men, and looked towards the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business, very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem—in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning."

Not another word. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied, they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and every thing he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however, for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark, beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he roused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand, and its situation in reference to himself, that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder, and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offences of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the straggling streets, and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a pent-house roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within, were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove, made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age, who had screened himself from the cold air without, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line, and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the chairwoman alone to be the first! cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance. If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it skreeks! There ain't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe, and I'm sure there's no such old bones here as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling, we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor."

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair-rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows and her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds, then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!"

"That's true indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"Its the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "Its a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier one," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. Its no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a brooch of no great value, were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each upon the wall, and added them up in a total, when he found that there was nothing more to come.

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off half-a-crown."

"And now undo *my* bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed-curtains?"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing, and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed-curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as he was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman, coldly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico an't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed: a bare, uncurtained bed; on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced towards the phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, and felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous and true; the heart brave, warm and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares? They have brought him into a rich end, truly!

He lay, in the dark empty house, without a man, a woman, or a child, to say he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats under the hearth-stone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit?" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge, quite agonized, "show that person to me, Spirit. I beseech you!"

The phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work at the needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was care-worn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by the fire: and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"It is good," she said, "or bad?" to help him.

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature, if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of her heart.

"What the half-drunken woman, whom I told you of last night, said to me when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay; and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me; turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune, indeed, to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline!"

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces hushed, and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before, and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"'And He took a child and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color! Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it, rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast, indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I!" exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child a little cheek, against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been further apart, perhaps, than they were.

He left the room, and went up stairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew *that*, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I should'nt be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he get Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you," retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Boy, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him, as before—though at a different time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the Future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This Court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come."

The spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life, choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge." But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it it thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"Spirit! Oh no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it: "Your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Stave V.... The End of It.

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own to make amends in.

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. Oh! Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob—on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here: I am here: the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will."

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out; putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather—I am as happy as an angel—I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to every body. A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the setting room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and frisking round the fire-place. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right—it's all true—it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most boisterous laugh. The father of a long, long, line of brilliant laughs.

"I dont know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow," said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY!"

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night, They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Time. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present, and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said "Good morning sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quicking his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir."

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Alloy me to ask you pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please" said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munifi—"

"Don't say anything, please," replied Scrooge, "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very!

"Yes sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up stairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table, which was spread out in great array; for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that every thing is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why bless my soul!" cried Fred; "who's that?"

"It is I. Your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump star when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonder-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time.'

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again: "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Screowe, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you, for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking king bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterward; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any living man possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.... By ALFRED DOMETT.

It was the calm and silent night!—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Appollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

'T was in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befel
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He paused, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought;
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference!—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening—unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

CHRISTMAS DAY.... By HEBER.

Oh, Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labor born,
And more than mortal wo!

Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell!

If prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh may thy spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free!
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

At a meeting of the workingmen, at the Navy Yard Washington, on the evening of the 14th, the committee appointed to wait on the Secretary of the Navy in relation to the order requiring them to commence work at sunrise, reported that they had performed that duty, and that Mr. Kennedy assured them that the order should be rescinded.

The Savannah Georgian shows that when the projected railroad from that city to Pensacola is completed, the journey from New York to this city can be accomplished in seventy-nine hours, as follows: From New York to Savannah, 55 hours; from Savannah to Pensacola, 12 hours; and from Pensacola to New Orleans, 12 hours.

THE PRINTERS' STRIKE IN ST. LOUIS.—The Union states that the Printers' Union of that city have entirely abandoned the ground they took some time since, now that the offices they left are supplied with other hands. A resolution has been passed, permitting their members to obtain work wherever they can, at the old prices.

BUENOS AYRES.—Advices to the 2d of October say that affairs, since the late revolution, were progressing quietly, and business prospects were reviving. A railroad from Mendoza to the Parana is proposed, the distance being 600 miles. The sale of spirituous liquors had been prohibited in the city of Buenos Ayres until further notice.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A fire broke out on the 14th inst., in the little village of Charenton, situated on Bayou Teche, and in a short time the greater portion of the place was in ruins. The fire broke out in a cooper's shop, about 11 o'clock at night, and is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

YET ANOTHER PLANET.—Mr. Hind, the distinguished astronomer at Regent's Park, London, on the 16th of last month, discovered another planet, the seventh first seen by him, and the twenty-first now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter. The new planet, when first found, was in the constellation Taurus.

