

PICKWICK : I can explain—

BUZFUZ : Don't interrupt me, sir—that you climbed over the wall, as I have said, and hid yourself in the garden until nearly midnight. Is that the case or is it not ?

PICKWICK : Yes, but—

BUZFUZ : Did you rouse the inmates of the school at midnight and frighten them into hysterics by knocking at the door, and hiding yourself behind the door when it was opened ?

PICKWICK : Yes, I did, but—

BUZFUZ : Were you called a "wretch" by one of the lady teachers of the school, and by another "a ferocious monster?"



MR. SERJT. SNUBBIN

PICKWICK : I think they used some such expressions, but—

BUZFUZ : Were you locked up in a clothes closet of the school, and held a prisoner there until your friends could be sent for to take you away ?

PICKWICK : Yes, I was, but—

BUZFUZ : That will do, sir.

JUDGE : You may leave the box.

(Pickwick leaves the box reluctantly, protesting and endeavoring to address the Court. Sam Weller takes him in charge and conducts him to his seat.)

SERJT. SNUBBIN : *My lord and gentlemen of the jury : The brilliant, impressive and overwhelming eloquence of my learned friend, to which we have listened to-day, would alone entitle him to be styled the Boanerges of the British Bar, but it needed not this latest and perhaps greatest display of his wonderful oratorical powers to establish his reputation, for it is such mighty thunders of invective, such overpowering torrents of grandiloquent superfluities, and such subtle Garrick-like artifices of

*This speech is by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, who acted the part of Serjt. Snubbin.