



The Deeds of the Disturber

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An Egyptologist investigates a death at the British Museum in this “charming” historical mystery by the New York Times—bestselling author of *The Painted Queen* (*The Denver Post*).

Back in London after an archaeological dig, adventurous sleuth Amelia Peabody—“rather like Indiana Jones, Sherlock Holmes and Miss Marple all rolled into one”—discovers that a night watchman at the museum has perished in the shadow of a mummy case (*The Washington Post Book World*).

There are murmurings about an ancient curse, but a skeptical Amelia is determined to find an all-too-human killer. Soon, she’s balancing family demands, including the troubles of her precocious son, Ramses (aka Walter), with not just one unsolved crime, but two . . .

From a recipient of multiple honors including the Mystery Writers of America’s Grand Master Award, this murder mystery set in Victorian-era England is a witty, rollicking, and “deeply satisfying” romp (*Entertainment Weekly*) in a “jewel of a series” (*The New York Times Book Review*).

The Deeds of the Disturber Details

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From Reader Review The Deeds of the Disturber for online ebook

Anne Hawn Smith says

I haven't read any of Elizabeth Peters books for a long time and I really enjoyed this one. I've about decided to go back to the beginning of the series and read them again. As with all of her books, the interactions between the main characters is just as interesting as the mystery. In this book, Peabody's unpleasant brother, James, has foisted off his children on her. As the book proceeds, the boy and girl make Ramses life miserable and the reader is waiting desperately for Amelia to see through them.

The mystery centers around some murders happening at the British Museum. Various people try to get the Emerson's involved, which they eventually do. After some trips to an opium den and a country manor house, Peabody and Emerson manage to get to the bottom of the mystery and, with Ramses help, unmask the killer.

Amelia Peabody Emerson is one of those characters that seem to take on a life of their own. Her matter of fact attitude in the face of danger and her fussy attention to detail are delightful. As a Victorian woman, she is refreshing in her no nonsense approach to life.

Jamie Collins says

I'm enjoying these, but I think I need to space them out a little more. It's starting to feel like I'm reading the same novel over and over again. The Emerson-Peabody family is subjected to kidnappings, beatings, bullets and threatening letters; ancient artifacts appear and disappear; there are young lovers in distress; there's a supposedly cursed mummy; and Ramses is still never allowed to finish a sentence.

The setting is at least different this time: Amelia and family are in London. They are highly unsuited for living in London, which they realize. The mystery is very weak, but the characters are a lot of fun.

For whatever reason I was annoyed by the contrived references to the previous novels, complete with footnotes giving the titles.

Jenifer says

"Never, I venture to say, has there been a more suitable ambience for eerie adventure than the reeking murky muddy streets of dear old London..."

I love Amelia Peabody. I especially love Barbara Rosenblat, the distinguished english voice of Amelia. She can (and does) inject innuendo, sarcasm, indignation or whatever she wants into any sentence. The plots are good, but I read for the characters. Amelia, whose "brain works to swiftly to be organized", her darling Emerson that "magnificent specimen of manhood" and their darling, precocious boy Ramses never fail to entertain.

Amy says

I am informed by a person no less acquainted with the subject than my dear mother that Amelia's emotions throughout this novel are entirely understandable to a married person. Being an easily bored, stubborn, extremely single young person...I found her irritating enough to take a 4.5 star mystery and drop it to 3. Come on can she really be that dense? She's almost as annoying as Emerson when he starts getting jealous. *sigh*

Loved Ramses. He's my favorite character in this book. Now that he's "lost" his annoying lisp-thing his ramblings are amusing and his actions are awesome. I look forward to more of him.

It was nice to have the mystery in England instead of Egypt. Broke up the familiar pace of the story and made for an interesting and entertaining read.

Hannah Stewart says

DNF at 8%

I'm done with this series. The first book was fresh (if a little crazy with older style themes, but it felt like a new book) but each subsequent book has had the same damn storyline, the same poor villains and the same annoying language style. I don't want to read another 15 books that are repeating shadows of the former.

Alyssa Marie says

DNF at 15%. I loved the first few books in this series but I can't do with the constant negativity around fat characters. Ways to describe a character: describe them and move ON. If you keep going back every time this character enters and you mention their fatness every SINGLE time in a negative tone, then that's body shaming plain and simple. I get having fat bad/evil characters. But why is it so frequent? Why does every time that character gets mentioned, their weight is also mentioned? I'm TIRED of it.

Pamela says

This book is definitely a change of pace for Peabody and Emerson. Instead of being set in Egypt, like the first four books in the series, this one takes place in London, though the mystery still centers around Egyptology.

