

THE  
WORKS  
OF

CHARLES DICKENS



HOUSEHOLD EDITION



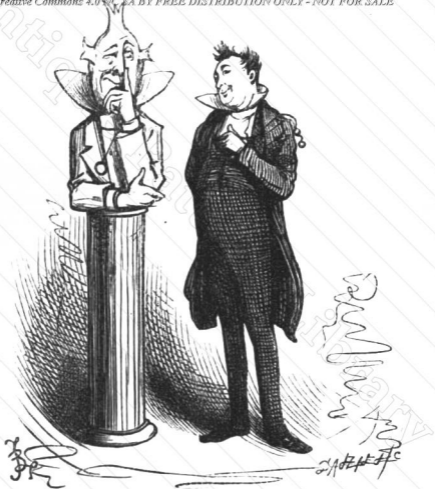
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

LONDON  
CHAPMAN & HALL  
193  
PICCADILLY





"I AM GOING TO BEGIN, TOM. DON'T YOU WONDER WHY I BUTTER THE INSIDE OF THE BASIN?" SAID HIS BUSY LITTLE SISTER, "EH, TOM?"





LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.



"MR. PECKSNIFF, LOOKING SWEETLY OVER THE HALF-DOOR OF THE BAR, AND INTO THE VISTA OF SNUG  
PRIVACY BEYOND, MURMURED "GOOD EVENING, MRS. LUPIN."

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"WE WILL SAY, IF YOU PLEASE," ADDED MR. PECKSNIFF, WITH GREAT TENDERNESS OF MANNER, "THAT IT ARISES FROM A ~~new scientific pattern for work~~ TENDENCY TO SNUFF, OR SMELLING-SALTS, OR ONIONS, OR ANYTHING BUT THE REAL CAUSE."



D. P. HILL

D. P. HILL

MR. PECKSNEY'S MONUMENT TO A REPTILE BY MR. TIGG.

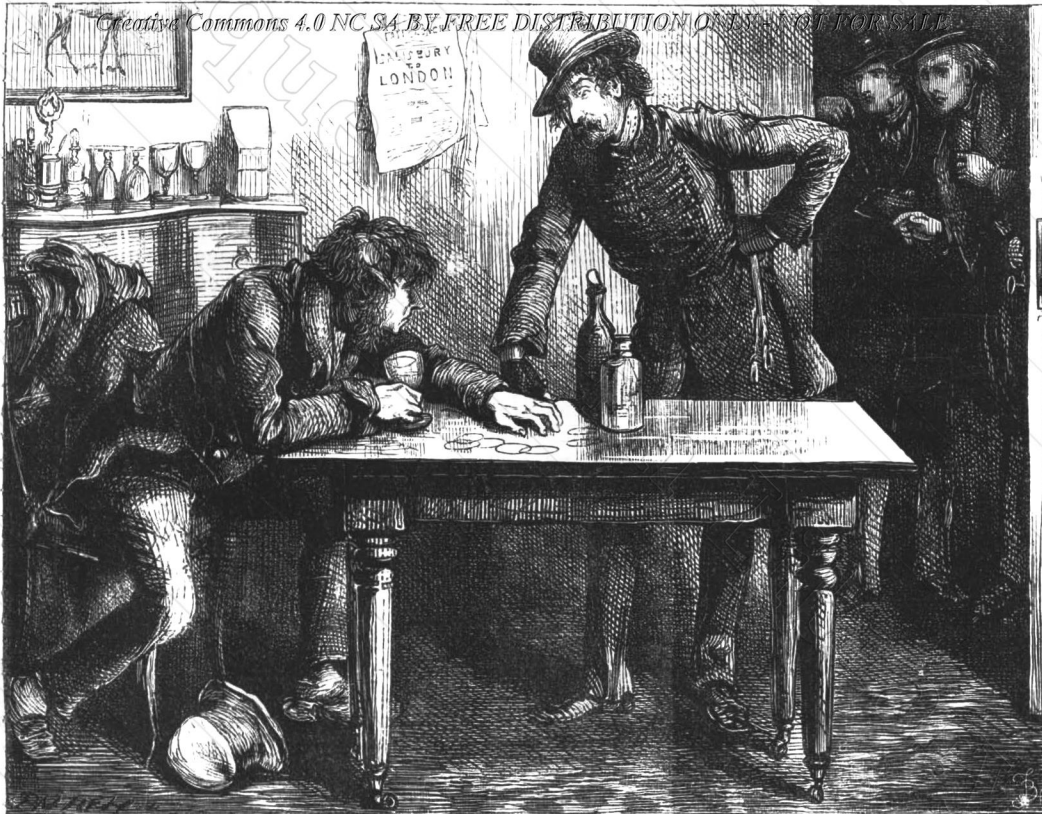


"YOU'RE A PAIR OF WHETTINGTONS, GENTS, WITHOUT THE PATENT. MY NAME IS KING; HOW DO YOU DO?"









“OH CHIV, CHIV,” MURMURED HE, “IT’S AN INDEPENDENT NATURE, CHIV.”



