

Defoe Daniel

# The Storm



Даниэль Дефо

# **The Storm**

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**Daniel Defoe**  
**The Storm / or, a Collection of the**  
**most Remarkable Casualties and**  
**Disasters which Happen'd in the Late**  
**Dreadful Tempest, both by Sea and Land**

**THE PREFACE**

*Preaching of Sermons is Speaking to a few of Mankind: Printing of Books is Talking to the whole World. The Parson Prescribes himself, and addresses to the particular Auditory with the Appellation of My Brethren; but he that Prints a Book, ought to Preface it with a Noverint Universi, Know all Men by these Presents.*

*The proper Inference drawn from this remarkable Observation, is, That tho' he that Preaches from the Pulpit ought to be careful of his Words, that nothing pass from him but with an especial Sanction of Truth; yet he that Prints and Publishes to all the World, has a tenfold Obligation.*

*The Sermon is a Sound of Words spoken to the Ear, and prepar'd only for present Meditation, and extends no farther than the strength of Memory can convey it; a Book Printed is a Record; remaining in every Man's Possession, always ready to renew its Acquaintance with his Memory, and always ready to be produc'd as an Authority or Voucher to any Reports he makes out of it, and conveys its Contents for Ages to come, to the Eternity of mortal Time, when the Author is forgotten in his Grave.*

*If a Sermon be ill grounded, if the Preacher imposes upon us, he trespasses on a few; but if a Book Printed obtrudes a Falshood, if a Man tells a Lye in Print, he abuses Mankind, and imposes upon the whole World, he causes our Children to tell Lyes after us, and their Children after them, to the End of the World.*

*This Observation I thought good to make by way of Preface, to let the World know, that when I go about a Work in which I must tell a great many Stories, which may in their own nature seem incredible, and in which I must expect a great part of Mankind will question the Sincerity of the Relator; I did not do it without a particular sence upon me of the proper Duty of an Historian, and the abundant Duty laid on him to be very wary what he conveys to Posterity.*

*I cannot be so ignorant of my own Intentions, as not to know, that in many Cases I shall act the Divine, and draw necessary practical Inferences from the extraordinary Remarkables of this Book, and some Digressions which I hope may not be altogether useless in this Case.*

*And while I pretend to a thing so solemn, I cannot but premise I should stand convicted of a double Imposture, to forge a Story, and then preach Repentance to the Reader from a Crime greater than that I would have him repent of: endeavouring by a Lye to correct the Reader's Vices, and sin against Truth to bring the Reader off from sinning against Sence.*

*Upon this score, tho' the Undertaking be very difficult among such an infinite variety of Circumstances, to keep, exactly within the bounds of Truth; yet I have this positive Assurance with me, that in all the subsequent Relation, if the least Mistake happen, it shall not be mine.*

*If I judge right, 'Tis the Duty of an Historian to set every thing in its own Light, and to convey matter of fact upon its legitimate Authority, and no other: I mean thus, (for I wou'd be as explicit as I can) That where a Story is vouch'd to him with sufficient Authority, he ought to give the World the Special Testimonial of its proper Voucher, or else he is not just to the Story: and where it comes without such sufficient Authority, he ought to say so; otherwise he is not just to himself. In the first Case he*

*injures the History, by leaving it doubtful where it might be confirm'd past all manner of question; in the last he injures his own Reputation, by taking upon himself the Risque, in case it proves a Mistake, of having the World charge him with a Forgery.*

*And indeed, I cannot but own 'tis just, that if I tell a Story in Print for a Truth which proves otherwise, unless I, at the same time, give proper Caution to the Reader, by owning the Uncertainty of my Knowledge in the matter of fact, 'tis I impose upon the World: my Relater is innocent, and the Lye is my own.*

*I make all these preliminary Observations, partly to inform the Reader, that I have not undertaken this Work without the serious Consideration of what I owe to Truth, and to Posterity; nor without a Sence of the extraordinary Variety and Novelty of the Relation.*

*I am sensible, that the want of this Caution is the Foundation of that great Misfortune we have in matters of ancient History; in which the Impudence, the Ribaldry, the empty Flourishes, the little Regard to Truth, and the Fondness of telling a strange Story, has dwindled a great many valuable Pieces of ancient History into meer Romance.*

*How are the Lives of some of our most famous Men, nay the Actions of whole Ages, drowned in Fable? Not that there wanted Pen-men to write, but that their Writings were continually mixt with such Rhodomontades of the Authors that Posterity rejected them as fabulous.*

*From hence it comes to pass that Matters of Fact are handed down to Posterity with so little Certainty, that nothing is to be depended upon; from hence the uncertain Account of Things and Actions in the remoter Ages of the World, the confounding the Genealogies as well as Atchievements of Belus, Nimrod, and Nimrus, and their Successors, the Histories and Originals of Saturn, Jupiter, and the rest of the Celestial Rabble, who Mankind would have been asham'd to have call'd Gods, had they had the true Account of their dissolute, exorbitant, and inhumane Lives.*

*From Men we may descend to Action: and this prodigious Looseness of the Pen has confounded History and Fable from the beginning of both. Thus the great Flood in Deucalion's Time is made to pass for the Universal Deluge: the Ingenuity of Dedalus, who by a Clue of Thread got out of the Egyptian Maze, which was thought impossible, is grown into a Fable of making himself a pair of Wings, and flying through the Air: – the great Drought and violent Heat of Summer, thought to be the Time when the Great Famine was in Samaria, fabl'd by the Poets and Historians into the Story of Phaeton borrowing the Chariot of the Sun, and giving the Horses their Heads, they run so near the Earth as burnt up all the nearest Parts, and scorch'd the Inhabitants, so that they have been black in those Parts ever since.*

*These, and such like ridiculous Stuff, have been the Effects of the Pageantry of Historians in former Ages: and I might descend nearer home, to the Legends of Fabulous History which have swallow'd up the Actions of our ancient Predecessors, King Arthur, the Gyant Gogmagog, and the Britain, the Stories of St. George and the Dragon, Guy Earl of Warwick, Bevis of Southampton, and the like.*

*I'll account for better Conduct in the ensuing History: and tho' some Things here related shall have equal Wonder due to them, Posterity shall not have equal Occasion to distrust the Verity of the Relation.*

*I confess here is room for abundance of Romance, because the Subject may be safer extended than in any other case, no Story being capable to be crowded with such Circumstances, but Infinite Power, which is all along concern'd with us in every Relation, is suppos'd capable of making true.*

*Yet we shall no where so Trespass upon Fact, as to oblige Infinite Power to the shewing more Miracles than it intended.*

*It must be allow'd, That when Nature was put into so much Confusion, and the Surface of the Earth and Sea felt such extraordinary a Disorder, innumerable Accidents would fall out that till the like Occasion happen may never more be seen, and unless a like Occasion had happen'd could never before be heard of: wherefore the particular Circumstances being so wonderful, serve but to remember Posterity of the more wonderful Extreme, which was the immediate Cause.*

*The Uses and Application made from this Terrible Doctrine, I leave to the Men of the Pulpit; only take the freedom to observe, that when Heaven it self lays down the Doctrine, all Men are summon'd to make Applications by themselves.*

*The main Inference I shall pretend to make or at least venture the exposing to publick View, in this case, is, the strong Evidence God has been pleas'd to give in this terrible manner to his own Being, which Mankind began more than ever to affront and despise: And I cannot but have so much Charity for the worst of my Fellow-Creatures, that I believe no Man was so hard'ned against the Sence of his Maker, but he felt some Shocks of his wicked Confidence from the Convulsions of Nature at this time.*

*I cannot believe any Man so rooted in Atheistical Opinions, as not to find some Cause to doubt whether he was not in the Wrong, and a little to apprehend the Possibility of a Supreme Being, when he felt the terrible Blasts of this Tempest. I cannot doubt but the Atheist's hard'ned Soul trembl'd a little as well as his House, and he felt some Nature asking him some little Questions; as these— Am not I mistaken? Certainly there is some such thing as a God – What can all this be? What is the Matter in the World?*

*Certainly Atheism is one of the most Irrational Principles in the World; there is something incongruous in it with the Test of Humane Policy, because there is a Risque in the Mistake one way, and none another. If the Christian is mistaken, and it should at last appear that there is no Future State, God or Devil, Reward or Punishment, where is the Harm of it? All he has lost is, that he has practis'd a few needless Mortifications, and took the pains to live a little more like a Man than he wou'd have done. But if the Atheist is mistaken, he has brought all the Powers, whose Being he deny'd, upon his Back, has provok'd the Infinite in the highest manner, and must at last sink under the Anger of him whose Nature he has always disown'd.*

*I would recommend this Thought to any Man to consider of, one Way he can lose nothing, the other he may be undone. Certainly a wise Man would never run such an unequal Risque: a Man cannot answer it to Common Arguments, the Law of Numbers, and the Rules of Proportion are against him. No Gamester will set at such a Main; no Man will lay such a Wager, where he may lose, but cannot win.*

*There is another unhappy Misfortune in the Mistake too, that it can never be discover'd till 'tis too late to remedy. He that resolves to die an Atheist, shuts the Door against being convinc'd in time.*

*If it shou'd so fall out, as who can tell,  
But that there is a God, a Heaven, and Hell,  
Mankind had best consider well for Fear,  
't should be too late when his Mistakes appear.*

*I should not pretend to set up for an Instructor in this Case, were not the Inference so exceeding just; who can but preach where there is such a Text? when God himself speaks his own Power, he expects we should draw just Inferences from it, both for our Selves and our Friends.*

*If one Man, in an Hundred Years, shall arrive at a Conviction of the Being of his Maker, 'tis very well worth my While to write it, and to bear the Character of an impertinent Fellow from all the rest.*

