

THE  
WORKS  
OF

CHARLES DICKENS

HOUSEHOLD · EDITION



SKETCHES BY BOZ

LONDON  
CHAPMAN & HALL  
193  
PICCADILLY





# SKETCHES BY BOZ

ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY PEOPLE



*WITH THIRTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. BARNARD*

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LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY



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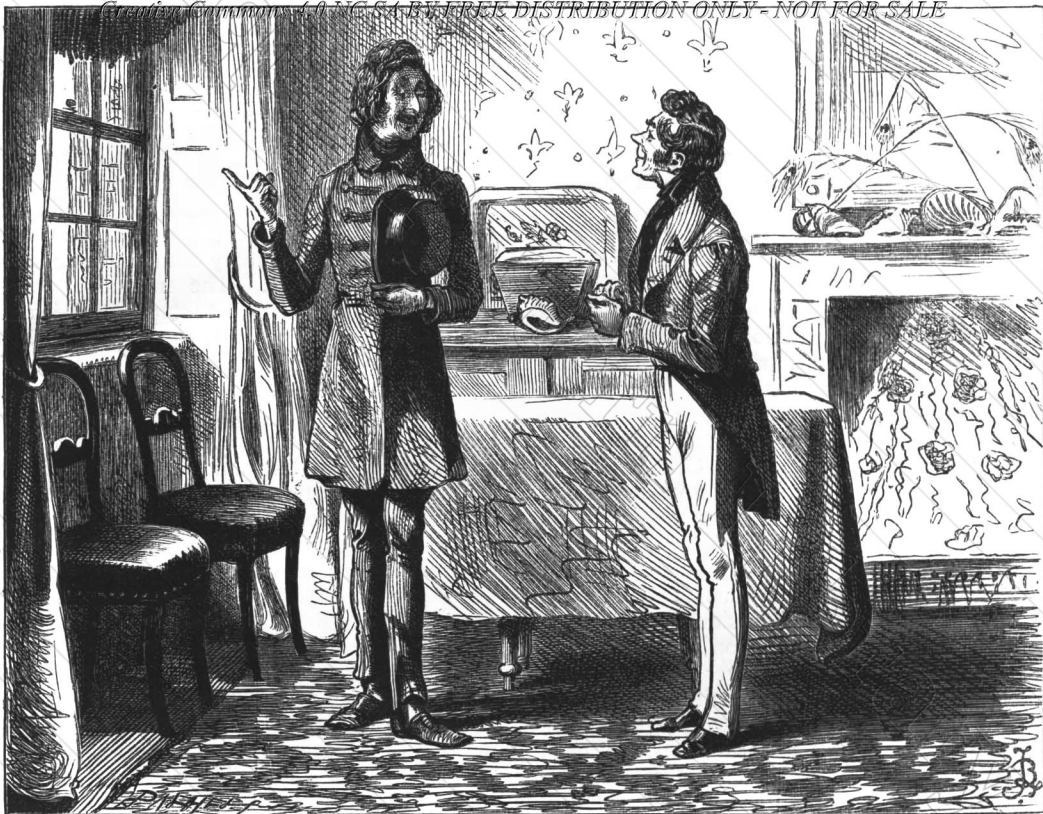
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“WHY THE DEVIL AN’T YOU LOOKING AFTER THAT PLATE?”



"WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO LONDON, HE WAS PARTICULARLY WHETHER HE WAS SURE TO BE ABLE TO GET A SEAT IN THE PARISH CHURCH."



"IT IS NEARLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK, AND THE RAIN 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 GOSSIPING 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."





P. H. H. E. L. V.



"THE GENTLEMAN DESCRIBED TO YOU BY REPORT OR DIRECTLY, AND SO I FEEL HER HAND, AND FEES THE GIPSY LIBERALLY."



*Alfred Highflieger*

*Alfred Highflieger*

"HIS LINE IS GENTEEL COMEDY," SAID ANTIQUARIAN CRONIBRONY ON 20 JUNE 1905 OF 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 GOES."







By *mind*

*2019.07*



"HIS SPARE PALE FACE LOOKED AS THOUGH HE WAS A MAN OF 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 MAN.



"HURRYING ALONG A BY-STREET, HE HASTENED TO THE RAILINGS, A MAN OF ABOUT FORTY OR FIFTY, CLAD IN AN OLD RUSTY SUIT OF THREADBARE BLACK CLOTH," ETC.



