Tho' these Societies consist of the meanest and rudest of the Citizens, yet by their admirable Regulations and Constitutions, (of their own making) they are kept in the best Order and Decorum.

The Officers belonging to each of these Clubs,

of Tobacco, and pernicious and destructive Spirits) and to apply themselves to Business for their Support. By which Proceeding, the Liberty became such Savers, that their Poors Rate, which before amounted to Three Shillings in the Pound, upon the Rents of all Houses, was thereby re-

gement soon put di-
this City and Sub-
ouses; which they
Fruits of, the Pra-
Bill of
rishes,
dom.
iinated
et the
y may
abour.
ts have
ter the
of this
cellent
ly pro-
an Ap-
aries of
Winter
d Hun-
And
orkhou-
Admis-
ed with
of the
Work-
thereof,

ouse.
per.
Cheese.
Butter.
Cheese.
Butter.
Cheese.
Butter.
Cheese.

it; and
times a
e Good
for the
in they
ear One
s Rate,
rovided
ed from
ors, in
nsions.

he an-
sed by
History,
g, Cha-
ondon, I
nt Man-
e ancient and mo-
d are still in use
doubted, but that
d Suburbs excel
those

Tom. II. Mercurius Rustic. 1. 4. pub. 1664

CXC.

MADAM,

GIve me leave to tell you, that I write this Letter with no Small Difficulty, for though I sit so near the Fire, as I have Burn'd a part of my Clothes, yet the Cold is so Furious, as it doth not only Freez the Ink in the Standish, but in the Pen I am writing with, so that I am but a Cold Writer, nay, the very Thoughts seem to be Frozen in my Brain, for they Move very Slowly, as if they were Stupified, only my Love

Dd d 2

times

now all the
with Snow,
d their Mi-
t, the Wo-
as also their
then every
her Lovers
led, dress'd
her Court-
er a Carter,
rses with a
the Snow
en run with
these Lo-
en as Court
n the Sled,
ses in the
a Frighted
d Bed. and
e Ghost, or
ng all Co-
led, when

[illegible] again, instead of a Triumphant Chair, seems like a Virgins Funeral Herse, carried, and Buried by Torch-light, and her Feathers seem like a Silver Crown, that Usually is laid thereon, also the Sled is Drawn then in a Slow, Funeral Pace, for fear of a second Fall. By this Custom and Practice you may know, we have here Recreations for every Season of the Year, and as the Old Saying is, that Pride in Winter is never Cold, so it may here be said, that Love in Winter is never Cold; indeed, I have heard say, that Love is Hot, and to my Apprehension it must be a very Hot Amorous Love that is not Cold this VVeather. But leaving the Hot Lovers in the Cold Snow, I rest, by the Fire-side, Yours &c.