*I thought to make some Apology for the Meanness of Stile, and the Method, which may be a little unusual, of Printing Letters from the Country in their own Stile.*

*For the last I only leave this short Reason with the Reader, the Desire I had to keep close to the Truth, and hand my Relation with the true Authorities from whence I receiv'd it; together with some Justice to the Gentlemen concern'd, who, especially in Cases of Deliverances, are willing to record the Testimonial of the Mercies they received, and to set their Hands to the humble Acknowledgement. The Plainness and Honesty of the Story will plead for the Meanness of the Stile in many of the Letters, and the Reader cannot want Eyes to see what sort of People some of them come from.*

*Others speak for themselves, and being writ by Men of Letters, as well as Men of Principles, I have not Arrogance enough to attempt a Correction either of the Sense or Stile; and if I had gone about it, should have injur'd both Author and Reader.*

*These come dressed in their own Words because I ought not, and those because I could not mend 'em. I am perswaded, they are all dress'd in the desirable, though unfashionable Garb of Truth, and I doubt not but Posterity will read them with Pleasure.*

*The Gentlemen, who have taken the Pains to collect and transmit the Particular Relations here made publick, I hope will have their End answered in this Essay, conveying hereby to the Ages to come the Memory of the dreadfulest and most universal Judgment that ever Almighty Power thought fit to bring upon this Part of the World.*

*And as this was the true Native and Original Design of the first Undertaking, abstracted from any Part of the Printer's Advantage, the Editor and Undertakers of this Work, having their Ends entirely answer'd, hereby give their humble Thanks to all those Gentlemen who have so far approv'd the Sincerity of their Design as to contribute their Trouble, and help forward by their just Observations, the otherwise very difficult Undertaking.*

*If Posterity will but make the desired Improvement both of the Collector's Pains, as well as the several Gentlemens Care in furnishing the Particulars, I dare say they will all acknowledge their End fully answer'd, and none more readily than*

*The Ages Humble Servant.*

# THE STORM

## CHAPTER I

### *Of the Natural Causes and Original of Winds*

Though a System of Exhalation, Dilation, and Extension, things which the Ancients founded the Doctrine of Winds upon, be not my direct Business; yet it cannot but be needful to the present Design to Note, that the Difference in the Opinions of the Ancients, about the Nature and Original of Winds, is a Leading Step to one Assertion which I have advanc'd in all that I have said with Relation to Winds, *viz.* That there seems to be more of God in the whole Appearance, than in any other Part of Operating Nature.

Nor do I think I need explain my self very far in this Notion: I allow the high Original of Nature to be the Great Author of all her Actings, and by the strict Rein of his Providence, is the Continual and Exact Guide of her Executive Power; but still 'tis plain that in Some of the Principal Parts of Nature she is Naked to our Eye, Things appear both in their Causes and Consequences, Demonstration gives its Assistance, and finishes our further Enquiries: for we never enquire after God in those Works of Nature which depending upon the Course of Things are plain and demonstrative; but where we find Nature defective in her Discovery, where we see Effects but cannot reach their Causes; there 'tis most just, and Nature her self seems to direct us to it, to end the rational Enquiry, and resolve it into Speculation: Nature plainly refers us beyond her Self, to the Mighty Hand of Infinite Power, the Author of Nature, and Original of all Causes.

Among these Arcana of the Sovereign Oeconomy, the Winds are laid as far back as any. Those Ancient Men of Genius who rifled Nature by the Torch-Light of Reason even to her very Nudities, have been run a-ground in this unknown Channel; the Wind has blown out the Candle of Reason, and left them all in the Dark.

*Aristotle*, in his Problems, Sect. 23. calls the Wind *Aeris Impulsum*. *Seneca* says, *Ventus est Aer Fluens*. The *Stoicks* held it, *Motum aut Fluxionem Aeris*. Mr. *Hobs*, Air mov'd in a direct or undulating Motion. *Fournier*, *Le Vent et un Movement Agitation de l'Air Causi par des Exhalations et Vapours*. The Moderns, a Hot and Dry Exhalation repuls'd by Antiperistasis; *Des Cartes* defines it, *Venti Nihil sunt nisi Moti & Dilati Vapores*. And various other Opinions are very judiciously collected by the Learned Mr. *Bohun* in his Treatise of the Origin and Properties of Wind, P. 7. and concludes, '*That no one Hypothesis, how Comprehensive soever, has yet been able to resolve all the Incident Phenomena of Winds*. *Bohun of Winds*, P. 9.

This is what I quote them for, and this is all my Argument demands; the deepest Search into the Region of Cause and Consequence, has found out just enough to leave the wisest Philosopher in the dark, to bewilder his Head, and drown his Understanding. You raise a Storm in Nature by the very Inquiry; and at last, to be rid of you, she confesses the Truth, and tells you, *It is not in Me, you must go Home and ask my Father*.

Whether then it be the Motion of Air, and what that Air is, *which as yet is undefin'd*, whether it is a Dilation, a previous Contraction, and then violent Extension as in Gun-Powder, whether the Motion is Direct, Circular, or Oblique, whether it be an Exhalation repuls'd by the Middle Region, and the Antiperistasis of that Part of the Heavens which is set as a Wall of Brass to bind up the Atmosphere, and keep it within its proper Compass for the Functions of Respiration, Condensing and Rarifying, without which Nature would be all in Confusion; whatever are their efficient Causes, 'tis not much to the immediate Design.

'Tis apparent, that God Almighty, whom the Philosophers care as little as possible to have any thing to do with, seems to have reserv'd this, as one of those Secrets in Nature which should more directly guide them to himself.

Not but that a Philosopher may be a Christian, and some of the best of the Latter have been the best of the Former, as *Vossius*, Mr. *Boyle*, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Lord *Verulam*, Dr. *Harvey*, and others; and I wish I could say Mr. *Hobbs*, for 'twas Pity there should lie any just Exceptions to the Piety of a Man, who had so few to his General Knowledge, and an exalted Spirit in Philosophy.

When therefore I say the Philosophers do not care to concern God himself in the Search after Natural Knowledge; I mean, as it concerns Natural Knowledge, *meerly as such*; for 'tis a Natural Cause they seek, from a General Maxim, That all Nature has its Cause within it self: 'tis true, 'tis the Darkest Part of the Search, to trace the Chain backward; to begin at the Consequence, and from thence *hunt Counter*, as we may call it, to find out the Cause: 'twould be much easier if we could begin at the Cause, and trace it to all its Consequences.

I make no Question, the Search would be equally to the Advantage of Science, and the Improvement of the World; for without Doubt there are some Consequences of known Causes which are not yet discover'd, and I am as ready to believe there are yet in Nature some *Terra Incognita* both as to Cause and Consequence too.

In this Search after Causes, the Philosopher, tho' he may at the same Time be a very good Christian, cares not at all to meddle with his Maker: the Reason is plain; We may at any time resolve all things into Infinite Power, and we do allow that the Finger of Infinite is the First Mighty Cause of Nature her self: but the Treasury of Immediate Cause is generally committed to Nature; and if at any Time we are driven to look beyond her, 'tis because we are out of the way: 'tis not because it is not in her, but because we cannot find it.

Two Men met in the Middle of a great Wood; One was searching for a Plant which grew in the Wood, the Other had lost himself in the Wood, and wanted to get out: The Latter rejoyc'd when thro' the Trees he saw the open Country: but the Other Man's Business was not to get out, but to find what he look'd for: yet this Man no more undervalued the Pleasantness of the Champion Country than the other.

Thus in Nature the Philosopher's Business is not to look through Nature, and come to the vast open Field of Infinite Power; his Business is in the Wood; there grows the Plant he looks for; and 'tis there he must find it. Philosophy's a-ground if it is forc'd to any further Enquiry. The Christian begins just where the Philosopher ends; and when the Enquirer turns his Eyes up to Heaven, Farewel Philosopher; 'tis a Sign he can make nothing of it here.

*David* was a good Man, the Scripture gives him that Testimony; but I am of the Opinion, he was a better King than a Scholar, more a Saint than a Philosopher: and it seems very proper to judge that *David* was upon the Search of Natural Causes, and found himself puzzled as to the Enquiry, when he finishes the Enquiry with two pious Ejaculations, *When I view the Heavens the Works of thy Hands, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast made; then I say, what is Man!* *David* may very rationally be suppos'd to be searching the Causes, Motions, and Influences of Heavenly Bodies; and finding his Philosophy a-ground, and the Discovery not to answer his Search, he turns it all to a pious Use, recognizes Infinite Power, and applies it to the Exstasies and Raptures of his Soul, which were always employ'd in the Charm of exalted Praise.

Thus in another Place we find him dissecting the Womb of his Mother, and deep in the Study of Anatomy; but having, as it may be well supposed, no Help from *Johan Remelini*, or of the Learned *Riolanus*, and other Anatomists, famous for the most exquisite Discovery of human Body, and all the Vessels of Life, with their proper Dimensions and Use, all *David* could say to the Matter was, *Good Man*, to look up to Heaven, and admire what he could not understand, *Psal. – I was fearfully and wonderfully made, &c.*

This is very Good, and well becomes a Pulpit; but what's all this to a Philosopher? 'Tis not enough for him to know that God has made the Heavens, the Moon, and the Stars, but must inform himself where he has plac'd them, and why there; and what their Business, what their Influences, their Functions, and the End of their Being. 'Tis not enough for an Anatomist to know that he is fearfully and wonderfully made in the lowermost Part of the Earth, but he must see those lowermost Parts; search into the Method Nature proceeds upon in the performing the Office appointed, must search the Steps she takes, the Tools she works by; and in short, know all that the God of Nature has permitted to be capable of Demonstration.

