

Chapter 1, paragraph beginning

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, . . .

. . . 'Pip. Pip, sir.'

'Show us where you live,' said the man. 'Pint out the place!'

Chapter 19, paragraph beginning

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive . . .

. . . and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead into the bargain.

Chapter 8, paragraph beginning

She was dressed in rich materials - satins, and lace, and silks - all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil . . .

. . . and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

Chapter 8, paragraph beginning

We went into the house by a side door - the great front entrance had two chains across it outside - and the first thing I noticed . . .

. . . and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

Chapter 14, paragraph beginning

What I wanted, who can say? How can I say, when I never knew?

What I dreaded was, that in some unlucky hour I, being at my grimiest and commonest, . . .

. . . and would fancy that I saw her just drawing her face away, and would believe that she had come at last.

Chapter 53, paragraphs beginning

It was a dark night, though the full moon rose as I left the enclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshes. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, . . .

. . . and could have found my way on a far darker night, and had no excuse for returning, being there. So, having come there against my inclination, I went on against it.

Chapter 59, paragraphs beginning

There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and, . . .

. . . and where the brewery had been, and where the gates, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate gardenwalk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

Chapter 14, paragraph beginning

Once, it had seemed to me that when I should at last roll up my shirt-sleeves and go into the forge, Joe's 'prentice, I should be distinguished . . .

. . . Never has that curtain dropped so heavy and blank, as when my way in life lay stretched out straight before me through the newly-entered road of apprenticeship to Joe.

Chapter 39, paragraph beginning

It was wretched weather; stormy and wet, stormy and wet; and mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. Day after day, a vast heavy veil . . .

. . . Violent blasts of rain had accompanied these rages of wind, and the day just closed as I sat down to read had been the worst of all.

Chapter 58, paragraphs beginning

The June weather was delicious. The sky was blue, the larks were soaring high over the green corn, I thought all that country-side more beautiful and peaceful . . .
. . . and the chestnut-trees were there, and their leaves rustled harmoniously when I stopped to listen; but, the clink of Joe's hammer was not in the midsummer wind.

Chapter 11, paragraphs beginning

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room, too, the daylight was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. . .
. . . But, the blackbeetles took no notice of the agitation, and groped about the hearth in a ponderous elderly way, as if they were short-sighted and hard of hearing, and not on terms with one another.

Chapter 4, paragraph beginning

My sister having so much to do, was going to church vicariously; that is to say, Joe and I were going. In his working clothes, Joe was a well-knit characteristic-looking blacksmith; . . .
. . . Even when I was taken to have a new suit of clothes, the tailor had orders to make them like a kind of Reformatory, and on no account to let me have the free use of my limbs.

Chapter 47, paragraph beginning

The second piece was the last new grand comic Christmas pantomime, in the first scene of which, it pained me to suspect that I detected Mr Wopsle with red worsted legs . . .
. . . sung at, butted at, danced at, and flashed at with fires of various colours, he had a good deal of time on his hands. And I observed with great surprise, that he devoted it to staring in my direction as if he were lost in amazement.

Chapter 3, paragraphs beginning

It was a rimy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. . . .
. . . that I blubbered out to him, `I couldn't help it, sir! It wasn't for myself I took it! Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind-legs and a flourish of his tail.

Chapter 27, paragraphs beginning

'Biddy,' pursued Joe, `when I got home and asked her fur to write the message to you, a little hung back. Biddy says, "I know he will be very glad to have it by word of mouth, it is holidaytime, you want to see him, go!" . . .
. . . You won't find half so much fault in me if, supposing as you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge window and see Joe the blacksmith, there, at the old anvil, in the old burnt apron, sticking to the old work.'