*W. H. P. H. K.*

*W. H. P. H. K.*



"I RECEIVED A NOTE —" HE SAID, WITH A VOICE THAT BELLEROPHON MIGHT HAVE TAKEN FOR HIS OWN. — "YES," RETURNED THE OTHER, "YOU DID." — "EXACTLY." — "YES."



"NO WHAT?" INQUIRED MRS. TIBBS, WITH AN AIR OF THE MOST UNDESCRIBABLE ALARM.  
"NO STOMACH," REPEATED MRS. TIBBS WITH A SHAKE OF THE HEAD.



"THE DEAR LITTLE FELLOW, HAVING RECOVERED HIS LOST SPEECH WAS STANDING UPON HER MOST TENDER FOOT."



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*John G. Jones*

"SO EXACTLY THE AIR OF THE MARQUIS," SAID THE MILITARY GENTLEMAN.

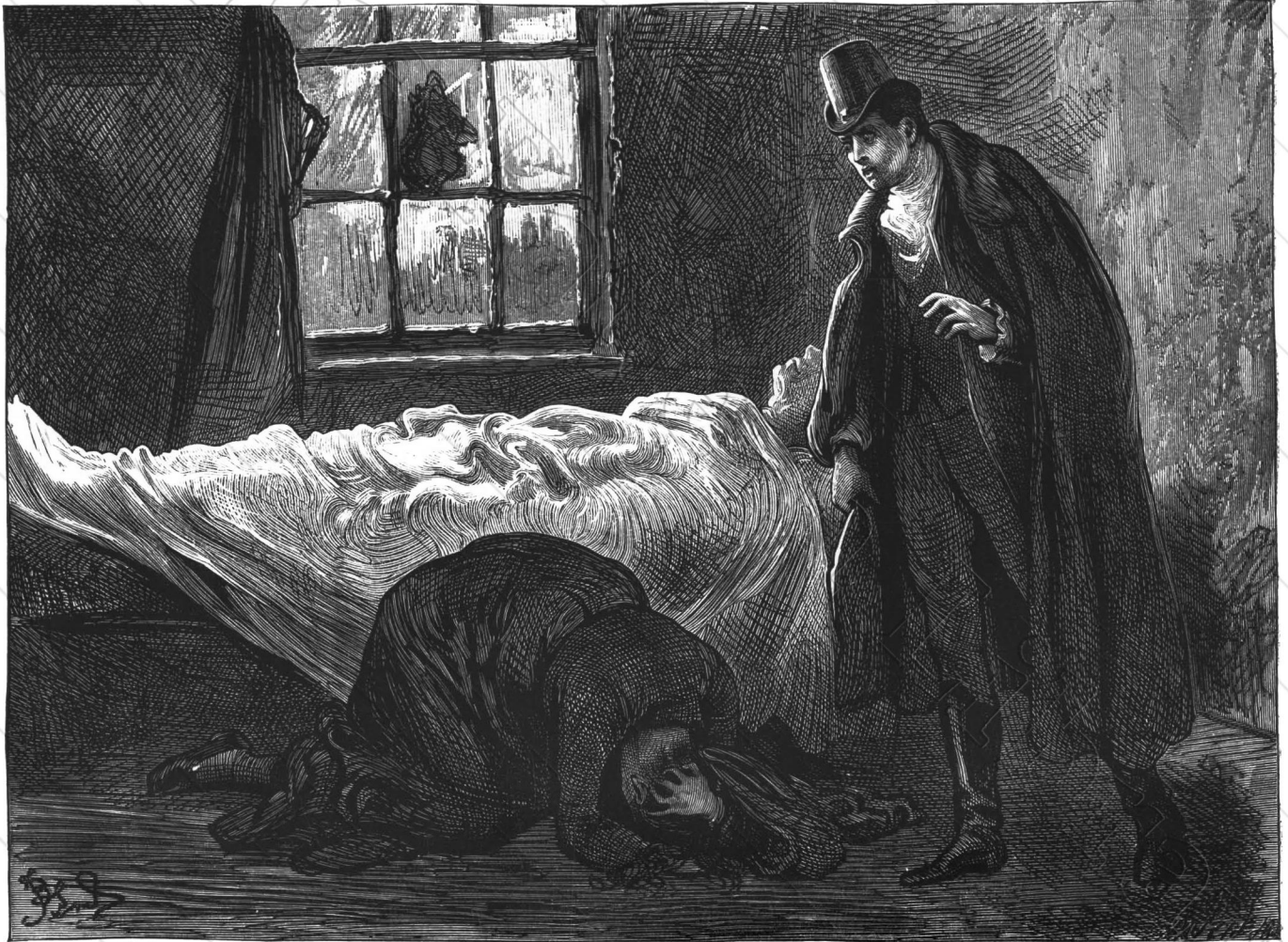


'HOW DELIGHTFUL, HOW REFRRESHING, HOW REVIVIFYING, HOW RESTORING TO THE SOUL, HOW REFRESHING TO THE SENSES, HOW REVIVIFYING TO THE NERVES, HOW RESTORING TO THE SYSTEM, AND HOW REFRESHING TO THE SPIRIT, EVEN IF IT BE BUT FOR "A FEW SHORT FLEETING MOMENTS!"