“STILL A-BED!” REPLIED THE BOY, “I WISH THEY WERE STILL A-BED; THEY’RE VERY NOISY A-BED; ALL CALLING FOR THEIR BOOTS AT ONCE.”

www.antiquepatternlibrary.org 2019.10



*www.antiquepatternlibrary.org 2019-10*  
"I SAY—THERE'S FOWLS TO-MORROW. NOT SKINNY ONES. OH NO!"



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“DO NOT REPINE, MY FRIENDS,” SAID MR. PEKERSHIF, TENDERLY. “DO NOT WEEP FOR ME. IT IS CHRONIC.”

[www.antiquenatternlibrary.org](http://www.antiquenatternlibrary.org), 2019.10

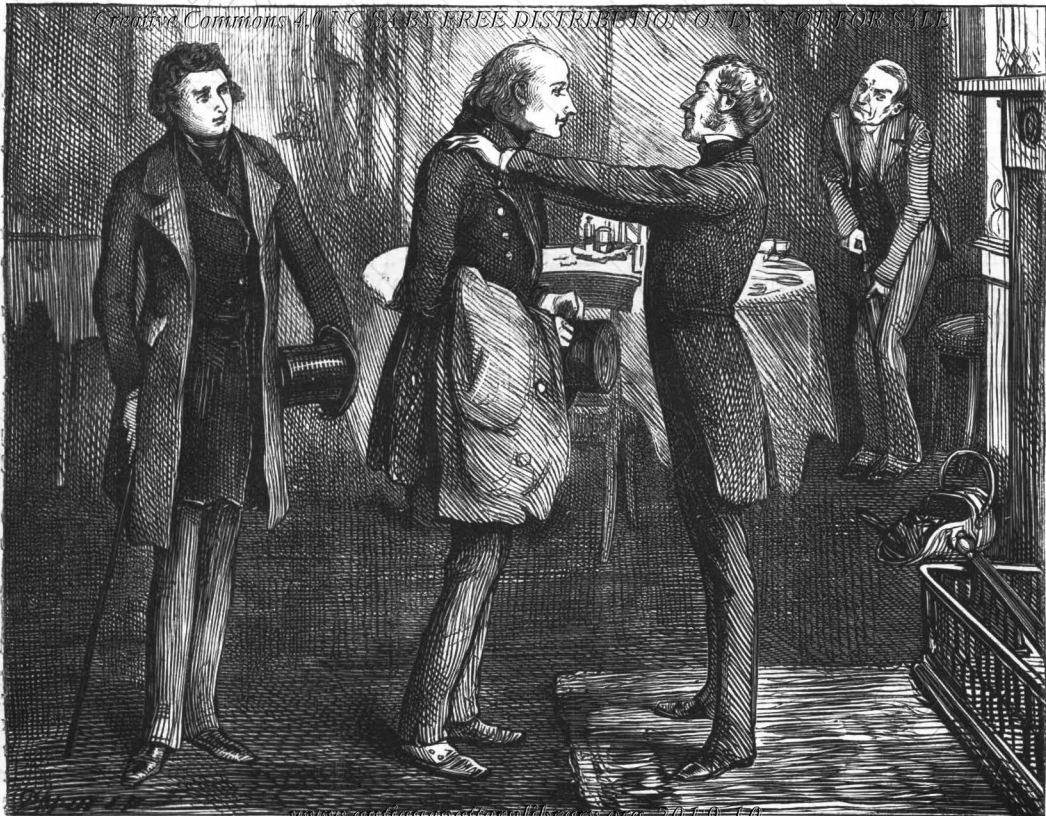


www.antiquaryatlib.org 2012.10  
"WE SOMETIMES VENTURE TO SPEAK AS AN ARTIST,  
I MAY PERHAPS BE PERMITTED TO SUGGEST, THAT ITS OUTLINE IS GRACEFUL AND CORRECT."