And it seems a just Authority for our Search, that some things are so plac'd in Nature by a Chain of Causes and Effects, that upon a diligent Search we may find out what we look for: To search after what God has in his Sovereignty thought fit to conceal, may be criminal, and doubtless is so; and the Fruitlessness of the Enquiry is generally Part of the Punishment to a vain Curiosity: but to search after what our Maker has not hid, only cover'd with a thin Veil of Natural Obscurity, and which upon our Search is plain to be read, seems to be justified by the very Nature of the thing, and the Possibility of the Demonstration is an Argument to prove the Lawfulness of the Enquiry.

The Design of this Digression, is, in short, That as where Nature is plain to be search'd into, and Demonstration easy, the Philosopher is allow'd to seek for it; so where God has, as it were, laid his Hand upon any Place, and Nature presents us with an universal Blank, we are therein led as naturally to recognize the Infinite Wisdom and Power of the God of Nature, as *David* was in the Texts before quoted.

And this is the Case here; the Winds are some of those Inscrutables of Nature, in which humane Search has not yet been able to arrive at any Demonstration.

'The Winds,' says the Learned Mr. Bohun, 'are generated in the Intermediate Space between the Earth and the Clouds, either by Rarefaction or Repletion, and sometimes haply by pressure of Clouds, Elastical Virtue of the Air, &c. from the Earth or Seas, as by Submarine or Subterranean Eruption or Descension or Resilition from the middle Region.'

All this, though no Man is more capable of the Enquiry than this Gentleman, yet to the Demonstration of the thing, amounts to no more than what we had before, and still leaves it as Abstruse and Cloudy to our Understanding as ever.

Not but that I think my self bound in Duty to Science in General, to pay a just Debt to the Excellency of Philosophical Study, in which I am a meer Junior, and hardly any more than an Admirer; and therefore I cannot but allow that the Demonstrations made of Rarefaction and Dilatation are extraordinary; and that by Fire and Water Wind may be rais'd in a close Room, as the Lord *Verulam* made Experiment in the Case of his Feathers.

But that therefore all the Causes of Wind are from the Influences of the Sun upon vaporous Matter first Exhal'd, which being Dilated are oblig'd to possess themselves of more Space than before, and consequently make the Particles fly before them; this does not seem to be a sufficient Demonstration of Wind: for this, to my weak Apprehension, would rather make a Blow like Gun-Powder than a rushing forward; at best this is indeed a probable Conjecture, but admits not of Demonstration equal to other Phænomena in Nature.

And this is all I am upon, viz. That this Case has not equal Proofs of the Natural Causes of it that we meet with in other Cases: The Scripture seems to confirm this, when it says in one Place, *He holds the Wind in his Hand*; as if he should mean, Other things are left to the Common Discoveries of Natural Inquiry, but this is a thing he holds in his own Hand, and has conceal'd it from the Search of the most Diligent and Piercing Understanding: This is further confirm'd by the Words of our Saviour, *The Wind blows where it listeth, and thou hearest the Sound thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh*; 'tis plainly express'd to signify that the Causes of the Wind are not equally discover'd by Natural Enquiry as the rest of Nature is.

If I would carry this Matter on, and travel into the Seas, and Mountains of *America*, where the Mansones, the Trade-Winds, the Sea-Breezes, and such Winds as we have little Knowledge of, are more common; it would yet more plainly appear, *That we hear the Sound, but know not from whence they come.*

Nor is the Cause of their Motion parallel to the Surface of the Earth, a less Mystery than their real Original, or the Difficulty of their Generation: and though some People have been forward to prove the Gravity of the Particles must cause the Motion to be oblique; 'tis plain it must be very little so, or else Navigation would be impracticable, and in extraordinary Cases where the Pressure above is perpendicular, it has been fatal to Ships, Houses, &c. and would have terrible Effects in the World, if it should more frequently be so.

From this I draw only this Conclusion, That the Winds are a Part of the Works of God by Nature, in which he has been pleased to communicate less of Demonstration to us than in other Cases; that the Particulars more directly lead us to Speculations, and refer us to Infinite Power more than the other Parts of Nature does.

That the Wind is more expressive and adapted to his Immediate Power, as he is pleas'd to exert it in extraordinary Cases in the World.

That 'tis more frequently made use of as the Executioner of his Judgments in the World, and extraordinary Events are brought to pass by it.

From these three Heads we are brought down directly to speak of the Particular Storm before us; viz. The Greatest, the Longest in Duration, the widest in Extent, of all the Tempests and Storms that History gives any Account of since the Beginning of Time.

In the further Conduct of the Story, 'twill not be foreign to the Purpose, nor unprofitable to the Reader, to review the Histories of ancient Time and remote Countries, and examine in what Manner God has been pleas'd to execute his Judgments by Storms and Tempests; what kind of things they have been, and what the Consequences of them; and then bring down the Parallel to the Dreadful Instance before us.

We read in the Scripture of Two Great Storms; One past, and the Other to come. Whether the last be not Allegorical rather than Prophetical, I shall not busie my self to determine.

The First was when God caused a strong Wind to blow upon the Face of the Delug'd World; to put a stop to the Flood, and reduce the Waters to their proper Channel.

I wish our Naturalists would explain that Wind to us, and tell us which way it blew, or how it is possible that any direct Wind could cause the Waters to ebb; for to me it seems, that the Deluge being universal, that Wind which blew the Waters from one Part must blow them up in another.

Whether it was not some perpendicular Gusts that might by their Force separate the Water and the Earth, and cause the Water driven from off the Land to *subside* by its own Pressure.

I shall dive no farther into that mysterious Deluge, which has some things in it which recommend the Story rather to our Faith than Demonstration.

The Other Storm I find in the Scripture is in the *God shall rain upon the Wicked, Plagues, Fire, and a horrible Tempest.* What this shall be, we wait to know; and happy are they who shall be secured from its Effects.

Histories are full of Instances of violent Tempests and Storms in sundry particular Places. What that was, which mingled with such violent Lightnings set the Cities of *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* on fire, remains to me yet undecided: nor am I satisfied the Effect it had on the Waters of the Lake, which are to this Day call'd the *Dead Sea*, are such as some fabulous Authors have related, and as Travellers take upon them to say.

## CHAPTER II

### *Of the Opinion of the Ancients, That this Island was more Subject to Storms than other Parts of the World*

I am not of Opinion with the early Ages of the World, when these Islands were first known, that they were the most Terrible of any Part of the World for Storms and Tempests.

*Cambden* tells us, The *Britains* were distinguish'd from all the World by unpassable Seas and terrible Northern Winds, which made the *Albion* Shores dreadful to Sailors; and this part of the World was therefore reckoned the utmost Bounds of the Northern known Land, beyond which none had ever sailed: and quotes a great variety of ancient Authors to this purpose; some of which I present as a Specimen.

*Et Penitus Toto Divisos Orbe Britannos.*  
*Britain's* disjoyn'd from all the well known World.  
*Quem Littus adusta,*  
*Horrescit Lybiae, ratibusq; Impervia* \*Thule \*Taken frequently for  
*Britain.*  
*Ignotumq; Fretum.*

*Claud.*

And if the Notions the World then had were true, it would be very absurd for us who live here to pretend Miracles in any Extremes of Tempests; since by what the Poets of those Ages flourish'd about stormy Weather, was the native and most proper Epithet of the Place:

*Belluosus qui remotis*  
*Obstrepi Oceanus Britannis.*

*Hor.*

Nay, some are for placing the Nativity of the Winds hereabouts, as if they had been all generated here, and the Confluence of Matter had made this Island its General Rendezvous.

But I shall easily show, that there are several Places in the World far better adapted to be the General Receptacle or Centre of Vapours, to supply a Fund of Tempestuous Matter, than *England*; as particularly the vast Lakes of *North America*: Of which afterwards.

And yet I have two Notions, one real, one imaginary, of the Reasons which gave the Ancients such terrible Apprehensions of this Part of the World; which of late we find as Habitable and Navigable as any of the rest.

The real Occasion I suppose thus: That before the Multitude and Industry of Inhabitants prevail'd to the managing, enclosing, and improving the Country, the vast Tract of Land in this Island which continually lay open to the Flux of the Sea, and to the Inundations of Land-Waters, were as so many standing Lakes; from whence the Sun continually exhaling vast quantities of moist Vapours, the Air could not but be continually crowded with all those Parts of necessary Matter to which we ascribe the Original of Winds, Rains, Storms, and the like.

He that is acquainted with the situation of *England*, and can reflect on the vast Quantities of flat Grounds, on the Banks of all our navigable Rivers, and the Shores of the Sea, which Lands at Least lying under Water every Spring-Tide, and being thereby continually full of moisture, were like a stagnated standing body of Water brooding Vapours in the Interval of the Tide, must own that at least a fifteenth part of the whole Island may come into this Denomination.

Let him that doubts the Truth of this, examine a little the Particulars; let him stand upon *Shooters-Hill* in *Kent*, and view the Mouth of the River *Thames*, and consider what a River it must be when none of the Marshes on either side were wall'd in from the Sea, and when the Sea without all question flow'd up to the Foot of the Hills on either Shore, and up every Creek, where he must allow is now dry Land on either side the River for two Miles in breadth at least, sometimes three or four, for above forty Miles on both sides the River.

Let him farther reflect, how all these Parts lay when, as our ancient Histories relate, the *Danish* Fleet came up almost to *Hartford*, so that all that Range of fresh Marshes which reach for twenty five Miles in length, from *Ware* to the River *Thames*, must be a Sea.