Ramses became infinitely more interesting to me in this book. Before he was a fun sort of curiosity, but now I'm taking him much more seriously as a character. His cousins? Are horrid.

I particularly liked the insertion of jealousy on the part of both Peabody and Emerson. It's about time we had a little conflict in their otherwise fantastic relationship, heh.

The mystery itself was great; I actually gasped when the villain was revealed.

Algernon says

The fifth episode in the Egyptian Mystery investigations of Amelia Peabody.

What sets this volume apart from the usual formula of the family going for excavations of ancient tombs in the desert is the movement of the action to London, where bodies are starting to crop up around the British Museum and its latest mummy exhibit. There is no dearth of suspects and mysterious personages - a priest with supernatural powers, colleagues from the arheological field, journalists, concerned friends and relatives, gypsies, janitors, members of the high society :

- It appears, my dearest Emerson, that the aristocratic element has entered the case after all.

- Yes, curse it, Emerson grumbled. I had believed myself safe from journalists, at least. Do your long-suffering spouse one favour, Peabody. Do not take the young lady under your wing. I have resigned myself to danger and distraction, but I cannot endure another of your sentimental rescues of young lovers.

Elizabeth Peters is confident enough of her material to poke fun at her own cliches and mannerism. Of course there are some romantic entanglements, and Amelia is ready to jump into the fray with her trusted umbrella and confuse the issues further with her signature aplomb:

Reader, I spoke the truth. I never have and never will meddle in other people's affairs. It is a word I abhor. There are times when a gentle hint or a helpful suggestion may save unnecessary suffering, and this I would not scruple to employ. But meddle - never.

While I was less favorably impressed by the actual plot of this fifth book, I continue to enjoy the humour and the family dynamics of the Emersons, each of them out to prove that he or she is the best detective, with precocious Ramses winning my vote for the most subversive and hilarious of the team.

There is little to comment or to analyze beside the holiday entertainment vibe of the offering and the delights of Amelia's precious phrasing. We can still find the occasional feminist rant from Amelia, but it is more subdued than usual:

I digress. I am unable to refrain from doing so, for the wrongs of my oppressed sisters must always waken a flame of indignation in my bosom. How far are we even now, from the emancipation we deserve? When, oh when will justice and reason prevail, and Woman descend from the pedestal on which Man has placed her (in order to prevent her from doing anything except standing perfectly still) and take her rightful place beside him?

These exclamations are usually followed by our heroine blissfully succumbing into the strong arms of her faithful husband, but that in no way negates the truth of the issues.

All in all, a decent addition to the series, but not one my favorite episodes. I plan to continue reading the adventures of Amelia, Emerson and Ramses.

Carole Coates says

Never met an Amelia Peabody book I didn't like. Every character has unique charms. And I always learn something about Egyptology, besides. Nothing quite like having fun and learning new things at the same time.

Elizabeth (Miss Eliza) says

Not the best and very scattered, also, the Amelia jealousy, really?

Heading back to England after their run-in with the master criminal, Amelia Peabody Emerson and her husband are hoping to spend the summer finishing up Emerson's manuscript that was due at the publishers quite awhile ago. But even on the return journey it looks as if that might not be the case. There has been a mysterious death at the British Museum. A death that just happened to have occurred in front of a mummy. All of London has an Egyptological fervor which reaches critical mass when a mysterious priest starts to visit the mummy. It should perhaps be mentioned that he was wearing historically accurate garb, animal prints and all, that the lay person would not know to employ. Further adding to their troubles is their old "friend" the journalist O'Connell as well as Amelia's niece and nephew, whom she unwittingly agrees to care for. O'Connell has brought the Emersons into the case saying that they will consult upon their return to England. O'Connell, of course, failed to consult them before making this wild claim. But he does know them almost better than they know themselves, because there is no way they can stay away from this story. Soon they have another reporter on their tail, a Miss Minton. Between the goings on at the museum and trying to avoid reporters all day it's sure to get worse before it gets better. Soon another death occurs and the police arrest the wrong man, or so O'Connell swears.

"Officially" delving into the investigation, the two Egyptologists are soon sneaking off to opium dens, running into Emerson's ex-flames, dealing with aristocrats, because they just seem to come out of the woodwork, and star crossed lovers, which Emerson just wishes would go away. With Amelia's rising jealousy of Emerson's past life and the escalation of bizarre incidents at the museum, it's no wonder that soon there's a few kidnappings and imprisonments and recreations of Egyptian rituals. Because once the Emerson's are involved, there's investigations and counter investigations and secrets half told, but at the end of the day, the bad guy will be locked up, with or without the help of the police.

