. I am his only son."

"And therefore Sir Cyril," the minister said, 25 "though you did not so name yourself."

"It was needless," Cyril said. "I have no estates to support my title".

They now reached the door of Mr. Wallace's lodging, and went up to his room on the first floor. 30

"Neglect no precaution," the minister said. "No one should throw away his life. I myself carry camphor in my pockets, and when I return from preaching among people of whom some may well have the infection, I bathe my face and hands with vinegar, 35 and, pouring some upon a hot iron, fill the room with its vapour. My life is useful, I hope, and I would fain keep it, as long as it is the Lord's will, to work in His service. As a rule, I take wine and bread before I go out in the morning, though to-day I was 40 pressed for time, and neglected it. I should advise

you always to do so. I am convinced that a full man has less chance of catching the infection than a fasting one, and that it is the weakness many men suffer from their fears, and from their loss of appetite from grief,  
5 that causes them to take it so easily.”

After the meal, in which he insisted upon Cyril joining him, was concluded, Mr. Wallace uttered a short prayer that Cyril might safely pass through the work he had undertaken.

10 “I trust,” he said, “that you will come here frequently? I generally have a few friends here of an evening. We try to be cheerful, and to strengthen each other, and I am sure we all have comfort at these meetings.”

15 “Thank you, I will come sometimes, sir; but as a rule I must return home, for my friend, John Wilkes, would sorely miss my company, and is so good and faithful a fellow that I would not seem to desert him on any account.”

20 “Do as you think right, lad, but remember there will always be a welcome for you here when you choose to come.”

John Wilkes was dismayed when he heard of Cyril’s intention.

25 “Well, Master Cyril,” he said, after smoking his pipe in silence for some time, “it is not for me to hinder you in what you have made up your mind to do. I don’t say that if I wasn’t on duty here that I mightn’t go and do what I could for these poor creatures. But  
30 I don’t know. It is one thing to face a deadly fever like this Plague if it comes on board your own ship, for there is no getting out of it; and as you have got to face it, why, says I, do it as a man; but as for going out of your way to put yourself in the middle  
35 of it, that is going a bit beyond me.”

“Well, John, you didn’t think it foolish when I went as a Volunteer to fight the Dutch. It was just the same thing, you know.”

40 “I will say nothing more against it, Master Cyril. Still, I do not see exactly what you are going to do; with one arm you could scarce hold down a raving man.”

"I am not going to be a nurse, certainly, John," Cyril said, with a laugh. "I expect that the doctor wants certain cases watched."

"When I was in the Levant, and the pest was bad there," John Wilkes said, "I heard that the Turks, when seized with the distemper, sometimes wrapped themselves up in a great number of clothes, so that they sweated heavily, and that this seemed, in some cases, to draw off the fever, and so the patient recovered."

"That seems a sensible sort of treatment, John, and worth trying with this Plague."

On calling on Dr. Hodges that afternoon, Cyril found that he had rightly guessed the nature of the work that the doctor wished him to perform.

"I can never rely upon the nurses," he said. "I give instructions with medicines, but in most cases I am sure that the instructions are never carried out. The relations and friends are too frightened to think or act calmly, too full of grief for the sick, and anxiety for those who have not yet taken the illness, to watch the changes in the patient. As to the nurses, they are often drunk the whole time they are in the house. Sometimes, they fear to go near the sick man or woman; sometimes, undoubtedly, they hasten death. We give the nurses instructions to fumigate the room by evaporating vinegar upon hot irons, by burning spices and drugs, by sprinkling perfumes. So far, I cannot see that these measures have been of any service, but I cannot say how thoroughly they have been carried out, and I sorely need an assistant to see that the system is fairly tried. It is not necessary that he should be a doctor, but he must be calm and firm, and he must be regarded by the people as a doctor. If you will undertake this, I shall introduce you as my assistant, and say that you are to be obeyed as implicitly as if I myself were present. Are you ready to undertake this work?"

"Quite ready, sir."

"Then come round here at eight in the morning. I shall have heard by that hour from the examiners of this parish of any fresh case they have found. They begin their rounds at five o'clock."

The next day Cyril presented himself at the doctor's, dressed in black, and a flowing wig he had purchased the night before.

5 "Here are the cane and snuff-box," Dr. Hodges said. "Now you will pass muster very well as my assistant. Let us be off at once, for I have a long list of cases."

Cyril remained outside while Doctor Hodges went into three or four houses. Presently he came down  
10 to the door, and said to him:

"This is a case where things are favourable for a first trial. It is a boy who is taken ill, and the parents, though in deep grief, seem to have some sense left."

15 He turned to the watchman, who had already been placed at the door. The man, who evidently knew him, had saluted respectfully when he entered the house.

"This gentleman is my assistant," he said, "and  
20 you will allow him to pass in and out just as you would myself. He is going to take this case entirely in hand, and you will regard him as being in charge here."

He then re-entered the house with Cyril, and led  
25 him to the room where the parents of the boy, and two elder sisters, were assembled.

"This is my assistant," he said, "and he has consented to take entire charge of the case, though I myself shall look in and consult with him every  
30 morning. In the first place, your son must be taken to the top storey of the house. You say that you are ready to nurse him yourselves, and do not wish that a paid nurse should be had in. I commend your determination. But only one of you must go into the  
35 room, and whoever goes in must stay there. Which of you will undertake the duty?"

All four at once offered themselves, and there was an earnest contest between them for the dangerous post. Dr. Hodges listened for a minute or two, and  
40 then decided upon the elder of the two sisters—a quiet, resolute-looking girl with a healthy face.

"This young lady shall be nurse," he said. "I feel that I can have confidence in her. She looks healthy and strong, and would, methinks, best resist the malady, should she take it. I am leaving my assistant here for a time to see to the fumigation of the house. 5 You will please see that his orders are carried out in every respect. I have every hope that if this is done the Plague will not spread further; but much must depend upon yourselves. Do not give way to grief, but encourage each other, and go about with calm 10 minds. I see," he said, pointing to a Bible on the table, "that you know where to go for comfort and strength. The first thing is to carry the boy up to the room that we chose for him."

"I will do that," the father said. 15

"He had better be left in the blankets in which he is lying. Cover him completely over with them, for, above all, it is necessary that you should not inhale his breath. You had better take the head and your daughter the feet. But first see that the room 20 upstairs is prepared."

In a few minutes the lad was transferred to the upper room, the doctor warning the others not to enter that from which he had been carried until it had been fumigated and sprinkled with vinegar. 25

"Now," he said to the girl who was to remain with the patient, "keep the window wide open. Keep the door shut, and open it only when you have need for something. Give him a portion of this medicine every half hour. Do not lean over him—remember 30 that his breath is a fatal poison. Put a pinch of these powdered spices into the fire every few minutes. Pour this perfume over your handkerchief, and put it over your mouth and nose whenever you approach the bed. He is in a stupor now, poor lad, 35 and I fear that his chance of recovery is very slight; but you must remember that your own life is of value to your parents and that if you take the contagion it may spread through the house. We shall hang a sheet, soaked in vinegar, outside the 40 door."

"We could not have a better case for a trial," he said, as he went downstairs and joined Cyril, whom he had bidden wait below. "The people are all calm and sensible, and if we succeed not here, there is  
5 small chance of our succeeding elsewhere."

The doctor then gave detailed orders as to fumigating the house, and left. Cyril saw at once that a brazier of charcoal was lighted and carried upstairs, and he called to the girl to come out and fetch it in.  
10 All the doors of the other rooms were then thrown open, and a quantity of tobacco, spices, and herbs, were burnt on a red-hot iron at the foot of the stairs, until the house was filled with a dense smoke. After half an hour all the windows were opened.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

15 As soon as the smoke cleared away, Cyril set all to work to carry up articles of furniture to another bedroom on the top floor.

"When your daughter is released from nursing, madam," he said, "she must at once come into this  
20 room, and remain there secluded for a few days. Therefore, it will be well to make it as comfortable as possible for her. Her food must be taken up and put outside the door, so that she can take it in without any of you going near her."

25 The occupation was a useful one, as it distracted the thoughts of those engaged in it from the sick room.

Cyril did not enter there. He had told the girl to call him should there be any necessity, but said,—

30 "Do not call me unless absolutely needful."  
Every half hour he went upstairs, and inquired, through the door, as to the state of the boy.

Late in the afternoon he heard the girl crying bitterly within. He knocked, and she cried out,—

35 "He is dead, sir; he has just expired."  
"Then you must think of yourself and the others," he said. "The small packet I placed on the chair contains sulphur. Close the window, then place the



packet on the fire, and leave the room at once and go into the next room, which is all ready for you. There, I pray you, undress, and sponge yourself with vinegar, then make your clothes into a bundle and put them outside the door. There will be a bowl of hot broth in readiness for you there; drink that, and then go to bed at once, and keep the blankets over you and try to sleep." 5

He went part of the way downstairs, and, in a minute or two, heard a door open and shut, then another door shut. Knowing that the order had been carried out, he went downstairs. 10

"Madam," he said, "God has taken your boy. The doctor had but little hope for him. For the sake of yourself and those around you, I pray you all to bear up against the sorrow." 15

The mother burst into tears, and, leaving her with her husband and daughter, Cyril went into the kitchen, and bade the servant at once warm up the broth, that had already been prepared. As soon as it was ready, he carried a basin upstairs. The bundle of clothes had already been placed outside the girl's room. He took this down and put it on the kitchen fire. 20

"Now," he said, "take four basins up to the parlour, and make a hearty meal. I think there is little fear of the Plague spreading, and your best chance of avoiding it is by keeping up your spirits and not fretting about it." 25

As soon as the broth had been taken into the parlour, he went in and persuaded them to eat and to take a glass of wine with it, while he himself sat down with them. 30

"You are all weak," he said, "for, doubtless, you have eaten nothing to-day, and you need strength as well as courage. I trust that your daughter will presently go off into a sound sleep. The last thing before you go to bed, take up with you a basin of good posset with a glass of wine in it; knock gently at her door; if she is awake, tell her to come out and take it in as soon as you have gone, but if she does not reply, do not rouse her. I can be of no 35 40

further use to-night, but will return in the morning, when I hope to find all is well."

The father accompanied him to the door.

5 "God bless you, sir!" the man said. "You have been a comfort indeed to us, and I have good hopes that the Plague will spread no further among us."

Cyril went first to the doctor's, and reported what had taken place.

10 "I will go in the morning and see how they are," he concluded, "and bring you word before you start on your rounds."

"You have done very well indeed," the doctor said. "If people everywhere would be as calm, and obey orders as well as those you have been with,  
15 I should have good hopes that we might check the spread of the Plague; but you will find that they are quite the exception."

This, indeed, proved to be the case. In many instances, the people were so distracted with grief and  
20 fear that they ran about the house like mad persons, crying and screaming, running in and out of the sick chamber, or sitting there crying helplessly, and refusing to leave the body until it was carried out to the dead-cart.

25 To his great satisfaction, Cyril found that the precautions taken in the first case proved successful. Regularly, every morning, he inquired at the door, and received the answer, "All are well."

In August the Plague greatly increased in vio-  
30 lence, the deaths rising to ten thousand a week. A dull despair had now seized the population. It seemed that all were to be swept away. Many went out of their minds. Robberies were rife. Regardless of the danger of the pest, robbers broke into the  
35 houses where all the inmates had perished by the Plague, and rifled them of their valuables. The nurses plundered the dying. All natural affection seemed at an end. Those stricken were often deserted by all their relatives, and left alone to perish.

40 Cyril went occasionally in the evening to the lodgings of Mr. Wallace. At first he met several

people gathered there, but the number became fewer every time he went.

Among others Cyril was introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, who were, the minister told him, from the country, but were staying in town on account of a painful family business. 5

"I have tried to persuade them to return home and to stay there until the Plague ceases, but they conceive it their duty to remain. They are, like myself, Independents, and are not easily to be turned from a resolution they have taken." 10

Cyril could quite well understand that Mr. Harvey was exactly what he, from the description he had heard of them, had pictured to himself that a Round-head soldier would be. He had a stern face. He wore his hair cut close. His figure was bony, and he must, as a young man, have been very powerful. He spoke in a slow, deliberate way, that struck Cyril as being the result of long effort, for a certain restless action of the fingers and the quick movement of the eye told of a naturally impulsive and fiery disposition. He constantly used scriptural texts in the course of his speech. His wife was gentle and quiet, but it was evident that there was a very strong sympathy between them, and Cyril found, after meeting them once or twice, that he liked them far better than he thought he should do on their first introduction. This was, no doubt, partly due to the fact that Mr. Harvey frequently entered into conversation with him, and appeared to interest himself in him. 20 25 30

One evening, Mr. Harvey and his wife were absent from the usual gathering.

"I feel anxious about them," Mr. Wallace said; "they have never, since they arrived in town, missed coming here at seven o'clock. The bells are usually striking the hour as they come. I fear that one or other of them may have been seized by the Plague." 35

"With your permission, sir, I will run round and see," Cyril said. "I know their lodging, for I have accompanied them to the door several times. It is but five minutes' walk from here. If one or other is 40

ill I will run round to Dr. Hodges, and I am sure, at my request, he will go at once to see them."

5 Cyril walked fast towards the lodging occupied by the Harveys.

As he neared the house he heard a woman scream. A moment later a casement was thrown open, and Mrs. Harvey's head appeared. She gave another piercing cry for help, and was then suddenly dragged back, and the casement was violently closed. Cyril ran to the door and flung himself against it.

"Help me to force it down," he cried to a man who was passing.

15 "You are mad," the man replied. "Do you not see that they have got the Plague? You may hear hundreds of such cries every day."

Cyril drew his sword, which he always carried when he went out of an evening and struck, with all his strength, with the hilt upon the fastening of the casement next the door, till the fastening gave way, and the window flew open. He sprang in at once, ran through the shop below into the passage, and then upstairs. The door was open, and he nearly fell over the body of a man. As he ran into the room he heard the words,—

25 "For the last time: Will you sign the deed?"

