

all so familiar—was there ever a quiet, respectable, middle-aged gentleman so buffeted by fortune—"fainted upon, in his helpless innocence," by that stout, speculative widow-woman, Mrs. Bardell, of immortal memory,—dragged heartlessly into a court of law for breach of promise—his feelings outraged by having his private correspondence, in regard to "chops and tomato sauce" exhibited before the public, and actually tortured, by an unscrupulous, relentless Buzfuz, into proof conclusive as Holy Writ of honourable intentions in regard to widow Bardell; and then to see this ancient "Babe of the Wood" walking off to prison, a martyr to his principles, and there actually paying in his kind-heartedness the widow's law-costs, rather than let her go to jail,—ah! me! what peals of sweet, harmless laughter this memorable trial has called forth, in hut and hall, lonely chamber and crowded assembly, during the last thirty years; and it is sure to do so for twice thirty years to come! That a British jury should have brought in a verdict in favour of the widow Bardell, after Mr. Samuel Weller's clear and convincing testimony, is an outrage on our sense of justice; and we are delighted when the innocent Pickwick at length quits his prison in triumph. We are charmed too with the progress of Sam's courtship, and feel very much disposed to forgive Mr. Weller, on that memorable occasion when, looking for his hat, he quite unconsciously crowded the pretty housemaid behind the door, and then, by way of making amends, kissed her lavishly.

Then to turn for a moment to a very different comic creation—who has not a mental image of the world-renowned Sairey Gamp, as she passed along "this mortal wale, and 'owlin' wilderness of tears;" and who has not speculated on the possible existence of her rather mythical friend, Mrs. Harris. We can't, it is true, "enjoy Sairey's society without being conscious of a slight smell of spirits;" nevertheless, we can hardly decline to accept Mrs. Harris's solemn testimony to her temperate habits, as quoted by the veracious lady herself, who was so ready for all emergencies, whether at the beginning or close of life. "Mrs. Gamp" says Mrs. Harris, "if ever there was a sober creature to be got at eighteen pence a day for working people, and three and six for gentle-folks—night watching being an extra charge, you are that inwallable person." "Mrs. Harris I says to her, don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller-creturs out for nothing, I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears 'em. But what I always says to them that has the management of matters, Mrs. Harris, is don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it, when I am so disposed." I think Sairey Gamp and her faithful admirer Mrs. Harris, are sure to live in literature, and to be laughed and wondered at, by an endless succession of fresh arrivals on this stage of humanity; and with them, by way of contrast and counteractive, will be linked the wonderful, the delightful Mark Tapley, who managed to be jolly even in an American Eden, in a swamp of the Mississippi.

Then take the Copperfield group—the finest, to my thinking, of all that have been drawn by the noble hand of Dickens,—the gentle boy