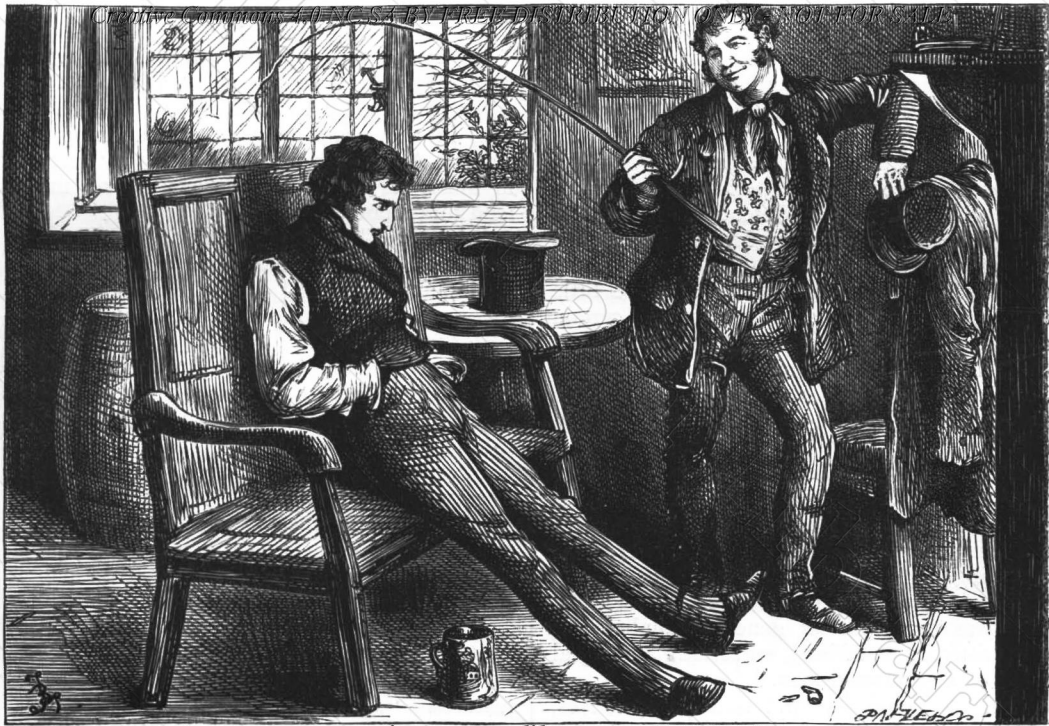
"THE DOOR OF A SMALL GLASS-WEIGHING OFFICE AT BERNARDINI'S LIBRARY, NO. 20, R. J. (THE REST OF THE ROOM, WAS SLOWLY OPENED, AND A LITTLE BLEAR-EYED, WEAZEN-FACED, ANCIENT MAN CAME CREEPING OUT."





*www.antiquapatternlibrary.org 2019.10*  
"STAND OFF A MOMENT, TOM," CRIED THE OLD PUPIL. . . . "LET ME LOOK AT YOU!  
JUST THE SAME! NOT A BIT CHANGED!"

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"I'M GOING UP," OBSERVED THE DRIVER; "HOUNSLOW, TEN MILES THIS SIDE LONDON."

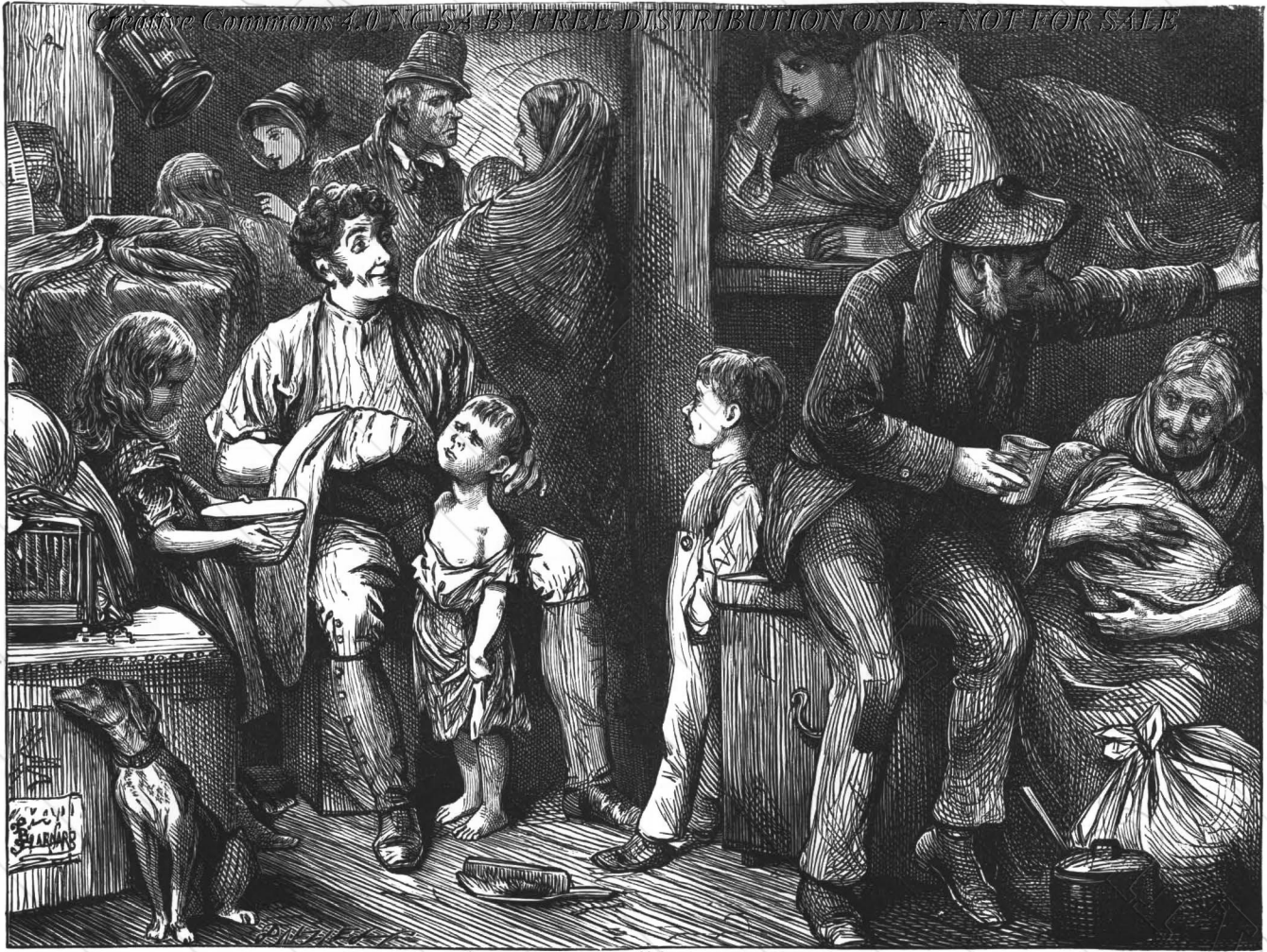


“STUCK HIS HANDS IN HIS SKIRT-POCKETS AND SWAGGERED ROUND THE CORNER.”