TO STEAMBOAT OWNERS.—Judge Caldwell, of the Cincinnati Circuit Court, has decided that the bona fide purchaser of a boat for value, takes the boat clear of any liens of boat's debts which originate out of the State, unless the party claiming the lien brought home notice of his claim to the purchaser.

THE NASHVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD.—The track on this road is now laid to within ten or fifteen miles of Tennessee river—or about 120 miles from Nashville—and the work is rapidly progressing towards completion.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN TUSCANY.—The legal penalty of death, which was abolished many years ago by the great Leopold, grandfather of the present reigning Duke, has just been revived in Tuscany by a Ducal decree, to the full extent of its application in olden times.

THE STEAMERS.—The Collins line of steamers are always ahead of the Cunard by about two days. The American Company has won a large amount of money from the European by betting, and they have now a standing bet of $50 a trip—the former always winning, of course.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—Rev. William W. Scudder and Rev. Nathan S. Lord, with their ladies, sailed from Boston, on Monday, the 13th, for Madras, in the ship Jenny Lind. They intend joining the Ceylon mission.

Every Article of the Best Quality.

HOLYDAY PRESENTS.

GUION,
corner St. Charles and Canal streets,

☞ Having completed the enlargement of his store, is now ready to exhibit to his patrons and the public his unusually

LARGE AND SPLENDID COLLECTION OF
RICH, RARE AND USEFUL ARTICLES
FOR PRESENTS.

His stock is probably the RICHEST AND MOST VARIED ever collected in one establishment. On the second floor is a

SPLENDID COLLECTION OF OIL PAINTINGS
well worth an inspection. Also, a beautiful collection of
PHONOGRAPHIC STATUARY,
something entirely new.

SPLENDID PAPIER MACHE AND ROSEWOOD DESKS, DRESSING CASES, WORK BOXES, CHESS TABLES;
WORK TABLES AND ESCRETOIRS COMBINED;
A NEW STYLE OF MOSAIC INLAID CABINET WARE;
LADIES' AND GENT'S COMPACT DRESSING CASES AND TRAVELING COMPANIONS;
A BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION OF RICH JEWELRY;
A CHOICE SELECTION OF DIAMONDS, AT A SMALL ADVANCE ON THE COST OF IMPORTATION;
CANES RICHLY MOUNTED IN GOLD AND SILVER;
FINE SILVER GOBLETS, CUPS, CARD CASES, PORT MONNAIES AND PORT BOQUET;
STERLING SILVER TABLE, DESSERT AND TEA SPOONS AND FORKS;
PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SPRING BELLS;
RICH BRONZE AND GILT CLOCKS;
ALARM CLOCKS, NEW STYLES;
GOLD AND SILVER FURNISHED ETUI AND WORK CASES;
SILVER KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS, IN CASES;
SILVER FISH KNIVES AND FORKS, IN CASES;
ROYAL DRESDEN AND SEVERS PORCELAIN TETE-A-TETES, MANTEL AND TOILET ORNAMENTS, AND CUPS AND SAUCERS;
VELVET AND TORTOISE SHELL NAPKIN RINGS;
OPERA GLASSES, A SPLENDID COLLECTION, NEW STYLES;
SHADED VIEWS OF SWITZERLAND;
FINE TORTOISE SHELL COMBS;
LADIES' ELASTIC GARTERS EMBROIDERED IN GOLD, SILVER, ETC.;
ELASTIC BRACELETS, NEW STYLES, A LARGE ASSORTMENT;
SPLENDID PEARL BRIDAL GIFTS;
FANS—THE FINEST ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY, RANGING IN PRICE FROM TEN CENTS TO FIFTY DOLLARS;
PRAYER BOOKS AND BIBLES—ENGLISH, FRENCH, SPANISH AND CATHOLIC, ELEGANTLY BOUND IN VELVET AND GOLD;
GOLD, SILVER AND PEARL MOUNTED RIDING WHIPS;
CRYING BABIES, BLEATING LAMBS, AND AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF SELF-MOVING AND DANCING TOYS AND FIGURES;
MAGIC LANTERNS, DIORAMAS, PERSPECTIVES AND NEW GAMES;
FINE CUTLERY—FROM ROGERS, WOSTENHOLME and CROOKS;
FINE GUNS, WARRANTED GENUINE—MANTON'S, WESTLEY RICHARD'S, GREENER'S, LAPAGE'S, WITH LAMINATED STEEL AND STUB TWIST BARRELS, WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS;
PISTOLS AND RIFLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION;
CHOICE PERFUMES, SOAPS, COSMETICS AND TOILET ARTICLES—FROM LUBAN, GUERLAM AND MONTPELAS.

