"THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS COMPANION LOOKED STEADILY AT EACH OTHER FOR A FEW SECONDS, AND THEN EXCHANGED A VERY MEANING STELL"

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
"THE UNCLE AND NEPHEW TRADE TONGUES FOR FOUR HOURS WITHOUT SPEAKING."
'SNUBS AND ROMANS ARE PLENTIFUL NOW, AND HERE ARE PLAYS OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES WHEN THERE'S A MEETING AT EXETER HALL.'
“VERY GLAD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MISS,” SAID SQUEERS, RAISING HIS HAT AN INCH OR TWO
“ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FIRE, THERE SAT WITH FOLDED ARMS A WRINKLED HIDEOUS FIGURE.”
THE FIRST CLASS IN ENGLISH SPELLING AND PHILOSOPHY.
“PAIN AND FEAR, PAIN AND FEAR FOR ME, ALIVE OR DEAD. NO HOPE, NO HOPE!”
"OH! AS SOFT AS POSSIBLE, IF YOU PLEASE."
“WRETCH,” REJOINED NICHOLAS FIERCELY, “TOUCH HIM AT YOUR PERIL! I WILL NOT STAND BY, AND SEE IT DONE. MY BLOOD IS UP, AND I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF TEN SUCH MEN AS YOU.”
"I CAN—NOT HELP IT, AND IT DON'T MIND," SORRED MRS. KENWigs. "OH! THEY'RE TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE, MUCH TOO BEAUTIFUL!"
"THERE CAME INTO THE OFFICE AN APPEARENTLY MIDDLE AGED MAN, WHO, AT FIRST, INTERCETTED THE ATTENTION OF THE MANAGER, AND, AFTER A BRIEF EXCHANGE OF QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS, WENT ON WITH HIS BUSINESS. HIS STATE OF APPEARANCE BOTH SURPRISED AND INTERESTED HIM."
"I don't forget you, my soul, and never shall, and never can," said Mantalini, kissing his wife's hand, and grimacing aside to Miss Nickleby, who turned away.
"A MISERABLE WRETCH," EXCLAIMED MR. KNAG, STRIKING HIS FOREHEAD. "A MISERABLE WRETCH."
"I AM AFRAID YOU HAVE BEEN GIVING HER SOME OF YOUR WICKED LOOKS, MY LORD," SAID THE INTENDED.
"BUT THE YOUNG LADY MAKING A DESPERATE EFFORT TO DISENGAGE HERSELF, HE LOST HIS BALANCE, AND MEASURED HIS LENGTH UPON THE GROUND."
"You can jist give him that. It will gratify his vanity. And save trouble, here I am, that's all." — P. 132
“THE DRESSING-ROOM DOOR BEING HASTILY FLUNG OPEN, MR. MANTALINI WAS DISCLOSED TO VIEW, WITH HIS SHIRT COLLAR SYMMETRICALLY THROWN AROUND PUTTING THE SHARP EDGE TO A BREAKFAST KNIFE BY MEANS OF HIS RAZOR STROP.”
“MR. CRUMMLES LOOKED, FROM TIME TO TIME, WITH GREAT INTEREST AT SMIKE, WITH WHOM HE HAD APPEARED CONSIDERABLY STRENGTHENED, THE TIME HAVING COME, AND HE WAS IN ASLEEP, AND WAS NODDING IN HIS CHAIR.”
THE INDIAN SAVAGE AND THE MAIDEN.
"As an exquisite embodiment of the Port's visions, and a realisation of human intellectuality, gilding with refulgent light our dreamy moments, and laying open a new and magic world before the memory. Yes, and--a country, a free one, one," said Mr. Curdle.
“NICKLEBY,” said his client, throwing himself along the sofa on which he had been previously seated, so as to bring his face nearer to the lawyer’s star, “what a pretty creature your niece is!”
“SIR MULBERRY HAWK AND HIS FRIEND EXCHANGED GLANCES OVER THE TOP OF THE BONNET.”
"I see how it is," said Poor Noggs, drawing from his pocket what seemed to be a very old duster, and wiping Kate's eyes with it as gently as if she were an infant.
"But they shall not protect ye!" said the gentleman, taking an upward look at Nicholas, beginning at his boots and ending at the crown of his head, etc.
“Mr. Snevellicci repeated the wink and, drinking to Mrs. Lillywick in dumb-show, actually blew her a kiss.”
"LASHING HIMSELF UP TO AN EXTREME AND AGITATED STATE, HE WROUGHT LUGGERS JERKED HIMSELF ABOUT THE ROOM WITH THE MOST ECCENTRIC MOTION EVER BEHELD IN A HUMAN BEING."
