So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, that Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter’s Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass (7).

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapour, Mr. Lorry’s thoughts seemed to cloud too (18).

Conspicuous among these latter, like an animated bit of the spiked wall of Newgate, Jerry stood: aiming at the prisoner the beery breath of a whet he had taken as he came along, and discharging it to mingle with the waves of other beer, and fin, and tea, and coffee, and what not the flowed at him, and already broke upon the great windows behind him in an impure mist and rain (60).

The judge, whose eyes had gone in the general direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat, and looked steadily at the man whose life wa sin his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, find the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold (63).

Jerry, the messenger, who had made his own observations, in his own manner, and who had been sucking the rust off his fingers in the absorption, stretched his neck to hear who they were (63).

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it; when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage, and ringing on its floor (107).