

That these Societies consist of the discreet and virtuous of the Citizens, yet by their admirable Regulations and Constitutions, (of their own making) they are kept in the best Order and Decour.

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 Library became such Store, that their Future Revenue, which before amounted to Three Shillings in the Pound, upon the Rest of all Hockley, was thereby re-

*From the Marchenburgh of New-Added Letters, pub. 1664
17 year of King Charles 2^d*

CXCI.

MADAM, in the City of London Pastimes

IF you were here in this City, now all the ground of the Streets is covered with Snow, you would see the Young men and their Mistresses ride in Sleds by Torch-light, the Women and the Men dress'd Antickly, as also their Horses that Draw their Sleds, and then every Sled having a Fair Lady, at least to her Lovers thinking, sitting at one end of the Sled, dress'd with Feathers and Rich Clothes, and her Court- ing Servant like a Coachman, or rather a Carter, bravely Accoutred, driving the Horses with a Whip, which draw the Sled upon the Snow with a Galloping pace, whilst Footmen run with Torches to light them; but many of these Lovers, not using to drive Horses so often as Court Mistresses, for want of Skill overturn the Sled, and so tumble down their Mistresses in the Snow, whereupon they being in a Frighted Haile, take them up from that Cold Bed, and then the Mistress appears like a Pale Ghost, or Dead Body in a Winding sheet, being all covered with white Snow, and the Sled, when the Mistress is Seated again, instead of a Triumphant Chair, seems like a Virgins Funeral Hearse, 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 Weather. But leaving the Hot Lovers in the Cold Snow, I rest, by the Fire-side,

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