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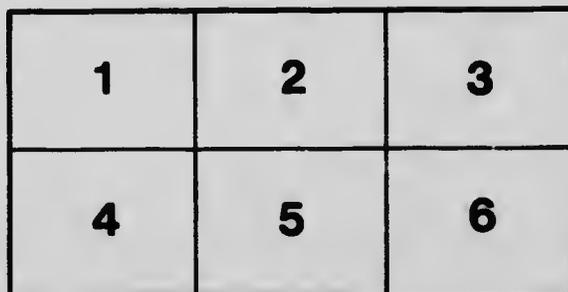
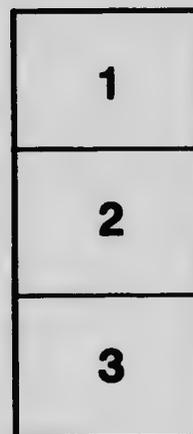
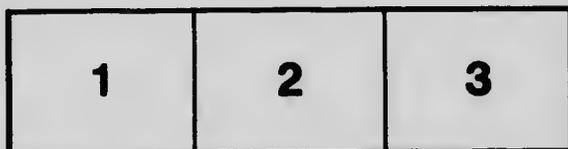
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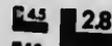
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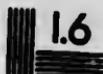
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THE BREACH OF PROMISE TRIAL

Bardell v. Pickwick

ADAPTED FROM

"THE PICKWICK PAPERS"

OF

Charles Dickens

BY

J. W. BENGOUGH



AS PRESENTED BY

**The Dickens Fellowship
Company of Players**

AT TORONTO, MAY 9, 10, 15 AND 28, 1907

F. M. BELL SMITH, STAGE MANAGER

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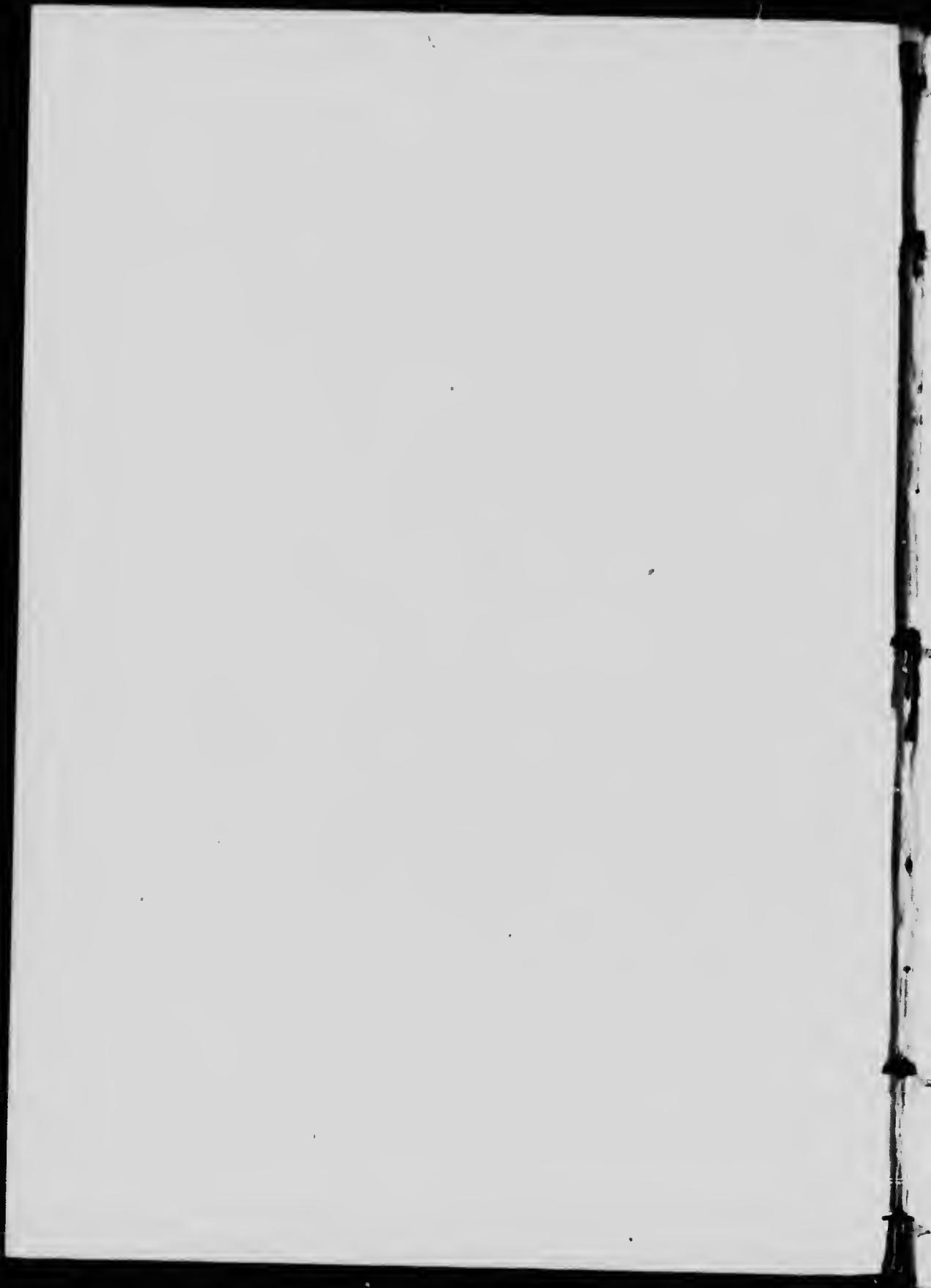


