

he knew how generally his calling was abused, and how rare it was to find a man ready to act honestly and properly, when interest and custom point in the opposite direction.

But the same motive which influenced honest John in refusing drink to the dissolute, prompted him to refresh the necessitous by selling only what he justly called "wholesome and unadulterated liquors." He used to say, "I never will willingly cheat my customers. I try to buy the best; at any rate I always sell what I buy and no more. I manufacture nothing." The consequence of his honesty was that his name became synonymous with "good wines, unadulterated liquors, and an orderly house." And his ambition was gratified by hearing his viands applauded throughout the Parish as "Honeywell's own."

It was in the upper room of this house in which Mr. Crummy's Jubilee was to be celebrated; the apartment was not very spacious, but there was a wonderful appearance of snugness about it; the only object however which claims especial remark in the room, was a painting of the Mariner's Compass, which was suspended over the mantel-piece, with the following inscription at the bottom—

"Drink within compass,
And then you'll be sure,
To shun many evils,
Which others endure."

Under the joint superintendence of the landlord, and Mr. Audible, the preliminary arrangements were completed; the "table was laid," and the two critics described a final circuit of the room, and influenced no doubt by a feeling of satisfaction at the imposing preparations, threw upon each other a smile of complacency, and took their departure—honest John to his snuggerly, down stairs, and the Beadle to his domicile in Muffin Alley.

"Bless us, what a night!" was Mr. Audible's ejaculation, as he entered the street; and sure enough it was not a very attractive evening for pedestrian excursions; but the change in the weather had not been observed by the Parish Clerk, his time his talents and his attention had been wholly absorbed in preparing for the coming event.

The truth is, that the sun had set in a most disconsolate manner; the oil lamps by which London was then lighted, never very bright, were on the evening referred to, most painfully afflicted with dullness, and the little spark of fire, by which they were distinguished, appeared to be selfishly cherished as a thing too precious to part with, their sickly and jaundiced colouring seemed

impressed upon everything animate and inanimate in that busy city. Pumps and lamp posts, private houses and parish churches, horses and dogs, men and women, seemed so much affected with biliousness and nausea, that a reasonable doubt might be entertained whether all the calomel in the kingdom could banish the amber hue from their complexions or restore them to their natural appearance. The meat in the butchers' shops appeared as though it had been bathed in a solution of currie powder. The West India produce in the grocer's seemed afflicted with yellow fever, and the vegetables and fruits which ought to have looked green appeared to be amber. The snow too, which had fallen upon the previous night, had been sorely damaged by its flirtation with the morning sun. Alas! it could not be restored again to its former whiteness, its contact with earth had for ever destroyed the vestal purity of its youth. The evening moreover was damp and chilly, yet it did not rain, but the passenger might suppose from the state of his apparel, that nature herself was weeping in silence at the wretchedness of the world, and covering its inhabitants with a mantle of tears.

Mr. Audible was distressed at the aspect of the night, and his anxiety was not mitigated when he reached his house, in Muffin Alley, for it will be remembered, that he had expressed a determination to illuminate in honor of the occasion. He wished his light to "shine before men," but the peculiar character of the evening interposed a veto, in the first instance, by depriving him of spectators, and in the second, by obscuring the spectacle, for his four mould candles, interspersed though they were with holly, and ivy, and mistletoe, scarcely afforded light enough in his window to enable a solitary urchin, who, with his nose tightly pressed against the outside of the pane of glass, was endeavouring to decipher the words,

"LONG LIFE TO OILY CRUM!"

which had been written in German Text by an imp at the Charity School, and were placed in an imposing position in the centre of the four illuminators.

If Mr. Audible was not less, he was most certainly not more than a man, and his disappointment therefore could not be concealed at the defeat which he had experienced; one solitary tear welled to his eye, but retired again without coursing its way down his cheek, as he said: "My effort to show respect, is a failure, I hope the supper wont be a failure also," and with these words upon his lips, he departed with a dejected step to attire himself in his Sunday clothes.

(To be continued.)