SKETCHES BY BOZ

LONDON

CHAPMAN & HALL

193 PICCADILLY
“IT WAS A WEDDING-PARTY, AND ENGAGED FROM ONE OF THE INTERIOR STREETS NEAR FITZROY SQUARE.” — P. 40
SKETCHES BY BOZ

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY PEOPLE

WITH THIRTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. BARNARD

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY
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“WHY THE DEVIL AN’T YOU LOOKING AFTER THAT PLATE?”
“WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO LIVE WITH US, GENTLEMAN, HE ASKED US PARTICULARLY WHETHER HE WAS SURE TO BE ABLE TO GET A SEAT IN THE PARISH CHURCH.”
“IT IS NEARLY ELEVEN O’CLOCK, AND THE COLD MIZ-RAIN WHICH HAS BEEN DRIZZLING SO LONG, IS BEGINNING TO POUR DOWN IN GOOD EARNEST.”
“NOW, ANYBODY WHO PASSED THROUGH THE DIALS ON A HOT SUMMER’S EVENING, AND SAW THE DIFFERENT WOMEN OF THE HOUSE GOSSPING ON THE STEPS, WOULD BE APT TO THINK THAT ALL WAS HARMONY AMONG THEM, AND THAT A MORE PRIMITIVE SET OF PEOPLE THAN THE NATIVE DIALLERS COULD NOT BE IMAGINED.”
"THE GENTLEMAN DESCRIBED HOW HE PROMISED TO MARRY AND SHELTER HER HAND, AND FEES THE
GIPSY LIBERALLY."
"His line is Genteel Comedy. The gentleman considered it. W. R. gives Alfred Highflier in the last piece, and very well he'll do it—at the price."
"I may as well get board, lodgin', and washin', till then, out of the county, as pay for it myself; consequently here I goes."
"Tureens of soup are emptied with awful rapidity."
“HIS SPARE PALE FACE LOOKING AS IF IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE EXPRESSION OF CURIOSITY OR INTEREST.”
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, SCOUNDREL?" EXCLAIMED MR. SAMUEL WILKINS, GRASPING THE GILT-KNOBBED DRESS-CANE FIRMLY IN HIS RIGHT HAND. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, YOU LITTLE HUMBUG?" REPLIED THE MURDERER.
“HURRYING ALONG A BY-STREET, WINTER'S COLD, HE CAN'T KEEP A RAILING, A MAN OF ABOUT FORTY OR FIFTY, CLAD IN AN OLD RUSTY SUIT OF THREADBARE BLACK CLOTH,” ETC.
"I RECEIVED A NOTE—" he said very tremulously, in a voice like a punch with a cold. "YES," returned the other, "YOU DID. — EXACTLY. — YES."
“NO WHAT?” INQUIRED MRS. BLOOM WITH A LOOK OF THE MOST INDESCRIBABLE ALARM.

“NO STOMACH,” REPEATED MRS. TIBBS WITH A SHAKE OF THE HEAD.
“THE DEAR LITTLE FELLOW, HAVING RECOVERED HER LADYLIKE SPIRITS WAS STANDING UPON HER MOST TENDER FOOT.”
"SO EXACTLY THE AIR OF THE MARQUIS," SAID THE MILITARY GENTLEMAN.
'HOW DELIGHTFUL, HOW REFRESHING IT IS TO GET AWAY FROM THE CLOUDY STORMS, THE VICISSITUDES, AND THE TROUBLES OF LIFE, EVEN IF IT BE BUT FOR A FEW SHORT FLEETING MOMENTS!'
“Who was he?” inquired the surgeon. “My son!” rejoined the woman; and fell senseless at his feet. — P. 182
“THE FACETIOUS HARDY, IN FULFILMENT OF HIS PROMISE, HAD WATCHED THE CHILD TO A REMOTE PART OF THE VESSEL, AND, SUDDENLY APPEARING BEFORE HIM WITH THE MOST AWFUL CONTORTIONS OF VISAGE, HAD PRODUCED HIS PAROXYSM OF TERROR.”
"ONE GENTLEMAN WAS OBSERVED SUDDENLY TO RUSH FROM TABLE WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST OSTENSIBLE REASON, AND DART UP THE STAIRS WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS, THEREBY GREATLY DAMAGING BOTH HIMSELF AND THE STEWARD, WHO HAPPENED TO BE COMING DOWN AT THE SAME MOMENT."
"LEAVE THAT 'ERE BELL ALONE, YOU STUPID TROLLHATTAN," SAID THE BOOTS, SUDDENLY FORCING THE UNFORTUNATE TROTT BACK INTO HIS CHAIR, AND BRANDISHING THE STICK ALOFT. 
“WHY,” REPLIED MR. WATKINS TOTTLE EVASIVELY: FOR HE TREMBLED VIOLENTLY, AND FELT A SUDDEN TINGLING THROUGHOUT HIS WHOLE FRAME, WHY I SHOULD CERTAINLY—AT LEAST, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE—"
"I'VE BROUGHT THIS HERE NOTE, REMEMBER, FROM UP EN THE PANTED TOPS IN A HOARSE WHISPER; "I'VE BROUGHT THIS HERE NOTE FROM A GEN'L'M'N' AS COME TO OUR HOUSE THIS MORNIN'."
“HE RAISED HIS MANACLED HANDS IN A THREATENING ATTITUDE, FIXED HIS EYES ON HIS SHRINKING PARENT, AND SLOWLY LEFT THE ROOM.”
"LOOKS THAT HE HAD LONG FORGOTTEN WERE FIXED UPON HIM ONCE MORE; VOICES LONG SINCE HUSHED IN DEATH SOUNDED IN HIS EARS LIKE THE MUSIC OF VILLAGE BELLS."