

TUPMAN : I supported Mrs. Bardell from the room.

BUZFUZ : Oh, you did. Very considerate of you, I'm sure. Evidently Mr. Pickwick is not the only member of the Club who has a weakness for the gentler sex. That will do, sir.

BUZFUZ : Call Augustus Snodgrass.

CLERK : Augustus Snodgrass !

CRIER : Augustus Snodgrass !

*(Snodgrass enters the box.)*

BUZFUZ : You are another intimate friend of the defendant ?

SNODGRASS : Yes, sir.

BUZFUZ : Were you with Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman at Pickwick's apartments on that eventful morning in July last ?

SNODGRASS : Yes, I was.

BUZFUZ : You, too, saw the defendant embracing the plaintiff and endeavouring to soothe her,—did you ?

SNODGRASS : Yes.

BUZFUZ : Have you ever known the defendant to imbibe too freely of cold punch ? It seems to me I remember reading something in the newspaper about his going on a shooting expedition and falling asleep in a wheelbarrow, and being taken to the Pound. Were you with him on that occasion ?

SNODGRASS : Yes, I was.

BUZFUZ : That will do. Call Susannah Sanders.

CLERK : Susannah Sanders !

CRIER : Susannah Sanders !

*(Mrs. Sanders enters the box)*

BUZFUZ : You know the parties to this action, Mrs. Sanders ?

MRS. SANDERS : Oh yes, sir.

BUZFUZ : What have been their relations toward each other ?

MRS. SANDERS : Oh, they ain't no relations, sir. Only Mr. Pickwick was goin' to marry Mrs. Bardell, sir.

BUZFUZ : That's the very point. What is your authority or what reason have you for so thinking ?

MRS. SANDERS : W'y, sir, I allus said and believed 'e would, sir.

BUZFUZ : Was that the general impression in the neighborhood ?

MRS. SANDERS : It were, sir. We was allus a talkin' about it, specially after the faintin' spell in July, sir.

BUZFUZ : With whom have you discussed the subject ?

MRS. SANDERS : Mrs. Mudbury, what keeps a mangle, an' me 'as talked it hover, and Mrs. Bunkin which clear starches, also, sir.