“SEEING THAT THERE WAS NO ONE NEAR, AND THAT MARK WAS STILL INTENT UPON THE FOG, HE NOT ONLY LOOKED AT HER LIPS, BUT KISSED THEM INTO THE BARGAIN.”

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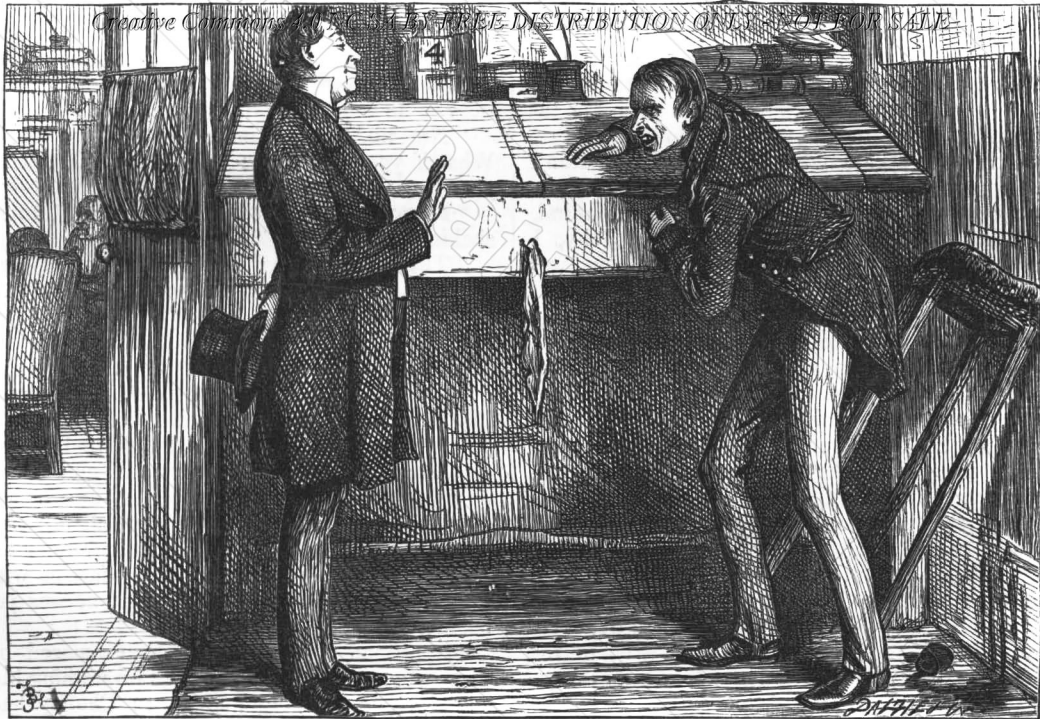




"IT IS IN SUCH ENLIGHTENED AND LIBERAL MINDS, EAR, THAT THE BUBBLING PASSIONS OF MY COUNTRY FIND A VENT."

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“MATTER!” CRIED THE VOICE OF MR. PECKSNIFF, AS PECKSNIFF IN THE FLESH SMILED AMIABLY





"WELL MRS. GAMP, AND HOW WERE YOU AND YOUR GENTLEMAN, IN A VOICE AS SOFT AS HIS STEP."

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“ AH! I DON'T MIND YOUR PINCHING, JANE, NEARLY AS MUCH AS YOU DO.” “ A BIT.”

