

A Crismas Carrol in SoundSpel
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Tietl: A Crismas Carrol in Proez; Being a Goest Story of Crismas

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*** START

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ROEZ; BEING A GOEST STORY OF CRISMAS ***

A CRISMAS
CARROL
IN PROEZ
BEING

A Goest Story of Crismas

BI

CHARLES DICKENS

PREFIS

I HAV endeavored in this Goestly litl buuk, to raez th Goest of an ledeea, which shal not puut mi reeders out of huemor with themselvs, with eech uther, with th seezon, or with me. Mae it haunt thaer houzes plezantly, and no wun wish to lae it.

Thaer faethful Frend and Servant,

C. D.

Desember, 1843.

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STAEV I:

MARLY'S GOEST

MARLY wuz ded: to begin with. Thaer is no dout whotever about that. Th rejister of his berryal wuz siend bi th clurjyman, th clurk, th undertaeker, and th cheef morner. Scrooj siend it: and Scrooj's naem wuz guud upon 'Chaenj, for enything he choez to puut his hand to. Oeld Marly wuz as ded as a dor-nael.

Miend! I don't meen to sae that I noe, of mi oen nolej, whot thaer is particuelarly ded about a dor-nael. I miet hav bin incliend, mieself, to regard a cofin-nael as th dedest peess of **ieernmunggery** in th traed. But th wizdom of our ansestors is in th simily; and mi unhaloed hands shal not disturb it, or th Cuntry's dun for. U wil thaerfor purmit me to repeat, emfatikaly, that Marly wuz as ded as a dor-nael.

Scrooj nue he wuz ded? Of corss he did. How cuud it be utherwiez? Scrooj and he wer partners for I doen't noe how meny yeers. Scrooj wuz his soel execueter, his soel administraetor, his soel asien, his soel rezijueary legatee, his soel frend, and soel morner. And eeven Scrooj wuz not so dredfully cut up bi th sad event, but that he wuz an exselent man of biznes on th verry dae of th fueneral, and **solemniedz** it with an undouted bargin.

Th menshon of Marly's fueneral brings me bak to th point I started from. Thaer is no dout that Marly wuz ded. This must be distinctly understuud, or nuthing wonderful can cum of th story I am going to relaet. If we wer not purfektly convinst that Hamlet's Faather died befor th plae began, thaer wuud be nothing mor remarkabl in his taeking a stroel at niet, in an eesterly wind, upon his oen ramparts, than thaer wuud be in eny uther midl-aejed jentlman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot--sae Saent Paul's Church-Yard for instanss-- literaly to astonish his sun's week miend.

Scrooj never paented out Oeld Marly's naem. Thaer it stuud, yeers afterwards, abuv th waerhous dor: Scrooj and Marly. Th furm wuz

noen as Scrooj and Marly. Sumtiems peepl nue to th biznes cauld
Scrooj Scrooj, and sumtiems Marly, but he anserd to boeth naems.
It wuz all th saem to him.

O! But he wuz a tiet-fisted hand at th griend-stoen, Scrooj!
a squeezing, renching, grasping, scraeping, cluching, cuvetus,
oeld siner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struk
out jenerus fier; seecret, and self-contaend, and solitaery as an oister.
Th coeld within him froze his oeld feecheers, nipt his pointed noez,
shriveld his cheek, stifend his gaet; maed his ies red, his thin lips bloo;
and spoek out shroodly in his graeting vois. A frosty riem wuz on
his hed, and on his iebrows, and his wiery chin. He carryd his oen
loe temperacher aulwaes about with him; he iest his ofis in th dog-
daes; and didn't thaw it wun degree at Crismas.

Exturnal heet and coeld had litl inflooenss on Scrooj. No wormth
cuud worm, no wintry wether chil him. No wind that bloo wuz
biterer than he, no fauling sno wuz mor intent upon its purpos, no
pelting raen les oepen to entreety.

Foul wetherdidn't noe whaer to hav him. Th hevyest raen, and sno,
and hael, and sleet, cuud boest of th advantej oever him
in oenly wun respekt. Thae ofen "caem doun" handsumly,
and Scrooj never did.

Noebody ever stopt him in th street to sae, with gladsum luuks,
"Mi deer Scrooj, how ar U? When wil U cum to see me?"
No begars implord him to bestoe a triefl, no children askt him whot it
wuz oe'clok, no man or wuuman ever wunss in all his lief inqierd th
wae to such and such a plaess, of Scrooj.

Eeven th bliend men's dogs apeerd to noe him; and when thae saw
him cuming on, wuud tug thaer oeners into dorwaes and up corts; and
then wuud wag thaer tael as tho thae sed, "No ie at all is beter than
an eevil ie, dark master!"

But whot did Scrooj caer! It wuz th verry thing he liekt.
To ej his wae along th crouded paths of lief, worning
all hueman sympathy to keep its distanss, wuz whot th noeing wuns
caul "nuts" to Scrooj.

Wunss upon a tiem--of all th guud daes in th yeer, on Crismas Eev--
oeld Scrooj sat bizy in his counting-hous. It wuz coeld, bleek, bieting

wether: foggy withaul: and he cuud heer th peepl in th cort outsied, go wheezing up and down, beeting thaer hands upon thaer brests, and stamping thaer feet upon th paevment stoens to worm them. Th sity cloks had oenly just gon three, but it wuz qiet dark aulredy-- it had not bin liet all dae- and candls wer flaering in th windoes of th naeboring ofises, liek rudy smeers upon th palpabl broun aer. Th fog caem poring in at every chink and keehoel, and wuz so denss without, that aultho th cort wuz of th narroeest, th houses opozit wer meer fantoms. To see th dinjy cloud cum drooping down, obscuering everything, wun miet hav thaut that Naecher livd hard bi, and wuz brooing on a larj scael.

Th dor of Scrooj's counting-hous wuz oepen that he miet keep his ie upon his clurk, hoo in a dizmal litl sel beyond, a sort of tank, wuz copying leters. Scrooj had a verry smaul fier, but th clurk's fier wuz so verry much smauler that it luukt liek wun coel. But he **cuudn't** replenish it, for Scrooj kept th coel-box in his oen room; and so shuurly as th clurk caem in with th shuvel, th master predikted that it wuud be nesaery for them to part. Whaerfor th clurk puut on his whiet cumforter, and tried to worm himself at th candl; in which efort, not being a man of a strong imajinaeshon, he faeld.

"A merry Crismas, unkl! God saev U!" cried a cheerful vois. It wuz th vois of Scrooj's nefue, hoo caem upon him so qikly that this wuz th furst intimaeshon he had of his aproech.

"Baa!" sed Scrooj, "Humbug!"

He had so heeted himself with rapid wauking in th fog and frost, this nefue of Scrooj's, that he wuz all in a glo; his faess wuz rudy and handsum; his ies sparkld, and his breth smoekt agen.

"Crismas a humbug, unkl!" sed Scrooj's nefue. "U doen't meen that, I am shuur?"

"I do," sed Scrooj. "Merry Christmas! Whot riet hav U to be merry? Whot reezon hav U to be merry? U'r puur enuf."

"Cum, then," returnd th nefue gaely. "Whot riet hav U to be dizmal? Whot reezon hav U to be moroess? U'r rich enuf."

Scrooj having no beter anser redy on th spur of th moement, sed,
"Baa!" agen; and foloed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cros, unkl!" sed th nefue.

"Whot elss can I be," returnd th unkl, "when I liv in such a wurld of
fools as this? Merry Crismas! Out upon merry Crismas!
Whot's Crismas tiem to U but a tiem for paeing bils without muny;
a tiem for fiending yuursel a yeer oelder, but not an our richer;
a tiem for balansing yuur buuks and having every ietem in 'em thru a
round duzen of munths prezented ded agenst U?
If I cuud wurk mi wil," sed Scrooj indignantly, "every idiot hoo goes
about with 'Merry Crismas' on his lips, shuud be boild with
his oen puuding, and berryd with a staek of holy thru his hart.
He shuud!"

"Unkl!" pleaded th nefue.

"Nefue!" returnd th unkl sturnly, "keep Crismas in yuur oen wae, and
let me keep it in mien."

"Keep it!" repeeted Scrooj's nefue. "But U doesn't keep it."

"Let me leev it aloen, then," sed Scrooj. "Much guud mae it do U!
Much guud it has ever dun U!"

"Thaer ar meny things from which I miet hav derievd guud,
bi which I hav not profited, I daer sae," returnd th nefue.
"Crismas amung th rest. But I am shuur I hav aulwaes
thaut of Crismas tiem, when it has cum round--apart
from th veneraeshon due to its saecred naem and orijin,
if enything belonging to it can be apart from that--as a guud tiem;
a kiend, forgiving, charritabl, plezant tiem; th oenly tiem I noe of,
in th long calendar of th yeer, when men and wimen seem bi wun
consent to oepen thaer shut-up harts freely, and to think of peepl beloe
them as if thae reealy wer felo-pasenjers to th graev, and not anuther
raess of creechers bound on uther journys. And thaerfor, unkl, tho it has
never puut a scrap of goeld or silver in mi poket, I beleev that it
has dun me guud, and wil do me guud; and I sae, God bles it!"

Th clurk in th Tank involuntarrily aplauded. Becuming imeediatly sensibl of th impropriety, he poekt th fier, and extinggwist th last frael spark for ever.

"Let me heer anuther sound from U," sed Scrooj,
"and U'l keep yuur Crismas bi loozing yuur sichuaeshon! U'r qiet a powerful speeker, sur," he aded, turning to his nefue.
"I wunder U doen't go into Parlament."

"Doen't be anggry, unkl. Cum! Dien with us to-morro."

Scrooj sed that he wuud see him--yes, indeed he did. He went th hoel length of th expreshon, and sed that he wuud see him in that extremity furst.

"But whi?" cried Scrooj's nefue. "Whi?"

"Whi did U get marryd?" sed Scrooj.

"Becauz I fel in luv."

"Becauz U fel in luv!" groud Scrooj, as if that wer th oenly wun thing in th wurd mor ridicuelus than a merry Crismas. "Guud afternoon!"

"Nae, unkl, but U never caem to see me befor that hapend. Whi giv it as a reezon for not cuming now?"

"Guud afternoon," sed Scrooj.

"I wont nuthing from U; I ask nuthing of U; whi cannot we be frends?"

"Guud afternoon," sed Scrooj.

"I am sorry, with all mi hart, to fiend U so rezoloot. We hav never had eny qorrel, to which I hav bin a party. But I hav maed th triel in homej to Crismas, and I'll keep mi Crismas huemor to th last. So A Merry Crismas, unkl!"

"Guud afternoon!" sed Scrooj.

"And A Hapy Nue Yeer!"

"Guud afternoon!" sed Scrooj.

His nefue left th room without an anggry wurd, notwithstanding. He stopt at th outer dor to bestoe th greetings of th seezon

on th clurk, hoo, coeld as he wuz, wuz wormer than Scrooj; for he returnd them corjaly.

"Thaer's anuther felo," muterd Scrooj; hoo oeverhurd him: "mi clurk, with fifteen shilings a week, and a wief and family, tauking about a merry Crismas. I'l retier to Bedlam."

This loonatik, in leting Scrooj's nefue out, had let too uther peepl in. Thae wer portly jentlmen, plezant to behoeld, and now stuud, with thaer hats off, in Scrooj's ofis. Thae had buuks and paepers in thaer hands, and bowd to him.

"Scrooj and Marly's, I beleev," sed wun of th jentlmen, refuring to his list. "Hav I th plezher of adresing Mr. Scrooj, or Mr. Marly?"

"Mr. Marly has bin ded thees seven years," Scrooj replied. "He died seven years ago, this verry niet."

"We hav no dout his liberality is wel reprezented bi his servieiving partner," sed th jentlman, prezing his credenshals.

It surtenly wuz; for thae had bin too kindred spirits. At th ominus wurd "liberality," Scrooj fround, and shuuk his hed, and handed th credenshals bak.

"At this festiv seezon of th yeer, Mr. Scrooj," sed th jentlman, taeking up a pen, "it is mor than uezhualy dezierabl that we shuud maek sum sliet provizhon for th Puur and destitoot, hoo sufer graetly at th prezent tiem. Meny thouzands ar in wont of comon nesesaerys; hundreds of thouzands ar in wont of comon cumforts, sur."

"Ar thaer no prizons?" askt Scrooj.

"Plenty of prizons," sed th jentlman, laeing doun th pen agen.

"And th Uenyon wurkhouzes?" demanded Scrooj.

"Ar thae stil in operaeshon?"

"Thae ar. Stil," returnd th jentlman, "I wish I cuud sae thae wer not."

"Th Tredmil and th Puur Law ar in fuul **vigor**, then?" sed Scrooj.

"Boeth verry bizy, sur."

"O! I wuz afraed, from whot U sed at furst, that sumthing had ocured to stop them in thaer uesful corss," sed Scrooj. "I'm verry glad to heer it."

"Under th impreshon that thae scaersly furnish Crischan cheer of miend or body to th multitued," returnd th jentlman, "a fue of us ar endeavoring to raez a fund to bie th Puur sum meet and drink, and meens of wormth. We chooz this tiem, becauz it is a tiem, of all uthers, when Wont is keenly felt, and Abundanss rejoises. Whot shal I puut U down for?"

"Nuthing!" Scrooj replied.

"U wish to be anonimus?"

"I wish to be left aloen," sed Scrooj. "Sinss U ask me whot I wish, jentlmen, that is mi anser.

I don't maek merry mieself at Crismas and I can't aford to maek iedl peepl merry. I help to suport th establishments I hav menshond--thae cost enuf; and thoes hoo ar badly off must go thaer."

"Meny can't go thaer; and meny wuud rather die."

"If thae wuud rather die," sed Scrooj, "thae had beter do it, and decreess th surplus popuelaeshon. Besieds--excuez me-- I doen't noe that."

"But U miet noe it," obzurvd th jentlman.

"It's not mi biznes," Scrooj returnd. "It's enuf for a man to understand his oen biznes, and not to interfere with uther peepl's.

Mien ocuepies me constantly. Guud afternoon, jentlmen!"

Seeing cleerly that it wuud be uesles to persoo thaer point, th jentlmen withdroo. Scrooj rezoomd his **laebors** with an improovd opinyon of himself, and in a mor faseeshus temper than wuz uezhual with him.

Meenwhiel th fog and darknes thikend so, that peepl ran about with flaering links, profering thaer survises to go befor horses in carrejes, and condukt them on thaer wae. Th aenshent tower of a church, hoos gruf oeld bel wuz aulwaes peeping slily down at Scrooj out of a Gothik windo in th waul, becaem invizibl, and struk th ours and qorters in th clouds, with tremuelus viebraeshons afterwards as if

its teeth wer chatering in its froezen hed up thaer. Th coeld became intenss. In th maen street, at th corner of th cort, sum labourers wer repaering th gas-pieps, and had lieted a graet fier in a braezher, round which a party of raged men and boys wer gatherd: worming thaer hands and winking thaer ies before th blaez in rapcher. Th wauter-plug being left in solitued, its oeverfloeings sullenly conjeeld, and turnd to misanthropik iess. Th brietnes of th shops whaer holy sprigs and berrys crakld in th lamp heet of th windoes, maed pael faeses rudy as thae past.

Poelterers' and groesers' traeds becaem a splendid joek: a glorius pajent, with which it wuz next to imposibl to beleev that such dul prinsipls as bargin and sael had enything to do. Th Lord Maeor, in th stronghoeld of th miety Manshon Hous, gaev orders to his fifty cuuks and butlers to keep Crismas as a Lord Maeor's hous-hoeld shuud; and eeven th litl taelor, hoom he had fiend fiev shilings on th preevius Mundae for being drunk and bludthursty in th streets, sturd up to-morro's puuding in his garret, whiel his leen wief and th baeby salyd out to bie th beef.

Fogyer yet, and coelder. Peersing, surching, bieting coeld. If th guud Saent Dunstan had but nipt th Eevil Spirit's noez with a tuch of such wether as that, insted of uezing his familyar wepons, then indeed he wuud hav rord to lusty purpos. Th oener of wun scant yung noez, nawd and mumbl'd bi th hungry coeld as boens ar nawd bi dogs, stoopt down at Scrooj's keehoel to regael him with a Crismas carrol: but at th furst sound of

"God bles U, merry jentlman! Mae nuthing U dismae!"

Scrooj seezd th rooler with such enerjy of akshon, that th singer fled in terror, leeving th keehoel to th fog and eeven mor conjeenial frost.

At length th our of shutting up th counting-hous arievd. With an il-wil Scrooj dismounted from his stool, and tasitly admited th fakt to th expektant clurk in th Tank, hoo instantly snuft his candl out, and puut on his hat.

"U'l wont all dae to-morro, I supoez?" sed Scrooj.

"If qiet conveyent, sur."

"It's not conveyent," sed Scrooj, "and it's not faer. If I wuz to stop haf-a-croun for it, U'd think yuursel' il-uezd, I'll be bound?"

Th clurk smield faently.

"And yet," sed Scrooj, "U don't think me il-uezd, when I pae a dae's waejes for no wurk."

Th clurk obzurvd that it wuz oenly wunss a yeer.

"A puur excuez for piking a man's poket every twenty-fifth of Desember!" sed Scrooj, butoning his graet-coet to th chin.

"But I supoez U must hav th hoel dae. Be heer all th urlyer next morning."

Th clurk promist that he wuud; and Scrooj waukt out with a groul. Th ofis wuz cloezd in a twinkling, and th clurk, with th long ends of his whiet cumforter danggling beloe his waest (for he boested no graet-coet), went doun a slied on Cornhil, at th end of a laen of boys, twenty tiems, in onor of its being Crismas Eev, and then ran hoem to Camden Toun as hard as he cuud pelt, to plae at blindman's-buf.

Scrooj tuuk his melancoly diner in his uezhual melancoly tavern; and having red all th nuezpaepers, and begield th rest of th eevning with his banker's-buuk, went hoem to bed. He livd in chaemers which had wunss belongd to his deseest partner. Thae wer a gloomy sweet of rooms, in a loeering piel of bilding up a yard, whaer it had so litl biznes to be, that wun cuud scaersly help fansying it must hav run thaer when it wuz a yung hous, plaeing at hied-and-seek with uther houzes, and forgotten th wae out agen. It wuz oeld enuf now, and dreery enuf, for nobody livd in it but Scrooj, th uther rooms being all let out as ofises. Th yard wuz so dark that eeven Scrooj, hoo nue its every stoen, wuz faen to groep with his hands. Th fog and frost so hung about th blak oeld gaetwae of th hous, that it seemd as if th Jeenyus of th Wether sat in mornful meditaeshon on th threshhoeld.

Now, it is a fakt, that thaer wuz nuthing at all particular about th noker on th dor, exsept that it wuz verry larj. It is aulso a fakt, that Scrooj had seen it, niet and morning, duuring his hoel rezidenss in that plaess; aulso that Scrooj had as litl of whot is cauld fansy about him as eny man in th sity of London, eeven inclooding--which is

a boeld wurd--th corporaeshon, auldermen, and livery. Let it aulso be born in miend that Scrooj had not bestoed wun thaut on Marly, sinss his last menshon of his seven yeers' ded partner that afternoon. And then let eny man explaen to me, if he can, how it hapend that Scrooj, having his kee in th lok of th dor, saw in th noker, without its undergoing eny intermeediat prosess of chaenj--not a noker, but Marly's faess.

Marly's faess. It wuz not in impenetrabl shado as th uther objekts in th yard wer, but had a dizmal liet about it, liek a bad lobster in a dark selar. It wuz not anggry or feroeshus, but luukt at Scrooj as Marly uezd to luuk: with goestly spektakls turnd up on its goestly forhed. Th haer wuz cueriously sturd, as if bi breth or hot aer; and, tho th ies wer wied oepen, thae wer purfektly moeshonles. That, and its livid culor, maed it horribl; but its horror seemd to be in spiet of th faess and beyond its controel, rather than a part of its oen expreshon.

