

threatened, was the following: One of the rights immemorably conceded to Parish Beadles was the privilege of tapping on the heads with the white wand of office the drowsy at church. In the fulfilment of this duty Mr. Twiggs had tapped the new bonnet of Miss Oakley, and by this act had not only directed the attention of the congregation towards a young lady who it so happened was not asleep, but had also effected a permanent derangement of the ostrich wreath, and left an indelible impression upon the new watered silk head dress, which no kind of ceaxing or smoothing would obliterate. This memento of parochial power, would of course have been very useful in subduing the pride of a charity girl, or in curbing the turbulent spirit of an unruly boy, but was not to be borne by a lady; and therefore the matter was taken up by the churchwardens, and poor Twiggs was deprived of his supper.

"There ought to be a Guide Book for Beadles," said "the Grecian," resuming the subject of conversation. "I am half inclined to write one."

"I wish you would," said Mr. Jewson; "and I will give you the advantage of my experience."

"And so will we all," responded several voices.

"Gentlemen! I am obliged to you for your patronage," said the Grecian. "I will consider the subject in its manifold bearings."

A pause ensued, during which the spectator might have noticed the appearance and departure of pea-soup, cold-fish, roast and boiled beef, and other solids, succeeded by plum pudding and apple pie, interspersed with long draughts of unrivalled porter,—(it was "Whitbread & Co's. entire," that John Honeywell sold,)—until at last the cheese disappeared and the cloth after it.

One opinion alone prevailed on the qualities of the supper. To use the language of a Toronto critic of celebrity and taste, "The boiled was excellent, the roast never was surpassed."

Two glorious bowls of punch, steaming beautifully and fragrantly, were properly placed on the table, one before Mr. Jewson and the other before "the Grecian," who acted as Vice President. It was pleasant to look upon those islands of lemon peeling so gracefully sailing in those seas of jollity. It was still more pleasant to witness the pervading smile which illuminated every face as each glass was filled. At length Mr. Jewson rose, and with his right hand upraised in an admonitory manner, said:

"KING AND CONSTITUTION!"

Upon which each one present drank his punch, and added one cheer more to three times three.

"What a orrid and wicious set them Jack-bins is," said Mr. Muggins.

"Jack-bins, who's them?" enquired Mr. Primitive, the Parish Clerk of Aldigate.

"Them as has murdered their king and set the world in a blaze," replied Mr. Muggins, with triumph.

"Jack-bites, I suppose you mean," said Mr. Jewson.

"No! I don't," retorted Mr. Muggins; "I means what I says. Jack-bins."

"Whatever you may choose to call them, I can only say that in my grandfather's time, and when I was a boy, they were Jack-bites and nothing else; and he ought to know, and so ought I, for he poor man was mowed down by the scythe of a willainous Jack-bite at the battle of Preston Pans."

Mr. Muggins was silenced if not convinced, for all the Beadles exclaimed, "In course Mr. Jewson's right."

Fortunately for Mr. Muggins, "the Grecian" came to his rescue, and explained that the Jacobites and the Jacobins were of the same breed; the first was the chrysalis and the second the butterfly.

"A butterfly!" said Mr. Crummy; "it has a most wenemous sting. I think," he continued, "it would be more properer to call em wampires."

"Doubtless, doubtless. I merely made use of a figure of speech," returned the Grecian.

"The explanation is satisfactory," exclaimed several of the company, who evidently knew nothing of the matter.

"Fill your glasses," said Mr. Jewson, and after a moment's pause he added, "Church and State!"

His toast was drunk with three times three, and three cheers more.

"The church aint, nor the state neither, in a wery satisfactory state," said Mr. Primitive.

"And can you vonder at that," said Mr. Jewson, "when such men are appinted to the office of Beadle, men who vere not born to it, who are mere purtenders; for," he added after a pause, "a man to be a king must be borne a prince, and a man to be a Beadle must be born a Werger; the church can't prosper ven these pints of principle are neglected."

"In course," responded several Beadles.

Mr. Audible, however, ventured to say something about lay patronage, and a plurality of livings operating more injuriously to the interests of the church than the inattention to the qualifications of Parish Beadles. But he found no response to his view, except a smile of intelligence from the Grecian.

"I say, Crum, what makes Mr. Austin so