☞ Particular attention is invited to the subscriber's large stock of
FINE FRESH
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
His SHIRTS are all of his own manufacture, of the latest style and finest workmanship, and are warranted NOT TO RIP. Prices guaranteed as low if not lower than the same qualities can be procured for elsewhere. GUION, corner St. Charles and Canal streets,
dec25 1tf — Established 1839.

Holyday Presents.

CHINA DINING SETS.
CHINA DESSERT SETS.
CHINA TEA SETS.
FANCY TOILET SETS.
CHINA WATER PITCHERS.
PARIAN WATER PITCHERS.
RICH PLATED CASTORS.
RICH BOHEMIAN GLASS.
RICH CUT GLASS.
FRENCH CLOCKS.
JAPANNED WAITERS, (in sets.)
PAPIER MACHE WAITERS, (in sets.)
GERMAN SILVER PLATED GOODS.
FINE IVORY TABLE CUTLERY.
And many other articles suitable for a noble
NEW YEAR AND CHRISTMAS GIFTS
FOR SALE BY
HENDERSON & GAINES,
dec24 2pJan6 — 48 Canal street.

Christmas Presents.

☞ What is more beautiful (or can be more highly appreciated by your friend) at the present season of the year, than to present him with A HANDSOME SUIT OF CLOTHES, or A SPLENDID EMBROID'D COAT, FANCY BALL VEST, SATIN SCARF, SILK TIE, or KID GLOVES, all of which can be had at the
GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM
....OF....
ALFRED MUNROE & CO.,
84 MAGAZINE STREET,
where an immense variety of other goods for like purposes can always be found to suit the taste of MAN or BOY to their entire satisfaction.
dec24 — 6tp

Holyday Gift Books,

☞ FOR SALE BY
THOMAS L. WHITE,
NO. 105 CANAL STREET.
HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.
CABINET OF MODERN ART.
READ'S AMERICAN FEMALE POETS.
MRS. ELLIS'S GUIDE TO SOCIAL HAPPINESS.
MARIA EDGEWORTH'S WORKS—10 vols.
DONALDSON MANOR—By Miss Mcintosh.
MRS. KIRKLAND'S HOME CIRCLE.
MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.
MRS. KIRKLAND'S EVENING BOOK.
EVENINGS AT HOME.
CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANIES—10 vols.
EDGEWORTH'S MORAL TALES.
MRS. FARRAR'S YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND. — dec25 2tp

Appropriate Christmas Presents.

FOR GENTLEMEN.
HALF-DOZEN FINE LINEN Y. M. SHIRTS;
AN ELEGANT CRAVAT or SCARF;
BROCADED SILK AND CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS;
EMBROIDERED AND FIGURED SILK SUSPENDERS;
JOUVIN'S KID GLOVES;
A SPLENDID PORT-MONNAIE or CIGAR CASE;
A SUPERB DRESSING ROBE or VEST;
A $1 CHANCE IN LEIGHTON'S GRAND LOTTERY;
A FANCY CANE or SILK UMBRELLA;
A PORTABLE DRESSING CASE;
BEST QUALITY FRENCH PERFUMERY;
And other suitable articles as presents from the lady to the gentleman, have just been received in the greatest profusion, at
C. LEIGHTON & CO.'S
FIRST PREMIUM SHIRT AND GENT'S FURNISHING STORE,
dec20 2pif — S. W. corner Canal and St. Charles streets.

Holyday Presents.

RICH EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, TRIMMED WITH VALENCIENNES LACE, WORTH TWENTY DOLLARS, FOR TEN DOLLARS ONLY;
EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS FROM $1 TO $5;
LACE AND MUSLIN CAPES,
UNDERSLEEVES,
EMBROIDERED COLLARS.
CLOAKS AND MANTILLAS,
CRAPE SHAWLS,
RICH SILK DRESSES,
CASHMERE AND DELAINE DRESSES.
GENT'S BLACK AND FANCY CRAVATS,
GENT'S WHITE AND COL'D BORDERED HDKFS.,
PIANO AND TABLE COVERS.
WRITING DESKS, WORK BOXES, etc., etc., at
SIMPSON'S,
dec21 5ptjant — 50 Canal street.

