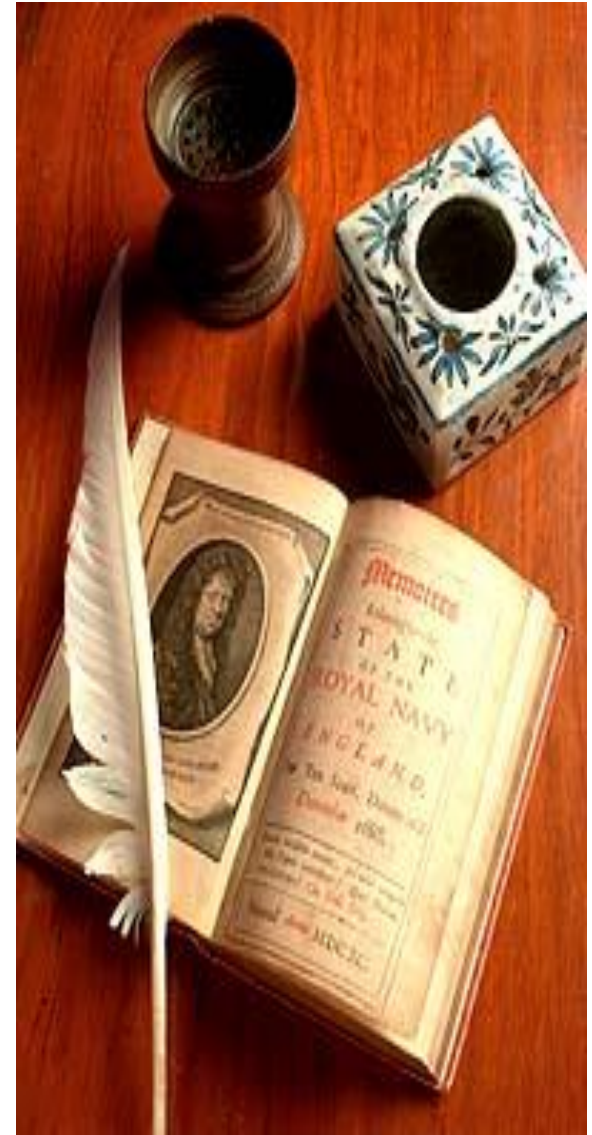
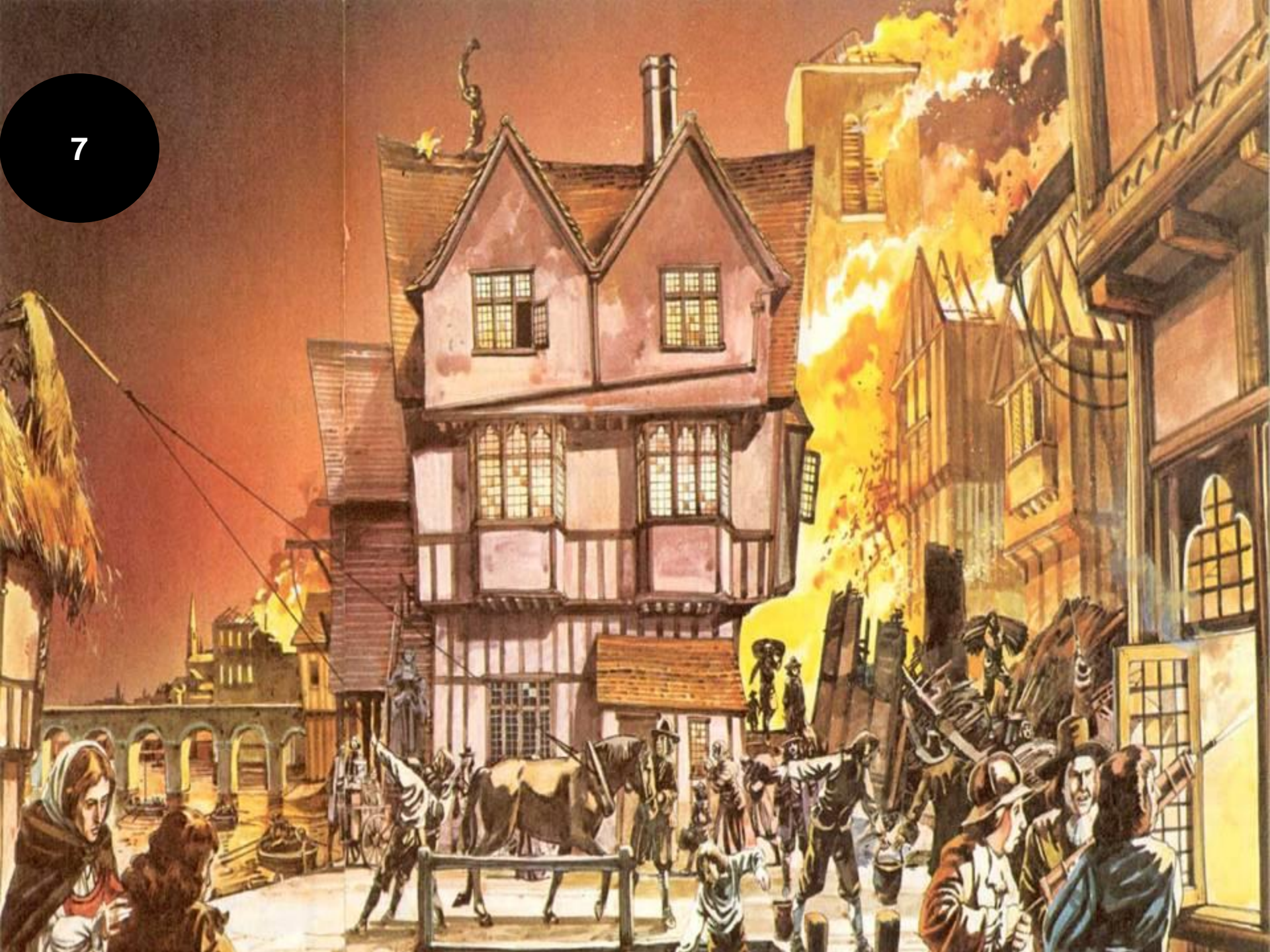