In short, Let any such considering Person imagine the vast Tract of Marsh-Lands on both sides the River *Thames*, to *Harwich* on the *Essex* side, and to *Whitstable* on the *Kentish* side, the Levels of Marshes up the *Stour* from *Sandwich* to *Canterbury*, the whole Extent of Lowgrounds commonly call'd *Rumney-Marsh*, from *Hythe* to *Winchelsea*, and up the Banks of the *Rother*; all which put together, and being allow'd to be in one place cover'd with Water, what a Lake wou'd it be suppos'd to make? According to the nicest Calculations I can make, it cou'd not amount to less than 500000 Acres of Land.

The Isle of *Ely*, with the *Flats* up the several Rivers from *Yarmouth* to *Norwich*, *Beccles*, &c. the continu'd Levels in the several Counties of *Norfolk*, *Cambridge*, *Suffolk*, *Huntingdon*, *Northampton*, and *Lincoln*, I believe do really contain as much Land as the whole County of *Norfolk*; and 'tis not many Ages since these Counties were universally one vast Moras or Lough, and the few solid parts wholly unapproachable: insomuch that the Town of *Ely* it self was a Receptacle for the Malecontents of the Nation, where no reasonable Force cou'd come near to dislodge them.

'Tis needless to reckon up twelve or fourteen like Places in *England*, as the Moores in *Somersetshire*, the Flat-shores in *Lancashire*, *Yorkshire*, and *Durham*, the like in *Hampshire* and *Sussex*; and in short, on the Banks of every Navigable River.

The sum of the matter is this; That while this Nation was thus full of standing Lakes, stagnated Waters, and moist Places, the multitude of Exhalations must furnish the Air with a quantity of Matter for Showers and Storms infinitely more than it can be now supply'd withal, those vast Tracts of Land being now fenc'd off, laid dry, and turn'd into wholesome and profitable Provinces.

This seems demonstrated from *Ireland*, where the multitude of Loughs, Lakes, Bogs, and moist Places, serve the Air with Exhalations, which give themselves back again in Showers, and make it be call'd, *The Piss-pot of the World*.

The imaginary Notion I have to advance on this Head, amounts only to a Reflection upon the Skill of those Ages in the Art of Navigation; which being far short of what it is since arrived to, made these vast Northern Seas too terrible for them to venture in: and accordingly, they rais'd those Apprehensions up to Fable, which began only in their want of Judgment.

The *Phaenicians*, who were our first Navigators, the *Genoese*, and after them the *Portuguese*, who arriv'd to extraordinary Proficiency in Sea Affairs, were yet all of them, *as we say*, Fair-weather Sea-men: The chief of their Navigation was Coasting; and if they were driven out of their Knowledge, had work enough to find their way home, and sometimes never found it at all; but one Sea convey'd them directly into the last Ocean, from whence no Navigation cou'd return them.

When these, by Adventures, or Misadventures rather, had at any time extended their Voyaging as far as this Island, which, by the way, they always perform'd round the Coast of *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *France*; if ever such a Vessel return'd, if ever the bold Navigator arriv'd at home, he had done enough to talk on all his Days, and needed no other Diversion among his Neighbours, than to give an Account of the vast Seas, mighty Rocks, deep Gulfs, and prodigious Storms he met with in these remote Parts of the known World: and this, magnified by the Poetical Arts of the Learned Men of those times, grew into a receiv'd Maxim of Navigation, That these Parts were so full of constant Tempests, Storms, and dangerous Seas, that 'twas present Death to come near them, and none but

Madmen and Desperadoes could have any Business there, since they were Places where Ships never came, and Navigation was not proper in the Place.

And *Thule*, where no Passage was  
For Ships their Sails to bear.

*Horace* has reference to this horrid Part of the World, as a Place full of terrible Monsters, and fit only for their Habitation, in the Words before quoted.

Belluosus qui remotis  
Obstrepat Oceanus Britannis.

*Juvenal* follows his Steps;

*Quanto Delphino Balæna Britannica major.*

*Juv.*

Such horrid Apprehensions those Ages had of these Parts, which by our Experience, and the Prodigy to which Navigation in particular, and Sciential Knowledge in general, is since grown, appear very ridiculous.

For we find no Danger in our Shores, no uncertain wavering in our Tides, no frightful Gulfs, no horrid Monsters, but what the bold Mariner has made familiar to him. The Gulfs which frighted those early Sons of *Neptune* are search'd out by our Seamen, and made useful Bays, Roads, and Harbours of Safety. The Promontories which running out into the Sea gave them terrible Apprehensions of Danger, are our Safety, and make the Sailors Hearts glad, as they are the first Lands they make when they are coming Home from a long Voyage, or as they are a good shelter when in a Storm our Ships get *under their Lee*.

Our Shores are sounded, the Sands and Flats are discovered, which they knew little or nothing of, and in which more real Danger lies, than in all the frightful Stories they told us; useful Sea-marks and Land-figures are plac'd on the Shore, Buoys on the Water, Light-houses on the highest Rocks; and all these dreadful Parts of the World are become the Seat of Trade, and the Centre of Navigation: Art has reconcil'd all the Difficulties, and Use made all the *Horribles* and *Terribles* of those Ages become as natural and familiar as Day-light.

The Hidden Sands, almost the only real Dread of a Sailor, and by which till the Channels between them were found out, our Eastern Coast must be really unpassable, now serve to make Harbours: and *Yarmouth* Road was made a safe Place for Shipping by them. Nay, when *Portsmouth*, *Plymouth*, and other good Harbours would not defend our Ships in the Violent Tempest we are treating of, here was the least Damage done of any Place in *England*, considering the Number of Ships which lay at Anchor, and the Openness of the Place.

So that upon the whole it seems plain to me, that all the dismal things the Ancients told us of *Britain*, and her terrible Shores, arose from the Infancy of Marine Knowledge, and the Weakness of the Sailor's Courage.

Not but that I readily allow we are more subject to bad Weather and hard Gales of Wind than the Coasts of *Spain*, *Italy*, and *Barbary*. But if this be allow'd, our Improvement in the Art of Building Ships is so considerable, our Vessels are so prepar'd to ride out the most violent Storms, that the Fury of the Sea is the least thing our Sailors fear: Keep them but from *a Lee Shore*, or touching upon a Sand, they'll venture all the rest: and nothing is a greater satisfaction to them, if they have a Storm in view, than a sound Bottom and good *Sea-room*.

From hence it comes to pass, that such Winds as in those Days wou'd have pass'd for Storms, are called only a *Fresh-gale*, or *Blowing hard*. If it blows enough to fright a South Country Sailor, we laugh at it: and if our Sailors bald Terms were set down in a Table of Degrees, it will explain what we mean.

<i>Stark Calm.</i>	<i>A Top-sail Gale.</i>
<i>Calm Weather.</i>	<i>Blows fresh.</i>
<i>Little Wind.</i>	<i>A hard Gale of Wind.</i>
<i>A fine Breeze.</i>	<i>A Fret of Wind.</i>
<i>A small Gale.</i>	<i>A Storm.</i>
<i>A fresh Gale.</i>	<i>A Tempest.</i>

Just half these Tarpawlin Articles, I presume, would have pass'd in those Days for a Storm; and that our Sailors call a Top-sail Gale would have drove the Navigators of those Ages into Harbours: when our Sailors reef a Top-sail, they would have handed all their Sails; and when we go under a main Course, they would have run *afore it* for Life to the next Port they could make: when our *Hard Gale* blows, they would have cried a Tempest; and about the *Fret of Wind* they would be all at their Prayers.

And if we should reckon by this Account we are a stormy Country indeed, our Seas are no more Navigable now for such Sailors than they were then: If the *Japoneses*, the *East Indians*, and such like Navigators, were to come with their thin Cockleshell Barks and Calico Sails; if *Cleopatra's* Fleet, or *Cæsar's* great Ships with which he fought the Battle of *Actium*, were to come upon our Seas, there hardly comes a *March* or a *September* in twenty Years but would blow them to Pieces, and then the poor Remnant that got Home, would go and talk of a terrible Country where there's nothing but Storms and Tempests; when all the Matter is, the Weakness of their Shipping, and the Ignorance of their Sea-men: and I make no question but our Ships ride out many a worse Storm than that terrible Tempest which scatter'd *Julius Cæsar's* Fleet, or the same that drove *Æneas* on the Coast of *Carthage*.

And in more modern times we have a famous Instance in the *Spanish Armada*; which, after it was rather frighted than damag'd by Sir *Francis Drake's* Machines, not then known by the Name of Fireships, were scatter'd by a terrible Storm, and lost upon every Shore.

The Case is plain, 'Twas all owing to the Accident of Navigation: They had, no doubt, a hard Gale of Wind, and perhaps a Storm; but they were also on an Enemy's Coast, their Pilots out of their Knowledge, no Harbour to run into, and an Enemy a-stern, that when once they separated, Fear drove them from one Danger to another, and away they went to the Northward, where they had nothing but God's Mercy, and the Winds and Seas to help them. In all those Storms and Distresses which ruin'd that Fleet, we do not find an Account of the Loss of one Ship, either of the *English* or *Dutch*; the Queen's Fleet rode it out in the *Downs*, which all Men know is none of the best Roads in the World; and the *Dutch* rode among the Flats of the *Flemish* Coast, while the vast Galleons, not so well fitted for the Weather, were forc'd to keep the Sea, and were driven to and fro till they had got out of their Knowledge; and like Men desperate, embrac'd every Danger they came near.