Fancy Furnishing Warehouse,

67 ROYAL AND 80 BIENVILLE STREET.
CARPETING—CARPETING.
☞ Just received, a splendid assortment of new patterns in VELVET, BRUSSELS AND THREE-PLY CARPETING;
RUGS, MATS, ETC.;
ROSEWOOD AND MAHOGANY FURNITURE;
ENAMELLED BEDROOM FURNITURE.
LOOKING-GLASSES.
CRYSTAL AND BOHEMIAN GLASSWARE;
BRONZE SEVRES' CHINA AND PORCELAIN WARE;
SILVER-PLATED AND PAPIER MACHE WARE;
CUTLERY, ZINC WARE, ETC.;
LAMPAS, BROCATELLE AND DAMASK CURTAIN STUFFS;
LACE AND BOBINET CURTAINS; CORNICES;
CURTAIN PINS, LOOPS, TASSELS, CORD, FRINGES, ETC.
dec20 1m2p — P. MALLARD & CO.

Holyday Presents.

☞ The subscribers invite attention to their very extensive
ASSORTMENT OF NEW JEWELRY,
DIAMOND WORK OF NEW PATTERNS.
....ALSO....
A BEAUTIFUL SELECTION OF
PEARL BRACELETS, EAR RINGS AND BROOCHES,
made to order in Europe.
FINE GOLD LEVER AND ANCHOR WATCHES
of superior quality and workmanship.
NEW STYLES OF GOLD BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EAR RINGS,
Gold Pencil and Pen Holders,
Lockets, Cuff Pins, Thimbles,
SPECTACLES, GUARD CHAINS, VEST CHAINS, CHATELAINES
FINE FANS, PORT MONNAIES and CARD CASES
PAPIER MACHE WARE,
WORK-TABLES, DESKS, DRESSING CASES, BRONZES,
Statuary, Dresden and Sevres Porcelain,
FINE OIL PAINTINGS AND FANCY GOODS.
For sale by
HYDE & GOODRICH,
dec18 2wtp — 14 Chartres street.

Young & Co.,

NO. 8 CAMP STREET,
WATCHMAKERS, MANUFACTURING JEWELERS
....AND....
SILVERSMITHS,
☞ Have now on hand a complete assortment of the finer descriptions of LADIES' AND GENTS'
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
....ALSO....
A large assortment of PURE SILVER WARE, which we offer at very reasonable prices; the whole of which has been manufactured and selected under the superintendence of H. P. BUCKLEY, of this house, and who still continues to direct his personal attention to repairing such fine Watches as are entrusted to our charge. — dec20 5m2p

50 ☞ ***Canal Street.*** ☞ 50
SIMPSON
☞ Would inform Planters and others that they can find at his establishment A FULL STOCK OF
ALL KINDS OF DRY GOODS,
of which they can obtain [illegible] desired, giving them the advantage of FILLING THEIR [illegible] BILL AT ONE HOUSE at lower prices than at any other establishment, for CASH OR CITY ACCEPTANCE. [sep8 Wtjal] C. M. SIMPSON, 50 Canal street.

MILLINERY AND FANCY.

NEW GOODS.—D. P. SCANLAN & Co., No. 15 Chartres street, have received, by late arrivals from [illegible], a splendid assortment of LADIES' AND MISSES' VELVET, SILK AND RAW SILK HATS. Also, a splendid assortment of VELVET, CLOTH AND MERINO CLOAKS; VELVET, SILK AND SATIN MANTILLAS, for Ladies and Misses. A complete assortment of [illegible] CASHMERES, MOUSSELINE DE LAINES, [illegible] TISSUES, for Street and Soiree [illegible] RIBBONS, FLOWERS AND FEATHERS, [illegible] general assortment of FANCY GOODS, to which they [illegible] attention of the ladies. [dec25 1pt] D. P. SCANLAN & CO.