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AT TORONTO, MAY 9, 10, 15 AND 28, 1907

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Bardell v. Pickwick

PROLOGUE: Scene, Mr. Pickwick's Apartments in Goswell Street.
ACT: Scene, The Court Room, Guildhall, London.
Time, 1827.

Dramatis Personæ: Original Cast

Mrs. Martha Bardell	Mrs. E. H. Stafford
Samuel Pickwick, Esq.	Mr. Harry M. Bennett
Justice Stareleigh	Mr. J. W. Bengough
Serjeant Buzfuz	Mr. E. S. Williamson
Serjeant Snubbin	Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith
Sam. Weller	Mr. Milton Lee
Tony Weller	Dr. J. S. Bach
Mrs. Elizabeth Cluppins	Miss Waker
Mrs. Susannah Sanders	Miss Malcolm
Mr. Skimpin	Mr. G. L. McCrea
Mr. Phunky	Mr. F. Hayden
Mr. Perker	Mr. S. T. Church
Nathaniel Winkle	Mr. A. M. Denovan
Tracy Tupman	Mr. R. W. E. Burnaby
Augustus Snodgrass	Dr. E. A. Peaker
Mr. Dodson	Mr. W. Britt
Mr. Fogg	Mr. J. W. L. Forster
Thomas Groffin (Juror)	Mr. J. M. Sparrow
Richard Upwich (Juror)	Mr. R. J. Berkinshaw
Master Tommy Bardell	Master Douglas Ludlow
Clerk and Usher of the Court	Mr. D. Creighton
Crier of the Court	Mr. A. H. Young

Clerks, Jurymen, etc., etc.



MR. JUSTICE ST. ARELEIGH

BARDELL v. PICKWICK

PROLOGUE

Scene—Mr. Pickwick's Apartments in Goswell Street.
Mr. Pickwick in a state of agitation, pacing the room with hurried steps, popping his head out of the window at intervals, referring to his watch, and exhibiting other manifestations of impatience.

