

*side* by worfe Beasts, Beasts of Prey, as his Royal G——r has been, and as is, too often the Fate of many honest and good-natured Men.

THOUGH we are only *Lodgers*, and cannot expect to be Housekeepers in these strange Times, yet we are equally concerned in the Event of Things. And as as we cannot appear Abroad, at least at the Court End of the Town, for Want of Breeches and other Trifles, as they may seem to you, dread Sir ! We trust you will shew this to your r—l P——. And we further trust, that he will carry it a Step higher ; otherwise, with Hands and Faces unwashed, since the Loss of *Minorca*, we must, some *Sunday* Morning, that being a Day of Leisure, Safety, and Cleanliness, if ever at all, make a long Arm, and lay our Miseries at the Feet of his most very gracious M——y !

*Whom God grant long to Reign.*

SEALED