As Scrooj luukt fixedly at this fenomenon, it wuz a noker agen.

To sae that he wuz not startld, or that his blud wuz not conshus of a terribl sensaeshon to which it had bin a straenjer from infansy, wuud be untroo. But he puut his hand upon th kee he had relinqisht, turnd it sturdily, waukt in, and lieted his candl.

He did pauz, with a moement's irezelooshon, befor he shut th dor; and he did luuk caushushly behiend it furst, as if he haf expektd to be terrified with th siet of Marly's pigtael stiking out into th haul. But thaer wuz nuthing on th bak of th dor, exsept th scroos and nuts that held th noker on, so he sed "Pooh, pooh!" and cloezd it with a bang.

Th sound rezounded thru th hous liek thunder. Every room abuv, and every cask in th wien-murchant's selars beloe, apeerd to hav a separat peel of ecoes of its oen. Scrooj wuz not a man to be frietend bi ecoes. He fasend th dor, and waukt acros th haul, and up th staers; sloely too: triming his candl as he went.

U mae tauk vaegly about drieving a coech-and-six up a guud oeld fliet of staers, or thru a bad yung Akt of Parlament; but I meen to sae U miet hav got a hurss up that staercaess, and taeken it braudwiez,

with th splinter-bar tords th waul and th dor tords th balustraeds:
and dun it eezy. Thaer wuz plenty of width for that, and room
to spaer; which is perhaps th reezon whi Scrooj thaut he saw
a loecomotiv hurss going on befor him in th gloom. Haf-a-duzen gas-
lamps out of th street wuudn't hav lieted th entry too wel,
so U mae supoez that it wuz prity dark with Scrooj's dip.

Up Scrooj went, not caering a buton for that. Darknes is cheep,
and Scrooj liekt it. But befor he shut his hevvy dor, he waukt thru his
rooms to see that all wuz riet. He had just enuf recolekshon of th
faess to dezier to do that.

Siting-room, bedroom, lumber-room. All as thae shuud be.
Noebody under th taebl, noebody under th soefa;
a smaul fier in th graet; spoon and baesin redy;
and th litl sauspan of grooel (Scrooj had a coeld in his hed)
upon th hob. Noebody under th bed; noebody in th clozet; noebody in
his dresing-goun, which wuz hanging up in a suspishus atitued
agenst th waul. Lumber-room as uezhual. Oeld fier-gard, oeld
shoos, too fish-baskets, woshing-stand on three legs, and a poeker.

Qiet satisfied, he cloezd his dor, and lokt himself in; dubl-lokt himself
in, which wuz not his custom. Thus secuerd agenst serpiez,
he tuuk off his cravat; puut on his dresing-goun and slipers, and
his nietcap; and sat down befor th fier to taek his grooel.

It wuz a verry loe fier indeed; nuthing on such a biter niet.
He wuz obliejd to sit cloess to it, and brood oever it,
befor he cuud ekstrakt th leest sensaeshon of wormth from such
a handfuul of fueel. Th fierplaess wuz an oeld wun, bilt bi sum Duch
murchant long ago, and paevd all round with qaent Duch tiels,
deziend to ilustraet th Scripchers. Thaer wer *Cains* and *Abels*,

Faero's dauters; Queens of *Sheba*, Anjelik mesenjers desending thru th
aer on clouds liek fether-beds, *Abrahams*, *Belshazzars*, Aposls puuting
off to see in buter-boets, hundreds of figuers to atrakt his thauts; and
yet that faess of Marly, seven yeers ded, caem liek th aenshent Profet's
rod, and swauloed up th hoel. If eech smooth tiel had bin a blank
at furst, with power to shaep sum pikcher on its surfis from th
disjointed fragments of his thauts, thaer wuud hav bin a copy
of oeld Marly's hed on every wun.

"Humbug!" sed Scrooj; and waukt acros th room.

After several turns, he sat down agen. As he throo his hed bak in th chaer, his glanss hapend to rest upon a bel, a disuezd bel, that hung in th room, and comuenicaeted for sum purpos now forgotten with a chaember in th hieest story of th bilding.

It wuz with graet astonishment, and with a straenj, inexplicabl dred, that as he luukt, he saw this bel begin to swing. It swung so softly in th outset that it scaersly maed a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bel in th hous.

This miet hav lasted haf a minit, or a minit, but it seemd an our. Th bels seest as thae had begun, together. Thae wer sukseeded bi a clanking noiz, deep down beloe; as if sum purson wer dragging a hevy chaen oever th casks in th wien-murchant's selar. Scrooj then rememberd to hav hurd that goests in haunted houses wer descriebd as dragging chaens.

Th selar-dor floo oepen with a booming sound, and then he hurd th noiz much louder, on th flors beloe; then cuming up th staers; then cuming straet tords his dor.

"It's humbug stil!" sed Scrooj. "I woen't beleev it."

His culor chaenjd tho, when, without a pauz, it caem on thru th hevy dor, and past into th room befor his ies. Upon its cuming in, th dieing flaem lept up, as tho it cried, "I noe him; Marly's Goest!" and fel agen.

Th saem faess: th verry saem. Marly in his pigtael, uezhual waestcoet, tiets and boots; th tasels on th later brisling, liek his pigtael, and his coet-scurts, and th haer upon his hed. Th chaen he droo wuz claspt about his midl. It wuz long, and wound about him liek a tael; and it wuz maed (for Scrooj obzurvd it cloesly) of cash-boxes, kees, padloks, lejers, deeds, and hevy purses raut in steel. His body wuz transpaerent; so that Scrooj, obzurving him, and luuking thru his waestcoet, cuud see th too butons on his coet behiend.

Scrooj had ofen hurd it sed that Marly had no bowels, but he had never beleevd it until now.

No, nor did he beleev it eeven now. Tho he luukt th fantom thru and thru, and saw it standing befor him; tho he felt th chilling inflooenss of its deth-coeld ies; and markt th verry texcher of th foelded curchif bound about its hed and chin, which raper he had not obzurvd befor; he wuz stil increjulus, and faut agenst his senses.

"How now!" sed Scrooj, caustik and coeld as ever.

"Whot do U wont with me?"

"Much!"--Marly's vois, no dout about it. "Hoo ar U?"

"Ask me hoo I wuz."

"Hoo wer U then?" sed Scrooj, raezing his vois. "U'r particuelar, for a shaed." He wuz going to sae "to a shaed," but substitooted this, as mor aproepriat.

"In lief I wuz yuur partner, Jaecob Marly."

"Can U--can U sit down?" askt Scrooj, luuking doutfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooj askt th qeschon, becauz he didn't noe whether a goest so transpaerent miet fiend himself in a condishon to taek a chaer; and felt that in th event of its being imposibl, it miet involv th nesesity of an embarrassing explanaeshon. But th goest sat down on th opozit sied of th fierplaess, as if he wer qiet uezd to it.

"U don't beleev in me," obzurvd th Goest.

"I doen't," sed Scrooj.

"Whot evidenss wuud U hav of mi reality beyond that of yuur senses?"

"I don't noe," sed Scrooj.

"Whi do U dout yuur senses?"

"Becauz," sed Scrooj, "a litl thing afekts them. A sliet disorder of th stumak maeks them cheets. U mae be an undijested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crum of cheez, a fragment of an underdun potaeto. Thaer's mor of graevy than of graev about U, whotever U ar!"

Scrooj wuz not much in th habit of craking joeks, nor did he feel, in his hart, bi eny meens **wagish** then. Th trooth is, that he tried to be smart, as a meens of distrakting his oen atenshon, and keeping down his terror; for th spekter's vois disturbd th verry marro in his boens.

To sit, staering at thoes fixt glaezd ies, in sielenss for a moement, wuud plae, Scrooj felt, th verry dooss with him. Thaer wuz sumthing verry awful, too, in th spekter's being provieded with an infurnal atmosfeer of its oen. Scrooj cuud not feel it himself, but this wuz cleerly th caess; for tho th Goest sat purfektly moeshonles, its haer, and scurts, and tasels, wer stil ajitaeted as bi th hot **vaepor** from an uven.

"U see this toothpik?" sed Scrooj, returning qikly to th charj, for th reezon just asiend; and wishing, tho it wer oenly for a second, to divurt th vizhon's stoeny gaez from himself.

"I do," replied th Goest. "U ar not luuking at it," sed Scrooj.

"But I see it," sed th Goest, "notwithstanding."

"Wel!" returnd Scrooj, "I hav but to swaulo this, and be for th rest of mi daes purscueted bi a leejon of goblins, all of mi oen creaeshon. Humbug, I tel U! humbug!"

At this th spirit raezd a frietful cri, and shuuk its chaen with such a dizmal and apauling noiz, that Scrooj held on tiet to his chaer, to saev himself from fauling in a swoon. But how much graeter wuz his horror, when th fantom taeking off th bandej round its hed, as if it wer too worm to waer indors, its loeer jaw dropt down upon its brest!

Scrooj fel upon his nees, and claspt his hands befor his faess.

"Mursy!" he sed. "Dredful aparishon, whi do U trubl me?"

"Man of th wurldly miend!" replied th Goest, "do U beleev in me or not?"

"I do," sed Scrooj. "I must. But whi do spirits wauk th urth, and whi do thae cum to me?"

"It is reqierd of every man," th Goest returnd, "that th spirit within him shuud wauk abraud amung his feloemen, and travel far and wied;

and if that spirit goes not forth in lief, it is condemd to do so after deth.
It is doomd to waander thru th wurld--o, wo is me!--
and witnes whot it cannot shaer, but miet hav shaerd on urth,
and turnd to hapynes!"

Agen th spekter raezd a cri, and shuuk its chaen and rung
its shadoey hands.

"U ar fettered," sed Scrooj, trembling. "Tel me whi?"

"I waer th chaen I forjd in lief," replied th Goest. "I maed it link bi link,
and yard bi yard; I gurded it on of mi oen free wil, and of mi oen free
wil I wor it. Is its patern straenj to U?"

Scrooj trembld mor and mor.

"Or wuud U noe," persood th Goest, "th waet and length of th strong
coil U baer yuursel? It wuz fuul as hevy and as long as this,
seven Crismas Eevs ago. U hav **laebord** on it, sinss. It is
a ponderus chaen!"

Scrooj glanst about him on th flor, in th expektaeshon of fiending
himself serounded bi sum fifty or sixty fathoms of ieern caebl: but
he cuud see nuthing.

"Jaecob," he sed, imploringly.

"Oeld Jaecob Marly, tel me mor. Speek cumfort to me, Jaecob!"

"I hav nun to giv," th Goest replied.

"It cums from uther reejons, Ebenezer Scrooj, and is convaed bi
uther ministers, to uther kiends of men. Nor can I tel U whot I wuud.
A verry litl mor is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stae,
I cannot lingger enywhaer. Mi spirit never waukt beyond our
counting-hous--mark me!--in lief mi spirit never roevd
beyond th narro limits of our muny-chaenjing hoel;
and weery journys lie befor me!"

It wuz a habit with Scrooj, whenever he becaem thautful, to puut his
hands in his breeches pokets. Pondering on whot th Goest had sed, he
did so now, but without lifting up his ies, or geting off his nees.

"U must hav bin verry slo about it, Jaecob," Scrooj obzurvd, in a biznes-
liek maner, tho with huemility and deferenss.

"Slo!" th Goest repeated.

"Seven yeers ded," muezd Scrooj. "And traveling all th tiem!"

"Th hoel tiem," sed th Goest. "No rest, no peess. Insesant torcher of remorss."

"U travel fast?" sed Scrooj.

"On th wings of th wind," replied th Goest.

"U miet hav got oeever a graet qontity of ground in seven yeers," sed Scrooj.

Th Goest, on heering this, set up anuther cri, and clankt its chaen so hidiusly in th ded sielenss of th niet, that th Word wuud hav bin justified in indieting it for a nuesanss.

"O! captiv, bound, and dubl-ieernd," cried th fantom, "not to noe, that aejes of insesant laebor bi imortal creechers, for this urth must pas into eturnity befor th guud of which it is suseptibl is all developt. Not to noe that eny Crischan spirit wurking kiendly in its litl sfeer, whotever it mae be, wil fiend its mortal lief too short for its vast meens of uesfulnes. Not to noe that no spaess of regret can maek amends for wun lief's oportuenity misuezd! Yet such wuz I! O! such wuz I!"

"But U wer aulwaes a guud man of biznes, Jaecob," falterd Scrooj, hoo now began to aplie this to himself.

"Biznes!" cried th Goest, ringing its hands agen. "Man-Kiend wuz mi biznes. Th comon welfaer wuz mi biznes; charrity, mursy, forbaeranss, and benevolenss, wer, all, mi biznes. Th deelings of mi traed wer but a drop of wauter in th comprehensiv oeshan of mi biznes!"

It held up its chaen at arm's length, as if that wer th cauz of all its unavaeling greef, and flung it hevily upon th ground agen.

"At this tiem of th roeling yeer," th spekter sed, "I sufer moest. Whi did I wauk thru crouds of felo-beings with mi ies turnd down, and never raez them to that blesed Star which led th Wiez Men to a puur aboed! Wer thaer no puur hoems to which its liet wuud hav kondukted me!"

Scrooj wuz verry much dismaed to heer th spekter going on at this raet, and began to qaek exseedingly.

"Heer me!" cried th Goest. "Mi tiem is neerly gon."

"I wil," sed Scrooj. "But doesn't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jaecob! Prae!"

"How it is that I apeer befor U in a shaep that U can see, I mae not tel. I hav sat invizibl besied U meny and meny a dae."

It wuz not an agreeabl iedeea. Scrooj shiverd, and wiept th purspiraeshon from his brow.

"That is no liet part of mi penanss," persood th Goest. "I am heer to-niet to worn U, that U hav yet a chanss and hoep of escaeping mi faet. A chanss and hoep of mi procuering, Ebeneezer."

"U wer aulwaes a guud frend to me," sed Scrooj. "Thank'ee!"

"U wil be haunted," rezoomd th Goest, "bi Three Spirits."

Scrooj's countenanss fel aulmoest as loe as th Goest's had dun.

"Is that th chanss and hoep U menshond, Jaecob?" he demanded, in a faltering vois.

"It is."

"I--I think I'd rather not," sed Scrooj.

"Without thaer vizits," sed th Goest, "U cannot hoep to shun th path I tred. Expekt th furst to-morro, when th bel toels Wun."

"Cuudn't I taek 'em all at wunss, and hav it oever, Jaecob?" hinted Scrooj.

"Expekt th second on th next niet at th saem our.

Th thurd upon th next niet when th last stroek of Twelv has seest to viebraet. Luuk to see me no mor; and luuk that, for your oen saek, U remember whot has past between us!"

When it had sed thees wurd, th spekter tuuk its raper from th taebl, and bound it round its hed, as befor. Scrooj nue this, bi th smart sound its teeth maed, when th jaws wer braut together bi th bandej. He vencherd to raez his ies agen, and found his soopernacheral

vizitor confrunting him in an erekt atitued, with
its chaen wound oever and about its arm.

Th aparishon waukt bakward from him; and at every step
it tuuk, th windo raezd itself a litl, so that when th spekter reecht it,
it wuz wied oepen.

It **bekond** Scrooj to aproech, which he did.

When thae wer within too paeses of eech uther, Marly's Goest held up
its hand, worning him to cum no neerer. Scrooj stopt.

Not so much in oebeedi'enss, as in serpriez and feer: for on th raezing
of th hand, he becaem sensibl of confuezd noizes in th aer;
incoeherent sounds of lamentaeshon and regret; **waelings**
inexpresibly sorroeful and self-acuezatory. Th spekter, after listening
for a moement, joind in th mornful durj; and floeted out upon th bleek,
dark niet.

Scrooj foloed to th windo: desperat in his cueriosity. He luukt out.

Th aer wuz fild with fantoms, waandering hither and thither
in restles haest, and moening as thae went. Every wun of them wor
chaens liek Marly's Goest; sum fue (thae miet be gilty guvernements)
wer linkt together; nun wer free.

Meny had bin pursonaly noen to Scrooj in thaer lievs. He
had bin qiet familiar with wun oeld goest, in a whiet waestcoet , with
a monstrus ieern saef atacht to its ankl, hoo cried **pitiusly** at
being unaebl to asist a reched wuuman with an infant, hoom it
saw beloe, upon a dor-step. Th mizery with them all wuz, cleerly,
that thae saut to interfere, for guud, in hueman maters, and had
lost th power for ever.

Whether thees creechers faeded into mist, or mist enshrouded them,
he cuud not tel. But thae and thaer spirit voises faeded together;
and th niet becaem as it had bin when he waukt hoem.

Scrooj cloezd th windo, and examind th dor bi which th Goest had
enterd. It wuz dubl-lokt, as he had lokt it with his oen hands,
and th boelts wer undisturbd. He tried to sae "Humbug!"
but stopt at th furst silabl. And being, from th emoeshon he
had undergon, or th fateegs of th dae, or his glimps of th Invizibl
Wurld, or th dul conversaeshon of th Goest, or th laetnes of th our,

much in need of repoez; went straet to bed, without undresing,
and fel asleep upon th instant.

STAEV II:

TH FURST OF TH THREE SPIRITS

WHEN Scrooj awoek, it wuz so dark, that luuking out of bed,
he cuud scaersly distingwish th transpaerent windo from th oepaek
wauls of his chaember. He wuz **endeavoring** to peerss th darknes with
his ferret ies, when th chiems of a naeboring church struk th
foer qorters. So he lisend for th our.

To his graet astonishment th hevy bel went on from six to seven, and
from seven to aet, and regulerly up to twelv; then stopt. Twelv!
It wuz past too when he went to bed. Th klok wuz rong.
An iesikl must hav got into th wurks. Twelv!

He tucht th spring of his repeeter, to corekt this moest preposterous
klok. Its rapid litl pulss beet twelv: and stopt.

"Whi, it isn't posibl," sed Scrooj, "that I can hav slept thru a hoel dae
and far into anuther niet. It isn't posibl that enything has hapend to
th sun, and this is twelv at noon!"

Th iedeea being an alarming wun, he scrambld out of bed,
and groept his wae to th windo. He wuz obliejd to rub th frost off
with th sleev of his dresing-goun befor he cuud see enything;
and cuud see verry litl then. All he cuud maek out wuz, that
it wuz stil verry fogy and extreemly coeld, and that thaer wuz
no noiz of peepl runing to and fro, and maeking a graet stur,
as thaer ungeschonably wuud hav bin if niet had beeten off briet dae,
and taeken pozeshon of th wurld. This wuz a graet releef,
becauz "three daes after siet of this Furst of Exchaenj pae to
Mr. Ebeneezer Scrooj or his order," and so forth, wuud hav
becum a meer Uenieted Staets' secuurity if thaer wer no daes to
count bi.

Scrooj went to bed agen, and thaut, and thaut, and thaut it oever
and oever and oever, and cuud maek nuthing of it. Th mor he thaut,

th mor perplext he wuz; and th mor he **endevoord** not to think, th mor he thaut.

Marly's Goest botherd him exseedingly. Every tiem he rezolvd within himself, after **machuur** inqieri, that it wuz all a dreem, his miend floo bak agen, liek a strong spring releest, to its furst pozishon, and prezented th saem problem to be wurkt all thru, "Wuz it a dreem or not?"

Scrooj lae in this staet until th chiem had gon three qorters mor, when he rememberd, on a suden, that th Goest had wornd him of a vizitaeshon when th bel toeld wun. He rezolvd to lie awaek until th our wuz past; and, considering that he cuud no mor go to sleep than go to Heven, this wuz perhaps th wiezest rezolooshon in his power.

Th qorter wuz so long, that he wuz mor than wunss convinst he must hav sunk into a doez unconshusly, and mist th klok. At length it broek upon his lisening eer.

"Ding, dong!"

"A qorter past," sed Scrooj, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Haf-past!" sed Scrooj.

