"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.""
"WE WILL SAY, IF YOU PLEASE," ADDDED MR. PECKSNIFF, WITH GREAT TENDERNESS OF MANNER, "THAT IT ARISES FROM SWEET VAPOURS WHICH ARE ATTRIBUTABLE TO SNUFF, OR SMELLING-SALTS, OR ONIONS, OR ANYTHING BUT THE REAL CAUSE."
"YOU'RE A PAIR OF WHITINGTONS, GENTS. WITHOUT THE HAT, MY NAME IS TIG; HOW DO YOU DO?"
"HE TURNED A WHIMSICAL FACE AND VERY MERRY PAIR OF BLUE EYES ON MR. PINCH."
"LET US BE MERRY. HERE HE TOOK A CAPTAIN'S BISCUIT."
"Oh Chiv, Chiv," murmur’d the tawny-looking fellow, "an independent nature, Chiv."
"STILL A-BED!" REPLIED THE BOY. "I WISH THERE WAS STILL A BED. THEY'RE VERY NOISY A-BED; ALL CALLING FOR THEIR BOOTS AT ONCE."
"I say—there's fowls to-morrow. Not skinny ones. Oh no!"
"'DO NOT REPINE, MY FRIENDS,' SAID MR. FECKSNIFF, TENDERLY. 'DO NOT WEEP FOR ME. IT IS CHRONIC.'"
“WE SOMETIMES VENTURE TO CONSIDER AN object A FINE FIGURE. SPEAKING AS AN ARTIST, I MAY PERHAPS BE PERMITTED TO SUGGEST, THAT ITS OUTLINE IS GRACEFUL AND CORRECT.”
“THE DOOR OF A SMALL GLASS-VEIL, WHICH DISAPPEARED ON IT TO THE REST OF THE ROOM, WAS SLOWLY OPENED, AND A LITTLE BLEAR-EYED, WEAZEN-FACED, ANCIENT MAN CAME CREEPING OUT.”
"STAND OFF A MOMENT, TOM," CRIED THE OLD PUPIL... "LET ME LOOK AT YOU! JUST THE SAME! NOT A BIT CHANGED!"
"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."
"IT IS IN SUCH ENLIGHTENED MANNER THAT I ADDRESS YOU, TO MY EYE, "THAT THE BUBBLING PASSIONS OF MY COUNTRY FIND A VENT."
"MATTER!" CRIED THE VOICE OF MR. PECKSNIFF, AS PECKSNIFF IN THE FLESH SMILED AMIABLY.
"WELL MRS. GAMP, AND HOW ARE YOUR MRS. GAMP?" SAID THE GENTLEMAN, IN A VOICE AS SOFT AS HIS STEP."
"AH! I DON'T MIND YOU PINCING, JONAS. A BIT."
"I WAS MERELY REMARKING, GENTLEMEN, THOUGH IT IS A STORY 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.”
“HE FLOURISHED HIS STICK OVER HIS HEAD, BUT FOR A MOMENT 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 bears you thought so low as these, and laid in such a bed, there will be no appeal against him.”
"WHETHER I SICKS OR NOT, I SAY, what a confounded nuisance, which I makes confession, to be brought regular and draw'd mild."
"There's nothin' he don't know. That's my opinion," observed Mrs. Gamp. "All the wickedness of the world is print to him."
"TIMES IS CHANGED, AIN'T THEY? I SAY, HOW YOU'VE GROWED!"
"I say," cried Tom, in great excitement, "he is a scoundrel and a villain! I don't care who he is, I say he is a double-dyed and most intolerable villain!"
“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 KNUCKLES; 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.”
"NO RIGHT!" CRIED THE BRASS-AND-COPPER FOUNDER.
MR. NADGEIT PRODUCS 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 matter out from the end of his left leg, and looking steadily at Tom, "I don't know that it's a matter of much consequence."
MRS. GAMP CREATES A SENSATION WITH HER UMBRELLA.
“NOW, COULD YOU CUT A MAN’S THROAT WITH SUCH A THING AS THIS?” DEMANDED JONAS.
“AWOKE TO FIND JONAS STANDING AT HIS BEDSIDE, WATCHING HIM. AND THAT VERY DOOR
WIDE OPEN.”
“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 LOOK, REPLIED: "THE DRIVERS WON'T DO IT."
MRS. GAMP FAVOURS THE COMPANY WITH AN EXHIBITION OF PROFESSIONAL SKILL.
"SPEAK OUT!" SAID MARTIN, "AND SPEAK THE TRUTH."
"THEN MRS. GAMP ROSE—MORALLY AND PHYSICALLY ROSE—AND DENOUNCED HER."
"HE STARTED BACK AS HIS EYES MET THOSE OF JOHNS, STANDING IN AN ANGLE OF THE WALL, AND STARING AT HIM. HIS NECKERCHIEF WAS OFF; HIS FACE WAS ASHY PALE."
"Yes, sir," returned Mrs. Toddler, "My dress is rather—really, Mrs. Toddgers!"