Cyril sprang forward between the man and Mr. Harvey, who was standing with his arms folded, looking steadfastly at his opponent, who was menacing him with a drawn sword. The man, with a terrible oath, made a furious lunge at Cyril who parried it, and would at the next moment have run him through had not Mr. Harvey suddenly thrown himself between them, hurling Cyril's antagonist to the ground.

35 "Put up your sword," he said to Cyril. "This man is my son; scoundrel and villain, yet still my son, even though he has raised his hand against me. Leave him to God."

Cyril had stepped a pace back in his surprise. The man was about to rise from the floor when Cyril again sprang forward.

"Drop that sword," he exclaimed, "or I will run you through. Now, sir," he said to Mr. Harvey, "will you draw out that pistol, whose butt projects from his pocket, or your son may do one of us mischief yet?"

That such had been the man's intention was evident from the glance of baffled rage he threw at Cyril. 5

"Now, sir, go," his father said sternly. "Remember that, henceforth, you are no son of mine. Did I do my duty I should hand you over to the watch—not for your threats to me, but for the sword-thrust you have given to Joseph Edmonds, who has many times carried you on his shoulder when a child. Now go." 10

John Harvey rose to his feet, and walked to the door. Then he turned and shook his fist at Cyril.

"Curse you!" he said. "I will be even with you yet." 15

Cyril now had time to look round. His eye fell upon the figure of Mrs. Harvey, who had fallen insensible. He made a step towards her, but her husband said: "She has but fainted. This is more pressing," and he turned to the old servant. Cyril aided him in lifting the old man up and laying him on the couch. 20

"He breathes," said he.

"He is wounded to death," Mr. Harvey said sadly; "and my son hath done it."

Cyril opened the servant's coat. 25

"Here is the wound, high up on the left side. It may not touch a vital part. It bleeds freely, and I have heard that that is a good sign."

"It is so," Mr. Harvey said excitedly. "Perhaps he may yet recover. I would give all that I am worth that it might be so, and that, bad as he may be, the sin of this murder should not rest on my son's soul." 30

"I will run for the doctor, sir, but before I go let me help you to lift your wife. She will doubtless come to shortly, and will aid you to stanch the wound till the doctor comes." 35

Mrs. Harvey was indeed already showing signs of returning animation. She was placed on a couch, and water sprinkled on her face. As soon as he saw her eyes open Cyril caught up his hat and ran to 40

Dr. Hodges. The doctor had just finished his supper, and was on the point of going out again to see some of his patients. On hearing from Cyril that a servant of some friends of his had been wounded by a robber, he put some lint and bandages in his pocket, and started with him.

When they reached the house Cyril found that Mrs. Harvey had quite recovered. They had cut open the man's clothes and Mr. Harvey was pressing a handkerchief, closely folded, upon the wound.

"It is serious, but, I think, not vital," Dr. Hodges said, after examining it. "I feel sure that the sword has missed the lung."

After cutting off the rest of the man's upper garments, he poured, from a phial he had brought with him, a few drops of a powerful styptic into the wound, placed a thick pad of lint over it, and bandaged it securely. Then, he hurried away.

"Is there anything more I can do, sir?" Cyril asked Mr. Harvey.

"Nothing more. You will understand, sir, what our feelings are, and that our hearts are too full of grief and emotion for us to speak. We shall watch together to-night, and lay our case before the Lord."

"Then I will come early in the morning and see if there is aught I can do, sir. I am going back now to Mr. Wallace, who was uneasy at your absence. I suppose you would wish me to say only that I found that there was a robber in the place who, having wounded your servant, was on the point of attacking you when I entered, and that he fled almost immediately."

"That will do. Say to him that for to-night we shall be busy nursing, and that my wife is greatly shaken; therefore I would not that he should come round, but I pray him to call here in the morning."

"I will do so, sir."

Cyril went downstairs, closed the shutters of the window into which he had broken, and put up the bars, and then went out at the door, taking special pains to close it firmly behind him.

He was glad to be out of the house. He had seen many sad scenes during the last few weeks, but it seemed to him that this was the saddest of all. Better, a thousand times, to see a son stricken by the Plague than this. He walked slowly back to the minister's. He met Mr. Wallace at the door of his house. 5

"I was coming round," the latter said. "Of course one or other of them are stricken?"

"No, sir; it was another cause that prevented their coming. Just as I reached the house I heard a scream, and Mrs. Harvey appeared at the casement calling for help. I forced open a window and ran up. I found that a robber had entered the house. He had seriously wounded the old servant, and was on the point of attacking Mr. Harvey when I entered. Taken by surprise, the man fled almost immediately. Mrs. Harvey had fainted. At first, we thought the servant was killed, but, finding that he lived, I ran off and fetched Dr. Hodges, who has dressed the wound, and thinks that the man has a good chance of recovery. I said I was coming to you, and Mr. Harvey asked me to say that they should be glad if you would go round to them early in the morning." 15 20

"Then the robber got away unharmed?" Mr. Wallace asked. 25

"He was unharmed, sir. I would rather that you did not question me on the subject. However, I may say that I believe that there are private matters in the affair, which Mr. Harvey will probably himself communicate to you." 30

"Then I will ask no more questions. I am well content to know that it is not as I feared, and that the Plague has not attacked them." 35

## CHAPTER XIV.

Two days later, Cyril started at his usual hour to go to Dr. Hodges'; but he had proceeded but a few yards when a man, who was leaning against the wall, suddenly lurched forward and caught him round the 35

neck. Thinking that the fellow had been drinking, Cyril angrily tried to shake him off. As he did so the man's hat, which had been pressed down over his eyes, fell off, and, to his astonishment, Cyril recognised  
5 John Harvey.

"You villain! What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, as he freed himself from the embrace, sending his assailant staggering back against the wall.

The man's face lit up with a look of savage  
10 exultation.

"I told you you should hear from me again," he said, "and I have kept my word. I knew the hour you went out, and I have been waiting for you. You are a doomed man. I have the Plague, and I have  
15 breathed in your face. Before twenty-four hours have passed you will be, as I am, a dying man. That is a good piece of vengeance."

Cyril drew back in horror. As he did so, a change came over John Harvey's face, he muttered a few  
20 words incoherently, swayed backwards and forwards, and then slid to the ground in a heap. A rush of blood poured from his mouth, and he fell over dead.

Cyril had seen more than one similar death in the streets, but the horrible malignity of this man, and his sudden death, gave him a terrible shock. He  
25 felt for the moment completely unmanned, and, conscious that he was too unhinged for work, he turned and went back to the house.

"You look pale, lad," John Wilkes said, as Cyril  
30 went upstairs. "What brings you back so soon?"

"I have had rather a shock, John." And he told him of what had happened.

"That was enough to startle you, lad. I should say the best thing you could do would be to take a  
35 good strong tumbler of grog, and then lay down."

"That I will do, and will take a dose of the medicine Dr. Hodges makes every one take when the infection first shows itself in a house. As you know, I have never had any fear of the Plague hitherto.  
40 I don't say that I am afraid of it now, but I have run a far greater risk of catching it than I have ever



done before, for until now I have never been in actual contact with any one who had the disease."

After a sleep Cyril rose, and feeling himself again, went to call upon Mr. Wallace.

"I shall not come again for a few days," he said, 5  
after telling him what had happened, but without mentioning the name of John Harvey, "but I will send you a note every other day by John Wilkes. If he does not come, you will know that I have taken the malady, and in that case, Mr. Wallace, I know that 10  
I shall have your prayers for my recovery. I am sure that I shall be well cared for by John Wilkes."

"Of my prayers you may be sure, Cyril; and, indeed, I have every faith that, should you catch the malady, you will recover from it. You will, I am sure, 15  
be calm and composed, and above all you have faith in God."

The next day Cyril was conscious of no change except that he felt a disinclination to exert himself. The next morning he had a feeling of nausea. 20

"I think that I am in for it, John," he said. "But at any rate it can do no harm to try that remedy you spoke of that is used in the East. First of all, let us fumigate the room. As far as I have seen, the smoke of tobacco is the best preservative against the 25  
Plague. Now do you, John, keep a bit of tobacco in your mouth."

"That I mostly do, lad."

"Well, keep a bigger bit than usual, John, and smoke steadily. How are you going to set about this 30  
sweating process?"

"While you undress and get into bed I will get a blanket ready. It is to be dipped in boiling water, and then wrung out until it is as dry as we can get it. Then you are wrapped in that, and then rolled in five 35  
or six dry blankets to keep in the heat. You will keep in that until you feel almost weak with sweating; then I take you out and sponge you with warmish water, and then wrap you in another dry blanket."

"You had better sponge me with vinegar, John." 40

Cyril undressed. When he had done so he carefully examined himself, and his eye soon fell on a black spot on the inside of his leg, just above the knee. It was the well-known sign of the Plague.

5 "I have got it, John," he said, when the latter entered with a pile of blankets.

"Well, then, we have got to fight it, Master Cyril, and we will beat it if it is to be beaten. Now, lad, for the hot blanket."

10 "Lay it down on the bed, and I will wrap myself in it, and the same with the others. Now I warn you, you are not to come nearer to me than you can help, and above all you are not to lean over me. If you do, I will turn you out of the room and lock the

15 door, and fight it out by myself."

John nodded.

"Don't you bother about me," he growled. "I reckon the Plague ain't going to touch such a tough old bit of seasoned mahogany as I am. Still, I will

20 do as you tell me."

In a few minutes Cyril was in a profuse perspiration, in which even his head, which was above the blankets, shared.

25 "I shall faint if I lie here any longer," he said at last. "Now, John, do you go out of the room, and don't come back again until I call you."

John nodded and left the room, and Cyril at once proceeded to unroll the blankets. As he came to the last he was conscious of a strong fetid odour, similar

30 to that he had more than once perceived in houses infected by the Plague.

"I believe it is drawing it out of me," he said to himself. "I will give it another trial presently."

He first sponged himself with vinegar, and felt much

35 refreshed. He then wrapped himself up and lay down for a few minutes, for he felt strangely weak. Then he got up and carried the blankets into the kitchen, where a huge fire had been made up by John. He threw the one that had been next to him into a tub, and poured boiling water on it, and the others he

40 hung on chairs round it. Then he went back to his

room, and lay down and slept for half an hour. He returned to the kitchen and rearranged the blankets. When John saw him go back to his room he followed him.

"I have got some strong broth ready," he said. "Do you think that you could take a cupful?"

"Ay, and a good-sized one, John. I feel sure that the sweating has done me good, and I will have another turn at it soon. You must go at once and report that I have got it, or when the examiners come round, and find that the Plague is in the house, you will be fined, or perhaps imprisoned. Before you go there, please leave word at Dr. Hodges' that I am ill, and you might also call at Mr. Wallace's and leave the same message. Tell them, in both cases, that I have everything that I want, and trust that I shall make a good recovery."

"Ay, ay, sir! I will be off as soon as I have brought you in your broth, and will be back here in half an hour."

Cyril drank the broth, and then dozed again until John returned. When he heard his step he called out to him to bring the hot iron, and he filled the room with tobacco smoke before allowing him to enter.

"Now, John, the blankets are dry, and can be handled again, and I am ready for another cooking."

Four times that day did Cyril undergo the sweating process. By the evening he was as weak as a child, but his skin was soft and cool, and he was free from all feeling of pain or uneasiness. (Dr. Hodges called soon after he had taken it for the last time, having only received his message when he returned late from a terrible day's work.

"Well, lad, how are you feeling? I am so sorry that I did not get your message before."

"I am feeling very well, doctor."

"Your hand is moist and cool," Dr. Hodges said in surprise. "You must have been mistaken. I see no signs whatever of the Plague."

"There was no mistake, doctor; there were the black marks on my thighs, but I think I have pretty well sweated it out of me."

He then described the process he had followed, and said that John Wilkes had told him that it was practised in the Levant.

“Sweating is greatly used here, and I have tried it 5 repeatedly among my patients, and in some cases, where I had notice of the disease early, have saved them.”

“Your case is the most hopeful that I have seen,” Dr. Hodges continued. “The system has had every advantage, and to this it owes its success. At present nothing 10 can be better. Since the first outbreak, I have not seen a single case in which the patient was in so fair a way towards recovery in so short a time after the discovery of the infection.”

John Wilkes at this moment came in with a basin 15 of broth.

“This is my good friend, John Wilkes, doctor.”

“You ought to be called Dr. John Wilkes,” the doctor, who was one of the most famous of his time, said, with a smile, as he shook hands with him. 20 “Your treatment seems to be doing wonders.”

“It seems to me he is doing well, doctor, but I am afraid he is carrying it too far; he is so weak he can hardly stand.”

“Never mind that,” the doctor said; “it will be 25 easy enough to build him up when we have once got the Plague out of him. I have told him to have another turn in the blankets at twelve o’clock to-night; it will not do to let the malady get a fresh hold of him. But don’t push it too far, lad. If you begin to feel 30 faint, stop it, even if you have not been a quarter of an hour in the blankets. I shall come again between eight and nine. Do not sleep in the room, Wilkes. You might place a hand-bell by the side of his bed to-night, so that he can summon you should he have 35 occasion.”

When the doctor came next morning he nodded approvingly as soon as he felt Cyril’s hand.

“Nothing could be better,” he said; “your pulse is even quieter than last night. Now let me look at 40 those spots.”

“They are fainter,” Cyril said.

"A great deal," Dr. Hodges said, in a tone of the greatest pleasure. "Thank God, my lad, it is dying out. Not above three or four times since the Plague began have I been able to say so. I shall go about my work with a lighter heart to-day, and shall order your treatment in every case where I see the least chance of its being carried out, but I cannot hope that it will often prove as successful as it has with you. You have had everything in your favour—youth, a good constitution, a tranquil mind, an absence of fear, and a faith in God."

"And a good attendant, doctor—don't forget that."

"No, that goes for a great deal, lad—for a great deal. Of course you will keep on with the treatment, but do not push it to extremes."

Cyril took three more baths in the course of the day, but was only able to sustain them for twenty minutes each, as by the end of that time he nearly fainted. The doctor came in late in the evening.

"The spots are gone, doctor," Cyril said.

"Then I think you may consider yourself cured, lad. Do not take the treatment again to-night; you can take it once in the morning; and then if I find the spots have not reappeared by the time I come, I shall pronounce the cure as complete, and shall begin to build you up again."

