"IF HE WEAKLY SHOWED THE LEAST DISPOSITION TO HEAR IT, CAPTAIN PORTER, IN A LOUD SONOROUS VOICE, LADE HIM EVERY WORD OF IT."
“ONE OF WHOM TOLD US SHE ‘HAD NO MONEY FOR BEGGAR BOYS.’”
“JACK STRAW’S CASTLE, MEMORABLE FOR MANY HAPPY MEETINGS IN COMING YEARS.”
"IT A'NT A SMOKIN' YOUR WAY SIR, I SAYS; WELL, HE SAYS, NO MORE IT IS, COACHMAN, AND AS LONG AS IT SMOKES ANYBODY ELSE'S WAY, IT'S ALL RIGHT AND I'M AGREEABLE."
"IF YOU COULD BUT KNOW HOW I HATED ONE MAN IN VERY DIRTY GAITERS, AND WITH VERY PROTRUDING UPPER TEETH, WHO SAID REALLY COPPERGREEN, WHO'S PROBABLY BEEN INTRODUCED TO OUR FRIEND DICKENS—EH?"
“He looked up at me; gave me his word, took up the lines of 'Shakespeare,' and fixed his eyes on his book again.”
"HE IS PERHAPS THE MOST HORRIBLE BORE IN THIS COUNTRY."
"I SAY, WHAT'S FRENCH FOR A PILLOW? IS THERE ANY ITALIAN THROAT FOR A LUMP OF SUGAR? JUST LOOK, WILL YOU?"

"WHAT THE DEVIL DOES ECHO MEAN? THE GARSONG SAYS ECHO TO EVERYTHING!"
NEAPOLITAN LAZZARONI.
"I have never been able to see what they are, because one of the old ladies always sits before them; but they look, outside, like very old backgammon boards."
“Halloa, Mrs. Gamp, what are you up to!”
"Likewise an old man who ran over a milk-child, rather than stop!—with no neckcloth, on principle; and with his mouth wide open to catch the morning air."
"BYE AND BYE, I CAME UPON A POLENTA-SHOP IN THE CLOUDS, WHERE AN OLD FRENCHMAN WITH AN UMBRELLA LIKE A FADED TROPICAL LEAF (HE HAD NOT RAINED IN NAPLES FOR SIX WEEKS) WAS STARING AT NOTHING AT ALL, WITH A SNUFF-BOX IN HIS HAND."
The Study at Gadshill.
"WHENEVER HE FELT TOOTS COMING AGAIN, HE HAD TO LAUGH AND WIPE HIS EYES AFRESH; AND WHEN TOOTS CAME ONCE MORE, HE GAVE A KIND OF CRY, AS IF IT WERE TOO MUCH FOR HIM."
“HE . . . SLIGHTLY COCKED UP HIS EVIL EYE AT THE GOLDFINCH, INSTANTLY A RAGING THIRST BESET THAT BIRD; AND WHEN IT WAS APPEASED, HE STILL DREW SEVERAL UNNECESSARY BUCKETS OF WATER, LEAPING ABOUT HIS PERCH AND SHARPENING HIS BILL WITH IRREPRESSIBLE SATISFACTION.”
THE UNEDUCATED FATHER IN FUSTIAN AND THE EDUCATED BOY IN SPECTACLES.
"IN A TRANSPORT OF PRESENCE OF MIND AND PURY HE INSTANTLY CAUGHT HIM UP IN BOTH HANDS, AND THREW HIM OVER HIS OWN HEAD OUT INTO THE ENTRY, WHERE THE CHECK-TAKERS RECEIVED HIM LIKE A GAME AT BALL."
“I beg your pardon, sir, we are all strangers here. Had I not been in for my pipe, I should have been nowhere.”
“IN A MISERABLE COURT AT NIGHT,” SAYS MR. FIELDS, “WE FOUND A HAGGARD OLD WOMAN BLOWING AT A KIND OF FLUID MADE OF AN OIL INK BOTTLE.”