

see how my nature would gladly returne to the laying out of money in this trade. I could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer – Dugdales *History of Pauls*, Stow's *London*, Gesner, *History of Trent*, besides Shakespeare, Johnson, and Beaumonts plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's *worthys*, the *Cabbala* or *collections of Letters of State* – and a little book, *Delices de Hollande*, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and *Hudibras*, both parts, the book now in greatest Fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home; and so to my office and to read in Rushworth; and so home to supper and to bed.

11. To the Coffee-house and there, among others, had good discourse with an Iron-merchant, who tells me the great evil of discouraging our natural manufacture of England in that commodity by suffering the Swede to bring in three times more then ever they did, and our own Ironworkes be lost – as almost half of them, he says, are already. Then I went and sat by Mr. Harrington and some East Country merchants; and talking of the country about Quinsborough<sup>1</sup> and thereabouts – he told us himself that for fish, none there, the poorest body, will buy a dead fish; but must be alive, unless it be in winter; and then they told us the manner of putting their nets into the water through holes made in the thicke Ice; they will spread a net of half a mile long, and he hath known 130 and 170 barrells of fish taken at one draught. And then the people comes with Sledges upon the Ice, with snow at the Bottome, and lay the fish in and cover them with snow, and so carry them to market. And he hath seen when the said fish have been frozen in the sled, so as that he hath taken a fish and broke a-pieces, so hard it hath been; and yet the same fishes, taken out of the snow and brought into a hot room, will be alive and leap up and down. Swallow often are brought up in their nets out of the mudd from under water, hanging together to some twigg or other, dead in ropes; and brought to the fire, will come to life. Fowl killed in December (Ald. Barker said) he did buy; and putting into the box under his sled, did forget to take them out to eate till Aprill next, and they then were found there and were, through the frost, as sweet and fresh and eat as well as at first killed. Young Beares are there; their flesh sold in

1. Königsberg, East Prussia.