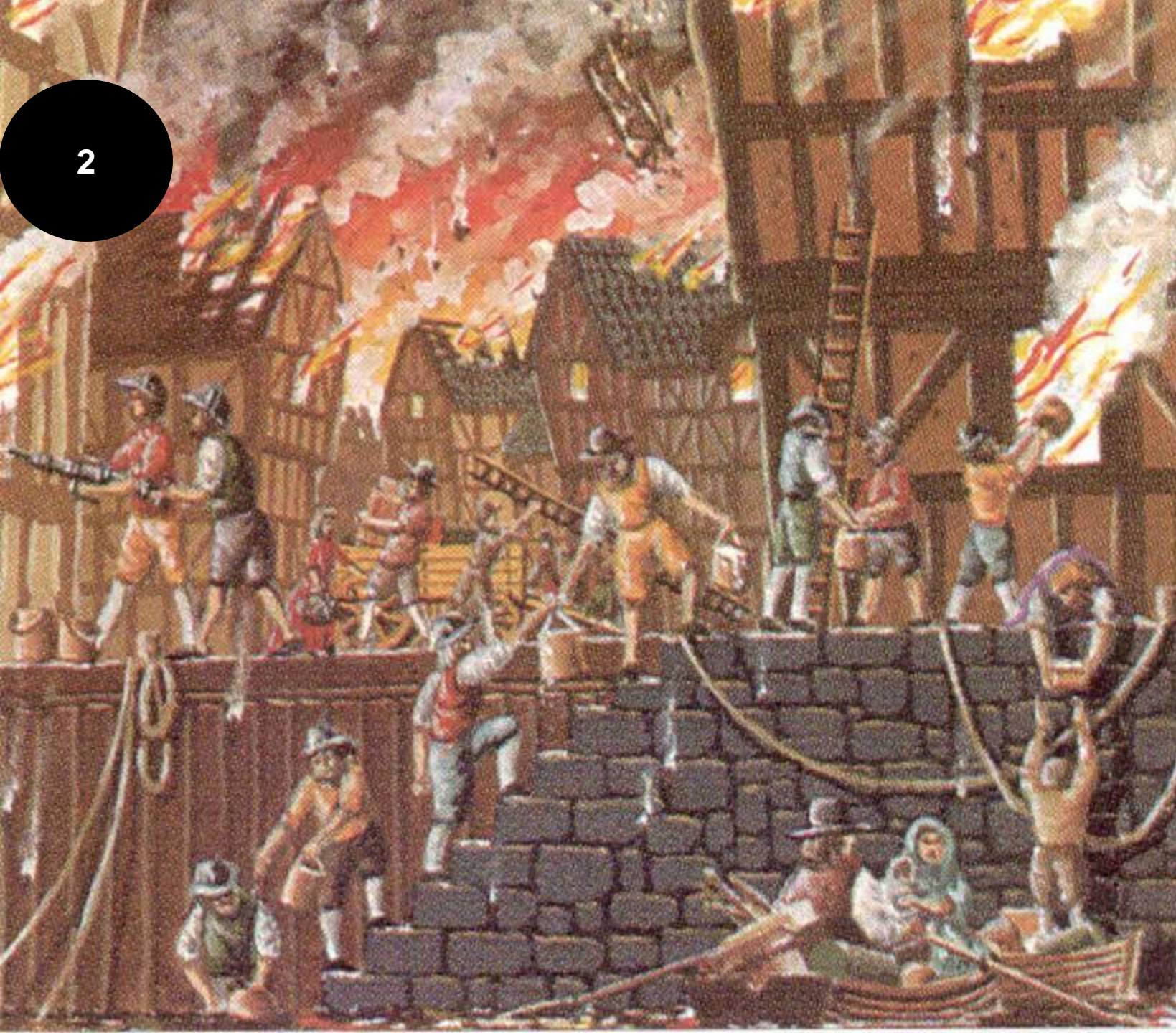
Pepys' diary

- *“We have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.’ . . . So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil and wines and brandy and other things”.*









Published by Authority.

From ~~Monday~~, Septemb 3, to ~~Monday~~, Septemp 10, 1666.

Whitehall, Sept. 8.

