

SNUBBIN : Thank you, my lord, I note the correction. Now, Mr. Pickwick, about this lady with the violet, no, I mean yellow curl papers. Take your time, Mr. Pickwick, take your time.

PICKWICK : If anyone thinks that—

SNUBBIN : Now really, Mr. Pickwick, my dear sir, nobody ever thinks here; pray calm yourself and tell us how it happened.

PICKWICK : I had been dining with some friends—rather late—and the salmon—I feel sure it was the salmon—

SNUBBIN : Yes, Mr. Pickwick, the salmon ?

PICKWICK : Well, I, I—can't swear that it was the salmon—it might have been attributed to another cause—er—but I do not think it was altogether due to the cold punch, but er—I—I do not exactly know how it happened, I—I—

SNUBBIN : Ah, I think I see. You lost your way and you believe that either the salmon or the cold punch may possibly have had something to do with it, eh ? Now, Mr. Pickwick, what was the first impulse you had when you realized the mistake you had made ? Take your time, Mr. Pickwick, take your time.

PICKWICK : Well, really—why—my first impulse was to take off my hat—or rather my nightcap—to the lady—but—but—

SNUBBIN : Yes, Mr. Pickwick. The instincts of a gentleman naturally prompted you to take off your hat, or rather your nightcap—yes ?

PICKWICK : But—but—I couldn't get it off—the strings had got into a knot.

SNUBBIN : Well now, Mr. Pickwick, you admit that it is true, as alleged by the witnesses, that you did get into the wrong room, but you swear that it was a mistake made under the influence of the salmon. That will do, sir.

BUZFUZ : My lord, as the witness has admitted the facts of this curl paper incident, I do not propose to go into that matter any further. But there is another instance of suspicious behaviour towards females on the part of the defendant which I wish to bring before the Court.

I believe Mr. Pickwick, that in August last you paid a rather mysterious visit to the town of Bury St. Edmunds. Do you remember the occasion to which I refer ?

PICKWICK : Yes, sir.

BUZFUZ : You do. Am I correctly informed that, with the assistance of your servant, Sam Weller, you climbed over the wall of a school for young ladies in that town—