

and Zealand will contribute towards a war, the other reckoning themselves, being inland, not concerned in the profits of war or peace. But it is pretty to see what he says. That those here that are forward for a war at Court, they are reported in the world to be only designers of getting money into the King's hands. They that elsewhere are for it have a design to trouble the kingdom and to give the fanatics an opportunity of doing hurt. And lastly, those that are against it (as he himself for one is very cold therein) are said to be bribed by the Dutch.

14. Up betimes. And after my father's eating something, I walked out with him as far as Milk street, he turning down to Cripplegate to take coach. And at the end of the street I took leave, being much afeared I shall not see him here any more, he doth decay so much every day. And so I walked on, there being never a coach to be had till I came to Charing cross; and there Coll. Froud took me up and carried me to St. James's – where with Mr. Coventry and Povy &c. about my Lord Peterborough's accounts; but Lord, to see still what a puppy that Povy is with all his show is very strange. Thence to Whitehall and W. Coventry and I and Sir W. Rider resolved upon a day to meet and make an end of all that business. Thence walked with Creed to the Coffee-house in Covent garden, where no company. But he told me many fine experiments at Gresham College, and some demonstrating that the heat and cold of the weather doth rarify and condense the very body of glasse; as, in a Bolt head with cold water in it, put into hot water, shall first, by rarifying the glass, make the water sink, and then when the heat comes to the water, makes that rise again. And then put into cold water, makes the water, by condensing the glass, to rise; and then when the Cold comes to the water, makes it sink – which is very pretty, and true; he saw it tried.

17. *Lords day.* Up; and I put on my best cloth black suit and my velvet cloak, and with my wife, in her best laced suit, to church – where we have not been these nine or ten weeks. The truth is, my jealousy hath hindered it, for fear she should see Pembleton. He was here today, but I think sat so as he could not see her; which did please me, God help me, mightily – though I know well enough that in reason this is nothing but my ridiculous folly. Home to dinner; and in the afternoon, after long consulting whether to go to Woolwich or no to see Mr. Falconer, but ended to prevent my