

he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage; previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen, most unwilling witnesses, that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

*(Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman sigh aloud.)*

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but fortunately far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be



MRS. BARDELL

viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.: Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops, gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the