"Ding, dong!"

"A qorter to it," sed Scrooj.

"Ding, dong!"

"Th our itself," sed Scrooj, triumfantly, "and nuthing elss!"

He spoek befor th our bel sounded, which it now did with a deep, dul, holo, melancoly WUN. Liet flasht up in th room upon th instant, and th curtens of his bed wer drawn.

Th curtens of his bed wer drawn asied, I tel U, bi a hand. Not th curtens at his feet, nor th curtens at his bak, but thoes to which his faess wuz adrest. Th curtens of his bed wer drawn asied; and Scrooj, starting up into a haf-recumbent atitued, found himself faess to faess with th unurthly vizitor hoo droo them:

as **cloess** to it as I am now to U, and I am standing in th spirit
at yuur elbo.

It wuz a straenj figuer--liek a chield: yet not so liek a chield as liek
an oeld man, vued thru sum soopernacheral meedium, which gaev
him th apeeranss of having reseeded from th vue, and being diminisht
to a chield's proporsions. Its haer, which hung about its nek and down
its bak, wuz whiet as if with aej; and yet th faess had not a rinkl in it,
and th tenderest bloom wuz on th skin. Th arms wer verry long and
muscular; th hands th saem, as if its hoeld wer of uncomon strength.
Its legs and feet, moest delicatly formd, wer, liek thoes **uper** members,
baer. It wor a toonik of th puerest whiet; and round
its waest wuz bound a lustrus belt, th sheen of which wuz buetiful. It
held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singgular
contradikshon of that wintry emblem, had its dres trimd with sumer
flowers. But th straenjest thing about it wuz, that from th croun of
its hed thaer sprung a briet cleer jet of liet, bi which all this wuz vizibl;
and which wuz doutles th ocaezhon of its uezing, in its duler
moements, a graet extinggwisher for a cap, which it now held under its
arm.

Even this, tho, when Scrooj luukt at it with increesing stedyes,
wuz not its straenjest qolity. For as its belt sparkld and gliterd now
in wun part and now in anuther, and whot wuz liet wun instant,
at anuther tiem wuz dark, so th figuer itself flukchuaeted in its
distinktnes: being now a thing with wun arm, now with wun leg, now
with twenty legs, now a paer of legs without a hed, now a hed without
a body: of which dizolving parts, no outlien wuud be vizibl in th
denss gloom whaerin thae melted awae. And in th verry wonder of
this, it wuud be itself agen; distinkt and cleer as ever.

"Ar U th Spirit, sur, hoos cuming wuz fortoeld to me?" askt Scrooj.

"I am!"

Th vois wuz soft and jentl. Singguelaerity loe, as if insted of being
so **cloess** besied him, it wer at a distanss.

"Hoo, and whot ar U?" Scrooj demanded.

"I am th Goest of Crismas Past."

"Long Past?" inqierd Scrooj: obzurvant of its **dworfish** stacher.

"No. Yuur past."

Perhaps, Scrooj cuud not hav toeld enybody whi, if enybody cuud hav askt him; but he had a speshal dezier to see th Spirit in his cap; and begd him to be cuverd.

"Whot!" exclaemd th Goest, "wuud U so soon puut out, with wurldly hands, th liet I giv? Is it not enuf that U ar wun of thoes hoos pashons maed this cap, and forss me thru hoel traens of yeers to waer it loe upon mi brow!"

Scrooj reverently disclaemd all intenshon to ofend or eny nolej of having wilfully "**boneted**" th Spirit at eny peeriod of his lief. He then maed boeld to inqier whot biznes braut him thaer.

"Yuur welfaer!" sed th Goest.

Scrooj exprest himself much obliejd, but cuud not help thinking that a niet of unbroeken rest wuud hav bin mor conduesiv to that end. Th Spirit must hav hurd him thinking, for it sed imeediatly:

"Yuur reclamaeshon, then. Taek heed!"

It puut out its strong hand as it spoek, and claspt him jently bi th arm.

"Riez! and wauk with me!"

It wuud hav bin in vaen for Scrooj to plead that th wether and th our wer not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed wuz worm, and th thermometer a long wae beloe freezing; that he wuz clad but lietly in his slippers, dresing-goun, and nietcap; and that he had a coeld upon him at that tiem. Th grasp, tho jentl as a wuuman's hand, wuz not to be rezisted. He roez: but fiending that th Spirit maed tords th windo, claspt his roeb in suplicaeshon.

"I am a mortal," Scrooj remonstraeted, "and lieabl to faul."

"Baer but a tuch of mi hand thaer," sed th Spirit, laeing it upon his hart, "and U shal be upheld in mor than this!"

As th wurds wer spoeken, thae past thru th waul, and stuud upon an oepen cuntry roed, with feelds on eether hand.

Th sity had entierly vanisht. Not a vestej of it wuz to be

seen. Th darknes and th mist had vanisht with it, for
it wuz a cleer, coeld, winter dae, with sno upon th ground.

"Guud Heven!" sed Scrooj, clasping his hands together, as
he luukt about him. "I wuz bred in this plaess. I wuz a boy heer!"

Th Spirit gaezd upon him mioldly. Its jentl tuch, tho it had bin liet
and instantanius, apeerd stil prezent to th oeld man's senss of feeling.
He wuz conshus of a thouzand **oedors** floeting in th aer,
eech wun conekted with a thouzand thauts, and hoepts, and joys,
and caers long, long, forgotten!

"Yuur lip is trembling," sed th Goest. "And whot is that
upon yuur cheek?"

Scrooj muterd, with an uenuezhual caching in his vois, that it wuz
a pimply; and begd th Goest to leed him whaer he wuud.

"U recolekt th wae?" inqierd th Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooj with **furvor**; "I cuud wauk it bliendfoeld."

"Straenj to hav forgotten it for so meny yeers!" obzurvd th Goest. "Let
us go on."

Thae waukt along th roed, Scrooj **recogniezing** every gaet, and poest,
and tree; until a litl market-toun apeerd in th distanss, with its brij, its
church, and wiending river. Sum shagy poenys now wer seen **trotting**
tords them with boys upon thaer baks, hoo cauld to uther boys in
country gigs and carts, driven bi farmers.

All thees boys wer in graet spirits, and shouted to eech uther,
until th braud feelds wer so fuul of merry muezik,
that th crisp aer laft to heer it!

"Thees ar but shadoes of th things that hav bin," sed th Goest.

"Thae hav no conshusnes of us."

Th **jocund** travelers caem on; and as thae caem, Scrooj nue and named
them every wun. Whi wuz he rejoist beyond all bounds to see them!
Whi did his coeld ie glisen, and his hart leep up as thae went past!
Whi wuz he fild with gladnes when he hurd them giv eech uther
Merry Crismas, as thae parted at cros-roeds and bie-waes, for thaer
several hoems! Whot wuz merry Crismas to Scrooj? Out upon
merry Crismas! Whot guud had it ever dun to him?

"Th scool is not qiet dezurted," sed th Goest.

"A solitaery chield, neglekted bi his frends, is left thaer stil."

Scrooj sed he nue it. And he sobd.

Thae left th hie-roed, bi a wel-rememberd laen, and soon aproecht a manshon of dul red brik, with a litl wethercok-sermounted **cuepola**, on th roof, and a bel hanging in it.

It wuz a larj hous, but wun of broeken forchuns; for th spaeshus ofises wer litl uezd, thaer wauls wer damp and mosy, thaer windoes broeken, and thaer gaets decaed. Fowls clukt and strutted in th staebls; and th coech-houses and sheds wer oever-run with gras. Nor wuz it mor retentiv of its aenshent staet, within; for entering th dreery haul, and glansing thru th oepen dors of meny rooms, thae found them porly furnisht, coeld, and vast. Thaer wuz an urthy **saevor** in th aer, a chily baernes in th plaess, which asoeshiaeted itself sumhow with too much **geting** up bi candl-liet, and not too much to eet.

Thae went, th Goest and Scrooj, acros th haul, to a dor at th bak of th hous. It oepend befor them, and discloezd a long, baer, melancoly room, maed baerer stil bi liens of plaen deel forms and desks. At wun of thees a loenly boy wuz reeding neer a feebl fier; and Scrooj sat down upon a form, and wept to see his puur **forgoten** self as he uezd to be.

Not a laetent eco in th hous, not a squeek and scufl from th miess behiend th **paneling**, not a drip from th haf-thawd wauter-spout in th dul yard behiend, not a sie amung th leefles bows of wun despondent poplar, not th iedl swinging of an empty stor-hous dor, no, not a cliking in th fier, but fel upon th hart of Scrooj with a sofening inflooenss, and gaev a freeer pasej to his tears.

Th Spirit tucht him on th arm, and pointed to his yungger self, intent upon his reeding. Sudenly a man, in forin garments: wunderfully reeal and distinkt to luuk at: stuud outside th windo, with an ax stuk in his belt, and leeding bi th briedl an ass laeden with wuud.

"Whi, it's *Ali Baba*!" Scrooj exclaemd in extasy. "It's deer oeld onest *Ali Baba*! Yes, yes, I noe! Wun Crismas tiem, when yonder solitaery chield wuz left heer all aloen, he did cum,

for th furst tiem, just liek that. Puur boy! And *Valentine*," sed Scrooj, "and his wield bruther, *Orson*; thaer thae go! And whot's his naem, hoo wuz puut down in his drawers, asleep, at th Gaet of Damascus; don't U see him!

And th Sultan's Groom turnd upsied down bi th **Jeeny**; thaer he is upon his hed! Surv him riet. I'm glad of it. Whot biznes had he to be marryd to th Prinsess!"

To heer Scrooj expending all th urnestly of his naecher on such subjekts, in a moest extraordinaery vois between lafing and crieing; and to see his hietend and exsieted faess; wuud hav bin a serpriez to his biznes frends in th sity, indeed.

"Thaer's th Parrot!" cried Scrooj. "Green body and yelo tael, with a thing liek a letis groeing out of th top of his hed; thaer he is! Puur *Robin Crusoe*, he cauld him, when he caem home agen after saeling round th ieland. 'Puur *Robin Crusoe*, whaer hav U bin, *Robin Crusoe*?' Th man thaut he wuz dreeming, but he **wuzn't**. It wuz th Parrot, U noe. Thaer goes Friedae, runing for his lief to th litl creek! **Haloea! Hoop! Haloe!**"

Then, with a rapidity of tranzishon verry forin to his uezhual carrakter, he sed, in pity for his former self, "Puur boy!" and cried agen.

"I wish," Scrooj muterd, puuting his hand in his poket, and luuking about him, after drieing his ies with his cuf: "but it's too laet now."

"Whot is th mater?" askt th Spirit.

"Nuthing," sed Scrooj. "Nuthing. Thaer wuz a boy singing a Crismas Carrol at mi dor last niet. I shuud liek to hav given him sumthing: that's all."

Th Goest smield thautfully, and waevd its hand: saeing as it did so, "Let us see anuther Crismas!"

Scrooj's former self groo larjer at th wurds, and th room becaem a litl darker and mor durty. Th panels shrunk, th windows crakt; fragments of plaster fel out of th seeling, and th naeked **laths** wer shoen insted; but how all this wuz braut about, Scrooj nue no mor than U do. He oenly nue that it wuz qiet corekt; that

everything had hapend so; that thaer he wuz, aloen agen, when all th uther boys had gon hoem for th joly holidaes.

He wuz not reeding now, but wauking up and doun despaeringly. Scrooj luukt at th Goest, and with a mornful shaeking of his hed, glanst anxshusly tords th dor.

It oepend; and a litl gurl, much yungger than th boy, caem darting in, and puuting her arms about his nek, and ofen **kising** him, adrest him as her "Deer, deer bruther."

"I hav cum to bring U hoem, deer bruther!" sed th chield, claping her tieny hands, and bending doun to laf. "To bring U hoem, hoem, hoem!"

"Hoem, litl Fan?" returnd th boy.

"Yes!" sed th chield, brimful of glee. "Hoem, for guud and all. Hoem, for ever and ever. Faather is so much kiender than he uezd to be, that hoem's liek Heven! He spoek so jently to me wun deer niet when I wuz going to bed, that I wuz not afraed to ask him wunss mor if U miet cum hoem; and he sed Yes, U shuud; and sent me in a coech to bring U. And U'r to be a man!" sed th chield, oepening her ies, "and ar never to cum bak heer; but furst, **we'r** to be together all th Crismas long, and hav th merryest tiem in all th wurld."

"U ar qiet a wuuman, litl Fan!" exclaemd th boy.

She clapt her hands and laft, and tried to tuch his hed; but being too litl, laft agen, and stuud on tiptoe to embraess him. Then she began to drag him, in her chieldish eegernes, tords th dor; and he, nuthing loeth to go, acumpanyd her.

A terribl vois in th haul cried, "Bring doun Master Scrooj's box, thaer!" and in th haul apeerd th schoolmaster himself, hoo glaerd on Master Scrooj with a feroeshus condeshon, and throo him into a dredful staet of miend bi shaeking hands with him. He then convaed him and his sister into th **verryest** oeld wel of a shivering best-parlor that ever wuz seen, whaer th maps upon th waul, and th seleschal and terrestrial gloebes in th windoes, wer waxy with coeld.

Heer he produet a decanter of cueriously liet wien, and a blok of cueriously hevy caek, and administerd instalments of thoes **daentys**

to th yung peepl: at th saem tiem, sending out a meeger servant to ofer a glas of "sumthing" to th poestboy, hoo anserd that he thankd th jentlman, but if it wuz th saem tap as he had taested befor, he had rather not. Master Scrooj's trunk being bi this tiem tied on to th top of th shaez, th children bad th scoolmaster guud-bie riet wilingly; and geting into it, droev gaely down th garden-sweep: th qik wheels dashing th hor-frost and sno from off th dark leeves of th evergreens liek sprae.

"Aulwaes a delicat creecher, hoom a breth miet hav witherd," sed th Goest. "But she had a larj hart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooj. "U'r riet. I wil not gaensae it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a wuuman," sed th Goest, "and had, as I think, children."

"Wun chield," Scrooj returnd.

"Troo," sed th Goest. "Yuur nefue!"

Scrooj seemd uneezzy in his miend; and anserd breefly, "Yes."

Aultho thae had but that moement left th scool behiend them, thae wer now in th bizy thuroefaers of a sity, whaer shadoey pasenjers past and reepast; whaer shadoey carts and coeches batld for th wae, and all th strief and toomult of a reeal sity wer. It wuz maed plaen enuf, bi th dresing of th shops, that heer too it wuz Crismas tiem agen; but it wuz eevning, and th streets wer lieted up.

Th Goest stopt at a surten waerhous dor, and askt Scrooj if he nue it.

"Noe it!" sed Scrooj. "Wuz I apretnist heer!"

Thae went in. At siet of an oeld jentlman in a Welsh wig, siting behiend such a hie desk, that if he had bin too inches tauler he must hav nokt his hed agenst th seeling, Scrooj cried in graet exsietment:

"Whi, it's oeld *Fezziwig*! Bles his hart; it's *Fezziwig* aliev agen!"

Oeld *Fezziwig* laed down his pen, and luukt up at th klok, which pointed to th our of seven. He rubd his hands; ajusted his capaeshus

waestcoet; laft all oever himself, from his shoos to his organ of benevolenss; and cauld out in a cumfortabl, oily, rich, fat, joevial vois:

"Yo ho, thaer! Ebeneezer! Dik!"

Scrooj's former self, now groen a yung man, caem briskly in, acumpanyd bi his felo-**prentis**.

"Dik Wilkins, to be shuur!" sed Scrooj to th Goest. "Bles me, yes. Thaer he is. He wuz verry much atacht to me, wuz Dik. Puur Dik! Deer, deer!"

"Yo ho, mi boys!" sed *Fezziwig*. "No mor wurk to-niet. Crismas Eev, Dik. Crismas, Ebeneezer! Let's hav th shuters up," cried oeld *Fezziwig*, with a sharp clap of his hands, "befor a man can sae Jak Robinson!"

U **wuudn't** beleev how thoes too feloes went at it! Thae charjd into th street with th shuters--wun, too, three--had 'em up in thaer plaeses--foer, fiev, six--bard 'em and pind 'em--seven, aet, nien--and caem bak befor U cuud hav got to twelv, panting liek raess-horses.

"**Hily**-ho!" cried oeld *Fezziwig*, skiping down from th hie desk, with wonderful ajility. "Cleer awae, mi lads, and let's hav lots of room heer! **Hily**-ho, Dik! Chirup, Ebeneezer!"

Cleer awae! Thaer wuz nuthing thae **wuudn't** hav cleerd awae, or **cuudn't** hav cleerd awae, with oeld *Fezziwig* luuking on. It wuz dun in a **minit**. Every moovabl wuz pakt off, as if it wer dismiss from publik lief for evermor; th flor wuz swept and wauterd, th lamps wer trimd, fueel wuz heept upon th fier; and th waerhous wuz as snug, and worm, and dri, and briet a baul-room, as U wuud dezier to see upon a winter's niet.

In caem a fildler with a muezik-buuk, and went up to th lofty desk, and maed an orkestra of it, and tuend liek fifty stumak-aeks.

In caem Mrs. *Fezziwig*, wun vast substanshal smiel.

In caem th three Mis *Fezziwigs*, beeming and luvabl.

In caem th six yung foloeers hoos harts thae broek.

In caem all th yung men and wimen employd in th biznes.

In caem th housmaed, with her cuzin, th baeker.

In caem th cuuk, with her bruther's particuelar frend, th milkman.
In caem th boy from oeever th wae, hoo wuz suspekted of not
having bord enuf from his master; trieing to hied himself
behind th gurl from next dor but wun, hoo wuz proovd to hav had
her eers puuld bi her mistres.

In thae all caem, wun after anuther; sum shiely, sum boeldly, sum
graesfully, sum aukwardly, sum puushing, sum puuling;
in thae all caem, enyhow and everyhow. Awae thae all went,
twenty cupl at wunss; hands haf round and bak agen th uther wae;
doun th midl and up agen; round and round in vaerius staejes of
afekshonat grooping; oeld top cupl aulwaes turning up in th rong
plaess; nue top cupl starting off agen, as soon as thae got thaer; all
top cupls at last, and not a botom wun to help them! When
this rezult wuz braut about, oeld *Fezziwig*, claping his hands to
stop th danss, cried out, "Wel dun!" and th fildler plunj'd his
hot faess into a pot of porter, espeshaly provieded for that purpos. But
scorning rest, upon his re-apeeranss, he instantly began agen,
tho thaer wer no dansers yet, as if th uther fildler had bin carryd hoem,
exhausted, on a shuter, and he wer a bran-nue man rezolv'd to beet him
out of siet, or perrish.

Thaer wer mor dances, and thaer wer forfits, and mor dances,
and thaer wuz caek, and thaer wuz **neegus**,
and thaer wuz a graet peess of Coeld Roest,
and thaer wuz a graet peess of Coeld Boild, and thaer wer minss-pies,
and plenty of beer.

But th graet efekt of th eevning caem after th Roest and Boild,
when th fildler (an artful dog, miend! Th sort of man hoo nue his
biznes beter than U or I cuud hav toeld it him!) struk up
"*Sir Roger de Coverley*." Then oeld *Fezziwig* stuid out to danss with
Misez *Fezziwig*. Top cupl, too; with a guud stif peess of wurk cut out
for them; three or foer and twenty paer of partners; peepl hoo wer not
to be **triefld** with; peepl hoo wuud danss, and had
no noeshon of wauking.

But if thae had bin twiess as meny--aa, foer tiems--oeld *Fezziwig*
wuud hav bin a mach for them, and so wuud **Misez** *Fezziwig*. As to
her, she wuz wurthy to be his partner in every senss of th turm. If
that's not hie praez, tel me hieer, and **I'l** uez it.

