

skipped about the floor in a most extraordinary manner. Here, waiter, d--n your eyes! (for I must larn to swear—the English all swear like troopers; the French call 'em Mountshear—d--ns,) here, waiter, tell his Excellency the British minister to the court of the American people, (that's you, squire, said he, and he made a scrape of his leg,) that Mr. Secretary Slick is waitin. Come, bear a hand, rat you, and stir your stumps, and mind the title, do you hear, Mr. Secretary Slick! I have the honour to wish your excellency, said he, with the only bow I ever saw him perpetrate, and a very hearty shake of the hands—I have the honour to wish your excellency good night and good bye.

END OF SECOND SERIES.