

BUZFUZ : Call Samuel Weller.

CLERK : Samuel Weller !

(*Sam enters the witness box*).

JUDGE : What's your name, sir ?

SAM : Sam Weller, my lord.

JUDGE : Do you spell it with a V or with a W ?

SAM : That depends upon the taste and fancy of the spel er, my lord. I never 'ad occasion to spell it more than once or twce in my life, but I spells it with a We.

TONY WELLER (*from outside*) : Quite right, too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a We, my lord. put it down a We.

JUDGE : Who is that, who dares to address the Court ?
Usher !

USHER : Yes, my lord.

JUDGE : Bring that person here instantly.

USHER : Yes, my lord.

JUDGE : Do you know who that was, sir ?

SAM : I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord.

JUDGE : Do you see him here now ?

SAM (*looking at ceiling*) : W'y, no, my lord, I can't say as I do see him at the present moment.

JUDGE : If you could have pointed him out, I would have sent him to jail instantly.

SAM (*aside*) : I knowed it. (*Aloud*)—Werry good, my lord.

BUZFUZ : Now, Mr. Weller.

SAM : Now, sir.

BUZFUZ : I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller ?

SAM : I mean to speak hup, sir. I am in the service of that ere gentleman, and a werry good service it is.

BUZFUZ : Little to do and plenty to get, I suppose.

SAM : Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him 350 lashes.

JUDGE : You must not tell us what the soldier said, unless the soldier is in court and is examined in the usual way. Its not evidence.

SAM : Werry good, my lord.

BUZFUZ : Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant ? Eh, Mr. Weller ?

SAM : Yes, I do, sir.

BUZFUZ : Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

SAM : I had a reg'lar new fit out of clothes that mornin'.