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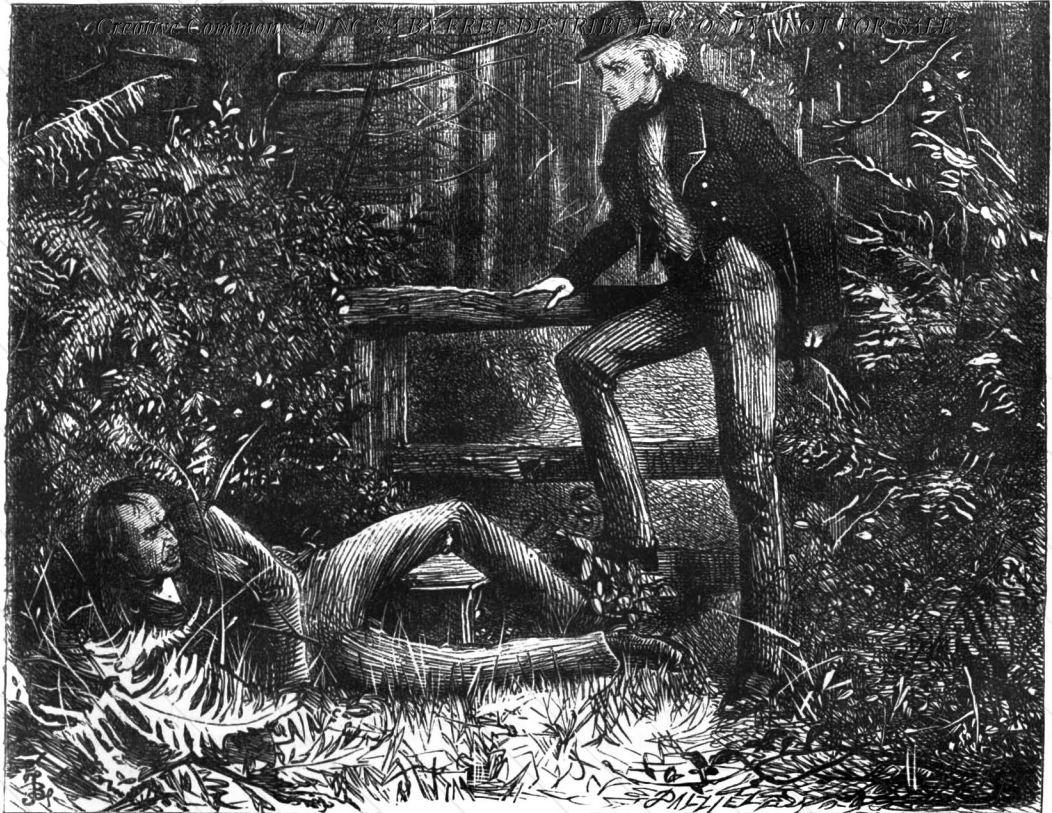


“I WAS MERELY REMARKING, GENTLEMEN, THAT IT IS A POINT OF VERY LITTLE IMPORT—THAT THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND DOES NOT HAPPEN TO LIVE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.”



"WELL, SIR!" SAID THE CAPTAIN, PUTTING HIS HAT A LITTLE MORE ON ONE SIDE, FOR IT WAS RATHER TIGHT IN THE CROWN? "YOU'RE QUITE A PUBLIC MAN I CALC'LATE."

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“HE FLOURISHED HIS STICK OVER HIS HEAD, AND IT WAS SPINNING HARMLESSLY IN THE AIR, AND JONAS HIMSELF LAY SPRAWLING IN THE DITCH.”



“LOOK ABOUT YOU,” HE SAID, POINTING TO THE GRAVES; “AND REMEMBER THAT FROM YOUR BRIDAL HOUR TO THE DAY WHICH SHALL BE BROUGHT AS LONG AS THESE, AND LAID IN SUCH A BED, THERE WILL BE NO APPEAL AGAINST HIM.”

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"WHETHER I SICKS OR NOT, I WOULD SIGN MY NAME IN THE LIBRARY, BECAUSE I KNOW THAT I SHALL BE BROUGHT REG'LAR AND DRAW'D MILD."

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"THERE'S NOTHIN' HE DON'T KNOW THAT'S MILLION'S OF 'EM," OBSERVED MRS. GAMP. "ALL THE WICKEDNESS OF THE WORLD IS PRINT TO HIM."