A pozitiv liet apeerd to ishoo from *Fezziwig's* cavs. Thae shoen in every part of th danss liek moons. U **cuudn't** hav predikted, at eny given tiem, whot wuud hav becum of them next. And when oeld *Fezziwig* and *Misez Fezziwig* had gon all thru th danss; advanss and retier, boeth hands to yuur partner, bow and curtsey, corkscroo, thred-th-needl, and bak agen to yuur plaess; *Fezziwig* "cut"--cut so deftly, that he apeerd to wink with his legs, and caem upon his feet agen without a stager.

When th klok struk eleven, this domestik baul broek up. Mr. and *Misez Fezziwig* tuuk thaer staeshons, wun on eether sied of th dor, and shaeking hands with every purson indivijually as he or she went out, wisht him or her a Merry Crismas. When evrybody had retierd but th too 'prentises, thae did th saem to them; and thus th cheerful voisies died awae, and th lads wer left to thaer beds; which wer under a counter in th bak-shop.

Duuring th hoel of this tiem, Scrooj had akted liek a man out of his wits. His hart and soel wer in th seen, and with his former self. He **co'roborated** everything, rememberd everything, enjoyd everything, and underwent th straejnest ajitaeshon. It wuz not until now, when th briet faeses of his former self and Dik wer turnd from them, that he rememberd th Goest, and becaem conshus that it wuz luuking fuul upon him, whiel th liet upon its hed burnt verry cleer.

"A smaul mater," sed th Goest, "to maek thees sily foeks so fuul of gratitood."

"Smaul!" ecoed Scrooj.

Th Spirit siend to him to lisen to th too aprehtises, hoo wer poring out thaer harts in praez of *Fezziwig*: and when he had dun so, sed,

"Whi! Is it not? He has spent but a fue pounds of yuur mortal muny: three or foer perhaps. Is that so much that he dezurvs this praez?"

"It isn't that," sed Scrooj, heeted bi th remark, and **speeking** unconshusly liek his former, not his later, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has th power to render us hapy or unhapy; to maek our survis liet or burdensum; a plezher or a toil. Sae that his power lies in wurds and luuks; in things so sliet and insignificant that it is imposibl to ad and

count 'em up: whot then? Th hapynes he givs, is qiet as graet as if it cost a forchun."

He felt th Spirit's glanss, and stopt.

"Whot is th mater?" askt th Goest.

"Nuthing particuelar," sed Scrooj.

"Sumthing, I think?" th Goest insisted.

"No," sed Scrooj, "No. I shuud liek to be aebl to sae a wurd or too to mi clurk just now. That's all."

His former self turnd down th lamps as he gaev uteranss to th wish; and Scrooj and th Goest agen stuud sied bi sied in th oepen aer.

"Mi tiem groes short," obzurvd th Spirit. "Qik!"

This wuz not adrest to Scrooj, or to eny wun hoom he cuud see, but it produest an imeediat efekt. For agen Scrooj saw himself.

He wuz oelder now; a man in th priem of lief. His faess had not th harsh and rijid liens of laeter yeers; but it had begun to waer th siens of caer and averis. Thaer wuz an eeger, greedy, restles moeshon in th ie, which shoed th pashon that had taeken root, and whaer th shado of th groeing tree wuud faul.

He wuz not aloen, but sat bi th sied of a faer yung gurl in a moerning-dres: in hoos ies thaer wer teers, which sparkld in th liet that shoen out of th Goest of Crismas Past.

"It maters litl," she sed, softly. "To U, verry litl. Anuther iedol has displaest me; and if it can cheer and cumfort U in tiem to cum, as I wuud hav tried to do, I hav no just cauz to greev."

"Whot Iedol has displaest U?" he rejoind.

"A goelden wun."

"This is th eeven-handed deeling of th wurld!" he sed.

"Thaer is nuthing on which it is so hard as poverty; and thaer is nuthing it profeses to condem with such severrity as th persoot of welth!"

"U feer th wurld too much," she anserd, jently.

"All yuur uther hoepts hav murjd into th hoep of being

beyond th chanss of its sordid reproech. I hav seen your noebler aspiraeshons faul off wun bi wun, until th master-pashon, Gaen, engroeses U. Hav I not?"

"Whot then?" he retorted. "Eeven if I hav groen so much wiezer, whot then? I am not chaenjd tords U."

She shuuk her hed.

"Am I?"

"Our kontrakt is an oeld wun. It wuz maed when we wer boeth puur and content to be so, until, in guud seezon, we cuud improov our worldly forchun bi our paeshent industry. U ar chaenjd. When it wuz maed, U wer anuther man."

"I wuz a boy," he sed impaeshently.

"Yuur oen feeling tels U that U wer not whot U ar," she returnd. "I am. That which promist hapynes when we wer wun in hart, is fraut with mizery now that we ar too. How ofen and how keenly I hav thaut of this, I wil not sae. It is enuf that I hav thaut of it, and can releess U."

"Hav I ever saut releess?"

"In wurds. No. Never."

"In whot, then?"

"In a chaenjd naecher; in an aulterd spirit; in anuther atmosfeer of lief; anuther Hoep as its graet end. In everything that maed mi luv of eny wurth or value in yuur siet. If this had never bin between us," sed th gurl, luuking mioldly, but with stedyne, upon him; "tel me, wuud U seek me out and tri to win me now? Aa, no!"

He seemd to yeeld to th justis of this supozishon, in spiet of himself. But he sed with a strugl, "U think not."

"I wuud gladly think utherwiez if I cuud," she anserd, "Heven noes! When I hav lurnd a Trooth liek this, I noe how strong and irezistibl it must be. But if U wer free to-dae, to-morro, yesterdae, can eeven I beleev that U wuud chooz a dowerles gurl--U hoo, in yuur verry confidenss with her, wae everything bi Gaen: or, choozing her, if for a moement U wer faulss enuf to yuur wun gieding prinsipl to do so,

do I not noe that yuur repentanss and regret wuud shuurly folo? I do;
and I releess U. With a fuul hart, for th luv of him U wunss wer."

He wuz about to speek; but with her hed turnd from him,
she rezoomd.

"U mae--th memory of whot is past haf maeks me hoep U wil--
hav paen in this. A verry, verry breef tiem, and U wil dismis th
recolekshon of it, gladly, as an unprofitabl dreem, from which
it hapend wel that U awoek. Mae U be hapy in th lief U hav choezen!"

She left him, and thae parted.

"Spirit!" sed Scrooj, "sho me no mor! Condukt me hoem.
Whi do U deliet to torcher me?"

"Wun shado mor!" exclaemd th Goest.

"No mor!" cried Scrooj. "No mor. I don't wish to see it. Sho me no mor!"

But th relentles Goest **pinyond** him in boeth his arms, and forst him
to obzurv whot hapend next.

Thae wer in anuther seen and plaess; a room, not verry larj or
handsom, but fuul of cumfort. Neer to th winter fier sat
a buetiful yung gurl, so liek that last that Scrooj beleevd it
wuz th saem, until he saw her, now a cumly maetron,
siting opozit her dauter. Th noiz in this room wuz purfektly
toomulchu'us, for thaer wer mor children thaer, than Scrooj in
his ajitaeted staet of miend cuud count; and, unliek th selebraeted
hurd in th poeem, thae wer not forty children **condukting**
themselves like wun, but every chield wuz condukting itself
liek forty. Th conseqenses wer uprorius beyond beleef; but
no wun seemd to caer; on th contraery, th muther and
dauter laft hartily, and enjoyd it verry much; and th later,
soon begining to minggl in th sports, got **pilejd** bi th yung
brigands moest roothlesly. Whot wuud I not hav given to be wun of
them! Tho I never cuud hav bin so rood, no, no! I **wuudn't** for th
welth of all th wurld hav crusht that braeded haer, and torn it down;
and for th preshus litl shoo, I **wuudn't** hav plukt it off,
God bles mi soel! to saev mi lief. As to mezhering her waest in sport,
as thae did, boeld yung brood, I cuudn't hav dun it; I shuud hav

expekted mi arm to hav groen round it for a punishment, and never cum straet agen. And yet I shuud hav deerly liekt, I oen, to hav tucht her lips; to hav qeschond her, that she miet hav oepend them; to hav luukt upon th lashes of her douncast ies, and never raezd a blush; to hav let looss waevs of haer, an inch of which wuud be a keepsaek beyond priess: in short, I shuud hav liekt, I do confes, to hav had th liettest liesenss of a chield, and yet to hav bin man enuf to noe its value.

But now a noking at th dor wuz hurd, and such a rush imeediatly ensood that she with lafing faess and plunderd dres wuz born tords it th senter of a flusht and boisterus groop, just in tiem to greet th faather, hoo caem hoem atended bi a man laeden with Crismas toys and prezents. Then th shouting and th strugling, and th onslaut that wuz maed on th **defensles** porter! Th scaeling him with chaers for laders to diev into his pokets, despoil him of broun-paeper parsels, hoeld on tiet bi his cravat, hug him round his nek, pumel his bak, and kik his legs in irepresibl afekshon! Th shouts of wunder and deliet with which th development of every pakej wuz reseevd! Th terribl anounsment that th baeby had bin taeken in th akt of puuting a dol's frieing-pan into his mouth, and wuz mor than suspekted of having swauloed a fiktishus turkey, glood on a wuuden plater! Th imenss releef of fiending this a faulss alarm! Th joy, and gratitood, and extasy! Thae ar all indescriebabl aliek. It is enuf that bi degrees th children and thaer emoeshons got out of th parlor, and bi wun staer at a tiem, up to th top of th hous; whaer thae went to bed, and so subsieded.

And now Scrooj luukt on mor atentivly than ever, when th master of th hous, having his dauter leening fondly on him, sat down with her and her muther at his oen fiersied; and when he thaut that such anuther creecher, qiet as graesful and as fuul of promis, miet hav cauld him faather, and bin a spring-tiem in th hagard winter of his lief, his siet groo verry dim indeed.

"Bel," sed th huzband, turning to his wief with a smiel, "I saw an oeld frend of yuurs this afternoon."

"Hoo wuz it?"

"Ges!"

"How can I? Tut, **doen't** I noe?" she aded in th saem breth, lafing as he laft. "Mr. Scrooj."

"Mr. Scrooj it wuz. I past his ofis windo; and as it wuz not shut up, and he had a candl insied, I cuud scaersly help seeing him. His partner lies upon th point of deth, I heer; and thaer he sat aloen. Qiet aloen in th wurld, I do beleev."

"Spirit!" sed Scrooj in a broeken vois, "remoov me from this plaess."

"I toeld U thees wer shadoes of th things that hav bin," sed th Goest. "That thae ar whot thae ar, do not blaem me!"

"Remoov me!" Scrooj exclaemd, "I cannot baer it!"

He turnd upon th Goest, and seeing that it luukt upon him with a faess, in which in sum straenj wae thaer wer fragments of all th faeses it had shoen him, resld with it.

"Leev me! Taek me bak. Haunt me no longger!"

In th strugl, if that can be cauld a strugl in which th Goest with no vizibl rezistanss on its oen part wuz undisturbd bi eny efort of its adversaery, Scrooj obzurvd that its liet wuz burning hie and briet; and dimly conekting that with its inflooenss oever him, he seezd th extinggwisher-cap, and bi a suden akshon prest it down upon its hed.

Th Spirit dropt beneeth it, so that th extinggwisher cuverd its hoel form; but tho Scrooj prest it down with all his forss, he cuud not hied th liet: which streemd from under it, in an unbroeken flud upon th ground.

He wuz conshus of being exhausted, and oeovercum bi an irezistibl drouzynes; and, further, of being in his oen bedroom. He gaev th cap a parting squee, in which his hand relaxt; and had baerly tiem to reel to bed, befor he sank into a hevvy sleep.

STAEV III:

TH SECOND OF TH THREE SPIRITS

AWAEKING in th midl of a prodijusly tuf snor, and siting up in bed to get his thauts together, Scrooj had no ocaezhon to be toeld that th bel

wuz agen upon th stroek of Wun. He felt that he wuz restord to conshusnes in th riet nik of tiem, for th espeshal purpos of hoelding a conferenss with th second mesenjer despacht to him thru Jaecob Marly's intervenshon. But fiending that he turnd uncomfortably coeld when he began to wunder which of his curtens this nue spekter wuud draw bak, he puut them every wun asied with his oen hands; and lieing doun agen, establisht a sharp luuk-out all round th bed. For he wisht to chalenj th Spirit on th moement of its apeeranss, and did not wish to be taeken bi serpriez, and maed nurvus.

Jentlmen of th free-and-eezy sort, hoo ploom themselvs on being aqaented with a moov or too, and being uezhualy eequal to th tiem-of-dae, expres th wied raenj of thaer capacity for advencher bi obzurving that thae ar guud for enything from pich-and-tos to manslauter; between which opozit extreems, no dout, thaer lies a tolerably wied and comprehensiv raenj of subjekts. Without vencherin for Scrooj quiet as hardily as this, I doen't miend caulnig on U to beleev that he wuz redy for a guud braud feeld of straenj apeeranses, and that nuthing between a baeby and rienoseros wuud hav astonisht him verry much.

Now, being prepaerd for aulmoest enything, he wuz not bi eny means prepaerd for nuthing; and, consequently, when th Bel struk Wun, and no shaep apeerd, he wuz taeken with a vieolent fit of trembling. Fiev minits, ten minits, a qorter of an our went bi, yet nuthing caem. All this tiem, he lae upon his bed, th verry cor and senter of a blaez of rudy liet, which streemd upon it when th klok proclaemd th our; and which, being oenly liet, wuz mor alarming than a duzen goests, as he wuz powerles to maek out whot it ment, or wuud be at; and wuz sumtiems aprehensiv that he miet be at that verry moement an interesting caess of spontaenius combuschon, without having th consolaeshon of noeing it. At last, however, he began to think--as U or I wuud hav thaut at furst; for it is aulwaes th purson not in th predicament hoo noes whot aut to hav bin dun in it, and wuud ungeschonably hav dun it too--at last, I sae, he began to think that th sorss and seecret of this goestly liet miet be in th ajoining room, from whenss, on further traesing it, it seemd to shien. This iedeea taeking fuul pozeshon of his miend, he got up softly and shufld in his slipers to th dor.

Th moement Scrooj's hand wuz on th lok, a straenj vois cauld him bi his naem, and bad him enter. He oebaed.

It wuz his oen room. Thaer wuz no dout about that. But it had undergon a serpriezing transformaeshon. Th wauls and seeling wer so hung with living green, that it luukt a purfekt groev; from every part of which, briet gleeming berrys glisend. Th crisp leevs of holy, mistoe, and ievy reflekted bak th liet, as if so meny litl mirrors had bin scaterd thaer; and such a miety blaez went roring up th chimney, as that dul petrificaeshon of a harth had never noen in Scrooj's tiem, or Marly's, or for meny and meny a winter seezon gon. Heept up on th flor, to form a kiend of throen, wer turkys, geess, gaem, poeltry, braun, graet joints of meet, suking-pigs, long reeths of sausejes, minss-pies, plum-puudings, barrels of oisters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheekt apls, joosy orenjes, lushus paers, imenss twelfth-caeks, and seething boels of punch, that maed th chaember dim with thaer delishus steem. In eezy staet upon this couch, thaer sat a joly Jieant, glorius to see; hoo bor a gloeing torch, in shaep not unliek Plenty's horn, and held it up, hie up, to shed its liet on Scrooj, as he caem peeping round th dor.

"Cum in!" exclaemd th Goest. "Cum in! and noe me beter, man!"

Scrooj enterd timidly, and hung his hed befor this Spirit. He wuz not th dogd Scrooj he had bin; and tho th Spirit's ies wer cleer and kiend, he did not liek to meet them.

"I am th Goest of Crismas Present," sed th Spirit. "Luuk upon me!"

Scrooj reverently did so. It wuz cloethd in wun simpl green roeb, or mantl, borderd with whiet fur. This garment hung so loosly on th figuer, that its capaeshus brest wuz baer, as if disdaening to be worded or conseeld bi eny artificis. Its feet, obzurvabl **beneeth** th ampl foelds of th garment, wer aulso baer; and on its hed it wor no uther cuvering than a holy reeth, set heer and thaer with shiening iesikls. Its dark broun curls wer long and free; free as its jeenial faess, its sparkling ie, its oepen hand, its cheery vois, its unconstraend **demeenor**, and its joyful aer. Gurded round its midl wuz an anteeck scabard; but no sord wuz in it, and th aenshent sheeth wuz eeten up with rust.

"U hav never seen th liek of me befor!" exclaemd th Spirit.

"Never," Scrooj maed anser to it.

"Hav never waukt forth with th yungger members of mi family; meening (for I am verry yung) mi elder bruthers born in thees laeter yeers?" persood th Fantom.

"I doen't think I hav," sed Scrooj. "I am afraed I hav not. Hav U had meny bruthers, Spirit?"

"Mor than aeteen hundred," sed th Goest.

"A tremendus family to provied for!" muterd Scrooj.

Th Goest of Crismas Present roez.

"Spirit," sed Scrooj submissively, "condukt me whaer U wil. I went forth last niet on compulshon, and I lurnt a lesen which is **wurking** now. To-niet, if U hav aut to teech me, let me profit bi it."

"Tuch mi roeb!"

Scrooj did as he wuz toeld, and held it fast.

Holy, mistoe, red berrys, ievy, turkys, geess, gaem, poeltry, braun, meet, pigs, sausejes, oisters, pies, puudings, froot, and punch, all vanisht instantly. So did th room, th fier, th rudy glo, th our of niet, and thae stuud in th sity streets on Crismas morning, whaer (for th wether wuz seveer) th peepl maed a ruf, but brisk and not unplezant kiend of muezik, in scraeping th sno from th paevment in frunt of thaer dwelings, and from th tops of thaer houses, whenss it wuz mad deliet to th boys to see it cum plumping down into th roed beloe, and splitting into artifishal litl sno-storms.

Th hous frunts luukt blak enuf, and th windoes blaker, contrasting with th smooth whiet sheet of sno upon th roofs, and with th durtyer sno upon th ground; which last depozit had bin **plowd** up in deep furoes bi th hevy wheels of carts and **wagons**; furoes that crost and recrost eech uther hundreds of tiems whaer th graet streets brancht off; and maed intricat chanel, hard to traess in th thik yelo mud and iesy wauter. Th ski wuz gloomy, and th shortest streets wer choekt up with a dinjy mist, haf thawd, haf froezen, hoos hevyer partikls desended in

a shower of suuty atoms, as if all th chimnys in Graet Briten had, bi wun consent, caut fier, and wer blaezing awae to thaer deer harts' content. Thaer wuz nuthing verry cheerful in th cliemat or th toun, and yet wuz thaer an aer of cheerfulness abraud that th cleerest sumer aer and brietest sumer sun miet hav endevord to difuez in vaen.

For, th peepl hoo wer shuveling awae on th houstops wer joevial and fuul of glee; caulng out to wun anuther from th parrapets, and now and then exchaenjing a faseeshus snoebaul--beter-naecherd misil far than meny a wurdy jest--lafing hartily if it went riet and not les hartily if it went rong. Th poelterers' shops wer stil haf oepen, and th frooterers' wer raediant in thaer glory. Thaer wer graet, round, pot-belyd baskets of chestnuts, shaept liek th waestcoets of joly oeld jentlmen, loeling at th dors, and tumbling out into th street in thaer apoplektik opuelenss. Thaer wer rudy, broun-faest, braud-gurtht Spanish Unyons, shiening in th fatnes of thaer groeth liek Spanish Frieers, and winking from thaer shelvs in wonton slienes at th gurls as thae went bi, and glanst demuerly at th hung-up misltoe.