This long Digression I could not but think needful, in order to clear up the Case, having never met with any thing on this Head before: At the same time 'tis allow'd, and Histories are full of the Particulars, that we have often very high Winds, and sometimes violent Tempests in these Northen Parts of the World; but I am still of opinion, such a Tempest never happen'd before as that which is the Subject of these Sheets: and I refer the Reader to the Particulars.

### CHAPTER III

#### *Of the Storm in General*

Before we come to examine the Damage suffer'd by this terrible Night, and give a particular Relation of its dismal Effects; 'tis necessary to give a summary Account of the thing it self, with all its affrightning Circumstances.

It had blown exceeding hard, as I have already observ'd, for about fourteen Days past; and that so hard, that we thought it terrible Weather: Several Stacks of Chimnies were blown down, and several Ships were lost, and the Tiles in many Places were blown off from the Houses; and the nearer it came to the fatal 26<sup>th</sup> of *November*, the Tempestuousness of the Weather encreas'd.

On the *Wednesday* Morning before, being the 24<sup>th</sup> of *November*, it was fair Weather, and blew hard; but not so as to give any Apprehensions, till about 4 a Clock in the Afternoon the Wind encreased, and with Squauls of Rain and terrible Gusts blew very furiously.

The Collector of these Sheets narrowly escap'd the Mischief of a Part of a House, which fell on the Evening of that Day by the Violence of the Wind; and abundance of Tiles were blown off the Houses that Night: the Wind continued with unusual Violence all the next Day and Night; and had not the Great Storm follow'd so soon, this had pass'd for a great Wind.

On *Friday* Morning it continued to blow exceeding hard, but not so as that it gave any Apprehensions of Danger within Doors; towards Night it encreased: and about 10 a Clock, our Barometers inform'd us that the Night would be very tempestuous; the *Mercury* sunk lower than ever I had observ'd it on any Occasion whatsoever, which made me suppose the Tube had been handled and disturb'd by the Children.

But as my Observations of this Nature are not regular enough to supply the Reader with a full Information, the Disorders of that dreadful Night having found me other Employment, expecting every Moment when the House I was in would bury us all in its own Ruins; I have therefore subjoin'd a Letter from an Ingenious Gentleman on this very Head, directed to the *Royal Society*, and printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 289. P. 1530. as follows.

#### *A Letter from the Reverend Mr. William Derham, F.R.S. Containing his Observations concerning the late Storm*

*SIR,*

According to my Promise at the general Meeting of the *R.S.* on *St. Andrews* Day, I here send you inclos'd the Account of my Ingenious and Inquisitive Friend *Richard Townely*, Esq; concerning the State of the Atmosphere in that Part of *Lancashire* where he liveth, in the late dismal Storm. And I hope it will not be unacceptable, to accompany his with my own Observations at *Upminster*; especially since I shall not weary you with a long History of the Devastations, &c. but rather some Particulars of a more Philosophical Consideration.

And first, I do not think it improper to look back to the preceding Seasons of the Year. I scarce believe I shall go out of the way, to reflect as far back as *April*, *May*, *June* and *July*; because all these were wet Months in our Southern Parts. In *April* there fell 12,49 *l.* of Rain through my Tunnel: And about 6, 7, 8, or 9, *l.* I esteem a moderate quantity for *Upminster*. In *May* there fell more than in any Month of any Year since the Year 1696, viz. 20,77 *l.* *June* likewise was a dripping Month, in which fell 14,55 *l.* And *July*, although it had considerable Intermissions, yet had 14,19 *l.* above 11 *l.* of which fell on *July* 28<sup>th</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup> in violent Showers. And I

remember the News Papers gave Accounts of great Rains that Month from divers Places of *Europe*; but the *North of England* (which also escaped the Violence of the late Storm) was not so remarkably wet in any of those Months; at least not in that great proportion more than we, as usually they are; as I guess from the Tables of Rain, with which Mr. *Towneley* hath favoured me. Particularly *July* was a dry Month with them, there being no more than 3,65 *l.* of Rain fell through Mr. *Towneley's* Tunnel of the same Diameter with mine.

From these Months let us pass to *September*, and that we shall find to have been a wet Month, especially the latter part of it; there fell of Rain in that Month, 14,86 *l.*

*October* and *November* last, although not remarkably wet, yet have been open warm Months for the most part. My Thermometer (whose freezing Point is about 84) hath been very seldom below 100 all this Winter, and especially in *November*.

Thus I have laid before you as short Account as I could of the preceding Disposition of the Year, particularly as to wet and warmth, because I am of opinion that these had a great Influence in the late Storm; not only in causing a Repletion of Vapours in the Atmosphere, but also in raising such Nitro-sulphureous or other heterogeneous matter, which when mix'd together might make a sort of Explosion (like fired Gun-powder) in the Atmosphere. And from this Explosion I judge those Corruscations or Flashes in the Storm to have proceeded, which most People as well as my self observed, and which some took for Lightning. But these things I leave to better Judgments, such as that very ingenious Member of our Society, who hath undertaken the Province of the late Tempest; to whom, if you please, you may impart these Papers; Mr. *Halley* you know I mean.

From Preliminaries it is time to proceed nearer to the Tempest it self. And the foregoing Day, viz. *Thursday, Nov. 25.* I think deserveth regard. In the Morning of that day was a little Rain, the Winds high in the Afternoon: S.b.E. and S. In the Evening there was Lightning; and between 9 and 10 of the Clock at Night, a violent, but short Storm of Wind, and much Rain at *Upminster*; and of Hail in some other Places, which did some Damage: There fell in that Storm 1,65 *l.* of Rain. The next Morning, which was *Friday, Novem. 26.* the Wind was S.S.W. and high all Day, and so continued till I was in Bed and asleep. About 12 that Night, the Storm awaken'd me, which gradually encreas'd till near 3 that Morning; and from thence till near 7 it continued in the greatest excess: and then began slowly to abate, and the *Mercury* to rise swiftly. The Barometer I found at 12 h. ½ P.M. at 28,72, where it continued till about 6 the next Morning, or 6¼, and then hastily rose; so that it was gotten to 82 about 8 of the Clock, as in the Table.

How the Wind sat during the late Storm I cannot positively say, it being excessively dark all the while, and my Vane blown down also, when I could have seen: But by Information from Millers, and others that were forc'd to venture abroad; and by my own guess, I imagin it to have blown about S.W. by S. or nearer to the S. in the beginning, and to veer about towards the West towards the End of the Storm, as far as W.S.W.

The degrees of the Wind's Strength being not measurable (that I know of, though talk'd of) but by guess, I thus determine, with respect to other Storms. On *Feb. 7.* 1698/9. was a terrible Storm that did much damage. This I number 10 degrees; the Wind then W.N.W. vid. *Ph. Tr. No. 262.* Another remarkable Storm was *Feb. 3.* 1701/2. at which time was the greatest descent of the ☿ ever known: This I number 9 degrees. But this last of *November*, I number at least 15 degrees.

As to the *Stations* of the *Barometer*, you have Mr. *Towneley's* and mine in the following Table to be seen at one View.

A Table shewing the Height of the *Mercury* in the Barometer, at *Townely* and *Upminster*, before, in, and after the Storm

<i>Townely.</i>			<i>Upminster.</i>		
Day	Hour	Height of $\varnothing$	Day	Hour	Height of $\varnothing$
Novr. 25	7	28 98	Novr. 25	8	29 50
	3	64		12	39
	9½	61		9	14
26	7	80	26	8	33
	3	70		12	28
		9			10
	9½	47		12½	28 72
27	7	50	27	7½	82
	3	81		12	29 31
	9½	95		9	42
28	7	29 34	28	8	65
	3	62		12	83
	9	84		9	30 07
29	7	88	29	8	25

As to *November 17th* (whereon Mr. *Towneley* mentions a violent Storm in *Oxfordshire*) it was a Stormy Afternoon here at *Upminster*, accompanied with Rain, but not violent, nor  $\varnothing$  very low. *November 11th* and *12th* had both higher Winds and more Rain; and the  $\varnothing$  was those Days lower than even in the last Storm of *November 26th*.

Thus, Sir, I have given you the truest Account I can, of what I thought most to deserve Observation, both before, and in the late Storm. I could have added some other particulars, but that I fear I have already made my Letter long, and am tedious. I shall therefore only add, that I have Accounts of the Violence of the Storm at *Norwich*, *Beccles*, *Sudbury*, *Colchester*, *Rochford*, and several other intermediate places; but I need not tell Particulars, because I question not but you have better Informations.

### *Thus far Mr. Derham's Letter*

It did not blow so hard till Twelve a Clock at Night, but that most Families went to Bed; though many of them not without some Concern at the terrible Wind, which then blew: But about One, or at least by Two a Clock, 'tis suppos'd, few People, that were capable of any Sense of Danger, were so hardy as to lie in Bed. And the Fury of the Tempest encreased to such a Degree, that as the Editor of this Account being in *London*, and conversing with the People the next Days, understood, most People expected the Fall of their Houses.

And yet in this general Apprehension, no body durst quit their tottering Habitations; for whatever the Danger was within doors, 'twas worse without; the Bricks, Tiles, and Stones, from the Tops of the Houses, flew with such force, and so thick in the Streets, that no one thought fit to venture out, tho' their Houses were near demolish'd within.

