BARNABY RUDGE

LONDON
CHAPMAN & HALL
193 PICCADILLY
BARNABY RUDGE

A TALE OF THE RIOTS OF 'EIGHTY'

BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH FORTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. BARNARD

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 56, PICCADILLY
"DOES THE BOY KNOW WHAT HE'S A SAVING OF?" CRIED THE ASTONISHED JOHN WILET.
“I CAN’T TOUCH HIM!” CRIED THE IDIOT, FALLING BACK, AND SHUDDERING AS WITH A STRONG SPASM; “HE’S BLOODY!”
"THOSE LIPS WITHIN SIM'S REACH FROM DAY TO DAY, AND YET SO FAR OFF."
"IF I AM EVER," SAID MRS. V.—NOT SCOLDING, BUT IN A SORT OF MONOTONOUS REMONSTRANCE—"IN SPIRITS, IF I AM EVER SO INGENUOUS AND FAIR, YOU ARE UNFORTUNATELY DISPOSED TO BE TALKATIVE AND COMFORTABLE, THIS IS THE WAY I AM TREATED."
"HE MELTS, I THINK. HE GOES TAKE A BITE OF PLOUGH. YOU LOOK AT HIM, AND THERE HE IS. YOU LOOK AT HIM AGAIN, AND—THERE HE ISN'T."
"CHESTER," SAID MR. HAREDALE AFTER A SHORT SILENCE, DURING WHICH HE HAD EYED HIS SMILING FACE FROM TIME TO TIME THROUGH TWO EYES ALMOST LIKE THOSE OF AN EVIL SPIRIT IN ALL MATTERS OF DECEPTION."
"COME, COME, MASTER," CRIED THE FELLOW, URGED ON BY THE LOOKS OF HIS COMRADES, AND SLAPPING HIM ON THE SHOULDER; "BE MORE COMPANIONABLE AND COMMUNICATIVE. BE MORE THE GENTLEMAN IN THIS GOOD COMPANY."
“WITH THAT HE ADVANCED, AS IF WEARING HIS HEAT AT THE END OF HIS FUR, SOFTLY TURNED BACK THE HEAD AND LOOKED INTO THE FACE.”
“HUFF OR NO HUFF,” SAID MR. TAPPERTIT, DETAINING HER BY THE WRIST. “WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JEZEBEL? WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY? ANSWER ME!”
"SHE SAT HERE, THOUGHTFUL AND APART, UNTIL THEIR TIME WAS OUT."
“I BEG PARDON—DO I ADDRESS MISS HAREDALE?”
“IF THEY’RE A DREAM,” SAID SIM, “LET SCULPTURES HAVE SUCH VISIONS, AND CHISEL ’EM OUT WHEN THEY WAKE. THIS IS REALITY. SLEEP HAS NO SUCH LIMBS AS THEM.”
"FINISHED BY DRIVING HIM WITH SPITTING-STICKS AGAINST A HEAP OF SPITTOONS IN ONE CORNER."
"HA, HA!" ROARED THE FELON. "I WOULD ASK FOR A FELLOW AS 'ULL SAY A PLEASANT THING IN A PLEASANT WAY, GIVE ME MUSTER GASHFORD AGAIN ALL LONDON AND WESTMINSTER!"
“HE RETORT!” CRIED HAREDALE. “LOOK YOU HERE, MY LORD. DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?”
"A BRAVE EVENING, MOTHER! IF WE HAD CHINKING IN OUR POCKETS BUT A FEW SPECKS OF THAT GOLD WHICH IS PILED UP YONDER IN THE SKY, WE SHOULD BE RICH FOR LIFE."
“Then, seating himself under a spreading honeysuckle, and stretching his legs across the threshold so that no person could pass in or out without his knowledge, he took from his pocket a pipe, filled it with tobacco, and began to smoke.” — P. 177.
"IN THE NAME OF GOD, NO!" "THE LORD VORES ARE WAITING FOR ME, BARNABY—MY LORD—SEE—HE'LL COME BACK—BARNABY, BARNABY!"
“THE POLE SWEPT THE AIR ABOVE THE PEOPLE’S HEADS, AND THE MAN’S SADDLE WAS EMPTY IN AN INSTANT.”
"You have been drinking," said the locksmith.
"FLUNG ITSELF UPON THE FOREMOST ONE, KNELT DOWN UPON ITS BREAST, AND CLUTCHED ITS THROAT WITH BOTH HANDS."
“PUTTING HIS STAFF ACROSS HIS KNEES IN CASE OF ALARM OR SURPRISE, SUMMONED GRIP TO DINNER.”
"LOOKED MOODILY ON AS SHE FLEW TO MISS HAREDALE'S SIDE."
“WILL YOU COME?”

“I!” SAID THE LORD MAYOR MOST EMPHATICALLY. “CERTAINLY NOT.”
"STOP!" CRIED THE LOCKSMITH, AS HE SHOWED A BULE PATH, PRESENTING, AS HE SPOKE, A GUN.

"LET AN OLD MAN DO THAT. YOU CAN SPARE HIM BETTER."
"NO OFFENCE, NO OFFENCE," said the personage in a consolatory tone, as Hugh stopped in his draught, and eyed him, with no pleasant look, from head to foot.
"TENDER-HEARTED!" ECHOED DENNIS. "TENDER-HEARTED! LOOK AT THIS MAN. DO YOU CALL THIS CONSTITUTIONAL? DO YOU SEE HIM SHOT THROUGH AND THROUGH, INSTEAD OF BEING WORKED OFF LIKE A BRITON? DAMME IF I KNOW WHICH PARTY TO SIDE WITH."
"I shall bless your name," sobbed the locksmith's little daughter, "as long as I live."
“SAT THE UNHAPPY AUTHOR OF ALL—LORD GEORGE GORDON.”
HE ROSE FROM HIS BED WITH A HEAVY SIGH, AND WRAPPED HIMSELF IN HIS MORNING GOWN.

"SO SHE KEPT HER WORD," HE SAID, "AND WAS CONSTANT TO HER THREAT!"
“YOU OUGHT TO BE THE BEST INSTEAD OF THE WORSE,” said NUG, STOPPING BEFORE HIM.

“HA, HA, HA! SEE THE HANGMAN WHEN IT COMES HOME TO HIM!”
"THE LOCKSMITH'S RUTTER SPRUNG, ITS STRAP AND MOUTH BE PLUCKED, BEATING ABOUT AS THOUGH HE WAS STRUGGLING WITH A ROUGH SEA."
"RECLINING, IN AN EASY POSTURE, AGAINST A TREE, AND CONTEMPLATING THE RUIN WITH AN EXPRESSION OF PLEASURE."
“RAISING HIMSELF UPON HIS HANDS, HE GAZED AT HIM FOR AN INSTANT, WITH SCORN AND HATRED IN HIS LOOK.” — P. 318.