The doctor was able to give this opinion in the morning.

"I shall not come again, lad, unless you send for me, for every moment of my time is very precious, and I shall leave you in the hands of Doctor Wilkes. All you want now is nourishment; but take it carefully at first, and not too much at a time; stick to broths for the next two or three days, and when you do begin with solids do so very sparingly."

"There was a gentleman here yesterday asking about you," John Wilkes said, as Cyril, propped up in bed, sipped his broth. "It was Mr. Harvey. He rang at the bell, and I went down to the lower window and talked to him through that, for of course the watchman would not let me go out and speak to him."

I had heard you speak of him as one of the gentlemen you met at the minister's, and he seemed much interested in you. He said that you had done him a great service. I never saw a man more pleased than  
5 he was when I told him that the doctor thought you were as good as cured, and he thanked God very piously for the same."

The Plague and the process by which it had been expelled had left Cyril so weak that it was some days  
10 before he could walk across the room. Every morning he inquired anxiously of John how he felt, and the answer was always satisfactory. John had never been better in his life; therefore, by the time Cyril was able to walk to his easy-chair by the window, he  
15 began to hope that John had escaped the infection, which generally declared itself within a day or two, and often within a few hours, of the first outbreak in a house.

A week later the doctor, who paid him a flying  
20 visit every two or three days, gave him the welcome news that he had ordered the red cross to be removed from the door, and the watchmen to cease their attendance, as the house might now be considered altogether free from infection.

The Plague continued its ravages with but slight  
25 abatement, moving gradually eastward, and Aldgate and the district lying east of the walls were now suffering terribly. It was nearly the end of September before Cyril was strong enough to go out for his first  
30 walk.

His first visit was to Mr. Wallace. The sight of a watchman at the door gave him quite a shock, and he was grieved indeed when he heard from the man that the brave minister had died a fortnight  
35 before. Then he went to Mr. Harvey's. There was no mark on the door, but his repeated knockings met with no response, and a woman, looking out from a window opposite, called to him that the house had been empty for nearly a month, and the people that  
40 were in it had gone off in a cart, she supposed into the country.

The next day he called on Dr. Hodges, who had not been near him for the last month. There was no watchman at the door, and his man opened it.

"Can I see the doctor?"

"Ay, you can see him," he said; "he is cured 5 now, and will soon be about again."

"Has he had the Plague then?"

"That he has, but it is a week now since the watchman left."

Cyril went upstairs. The doctor was sitting, 10 looking pale and thin, by the window.

"I am grieved indeed to hear that you have been ill, doctor," Cyril said.

"Yes, I have had it," the doctor said. "Directly I felt it come on I followed your system exactly, but 15 it had gone further with me than it had with you, and it was a week before I fairly drove the enemy out. I ordered sweating in every case, but, as you know, they seldom sent for me until too late, and it is rare that the system got a fair chance. However, 20 in my case it was a complete success."

"Mr. Wallace has gone, you will be sorry to hear, sir."

"I am sorry," the doctor said; "but no one was more fitted to die. He was a brave man and a true 25 Christian, but he ran too many risks, and your news does not surprise me. I hope we are getting to the end of it now, lad. As the Plague travels East it abates in the West; the returns for the last week show a distinct fall in the rate of mortality, and I 30 hope that in another few weeks it will have worn itself out. We are half through October, and may look for cold weather before long."

"I should think that I am strong enough to be useful again now, sir." 35

"I don't think you are strong enough, and I am sure I shall not give you leave to do so," the doctor said. "Your treatment is too severe to be gone through twice, and it is, therefore, more essential that you should run no risk of infection than it was before. 40 Come here when you will, lad, and the oftener the

better. Conversation is the best medicine for both of us, and as soon as I can I will visit you."

Cyril stayed for an hour, and promised to return on the following evening.

5 "I shall be very glad to come, doctor, for time hangs heavily on my hands."

"That I can understand, lad. But we must think of something," and he sat for a minute or two in silence. Then he said suddenly, "Do you understand  
10 the management of a boat?"

"Yes, doctor; it was my greatest pleasure at Dunkirk to be out with the fishermen."

"That will do, then. Go down at once to the riverside. There are hundreds of boats lying idle,  
15 for there are no passengers and no trade, and half of their owners are dead. Say you want to hire a boat for a couple of months or to buy one. You will probably get one for a few shillings. Get one  
20 with a sail as well as oars and go up or down the river as the tide or wind may suit. Take some bread and meat with you, and don't return till supper-time. Maybe I myself will come down and take a sail with  
you sometimes. That will bring the colour back into your cheeks, and make a new man of you."

25 Cyril was delighted with the idea, and, going down to Blackfriars, bought a wherry with a sail for a pound.

John Wilkes was greatly pleased when Cyril came back and told him what he had done.

30 "That is the very thing for you," he said. "I have been a thick-head not to think of it. I will go out for a sail with you myself sometimes, for there is no fear of the house being broken into by daylight."

35 "Not in the slightest, John. I hope that you will come out with me always. I should soon find it dull by myself, and besides, I don't think that I am strong enough yet to manage a pair of sculls for long, and one must reckon occasionally on having to row against the tide."

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## CHAPTER XV.

Having finally disposed of John Wilkes's scruples as to leaving the house during the daytime, Cyril thenceforth went out with him every day. The fresh air, and the exercise soon did their work. Cyril at first could only take one scull, and that only for a short time, but at the end of a fortnight was able to manage both for a time, or to row with one for hours. The feeling of lassitude which had oppressed him passed away speedily, the colour came back to his cheeks, and his muscles strengthened.

They were now in November, and needed warm garments when on the water, but the colder weather braced him up, and he was often inclined to shout with pleasure as the wind drove the boat along before it.

In the second week of October, the number of deaths by the Plague was but 2,665, and only 1,250 in the third week, though great numbers were still attacked. People, however, grew careless, and ran unnecessary risks, and, in consequence, in the first week of November the number of deaths rose by 400. After this it decreased rapidly, and the people who had fled began to come back again—the more so because it had now spread to other large cities, and it seemed that there was less danger in London, where it had spent its force, than in places where it had but lately broken out. The shops began to open again, and the streets to reassume their former appearance.

Cyril had written several times to Captain Dowsett, telling him how matters were going on, and in November, hearing that they were thinking of returning, he wrote begging them not to do so.

"Many of those who have returned have fallen sick, and died," he said. "It seems to me but a useless risk of life, after taking so much pains to avoid infection, to hurry back before the danger has altogether passed."

Captain Dave took the advice, and only returned a week before Christmas.

They had just finished breakfast on the day before Christmas, when one of the apprentices came up from

the shop and said that one Master Goldsworthy, a lawyer in the Temple, desired to speak to Sir Cyril Shenstone. Cyril was about to go down when Captain Dave said,—

5 "Show the gentleman up. We will leave you here to him, Cyril."

"By no means," Cyril said. "I do not know him, and he can assuredly have no private business with me that you may not hear."

10 Mrs. Dowsett and her daughter, however, left the room. The lawyer, a grave-looking gentleman of some fifty years of age, glanced at Cyril and the Captain as he entered the room, and then advanced towards the former.

15 "My name is unknown to you, Sir Cyril," he said, "but it has been said that a bearer of good news needs no introduction, and I come in that capacity. I bring you, sir, a Christmas-box," and he took from a bag he carried, a bundle of some size, and a letter.

20 "Before you open it, sir, I will explain the character of its contents in a very few words. I may tell you that I am the legal adviser of Mr. Ebenezer Harvey, of Upmead Court, Norfolk. You are, I presume, familiar with the name?"

25 Cyril started. Upmead Court was the name of his father's place, but with the name of its present owner he was not familiar.

"The Court I know, sir," he said gravely, "as having once been my father's, but I do not recall the name of its present owner, though it may be that in my childhood my father mentioned it in my hearing."

30 "Nevertheless, sir, you know the gentleman himself, having met him, as he tells me, frequently at the house of Mr. Wallace. Not only did you meet with Mr. Harvey and his wife, but you rendered to them very material service."

"I was certainly unaware," Cyril said, "that Mr. Harvey was the possessor of what had been my father's estate."

40 "The service was of a most important nature," the lawyer continued, "being nothing less than the saving

of his life, and probably that of his wife. He sent for me the next morning, and then drew out his will. By that will he left to you the estates which he had purchased from your father."

Cyril gave a start of surprise, and would have spoken, 5  
but Master Goldsworthy held up his hand, and said,—

"Please let me continue my story to the end. This act was not the consequence of the service that you had rendered him. He had previously consulted me on the subject, and stated his intentions to me. 10  
He had met you at Mr. Wallace's, and at once recognised your name, and learnt from Mr. Wallace that you were the son of Sir Aubrey Shenstone.

"When he saw you, he told me his conscience was moved. He had, of course, a legal right to the 15  
estates, but he had purchased them for a sum not exceeding a fifth of their value, and he considered that in the twenty years he had held them he had drawn from them sums amply sufficient to repay him for the price he had given for them, and had received 20  
a large interest on the money in addition. He questioned, therefore, strongly whether he had any right longer to retain them.

"When he consulted me on the subject, he alluded to the fact that, by the laws of the Bible, persons 25  
who bought lands were bound to return the land to its former possessors, at the end of seven times seven years. He had already, then, made up his mind to leave that portion of his property to you, when you rendered him that great service. 30

"In this parcel is the deed in question, duly signed and witnessed, together with the parchments, deeds, and titles of which he became possessed at his purchase of the estate. I may say, Sir Cyril, that I have never carried out a legal transfer with greater pleasure to 35  
myself, considering, as I do, that the transaction is alike just and honourable on his part and most creditable to yourself. He begged me to hand the deeds to you myself. They were completed two months since, but he himself suggested that I should bring them 40  
to you on Christmas Eve, when it is the custom for

many to give to their friends tokens of their regard and good will. I congratulate you heartily, sir."

Mr. Goldsworthy took his hat.

"There is one thing further I have forgotten. Mr. Harvey requested me to say that he wished for no thanks in this matter. He regards it as an act of rightful restitution, and, although you will doubtless write to him, he would be pleased if you will abstain altogether from treating it as a gift."

"I will try to obey his wishes," Cyril said, "but it does not seem to me that it will be possible for me to abstain from any expression of gratitude for his noble act."

Cyril accompanied the lawyer to the door, and then returned upstairs.

"Now I can speak," Captain Dowsett said.

He ran to the door and shouted loudly for his wife and daughter.

"I have news for you both," he said, as they came in. "What do you think? Cyril has come to his own again, and he is now Sir Cyril Shenstone, the owner of the estate of Upmead."

Both broke into exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

"What are you going to do next, Cyril?" Captain Dave asked.

"I don't know, I am sure," Cyril replied. "I have not really woke up to it all yet. It will be some time before I realise that I am not a penniless young baronet. I shall have to get accustomed to the thought before I can make any plans. I suppose that one of the first things to do will be to go down to Oxford to see Prince Rupert—and to tell him that I am ready to rejoin his ship as soon as he puts to sea again. Then I shall find out where Sydney Oliphant is, and how his family have fared in the Plague. I suppose, too, I shall have to go down to Norfolk, but that I shall put off as long as I can, for it will be strange and very unpleasant at first to go down as master to a place I have never seen. I shall have to get you to come down with me, Captain Dave, to keep me in countenance."

"Not I, my lad. You will want a better introducer. I expect that the lawyer who was here will place himself at your service, establishing you in your house and taking you round to your tenants."

"Oh yes," Nellie said, clapping her hands. "And 5 there will be fine doings, and bonfires, and arches, and all sorts of festivities."

Cyril then went downstairs with Captain Dave, and told John Wilkes of the good fortune that had befallen him, at which he was as much delighted as 10 the others had been.

After Christmas Cyril rode to Oxford, and found that Prince Rupert was at present there. The Prince received him with much warmth.

"I have wondered many times what had become 15 of you, Sir Cyril," he said. "From the hour when I saw you leave us in the *Fan Fan* I have lost sight of you altogether. I have not been in London since, for the Plague had set in badly before the ships were laid up, and as I had naught particular to do there 20 I kept away from it. Now, what has become of you all this time?"

Cyril related how he had stayed in London, had had the Plague, and had recovered from it.

"I must see about getting you a commission at 25 once in the Navy," the Prince said, "though I fear you will have to wait until we fit out again. There will be no difficulty then for of course there were many officers killed in the action."

Cyril expressed his thanks, adding,—

"There is no further occasion for me to take a 30 commission, Prince, for, strangely enough, the owner of my father's property has just made it over to me. He is a good man, and, considering that he has already reaped large benefits by his purchase, and has been 35 repaid his money with good interest, his conscience will no longer suffer him to retain it."

"Then I most heartily congratulate you", the Prince said; "and I believe that the King will be as pleased as I am. He holds a Court this evening, and I will 40 take you with me."

The King was most gracious when the Prince again presented Cyril to him and told him of the good fortune that had befallen him.

“By my faith, Sir Cyril, you were born under a  
5 lucky star. First of all you saved my Lord of Wisbech’s daughters; then, as Prince Rupert tells me, you saved him and all on board his ship from being burned; and now a miracle has happened in your favour. I see, too, that you have the use of  
10 your arm, which the Prince doubted would ever altogether recover.”

“More still, Your Majesty,” the Prince said. “He had the Plague in August and recovered from it.”

“I shall have to keep you about me, Sir Cyril,”  
15 the King said, “as a sort of amulet to guard me against ill luck.”

“I am going to take him to sea first,” Prince Rupert broke in, seeing that Cyril was about to disclaim the idea of coming to Court. “I may want him to  
20 save my ship again, and I suppose he will be going down to visit his estate till I want him. You have never seen it, have you, Sir Cyril?”

“No, sir; at least not to have any remembrance of it. I naturally long to see Upmead, of which I  
25 have heard much from my father. I should have gone down at once, but I thought it my duty to come hither and report myself to you as being ready to sail again as soon as you put to sea.”

“Duty first and pleasure afterwards,” the King  
30 said. “I am afraid that is a little beyond me—eh, Rupert?”