The Author of this Relation was in a well-built brick House in the skirts of the City; and a Stack of Chimneys falling in upon the next Houses, gave the House such a Shock, that they thought it was just coming down upon their Heads: but opening the Door to attempt an Escape into a Garden, the Danger was so apparent, that they all thought fit to surrender to the Disposal of Almighty Providence, and expect their Graves in the Ruins of the House, rather than to meet most certain Destruction in

the open Garden: for unless they cou'd have gone above two hundred Yards from any Building, there had been no Security, for the Force of the Wind blew the Tiles point-blank, tho' their weight inclines them downward: and in several very broad Streets, we saw the Windows broken by the flying of Tiles from the other side: and where there was room for them to fly, the Author of this has seen Tiles blown from a House above thirty or forty Yards, and stuck from five to eight Inches into the solid Earth. Pieces of Timber, Iron, and Sheets of Lead, have from higher Buildings been blown much farther; as in the Particulars hereafter will appear.

It is the receiv'd Opinion of abundance of People, that they felt, during the impetuous fury of the Wind, several Movements of the Earth; and we have several Letters which affirm it: But as an Earthquake must have been so general, that every body must have discern'd it; and as the People were in their Houses when they imagin'd they felt it, the Shaking and Terror of which might deceive their Imagination, and impose upon their Judgment; I shall not venture to affirm it was so: And being resolv'd to use so much Caution in this Relation as to transmit nothing to Posterity without authentick Vouchers, and such Testimony as no reasonable Man will dispute; so if any Relation come in our way, which may afford us a Probability, tho' it may be related for the sake of its Strangeness or Novelty, it shall nevertheless come in the Company of all its Uncertainties, and the Reader left to judge of its Truth: for this Account had not been undertaken, but with design to undeceive the World in false Relations, and to give an Account back'd with such Authorities, as that the Credit of it shou'd admit of no Disputes.

For this reason I cannot venture to affirm that there was any such thing as an Earthquake; but the Concern and Consternation of all People was so great, that I cannot wonder at their imagining several things which were not, any more than their enlarging on things that were, since nothing is more frequent, than for Fear to double every Object, and impose upon the Understanding, strong Apprehensions being apt very often to perswade us of the Reality of such things which we have no other reasons to shew for the probability of, than what are grounded in those Fears which prevail at that juncture.

Others thought they heard it thunder. 'Tis confess'd, the Wind by its unusual Violence made such a noise in the Air as had a resemblance to Thunder; and 'twas observ'd, the roaring had a Voice as much louder than usual, as the Fury of the Wind was greater than was ever known: the Noise had also something in it more formidable; it sounded aloft, and roar'd not very much unlike remote Thunder.

And yet tho' I cannot remember to have heard it thunder, or that I saw any Lightning, or heard of any that did in or near *London*; yet in the Counties the Air was seen full of Meteors and vaporous Fires: and in some places both Thundrings and unusual Flashes of Lightning, to the great terror of the Inhabitants.

And yet I cannot but observe here, how fearless such People as are addicted to Wickedness, are both of God's Judgments and uncommon Prodigies; which is visible in this Particular, That a Gang of hardned Rogues assaulted a Family at *Poplar*, in the very Height of the Storm, broke into the House, and robb'd them: it is observable, that the People cryed Thieves, and after that cryed Fire, in hopes to raise the Neighbourhood, and to get some Assistance; but such is the Power of Self-Preservation, and such was the Fear, the Minds of the People were possess'd with, that no Body would venture out to the Assistance of the distressed Family, who were rifled and plundered in the middle of all the Extremity of the Tempest.

It would admit of a large Comment here, and perhaps not very unprofitable, to examine from what sad Defect in Principle it must be that Men can be so destitute of all manner of Regard to invisible and superiour Power, to be acting one of the vilest Parts of a Villain, while infinite Power was threatening the whole World with Disolation, and Multitudes of People expected the Last Day was at Hand.

Several Women in the City of *London* who were in Travail, or who fell into Travail by the Fright of the Storm, were oblig'd to run the risque of being delivered with such Help as they had;

and Midwives found their own Lives in such Danger, that few of them thought themselves oblig'd to shew any Concern for the Lives of others.

Fire was the only Mischief that did not happen to make the Night compleatly dreadful; and yet that was not so every where, for in *Norfolk* the Town of – was almost ruin'd by a furious Fire, which burnt with such Vehemence, and was so fann'd by the Tempest, that the Inhabitants had no Power to concern themselves in the extinguishing it; the Wind blew the Flames, together with the Ruines, so about, that there was no standing near it; for if the People came to Windward they were in Danger to be blown into the Flames; and if to Leeward the Flames were so blown up in their Faces, they could not bear to come near it.

If this Disaster had happen'd in *London*, it must have been very fatal; for as no regular Application could have been made for the extinguishing it, so the very People in Danger would have had no Opportunity to have sav'd their Goods, and hardly their Lives: for though a Man will run any Risque to avoid being burnt, yet it must have been next to a Miracle, if any Person so oblig'd to escape from the Flames had escap'd being knock'd on the Head in the Streets; for the Bricks and Tiles flew about like small Shot; and 'twas a miserable Sight, in the Morning after the Storm, to see the Streets covered with Tyle-sherds, and Heaps of Rubbish, from the Tops of the Houses, lying almost at every Door.

From Two of the Clock the Storm continued, and encreased till Five in the Morning; and from Five, to half an Hour after Six, it blew with the greatest Violence: the Fury of it was so exceeding great for that particular Hour and half, that if it had not abated as it did, nothing could have stood its Violence much longer.

In this last Part of the Time the greatest Part of the Damage was done: Several Ships that rode it out till now, gave up all; for no Anchor could hold. Even the Ships in the River of *Thames* were all blown away from their Moorings, and from *Execution-Dock* to *Lime-House Hole* there was but our Ships that rid it out, the rest were driven down into the *Bite*, as the Sailors call it, from *Bell-Wharf* to *Lime-House*; where they were huddeld together and drove on Shore, Heads and Sterns, one upon another, in such a manner, as any one would have thought it had been impossible: and the Damage done on that Account was incredible.

Together with the Violence of the Wind, the Darkness of the Night added to the Terror of it; and as it was just New Moon, the Spring Tides being then up at about Four a Clock, made the Vessels, which were a-float in the River, drive the farther up upon the Shore: of all which, in the Process of this Story, we shall find very strange Instances.

The Points from whence the Wind blew, are variously reported from various Hands: 'Tis certain, it blew all the Day before at S.W. and I thought it continued so till about Two a Clock; when, as near as I could judge by the Impressions it made on the House, for we durst not look out, it veer'd to the S.S.W. then to the W. and about Six a Clock to W. by N. and still the more Northward it shifted, the harder it blew, till it shifted again Southerly about Seven a Clock; and as it did so, it gradually abated.

About Eight a Clock in the Morning it ceased so much, that our Fears were also abated, and People began to peep out of Doors; but 'tis impossible to express the Concern that appear'd in every Place: the Distraction and Fury of the Night was visible in the Faces of the People, and every Body's first Work was to visit and enquire after Friends and Relations. The next Day or Two was almost entirely spent in the Curiosity of the People, in viewing the Havock the Storm had made, which was so universal in *London*, and especially in the Out-Parts, that nothing can be said sufficient to describe it.

Another unhappy Circumstance with which this Disaster was join'd, was a prodigious Tide, which happen'd the next Day but one, and was occasion'd by the Fury of the Winds: which is also a Demonstration, that the Winds veer'd for Part of the Time to the Northward: and as it is observable, and known by all that understand our Sea Affairs, that a North West Wind makes the Highest Tide, so this blowing to the Northward, and that with such unusual Violence, brought up the Sea raging in such a manner, that in some Parts of *England* 'twas incredible, the Water rising Six or Eight Foot

higher than it was ever known to do in the Memory of Man; by which Ships were fleted up upon the firm Land several Rods off from the Banks, and an incredible Number of Cattle and People drown'd; as in the Pursuit of this Story will appear.

It was a special Providence that so directed the Waters, that in the River of *Thames*, the Tide, though it rise higher than usual, yet it did not so prodigiously exceed; but the Height of them as it was, prov'd very prejudicial to abundance of People whose Cellars and Ware-houses were near the River; and had the Water risen a Foot higher, all the Marshes and Levels on both sides the River had been over-flowed, and a great part of the Cattle drowned.

Though the Storm abated with the rising of the Sun, it still blew exceeding hard; so hard, that no Boats durst stir out on the River, but on extraordinary Occasions: and about Three a Clock in the Afternoon, the next Day being *Saturday*, it increas'd again, and we were in a fresh Consternation, lest it should return with the same Violence. At Four it blew an extreme Storm, with Sudden Gusts as violent as any time of the Night; but as it came with a great black Cloud, and some Thunder, it brought a hasty Shower of Rain which allay'd the Storm: so that in a quarter of an Hour it went off, and only continued blowing as before.

This sort of Weather held all *Sabbath-Day* and *Monday*, till on *Tuesday* Afternoon it encreased again; and all *Tuesday* Night it blew with such Fury, that many Families were afraid to go to Bed: And had not the former terrible Night harden'd the People to all things less than it self, this Night would have pass'd for a Storm fit to have been noted in our Almanacks. Several Stacks of Chimneys that stood out the great Storm, were blown down in this; several Ships which escap'd in the great Storm, perish'd this Night; and several People who had repair'd their Houses, had them untiled again. Not but that I may allow those Chimneys that fell now might have been disabled before.

At this Rate it held blowing till *Wednesday* about One a Clock in the Afternoon, which was that Day Seven-night on which it began; so that it might be called one continued Storm from *Wednesday* Noon to *Wednesday* Noon: in all which time, there was not one Interval of Time in which a Sailor would not have acknowledged it blew a Storm; and in that time two such terrible Nights as I have describ'd.

And this I particularly noted as to Time, *Wednesday*, *Nov.* the *24th* was a calm fine Day as at that time of Year shall be seen; till above Four a Clock, when it began to be Cloudy, and the Wind rose of a sudden, and in half an Hours Time it blew a Storm. *Wednesday*, *Dec.* the *2d.* it was very tempestuous all the Morning; at One a Clock the Wind abated, the Sky clear'd, and by Four a Clock there was not a Breath of Wind.