"SIR MULBERRY, SHORTENING HIS WHIP, THRUST IT VIOLENTLY IN THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF NICHOLAS. IT WAS BROKEN IN THE STRUGGLE; NICHOLAS GAINED THE HEAVY HAMMER, AND WITH IT HAD OPENED ONE SIDE OF HIS ANTAGONIST’S FACE FROM THE EYE TO THE LIP."—P. 211.
“NIGHT FOUND HIM, AT LAST, STILL HANGING ON THE SAME THOUGHT, AND STILL PURSUING THE SAME UNPROFITABLE REFLECTIONS.”
“WITH THIS THE DOCTOR LAUGHED; BUT HE DIDN’T LAUGH HALF AS MUCH AS A MARRIED FRIEND OF MRS. KENWIGS’S, WHO HAD JUST COME IN FROM THE SICK CHAMBER,” ETC.
"Ye-es," said the other, turning full upon him. "If you had told him who you were, if you had given him your chain, if you had told him, that his station or character prevented your fighting him, it would have been bad enough then."
“DARTING IN, COVERED SMILES—A MILLION DEATHS TOOK PLACE BEFORE HE COULD UTTER A SOUND.”
“CONCLUDED BY STANDING ON ONE LEG, AND REPEATING HIS FAVOURITE BELLOW WITH INCREASED VEHEMENCE.”
“I say,” said John, rather astounded for the moment, “mak' theeself quite at whoam, will 'ee?”
"FELL UPON HIS FACE IN A PASSION OF BITTER GRIEF."
"I AM A MOST MISERABLE AND WRETCHED OUTCAST, NEARLY SIXTY YEARS OLD, AND AS DESTITUTE AND HELPLESS AS A CHILD OF SIX."
“NO MATTER! DO YOU THINK YOU BRING YOUR TALERT MONEY HERE AS A FAVOUR OR A GIFT; OR AS A MATTER OF BUSINESS, AND IN RETURN FOR VALUE RECEIVED?”
"WAS PRESENTLY CONDUCTED, BY A ROBBER, WITH A VERY LARGE BELL AND BUCKLE ROUND HIS WAIST, AND VERY LARGE LEATHER GAUNTLETS ON HIS HANDS, INTO THE PRESENCE OF HIS FORMER MANAGER."
"AHA!" CRIED THE OLD GENTLEMAN, FOLDING HIS HANDS, AND SQUEEZING THEM WITH GREAT FORCE AGAINST EACH OTHER. "I SEE HER NOW! I SEE HER NOW! MY LOVE, MY LIFE, MY BRIDE, MY PEERLESS BEAUTY! SHE IS COME AT LAST—AT LAST—and all is gas and gaiters."
"TWO MEN, SEIZING EACH OTHER BY THE HAIR, ARE PLACED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM."
“ALL THE LIGHT AND LIFE OF DAY CAME ON AND A MIST WOKE AND PRESSING DOWN THE GRASS WHOSE EVERY BLADE BORE TWENTY TINY LIVES, LAY THE DEAD MAN, WITH HIS STARK AND RIGID FACE TURNED UPWARDS TO THE SKY.” — P. 337
"I'll be married in the bottle-green," cried Arthur Gride.
"I must beseech you to contemplate again the reasbue course to which you have been impelled."
“THIEVES! THIEVES!” said the man, holding his book to his breast, “ROBBERS! MURDER!”
“HE DREW RALPH NICKLEBY TO THE FURTHER END OF THE ROOM, AND POINTED TOWARDS GRIDE, WHO SAT HUDDLED TOGETHER IN A CORNER, FUMBLING NERVOUSLY WITH THE BUTTONS OF HIS COAT, AND EXHIBITING A FACE, OF WHICH EVERY SKIRLING AND base expression was sharpened and aggravated to the utmost by his anxiety and trepidation.”
"THERE IS SOMETHING MISERABLE ABOUT IT, AND HE IS SHAKING HIM FURIOUSLY BY THE COLLAR. "WHAT IS IT?"
“WHO TAMPERED WITH A SELFISH FATHER, URGING HIM TO SELL HIS DAUGHTER TO OLD ARTHUR GRIDE, AND TAMPERED WITH HIMSELF, IN ORDER that a CVABE OFFICE, WITH A CLOSET IN THE ROOM?”
"TOTAL, ALL UP WITH SQUEERS!"
“CLASPING THE IRON RAILINGS WITH HIS HANDS, LOOKED EAGERLY IN, WONDERING WHICH MIGHT BE HIS GRAVE.”
"OH, MR. LINKINWATER, YOU'RE JOKING!"

"NO, NO, I'M NOT. I'M NOT INDEED," SAID TIM. "I WILL, IF YOU WILL. DO, MY DEAR!"