

zens coming in and going forth from the unburnt parts, heavy laden with some pieces of their goods, but more heavy laden with weighty grief and sorrow of heart, so that it is wonderful they did not quite sink under these burdens.

Monday night was a dreadful night. When the wings of the night had shadowed the light of the heavenly bodies, there was no darkness of night in London, for the fire shines now round about with a fearful blaze, which yieldeth such light in the streets as it had been the sun at noon-day. Now the fire having wrought backward strangely against the wind, to Billingsgate, &c., along Thames-street, eastward, runs up the hill to Tower-street, and having marched on from Gracechurch-street, making further progress in Fenchurch-street, and having spread its wing beyond Queen-lithe, in Thames-street, westward, mounts up from the water-side, through Dowgate, and old Fish-street, into Watling-street; but the great fury of the fire was in the broader streets. In the midst of the night it was come down Cornhill, and laid it in the dust, and runs along by the Stocks, and there meets with another fire, which came down Threadneedle-street; a little further with another, which came up from Walbrook; a little further with another, which comes up from Bucklersbury; and all these four, joining together, break into one great flame at the corner of Cheapside, with such a dazzling light, and burning heat, and roaring noise, by the fall of so many houses together, that it was very amazing; and though it were something stopped in its swift course at Mercer's-chapel, yet, with great force, in a while it conquers the place, and burns through it; and then, with great rage, proceedeth forth in Cheapside.

On Tuesday (the 4th) was the fire burning up the very bowels of London; Cheapside is all in a light, (fire in a few hours time,) many fires meeting there as in the centre; from Soper-lane, Bow-lane, Bread-street, Friday-street, and Old Change, the fire comes up almost together, and breaks furiously into the Broad-street, and most of that side of the way was altogether in flames—a dreadful spectacle; and then, partly by the fire which came down by Mercer's-chapel, partly by the fall of the houses cross the way, the other side is quickly kindled, and doth not stand long after it. Now the fire gets into Blackfriars, and so continues its course by the water, and makes up towards Paul's-church, on that side, and Cheapside fire besets the great building on this side; and the church, though all of stone outward, though naked of houses about it, and though so high above all buildings in the city, yet, within a while, doth yield to the violent assaults of the conquering flames, and strangely takes fire at the top; now the lead melts and runs down, as if it had been snow before the sun; and the great beams and massy stones, with a great noise, fall on the pavement, and break through into Faith-church underneath. Now great flakes of stone scale and peel off strangely from the side of the walls; the conqueror having got this high fort, darts its flames round about. Now Paternoster-row, Newgate-market, the Old Bailey, and Ludgate-hill, have submitted themselves to the devouring fire, which, with wonderful speed, rusheth down the hill into Fleet-street. Now Cheapside fire marcheth along Ironmonger-lane, Old Jewry, Lawrence-lane, Milk-street, Wood-street, Gutter-lane, Fetter-lane. Now it runs along Lotlibury, Cateaton-street, &c. From Newgate-market, it assaults Christ-church, and conquers that great building, and burns through Martin's-lane towards Aldersgate, and all about so furiously, as if it would not leave a house standing upon the ground.

Now horrible flakes of fire mount up the sky, and the yellow smoke of London ascendeth up towards heaven, like the smoke of a great furnace—a smoke so great, as darkened the sun at noon-day—(if at any time the sun peeped forth, it looked red like blood)—the cloud of smoke was so great, that travellers did ride at noon-day, some miles together, in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky.

And if Monday night was dreadful, Tuesday night was more dreadful, when far the greatest part of the city was consumed. Many thousands, who on Saturday had houses convenient in the city, both for themselves and to entertain others, now have not where to lay their head; and the fields are the only receptacle which they can find for themselves and their goods. Most of the late inhabitants of London lie all night in the open air, with no other canopy over them but that of the heavens. The fire is still making towards them, and threatening the suburbs. It was amazing to see how it had spread itself several times in compass; and, amongst other things, that night the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood, the whole body of it together in view, for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames, (I suppose because the timber was such solid oak,) in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass.

On Wednesday morning, (the 5th,) when people expected that the suburbs would be burnt, as well as the city, and with speed were preparing their flight, as well as they could, with their luggage, into the countries, and neighbouring villages—then the Lord had pity on poor London; his bowels began to relent; his heart is turned within him, and he stays his rough wind in the day of the east wind; his fury begins to be allayed; he hath a remnant of people in London, and there shall a remnant of houses escape. The wind now is hushed; the commission of the fire is withdrawing, and it burns so gently, even where it meets with no opposition, that it was not hard to be quenched, in many places, with a few hands. Now the citizens begin to gather a little heart, and encouragement in their endeavours to quench the fire. A check it had at Leadenhall by that great building; a stop it had in Bishopsgate-street, Fenchurch-street, Lime-street, Mark-lane, and towards the Tower; one means, under God, was the blowing up of houses with gunpowder. Now it is stayed in Lotlibury, Broad street, Coleman-street. Towards the gates it burnt, but not with any great violence. At the Temple also it stayed, and in Holborn, where it had got no great footing. And when once the fire was got under, it was kept under, and on Thursday the flames were extinguished.

But on Wednesday night, when the people, late of London, now of the fields, hoped to get a little rest on the ground, where they had spread their beds, a more dreadful fear falls upon them than they had before, through a rumour that the French were coming armed against them to cut their throats, and spoil them of what they had saved out of the fire. They were now naked and weak, and in ill condition to defend themselves; and the hearts, especially of the females, do quake and tremble, and are ready to die within them; yet many citizens, having lost their houses, and almost all that they had, are fired with rage and fury; and they begin to stir up themselves like lions, or like bears bereaved of their whelps—and now, "Arm! arm!" doth resound the fields and suburbs with a dreadful voice. We may guess at the distress and perplexity of the people this night, which was something alleviated when the falseness of the alarm was perceived.

The ruins of the city were 396 acres, (viz: 333 acres within the walls, and 63 in the liberties of the city.) Of the six and twenty wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered, and half burnt; and it consumed 400 streets, 13,200 dwelling houses, eighty-nine churches, (besides chapels,) four of the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, and a vast number of stately edifices.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

E'er yet her child has drawn its earliest breath;
A mother's love begins—it glows till death—
Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.—WERNICKE.