NEW FRENCH MILLINERY—NEW GOODS.—Mrs. C. W. ROPER, No. 165 Poydras street, most respectfully informs the Ladies that she has, and will constantly keep on hand, a complete assortment of SILK BONNETS, STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, PARASOLS, EMBROIDERIES, DRESS TRIMMINGS, TOILET ARTICLES, and a variety of FANCY GOODS, which will be sold very cheap for cash. ☞ Country orders punctually attended to. Old Bonnets cleaned and altered. nov16 6m

FRENCH DRESS MAKING.—Mrs. G. W. ROPER, No. 165 Poydras street, invites the attention of the Ladies to the superior style and taste in which she has BONNETS and MANTILLAS made by her experienced Dress Maker. ☞ Ladies please call and examine for themselves. nov16 6m

NEW FRENCH GOODS.—Mrs. WAYHOUSE, No. 17 Chartres street, most respectfully informs the [illegible] she has opened a most choice and select stock of FRENCH FANCY DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, of the latest importations, [illegible] examination by all. ☞ Orders from merchants and others [illegible] filled, with the assurance that they will be filled in the most [illegible] manner. nov4 tf D. F. WAYHOUSE.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING ESTABLISHMENT, 106 Canal street.—MRS. BENAN [illegible] BONNETS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, CHILDREN'S [illegible] MANTILLAS, CLOAKS, etc. Also, a choice assortment of EMBROIDERIES, and an entirely new style of DRESS TRIMMINGS of great beauty, [illegible] Mrs. B. invites an early inspection of her stock, [illegible] Mantua making done, [illegible] ☞ Country orders executed with care and promptitude. ☞ Two good MILLINERS wanted. nov4 tf

FANCY MILLINERY and DRESS MAKING ESTABLISHMENT.—MISS K. W. ROGERS, successor to Mrs. Blair, No. 27 Canal street, takes this method to inform her friends and patrons [illegible] STOCK OF FANCY MILLINERY, [illegible] FINE FRENCH PLATT BONNETS, FINE VELVET AND SILK BONNETS, etc. FLOWERS, FEATHERS, LACES, [illegible] Also, an assortment of Very Rich MANTILLAS and CLOAKS [illegible] A beautiful selected Stock of EMBROIDERIES [illegible] MISS K. W. ROGERS [illegible] ☞ WEDDING, MOURNING and COUNTRY orders punctually attended to.

110 ☞ CANAL STREET. ☞ 110
NEW ORLEANS MANTILLA FACTORY.
2000 Velvet, Cloth and Merino CLOAKS and Silk [illegible] MANTILLAS, of the newest style and latest trimming, for Ladies and Misses—prices to suit all customers—at the New Orleans Mantilla Factory, No. 110 Canal street.
The proprietor of this establishment respectfully solicits the inspection of the Ladies of New Orleans, [illegible] CAPES, CHEMISETTES, [illegible] COLLARS [illegible] A splendid lot of rich CRAPE SHAWLS; [illegible] LADIES' FASHIONABLE DRESSES MADE TO ORDER.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.—F. STRINGER & CO., No. [illegible] Camp street.
Just opening, a large assortment of
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,
comprising all the new styles of—
OVER COATS, PALETOTS, OFFICE COATS, FROCK AND DRESS COATS, Fancy CASSIMERE PANTS, Rich BROCADE SILK VESTS, SILK VELVET VESTS, CASSIMERE VESTS.
LINEN AND COTTON SHIRTS; SILK, MERINO AND LAMB'S WOOL UNDER GARMENTS. A large variety of SILK AND SATIN SCARFS AND CRAVATS, etc. ☞ Will be receiving NEW GOODS by every steamship throughout the season.

☞ LOUISIANA STATE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—Extract from the Minutes: "Resolved, That the Rev. Mr. Cleghorn, Agent of the American Colonization Society, be requested to act as the [illegible] Agent of this Board, and that he be hereby cordially recommended to the friends of the cause in this City and State." By order of the Board of Directors, J. B. GRIBBLE, Secretary, pro tem. New Orleans, December 15, 1852. dec18 2wWt

Splendid Annuals for the Season 1853.