“Very much so, I should say, Cousin Charles,” the Prince replied, with a smile. “However, I have no doubt Sir Cyril will not grudge us a few days  
35 before he leaves. There are several of the gentlemen who were his comrades on the *Henrietta* here, and they will be glad to renew their acquaintance with him, knowing, as they all do, that they owe their lives to him.”

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Cyril stayed a week at Oxford. He greatly enjoyed the visit; and not only was he most warmly received by his former comrades on board the *Henrietta*, but Prince Rupert spoke so strongly in his favour to other gentlemen to whom he introduced him that he no longer felt a stranger at Court. He had ascertained, as soon as he arrived, that the Earl of Wisbech and his family were down at his estate, near the place from which he took his title, and had at once written to Sydney, from whom he received an answer on the last day of his stay at Oxford. It contained a warm invitation for him to come down to Wisbech.

Cyril had been specially waiting for Sydney's answer, and on the following morning he packed his valise and rode for Wisbech, where he arrived three days later. His welcome at the Earl's was a most cordial one. He spent a week there, at the end of which time Sydney, at his earnest request, started for Norwich with him. The Earl had insisted on Cyril's accepting a splendid horse, and behind him rode a young fellow, the son of a small tenant on the Earl's estate, whom he had engaged as a servant. He had written, three days before, to his lawyer telling him that he would shortly arrive, and begging him to order the two old servants of his father, whom he had, at his request, engaged to take care of the house, to get two or three chambers in readiness for him.

The next morning they rode over with Mr. Popham to Upmead, which was six miles distant from the town.

"That is the house," the lawyer said, as a fine old mansion came in sight. "There are larger residences in the county, but few more handsome. Indeed, it is almost too large for the estate, but, as perhaps you know, that was at one time a good deal larger than it is at present, for it was diminished by one of your ancestors in the days of Elizabeth."

At the gate where they turned into the Park an arch of evergreens had been erected.

"You don't mean to say you let them know that I was coming home?" Cyril said, in a tone of such alarm that Lord Oliphant laughed and Mr. Popham said apologetically,—

5 "I certainly wrote to the tenants, sir, when I received your letter, and sent off a message saying that you would be here this morning. Most of them or their fathers were here in the old time, for Mr. Harvey made no changes, and I am sure they would  
10 have been very disappointed if they had not had notice that Sir Aubrey's son was coming home."

"Of course it was quite right for you to do so, Mr. Popham, but you see I am quite unaccustomed  
15 to such things and would personally have been much more pleased to have come home quietly."

There were indeed quite a large number of men and women assembled in front of the house—all the tenants, with their wives and families, having gathered to greet their young landlord—and loud bursts of  
20 cheering arose as he rode up, Sydney and Mr. Popham reining back their horses a little to allow him to precede them. Cyril took off his hat, and bowed repeatedly in reply to the acclamations that greeted him. The tenants crowded round, many of  
25 the older men pressing forward to shake him by the hand.

"Welcome back to your own again, Sir Cyril!"

"I fought under your father, sir, and a good landlord he was to us all."

30 Such were the exclamations that rose around him until he reached the door of the mansion, and, dismounting, took his place at the top of the steps. Then he took off his hat again, and when there was silence he said,—

35 "I thank you heartily, one and all, good friends, for the welcome that you have given me. Glad indeed I am to come down to my father's home, and to be so greeted by those who knew him, and especially by those who followed him in the field in the evil days  
40 which have, we may hope, passed away for ever. You all know, perhaps, that I owe my return here as



master to the noble generosity of Mr. Harvey, your late landlord, who restored me the estates, not being bound in any way to do so. I beg you therefore to give three cheers, as hearty as those with which you greeted me, for Mr. Harvey." 5

Three cheers, as long and loud as those that had before risen, responded to the appeal.

"Such a man," Cyril went on, when they subsided, "must have been a just and good landlord to you all, and I shall do my best to give you no cause for 10 regret at the change that has come about."

He paused for a moment to speak to Mr. Popham, who stood beside him, and then went on,—

"I learn from Mr. Popham that the cellars 15 have been left well filled; therefore, my first orders on coming to the house of my fathers will be that a cask of wine shall be speedily broached, and that you shall be enabled to drink my health."

Another loud cheer arose, and then the tenants came forward with their wives and families. 20

Cyril shook hands with them all, and said a few words to each.

By the time all had been introduced, a great cask of wine had been broached, and after the tenants had drunk to his health, and he had, in turn, pledged them, 25 Cyril entered the house with Sydney and Mr. Popham, and proceeded to examine it under the guidance of the old man who had been his father's butler, and whose wife had also been a servant in Sir Aubrey's time.

"Everything is just as it was then, Sir Cyril. 30 A few fresh articles of furniture have been added, but Mr. Harvey would have no general change made. The family pictures hang just where they did, and your father himself would scarce notice the changes."

"It is indeed a fine old mansion, Cyril," Lord 35 Oliphant said, when they had made a tour of the house; "and now that I see it and its furniture I am even more inclined than before to admire the man who could voluntarily resign them. I shall have to modify my ideas of the Puritans. They have shown 40 themselves ready to leave the country and cross the

ocean to America, and begin life anew for conscience' sake—that is to say, to escape persecution—and they fought very doughtily, and we must own, very successfully, for the same reason, but this is the first time  
 5 I have ever heard of one of them relinquishing a fine estate for conscience' sake."

Cyril remained for a fortnight at Upmead, calling on all the tenants, and interesting himself in them and their families. The day after his arrival he rode  
 10 into Norwich, and paid a visit to Mr. Harvey. He had, in compliance to his wishes, written but a short letter of acknowledgment of the restitution of the estate, but he now expressed the deep feeling of gratitude that he entertained.

"I have only done what is right," Mr. Harvey  
 15 said quietly, "and would rather not be thanked for it; but your feelings are natural, and I have therefore not checked your words. It was assuredly God's doing in so strangely bringing us together, and making  
 20 you an instrument in saving our lives, and so awakening an uneasy conscience into activity. I have had but small pleasure from Upmead. I have a house here which is more than sufficient for all my wants, and I have, I hope, the respect of my townsfellows,  
 25 and the affection of my workmen. At Upmead I was always uncomfortable.

"And now," he said, abruptly changing the subject "what are you thinking of doing, Sir Cyril?"

30 "In the first place, sir, I am going to sea again with the Fleet very shortly. I entered as a Volunteer for the war, and could not well, even if I wished it, draw back."

"And after the war is over, Sir Cyril, you will not, I trust, waste your life in the Court of the  
 35 profligate King?"

"Certainly not," Cyril said earnestly. "As soon as the war is over I shall return to Upmead and take up my residence there. I have lived too hard a life to care for the gaities of Court, still less of a Court  
 40 like that of King Charles. I shall travel for a while in Europe if there is a genuine peace. I have lost

the opportunity of completing my education, and am too old now to go to either of the Universities. Not too old perhaps; but I have seen too much of the hard side of life to care to pass three years among those who, no older than myself, are still as boys in their feelings. The next best thing, therefore, as it seems to me, would be to travel, and perhaps to spend a year or two in one of the great Universities abroad. 5

(Before leaving the Earl's, Cyril had promised that he would return thither with Sydney, and accordingly, at the end of the fortnight, he rode back with him there, and, three weeks later, journeyed up to London with the Earl and his family.) 10

It was the middle of March when they reached London. The Court had come up a day or two before, and the Fleet was, as Cyril learnt, being fitted out in great haste. The French had now, after hesitating all through the winter, declared war against us, and it was certain that we should have their fleet as well as that of the Dutch to cope with. Calling upon Prince Rupert on the day he arrived, Cyril learnt that the Fleet would assuredly put to sea in a month's time. 15 20

"Would you rather join at once, or wait until I go on board?" the Prince asked.

"I would rather join at once, sir, if I can be of any use. I have no business to do in London." 25

"You would be of no use on board," the Prince said, "but assuredly you could be of use in carrying messages, and letting me know frequently, from your own report, how matters are going on. I heard yesterday that the *Fan Fan* is now fitted out. You shall take the command of her. I will give you a letter to the boatswain, who is at present in charge, saying that I have placed her wholly under your orders. You will, of course, live on board. You will be chiefly at Chatham and Sheerness. If you call early to-morrow I will have a letter prepared for you, addressed to all captains holding commands in the White Squadron, bidding them to acquaint you, whensoever you go on board, with all particulars of how matters have been pushed forward, and to give you a list of all things 30 40

lacking. Then, twice a week you will sail up to town, and report to me, or, should there be any special news at other times, send it to me by a mounted messenger.

Bidding farewell to the Earl and his family, and  
5 thanking him for his kindness, Cyril stopped that night at Captain Dave's, and told him of all that had happened since they met. The next morning he went early to Prince Rupert's, received the two letters, and rode down to Chatham. Then, sending the horses back  
10 by his servant, who was to take them to the Earl's stable, where they would be cared for until his return, Cyril went on board the *Fan Fan*. For the next month he was occupied early and late with his duties. The cabin was small, but very comfortable. The crew  
15 was a strong one, for the yacht rowed twelve oars, with which she could make good progress even without her sails. On occasions, as the tide suited, he either sailed up to London in the afternoon, gave his report to the Prince late in the evening, and was back  
20 at Sheerness by daybreak, or he sailed up at night, saw the Prince as soon as he rose, and returned at once.

Every day one or more ships went out to join the Fleet that was gathering in the Downs, and on April 20th Cyril sailed in the *Fan Fan*, in company  
25 with the last vessel of the White Squadron, and there again took up his quarters on board the *Henrietta*, the *Fan Fan* being anchored hard by in charge of the boatswain.

On the 23rd, the Prince, with the Duke of Albe-  
30 marle, and a great company of noblemen and gentlemen, arrived at Deal, and came on board the Fleet, which, on May 1st, weighed anchor.

As yet, the Dutch had not put out from port, and for three weeks the Fleet cruised off their coast.  
35 Then, finding that the enemy could not be tempted to come out, they sailed back to the Downs. The day after they arrived there, a messenger came down from London with orders to Prince Rupert to sail at once with the White Squadron to engage the French  
40 Fleet, which was reported to be on the point of putting to sea. The Prince had very little belief that the

French really intended to fight. Hitherto, although they had been liberal in their promises to the Dutch, they had done nothing whatever to aid them, and the general opinion was that France rejoiced at seeing her rivals damage each other, but had no idea of 5  
risking her ships or men in the struggle.

The wind was from the north-east, and was blowing a fresh gale. The Prince prepared to put to sea. While the men were heaving at the anchors a message came to Cyril that Prince Rupert wished to speak to 10  
him in his cabin.

"Sir Cyril, I am going to restore you to your command. The wind is so strong and the sea will be so heavy that I would not risk my yacht and the lives of the men by sending her down the Channel. 15  
I do not think there is any chance of our meeting the French, and believe that it is here that the battle will be fought, for with this wind the Dutch can be here in a few hours, and I doubt not that as soon as they learn that one of our squadrons has sailed away 20  
they will be out. The *Fan Fan* will sail with us, but will run into Dover as we pass. Here is a letter that I have written ordering you to do so, and authorising you to put out and join the Admiral's Fleet, should the Dutch attack before my return. If you 25  
like to have young Lord Oliphant with you he can go, but he must go as a Volunteer under you. You are the captain of the *Fan Fan*, and have been so for the last two months; therefore, although your friend is older than you are, he must, if he choose to go, be 30  
content to serve under you."

After a few minutes Cyril and his friend were on board the *Fan Fan*. Scarcely had they reached her, when a gun was fired from Prince Rupert's ship as a signal, and the ships of the White Squadron shook out 35  
their sails, and, with the wind free, raced down towards the South Foreland.

"We are to put into Dover," Cyril said to the boatswain, a weatherbeaten old sailor.

"The Lord be praised for that, sir! She is a 40  
tight little craft, but there will be a heavy sea on as

soon we are beyond shelter of the sands. We had better keep her close to the Point, your honour, and then run along, under shelter of the cliffs, into Dover. The water will be pretty smooth in there."

5 As soon as they rounded the Point most of the sail was taken off the *Fan Fan*, but even under the small canvas she carried she lay over until her lee rail was almost under water when the heavy squalls swooped down on her from the cliffs.

10 A quarter of an hour later they were snugly moored in Dover Harbour. For twenty-four hours the gale continued; the wind then fell somewhat, but continued to blow strongly from the same quarter. Two days later it veered round to the south-west, and  
15 shortly afterwards the English fleet could be seen coming out past the Point. As soon as they did so they headed eastward.

"They are going out to meet the Dutch," Sydney said, as they watched the ships from the cliffs. "The  
20 news must have arrived that their fleet has put out to sea."

"Then we may as well be off after them, Sydney; they will sail faster than we shall in this wind, for it is blowing too strongly for us to carry much sail."

25 They hurried on board, and the *Fan Fan* put out from the harbour. The change of wind had caused an ugly cross sea and the yacht made bad weather of it, the waves constantly washing over her decks, but before they were off Calais she had overtaken some  
30 of the slower sailers of the Fleet. The sea was less violent as they held on, for they were now, to some extent, sheltered by the coast.

Before dusk the Fleet was at anchor, with the exception of two or three of the fastest frigates, which  
35 were sent on to endeavour to obtain some news of the enemy.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as the *Fan Fan* had been brought to an anchor the boat was lowered, and Cyril was rowed on board the Admiral's ship.

Albemarle was on the poop, and Cyril made his report to him.

"Very well, sir," the Duke said, "I daresay I shall be able to make you of some use. Keep your craft close to us when we sail."

Cyril bowed, and returned to the *Fan Fan*. She was lying, in almost smooth water, and Sydney had come up on deck again.

"You heard no news of the Dutch, I suppose, Cyril?"

"No; I asked a young officer as I left the ship, and he said that, so far as he knew, nothing had been heard of them, but news had come in, before the Admiral sailed from the Downs, that everything was ready for sea, and that orders were expected every hour for them to put out."

"I should think the Duke will not fight till the Prince comes up."

"I don't think he will wait for him if he finds the Dutch near. All say that he is over-confident, and apt to despise the Dutch too much. Anyhow, he is as brave as a lion, and, though he might not attack unless the Dutch begin it, I feel sure he will not run away from them."