I love Amelia and Emerson, I really really do, which is why it hurts me to say that this wasn't my favorite story. At first I was concerned that I would dislike it due to it's not being set in Egypt. But surprisingly, London really worked well. The atmosphere, the fog, oh yes, the fog, perfect for mysterious people to appear and disappear into. I just feel that this relied on too many cliches and was just lackluster in the extreme. Perhaps the fact that it was the only book that was out of print, until recently, should have been a clue. I will only focus on the two things that made me mad... ok three, or maybe four, but one can be mentioned really quickly. With all Amelia's understanding of humans, how could she not see that her nephew was a little evil bully. It was so obvious, also, they could have gone a more interesting way with the niece and her screaming of dead over and over again... like what if she had seen a murder? Oh, I would so like that, the little curly haired annoyance would need therapy for years.

Next, Emerson and Amelia's love life. I adore that they still love each other so much, but one can only take so much of their amorous affections before it becomes over the top and a little sickening. I get how wonderful Emerson is, everyone falls for him, heck, I've fallen for him, I do not now need hundreds of little asides to reassure me of this. Which then leads to... if they are so in love, how can Amelia doubt that love? Their relationship has always been so solid, so in sync. Yet here we have constant doubts. What the what I

say? It's absurd, their love is a given, so why do this Elizabeth Peters? WHY!?! You're tearing yourself down. Just stop it. Also, random aside, not part of my four points, how is it they haven't had like 50 million children like Evelyn?

As my final point, in my, what were you thinking Elizabeth Peters? An Egyptian Hellfire-esque Club, really? The Hellfire Club gets used so much in these period pieces, sometimes successfully, sometimes not. This is definitely one of the not times. If you're going to do it, do it all out, like in The Young Sherlock Holmes. I still get nightmares from that! This, I could barely be bothered to read it. I was almost skimming near the end, something I never, never do! Also with the syphilitic lordling and his friend, who cares. I kept getting them mixed up because they both had so many differing titles that I didn't know who was who. Stick to one naming convention and leave it at that. Don't confuse and alienate the readers! Ok, soapbox put away. Niece and nephew, check, love life, check, jealousy, check, Hellfire club, check. Looks like I've covered what I disliked thoroughly. I did still enjoy it, don't get me wrong, the ranting is just some things that got under my skin. I'm just concerned about which way this series is headed. This book was the first that felt almost like a parody of itself, take a cursed mummy, throw in some lines about the wonders of Emerson, add a Ramses mishap (with fire this time) and set page count for the late 300s, print.

Corinne Austin says

My love for the narrative voice of Amelia Peabody grows with every book I read. When I grow up, I'd quite like to be her, please.

Gillian Kevern says

I really liked the London setting for this story. It worked really well, and seeing Peabody and Emerson against a background I'm more familiar with added an extra dimension to the story.

TheSkepticalReader says

DNFd at pg 142 because of this nonsense:

I set out at a brisk stride, looking with contempt and pity at the other ladies I saw; laced into tight stays and teetering on high-heeled shoes, they were almost incapable of motion, much less a good healthy walk. Poor foolish victims of society's dictates –but (I reminded myself) willing victims, like the misguided females of India who fought to fling themselves into the funeral pyres of their bigamous husbands. Enlightened British laws had put an official end to that ghastly custom; what a pity British opinion was so unenlightened with regard to the oppression of English women.

Not only is Amelia Peabody, the supposed “feminist”, disregarding “foolish” English women by how they

dress but further states that they were “willing victims” who don’t seem to understand what’s good for them. As if that wasn’t bad enough she follows it up with something as ignorant as a statement that says Indian women were “misguided” by misogyny who “fought to fling themselves into the funeral pyres of their bigamous husbands” *and* that their problems were resolvable only by the “enlightened British laws.” This screams to me of ignorance and white superiority complex.

I didn’t expect this kind of air of superiority coming from Amelia Peabody. I know she has strong opinions but her anti-everything-that-doesn’t-meet-my-approval attitude is shit. I expect things like this in English classics that I read. But not from a modern author. I have no tolerance for this.

Basia says

This was probably my least favorite that I've read (well, listened to) so far. *Marital Suspicion* is one of my least favorite tropes, and Percy and Violet made me want to strangle them. But the climax of this novel is so hilarious that it almost totally makes up for it, I absolutely adore Gargery, and Kevin O'Connell (one of my absolute *favorites*) is his usual delightful and dogged self. (Also I cannot explain why, but I am tickled that he calls her "Mrs. E." It kills me.)

Kate Howe says

My favorite in the series thus far!