Thus ended the Greatest and the Longest Storm that ever the World saw. The Effects of this terrible Providence are the Subject of the ensuing Chapter; and I close this with a Pastoral Poem sent us among the Accounts of the Storm from a very ingenious Author, and desir'd to be publish'd in this Account.

## A PASTORAL, Occasion'd by the Late Violent Storm

Damon, Melibæus

DAM.

*Walking alone by pleasant Isis side  
Where the two Streams their wanton course divide,  
And gently forward in soft Murmurs glide;  
Pensive and sad I Melibæus meet,  
And thus the melancholy Shepherd greet.*

*Kind Swain, what Cloud dares overcast your brow,  
Bright as the Skies o're happy Nile till now!  
Does Chloe prove unkind, or some new Fair?*

MEL.

*No Damon, mine's a publick, nobler, Care;  
Such in which you and all the World must share. 10  
One Friend may mollifie another's Grief,  
But publick Loss admits of no relief.*

DAM.

*I guess your Cause: O you that use to sing  
Of Beauty's Charms and the Delights of Spring;  
Now change your Note, and let your Lute rehearse  
The dismal Tale in melancholy Verse.*

MEL.

*Prepare then, lovely Swain; prepare to hear,  
The worst Report that ever reach'd your Ear.  
My Bower you know, hard by yon shady Grove,  
A fit Recess for Damon's pensive Love: 20  
As there dissolv'd I in sweet Slumbers lay,  
Tir'd with the Toils of the precedent Day,  
The blust'ring Winds disturb my kind Repose,  
Till frightned with the threatening Blasts, I rose.  
But O, what havock did the Day disclose!  
Those charming Willows which on Cherwel's banks  
Flourish'd, and thriv'd, and grew in evener ranks  
Than those which follow'd the Divine Command  
Of Orpheus Lyre, or sweet Amphion's Hand,  
By hundreds fall, while hardly twenty stand. 30  
The stately Oaks which reach'd the azure Sky,  
And kiss'd the very Clouds, now prostrate lie.  
Long a huge Pine did with the Winds contend;  
This way, and that, his reeling Trunk they bend,  
Till forc'd at last to yield, with hideous Sound  
He falls, and all the Country feels the Wound.  
Nor was the God of Winds content with these;  
Such humble Victims can't his Wrath appease:  
The Rivers swell, not like the happy Nile,  
To fatten, dew, and fructifie our Isle:40  
But like the Deluge, by great Jove design'd  
To drown the Universe, and scourge Mankind.  
In vain the frighted Cattel climb so high,  
In vain for Refuge to the Hills they fly;  
The Waters know no Limits but the Sky.  
So now the bleating Flock exchange in vain,  
For barren Clifts, their dewy fertil Plain:  
In vain, their fatal Destiny to shun,*

*From Severn's Banks to higher Grounds they run.  
Nor has the Navy better Quarter found; 50  
There we've receiv'd our worst, our deepest Wound.  
The Billows swell, and haughty Neptune raves,  
The Winds insulting o're th' impetuous Waves.  
Thetis incens'd, rises with angry Frown,  
And once more threatens all the World to drown,  
And owns no Power, but England's and her own.  
Yet the Æolian God dares vent his Rage;  
And ev'n the Sovereign of the Seas engage.  
What tho' the mighty Charles of Spain's on board,  
The Winds obey none but their blust'ring Lord. 60  
Some Ships were stranded, some by Surges rent,  
Down with their Cargo to the bottom went.  
Th' absorbent Ocean could desire no more;  
So well regal'd he never was before.  
The hungry Fish could hardly wait the day,  
When the Sun's beams should chase the Storm away,  
But quickly seize with greedy Jaws their Prey.*

DAM.

*So the great Trojan, by the Hand of Fate,  
And haughty Power of angry Juno's Hate,  
While with like aim he cross'd the Seas, was tost, 70  
From Shore to Shore, from foreign Coast to Coast:  
Yet safe at last his mighty Point he gain'd;  
In charming promis'd Peace and Splendor reign'd.*

MEL.

*So may Great Charles, whom equal Glories move,  
Like the great Dardan Prince successful prove:  
Like him, with Honour may he mount the Throne,  
And long enjoy a brighter destin'd Crown.*

## CHAPTER IV

### *Of the Extent of this Storm, and from what Parts it was suppos'd to come; with some Circumstances as to the Time of it*

As all our Histories are full of the Relations of Tempests and Storms which have happened in various Parts of the World, I hope it may not be improper that some of them have been thus observ'd with their remarkable Effects.

But as I have all along insisted, that no Storm since the Universal Deluge was like this, either in its Violence or its Duration, so I must also confirm it as to the particular of its prodigious Extent.

All the Storms and Tempests we have heard of in the World, have been Gusts or Squauls of Wind that have been carried on in their proper Channels, and have spent their Force in a shorter space.

We feel nothing here of the Hurricanes of *Barbadoes*, the North-Whats of *New England* and *Virginia*, the terrible Gusts of the *Levant*, or the frequent Tempests of the *North Cape*. When Sir *Francis Wheeler's* Squadron perish'd at *Gibraltar*, when the City of *Straelsond* was almost ruin'd by a Storm, *England* felt it not, nor was the Air here disturb'd with the Motion. Even at home we have had Storms of violent Wind in one part of *England* which have not been felt in another. And if what I have been told has any truth in it, in *St. George's Channel* there has frequently blown a Storm at Sea right up and down the Channel, which has been felt on neither Coast, tho it is not above 20 Leagues from the *English* to the *Irish* Shore.

Sir *William Temple* gives us the Particulars of two terrible Storms in *Holland* while he was there; in one of which the great Cathedral Church at *Utrecht* was utterly destroy'd: and after that there was a Storm so violent in *Holland*, that 46 Vessels were cast away at the *Texel*, and almost all the Men drowned: and yet we felt none of these Storms here.

And for this very reason I have reserv'd an Abridgment of these former Cases to this place; which as they are recited by Sir *William Temple*, I shall put them down in his own Words, being not capable to mend them, and not vain enough to pretend to it.

I stay'd only a Night at *Antwerp*, which pass'd with so great Thunders and Lightnings, that I promis'd my self a very fair Day after it, to go back to *Rotterdam* in the *States Yacht*, that still attended me. The Morning prov'd so; but towards Evening the Sky grew foul, and the Sea men presag'd ill Weather, and so resolved to lie at Anchor before *Bergen ap Zoom*, the Wind being cross and little. When the Night was fallen as black as ever I saw, it soon began to clear up, with the most violent Flashes of Lightning as well as Cracks of Thunder, that I believe have ever been heard in our Age and Climate. This continued all Night; and we felt such a fierce Heat from every great Flash of Lightning, that the Captain apprehended it would fire his Ship. But about 8 the next Morning the Wind changed, and came up with so strong a Gale, that we came to *Rotterdam* in about 4 Hours, and there found all Mouths full of the Mischiefs and Accidents that the last Night's Tempest had occasioned both among the Boats and the Houses, by the Thunder, Lightning, Hail, or Whirlwinds. But the Day after came Stories to the *Hague* from all Parts, of such violent Effects as were almost incredible: At *Amsterdam* they were deplorable, many Trees torn up by the Roots, Ships sunk in the Harbour, and Boats in the Channels; Houses beaten down, and several People were snatch'd from the Ground as they walk'd the Streets, and thrown into the Canals. But all was silenc'd by the Relations from *Utrecht*, where the Great and Ancient Cathedral was torn in pieces by the Violences of this Storm; and the vast Pillars of Stone that supported it, were wreathed like a twisted Club, having been so strongly compos'd and cimented, as rather to suffer such a Change of Figure than break in pieces, as other Parts of the Fabrick did; hardly any Church in the Town escap'd the Violence of this Storm; and very few Houses without the Marks of it; Nor were the Effects of it less astonishing by the Relations from *France* and

*Brussels*, where the Damages were infinite, as well from Whirlwinds, Thunder, Lightning, as from Hail-stones of prodigious Bigness. This was in the Year 1674.

'In *November*, 1675, happen'd a Storm at *North-West*, with a Spring-tide, so violent, as gave apprehensions of some loss irrecoverable to the Province of *Holland*, and by several breaches in the great Diques near *Enchusen*, and others between *Amsterdam* and *Harlem*, made way for such Inundations as had not been seen before by any man then alive, and fill'd the Country with many relations of most deplorable Events. But the incredible Diligence and unanimous Endeavours of the People upon such occasions, gave a stop to the Fury of that Element, and made way for recovering next Year all the Lands, though not the People, Cattel, and Houses that had been lost.'

### ***Thus far Sir William Temple***

I am also credibly inform'd that the greatest Storm that ever we had in *England* before, and which was as universal here as this, did no Damage in *Holland* or *France*, comparable to this Tempest: I mean the great Wind in 1661. An Abstract of which, as it was printed in *Mirabilis Annis*, an unknown, but unquestion'd Author, take as follows, in his own Words.

### **A dreadful Storm of Wind, accompanied with Thunder, Lightning, Hail and Rain; together with the sad Effects of it in many Parts of the Nation**

Upon the 18<sup>th</sup> of *February*, 1661, being *Tuesday*, very early in the Morning, there began a very great and dreadful Storm of Wind (accompanied with Thunder, Lightning, Hail, and Rain, which in many Places were as salt as Brine) which continued with a strange and unusual Violence till almost Night: the sad Effects whereof throughout the Nation are so many, that a very great Volume is not sufficient to contain the Narrative of them. And indeed some of them are so stupendious and amazing, that the Report of them, though from never so authentick Hands, will scarce gain Credit among any but those that have an affectionate Sense of the unlimited Power of the Almighty, knowing and believing that there is nothing too hard for Him to do.