The next morning early, the *Bristol* frigate was seen returning from the east. She had to beat her way back in the teeth of the wind, but, when still some miles away, a puff of white smoke was seen to dart out from her side, and presently the boom of a heavy gun was heard. Again and again she fired, and the signal was understood to be a notification that she had seen the Dutch. The signal for the captains of the men-of-war to come on board was at once run up to the mast-head of the flagship, followed by another for the Fleet to be prepared to weigh anchor. In a short time the boats were seen to put off, and as the

captains reached their respective ships the signal to weigh anchor was hoisted.

This was hailed with a burst of cheering throughout the Fleet, and all felt that it signified that they would soon meet the Dutch. The *Fan Fan* was under sail long before the men-of-war had got up their heavy anchors, and Cyril told the boatswain to place her within a few cables' length of the flagship on her weather quarter. After two hours' sail the Dutch Fleet were made out, anchored off Dunkirk. The Blue Squadron, under Sir William Berkley, led the way, the Red Squadron, under the Duke, following.

The British ships poured in their broadsides as they approached, while the Dutch opened a tremendous cannonade. Besides their great inferiority in numbers, the British were under a serious disadvantage. They had the weather gauge, and the wind was so strong that it heeled them over, so that they were unable to open their lower ports, and were therefore deprived of the use of their heaviest guns.

The fight was indeed a desperate one. Sir William Berkley and his ship, the *Swiftsure*, a second-rate, was taken, as was the *Essex*, a third-rate.

The *Henry*, commanded by Sir John Harman, was surrounded by foes. Her sails and rigging were shot to pieces, so she was completely disabled, and the Dutch Admiral, Evertson, summoned Sir John Harman to surrender.

"It has not come to that yet," Sir John shouted back, and continued to pour such heavy broadsides into the Dutch that several of their ships were greatly damaged.

The fight continued the whole day, and did not terminate until ten o'clock in the evening. The night was spent in repairing damages, and in the morning the English recommenced the battle. It was again obstinately contested. Admiral Van Tromp threw himself into the midst of the British line, and suffered so heavily that he was only saved by the arrival of Admiral de Ruyter. He, in his turn, was in a most perilous position, and his ship disabled, when fresh



reinforcements arrived. And so the battle raged, until, in the afternoon, as if by mutual consent, the Fleets drew off from each other, and the battle ceased. The fighting had been extraordinarily obstinate and determined on both sides, many ships had been sunk, several burnt, and some captured. The sea was dotted with wreckage, masts, and spars, fragments of boats and *débris* of all kinds. 5

In so tremendous a conflict the little *Fan Fan* could bear but a small part. Cyril and Lord Oliphant agreed, at the commencement of the first day's fight, that it would be useless for them to attempt to fire their two little guns, but that their efforts should be entirely directed against the enemy's fire-ships. In this encounter of giants, the little yacht was entirely overlooked, and none of the great ships wasted a shot upon her. Two or three times each day, when the Admiral's ship had beaten off her foes, a fire-ship directed its course against her. Then came the *Fan Fan's* turn for action. Under the pressure of her twelve oars she sped towards the fire-ship, and on reaching her a grapnel was thrown over the end of the bowsprit, and by the efforts of the rowers her course was changed, so that she swept harmlessly past the flagship. 10 15 20

As soon as night fell, the vessels most disabled were ordered to sail for England as they best could. The crew of three which were totally dismasted and could hardly be kept afloat, were taken out and divided between the twenty-eight vessels which alone remained in a condition to renew the fight. 25 30

These three battered hulks were, early the next morning, set on fire, and the rest of the Fleet, in good order and prepared to give battle, followed their companions that had sailed on the previous evening. The Dutch followed, but at a distance, thinking to repair their damages still farther before they again engaged. In the afternoon the sails of a squadron were seen ahead, and a loud cheer ran from ship to ship, for all knew that this was Prince Rupert coming up with the White Squadron. 35 40

As soon as the White Squadron joined the remnant of the Fleet the whole advanced against the Dutch, drums beating and trumpets sounding, and twice made their way through the enemy's line. But it was now  
5 growing dark, and the third day's battle came to an end. The next morning it was seen that the Dutch, although considerably stronger than the English, were almost out of sight. The latter at once hoisted sail and pursued, and, at eight o'clock, came up with them.

10 The Dutch finding the combat inevitable, the terrible fight was renewed, and raged, without intermission, until seven in the evening. Five times the British passed through the line of the Dutch. On both sides many ships fell out of the fighting line wholly  
15 disabled. Several were sunk, and some on both sides forced to surrender, being so battered as to be unable to withdraw from the struggle. Prince Rupert's ship was wholly disabled, and that of Albemarle almost as severely damaged, and the battle, like those of the  
20 preceding days, ended without any decided advantage on either side. Both nations claimed the victory, but equally without reason. The Dutch historians compute our loss at sixteen men-of-war, of which ten were sunk and six taken, while we admitted only a loss of nine  
25 ships, and claimed that the Dutch lost fifteen men-of-war. Both parties acknowledged that it was the most terrible battle fought in this, or any other modern war.

On the morning after the battle, Lord Oliphant and Cyril rowed on board Prince Rupert's ship, where  
30 every unwounded man was hard at work getting up a jury-mast or patching up the holes in the hull.

"Well, Sir Cyril, I see that you have been getting my yacht knocked about," he said, as they came up to him.

35 "There is not much damage done, sir. She has but two shot-holes in her hull."

"And my new mainsail spoiled. I am quite proud of my little yacht, gentlemen, and I thank you for having given her so good a christening under  
40 fire. Here is the despatch I have written of my share of the engagement. You, Sir Cyril, will de-

liver this. You will now row to the Duke's ship, and he will give you his despatches, which you, Lord Oliphant, will deliver. I need not say that you are to make all haste to the Thames."

Taking leave of the Prince, they were at once 5  
rowed to the Duke's flagship. They had a short interview with the Admiral, who praised them highly for the service they had rendered.

Five minutes later, the *Fan Fan*, with every stitch 10  
of sail set, was on her way to the Thames. Arrived in London they at once proceeded to the Admiralty, and were immediately ushered in to the Duke of York.

The Duke had ordered his carriage to be in readiness as soon as he learnt that the bearers of despatches from the Fleet had arrived. It was already at the 15  
door, and, taking his seat in it, with Lord Oliphant and Cyril opposite to him, he was driven to the Palace, learning by the way such details as they could give him of the last two days' fighting. He led them at once to the King's dressing-room. Charles was already 20  
attired, for he had passed a sleepless night, and had risen early.

"What news, James?" he asked eagerly.

"Good news, brother. After two more days' fighting—and terrible fighting, on both sides—the Dutch 25  
Fleet has returned to its ports."

"A victory!" the King exclaimed, in delight.

"A dearly-bought one with the lives of so many brave men, but a victory nevertheless. Here are the despatches from Albemarle and Rupert." 30

The King took the despatches, and read them eagerly.

"It has indeed been a dearly-bought victory," he said, "but it is marvellous indeed how our captains and men bore themselves. Never have they shown 35  
greater courage and endurance."

As soon as the audience was over, Cyril and his friend returned to the *Fan Fan*, and after giving the crew a few hours for sleep, sailed down to Sheerness, where, shortly afterwards, Prince Rupert arrived with 40  
a portion of the Fleet, the rest having been ordered

to Harwich, Portsmouth, and other ports, so that they could be more speedily refitted.

Although the work went on almost without intermission day and night, the repairs were not completed  
5 before the news arrived that the Dutch Fleet had arrived off our coast. Finding no fleet ready to meet them, they sailed away to France, where they hoped to be joined by their French allies.

Two days later, however, our ships began to  
10 assemble at the mouth of the Thames, and on June 24th the whole Fleet was ready to take to sea. It consisted of eighty men-of-war, large and small, and nineteen fire-ships. Prince Rupert was in command of the Red Squadron, and the Duke of Albermarle sailed with him, on board the same ship. Sir  
15 Thomas Allen was Admiral of the White, and Sir Jeremiah Smith of the Blue Squadron. Cyril remained on board the *Fan Fan*, Lord Oliphant returning to his duties on board the flagship. Marvels had been  
20 effected by the zeal and energy of the crews and dockyard men. But three weeks back, the English ships had, for the most part, been crippled seemingly almost beyond repair, but now, with their holes patched, with new spars, and in the glory of fresh paint and  
25 new canvas, they made as brave a show as when they had sailed out from the Downs a month previously.

They were anchored off the Nore when, late in the evening, the news came out from Sheerness that a mounted messenger had just ridden in from Dover,  
30 and that the Dutch Fleet had, in the afternoon, passed the town, and had rounded the South Foreland, steering north.

Orders were at once issued that the Fleet should sail at daybreak, and at three o'clock the next morn-  
35 ing they were on their way down the river. At ten o'clock the Dutch Fleet was seen off the North Foreland. According to their own accounts they numbered eighty-eight men-of-war, with twenty-five fire-ships, and were also divided into three squadrons, under De Ruyter,  
40 John Evertz, and Van Tromp.

The engagement began at noon by an attack by the White Squadron upon that commanded by Evertz. An hour later, Prince Rupert and the Duke, with the Red Squadron, fell upon De Ruyter, while that of Van Tromp, which was at some distance from the others, was engaged by Sir Jeremiah Smith with the Blue Squadron. Sir Thomas Allen completely defeated his opponents, killing Evertz, his vice- and rear-admirals, capturing the vice-admiral of Zeeland, who was with him, and burning a ship of fifty guns.

The Red Squadron was evenly matched by that of De Ruyter, and each vessel laid itself alongside an adversary. Although De Ruyter himself and his vice-admiral, Van Nes, fought obstinately, their ships in general, commanded, for the most part, by men chosen for their family influence rather than for either seamanship or courage, behaved but badly, and all but seven gradually withdrew from the fight, and went off under all sail; and De Ruyter, finding himself thus deserted, was forced also to draw off. During this time, Van Tromp, whose squadron was the strongest of the three Dutch divisions, was so furiously engaged by the Blue Squadron, which was the weakest of the English divisions, that he was unable to come to the assistance of his consorts; when, however, he saw the defeat of the rest of the Dutch Fleet, he, too, was obliged to draw off, lest he should have the whole of the English down upon him, and was able the more easily to do so as darkness was closing in when the battle ended.

The Dutch continued their retreat during the night, followed at a distance by the Red Squadron, which was, next morning, on the point of overtaking them, when the Dutch sought refuge by steering into the shallows, which their light draught enabled them to cross, while the deeper English ships were unable to follow. Great was the wrath and disappointment of the English when they saw themselves thus balked of reaping the full benefit of the victory.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

By this time, the results of the victory were known. On the English side, the *Resolution* was the only ship lost, she having been burnt by a Dutch fire-ship; three English captains, and about three hundred men were killed. On the other hand, the Dutch lost twenty ships, four admirals, a great many of their captains, and some four thousand men. It was, indeed, the greatest and most complete victory gained throughout the war. Many of the British ships had suffered a good deal, that which carried the Duke's flag most of all, for it had been so battered in the fight with De Ruyter that the Duke and Prince Rupert had been obliged to leave her, and to hoist their flags upon another man-of-war.

The next morning the Fleet sailed to Schonevelt, which was the usual *rendezvous* of the Dutch Fleet, and there remained some time, altogether undisturbed by the enemy. The *Fan Fan* was here thoroughly repaired.

On the evening of August 9th, Sir Robert Holmes landed eleven companies of troops on the Island of Schonevelt and burnt Bandaris, its principal town, with its magazines and store-houses, causing a loss to the Dutch, according to their own admission, of six million guilders. This, and the loss of the great Fleet, inflicted a very heavy blow upon the commerce of Holland. The *Fan Fan* had been hit again by a shot from one of the batteries, and, on her rejoining the Fleet, Prince Rupert determined to send her to England so that she could be thoroughly repaired and fitted out again. Cyril's orders were to take her to Chatham, and to hand her over to the dockyard authorities.

"I do not think the Dutch will come out and fight us again this autumn, Sir Cyril," the Prince said, "so you can take your ease in London as it pleases you."

Cyril accordingly returned to London. The wind was contrary, and it was not until the last day of August that he dropped anchor in the Medway. After spending a night at Chatham, he posted up to London

the next morning, and, finding convenient chambers in the Savoy, he installed himself there, and then proceeded to the house of the Earl of Wisbech, to whom he was the bearer of a letter from his son. Finding that the Earl and his family were down at his place near Sevenoaks, he went into the City, and spent the evening at Captain Dave's, having ordered his servant to pack a small valise, and bring it with the two horses in the morning. He had gone to bed but an hour when he was awoke by John Wilkes knocking at his door. 5

"There is a great fire burning not far off, Sir Cyril. A man who ran past told me it was in Pudding Lane, at the top of Fish Street. The Captain is getting up, and is going out to see it; for, with such dry weather as we have been having, there is no saying how far it may go." 15

Cyril sprang out of his bed and dressed. Captain Dave was waiting for him, and, with John Wilkes, they sallied out. There was a broad glare of light in the sky, and the bells of many of the churches were ringing out the fire-alarm. In five minutes they approached the scene. A dozen houses were blazing fiercely, while, from those near, the inhabitants were busily removing their valuables. The Fire Companies, with their buckets, were already at work, and lines of men were formed down to the river and were passing along buckets from hand to hand. Half the water was spilt, however, before it arrived at the fire, and, in the face of such a body of flame, it seemed to make no impression whatever. 20 25 30

They learnt that the fire had begun in the house of Faryner, the King's baker, though none knew how it had got alight. It was not long before the flames leapt across the lane, five or six houses catching fire almost at the same moment. 35

With great rapidity the flames spread from house to house. A portion of Fish Street was already invaded, and the Church of St. Magnus in danger. The fears of the people increased in proportion to the advance of the conflagration. The whole neighbourhood 40

was now alarmed, and, in all the streets round, people were beginning to remove their goods. The river seemed to be regarded by all as the safest place of refuge. The boats from the various landing-places had  
5 already come up, and these were doing a thriving trade by taking the frightened people, with what goods they carried, to lighters and ships moored in the river.