Thaer wer paers and apls, clusterd hie in blooming piramids; thaer wer bunches of graeps, maed, in th shopkeepers' benevolenss to danggl from conspicueus huuks, that peepl's mouths miet wauter gratis as thae past; thaer wer piels of filberts, mosy and broun, recauling, in thaer fraegranss, aenshent wauks among th wuuds, and plezant shufflings ankl deep thru witherd leevs; thaer wer Norfoek Bifins, sqot and swarthy, seting off th yelo of th oranjes and lemons, and, in th graet kompaktnes of thaer joosy pursons, urjently entreeting and beseeching to be carryd hoem in paeper bags and eeten after diner. Th verry goeld and silver fish, set forth among thees chois froot in a boel, tho members of a dul and stagnant-bluded raess, apeerd to noe that thaer wuz sumthing going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round thaer litl wurd in slo and pashonles exsietment.

Th Groesers'! o, th Groesers'! neerly cloezd, with perhaps too shuters down, or wun; but thru thoes gaps such glimpses! It wuz not aloen that th scaels desending on th counter maed a merry sound, or that th twien and roeler parted cumpany so briskly, or that th canisters wer ratld up and down liek jugling triks, or eeven that th blended sents of tee and cofy wer so graetful to th noez, or eeven that th

raezins wer so plentiful and raer, th aamunds so extreemly whiet, th stiks of sinamon so long and straet, th uther spieses so delishus, th candyd frootso so caekt and spotted with moelten shigar as to maek th coeldest luukers-on feel faent and subsequently bilyus. Nor wuz it that th figs wer moist and pulpy, or that th French plums blusht in modest tartnes from thaer hiely-decoraeted boxes, or that everything wuz guud to eet and in its Crismas dres; but th customers wer all so hurryd and so eeger in th hoepful promis of th dae, that thae tumbld up agenst eech uther at th dor, crashing thaer wiker baskets wieldly, and left thaer purchases upon th counter, and caem runing bak to fech them, and comited hundreds of th liek mistaeks, in th best huemor posibl; whiel th Groeser and his peepl wer so frank and fresh that th polisht harts with which thae fasend thaer aeprons behiend miet hav bin thaer oen, worn outsied for jeneral inspekshon, and for Crismas daws to pek at if thae choez.

But soon th steeples could guud peepl all, to church and chapel, and awae thae caem, flocking thru th streets in thaer best cloeths, and with thaer gaeest faeses. And at th saem tiem thaer emurjd from scors of bie-streets, laens, and naemles turnings, inuemerabl peepl, carrying thaer diners to th baekers' shops. Th siet of thees puur revelers apeerd to interest th Spirit verry much, for he stuud with Scrooj besied him in a baeker's dorwae, and taeking off th cuvers as thaer baerers past, sprinkld insens on thaer diners from his torch. And it wuz a verry uncomon kiend of torch, for wunss or twiess when thaer wer anggry wurdso between sum diner-carryers hoo had josld eech uther, he shed a fue drops of wauter on them from it, and thaer guud huemor wuz restord direktly. For thae sed, it wuz a shaem to qorrel upon Crismas Dae. And so it wuz! God luv it, so it wuz!

In tiem th bels seest, and th baekers wer shut up; and yet thaer wuz a jeenial shadoeing forth of all thees diners and th progress of thaer cuuking, in th thawd bloch of wet abuv eech baeker's uven; whaer th paevment smoekt as if its stoens wer cuuking too.

"Is thaer a pecueliar flaevor in whot U sprinkl from yuur torch?" askt Scrooj.

"Thaer is. Mi oen."

"Wuud it aplied to eny kiend of diner on this dae?" askt Scrooj.

"To eny kiendly given. To a puur wun moest."

"Whi to a puur wun moest?" askt Scrooj.

"Becauz it needs it moest."

"Spirit," sed Scrooj, after a moement's thaut, "I wunder U, of all th beings in th meny wurlds about us, shuud dezier to cramp thees peepl's oportunitys of inosent enjoyment."

"I!" cried th Spirit.

"U wuud depriev them of thaer meens of diening every seventh dae, ofen th oenly dae on which thae can be sed to dien at all," sed Scrooj. "Wuudn't U?"

"I!" cried th Spirit.

"U seek to cloez thees plaeses on th Seventh Dae?" sed Scrooj. "And it cums to th saem thing."

"I seek!" exclaemd th Spirit.

"Forgiv me if I am rong. It has bin dun in yuur naem, or at leest in that of yuur family," sed Scrooj.

"Thaer ar sum upon this urth of yuurs," returnd th Spirit, "hoo lae claem to noe us, and hoo do thaer deeds of pashon, pried, il-wil, haetred, envy, bigotry, and selfishnes in our naem, hoo ar as straenj to us and all our kith and kin, as if thae had never livd. Remember that, and charj thaer dooings on themselvs, not us."

Scrooj promist that he wuud; and thae went on, invizibl, as thae had bin befor, into th suburbs of th toun. It wuz a remarkabl qolity of th Goest (which Scrooj had obzurvd at th baeker's), that notwithstanding his jiegantik siez, he cuud acomodaet himself to eny plaess with eez; and that he stuud beneeth a loe roof qiet as graesfully and liek a soopernacheral creecher, as it wuz posibl he cuud hav dun in eny lofty haul.

And perhaps it wuz th plezher th guud Spirit had in shoeing off this power of his, or elss it wuz his oen kiend, jenerus, harty naecher, and

his simpathy with all puur men, that led him straet to Scrooj's clurk's; for thaer he went, and tuuk Scrooj with him, hoelding to his roeb; and on th threshhoeld of th dor th Spirit smield, and stopt to bles Bob Crachit's dweling with th sprinkling of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a-week himself; he poketed on Saterdaes but fifteen copys of his Crischan naem; and yet th Goest of Crismas Present blest his foer-roomd hous!

Then up roez Misez Crachit, Crachit's wief, drest out but porly in a twiess-turnd gown, but braev in ribons, which ar cheep and maek a guudly sho for **sixpenss**; and she laed th cloth, asisted bi Belinda Crachit, second of her dauters, aulso braev in ribons; whiel Master Peeter Crachit plunjd a fork into th sauspan of potaetoes, and **geting** th corners of his monstus shurt colar (Bob's prievat property, confurd upon his sun and aer in onor of th dae) into his mouth, rejoist to fiend himself so galantly atierd, and yurnd to sho his linen in th fashionabl Parks. And now too smauler Crachits, boy and gurl, caem **taering** in, screaming that outsied th baeker's thae had smelt th gooss, and noen it for thaer oen; and basking in lugzhuurius thauts of saej and unyon, thees yung Crachits danst about th taebl, and exaulted Master Peeter Crachit to th skies, whiel he (not proud, aultho his colars neerly choekt him) bloo th fier, until th slo potaetoes bubling up, nokt loudly at th sauspan-lid to be let out and peeld.

"Whot has ever got yuur preshus faather then?" sed Misez Crachit.
"And yuur bruther, Tieny Tim! And Martha worn't as laet last Crismas Dae bi haf-an-our?"

"Heer's Martha, muther!" sed a gurl, apeering as she spoek.

"Heer's Martha, muther!" cried th too yung Crachits.
"Hooraa! Thaer's such a gooss, Martha!"

"Whi, bles yuur hart aliev, mi deer, how laet U ar!" sed Misez Crachit, kissing her a duzen tiems, and taeking off her shaul and bonet for her with ofishus zeel.

"We'd a deel of wurk to finish up last niet," replied th gurl, "and had to cleer awae this morning, muther!"

"Wel! Never miend so long as U ar cum," sed Misez Crachit. "Sit **ye** doun befor th fier, mi deer, and hav a worm, Lord bles **ye**!"

"No, no! Thaer's faather cuming," cried th too yung Crachits, hoo wer everywhaer at wunss. "Hied, Martha, hied!"

So Martha hid herself, and in caem litl Bob, th faather, with at leest three feet of cumforter excloosiv of th frinj, hanging doun befor him; and his thred-baer cloeths darnd up and brusht, to luuk seezonabl; and Tieny Tim upon his shoelder. Alas for Tieny Tim, he bor a litl cruch, and had his lims suported bi an ieern fraem!

"Whi, whaer's our Martha?" cried Bob Crachit, luuking round.

"Not cuming," sed Misez Crachit.

"Not cuming!" sed Bob, with a suden declenshon in his hie spirits; for he had bin Tim's blud horss all th wae from church, and had cum hoem rampant. "Not cuming upon Christmas Dae!"

Martha didn't liek to see him disapointed, if it wer oenly in joek; so she caem out preemachuurly from behiend th clozet dor, and ran into his arms, whiel th too yung Crachits husld Tieny Tim, and bor him off into th wosh-hous, that he miet heer th puuding singing in th coper.

"And how did litl Tim behaev?" askt Misez Crachit, when she had ralyd Bob on his creduelity, and Bob had hugd his dauter to his hart's content.

"As guud as goeld," sed Bob, "and beter. Sumhow he gets thautful, siting bi himself so much, and thinks th straenjest things U ever hurd. He toeld me, cuming hoem, that he hoept th peepl saw him in th church, becauz he wuz a cripl, and it miet be plezant to them to remember upon Crismas Dae, hoo maed laem begars wauk, and bliend men see."

Bob's vois wuz tremuelus when he toeld them this, and trembl'd mor when he sed that Tieny Tim wuz groeing strong and harty.

His aktiv litl cruch wuz hurd upon th flor, and bak caem Tieny Tim befor anuther wurd wuz spoeken, escorted bi his bruther and sister to his stool befor th fier; and whiel Bob, turning up his cufs--as if, puur felo, thae wer caepabl of being maed mor shaby--compounded sum hot mixcher in a jug with jin and lemons,

and sturd it round and round and puut it on th hob to simer;
Master Peeter, and th too uebiquitus yung Crachits went to fech th
gooss, with which thae soon returnd in hie proseshon.

Such a busl ensood that U miet hav thaut a gooss th raerest of
all burds; a fetherd fenomenon, to which a blak swaan wuz
a mater of corss--and in trooth it wuz sumthing verry liek it in
that hous. Misez Crachit maed th graevy (redy beforhand in
a litl sauspan) hising hot; Master Peeter masht th potaetoes
with incredibl **vigor**; Mis Belinda sweetend up th apl-saus;
Martha dusted th hot plaets; Bob tuuk Tieny Tim besied him in
a tieny corner at th taebl; th too yung Crachits set chaers for evrybody,
not forgetting themselvs, and mounting gard upon thaer poests,
cramd spoons into thaer mouths, lest thae shuud shreek for gooss
before thaer turn caem to be helpt. At last th dishes wer set on,
and graess wuz sed. It wuz sukseeded bi a brethles pauz, as Misez
Crachit, luuking sloely all along th carving-nief, prepaerd to plunj it
in th brest; but when she did, and when th long expekted gush
of stufing ishood forth, wun murmer of deliet aroez all round th bord,
and eeven Tieny Tim, exsieted bi th too yung Crachits, beet on th taebl
with th handl of his nief, and feebly cried Hooraa!

Thaer never wuz such a gooss. Bob sed he didn't beleev thaer ever wuz
such a gooss cuukt. Its tendernes and flaevor, siez and **cheepnes**,
wer th theems of uenivursal admeraeshon. Eekd out bi apl-saus
and masht potaetoes, it wuz a sufishent diner for th hoel family;
indeed, as Misez Crachit sed with graet deliet (survaeing wun smaul
atom of a boen upon th dish), thae hadn't aet it all at last! Yet every
wun had had enuf, and th yunggest Crachits in particuelar,
wer steepld in saej and unyon to th iebrows! But now, th plaets being
chaenjd bi Mis Belinda, Misez Crachit left th room aloen--
too nurvus to baer witneses--to taek th puuding up and bring it in.

Supoez it shuud not be dun enuf! Supoez it shuud braek in turning
out! Supoez sumbody shuud hav got oever th waul of th bak-yard,
and stoelen it, whiel thae wer merry with th gooss--a supozishon at
which th too yung Crachits becaem livid! All sorts of
horrors wer supoezd.

Haloe! A graet deel of steem! Th puuding wuz out of th copper.
A smel liek a woshing-dae! That wuz th cloth. A smel liek an eeting-hous and a **paestrycuuk's** next dor to eech uther, with a laundress's next dor to that! That wuz th puuding! In haf a **minit** Misez Crachit enterd--flusht, but smieling proudly--with th puuding, liek a spekld canon-baul, so hard and furr, blaезing in haf of haf-a-**qortern** of ignieted brandy, and bediet with Crismas holy stuk into th top.

O, a wonderful puuding! Bob Crachit sed, and caamly too, that he regarded it as th graetest suksess aсheevd bi Misez Crachit sinss thaer marrej. Misez Crachit sed that now th waet wuz off her miend, she wuud confes she had had her douts about th qontity of flour. Evrybody had sumthing to sae about it, but noebody sed or thaut it wuz at all a smaul puuding for a larj family. It wuud hav bin flat herresy to do so. Eny Crachit wuud hav blusht to hint at such a thing.

At last th diner wuz all dun, th cloth wuz cleerd, th harth swept, and th fier maed up. Th compound in th jug being taested, and considerd purfekt, apls and orenjes wer puut upon th taebl, and a shuvel-fuul of chestnuts on th fier. Then all th Crachit family droo round th harth, in whot Bob Cratchit cauld a surkl, meening haf a wun; and at Bob Crachit's elbo stuud th family displae of glas. Too tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handl.

Thees held th hot stuf from th jug, however, as wel as goelden goblets wuud hav dun; and Bob survd it out with beeming luuks, whiel th chestnuts on th fier sputerd and crakt noizily. Then Bob propoezd:

"A Merry Crismas to us all, mi deers. God bles us!"

Which all th family re-ecoed.

"God bles us every wun!" sed Tieny Tim, th last of all.

He sat verry cloez to his faather's sied upon his litl stool. Bob held his witherd litl hand in his, as if he luvd th chield, and wisht to keep him bi his sied, and dreded that he miet be taeken from him.

"Spirit," sed Scrooj, with an interest he had never felt befor, "tel me if Tieny Tim wil liv."

"I see a vaecant seet," replied th Goest, "in th puur chimney-corner, and a cruch without an oener, caerfully prezurvd. If thees shadoes remaen unaulterd bi th Fuecher, th chield wil die."

"No, no," sed Scrooj. "O, no, kiend Spirit! sae he wil be spaerd."

"If thees shadoes remaen unaulterd bi th Fuecher, nun uther of mi raess," returnd th Goest, "wil fiend him heer. Whot then? If he be liek to die, he had beter do it, and decreess th surplus popuelaeshon."

Scrooj hung his hed to heer his oen wurds qoeted bi th Spirit, and wuz oevecum with penitenss and greef.

"Man," sed th Goest, "if man U be in hart, not adamant, forbaer that wiked cant until U hav discoverd Whot th surplus is, and Whaer it is. Wil U desied whot men shal liv, whot men shal die? It mae be, that in th siet of Heven, U ar mor wurthles and les fit to liv than milyons liek this puur man's chield. O God! to heer th Insekt on th leef pronounsing on th too much lief among his hunggry bruthers in th dust!"

Scrooj bent befor th Goest's rebuek, and trembling cast his ies upon th ground. But he raezd them speedily, on heering his oen naem.

"Mr. Scrooj!" sed Bob; "I giv U Mr. Scrooj, th Founder of th Feest!"

"Th Founder of th Feest indeed!" cried Misez Crachit, redening.

"I wish I had him heer. I'd giv him a peess of mi miend to feest upon, and I hoep he'd hav a guud apetiet for it."

"Mi deer," sed Bob, "th children! Crismas Dae."

"It shuud be Crismas Dae, I am shuur," sed she, "on which wun drinks th helth of such an oedius, stinzy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooj. U noe he is, Robert! Noebody noes it beter than U do, puur felo!"

"Mi deer," wuz Bob's mield anser, "Crismas Dae."

"I drink his helth for yuur saek and th Dae's," sed Misez Crachit, "not for his. Long lief to him! A merry Crismas and a hapy nue yeer!"

He'l be verry merry and verry hapy, I hav no dout!"

Th children drank th toest after her. It wuz th furst of thaer proseedings which had no hartynes. Tieny Tim drank it last of all, but

he didn't caer **tupenss** for it. Scrooj wuz th Oeger of th family. Th menshon of his naem cast a dark shado on th party, which wuz not dispeld for fuul fiev minits.

After it had past awae, thae wer ten tiems merryer than befor, from th meer releef of Scrooj th Baelful being dun with. Bob Crachit toeld them how he had a sichuaeshon in his ie for Master Peeter, which wuud bring in, if obtaend, fuul fiev-and-**sixpenss** weekly. Th too yung Crachits laft tremendously at th iedeea of Peeter's being a man of biznes; and Peeter himself luukt thautfully at th fier from between his colars, as if he wer deliberaeting whot particular investments he shuud **faevor** when he caem into th reseet of that bewildering incum. Martha, hoo wuz a puur aprentis at a miliner's, then toeld them whot kiend of wurk she had to do, and how meny ours she wurkt at a strech, and how she ment to lie abed to-morro morning for a guud long rest; to-morro being a holidae she past at hoem. Aulso how she had seen a countes and a lord sum daes befor, and how th lord "wuz much about as taul as Peeter;" at which Peeter puuld up his colars so hie that U **cuudn't** hav seen his hed if U had bin thaer. All this tiem th chestnuts and th jug went round and round; and bi-and-bie thae had a song, about a lost chield traveling in th sno, from Tieny Tim, hoo had a plaentiv litl vois, and sang it verry wel indeed.

Thaer wuz nuthing of hie mark in this. Thae wer not a handsum family; thae wer not wel drest; thaer shoos wer far from being wauter-proof; thaer cloeths wer scanty; and Peeter miet hav noen, and verry liekly did, th insied of a **paunbroeker's**. But, thae wer hapy, graetful, pleezd with wun anuther, and contented with th tiem; and when thae faeded, and luukt hapyer yet in th briet sprinklings of th Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooj had his ie upon them, and espeshaly on Tieny Tim, until th last.

Bi this tiem it wuz geting dark, and snoeing prity hevily; and as Scrooj and th Spirit went along th streets, th brietnes of th roring fiers in kichens, **parlors**, and all sorts of rooms, wuz wunderful. Heer, th flikering of th blaez shoed preparaeshons for a **coezy** diner, with hot plaets baeking thru and thru befor th fier, and deep red curtens, redy to be drawn to shut out coeld and darknes. Thaer all th children of th hous wer runing out into th sno to

meet thaer marryd sisters, bruthers, cuzins, unkl's, aunts, and be th furst to greet them. Heer, agen, wer shadoes on th windo-bliend of gests assembling; and thaer a groop of handsom gurls, all huuded and fur-booted, and all chatering at wunss, tript lietly off to sum neer naebor's hous; whaer, woe upon th singgl man hoo saw them enter--artful wiches, wel thae nue it--in a glo!

But, if U had jujd from th numbers of peepl on thaer wae to friendly gatherings, U miet hav thaut that no wun wuz at hoem to giv them welcum when thae got thaer, insted of every hous expekting cumpany, and pieling up its fiers haf-chimny hie. Blesings on it, how th Goest exulted! How it baerd its bredth of brest, and oepend its capaeshus paam, and floeted on, outporing, with a jenerus hand, its briet and harmles murth on everything within its reech! Th verry lamplieter, hoo ran on befor, doting th dusky street with speks of liet, and hoo wuz drest to spend th eevning sumwhaer, laft out loudly as th Spirit past, tho litl **kend** th lamplieter that he had eny company but Crismas!

And now, without a wurd of worning from th Goest, thae stued upon a bleek and dezert muur, whaer monstros mases of rood stoen wer cast about, as tho it wer th berryal-plaess of jieants; and wauter spred itself whaer-so-ever it listed, or wuud hav dun so, but for th frost that held it prizoner; and nuthing groo but mos and **furz**, and corss rank gras. Doun in th west th **seting** sun had left a streek of fiery red, which glaerd upon th desolaeshon for an instant, liek a sulen ie, and frowning loeer, loeer, loeer yet, wuz lost in th thik gloom of darkest niet.

"Whot plaess is this?" askt Scrooj.

"A plaess whaer Mieners liv, hoo laebor in th bowels of th urth," returnd th Spirit. "But thae noe me. See!"