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“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, SURPRISINGLY, 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 THE INCALCULABLE SWIFTESS OF A THUNDERBOLT, GREATLY DAMAGING BOTH HIMSELF AND THE STEWARD, WHO HAPPENED TO BE COMING DOWN AT THE SAME MOMENT."



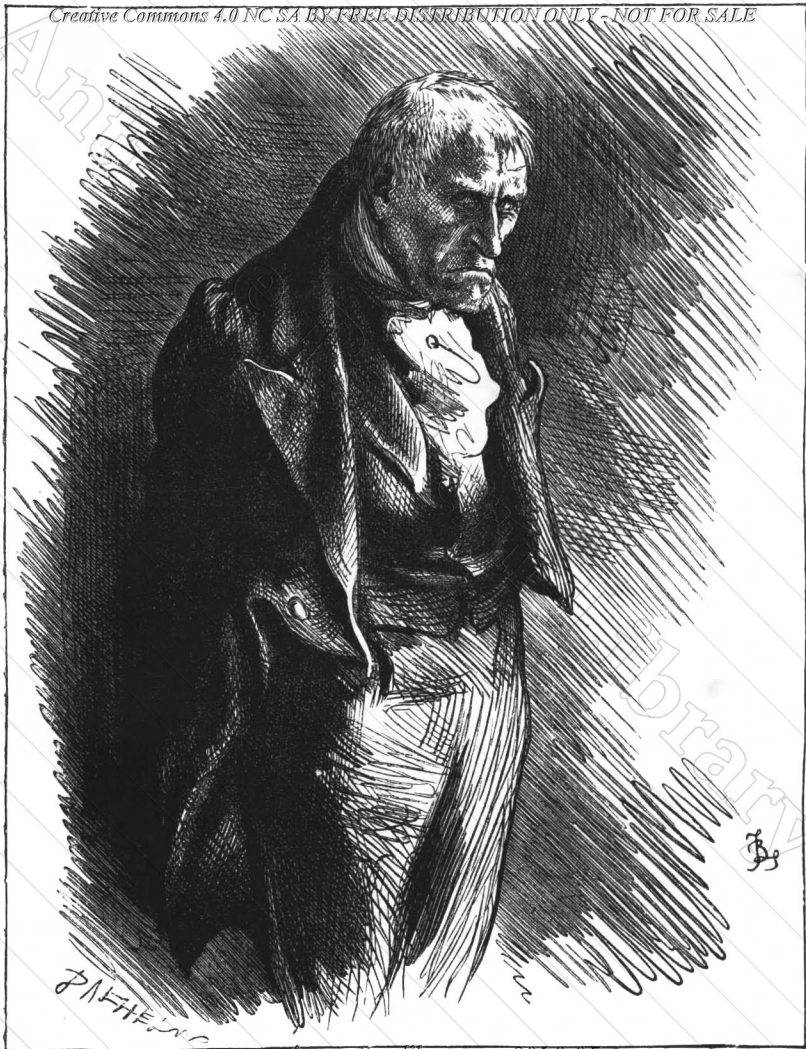
"LEAVE THAT 'ERE BELL ALONE, WOULD YE, YOU LIBERAL SCOUNDRELS! YOU'RE BOOTS, SUDDENLY FORCING THE UNFORTUNATE TROTT BACK INTO HIS CHAIR, AND BRANDISHING THE STICK ALOFT."



"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 FROM A GEN'L'M'N AS COME TO OUR HOUSE THIS MORNIN'."  
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"HE RAISED HIS MANACLED HANDS IN A THREATENING ATTITUDE, AND THREW HIS EYES ON HIS SHRINKING PARENT, AND SLOWLY LEFT THE ROOM."



"LOOKS THAT HE HAD LONG FORGOTTEN WERE FINALLY UPON HIM ONCE MORE; VOICES LONG SINCE HUSHED IN DEATH SOUNDED IN HIS EARS LIKE THE MUSIC OF VILLAGE BELLS."