The lines of men passing buckets had long since  
10 broken up, it being too evident that their efforts were not of the slightest avail. The wind had, in the last two hours, rapidly increased in strength, and was carrying the burning embers far and wide.

Cyril and his companions had, after satisfying  
15 their first curiosity, set to work to assist the fugitives, by aiding them to carry down their goods to the waterside.

By six o'clock, however, all were exhausted by their labours, and Captain Dave's proposal, that they  
20 should go back and get breakfast and have a wash, was at once agreed to.

At this time the greater part of Fish Street was in flames, the Church of St. Magnus had fallen, and the flames had spread to many of the streets and  
25 alleys running west. The houses on the Bridge were blazing.

When breakfast was over, Captain Dave ordered the apprentices on no account to leave the premises. They were to put up the shutters at once, and then  
30 to await orders.

"What do you think we had better do, Cyril?" he said, when the boys had left the room.

"I should say that you had certainly better go on  
35 board a ship, Captain Dave. There is time to move now quietly, and to get many things taken on board, but if there were a swift change of wind the flames would come down so suddenly that you would have no time to save anything. Do you know of a captain who would receive you?"

40 "Certainly; I know of half a dozen."



"Then the first thing is to secure a boat before they are all taken up."

"I will go down to the stairs at once."

"Then I should say, John, you had better go off with Captain Dave, and, as soon as he has arranged with one of the captains, come back to shore. Let the waterman lie off in the stream, for if the flames come this way there will be a rush for boats, and people will not ask to whom they belong."

"That will be the best plan," Captain Dave said. "Now, wife, you and Nellie and the maid had best set to work at once packing up all your best clothes and such other things as you may think most valuable."

"While you are away, I will go along the street and see whether the fire is making any way in this direction," Cyril said. "Of course if it's coming slowly you will have time to take away a great many things. And we may even hope that it may not come here at all."

Taking one of the apprentices, Captain Dave and John at once started for the waterside, while Cyril made his way westward.

Already, people were bringing down their goods from most of the houses. Some acted as if they believed that if they took the goods out of the houses they would be safe, and great piles of articles of all kinds almost blocked the road. Weeping women and frightened children sat on these piles as if to guard them. Some stood at their doors wringing their hands helplessly; others were already starting eastward laden with bundles and boxes, occasionally looking round as if to bid farewell to their homes. Many of the men seemed even more confused and frightened than the women, running hither and thither without purpose, shouting, gesticulating, and seeming almost distracted with fear and grief.

Cyril had not gone far when he saw that the houses on both sides of the street, at the further end, were already in flames. He went on until close to the fire, and stood for a time watching. The noise was bewildering. Mingled with the roar of the flames,

the crackling of woodwork, and the heavy crashes that told of the fall of roofs or walls, was the clang of the alarmbells, shouts, cries, and screams. The fire spread steadily, but with none of the rapidity with  
5 which he had seen it fly along from house to house on the other side of the conflagration. The houses, however, were largely composed of wood. The balconies generally caught first, and the fire crept along under the roofs, and sometimes a shower of tiles, and a  
10 burst of flames, showed that it had advanced there, while the lower portion of the house was still intact.

"Is it coming, Cyril?" Mrs. Dowsett asked, when he returned.

"It is coming steadily," he said, "and can be  
15 stopped by nothing short of a miracle. Can I help you in any way?"

"No," she said; "we have packed as many things as can possibly be carried."

Assisted by the apprentice and Nellie, Cyril got  
20 all the things downstairs.

Just as they had finished taking down the trunks, Captain Dave and John Wilkes arrived.

"I have arranged the affair," the former said.  
"My old friend, Dick Watson, will take us in his  
25 ship the *Good Venture*; she lies but a hundred yards from the stairs. Now, get on your mantle and hood, Nellie, and bring your mother and maid down."

The three women were soon at the foot of the stairs, and Mrs. Dowsett's face showed signs of tears;  
30 but, though pale, she was quiet and calm, and the servant had gained confidence from her mistress's example. As soon as they were ready, the three men each shouldered a trunk. The servant and the apprentice carried one between them. Mrs. Dowsett and her  
35 daughter took as many bundles as they could carry. It was but five minutes' walk down to the stairs. The boat was lying twenty yards out in the stream, fastened up to a lighter, with the apprentice and waterman on board. It came at once alongside, and in five minutes  
40 they reached the *Good Venture*.

As soon as he had seen the ladies into the cabin, Captain Watson called his son Frank, who was his chief mate, and half a dozen of his men. These carried the boxes, as fast as they were emptied, down into the boat.

"We will all go ashore together," he said to Captain Dave. "I was a fool not to think of it before. We will soon make light work of it." 5

As soon as they reached the house, some of the sailors were sent off with the remaining trunks and bundles, while the others carried upstairs those they had brought, and quickly emptied into them the remaining contents of the drawers and linen press. So quickly and steadily did the work go on, that no less than six trips were made to the *Good Venture* in the next three hours, and at the end of that time almost everything portable had been carried away, including several pieces of valuable furniture, and a large number of objects brought home by Captain Dave from his various voyages. The last journey, indeed, was devoted to saving some of the most valuable contents of the store. 10 15 20

Captain Watson ordered a stiff glass of grog to be given to each of the sailors, and then went down with the others into the main cabin, where the steward had already laid the table for a meal, and poured out five tumblers of wine. 25

Mrs. Dowsett and Nellie now joined them. They had quite recovered their spirits, and were delighted at the unexpected rescue of so many things precious to them, and Captain Watson was overwhelmed by their thanks for what he had done. 30

After the meal was over Cyril proposed that they should row up the river and see what progress the fire was making above the Bridge.

They crossed over to the Southwark side, as it would have been dangerous to pass under the arches above which the houses were burning. The flames, however, had not spread right across the bridge, for the houses were built only over the piers, and the openings at the arches had checked the flames, and at these points numbers of men were drawing water in buckets and throwing it over the fronts of the 35 40

houses, or passing them, by ropes, to other men on the roofs, which were kept deluged with water. Hundreds of willing hands were engaged in the work, for the sight of the tremendous fire on the opposite bank filled people with terror lest the flames should cross the bridge and spread to the south side of the river. The warehouses and wharves on the bank were black with spectators, who looked with astonishment and awe at the terrible scene of destruction.

It was not until they passed under the bridge that the full extent of the conflagration was visible. The fire had made its way some distance along Thames Street, and had spread far up into the City. Gracechurch Street and Lombard Street were in flames, and indeed the fire seemed to have extended a long distance further; but the smoke was so dense that it was difficult to make out the precise point that it had reached. The river was a wonderful sight. It was crowded with boats and lighters, all piled up with goods, while along the quays from Dowgate to the Temple, crowds of people were engaged in placing what goods they had saved on board lighters and other craft. Many of those in the boats seemed altogether helpless and drifted along with the tide, but the best part were making either for the marshes at Lambeth or the fields at Millbank, there to land their goods, the owners of the boats refusing to keep them long on board, as they desired to return by the next tide to fetch away other cargoes, being able to obtain any price they chose to demand for their services.

Among the boats were floating wreckage of all kinds, bales of goods, articles of furniture, bedding, and other matters.

At Frank Watson's suggestion, they landed at the Temple. With difficulty they made their way East as far as St. Paul's. The farther end of Cheapside was already in flames, and they learnt that the fire had extended as far as Moorfields. It was said that efforts had been made to pull down houses and so check its progress, but that there was no other method, and that no benefit was gained by the work.

After looking on at the scene for some time, they returned to Fleet Street. Frank Watson went down with Nellie to the boat, while Cyril went to his lodgings in the Savoy. Here he found his servant anxiously awaiting him.

"I did not bring the horses this morning, sir," he said. "I heard that there was a great fire, and went on foot as far as I could get, but, finding that I could not pass, I thought it best to come back here and await your return."

"The house at which I stayed last night," Cyril replied, "is already burnt to the ground. You had better stay here for the present, I think. There is no fear of the fire extending beyond the City. Should you find that it does so, pack my clothes in the valises, take the horses down to Sevenoaks, and remain at the Earl's until you hear from me."

Having arranged this, Cyril went down to the Savoy stairs, where he found the boat waiting for him, and then they rowed back.

They had but little sleep that night. Gradually the fire worked its way eastward until it was abreast of them. The roaring and crackling of the flames was prodigious. Here and there the glare was diversified by columns of a deeper red glow, showing where warehouses, filled with pitch, tar and oil, were in flames. The heavy crashes of falling buildings were almost incessant. Occasionally they saw a church tower or steeple, that had stood for a time black against the glowing sky, become suddenly wreathed in flames, and, after burning for a time, fall with a crash that could be plainly heard above the general roar.

"Surely such a fire was never seen before!" Captain Dave said.

"Not since Rome was burnt, I should think," Cyril replied.

So the night passed. Occasionally they went below for a short time, but they found it impossible to sleep, and were soon up again, and felt it a relief when the morning began to break.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Daylight brought little alleviation to the horrors of the scene. The flames were less vivid, but a dense pall of smoke overhung the sky. As soon as they had breakfasted, Captain Watson, his son, Captain Dowsett, 5 Nellie, and Cyril, took their places in the boat, and were rowed up the river. An exclamation burst from them all as they saw how fast the flames had travelled since the previous evening.

“St. Paul’s is on fire!” Cyril exclaimed. “See! 10 there are flames bursting through its roof. I think, Captain Watson, if you will put me ashore at the Temple, I will make my way to Whitehall.”

As soon as Cyril had landed, he hurried up into Fleet Street. He had just reached Temple Bar when 15 he saw a party of horsemen making their way through the carts. A hearty cheer greeted them from the crowd, who hoped that the presence of the King—for it was Charles who rode in front—was a sign that vigorous steps were about to be taken to check the 20 progress of the flames. Beside the King rode the Duke of Albemarle, and following were a number of other gentlemen and officers. Cyril made his way through the crowd to the side of the Duke’s horse.

“Can I be of any use, my Lord?” he asked, doffing 25 his hat.

“Ah, Sir Cyril, it is you; is it? Yes, you can be of use. We have five hundred sailors and dockyard 30 men behind; they have just arrived from Chatham, and a thousand more have landed below the Bridge to fight the flames on that side. Keep by me now, and, when we decide where to set to work, I will put you under the orders of Captain Warncliffe, who has charge of them.”

When they reached the bottom of Fleet Street, the 35 fire was halfway down Ludgate Hill, and it was decided to begin operations along the bottom of the Fleet Valley. The dockyard men and sailors were brought up, and following them were some carts laden with kegs of powder.

The sailors were soon at work along the line of the Fleet Ditch. All carried axes, and with these they chopped down the principal beams of the small houses clustered by the Ditch, and so weakened them that a small charge of powder easily brought them down. In many places they met with fierce opposition from the owners, who, still clinging to the faint hope that something might occur to stop the progress of the fire before it reached their abodes, raised vain protestations against the destruction of their houses. All day the men worked unceasingly, but in vain. Driven by the fierce wind, the flames swept down the opposite slope, leapt over the space strewn with rubbish and beams, and began to climb Fleet Street and Holborn Hill and the dense mass of houses between them.

The fight was renewed higher up. The open spaces of the Temple favoured the defenders; the houses at east of it were blown up, and, late in the afternoon, the progress of the flames at this spot was checked. As soon as it was felt that there was no longer any fear of its further advance here, the exhausted men, who had, for twenty-four hours, laboured, half suffocated by the blinding smoke and by the dust made by their own work, threw themselves down on the grass of the Temple Gardens and slept. At midnight they were roused by their officers, and proceeded to assist their comrades, who had been battling with the flames on the other side of Fleet Street. They found that these too had been successful; the flames had swept up to Fetter Lane, but the houses on the west side had been demolished, and although, at one or two points, the fallen beams caught fire, they were speedily extinguished. Halfway up Fetter Lane the houses stood on both sides uninjured, for a large open space round St. Andrew's, Holborn, had aided the defenders in their efforts to check the flames. North of Holborn the fire had spread but little, and that only among the poorer houses in Fleet Valley.

By the river, indeed, the destruction was complete as far as the Tower. Mark Lane, however, stood, and north of this the line of destruction swept westward

to Leaden Hall, a massive structure at the entrance to the street that took its name from it, and proved a bulwark against the flames.

5 Cyril remained with the sailors for two days longer, during which time they were kept at work beating out the embers of the fire. In this they were aided by a heavy fall of rain, which put an end to all fear of the flames springing up again.

10 As soon as he was released from duty, Cyril made his way to the Tower, and, hiring a boat, was rowed to the *Good Venture*.

There was a consultation on the future held in the cabin. Captain Dave at once said that he and John Wilkes must remain in town to make arrange-  
15 ments for the rebuilding and to watch the performance of the work. Cyril warmly pressed Mrs. Dowsett and Nellie to come down with him to Norfolk until the house was ready to receive them, but both were in favour of remaining in London, and it was settled that,  
20 next day, they should go down to Stepney, hire a house and store-room there, and remove thither their goods on board the ship, and the contents of the cellar.

This being settled, Cyril rode down to Norfolk. There he remained until the middle of May, when he  
25 received a letter from Captain Dave, saying that his house was finished, and that they should move into it in a fortnight, and that they all earnestly hoped he would be present. As he had already been thinking of going up to London for a time, he decided to accept  
30 the invitation.

By this time he had made the acquaintance of all the surrounding gentry, and felt perfectly at home at Upmead. He rode frequently into Norwich, and, whenever he did so, paid a visit to Mr. Harvey, whose  
35 wife had died in January, never having completely recovered from the shock that she had received in London. Mr. Harvey himself had aged much: he still took a great interest in the welfare of the tenants of Upmead, and in Cyril's proposals for the improvement  
40 of their homes, and was pleased to see how earnestly he had taken up the duties of his new life.



On arriving in London, Cyril took up his abode at his former lodgings, and the next day at twelve o'clock, the hour appointed in a letter he found awaiting him, he arrived in Tower Street, having ridden through the City. An army of work-men, who had come up from all parts of the country, were engaged in rebuilding the town. In the main thoroughfares many of the houses were already finished, and the shops re-opened. 5

Captain Dave's was one of the first houses completed in Tower Street, but there were many others far advanced in progress. The front differed materially from that of the old house, in which each story had projected beyond the one below it. Inside, however, there was but little change in its appearance, except that the rooms were somewhat more lofty. Captain Dave and his family had moved in that morning. 15

"It does not look quite like the old place," Mrs. Dowsett said, after the first greetings.

