**MARLEY** was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of this burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge’s name was good upon ‘Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Text continued below. For full text, see:  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/46/46.txt>

***Mind!*** I don’t mean to say that I know, ~~of my own knowledge~~, what is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the   
wisdom   
of   
our   
ancestors   
is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country’s done for.

You will **therefore** permit me to repeat, ***emphatically***, that Marley was as *dead as a door-nail*.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise?

Scrooge and he were partners for I don’t know how many years.

Scrooge was his **sole *executor***, his **sole *administrator***, his **sole *assign***, his **sole *residuary legatee***, his **sole *friend***, and **sole *mourner***.

And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.