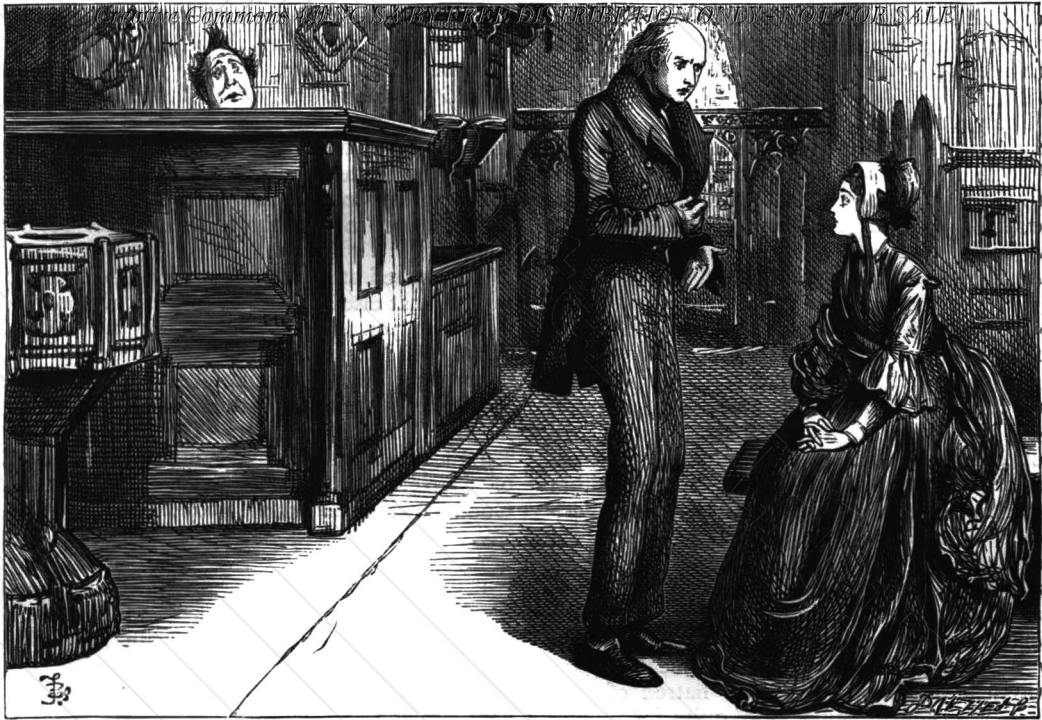




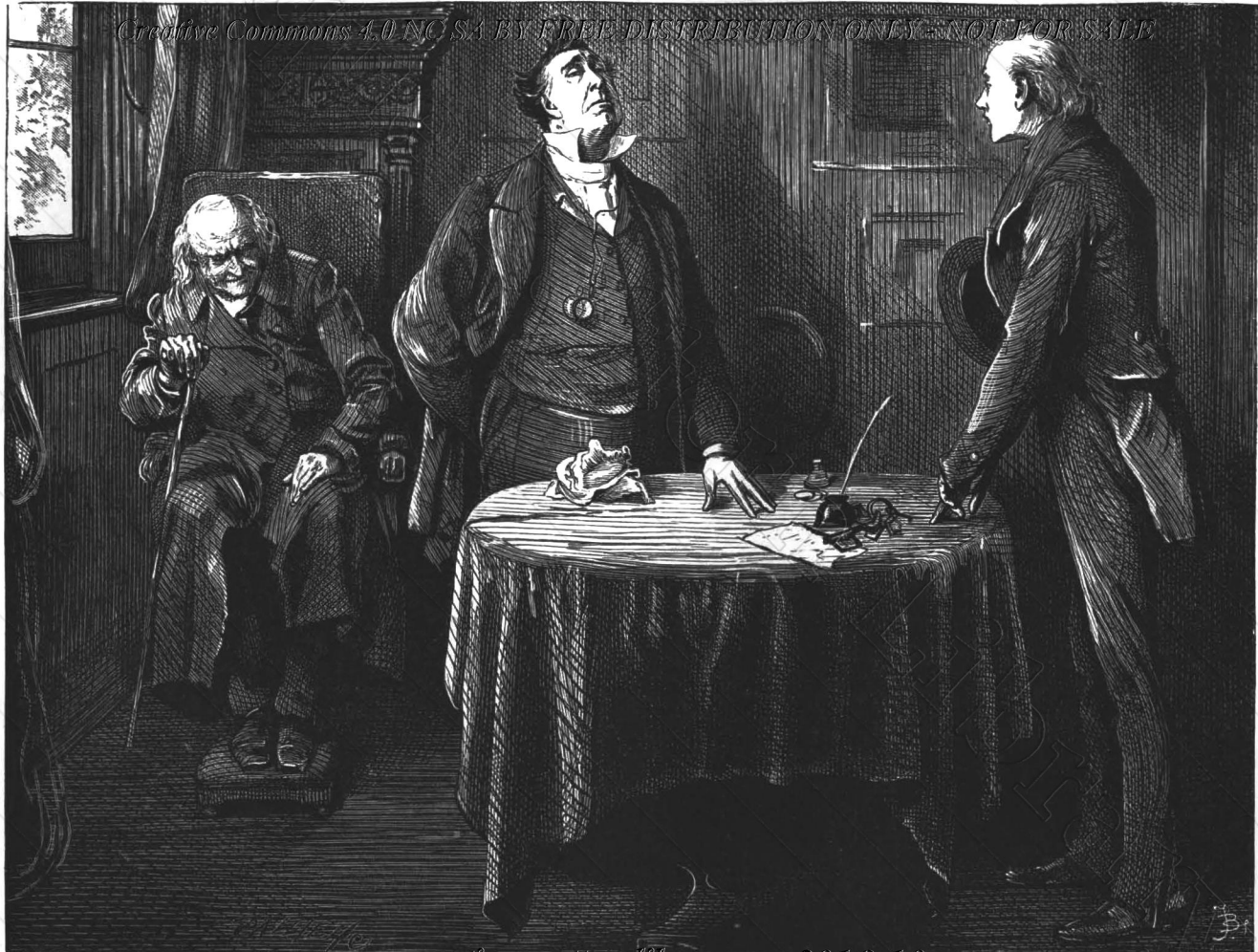




"RUSTLING AMONG LAST YEAR'S TIGERS OF THE LIBRARY WERE MEMORY OF THE PAST, THE PLACID PECKSNIFF STROLLED."



"I SAY," CRIED TOM, IN GREAT EXCITEMENT, "HE IS A VILLAIN! I DON'T CARE WHO HE IS, I SAY HE IS A DOUBLE-DYED AND MOST INTOLERABLE VILLAIN!"



*www.antiquepatternlibrary.org 2019.10*  
"MR. PINCH," SAID MR. PECKSNIFF, SHAKING HIS HEAD. "OH, MR. PINCH! I WONDER HOW YOU CAN LOOK ME IN THE FACE!"



