THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

HOUSEHOLD EDITION

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

LONDON

CHAPMAN & HALL
"HE HAD BEEN TIM'S BLOOD-HORSE ALL THE WAY FROM CHURCH, AND HAD COME HOME RAMPANT." — Christmas Carol, p. 21
“THIS PLEASANTRY WAS RECEIVED WITH A GENERAL LAUGH.”
"WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?" SAID JOE. "BED-CURTAINS?"
“Whither thou goest, I can not go. Where thou lodgest, I do not lodge; Thy people are not my people; nor thy God my God!”
“NEVER MORE, MEG; NEVER MORE!  HERE!  HERE!  CLOSE TO YOU, HOLDING TO YOU, FEELING YOUR DEAR BREATH UPON MY FACE!”
"YOU'RE IN SPIRITS, TUGBY." "NO," SAID TUGBY. "NO, NOT PARTICULAR. I'M A LITTLE ELEVATED. THE MUFFINS CAME SO PAT!" — P. 69
THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.
“DID ITS MOTHERS MAKE IT UP A BEDS, THEN!” CRIED MISS SLOWBOY TO THE BABY; “AND DID ITS HAIR GROW BROWN AND CURLY WHEN ITS CAPS WAS LIFTED OFF, AND FRIGHTEN IT, A PRECIOUS PETS, A SITTING BY THE FIRES!”
“The extent to which he’s winking at this moment!” whispered Caleb to his daughter. “Oh, my gracious!”
“SUFFERING HIM TO CLASP HER AROUND THE WAIST, AND TO SLIP SLOWLY DOWN THE DIM WOODEN GALLERY.”
"AFTER DINNER TALK AND THE SONG ABOUT THE SPARKLING BOWL."

(Attributed to Honore Daumier)
THE BATTLE OF LIFE.
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A LOVE STORY
“BY-THE-BYE,” AND HE LOOKED INTO THE OUTER SKY AND CLOSE TO HIS, “I SUPPOSE IT’S YOUR BIRTHDAY.”
"I THINK IT WILL BE BETTER NOT TO HEAR THIS, MR. CRAGGS," SAID SNITCHEY, LOOKING AT HIM ACROSS THE CLIENT. "I THINK NOT," SAID CRAGGS, "BOTH LISTENING ATTENTIVELY."
"What is the matter with you?"

"I don't know. I—I am afraid to think. Go back. Hark!"
“GUESSED HALF ALOUD ‘MILK AND WATER’, ‘MONTBLE JUMARING’, ‘MICE AND WALNUTS’—AND COULDN’T APPROACH HER MEANING.”
"IT ROVED FROM DOOR-STEP TO DOOR-STEP, IN THE ARMS OF LITTLE JOHNNY TETTERBY, AND LAGGED HEAVILY AT THE REAR OF TROOPS OF JUVENILES WHO FOLLOWED THE TUMBLERS," ETC.
“MR. REDLAW!” HE EXCLAIMED, AND STARTED UP.—The Haunted Man.—P. 176
"I'm not a-going to take you there. Let me be, or I'll heave some fire at you!"
“YOU SPEAK TO ME OF WHAT IS LYING HERE,” THE PHANTOM INTERPOSED, AND POINTED WITH ITS FINGER TO THE BOY.
“WHAT A WONDROUS MAN YOU ARE, FATHER!—HOW ARE YOU, FATHER? ARE YOU REALLY PRETTY HEARTY, THOUGH?” SAID WILLIAM SHAKING HANDS WITH HIM AGAIN, AND PATTING HIM AGAIN, AND RUBBING HIM GENTLY DOWN AGAIN.