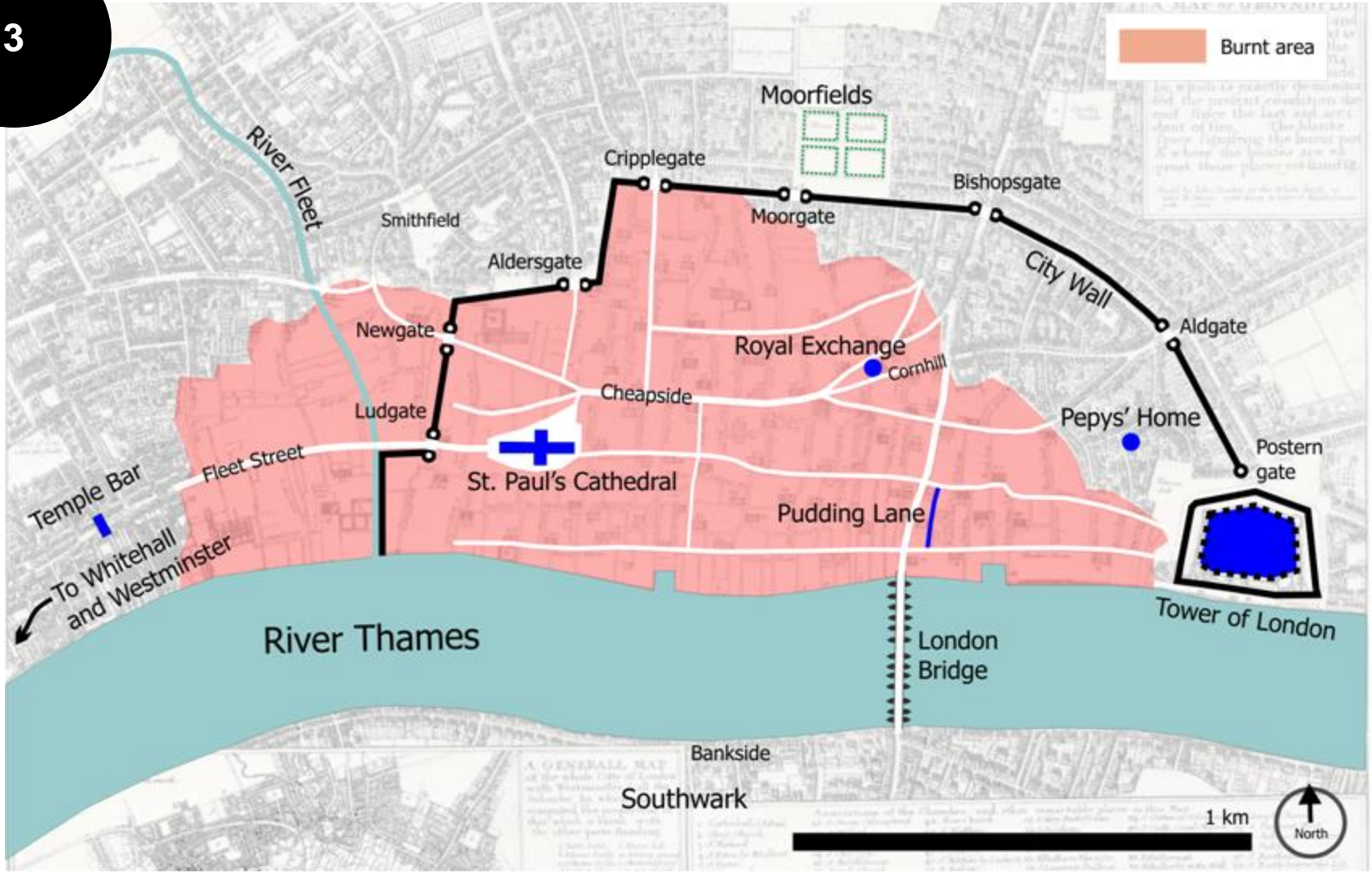
THE ordinary course of this paper having been interrupted by a sad and lamentable accident of Fire lately hapned in the City of *London*: it hath been thought fit for satisfying the minds of so many of His Majesties good Subjects who must needs be concerned for the Issue of so great an accident, to give this short, but true Accompt of it.