"Not quite," Cyril agreed. "The new furniture, of course, gives it a different appearance as yet; but one will soon get accustomed to that, and you will quickly make it home-like again. I see you have the bits of furniture you saved in their old corners." 20

"Yes; and it will make a great difference when they get all my curiosities up in their places again," Captain Dave put in. "And so your fighting is over, Cyril?" 25

"Yes, it looks like it. The Dutch have evidently had enough of it. They asked for peace, and as both parties consented to the King of Sweden being mediator, and our representatives and those of Holland are now settling affairs at Breda, peace may be considered as finally settled. We have only two small squadrons now afloat; the rest are all snugly laid up. I trust that there is no chance of another war between the two nations for years to come." 30 35

"And now I have a piece of news for you. We are going to have a wedding here before long."

"I am right glad to hear it," Cyril said heartily. "And who is the happy man?" 40

“It is Frank Watson. A right good lad; and her mother and I are well pleased with her choice. My old friend Watson is as pleased as I am. And the best part of the business is that Frank is going to  
5 give up the sea and become my partner.”

“That is a capital plan, Captain Dave. It will be an excellent thing for you to have so young and active a partner.”

Captain Watson and Frank came in at supper-  
10 time, and, after spending a pleasant evening, Cyril returned to his lodgings in the Strand.

After the Peace of Breda was signed, Cyril went down to Upmead, where, for the next four years, he devoted himself to the management of his estate. His  
15 friendship with Mr. Harvey grew closer and warmer, until the latter came to consider him in really the light of a son; and when he died, in 1681, it was found that with the exception of legacies the whole of his property was left to Cyril.

Cyril's friendship with the family of the Earl of  
20 Wisbech had remained unaltered, and he had every year paid them a visit, either at Wisbech or at Sevenoaks. A year after Mr. Harvey's death, he married Dorothy, who had previously refused several flattering offers.

Captain Dave and his wife lived to a good old  
25 age. The business had largely increased, owing to the energy of their son-in-law, who had, with his wife and children, taken up his abode in the next house to theirs, which had been bought to meet the extension  
30 of their business. John Wilkes, at the death of Captain Dave, declined Cyril's pressing offer to make his home with him.

“It would never do, Sir Cyril,” he said. “I should be miserable out of the sight of ships, and without a  
35 place where I could meet seafaring men, and smoke my pipe, and listen to their yarns.”

He therefore remained with Frank Watson, nominally in charge of the stores, but doing, in fact, as little as he chose until, long past the allotted age of  
40 man, he passed quietly away.

## Anmerkungen.

(Vor den Anmerkungen bezeichnen fette Zahlen die Seiten, magere die Zeilen.)

1, 3. *Holborn* (l stumm) ist eine Hauptstrafse und ein Stadtviertel im inneren London. — 5. *the bars*, die Schlagbäume der inneren alten Stadt. — 8. *Highgate and Hampstead* sind Dörfer im Norden Londons. — 9. *Tyburn and Bayswater* waren früher Dörfer westlich der Altstadt, gehören jetzt zu London (Hyde Park). — 14. *Sir*, Titel eines Knight oder Baronet, steht immer vor dem Vornamen; die Frau des Baronet führt häufig den Titel *Lady* (2,9). — 18. *Charles* (the First) regierte von 1625—1649.

19. *Prince Rupert* (1619—1682), Ruprecht, ein Neffe Karls I., Sohn von dessen Schwester Elisabeth und dem Kurfürsten Friedrich V. von der Pfalz, war bekannt als tüchtiger Feldherr; er kämpfte im Bürgerkriege an der Spitze der Cavaliers gegen das Parlamentsheer und wurde nach der Restauration Admiral. — *Cavaliers* oder *Royalists* (Z. 21) wurden die Anhänger des Königs genannt.

21. *the fatal field of Worcester* (spr. wòost'r) am Severn in der gleichnamigen Grafschaft. Als Karl II. (1660—1685) nach der Hinrichtung seines Vaters in Schottland zum König proklamiert worden war (1649), rückte er mit einem Heere in England ein und stiefs bei Worcester mit Cromwell zusammen, erlitt jedoch eine entscheidende Niederlage, die ihn zur Flucht nach Frankreich zwang.

23. *Dunkirk*, Dünkirchen, war zu jener Zeit im Besitze der Engländer; Karl II. verkaufte es später (1662) an Frankreich.

2. 4. *Louis*, Ludwig XIV. von Frankreich (1643—1715). —

28. *Norfolk*, Grafschaft im Osten Englands an der Nordsee.

29. *Monk* (spr. mönk), George, englischer Feldherr und Staatsmann, geb. 1608, war im Bürgerkriege zuerst Royalist; er wurde gefangen genommen, erlangte aber seine Freiheit durch Übertritt zum Parlament. Unter Cromwell wurde er General, dann Oberbefehlshaber der Flotte, als welcher er 1653 einen Sieg über den holländischen Admiral Tromp errang, welcher fiel. 1660 rief er Karl II. zurück und wurde zum Herzog von Albemarle und Lordlieutenant von Irland ernannt. 1666 war er mit Prinz Ruprecht Befehlshaber der Flotte gegen Holland und besiegte Admiral Ruyter bei North Foreland. Er starb 1679.
- 3, 35. *four crowns* = 20 Schillinge; eine Krone ist eine Silbermünze im Werte von 5 Schillingen.
- 5, 14. *louis* = Louisd'or, französische Goldmünze = 20 Frank. — 39/40. *quick at figures*, ein guter Rechner.
- 7, 41. *graveyard* = churchyard.
- 9, 12. *Tower Street*, Straße in der Nähe des Towers.
- 10, 36. *living-room* = sitting-room.
- 11, 5. *Mistress* wurde früher in der Anrede auch ohne den Familiennamen statt Madam, sowie auch statt des heutigen Miss Unverheirateten gegenüber gebraucht.
- 12, 6. *Masthead, ahoy!* Mann im Topp, ahoi!
- 16, 12. *Bless me*, Herrgott! — 21. *for a surety* = to be sure ist veraltet und familiär.
- 17, 23. *city accountant*, städtischer Rechnungsbeamter. — 26. *Hast*, vertraulich für have you.
- 18, 26. *the books are being gone into*, die Bücher werden durchgesehen.
- 19, 15. *Cheapside*, Hauptstraße in der City. — *St. Paul's* (Cathedral) ist die im Mittelpunkt der City gelegene Hauptkirche Londons; der jetzt bestehende Bau wurde an Stelle der 1666 abgebrannten Kirche von 1675—1710 durch Sir Christopher Wren errichtet. — 16. *Thames Street*, Straße in der City die Themse entlang zwischen Tower und London Bridge.
- 20, 10. *Dash my timbers* (seemännisch), hol' mich der Kuckuk; *dash* ist euphemistisch für damn; *timbers* = body. — 14. *beats us* (familiär), macht uns Kopfzerbrechen.
- 21, 2. *in your stockinged feet*, in Strümpfen (ohne Schuhe).
- 23, 17. *They have done us*, sie haben uns übertölpelt (familiär). — 20. *turn in*, familiär für go to bed.
- 26, 2. *the Bridewell*, ein altes Gefängnis in Bridge Street. — 21. *the Magistrates' Court at the Guildhall*, das Polizeigericht im Gildenhause. Die City of London hat zwei Polizeigerichte: das Mansion House und Guildhall (vgl. 33,17); im ersteren hat der Lord Mayor (vgl. 80,29), im letzteren ein

Ratsherr (*Alderman*), bezw. 2, den Vorsitz als Richter (*in the Chair*); vgl. 27, 2.

- 27, 25. *Leadenhall Street* ist eine der Hauptstraßen der City, benannt nach einem Herrensitze namens *Leadenhall*.
- 28, 24. *kidnapped*, gestohlen, entführt.
- 29, 20. *chap* (familiär), Bursche. — 38. *that* = *as*.
- 30, 19. *Gravesend*, kleine Hafenstadt an der Mündung der Themse. — 33. *You have had a good bout of it*, Sie haben tüchtig geschlafen.
- 31, 13. *skate*, Engelfisch, ein sich in allen Meeren findender Knorpelfisch, der bis 2 m lang wird. — 41. *ain't*, vulgär für *am not*.
32. 1. *I says, I sticks*, vulgär statt *I say, I stick*. — 30. *Harwich* (w stumm), Seestadt in Essex an der Mündung des *Stour* in die Nordsee.
- 33, 17. *the Guildhall*, die Gildhalle, das Rathaus. Das damalige brannte 1666 nieder. — 18. *Newgate*, Gefängnis vor den Thoren *Alt-Londons*. — 22. *'longshore-men*, *alongshore-men*. Uferbummler. — 34. *Aldborough*, kleine Hafenstadt mit gut besuchtem Seebad nördlich von *Harwich*.
- 37, 2. *Nieuport*, kleine belgische Hafenstadt zwischen *Ostende* und *Dünkirchen*.
13. *the Pool* (Teich, erweiterte Stelle eines Flusses), jener etwa 1000 Fuß breite Teil der Themse, der zwischen dem *Tower* und *Millwall* liegt und den eigentlichen Hafen *Londons* mit den vielen *Docks* (*London Docks*, *Westindia Docks* etc.) bildet; er zerfällt in *Upper* und *Lower Pool*. Vgl. Karte.
- 38, 1. *we made sure*, wir überzeugten uns.
- 39, 1. *the Temple*, der Tempel, ein Haus mit 2 Höfen, (*the Inner and the Middle Temple*) in der Nähe der Themse; gehörte ehemals den Tempelherren und ist jetzt der Sitz zweier Rechtskollegien.
19. *Ludgate Hill*, Strafse im Innern der City zwischen *Fleet Street* und *St. Paul's*, benannt nach einem alten Stadttore. das von einem britischen König namens *Lud* gebaut worden sein soll.
22. *Fleet Street* und *Strand*, bedeutende Straßen der City in der Nähe der Themse.
28. *Temple Bar*, Stadthor, das, aus Holz gebaut, durch das große Feuer zerstört wurde. An seiner Stelle wurde 1670 ein neues steinernes Thor errichtet, welches die City von *Westminster* und *Fleet Street* vom *Strand* trennt.
31. *the Savoy*, Stadtdistrikt zwischen *Charing Cross* und *Waterloo Bridge*.
- 40, 7. *the edge* = bank, Ufer, Strand. — 27. *I'll give you a hoist up* = I will hoist you up, ich will Sie hinaufheben.

- 44, 14. *Whitehall*, königliches Residenzschloß, welches ursprünglich als Residenz der Erzbischöfe von York den Namen York-Palace hatte. Nach dem Sturze des Kardinals Wolsey (1530) nahm Heinrich VIII. diesen Palast für sich und nannte ihn Whitehall; seitdem war er Residenz der Könige, bis 1691 und 1697 der ganze Häuserkomplex, mit Ausnahme des noch stehenden Banqueting-House durch Feuer zerstört wurde.
17. *the Duke of Albemarle*; vgl. 2,29.
- 47, 1. *yester-even*, veraltet für yesterday evening.
35. *the Mall*, prächtige Allee in St. James's Park, so benannt nach Pall-Mall (hölzerner Hammer mit langem Stock zum Schlagen eines Balles, damit er auf ebenem Boden durch einen Bogen rolle, wie beim Croquet); das Pall-Mall war zur Zeit Karls II. ein bei Hof sehr beliebtes Spiel.
- 48, 6. *the Earl of Rochester*, Lawrence Hyde, stand bei Karl II. in hoher Gunst und wurde 1685 beim Regierungsantritt Jakobs II. zum Lordschatzmeister ernannt; er starb 1711. — 12. *the Earl of Wisbech* (auch Wisbeach, spr. ea = i) führt seinen Titel nach der kleinen Stadt gleichen Namens an der Ouse (spr. ùz).
- 49, 4. *levées*; Karl II. hielt wie Ludwig XIV. regelmäsig Morgenempfang.
- 51, 12. *at my back*, zu meiner Unterstützung.
- 52, 35. *broke my fast*, das Fasten gebrochen, gefrühstückt (*broke* veraltet für broken).
- 53, 13. *He gave credit*, er nannte rühmenswert, er rühmte. — 20. *Cambridge*, berühmte, alte Universität.
- 54, 31. *donned* = put on, zog an (don dialektisch für do on).
- 56, 40. *Greenwich* (w stumm) an der Themse 5 Meilen unterhalb London; daselbst befindet sich jetzt eine berühmte Sternwarte und eine Navigationsschule.
- 57, 1. *London Bridge*, die alte Brücke, welche seit 1832 verschwunden und durch eine neue, 1824 bis 1831 erbaute, ersetzt ist; sie glich mit ihren Häusern auf beiden Seiten einer StraÙe, an beiden Enden war ein Thor, auf das die Köpfe der wegen politischer Vergehen Enthaupteten gesteckt wurden.
- 59, 20. *schiedam*, feiner holländischer Schnaps, benannt nach der gleichnamigen Stadt. — 24. *Southwark*, Stadtteil südlich der Themse, benannt nach früheren Befestigungswerken. — 30. *Chatham*, bedeutender Kriegshafen am Medway (Nebenfluß der Themse), in der Grafschaft Kent.
- 60, 17. *Yarmouth*, bedeutender Hafen an der äußersten Ostküste von Suffolk mit großen Werften. — 22. *the Downs*, die große Reede an der Küste von Kent; vgl. 118,23.
- 62, 30. *Sheerness*, ein befestigter Hafen an der Mündung des Medway. — 31. *Nore sands*, Sandbank mit Leuchtschiff,