A liet shoen from th windo of a hut, and swiftly thae advanst tords it. Pasing thru th waul of mud and stoen, thae found a cheerful **cumpany** asemld round a gloeing fier. An oeld, oeld man and wuuman, with thaer children and thaer children's children, and anuther jeneraeshon beyond that, all dekt out gaely in thaer holidae atier. Th oeld man, in a vois that seldom roez abuv th houling of th **wind** upon th barren waest, wuz singing them a Crismas song--it had bin a verry oeld song when he wuz a boy--and from tiem to tiem thae all

joind in th corus. So shuurly as thae raezd thaer voices, th oeld man got qiet blieth and loud; and so shuurly as thae stopt, his vigor sank agen.

Th Spirit did not tarry heer, but bad Scrooj hoeld his roeb, and pasing on abuv th muur, sped--whither? Not to see? To see. To Scrooj's horror, luuking bak, he saw th last of th land, a frietful raenj of roks, behiend them; and his eers wer defend bi th thundering of wauter, as it roeld and rord, and raejd among th dredful caverns it had worn, and feersly tried to undermien th urth.

Bilt upon a dizmal reef of sunken roks, sum leeg or so from shor, on which th wauters chaeft and dasht, th wield yeer thru, thaer stued a solitaery liet-hous. Graet heeps of see-weed clung to its baess, and storm-burds--born of th wind wun miet supoez, as see-weed of th wauter--roez and fel about it, liek th waevs thae skimd.

But eeven heer, too men hoo wocht th liet had maed a fier, that thru th loophoel in th thik stoen waul shed out a rae of brietnes on th awful see. Joining thaer horny hands oever th ruf taebel at which thae sat, thae wisht eech uther Merry Crismas in thaer can of grog; and wun of them: th elder, too, with his faess all damejd and scard with hard wether, as th figuer-hed of an oeld ship miet be: struk up a sturdy song that wuz liek a Gael in itself.

Agen th Goest sped on, abuv th blak and heeving see--on, on--until, being far awae, as he toeld Scrooj, from eny shor, thae lieted on a ship. Thae stued besied th helmzman at th wheel, th luuk-out in th bow, th ofisers hoo had th woch; dark, goestly figuers in thaer several staeshons; but every man among them humd a Crismas tuen, or had a Crismas thaut, or spoek beloe his breth to his companyon of sum biegon Crismas Dae, with hoemward hoeps belonging to it. And every man on bord, waeking or sleeping, guud or bad, had had a kiender wurd for anuther on that dae than on eny dae in th yeer; and had shaerd to sum extent in its festivitys; and had remembered thoes he caerd for at a distanss, and had noen that thae delieted to remember him.

It wuz a graet serpriez to Scrooj, whiel lisening to th moening of th wind, and thinking whot a solem thing it wuz to moov on thru th loenly darknes oever an unnoen abis, hoos depths wer seecrets as

profound as Deth: it wuz a graet serpriez to Scrooj, whiel thus engaejd, to heer a harty laf. It wuz a much graeter serpriez to Scrooj to recogniez it as his oen nefue's and to fiend himself in a briet, dri, gleeming room, with th Spirit standing smieling bi his sied, and luuking at that saem nefue with aprooving afability!

"Haa, haa!" laft Scrooj's nefue. "Haa, haa, haa!"

If U shuud hapen, bi eny unliekly chanss, to noe a man mor blest in a laf than Scrooj's nefue, all I can sae is, I shuud liek to noe him too. Introduess him to me, and **I** cultivaet his aqaentanss.

It is a faer, eeven-handed, noebl ajustment of things, that whiel thaer is infekshon in dizeez and sorro, thaer is nuthing in th wurld so irezistibly contaėjus as lafter and guud-huemor. When Scrooj's nefue laft in this wae: hoelding his sieds, roeling his hed, and twisting his faess into th moest extravagant contorshons: Scrooj's neess, bi marrej, laft as hartily as he. And thaer asembld frends being not a bit behiendhand, rord out lustily.

"Haa, haa! Haa, haa, haa, haa!"

"He sed that Christmas wuz a humbug, as I liv!" cried Scrooj's nefue. "He beleevd it too!"

"Mor shaem for him, Fred!" sed Scrooj's neess, indignantly. Bles thoes wimen; thae never do anything bi havs. Thae ar aulwaes in urnest.

She wuz verry prity: exseedingly prity. With a dimpld, serpriezd-luuking, capital faess; a riep litl mouth, that seemd maed to be kist--as no dout it wuz; all kiends of guud litl dots about her chin, that melted into wun anuther when she laft; and th **sunyest** paer of ies U ever saw in eny litl creecher's hed. Aultogether she wuz whot U wuud hav could provoeking, U noe; but satisfaktory, too. O, purfektly satisfaktory.

"He's a comikal oeld felo," sed Scrooj's nefue, "that's th trooth: and not so plezant as he miet be. However, his ofenses carry thaer oen punishment, and I hav nuthing to sae agenst him."

"I'm shuur he is verry rich, Fred," hinted Scrooj's neess. "At leest U aulwaes tel me so."

"Whot of that, mi deer!" sed Scrooj's nefue. "His welth is of no uez to him. He **doen't** do eny guud with it. He **doen't** maek himself cumfortabl with it. He hasn't th satisfakshon of thinking-- haa, haa, haa!--that he is ever going to benefit US with it."

"I hav no paeshenss with him," obzurvd Scrooj's neess. Scrooj's **nees'es** sisters, and all th uther laedys, exprest th saem opinyon.

"O, I hav!" sed Scrooj's nefue. "I am sorry for him; I **cuudn't** be angry with him if I tried. Hoo sufers bi his il whims! Himself, aulwaes. Heer, he taeks it into his hed to disliek us, and he wun't cum and dien with us. Whot's th conseqenss? He **doen't** looz much of a diner."

"Indeed, I think he loozes a verry guud diner, interrupted Scrooj's neess. Evrybody elss sed th saem, and thae must be alowd to hav bin competent jujes, becauz thae had just had diner; and, with th dezurt upon th taembl, wer **clusterd** round th fier, bi lampliet.

"Wel! I'm verry glad to heer it," sed Scrooj's nefue, "becauz I havn't great faeth in thees yung houskeepers. Whot do U sae, Toper?"

Toper had cleerly got his ie upon wun of Scrooj's **nees'es** sisters, for he anserd that a bachelor wuz a reched outcast, hoo had no riet to expres an opinyon on th subjekt. Whaerat Scrooj's **nees'es** sister-- th plump wun with th laess **tuker**: not th wun with th roezes--blusht.

"Do go on, Fred," sed Scrooj's neess, claping her hands. "He never finishes whot he begins to sae! He is such a ridicuelus felo!"

Scrooj's nefue reveld in anuther laf, and as it wuz imposibl to keep th infekshon off; tho th plump sister tried hard to do it with arroematik vinegar; his exampl wuz uenanimusly foloed.

"I wuz oenly going to sae," sed Scrooj's nefue, "that th conseqenss of his taeking a disliek to us, and not maeking merry with us, is, as I think, that he loozes sum plezant moements, which cuud do him no harm. I am shuur he loozes plezanter companyons than he can fiend in his oen thauts, eether in his **moeldy** oeld ofis, or his dusty chaembers. I meen to giv him th saem chanss every yeer, whether he lieks it or not, for I pity him. He mae rael at Crismas til he

dies, but he can't help thinking beter of it--I defie him--if he fiends me going thaer, in guud temper, yeer after yeer, and saeing Unkl Scrooj, how ar U? If it oenly puuts him in th vaen to leev his puur clurk fifty pounds, that's sumthing; and I think I shuuk him yesterdae."

It wuz thaer turn to laf now at th noeshon of his shaeking Scrooj. But being thuroely guud-naecherd, and not much caering whot thae laft at, so that thae laft at eny raet, he encurejd them in thaer merriment, and past th botl joyusly.

After tee, thae had sum muezik. For thae wer a muezikal family, and nue whot thae wer about, when thae sung a Glee or Cach, I can ashuur U: espeshaly Toper, hoo cuud groul awae in th **baess** liek a guud wun, and never swel th larj vaens in his forhed, or get red in th faess oever it. Scrooj's neess plaed wel upon th harp; and plaed amung uther tuens a simpl litl aer (a meer nuthing: U miet lurn to whisl it in too minits), which had bin familyar to th chield hoo fecht Scrooj from th bording-scool, as he had bin remiended bi th Goest of Crismas Past. When this straen of muezik sounded, all th things that Goest had shoen him, caem upon his miend; he sofend mor and mor; and thaut that if he cuud hav lisend to it ofen, yeers ago, he miet hav cultivaeted th kiendneses of lief for his oen hapynes with his oen hands, without rezorting to th sexton's spaed that berryd Jaecob Marly.

But thae didn't devoet th hoel eevning to muezik. After a whiel thae plaed at forfits; for it is guud to be children sumtiems, and never beter than at Crismas, when its miety Founder wuz a chield himself. Stop! Thaer wuz furst a gaem at bliend-man's buf. Of corss thaer wuz. And I no mor beleev Toper wuz reealy bliend than I beleev he had ies in his boots. Mi opinyon is, that it wuz a dun thing between him and Scrooj's nefue; and that th Goest of Crismas Prezent nue it. Th wae he went after that plump sister in th laess **tuker**, wuz an outraej on th creduelity of hueman naecher. Noking down th fier-ieerns, tumbling oever th chaers, bumping agenst th peano, smuthering himself amung th curtens, whaerever she went, thaer went he! He aulwaes nue whaer th plump sister wuz. He **wuudn't** cach enybody elss. If U had faulen up agenst him (as sum of them did), on purpos, he wuud hav maed a faent of **endeavoring** to seez U, which wuud hav bin an afrunt to your understanding, and wuud instantly hav siedld off in th direkshon of th plump sister.

She ofen cried out that it wasn't faer; and it reealy wuz not. But when at last, he caut her; when, in spiet of all her silken **ruslings**, and her rapid **fluterings** past him, he got her into a corner whenss thaer wuz no escaep; then his condukt wuz th moest **execrabl**. For his pretending not to noe her; his pretending that it wuz nesesaery to tuch her hed-dres, and further to ashuur himself of her iedentity bi presing a surten ring upon her finger, and a surten chaen about her nek; wuz viel, monstus! No dout she toeld him her opinyon of it, when, anuther bliend-man being in ofis, thae wer so verry confidenshal together, behiend th curtens.

Scrooj's neess wuz not wun of th bliend-man's buf party, but wuz maed cumfortabl with a larj chaer and a fuutstool, in a snug corner, whaer th Goest and Scrooj wer cloez behiend her. But she joind in th forfits, and luvd her luv to admeraeshon with all th leters of th alfabet. Liekwiez at th gaem of How, When, and Whaer, she wuz verry graet, and to th seecret joy of Scrooj's nefue, beet her sisters holo: tho thae wer sharp gurls too, as Toper cuud hav toeld U. Thaer miet hav bin twenty peepl thaer, yung and oeld, but thae all plaed, and so did Scrooj; for hoely forgeting in th interest he had in whot wuz going on, that his vois maed no sound in thaer eers, he sumtiems caem out with his ges qiet loud, and verry ofen gest qiet riet, too; for th sharpest needl, best *Whitechapel*, woranted not to cut in th ie, wuz not sharper than Scrooj; blunt as he tuuk it in his hed to be.

Th Goest wuz graetly pleezd to fiend him in this mood, and luukt upon him with such faevors, that he begd liek a boy to be alowd to stae until th gests departed. But this th Spirit sed cuud not be dun.

"Heer is a nue gaem," sed Scrooj. "Wun haf our, Spirit, oenly wun!"

It wuz a Gaem cauld Yes and No, whaer Scrooj's nefue had to think of sumthing, and th rest must fiend out whot; he oenly ansering to thaer qeschons yes or no, as th caess wuz. Th brisk fier of qeschoning to which he wuz expoezd, elisited from him that he wuz thinking of an animal, a **liev** animal, rather a disagreeeabl animal, a savej animal, an animal that grould and grunted sumtiems, and taukt sumtiems, and livd in **Lundon**, and waukt about th streets, and **wuzn't** maed a sho of, and **wuzn't** led bi enybody, and didn't liv in a menajery,

and wuz never kild in a market, and wuz not a horss, or an ass, or a cow, or a buul, or a tieger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a baer. At every fresh qeschon that wuz puut to him, this nefue burst into a fresh ror of lafter; and wuz so inexpresibly tikld, that he wuz obliejd to get up off th soefa and stamp. At last th plump sister, fauling into a similar staet, cried out:

"I hav found it out! I noe whot it is, Fred! I noe whot it is!"

"Whot is it?" cried Fred.

"It's yuur Unkl Scro-o-o-o-oj!"

Which it surtenly wuz. Admeraeshon wuz th uenivursal sentiment, tho sum objektet that th replie to "Is it a baer?" aut to hav bin "Yes;" inasmuch as an anser in th negativ wuz sufishent to hav divurted thaer thauts from Mr. Scrooj, supoezing thae had ever had eny tendensy that wae.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am shuur," sed Fred, "and it wuud be ungraetful not to drink his helth. Heer is a glas of muld wien redy to our hand at th moement; and I sae, 'Unkl Scrooj!'"

"Wel! Unkl Scrooj!" thae cried.

"A Merry Christmas and a Hapy Nue Yeer to th oeld man, whotever he is!" sed Scrooj's nefue. "He **wuudn't** taek it from me, but mae he hav it, nevertheles. Unkl Scrooj!"

Unkl Scrooj had imperseptibly becum so gae and liet of hart, that he wuud hav plejd th unconshus cumpany in return, and thankd them in an inaudibl speech, if th Goest had given him tiem. But th hoel seen past off in th breth of th last wurd spoeken bi his nefue; and he and th Spirit wer agen upon thaer travels.

Much thae saw, and far thae went, and meny hoems thae vizited, but aulwaes with a hapy end. Th Spirit stuud besied sik beds, and thae wer cheerful; on forin lands, and thae wer **cloess** at hoem; bi strugling men, and thae wer paeshent in thaer graeter hoep; bi poverty, and it wuz rich. In aamzhous, hospital, and jael, in mizery's every refuej, whaer vaen man in his litl breef authority had not maed fast th dor, and bard th Spirit out, he left his blesings, and taut Scrooj his preesepts.

It wuz a long niet, if it wer oenly a niet; but Scrooj had his douts of this, becauz th Crismas Holidaes apeerd to be condenst into th spaess of tiem thae past together. It wuz straenj, too, that whiel Scrooj remaend unaulterd in his outward form, th Goest groo oelder, cleerly oelder. Scrooj had obzurvd this chaenj, but never spoek of it, until thae left a children's Twelfth Niet party, when, luuking at th Spirit as thae stuud together in an oepen plaess, he noetist that its haer wuz grae.

"Ar spirits' lievs so short?" askt Scrooj.

"Mi lief upon this gloeb, is verry breef," replied th Goest. "It ends to-niet."

"To-niet!" cried Scrooj.

"To-niet at midniet. Hark! Th tiem is drawing neer."

Th chiems wer ringing th three qorters past eleven at that moement.

"Forgiv me if I am not justified in whot I ask," sed Scrooj, luuking intently at th Spirit's roeb, "but I see sumthing straenj, and not belonging to yuursel, protrooding from yuur scurts. Is it a fuut or a claw?"

"It miet be a claw, for th flesh thaer is upon it," wuz th Spirit's sorroeful replie. "Luuk heer."

From th foeldings of its roeb, it braut too children; reched, abjekt, frietful hidijs, mizerabl. Thae nelt doun at its feet, and clung upon th outsied of its garment.

"O, Man! luuk heer. Luuk, luuk, doun heer!" exclaemd th Goest.

Thae wer a boy and gurl. Yelo, meeger, raged, scouling, wuulfish; but prostraet, too, in thaer huemility. Whaer graesful youth shuud hav fild thaer feecheers out, and tucht them with its freshest tints, a stael and shriveld hand, liek that of aej, had pincht, and twisted them, and puuld them into shreds. Whaer aenjels miet hav sat enthroend, devils lurkt, and glaerd out menising. No chaenj, no degradaeshon, no pervurzhon of huemanity, in eny graed, thru all th misterys of wunderful creaeshon, has monsters haf so horribl and dred.

Scrooj started bak, apauld. Having them shoen to him in this wae, he tried to sae thae wer fien children, but th wurd choekt themselvs, rather than be partys to a lie of such enormus magnitud.

"Spirit! ar thae yuurs?" Scrooj cuud sae no mor.

"Thae ar Man's," sed th Spirit, luuking down upon them.

"And thae cling to me, apeeling from thaer faathers. This boy is Ignoranss. This gurl is Wont. Bewaer them boeth, and all of thaer degree, but moest of all bewaer this boy, for on his brow I see that riten which is Doom, **unles** th rieting be eraest. Denie it!" cried th Spirit, streching out its hand tords th sity.

"Slander thoes hoo tel it **ye**! Admit it for yuur fakshus purposes, and maek it wurss. And bied th end!"

"Hav thae no refuej or resorss?" cried Scrooj.

"Ar thaer no prizons?" sed th Spirit, turning on him for th last tiem with his oen wurd. "Ar thaer no wurkhouses?"

Th bel struk twelv.

Scrooj luukt about him for th Goest, and saw it not.

As th last stroek seest to viebraet, he rememberd th predikshon of oeld Jaacob Marly, and lifting up his ies, beheld a solem Fantom, draept and huuded, cuming, liek a mist along th ground, tords him.

STAEV IV:

TH LAST OF TH SPIRITS

TH Fantom sloely, graevly, sielently, aproecht. When it caem neer him, Scrooj bent down upon his nee; for in th verry aer thru which this Spirit moovd it seemd to scater gloom and mistery.

It wuz shrouded in a deep blak garment, which conseeld its hed, its faess, its form, and left nuthing of it vizibl saev wun outstrecht hand. But for this it wuud hav bin difficult to detach its figuer from th niet, and separat it from th darknes bi which it wuz serounded.

He felt that it wuz taul and staetly when it caem besied him, and that its misteerius prezenss fild him with a solem dred. He nue no mor, for th Spirit neether spoek nor moovd.

"I am in th prezenss of th Goest of Crismas Yet To Cum?" sed Scrooj.

Th Spirit anserd not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"U ar about to sho me shadoes of th things that hav not hapend, but wil hapen in th tiem befor us," Scrooj persood. "Is that so, Spirit?"

Th uper porshon of th garment wuz kontraktet for an instant in its foelds, as if th Spirit had incliend its hed. That wuz th oenly anser he reseevd.

Aultho wel uezt to goestly cumpany bi this tiem, Scrooj feerd th sielent shaep so much that his legs tremblt beneeth him, and he found that he cuud hardly stand when he prepaerd to folo it.

Th Spirit pauzd a moement, as obzurving his condishon, and giving him tiem to recuver.

But Scrooj wuz all th wurss for this. It thrild him with a vaeg unsurten horror, to noe that behiend th dusky shroud, thaer wer goestly ies intently fixt upon him, whiel he, tho he strecht his oen to th utmoest, cuud see nothing but a spektral hand and wun graet heep of blak.

"Goest of th Fuecher!" he exclaemd, "I feer U mor than eny spekter I hav seen. But as I noe yuur purpos is to do me guud, and as I hoep to liv to be anuther man from whot I wuz, I am prepaerd to baer U cumpany, and do it with a thankful hart. Wil U not speek to me?"

It gaev him no replie. Th hand wuz pointed straet befor them.

"Leed on!" sed Scrooj. "Leed on! Th niet is waening fast, and it is preshus tiem to me, I noe. Leed on, Spirit!"

Th Fantom moovd awae as it had cum tords him.

Scrooj foloed in th shado of its dres, which bor him up, he thaut, and carryd him along.