On the second instant, at one of the clock in the Morning, there hapned to break out, a sad in deplorable Fire in *Pudding-lane*, near *New Fish-street*, which falling out at that hour of the night, and in a quarter of the Town so close built with wooden pitched houses spread itself so far before day, and with such distraction to the inhabitants and Neighbours, that care was not taken for the timely preventing the further diffusion of it, by pulling down houses, as ought to have been; so that this lamentable Fire in a short time became too big to be mastred by any Engines or working near it. It fell out most unhappily too, That a violent Easterly wind fomented it, and kept it burning all

Church, near *Holborn-bridge*, *Pie-corner*, *Aldersgate*, *Cripple-gate*, near the lower end of *Coleman-street*, at the end of *Basin-hall-street* by the *Postern* at the upper end of *Bishopsgate-street* and *Leadenhall-street*, at the *Standard* in *Cornhill* at the church in *Fenchurch street*, near *Cloth-workers Hall* in *Mincing-lane*, at the middle of *Mark-lane*, and at the *Tower-dock*.

On Thursday by the blessing of God it was wholly beat down and extinguished. But so as that Evening it unhappily burst out again a fresh at the *Temple*, by the falling of some sparks (as is supposed) upon a Pile of Wooden buildings; but his Royal Highness who watched there that vvhole night in Person, by the great labours and diligence used, and especially by applying Powder to blow up the Houses about it, before day most happily mastered it.

Divers Strangers, Dutch and French were, during the fire, apprehended, upon suspicion that they contributed mischievously to it, who are all imprisoned, and Informations prepared to make a severe inquisition here upon by my Lord Chief Justice *Keeling*, assisted by some of the Lords of the Privy Council; and some principal Members





The Great Fire of London, 1666. Lieve Verschuer.

5



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THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON in the Year 1666.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

A POEM FOR KIDS BY PAUL PERRO



The year was 1666,
Late one September night,
The baker's shop in Pudding Lane
Glowed with an orange light.

The baker's oven was on fire
The flames began to spread.
Thomas the baker was upstairs
He was asleep in bed.

Before too long the walls caught fire
There billowed out black smoke.
The fire made such a loud noise
Tom suddenly awoke.

He woke up all his family
And got them out of there.
He called out for the firemen
And called out for the mayor.

The firemen saw the shops nearby
And said "Let's knock these down,
Or else they will catch fire too
And it will spread through town."

But no, the Mayor would not do that,
He said "Just hang about,
The fire is not that bad, you know
Wee* could soon put that out!"

So they tried to put the flames out
But they just grew higher.
Sure enough they spread, soon half of
London was on fire.

King Charles sitting in his palace
Thought something must be done
He sent out a fire engine
With a big water gun.

They went to the Thames for water
But at the river bank
The fire engine slipped in mud,
Fell in the Thames, and sank!

When the king was told about this
He was really upset.
He realised that the fire posed
A very serious threat.

He decided that he must help,
Put on his boots and cloak,
And he marched out of his palace
Towards the fire and smoke.

He helped some fire-fighters who
Had started to despair,
And everyone was really glad
That the good king was there.

Eventually, the wind died down -
The fire died down too.
London would have to be rebuilt
There was much work to do.

The damage caused would have been less

In sixteen sixty six
If the houses weren't made from wood,
If they were made from bricks.