“ON THE FOURTEENTH NIGHT, HE KISSED MISS PECKSNIFF'S SHOULDER; IN THE PASSAGE, WHEN SHE WENT UP-STAIRS TO BED: MEANING TO HAVE KISSED HER HAND, BUT MISSING IT.”





"WHY, WHAT THE 'TARNAL!" CRIED THE CAPTAIN. "WELL! I DO ADMIRE AT THIS, I DO!"



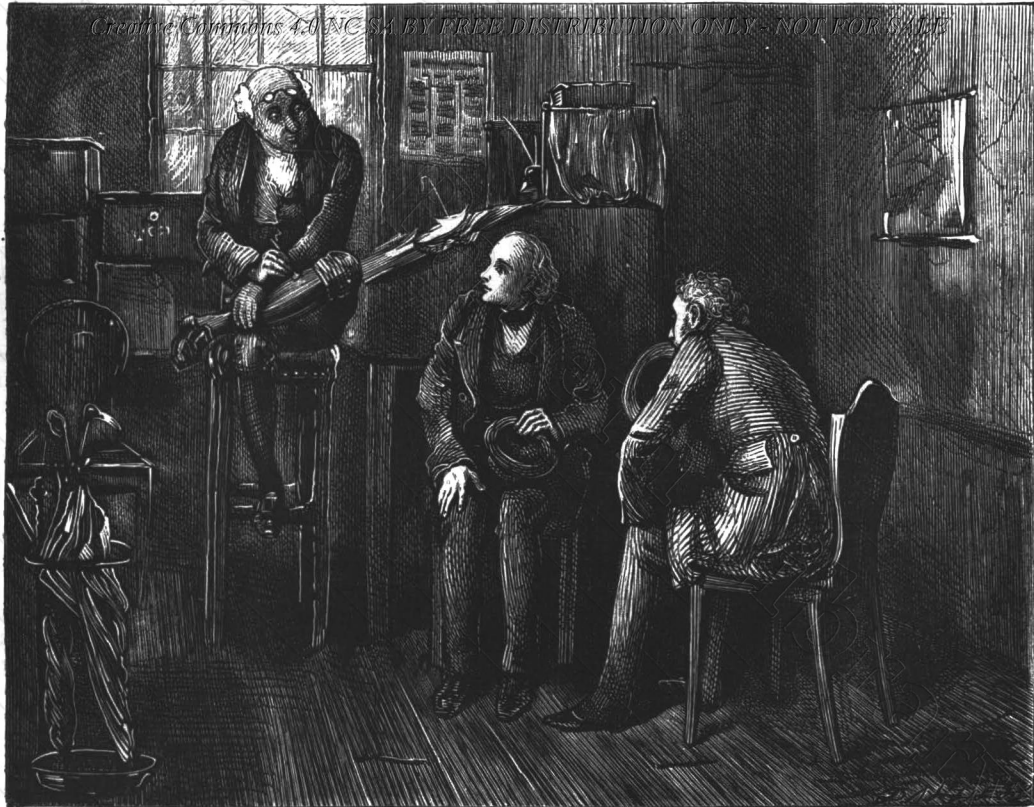


“MR. PECKSNIFF. PLACID, CALM, BUT PROUD, HONESTLY PROUD, GENTLY TRAVELLING ACROSS THE DISC, AS IF HE WERE A FIGURE IN A MAGIC LANTERN.”