Some few of which wonderful Effects we shall give a brief Account of, as we have received them from Persons of most unquestionable Credit in the several Parts of the Nation.

In the City of *London*, and in *Covent Garden* and other Parts about *London* and *Westminster*, five or six Persons were killed outright by the Fall of Houses and Chimneys; especially one Mr. *Luke Blith* an Attorney, that lived at or near *Stamford* in the County of *Lincoln*, was killed that Day by the fall of a Riding-House not far from *Pickadilla*: and there are some very remarkable Circumstances in this Man's Case, which do make his Death to appear at least like a most eminent Judgment and severe Stroak of the Lord's Hand upon him.

From other Parts likewise we have received certain Information, that divers Persons were killed by the Effects of this great Wind.

At *Chiltenham* in *Gloucestershire*, a Maid was killed by the Fall of a Tree, in or near the Church-Yard.

An honest Yeoman likewise of *Scaldwel* in *Northamptonshire*, being upon a Ladder to save his Hovel, was blown off, and fell upon a Plough, died outright, and never spoke Word more.

Also at *Tewksbury* in *Gloucestershire*, a Man was blown from an House, and broken to Pieces.

At *Elsbury* likewise in the same County, a Woman was killed by the Fall of Tiles or Bricks from an House.

And not far from the same Place, a Girl was killed by the Fall of a Tree.

Near *Northampton*, a Man was killed by the Fall of a great Barn.

Near *Colchester*, a Young-man was killed by the Fall of a Wind-mill.

Not far from *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*, a Man was killed by the Fall of a Barn.

And about two Miles from the said Town of *Ipswich*, a Man was killed by the Fall of a Tree.

At *Langton*, or near to it, in the County of *Leicester*, one Mr. *Roberts* had a Wind-mill blown down, in which were three Men; and by the Fall of it, one of them was killed outright, a second had his Back broken, and the other had his Arm or Leg struck off; and both of them (according to our best Information) are since dead.

Several other Instances there are of the like Nature; but it would be too tedious to mention them: Let these therefore suffice to stir us up to Repentance, *lest we likewise perish*.

There are also many Effects of this Storm which are of another Nature, whereof we shall give this following brief Account.

The Wind hath very much prejudiced many Churches in several Parts of the Nation.

At *Tewksbury* in *Gloucestershire*, it blew down a very fair Window belonging to the Church there, both the Glass, and the Stone-work also; the Doors likewise of that Church were blown open, much of the Lead torn up, and some Part of a fair Pinnacle thrown down.

Also at *Red-Marly* and *Newin*, not far from *Tewksbury*, their Churches are extremely broken and shatter'd, if not a considerable part of them blown down. The like was done to most, if not all the Publick Meeting-places at *Gloucester City*. And it is reported, that some Hundreds of Pounds will not suffice to repair the Damage done to the Cathedral at *Worcester*, especially in that Part that is over the Quire.

The like Fate happen'd to many more of them, as *Hereford*, and *Leighton Beau-desart* in *Bedfordshire*, and *Eaton-Soken* in the same County; where they had newly erected a very fair Cross of Stone, which the Wind blew down: and, as some of the Inhabitants did observe, that was the first Damage which that Town sustained by the Storm, though afterwards in other respects also they were in the same Condition with their Neighbours. The Steeples also, and other Parts of the Churches of *Shenley*, *Waddon*, and *Woolston* in the County of *Bucks*, have been very much rent and torn by the Wind. The Spire of *Finchfield* Steeple in the County of *Essex*, was blown down, and it brake through the Body of the Church, and spoil'd many of the Pews; some Hundreds of Pounds will not repair that Loss. But that which is most remarkable of this kind, is, the Fall of that most famous Spire, or Pinnacle of the Tower-Church in *Ipswich*: it was blown down upon the Body of the Church, and fell reversed, the sharp End of the Shaft striking through the Leads on the South-side of the Church, carried much of the Timber-work down before it into the Alley just behind the Pulpit, and took off one Side of the Sounding-board over the Pulpit: it shattered many Pews: The Weather-Cock, and the Iron upon which it stood, broke off as it fell; but the narrowest Part of the Wood-work, upon which the Fane stood, fell into the Alley, broke quite through a Grave-stone, and ran shoring under two Coffins that had been placed there one on another; that Part of the Spire which was pluck'd up was about

three Yards deep in the Earth, and it is believed some Part of it is yet behind in the Ground: some Hundreds of Pounds will not make good the Detriment done to the Church by the Fall of this Pinnacle.

Very great Prejudice has been done to private Houses; many of them blown down, and others extreamly shattered and torn. It is thought that five thousand Pounds will not make good the Repairs at *Audley-End House*, which belongs to the Earl of *Suffolk*. A good Part also of the Crown-Office in the *Temple* is blown down. The Instances of this kind are so many and so obvious, that it would needlessly take up too much time to give the Reader an Account of the Collection of them; only there has been such a wonderful Destruction of Barns, that (looking so much like a Judgment from the Lord, who the last Year took away our Corn, and this our Barns) we cannot but give a short Account of some Part of that Intelligence which hath come to our Hands of that Nature.

A Gentleman, of good Account, in *Ipswich*, affirms, that in a few Miles riding that Day, there was eleven Barns and Out-houses blown down in the Road within his View; and within a very few Miles of *Ipswich* round about, above thirty Barns, and many of them with Corn in them, were blown down. At *Southold* not far from the Place before mentioned, many new Houses and Barns (built since a late Fire that happened there) are blown down; as also a Salt-house is destroyed there: and a thousand Pounds, as it is believed, will not make up that particular Loss.

From *Tewksbury* it is certified, that an incredible Number of Barns have been blown down in the small Towns and Villages thereabouts. At *Twynning*, at least eleven Barns are blown down. In *Ashchurch* Parish seven or eight. At *Lee*, five. At *Norton*, a very great Number, three whereof belonging to one Man. The great Abby-Barn also at *Tewksbury* is blown down.

It is credibly reported, that within a very few Miles Circumference in *Worcestershire*, about an hundred and forty Barns are blown down. At *Finchinfild* in *Essex*, which is but an ordinary Village, about sixteen Barns were blown down. Also at a Town called *Wilchamsted* in the County of *Bedford* (a very small Village) fifteen Barns at least are blown down. But especially the Parsonage Barns went to wrack in many Places throughout the Land: In a few Miles Compass in *Bedfordshire*, and so in *Northamptonshire*, and other Places, eight, ten, and twelve are blown down; and at *Yielding Parsonage* in the County of *Bedford* (out of which was thrust by Oppression and Violence the late Incumbent) all the Barns belonging to it are down. The Instances also of this kind are innumerable, which we shall therefore forbear to make further mention of.

We have also a large Account of the blowing down of a very great and considerable Number of Fruit-Trees, and other Trees in several Parts; we shall only pick out two or three Passages which are the most remarkable. In the Counties of *Gloucester*, *Hereford*, and *Worcester*, several Persons have lost whole Orchards of Fruit-Trees; and many particular Mens Loss hath amounted to the Value of forty or fifty Pounds at the least, meerly by Destruction of their Fruit-Trees: and so in other Parts of *England* proportionably the like Damage hath been sustained in this Respect. And as for other Trees, there has been a great Destruction made of them in many Places, by this Storm. Several were blown down at *Hampton-Court*. And three thousand brave Oaks at least, but in one principal Part of the Forest of *Dean*, belonging to his Majesty. In a little Grove at *Ipswich*, belonging to the Lord of *Hereford* (which together with the Spire of the Steeple before-mentioned, were the most considerable Ornaments of that Town) are blown down at least two hundred

goodly Trees, one of which was an Ash, which had ten Load of Wood upon it: there are now few Trees left there.

In *Bramton Bryan Park* in the County of *Hereford*, belonging to Sir *Edward Harly*, one of the late Knights of the *Bath*, above thirteen hundred Trees are blown down; and above six hundred in *Hopton Park* not far from it: and thus it is proportionably in most Places where this Storm was felt. And the Truth is, the Damage which the People of this Nation have sustained upon all Accounts by this Storm, is not easily to be valued: some sober and discreet People, who have endeavoured to compute the Loss of the several Counties one with another, by the Destruction of Houses and Barns, the blowing away of Hovels and Ricks of Corn, the falling of Trees, &c. do believe it can come to little less than two Millions of Money.

There are yet behind many Particulars of a distinct Nature from those that have been spoken of; some whereof are very wonderful, and call for a very serious Observation of them.

In the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, especially on the Bridge and near *Wallingford-house*, several Persons were blown down one on the Top of another.

In *Hertfordshire*, a Man was taken up, carried a Pole in Length, and blown over a very high Hedge; and the like in other Places.

The Water in the River of *Thames*, and other Places, was in a very strange manner blown up into the Air: Yea, in the new Pond in *James's Park*, the Fish, to the Number of at least two Hundred, were blown out and lay by the Bank-side, whereof many were Eye-witnesses.

At *Moreclack* in *Surry*, the *Birds*, as they attempted to fly, were beaten down to the Ground by the Violence of the Wind.

At *Epping* in the County of *Essex*, a very great Oak was blown down, which of it self was raised again, and doth grow firmly at this Day.

At *Taunton*, a great Tree was blown down, the upper Part whereof rested upon a Brick or Stone-wall, and after a little time, by the force of the Wind, the lower part of the Tree was blown quite over the Wall.

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