- in der Mündung der Themse, nördlich von Sheerness. — 35. *Tilbury*, ein Fort am Ausgang der Themse, Gravesend gegenüber.
- 63, 12. *Felixstowe*, kleiner Flecken mit Hafen in der Nähe von Harwich. — 15. *the Duke of York* ist der jüngere Bruder Karl II.; er führte zeitweise den Oberbefehl über die englische Flotte und folgte 1685 auf seinen Bruder als Jakob II.; 1688 wurde er entthront. — 24. *the Earl of Sandwich*, Montagu Edward (1625—1672), wurde später Oberbefehlshaber der englischen Flotte. — 29. *Texel*, Insel in Nord-Holland.
- 64, 10. *Lowestoft*, kleiner Hafen mit 2 Leuchttürmen an der Küste von Suffolk. — 19. *Tromp*, Cornelis van (1636—1691), holländischer Seeheld; zeichnete sich in den Seekämpfen gegen England und Frankreich aus; er wurde nach de Ruyters Tod Oberbefehlshaber der niederländischen Flotte. — *Evertson* (richtig Evertsen), Jan (1600—1666), niederländischer Seeheld, kämpfte unter van Tromp, dem Älteren, und de Ruyter; er fiel 1666.
- 65, 11. *had gained the weather* . . ., hatten dem Feinde den Wind abgenommen.
- 69, 38. *Eendracht* (holländisch), Eintracht.
- 71, 19. *burns*, Brandwunden.
- 72, 41. *Blake* (1599—1657), erhielt 1649 von Cromwell den Oberbefehl über die englische Seemacht. Er war mehrmals siegreich gegen Holland (1652 und 1653), gegen die türkische Flotte bei Tunis 1655 und gegen Spanien bei Santa Cruz 1657.
- 74, 11. *Lilly's Almanack*. Lilly, berühmter Astrolog, geboren 1602 in Disworth, Grafschaft Leicester, veröffentlichte im April 1644 seinen ersten Almanach unter dem Titel: „The English Merlin Revived or A Mathematical Prediction upon the affairs of the English Commonwealth“, der innerhalb einer Woche vergriffen war und jedes Jahr bis zu Lilly's Tode (1681) neu erschien.
- 78, 7. *Epping*, Marktflecken 5 Stunden nördlich von London, in dessen Nähe sich der vielgenannte große Epping Forest befindet.
- 80, 29. *Lord Mayor*. Diesen Titel führen der Oberbürgermeister der City of London, sowie der von York und Dublin.
- 82, 10/11. *Rejoice ye . . . at hand*; vgl. Ev. Marci 1,15: „Die Zeit ist erfüllet, und das Reich Gottes herbeigekommen“. — *ye* ist veraltet für *you*.
- 83, 21/22. *the Church of England*, englische Staatskirche, welche ursprünglich katholisch blieb und erst unter Eduard VI. (1547—1553) in reformatorische Bahnen einlenkte. — *an Independent* ist ein Protestant, welcher keine kirchliche Oberherrschaft anerkennt; jede ihrer Gemeinde ist selbständig.

- 93, 14/15. *a Roundhead* (Stutzkopf), Spottname der Puritaner, den sie von den Anhängern des Königs (Cavaliers) wegen ihres rund geschorenen Haupthaars erhielten.
- 95, 15. *I will be even with you yet*, ich werde schon noch mit Euch abrechnen. — 24. *hath*, veraltete, biblische Form für *has*; die Puritaner gebrauchten mit Vorliebe biblische Ausdrucksweisen.
- 100, 19. *seasoned* (vom Holz), ausgetrocknet.
- 104, 26. *Aldgate* war ein Thor, welches zwischen dem Tower und Bishopsgate in der jetzigen Aldgate Street stand.
- 106, 26. *Blackfriars* (schwarze Brüder); so wurde ein Stadtteil an der Themse nach einem früher dort bestehenden Dominikanerkloster genannt. Jetzt noch gibt es in jener Gegend Blackfriars Bridge, Blackfriars Station u. s. w.
- 112, 30. *that is beyond me*, das geht über meine Kraft.
- 113, 37. *Elizabeth*, Königin von England von 1558—1603.
- 117, 2. *either of the Universities*, Oxford und Cambridge. — 17/18. *the French had . . . declared war*; vgl. Einleitung.
- 118, 23. *The Downs* sind die Kreidehöhenzüge mit vorliegenden Dünen (*downs*) zwischen Dover und Beachy Head; auch führt eine große Reede in der Strafe von Calais diesen Namen; vgl. 60, 22. — 31. *Deal*, kleine Hafenstadt in Kent, nahe bei Sandwich.
- 119, 37. *South Foreland* and *North Foreland* sind die beiden äußersten Landspitzen der Grafschaft Kent; ersteres liegt 3 Meilen nördlich von Dover, letzteres auf der Isle of Thanet. Beide haben Leuchttürme.
- 121, 30. *in the teeth of the wind* = against the roughest wind.
- 122, 11. *Sir William Berkley* (1639—1666), fiel als Konteradmiral. — 24. *Sir John Harman* nahm als Konteradmiral an dieser Schlacht teil und wurde schwer verwundet. Er starb 1673 als Admiral. — 40. *de Ruyter* (holl. *uy* = *eu*, engl. *uy* = *ei*). Michel, geboren 1607 in Vlissingen, wurde 1641 Konteradmiral und 1665 Oberbefehlshaber der niederländischen Flotte. Im Meerbusen von Catania schwer verwundet, starb er 1676 in der Nähe von Syrakus.
- 126, 15/16. *Sir Thomas Allen* (richtiger Allin), 1612—1685, Vizeadmiral, wurde infolge des Sieges bei Lowestoft zum Ritter geschlagen. — 16/17. *Sir Jeremiah Smith* starb als Admiral 1675.
- 127, 38. *they saw themselves baulked of*, sie sahen sich gehindert.
- 128, 15. *Schonevelt* ist nicht richtig, da *Sir Robert Holmes* (vgl. Z. 19) den hier erwähnten Handstreich auf den Inseln Terschelling und Vlieland, nördlich von Texel, ausführte. *Sir*



- R. Holmes (1622—1692) war Konter-Admiral und starb als Gouverneur der Isle of Wight.
- 129, 13. *Pudding Lane*, StraÙe in der Nhe der London Bridge. — 14. *Fish Street*, StraÙe, die vom Tower zur Themse fhrt. — 39. *St. Magnus* (the Martyr), an der Ostseite der London Bridge, wurde von dem berhmten Baumeister der St. Pauls-Kirche, Sir Christopher Wren (1632—1723), neu gebaut.
- 132, 15. *by nothing short*, durch nichts Geringeres als, nur durch.
- 134, 13/14. *Gracechurch Street*, VerbindungsstraÙe zwischen London Bridge und Bishopsgate Street. — 14. *Lombard Street*, bedeutende StraÙe in der City bei der Bank of England. — 20. *Dowgate*, StraÙe sudlich von der St. Pauls-Kirche. — 25. *Lambeth*, ein Distrikt im Sudwesten am rechten Ufer der Themse. — 26. *Millbank*, Lambeth gegenuber; heute steht dort ein Gefangnis (Millbank-Prison). — 38. *Moorfields*, fruher Dorf in mooriger Gegend; jetzt ist dort der Stadtteil Finsbury (von fen, Moor, Torf).
- 135, 16. *Sevenoaks*, kleine Stadt in der Nhe von London in der Grafschaft Kent. — 35. *Rome was burnt* unter Nero (54—68) im Jahre 64 n. Chr.
- 136, 36. *Fleet Valley* oder *Fleet Ditch* war eine Art Kanal, der von *Fleet Street* zur Themse lief.
- 137, 30. *Fetter Lane*, eine enge StraÙe in der City, die nach Holborn fhrt. — 35. *St. Andrew's*, in *Leadenhall Street*. — 40. *the Tower*, von Wilhelm dem Eroberer am linken unteren Ufer der Themse (1078) erbaute Zwingburg, welche ursprunglich den Konigen als Wohnsitz und daneben als Staatsgefangnis diente; jetzt Arsenal. — *Mark Lane* in der City, SeitenstraÙe der *Tower Street*.
- 138, 20. *Stepney*, damals Dorf im Osten von London, gehort jetzt zur Stadt.
- 139, 31. *King of Sweden*. In Schweden war damals vormundschaftliche Regierung fur den noch minderjahrigen Karl XI. (1660—1697).
33. *Breda*, Stadt und wichtiger Eisenbahnknotenpunkt in der niederlandischen Provinz Nordbrabant, war fruher Festung. Durch den Frieden von Breda wurde am 31. Juli 1667 der zweite Seekrieg zwischen England und Holland beendet.
- 140, 39/40. *the allotted age of man*, das dem Menschen zugemessene Alter.

## Verzeichnis zu den sachlichen Anmerkungen.

(Die Zahlen beziehen sich auf die Anmerkungen.)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
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### Errata :

Seite 14, Z. 7	lies	<i>even-ings</i>	statt	eve-nings.
" 14, " 28	"	<i>tim-id</i>	statt	ti-mid.
" 26, " 30	"	<i>evīd-ent</i>	statt	evi-dent.
" 35, " 35	"	<i>princip-ally</i>	statt	princi-pally.
" 41, " 39	"	<i>speed-ily</i>	statt	spee-dily.
" 41, " 41	"	<i>quickly</i>	statt	speedily.
" 48, " 28	"	<i>who</i>	statt	wo.
" 52, " 32	"	<i>igno-rant</i>	statt	igno-fant.
" 52, " 33	"	<i>us by</i>	statt	„by.
" 52, " 35	"	<i>“for</i>	statt	or.

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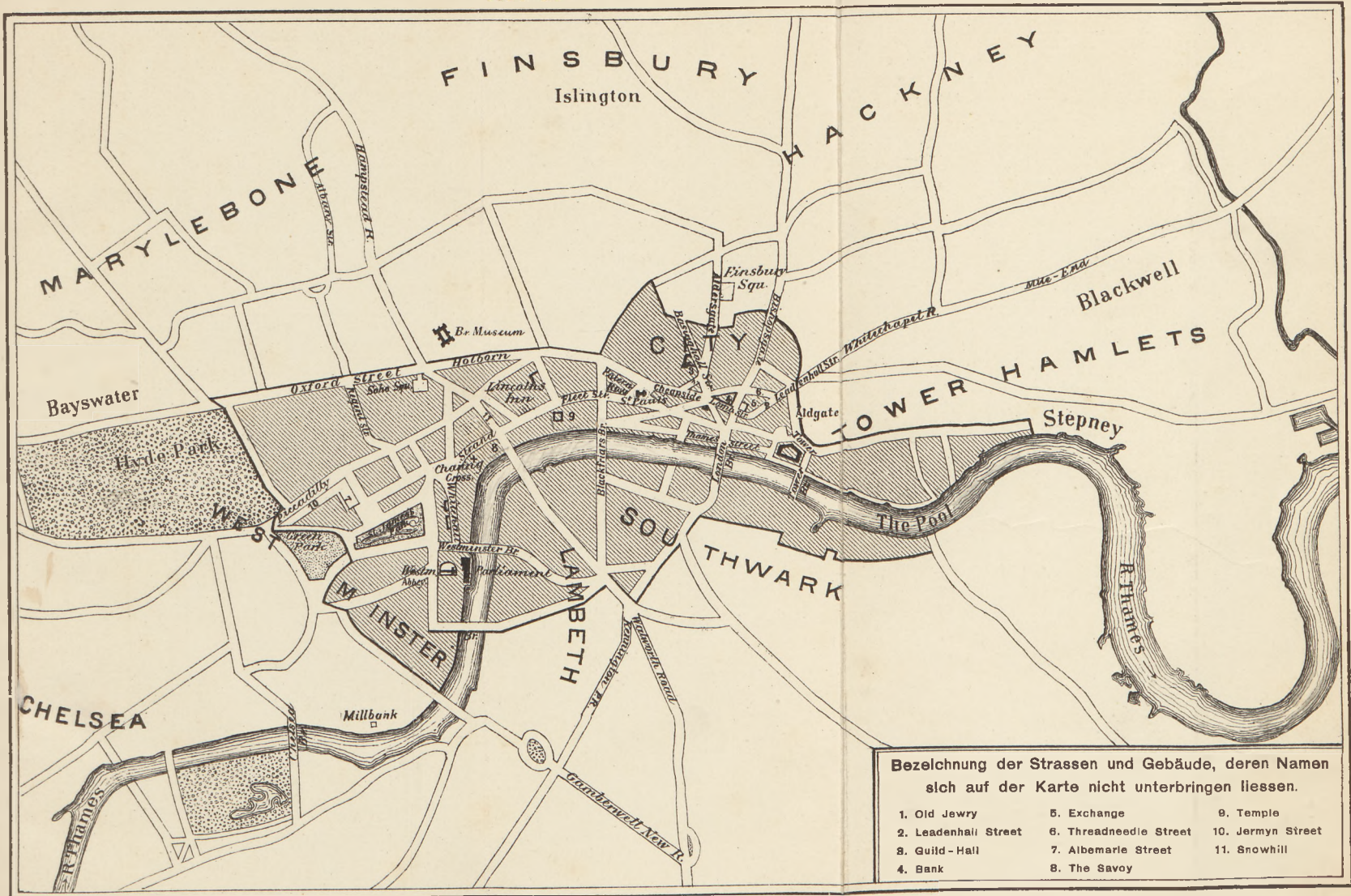
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# MAP OF LONDON



Bezeichnung der Strassen und Gebäude, deren Namen sich auf der Karte nicht unterbringen liessen.

- |                      |                        |                   |
|----------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Old Jewry         | 5. Exchange            | 9. Temple         |
| 2. Leadenhall Street | 6. Threadneedle Street | 10. Jermyn Street |
| 3. Guild-Hall        | 7. Albemarle Street    | 11. Snowhill      |
| 4. Bank              | 8. The Savoy           |                   |

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C	24.	Sprachstoff für den Anschauungs- u. Sprachunterricht von F. Strübing. I. B. [Bauernhof, Wald, Ernte, Herbst.] Stufe IV. (M. Altgelt.)	0. 80.
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T.A.*	6.	Voltaire, <i>Pierre le Grand</i> .	0. 60.
A	66.	Yonge, <i>The Book of Golden Deeds</i> . (Prof. G. Wolpert.)	1. —.
T.A.*	11.	Yonge, <i>The Book of Golden Deeds</i> .	0. 60.



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