☞ The elegant ILLUSTRATED WORKS "got up" with surpassing skill and beauty, expressly for the Holydays, at
J. B. STEEL'S
"NEW ORLEANS STATIONERS' WAREHOUSE,"
NO. 60 CAMP STREET.
....ALSO....
A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, ETC.,
together with a choice collection of
Rare and Beautiful Goods,
admirably adapted for presents.
JUVENILE ANNUALS, BOOKS, ETC.,
in great variety, are now ready for examination.
dec18 20 24 25 27 30 31 jan1tp

60 ☞ ***Camp Street*** ☞ 60
AND 13 BANK PLACE.
FLORAL WORKS.
"Flowers are all the jewels I can give thee."
THE FLOWERS OF SHAKESPEARE—Being a series of Thirty Elegantly Colored Plates of Flowers, with appropriate quotations from Shakespeare.
ROSCOE'S FLORAL ILLUSTRATIONS.
NATURAL GEMS; or, American Wild Flowers in their Native Haunts. By Emma C. Embury.
FLORA'S DICTIONARY—By Mrs. Wirt, of Virginia.
THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.
THE LADY'S BOOK OF FLOWERS AND POETRY.
THE POETICAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS; or, The Pilgrimage of Love. Edited by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.
THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS.
THE POETRY OF FLOWERS AND FLOWERS OF POETRY.
THE ROMANCE OF NATURE; or, The Poetical Language of Flowers.
FLOWERS AND THEIR KINDRED THOUGHTS, with Poetry. By M. A. Bacon.
LEGENDS OF THE FLOWERS—By Susan Pindar.
☞ A large assortment of ALBUMS, handsomely bound and finely illustrated.
dec22 2tip1tW — For sale by J. B. STEEL, 60 Camp street.

Blank Books and Stationery.

DAVID FELT & CO.,
STATIONERS' HALL,
NO. 24 CHARTRES STREET.
☞ The undersigned having made such arrangements with the Northern Establishment as to increase their facilities for manufacturing, they are now enabled to execute all orders with the greatest expedition, and at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
Purchasers, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to call and examine the extensive assortment of
FANCY AND STAPLE STATIONERY
now on hand, the greater part of which has just been received, and which will be disposed of at unusually low prices.
The stock of
BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY
embraces every article belonging to the business required by BOOK SELLERS, STATIONERS, FANCY GOODS DEALERS, BANKERS, MERCHANTS, and by the Public. Complete Sets or Single Books, of various descriptions, to suit almost every want, may be found upon the shelves—among which are:
LEDGERS, JOURNALS, DAY BOOKS, BLOTTERS, COPYING BOOKS, CASH BOOKS, CHECK BOOKS, RECEIPT BOOKS, BILL BOOKS, INVOICE BOOKS, RECORD BOOKS, LETTER BOOKS, and MEMORANDUM BOOKS of every description.
BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS
Ruled to any required Pattern with care and precision, necessary to insure perfect satisfaction to the most accomplished Book Keepers, and made of the best qualities of English and American Blue and White Wove or Laid Papers. The Binding of these Books will be in the same superior manner as heretofore, which rivalled all attempts at equality for the many years in which their Books have been preferred by the best judges among Merchants, Bankers, Accountants, and others.
JOB PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED.
WRITING PAPERS, comprising a large stock of English, French and American Wove and Laid CAP and LETTER PAPERS, of various qualities; best English Blue Laid BLANK BOOK PAPER; English and American BLOTTING PAPER, BANK and FOLIO POST, etc., etc.
WHATMAN'S CELEBRATED DRAWING PAPERS.
WHITE AND TINTED TISSUE PAPERS.
MARBLE PAPERS, COLORED PAPERS—[illegible] for Box Makers, Printers, and others.
WHITE AND TINTED ENAMELLED PAPERS.
NOTE PAPERS AND ENVELOPES, of English, French and American manufacture.
SCREW AND LEVER COPYING AND NOTARIAL PRESSES, all sizes.
TIN CASH BOXES; WIRE AND [illegible] FILES.
INKS.
ROBERTSON'S, CARMINE, AND BELT & CO. [illegible] INK; ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN COPYING INK, all sizes.
And generally all articles appertaining to the business, to which the attention of the country trade is particularly solicited.
[illegible] DAVID FELT & CO.

MUSIC.—The undersigned are prepared to furnish BANDS OF MUSIC FOR PROCESSIONS, PARADES, BALLS, PARTIES, etc., [illegible] reasonable terms [illegible] ☞ Orders can be left at the "Pearl," [illegible] Poydras street. nov20 1plm [illegible] G. G. MINOR.

MUSICAL PERFORMANCES.—EDGAR P. BUCKLEY, the popular and celebrated VIOLINIST AND ETHIOPIAN DELINEATOR, with a select company of Artists, will appear here shortly and give their popular entertainments. The success of this Troupe has been unequalled in the Southern States.