

to his family, and made the best of his way to the Ship and Compass.

The hour of festivity was fast approaching. The conferences of Mr. Audible and the honest landlord were brought to a close; a knock was heard at the door, and the "Mr. Jewson, the father of the Beadles," as he announced himself, entered the room in his full dress costume; after him followed six Beadles of different parishes, and five Parish Clerks, and as these gentlemen will be named if they utter any thing worth recording, we shall only now stop to say a word or two of one of the latter, because it may serve to throw a little timely light upon the conversation of the evening.

Mr. Samuel Simpkin was the Parish Clerk of St. Giles'; nobody knew exactly for what he was originally intended, and nobody knew how in the world he was appointed to the office he filled. But all agreed that "Nature," who had so eminently adapted Mr. Audible for his office, had evidently designed Mr. Simpkin for the duties of a tackle and ticket porter, but the plans of this lady were frustrated by the school-master who had succeeded in elevating Mr. Simpkin's mind above the drudgery which pertains to that class who undertake to carry any burden under five hundred weight. Whilst his contemporaries agreed that "art and education had spoiled him for a Clerk," he was nevertheless regarded with awe for his talents and acquirements, and amongst his brethren of the order, he was called a "riglar Grecian."

His claim to the reputation of a man of letters had after all but a very slight foundation to rest upon. Still, it was sufficient to secure the respect of the circle in which he moved, and to sustain him upon the literary pedestal upon which he had been placed; the occasion was the following:

It so happened that the landlady of a public house in his Parish, departed this life; her supporters and admirers wished to write an epitaph for her tomb stone, and Mr. Simpkin, to the astonishment of those that were ignorant of his taste for the muses, submitted the following, which we transcribe literally, for the purpose:

"Minerva for wisdom, and Venus for beauty,
Were washup'd by gen'men of Greece—
But the men of St. Giles' fulfill'd the like duty,
When they drank at the Tap of the Fleece.

"But our landlady's gone, and her light is snuff'd out,
For ev'n whilst a drawing her beer,
Her stomach was seiz'd with a fit of the gout,
Which wioently closed her career."

This chaste and classic production secured for its author the title of *The Grecian*, and the reputation of a literary critic.

Six Beadles and six Parish Clerks awaited the arrival of their honored guest; the minute hand of the clock indicated the half hour, Mr. Jewson remarked, that it was "half after eight," when the door opened, and the hero of the night appeared all gorgeously arrayed in his official uniform, of blue and scarlet and gold. One note of pleasure but struck on every heart was his welcome; he shook each by the hand and expressed in the pressure "more than words can convey."

"Supper's ready!" said honest John Honeywell; and Mr. Jewson, accompanied by Mr. Crummy, led the way to the festival.

"Why! where's Twigg's, of St. Olives," exclaimed Mr. Simpkin. "I thought he was to have been here."

"You'll know when the proper time comes," answered the Patriarch Jewson. "Take your seats."

All the company were seated, Mr. Jewson alone excepted; he remained standing.

After a pause he drew from his pocket a letter, which he requested "the Grecian" to read.

Mr. Simpkin rose and read as follows:

"Mr. Jewson and brother Beadles:

"The badness of the night and a severe attack of Rewmathism, (and our curate says all *isms* is bad,) would not have kept me from the Jubilee, but that business concerning Miss Oakley and her Bonnet is getting involved and desperate, and I wish I was clean clear of it, and I have to attend the churchwardens about it to-night. So I must wish you a pleasant night, and Mr. Crummy a long life.

"Your obdt. friend and brother,

"TONY TWIGGS."

"When did Twigg's learn to write?" inquired "the Grecian."

"Before he was a Beadle, in course," answered Mr. Jewson; "all Beadles signs their names ven they are appinted to office; still I thinks that letter is not Twigg's own composing."

"You speak of Metropolitan Beadles, I s'pose," said Mr. Simpkin. "Beadles in country parts don't write—"

"In course I do, and," addressing the company, he added, "I believe, gen'lem, we be all born in this ancient city, leastways if we were'nt born here, we have been all blest with a Lunnon education"—after a pause, he added: "Poor Twigg's! I vish he vas amongst us."

The business which caused the absence of the Clerk of St. Olives, and which was getting so desperate, arose from the anxiety of Mr. Twigg's to support the dignity and privileges of his office; the particular occasion upon which his power was