

*(Dodson and Fogg blow their noses, wipe their eyes and make other demonstrations of emotion. The Judge snores.)*

But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street,—Pickwick who has choked up the well and thrown ashes on the sward.—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans —Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontry and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made.

*(Pickwick appears about to rise.)*

PERKER : Restrain your feelings, sir, don't give way !

Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him ; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen

*(Buzfuz sits down.)*

JUDGE *(waking with a snore)* : Go on !

BUZFUZ : Call Elizabeth Cluppins.

CLERK : Elizabeth Cluppins !

CRIER : Elizabeth Jupkins !

CONSTABLE : Elizabeth Muffins !

*(Mrs. Cluppins is assisted to witness box by Dodson, Fogg, Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Bardell, who then resume their seats. Mrs. Cluppins sobs violently).*

BUZFUZ *(rising)* : Mrs. Cluppins, pray compose yourself, ma'am. Your name, I believe, is Mrs. Elizabeth Cluppins ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, your worship.

BUZFUZ : You know the plaintiff, Mrs. Bardell ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, knows 'er well, your majesty—for years, I might say.

BUZFUZ : Visit her frequently, I suppose ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes sir, off and on quite frequent, as I might say, sir.

BUZFUZ : Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins, do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

BUZFUZ : Mr. Pickwick's sitting room was the first floor front, I believe.