

Mr. Pickwick and his friends descend from their perch to visit the bar. Here a rosy landlord behind the long mahogany dispenses sundry smoking punches and hot drinks redolent of gin and lemons. We recall the arrival at Dingley Dell with jolly old Wardle merrily greeting his friends ; more punches : festivities within doors and festivities without ; hot toddies, hot negus, sugar, lemons and spices—the very atmosphere of the West Indies wafted on the Christmas air of England ; skating on the ice ; whist, cards, and round games in the drawing-room ; huge dinners and substantial suppers ; the consumption of oysters by the barrel and spiced beef by the hundredweight ; and through it all the soft aroma of hot punch, mulled ale, warmed claret and smoking gin and lemons ; till at the end the merriment fades into somnolence and Mr. Pickwick and his friends sink into innocent slumber having broken enough laws—if the scene were in America—to have sent them all to the penitentiary for life.

Can such pictures be revised ? We dare not read them as they stand. They would corrupt the young. Let us see what revision can do.

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So here follows :—