

happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these ? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious : " Dear Mrs. B. : I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression—" Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan ! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan ? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture. Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconceived system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain ? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean ? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you !

JUROR UPWICH : Ha, ha !

JUDGE : Jurymen must preserve decorum. There's nothing to laugh at that I can see.

JUROR UPWICH (*rising*) : I thought it was rather good, m'lord. I only greased the wheels of my chaise-cart this identical morning.

JUDGE : Sit, down, sir !

BUZFUZ : But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart ; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. (*Sobs from the women.*) The bill is down—but there is no tenant. (*Judge nods asleep.*) Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass, but there is no invitation for them to enquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house ; even the voice of the child is hushed (*a wail from Tommy*) ; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps ; his alley tors and his commoneys are alike neglected ; he forgets the long-familiar cry of " knuckle-down," and at tip-cheese, or odd-and-even, his hand is out.