Thae scaersly seemd to enter th sity; for th sity rather seemd to spring up about them, and encumpas them of its oen akt. But thaer thae wer, in th hart of it; on 'Chaenj, amungs th murchants; hoo huryd up and

doun, and **chinkt** th muny in thaer pokets, and convurst in groops, and luukt at thaer woches, and **triefld** thautfully with thaer graet goeld seels; and so forth, as Scrooj had seen them ofen.

Th Spirit stopt besied wun litl not of biznes men. Obzurving that th hand wuz pointed to them, Scrooj advanst to lisen to thaer tauk.

"No," sed a graet fat man with a monstus chin, "I don't noe much about it, eether wae. I oenly noe he's ded."

"When did he die?" inqierd anuther.

"Last niet, I beleev."

"Whi, whot wuz th mater with him?" askt a thurd, taeking a vast qontity of snuf out of a verry larj snuf-box. "I thaut he'd never die."

"God noes," sed th furst, with a yaun.

"Whot has he dun with his muny?" askt a red-faest jentlman with a penjulus **excresenss** on th end of his noez, that shuuk liek th gils of a turky-cok.

"I haeven't hurd," sed th man with th larj chin, yauning agen. "Left it to his cumpany, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I noe."

This **plezantry** wuz reseevd with a jeneral laf. "It's liekly to be a verry cheep fueneral," sed th saem speeker; "for upon mi lief I doen't noe of enybody to go to it. Supoez we maek up a party and volunteer?"

"I doen't miend going if a lunch is provieded," obzurvd th jentlman with th excrescence on his noez. "But I must be fed, if I maek wun."

Anuther laf.

"Wel, I am th moest disinterested amung U, after all," sed th furst speeker, "for I never waer blak gluvs, and I never eet lunch. But **I** ofer to go, if enybody elss wil. When I cum to think of it, I'm not at all shuur that I wuzn't his moest particuelar frend; for we uezd to stop and speek whenever we met. Bie, bie!"

Speekers and liseners stroeld awae, and mixt with uther groops. Scrooj nue th men, and luukt tords th Spirit for an explanaeshon.

Th Fantom glieded on into a street. Its finger pointed to too pursons meeting. Scrooj lisend agen, thinking that th explanaeshon miet lie heer.

He nue thees men, aulso, purfektly. Thae wer men of biznes: verry welthy, and of graet importanss. He had maed a point aulwaes of standing wel in thaer esteem: in a biznes point of vue, that is; striktly in a biznes point of vue.

"How ar U?" sed wun.

"How ar U?" returnd th uther.

Wel!" sed th furst. "Oeld Scrach has got his oen at last, hae?"

"So I am toeld," returnd th second. "Coeld, isn't it?"

"Seezonabl for Crismas tiem. U'r not a skaeter, I supoez?"

"No. No. Sumthing elss to think of. Guud morning!"

Not anuther wurd. That wuz thaer meeting, thaer conversaeshon, and thaer parting.

Scrooj wuz at furst incliend to be serpriezd that th Spirit shuud atach importanss to conversaeshons aparrently so trivial; but feeling ashuurd that thae must hav sum hiden purpos, he set himself to consider whot it wuz liekly to be. Thae cuud scaersly be supoezd to hav eny baering on th deth of Jaecob, his oeld partner, for that wuz Past, and this Goest's provinss wuz th Fuecher. Nor cuud he think of eny wun imeediatly conekted with himself, to hoom he cuud aplied them. But nuthing douting that to hoom-so-ever thae aplied thae had sum laetent moral for his oen improovment, he rezolvd to trezher up every wurd he hurd, and everything he saw; and espeshaly to obzurv th shado of himself when it apeerd. For he had an expektaeshon that th kondukt of his fuecher self wuud giv him th cloo he mist, and wuud render th solooshon of thees ridls eezy.

He luukt about in that verry plaess for his oen imej; but anuther man stuud in his acustomd corner, and tho th klok pointed to his uezhual tiem of dae for being thaer, he saw no lieknes of himself amung th multitueds that pord in thru th Porch. It gaev him litl serpriez, however; for he had bin revolving in

his miend a chaenj of lief, and thaut and hoept he saw his nue-born rezolooshons carryd out in this.

Qieet and dark, besied him stuud th Fantom, with its outstrecht hand. When he rouzd himself from his thautful qest, he fansyd from th turn of th hand, and its sichuaeshon in referenss to himself, that th Unseen Ies wer luuking at him keenly. It maed him shuder, and feel verry coeld.

Thae left th bizy seen, and went into an obscuer part of th toun, whaer Scrooj had never penetraeted befor, aultho he recognized its sichuaeshon, and its bad repuet. Th waes wer foul and narro; th shops and houses reched; th peepl haf-naeked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alys and archwaes, liek so meny sespools, disgorjd thaer ofenses of smel, and durt, and lief, upon th stragling streets; and th hoel qorter reekt with criem, with filth, and mizery.

Far in this den of infamus rezort, thaer wuz a loe-browd, beetling shop, beloe a pent-hous roof, whaer ieern, oeld rags, botls, boens, and greezy ofal, wer baut. Upon th flor within, wer pield up heaps of rusty kees, naels, chaens, hinjes, fiels, scaels, waets, and **refuess** ieern of all kiends. Seecrets that fue wuud liek to **scrootiniez** wer bred and hidden in mountens of unseely rags, mases of corrupted fat, and **sepulkers** of boens. Siting in amung th waers he deltd in, bi a charcoal stoev, maed of oeld briks, wuz a grae haerd rascal, neerly seventy yeers of aej; hoo had screend himself from th coeld aer without, bi a **frouzy curtening** of miselaenius taters, hung upon a lien; and smoekt his piep in all th lukshery of caam retierment.

Scrooj and th Fantom caem into th prezenss of this man, just as a wuuman with a hevy bundl slunk into th shop. But she had scaersly enterd, when anuther wuuman, similarly laeden, caem in too; and she wuz cloesly foloed bi a man in faeded blak, hoo wuz no les startld bi th siet of them, than thae had bin upon th recognishon of eech uther. After a short peeriod of blank astonishment, in which th oeld man with th piep had joind them, thae all three burst into a laf.

"Let th charwuuman aloen to be th furst!" cried she hoo had enterd furst. "Let th laundres aloen to be th second; and let th undertaeker's man aloen to be th thurd. Luuk heer, oeld Joe, heer's a chanss! If we **havn't** all three met heer without meening it!"

"U cuudn't hav met in a beter plaess," sed oeld Joe, remooving his piep from his mouth. "Cum into th parlor. U wer maed free of it long ago, U noe; and th uther too aen't straenjers. Stop til I shut th dor of th shop. Aa! How it skreeks! Thaer aen't such a rusty bit of metal in th plaess as its oen hinjes, I beleev; and I'm shuur thaer's no such oeld boens heer, as mien. Haa, haa! We'r all sootabl to our caulng, we'r wel macht. Cum into th parlor. Cum into th parlor."

Th parlor wuz th spaess behiend th screen of rags.
Th oeld man raekt th fier together with an oeld staer-rod, and having trimd his smoeky lamp (for it wuz niet), with th stem of his piep, puut it in his mouth agen.

Whiel he did this, th wuuman hoo had aulredy spoeken throo her bundl on th flor, and sat down in a flaunting maner on a stool; crosing her elboes on her nees, and luuking with a boeld defieanss at th uther too.

"Whot ods then! Whot ods, Misez Dilber?" sed th wuuman.
"Every purson has a riet to taek caer of themselvs. He aulwaes did."

"That's troo, indeed!" sed th laundres. "No man mor so."

"Whi then, doen't stand staering as if U wuz afraed, wuuman; hoo's th wiezer? We're not going to pik hoels in eech uther's coets, I supoez?"

"No, indeed!" sed Misez Dilber and th man together.
"We shuud hoep not."

"Verry wel, then!" cried th wuuman. "That's enuf.
Hoo's th wurss for th lost of a fue things liek thees? Not a ded man, I supoez."

"No, indeed," sed Misez Dilber, lafing.

"If he wonted to keep 'em after he wuz ded, a wiked oeld scroo, persood th wuuman, "whi wasn't he nacheral in his lieftiem? If he had bin, he'd hav had sumbody to luuk after him when he wuz struk with Deth, insted of lieing gasping out his last thaer, aloen bi himself."

"It's th trooest wurd that ever wuz spoek," sed Misez Dilber.
"It's a jujment on him."

"I wish it wuz a litl hevyer jujment," replied th wuuman; "and it shuud hav bin, U mae depend upon it, if I cuud hav laed mi hands on anything elss. Oepen that bundl, oeld Joe, and let me noe th value of it. Speek out plaen. I'm not afraed to be th furst, nor afraed for them to see it. We noe prity wel that we wer helping ourselvs, befor we met heer, I beleev. It's no sin. Oepen th bundl, Joe."

But th galantry of her frends wuud not alow of this; and th man in faeded blak, mounting th breech furst, prodest his plunder. It wuz not extensiv. A seel or too, a pensil-caess, a paer of sleev-butons, and a broech of no graet value, wer all. Thae wer severaly examind and apraezd bi oeld Joe, hoo chaukt th sums he wuz dispoezd to giv for eech, upon th waul, and aded them up into a toetal when he found thaer wuz nuthing mor to cum.

"That's yuur acount," sed Joe, "and I wuudn't giv anuther sixpenns, if I wuz to be boild for not dooing it. Hoo's next?"

Misez Dilber wuz next. Sheets and towels, a litl waering aparrel, too oeld-fashond silver teespoons, a paer of shigar-tongs, and a fue boots. Her acount wuz staeted on th waul in th saem maner.

"I aulwaes giv too much to laedys. It's a weeknes of mien, and that's th wae I rooin mieself," sed oeld Joe. "That's yuur acount. If U askt me for anuther peny, and maed it an oepen qeschon, I'd repent of being so liberal and nok off haf-a-croun."

"And now undo mi bundl, Joe," sed th furst wuuman.

Joe went doun on his nees for th graeter conveyenss of oepening it, and having unfasend a graet meny nots, dragd out a larj and hevvy roel of sum dark stuf.

"Whot do U caul this?" sed Joe. "Bed-curtens!"

"Aa!" returnd th wuuman, lafing and leening forward on her crost arms. "Bed-curtens!"

"U don't meen to sae U tuuk 'em doun, rings and all, with him lying thaer?" sed Joe.

"Yes I do," replied th wuuman. "Whi not?"

"U wer born to maek yuur forchun," sed Joe, "and U! surtenly do it."

"I surtenly shan't hoeld mi hand, when I can get anything in it bi reeching it out, for th saek of such a man as He wuz, I promis U, Joe," returnd th wuuman coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon th blankets, now."

"His blankets?" askt Joe.

"Hoos elss's do U think?" replied th wuuman.

"He isn't liekly to taek coeld without 'em, I daer sae."

"I hoep he didn't die of anything caching? Eh?" sed oeld Joe, stoping in his wurk, and luuking up.

"Doen't U be afraed of that," returnd th wuuman. "I aen't so fond of his cumpany that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Aa! U mae luuk thru that shurt til yuur ies aek; but U wun't fiend a hoel in it, nor a thred-baer plaess. It's th best he had, and a fien wun too. Thae'd hav waested it, if it hadn't bin for me."

"Whot do U caul waesting of it?" askt oeld Joe.

"Puuting it on him to be berryd in, to be shuur," replied th wuuman with a laf. "Sumbody wuz fool enuf to do it, but I tuuk it off agen. If calico aen't guud enuf for such a purpos, it isn't guud enuf for anything. It's qiet as becuming to th body. He can't luuk uglyer than he did in that wun."

Scrooj lisend to this diealog in horror. As thae sat groopt about thaer spoil, in th scanty liet aforded bi th oeld man's lamp, he vued them with a detestaeshon and disgust, which cuud hardly hav bin graeter, tho thae had bin obseen demons, marketing th corps itself.

"Haa, haa!" laft th saem wuuman, when oeld Joe, produesing a flanel bag with muny in it, toeld out thaer several gaens upon th ground. "This is th end of it, U see! He frietend every wun awae from him when he wuz aliev, to profit us when he wuz ded! Haa, haa, haa!"

"Spirit!" sed Scrooj, shudering from hed to fuut. "I see, I see. Th caess of this unhapy man miet be mi oen. Mi lief tends that wae, now. Mursyful Heven, whot is this!"

He recoild in terror, for th seen had chaenjd, and now he aulmoest tucht a bed: a baer, uncurtend bed: on which, beneeth a raged sheet,

thaer lae a sumthing cuverd up, which, tho it wuz dum, anounst itself in awful langgwej.

Th room wuz verry dark, too dark to be obzurvd with eny acurasy, tho Scrooj glanst round it in oebeedi'enss to a seecret impuls, ankshus to noe whot kiend of room it wuz. A pael liet, riezing in th outer aer, fel straet upon th bed; and on it, plunderd and bereft, **unwocht**, unwept, **uncaerd** for, wuz th body of this man.

Scrooj glanst tords th Fantom. Its stedy hand wuz pointed to th hed. Th cuver wuz so caerlesly ajusted that th slietest raezing of it, th moeshon of a fingger upon Scrooj's part, wuud hav discloezd th faess. He thaut of it, felt how eezy it wuud be to do, and longd to do it; but had no mor power to withdraw th vael than to dismiss th spekter at his sied.

O coeld, coeld, rijid, dredful Deth, set up thien aultar heer, and dres it with such terrors as thow hast at thi comand: for this is thi dominyon! But of th luvd, reveerd, and **onord** hed, thow can't not turn wun haer to thi dred purposes, or maek wun feecher oedius. It is not that th hand is hevy and wil faul down when releest; it is not that th hart and pulss ar stil; but that th hand WUZ oepen, jenerus, and troo; th hart braev, worm, and tender; and th pulss a man's. Striek, Shado, striek! And see his guud deeds springing from th wound, to soe th wurld with lief imortal!

No vois pronounst thees wurds in Scrooj's eers, and yet he hurd them when he luukt upon th bed. He thaut, if this man cuud be raezd up now, whot wuud be his formoest thauts? Averis, hard-deeling, grieping caers? Thae hav braut him to a rich end, trooly!

He lae, in th dark empty hous, with not a man, a wuuman, or a chield, to sae that he wuz kiend to me in this or that, and for th memory of wun kiend wurd I wil be kiend to him. A cat wuz teering at th dor, and thaer wuz a sound of nawing rats beneeth th harth-stoen. Whot thae wonted in th room of deth, and whi thae wer so restles and disturbd, Scrooj did not daer to think.

"Spirit!" he sed, "this is a feerful plaess. In leeving it, I shal not leev its lesen, trust me. Let us go!"

Stil th Goest pointed with an unmoovd fingger to th hed.

"I understand U," Scrooj returnd, "and I wuud do it, if I cuud.
But I hav not th power, Spirit. I hav not th power."

Agen it seemd to luuk upon him.

"If thaer is eny purson in th toun, hoo feels emoeshon cauzd bi this
man's deth," sed Scrooj qiet agonised, "sho that purson to me, Spirit,
I beseech U!"

Th Fantom spred its dark roeb befor him for a moement, liek a wing;
and withdrawing it, reveeld a room bi daeliet, whaer a muther and her
children wer.

She wuz expekting sum wun, and with ankshus eegernes; for
she waukt up and down th room; started at every sound; luukt out
from th windo; glanst at th klok; tried, but in vaen, to wurk with
her needl; and cuud hardly baer th voices of th children in thaer plae.

At length th long-expekted nok wuz hurd. She hurryd to th dor, and
met her huzband; a man hoos faess wuz caerworn and deprest,
tho he wuz yung. Thaer wuz a remarkabl expreshon in it now;
a kiend of seerius deliet of which he felt ashaemd, and which
he strugld to repres.

He sat down to th diner that had bin hording for him bi th fier; and
when she askt him faently whot nues (which wuz not until after a
long sielenss), he apeerd embarrast how to anser.

"Is it guud?" she sed, "or bad?"--to help him.

"Bad," he anserd.

"We ar qiet rooind?" "No. Thaer is hoep yet, Carrolien."

"If he relents," she sed, amaezd, "thaer is! Nuthing is past hoep, if such
a mirakl has hapend."

"He is past relenting," sed her huzband. "He is ded."

She wuz a mield and paeshent creecher if her faess spoek trooth; but
she wuz thankful in her soel to heer it, and she sed so, with claspt
hands. She praed forgivnes th next moement, and wuz sorry;
but th furst wuz th emoeshon of her hart.

"Whot th haf-drunken wuuman hoom I toeld U of last niet, sed to me, when I tried to see him and obtaen a week's delae; and whot I thaut wuz a meer excuez to avoid me; turns out to hav bin qiet troo. He wuz not oenly verry il, but dieing, then."

"To hoom wil our det be transfurd?"

"I don't noe. But befor that tiem we shal be redy with th muny; and eeven tho we wer not, it wuud be a bad forchun indeed to fiend so mursyles a creditor in his suksesor. We mae sleep to-niet with liet harts, Carrolien!"

Yes. Sofen it as thae wuud, thaer harts wer lieter. Th children's faeses, husht and clusterd round to heer whot thae so litl understuud, wer brieter; and it wuz a hapyer hous for this man's deth! Th oenly emoeshon that th Goest cuud sho him, cauzd bi th event, wuz wun of plezher.

"Let me see sum tendernes conekted with a deth," sed Scrooj; "or that dark chaember, Spirit, which we left just now, wil be for ever present to me."

Th Goest condukted him thru several streets familyar to his feet; and as thae went along, Scrooj luukt heer and thaer to fiend himself, but no-whaer wuz he to be seen. Thae enterd puur Bob Crachit's hous; th dwelling he had vizited befor; and found th muther and th children seeted round th fier.

Qieet. Verry qieet. Th noizy litl Crachits wer as stil as stachos in wun corner, and sat luuking up at Peeter, hoo had a buuk befor him. Th muther and her dauters wer engaejd in soeing. But shuurly thae wer verry qieet!

"And He tuuk a chield, and set him in th midst of them."

Whaer had Scrooj hurd thoes wurds? He had not dreemd them. Th boy must hav red them out, as he and th Spirit crost th threshhoeld. Whi did he not go on?

Th muther laed her wurk upon th taebl, and puut her hand up to her faess.

"Th culor hurts mi ies," she sed.

Th culor? Aa, puur Tieny Tim!

"Thae're beter now agen," sed Crachit's wief. "It maeks them week bi candl-liet; and I **wuudn't** sho week ies to yuur faather when he cums hoem, for th wurld. It must be neer his tiem."

"Past it rather," Peeter anserd, shutting up his buuk. "But I think he has waukt a litl sloeer than he uezd, thees fue last eevnings, muther."

Thae wer verry qieet agen. At last she sed, and in a stedy, cheerful vois, that oenly faulterd wunss:

"I hav noen him wauk with--I hav noen him wauk with Tieny Tim upon his shoelder, verry fast indeed."

"And so hav I," cried Peeter. "Ofen."

"And so hav I," exclaemd anuther. So had all.

"But he wuz verry liet to carry," she rezoomd, intent upon her wurk, "and his faather luvd him so, that it wuz no trubl: no trubl. And thaer is yuur faather at th dor!"

She **hurryd** out to meet him; and litl Bob in his cumforter --he had need of it, puur felo--caem in. His tee wuz redy for him on th hob, and thae all tried hoo shuud help him to it moest. Then th too yung Crachits got upon his nees and laed, eech chield a litl cheek, agenst his faess, as if thae sed, "**Doen't** miend it, faather. **Doen't** be greevd!"

Bob wuz verry cheerful with them, and spoek plezantly to all th family. He luukt at th wurk upon th taekl, and praezd th industry and speed of Misez Crachit and th gurls. Thae wuud be dun long befor Sundae, he sed.

"Sundae! U went to-dae, then, Robert?" sed his wief.

"Yes, mi deer," returnd Bob. "I wish U cuud hav gon. It wuud hav dun U guud to see how green a plaess it is. But **U'I** see it ofen. I promist him that I wuud wauk thaer on a Sundae. Mi litl, litl chield!" cried Bob. "Mi litl chield!"

