

(late) Bruisers of the ancient Corporation and County of the Town Palatinate of St. *Giles's*, in the common Highway assembled (having no common Hall, like other Bodies Politic) most humbly beg Leave *not* to approach any royal Throne, at present, for certain Reasons. But, keeping all due Distance, on Account of our several disagreeable Professions and Situations (many of us, by Reason of the very hard Times being unhappily without Breeches, Shoes, or Stockings) beg Leave to inform you (out of Sight, though, for the Reasons aforesaid) by this printed Paper, (our two *dirty* Representatives having *clean* refused us the Office of delivering it in Writing, though fairly penn'd and well spelt by a very learned Exciseman, who must be nameless; because, forsooth, one *shines off* Shoes, and the other lights Lamps in and about a certain great House in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*) of the manifold Injuries and Distresses we endure, and have endured by a late Ad——n, which we dared not speak, or give an Hint of before: As we are well convinced, by
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