

and me apart and read to us his answer to the Generalls letter to the King that he read last night; wherein he is very plain, and states the matter in full defence of himself, and of me with him, which he could not avoid – which is a good comfort to me, that I happen to be involved with him in the same cause. And then speaking of the supplies which have been made to this fleet, more then ever in all kinds to any, even that wherein the Duke of York himself was – “Well,” says he, “if this will not do, I will say, as Sir J. Falstaffe did to the Prince – ‘Tell your father, that if he do not like this, let him kill the next Piercy himself.’” And so we broke up, and to the Duke and there did our usual business.

SEPTEMBER

2. *Lords day.* Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up, about 3 in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Markelane at the furthest; but being unused to such fires as fallowed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again and to sleep. About 7 rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday’s cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it was now burning down all Fishstreet by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinsons little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge – which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the Bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King’s bakers house in Pudding lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnes Church and most part of Fishstreete already. So I down to the waterside and there got a boat and through the bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michells house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way and the fire running further, that in a very