He broek doun all at wunss. He **cuudn't** help it. If he cuud hav helpt it, he and his chield wuud hav bin farther apart perhaps than thae wer.

He left th room, and went up-staers into th room abuv, which wuz lieted cheerfully, and hung with Crismas. Thaer wuz a chaer set **cloess** besied th chield, and thaer wer siens of sum wun having bin thaer, laetly. Puur Bob sat down in it, and when he had thaut a litl and compoezd himself, he kist th litl faess. He wuz reconsield to whot had hapend, and went down agen qiet hapy.

Thae droo about th fier, and taukt; th gurls and muther wurking stil. Bob toeld them of th extraordinarey kiendnes of Mr. Scrooj's nefue, hoom he had scaersly seen but wunss, and hoo, meeting him in th street that dae, and seeing that he luukt a litl--"just a litl doun U noe," sed Bob, inqierd whot had hapend to distres him. "On which," sed Bob, "for he is th plezantest-spoeken jentlman U ever hurd, I toeld him. 'I am hartily sorry for it, Mr. Crachit,' he sed, 'and hartily sorry for yuur guud wief.' Bi th bie, how he ever nue that, I **doen't** noe."

"Nue whot, mi deer?"

"Whi, that U wer a guud wief," replied Bob.

"Evrybody noes that!" sed Peeter.

"Verry wel obzurvd, mi boy!" cried Bob. "I hoep thae do. 'Hartily sorry,' he sed, 'for yuur guud wief. If I can be of survis to U in eny wae,' he sed, giving me his card, 'that's whaer I liv. Prae cum to me.' Now, it **wuzn't**," cried Bob, "for th saek of enything he miet be aebl to do for us, so much as for his kiend wae, that this wuz qiet delietful. It reealy seemd as if he had noen our Tieny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm shuur he's a guud soel!" sed Misez Crachit.

"U wuud be shuurer of it, mi deer," returnd Bob, "if U saw and spoek to him. I **shuudn't** be at all serpriezd-- mark whot I sae!--if he got Peeter a beter sichuaeshon."

"Oenly heer that, Peeter," sed Misez Crachit.

"And then," cried wun of th gurls, "Peeter wil be keeping cumpany with sum wun, and **seting** up for himself."

"Get along with U!" retorted Peeter, grining.

"It's just as liekly as not," sed Bob, "wun of thees daes; tho thaer's plenty of tiem for that, mi deer. But however and whenever we part from wun anuther, I am shuur we shal nun of us forget puur Tieny Tim--shal we--or this furst parting that thaer wuz among us?"

"Never, faather!" cried thae all.

"And I noe," sed Bob, "I noe, mi deers, that when we recolekt how paeshent and how mield he wuz; aultho he wuz a litl, litl chield; we shal not qorrel eezily among ourselvs, and forget puur Tieny Tim in dooing it."

"No, never, faather!" thae all cried agen.

"I am verry hapy," sed litl Bob, "I am verry hapy!

Misez Crachit kist him, his dauters kist him, th too yung Crachits kist him, and Peeter and himself shuuk hands. Spirit of Tieny Tim, thi chieldish esenss wuz from God!

"Spekter," sed Scrooj, "sumthing informs me that our parting moement is at hand. I noe it, but I noe not how. Tel me whot man that wuz hoom we saw lieing ded?"

Th Goest of Christmas Yet To Cum convaed him, as befor--tho at a diferent tiem, he thaut: indeed, thaer seemd no order in thees later vizhons, saev that thae wer in th Fuecher--into th rezorts of biznes men, but shoed him not himself. Indeed, th Spirit did not stae for enything, but went straet on, as to th end just now dezierd, until **besaut** bi Scrooj to tarry for a moement.

"This cort," sed Scrooj, "thru which we hurry now, is whaer mi plaess of ocuepaeshon is, and has bin for a length of tiem. I see th hous. Let me behoeld whot I shal be, in daes to cum!"

Th Spirit stopt; th hand wuz pointed elswhaer.

"Th hous is yonder," Scrooj exclaemd. "Whi do U point awae?"

Th inexsorabl finger underwent no chaenj.

Scrooj haesnd to th windo of his ofis, and luukt in. It wuz an ofis stil, but not his. Th furnicher wuz not th saem, and th figuer in th chaer wuz not himself. Th Fantom pointed as befor.

He joind it wunss agen, and wundering whi and whither he
had gon, acumpanyd it until thae reecht an ieern gaet.
He pauzd to luuk round befor entering.

A church-yard. Heer, then; th reched man hoos naem he had now
to lurn, lae underneeth th ground. It wuz a wurthy plaess.
Wauld in bi houzes; oever-run bi gras and weeds,
th groeth of vejetaeshon's deth, not lief; choekt up with too
much berrying; fat with repleted apetiet. A wurthy plaess!

Th Spirit stuud amung th graevs, and pointed down to Wun.
He advanst tords it trembling. Th Fantom wuz exaktly as it had bin,
but he dreded that he saw nue meening in its solem shaep.

"Befor I draw neerer to that stoen to which U point," sed Scrooj,
"anser me wun qeschon. Ar thees th shadoes of th things that Wil be,
or ar thae shadoes of things that Mae be, oenly?"

Stil th Goest pointed dounward to th graev bi which it stuud.

"Men's corses wil forshado surten ends, to which, if perseveerd in,
thae must leed," sed Scrooj. "But if th corses be departed
from, th ends wil chaenj. Sae it is thus with whot U sho me!"

Th Spirit wuz imoovabl as ever.

Scrooj crept tords it, trembling as he went; and foloeing th fingger,
red upon th stoen of th neglektd graev his oen naem, EBENEEZER
SCROOJ.

"Am I that man hoo lae upon th bed?" he cried, upon his nees.

Th fingger pointed from th graev to him, and bak agen.

"No, Spirit! O no, no!"

Th fingger stil wuz thaer.

"Spirit!" he cried, tiet cluching at its roeb, "heer me! I am
not th man I wuz. I wil not be th man I must hav bin but for
this intercorss. Whi sho me this, if I am past all hoep!"

For th furst tiem th hand apeerd to shaek.

"Guud Spirit," he persood, as down upon th ground he fel befor it:
"Yuur naecher interseeds for me, and pitys me. Ashuur me that I yet
mae chaenj thees shadoes U hav shoen me, bi an aulterd lief!"

Th kiend hand trembld.

"I wil onor Crismas in mi hart, and tri to keep it all th yeer.
I wil liv in th Past, th Present, and th Fuecher. Th Spirits of all
Three shal striev within me. I wil not shut out th lesons that thae teech.
O, tel me I mae spunj awae th rieting on this stoen!"

In his agony, he caut th spektral hand. It saut to free itself, but he wuz
strong in his entreety, and detaend it. Th Spirit, strongger yet,
repulst him.

Hoelding up his hands in a last praer to hav his faet revurst, he saw
an aulteraeshon in th Fantom's huud and dres. It shrunk, colapst,
and dwindld down into a bedpoest.

STAEV V:

TH END OF IT

YES! and th bedpoest wuz his oen. Th bed wuz his oen,
th room wuz his oen. Best and hapyest of all,
th Tiem befor him wuz his oen, to maek amends in!

"I wil liv in th Past, th Present, and th Fuecher!" Scrooj repeeted, as
he scrambld out of bed. "Th Spirits of all Three shal striev within
me. O Jaecob Marly! Heven, and th Crismas Tiem be praezd for
this! I sae it on mi nees, oeld Jaecob; on mi nees!"

He wuz so flutterd and so gloeing with his guud intenshons, that
his broeken vois wuud scaersly anser to his caul. He had bin sobing
vieolently in his conflikt with th Spirit, and his faess wuz wet
with tears.

"Thae ar not torn down," cried Scrooj, foelding wun of his bed-curtens
in his arms, "thae ar not torn down, rings and all. Thae ar heer--I am
heer--th shadoes of th things that wuud hav bin, mae be dispeld.
Thae wil be. I noe thae wil!"

His hands wer bizy with his garments all this tiem; turning theminsied out, puuting them on upsied doun, taering them, mislaeing them, maeking them partys to every kiend of extravaganss.

"I **doen't** noe whot to do!" cried Scrooj, lafing and crying in th saem breth; and maeking a purfekt *Laocoön* of himself with his stokings. "I am as liet as a fether, I am as hapy as an aenjel, I am as merry as a scoolboy. I am as gidy as a drunken man. A merry Crismas to evrybody! A hapy Nue Yeer to all th wurld. Haloe heer! Whoop! Haloe!"

He had friskt into th siting-room, and wuz now standing thaer: purfektly winded.

"Thaer's th sauspan that th grooel wuz in!" cried Scrooj, starting off agen, and going round th fierplaess. "Thaer's th dor, bi which th Goest of Jaecob Marly enterd! Thaer's th corner whaer th Goest of Crismas Present, sat! Thaer's th windo whaer I saw th **waandering** Spirits! It's all riet, it's all troo, it all hapend. Haa haa haa!"

Reealy, for a man hoo had bin out of praktis for so meny yeers, it wuz a splendid laf, a moest ilustrius laf. Th faather of a long, long lien of brilyant lafs!

"I **doen't** noe whot dae of th munth it is!" sed Scrooj. "I don't noe how long I'**v** bin amung th Spirits. I **doen't** noe anything. I'm qiet a baeby. Never miend. I **doen't** caer. I'd rather be a baeby. Haloe! Whoop! Haleo heer!"

He wuz chekt in his transports bi th churches ringing out th lustiest peels he had ever hurd. Clash, clang, hamer; ding, dong, bel. Bel, dong, ding; hamer, clang, clash! O, glorius, glorius!

Runing to th windo, he oepend it, and puut out his hed. No fog, no mist; cleer, briet, joevial, sturing, coeld; coeld, pieping for th blud to danss to; Goelden sunliet; Heavenly ski; sweet fresh aer; merry bels. O, glorius! Glorius!

"Whot's to-dae!" cried Scrooj, caulng dounward to a boy in Sundae cloeths, hoo perhaps had loiterd in to luuk about him.

"EH?" returnd th boy, with all his miet of wunder.

"Whot's to-dae, mi fien felo?" sed Scrooj.

"To-dae!" replied th boy. "Whi, CRISMAS DAE."

"It's Crismas Dae!" sed Scrooj to himself. "I haven't mist it. Th Spirits hav dun it all in wun niet. Thae can do anything thae liek. Of corss thae can. Of corss thae can. Haloe, mi fien felo!"

"Haloe!" returnd th boy.

"Do U noe th Poelterer's, in th next street but wun, at th corner?" Scrooj inqierd.

"I shuud hoep I did," replied th lad.

"An intelijent boy!" sed Scrooj. "A remarkabl boy! Do U noe whether **thae**'v soeld th priez Turkey that wuz hanging up thaer?-- Not th litl priez Turkey: th big wun?"

"Whot, th wun as big as me?" returnd th boy.

"Whot a delietful boy!" sed Scrooj. "It's a plezher to tauk to him. Yes, mi buk!"

"It's hanging thaer now," replied th boy.

"Is it?" sed Scrooj. "Go and bie it."

"Wauk-ER!" exclaemd th boy.

"No, no," sed Scrooj, "I am in urnest. Go and bie it, and tel 'em to bring it heer, that I mae giv them th direkshon whaer to taek it. Cum bak with th man, and **I** giv U a shiling. Cum bak with him in les than fiev minits and **I** giv U haf-a-croun!"

Th boy wuz off liek a shot. He must hav had a stedy hand at a triger hoo cuud hav got a shot off haf so fast.

"I'l send it to Bob Crachit's!" whisperd Scrooj, rubing his hands, and spliting with a laf. "He sha'n't noe hoo sends it. It's twiess th siez of Tieny Tim. Joe Miler never maed such a joek as sending it to Bob's wil be!"

Th hand in which he roet th adres wuz not a stedy wun, but riet it he did, sumhow, and went doun-staers to oopen th street dor, redy for th cuming of th poelterer's man. As he stuud thaer, waeting his arieval, th noker caut his ie.

"I shal luv it, as long as I liv!" cried Scrooj, pating it with his hand.
"I scaersly ever luukt at it befor. Whot an onest expreshon it has in its faess! It's a wonderful noker!--Heer's th Turkey! Haloe! Whoop! How ar U! Merry Crismas!"

It wuz a Turkey! He never cuud hav stuud upon his legs, that burd. He wuud hav snapt 'em short off in a minit, liek stiks of seeling-wax.

"Whi, it's imposibl to carry that to Camden Toun," sed Scrooj.
"U must hav a cab."

Th chukl with which he sed this, and th chukl with which he paed for th Turkey, and th chukl with which he paed for th cab, and th chukl with which he recompentst th boy, wer oenly to be exseeded bi th chukl with which he sat down brethles in his chaer agen, and chukld til he cried.

Shaeving wuz not an eezy task, for his hand continued to shaek verry much; and shaeving reqiers atenshon, eeven when U doen't danss whiel U ar at it. But if he had cut th end of his noez off, he wuud hav puut a peess of stiking-plaister oever it, and bin qiet satisfied.

He drest himself "all in his best," and at last got out into th streets. Th peepl wer bi this tiem poring forth, as he had seen them with th Goest of Crismas Present; and wauking with his hands behiend him, Scrooj regarded every wun with a delieted smiel. He luukt so irezistibly plezant, in a wurd, that three or foer guud-huemord feloes sed, "Guud morning, sur! A merry Crismas to U!"
And Scrooj sed ofen afterwards, that of all th blieth sounds he had ever hurd, thoes wer th bliethest in his eers.

He had not gon far, when cuming on tords him he beheld th portly jentlman, hoo had waukt into his counting-hous th dae befor, and sed, "Scrooj and Marly's, I beleev?" It sent a pang acros his hart to think how this oeld jentlman wuud luuk upon him when thae met; but he nue whot path lae straet befor him, and he tuuk it.

"Mi deer sur," sed Scrooj, qikening his paess, and taeking th oeld jentlman bi boeth his hands. "How do U do? I hoep U sukseeded yesterdae. It wuz verry kiend of U. A merry Crismas to U, sur!"

"Mr. Scrooj?"

"Yes," sed Scrooj. "That is mi naem, and I feer it mae not be plezant to U. Alow me to ask yuur pardon. And wil U hav th guudnes"--heer Scrooj whisperd in his eer.

"Lord bles me!" cried th jentlman, as if his breth wer taeken awae. "Mi deer Mr. Scrooj, ar U seerius?"

"If U pleez," sed Scrooj. "Not a farthing les. A graet meny bak-paements ar inclooded in it, I ashuur U. Wil U do me that faevor?"

"Mi deer sur," sed th uther, shaeking hands with him. "I **doen't** noe whot to sae to such muenifi--"

"**Doen't** sae enything, pleez," retorted Scrooj. "Cum and see me. Wil U cum and see me?"

"I wil!" cried th oeld jentlman. And it wuz cleer he ment to do it.

"Thank'ee," sed Scrooj. "I am much obliejd to U. I thank U fifty tiems. Bles U!"

He went to church, and waukt about th streets, and wocht th peepl hurrying to and fro, and pated children on th hed, and qeschond begars, and luukt down into th kichens of houzes, and up to th windoes, and found that everything cuud yeeld him plezher. He had never dreemd that eny wauk--that enything--cuud giv him so much hapynes. In th afternoon he turnd his steps tords his nefue's hous.

He past th dor a duzen tiems, befor he had th curej to go up and nok. But he maed a dash, and did it:

"Is yuur master at hoem, mi deer?" sed Scrooj to th gurl. Niess gurl! Verry.

"Yes, sur."

"Whaer is he, mi luv?" sed Scrooj.

"He's in th diening-room, sur, along with mistres. **I'l** sho U up-staers, if U pleez."

"Thank'ee. He noes me," sed Scrooj, with his hand aulredy on th diening-room lok. "**I'l** go in heer, mi deer."

He turnd it jently, and siedld his faess in, round th dor.
Thae wer luuking at th taeb! (which wuz spred out in graet arae);
for thees yung houskeepers ar aulwaes nurvus on such points,
and liek to see that everything is riet.

"Fred!" sed Scrooj.

Deer hart aliev, how his neess bi marrej started! Scrooj had forgotten,
for th moement, about her siting in th corner with th fuutstool, or
he **wuudn't** hav dun it, on eny account.

"Whi bles mi soel!" cried Fred, "hoo's that?"

"It's I. Yuur unkl Scrooj. I hav cum to diner. Wil U let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mursy he didn't shaek his arm off.
He wuz at hoem in fiev minits. Nuthing cuud be hartyer.
His neess luukt just th saem. So did Toper when he caem. So
did th plump sister when she caem. So did every wun
when thae caem. Wonderful party, wonderful gaems,
wunderful uenanimity, wun-der-ful hapynes!

But he wuz urly at th ofis next morning. O, he wuz urly thaer. If
he cuud oenly be thaer furst, and cach Bob Crachit cuming laet!
That wuz th thing he had set his hart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! Th klok struk nien. No Bob. A qorter past.
No Bob. He wuz fuul aeteen minits and a haf behind his tiem.
Scrooj sat with his dor wied oepen, that he miet see him cum
into th Tank.

His hat wuz off, befor he oepend th dor; his cumforter too. He wuz on
his stool in a jify; drieving awae with his pen, as if he wer trieing to
overtaek nien o'clock.

"Haloe!" grould Scrooj, in his acustomd vois, as neer as he cuud faen it.
"Whot do U meen bi cuming heer at this tiem of dae?"

"I am verry sorry, sur," sed Bob. "I am behiend mi tiem."

"U ar?" repeeted Scrooj. "Yes. I think U ar. Step this wae, sur,
if U pleez."

"It's oenly wunss a yeer, sur," pleaded Bob, apeering from th Tank.
"It shal not be repeeted. I wuz maeking rather merry yesterdae, sur."

"Now, **I** tel U whot, mi frend," sed Scrooj, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing eny longger. And thaerfor," he continued, leeping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in th **waestcoet** that he stagerd bak into th Tank agen; "and thaerfor I am about to raez yuur salary!"

Bob trembld, and got a litl neerer to th rooler. He had a moementaery iedeea of noking Scrooj down with it, hoelding him, and caulng to th peepl in th cort for help and a straet-waestcoet.

"A merry Crismas, Bob!" sed Scrooj, with an urnestly that cuud not be mistaeken, as he clapt him on th bak. "A merryer Crismas, Bob, mi guud felo, than I hav given U, for meny a yeer! **I** raez yuur salary, and **endeavor** to asist yuur strugling family, and we wil discus your afaers this verry afternoon, oever a Crismas boel of smoeing bishop, Bob! Maek up th fiers, and bie anuther coel-scutl befor U dot anuther i, Bob Crachit!"

Scrooj wuz beter than his wurd. He did it all, and infinitly mor; and to Tieny Tim, hoo did NOT die, he wuz a second faather. He becaem as guud a frend, as guud a master, and as guud a man, as th guud oeld sity nue, or eny uther guud oeld sity, toun, or buro, in th guud oeld wurld. Sum peepl laft to see th aulteraeshon in him, but he let them laf, and litl heeded them; for he wuz wiez enuf to noe that nuthing ever hapend on this gloeb, for guud, at which sum peepl did not hav thaer fil of lafter in th outset; and noeing that such as thees wuud be bliend enywae, he thaut it qiet as wel that thae shuud **rinkl** up thaer ies in grins, as hav th malady in les atraktiv forms. His oen hart laft: and that wuz qiet enuf for him.

He had no further intercorss with Spirits, but livd upon th Toetal Abstinenss Prinsipl, ever afterwards; and it wuz aulwaes sed of him, that he nue how to keep Crismas wel, if eny man aliev pozest th nolej. Mae that be trooly sed of us, and all of us! And so, as Tieny Tim obzurvd, God bles Us, Every Wun!

*** END OF TH PROJEKT GUTENBERG EBOOK A CRISMAS
CARROL IN PROEZ; BEING A GOEST STORY OF CRISMAS ***