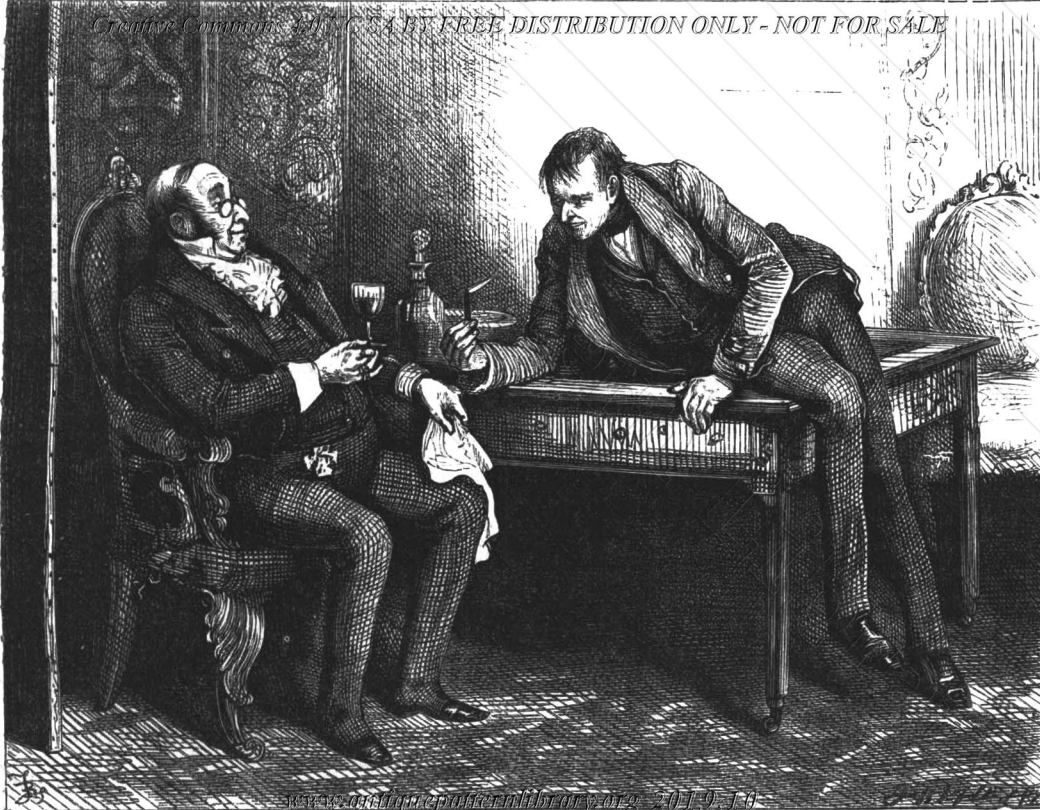


MR. NADGETT PRODUCES THE RESULT OF HIS PRIVATE INQUIRIES.



"I CAN'T SAY; IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL. I REALLY HAVE NO IDEA, BUT," SAID FIPS, TAKING OFF A VERY DEEP IMPRESSION OF THE WATER-STAMP UPON THE GOLF OF HIS LEFT LEG, AND LOOKING STEADILY AT TOM, "I DON'T KNOW THAT IT'S A MATTER OF MUCH CONSEQUENCE."





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"NOW, COULD YOU CUT A MAN'S THROAT WITH SUCH A THING AS THIS?" DEMANDED JONAS.



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"OH FIE, FIE!" CRIED MR. PECKSNIFF. "YOU ARE VERY PLEASANT, THAT I AM SURE YOU DON'T!  
THAT I AM SURE YOU DON'T. HOW CAN YOU, YOU KNOW?"



MR. MODDLE, WITH A DARK FLOOR, REPLIED: "THE DRIVERS WON'T DO IT."



MRS. GAMP FAVOURS THE COMPANY WITH AN EXHIBITION OF PROFESSIONAL SKILL.

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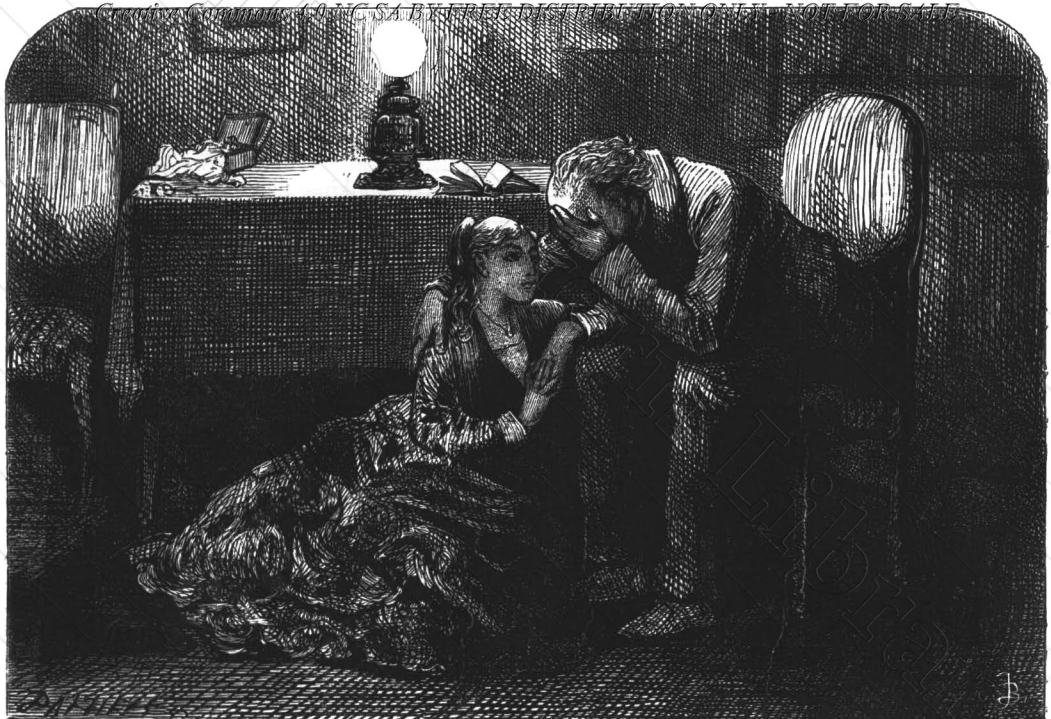






“THEN MRS. GAMP ROSE—MORALLY AND PHYSICALLY—ROSE—AND DENOUNCED HER.”

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BROTHER AND SISTER.

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"HE STARTED BACK AS HIS EYES MET THOSE OF JONAS, STANDING IN AN ANGLE OF THE WALL, AND STARING AT HIM. HIS NECKERCHIEF WAS OFF, HIS FACE WAS ASHY PALE."







"YES, SIR," RETURNED MRS. TODGERS, "MY DRESS IS RATHER—  
REALLY, MRS. TODGERS!"