PICKWICK : Dear me, I wish that boy would come ! Well, I suppose I must be patient ; but I'm satisfied I have decided wisely in determining to engage this man, Sam Weller, as my valet. (*Looks out.*) Not coming yet, the lazy rascal ! I have a mind to ring for his mother and find out if she knows what's keeping him. Perhaps I should have mentioned to her the exact nature of the errand I've sent her dear child to the Borough on,—to bring Sam Weller here,—in fact it now occurs to me I ought to have consulted Mrs. Bardell, perhaps, on the whole matter, as she is a very capable woman, and her advice would be valuable.



MR. PICKWICK

(*Enter Mrs. Bardell.*)

MRS. BARDELL : Oh, beg pardon, sir. I thought you 'ad gone out.

PICKWICK : Oh no, not yet, Mrs. Bardell ; I'm waiting, you know, for the return of your little boy.

MRS. BARDELL : Yes sir, of course, sir. (*Commences dusting.*)

PICKWICK : He's a very long time gone.

MRS. BARDELL : Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir, ain't it, sir ?

(*Mrs. B. resumes dusting.*)

PICKWICK : Ah, very true, so it is. (*After thoughtfully consulting his note-book*) Mrs. Bardell !

MRS. BARDELL : Sir ?

PICKWICK (*taking seat at table*) : Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one ?

MRS. BARDELL : La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question !

PICKWICK : Well, but *do* you !

MRS. BARDELL (*approaching the duster very near to Mr. P's elbow*) : That depends a good deal upon the person, Mr. Pickwick, you know, and whether it's a careful and saving person, sir.

PICKWICK : That's very true, but the person I have in my eye (*looks hard at Mrs. B.*) I think possesses these qualities, and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me—

MRS. BARDELL : La, Mr. Pickwick—

PICKWICK : And to tell the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind.

MRS. BARDELL : Dear me, sir. (*Dropping into chair.*)

PICKWICK : You'll think it very strange, now, that I have never consulted you about this matter; and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh ?

MRS. BARDELL : Oh, Mr. Pickwick, sir.

PICKWICK : Well, what do you think ? The expense won't be much greater, will it ?

MRS. BARDELL : Oh, Mr. Pickwick, you're very kind, sir.

PICKWICK : Yes; kind to myself, but it'll save you a good deal of trouble too, won't it ?

MRS. BARDELL : Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir, and of course I should take more trouble to please you than that ever; but it's so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness. (*Overcome with emotion.*)

PICKWICK (*Rising*) : Ah, to be sure; I never thought of that. When I'm in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will.

MRS. BARDELL : I'm sure I hought to be a very 'appy woman.

PICKWICK : And your little boy—

MRS. BARDELL (*with a sob*) : Bless his 'art !

PICKWICK : He, too, will have a companion, a lively one, who'll teach him I'll be bound, more tricks in a week, than he would ever learn in a year !

MRS. BARDELL : Oh you dear ! (*Pickwick starts.*) Oh you good, kind playful dear. (*Rises from her chair and throws arms around Mr. P's. neck with tears and sobs.*)

PICKWICK : Bless my soul, Mrs. Bardell,—my good woman,—dear me !—what a situation—pray consider—Mrs. Bardell, don't, don't !—if anybody should come—

MRS. BARDELL (*clinging tighter*) : Oh, let them come ! I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul.

PICKWICK (*struggling violently*) : Mercy upon me—I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't—don't—there's a good creature—don't. Gracious me, she's fainted !

(*Enter Master Bardell, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass.*)

MASTER BARDELL : Oh mother, mother—oh, you horrid man, stop hurting my mother ! (*Attacks Pickwick from behind.*)

PICKWICK : Be quiet—stop it—you little rascal ! (*To his friends.*) Take this little villain away—he's mad.

WINKLE : What is the matter ?

PICKWICK : I don't know. Take away the boy.

(*Winkle drags Master Bardell away.*) Now help me lead this woman downstairs.

MRS. BARDELL : Oh, I'm better now.

TUPMAN : Let me lead you downstairs.

MASTER BARDELL : Oh mother, mother—

MRS. BARDELL : Come darling, (*to Tupman*)—Thank you sir, thank you.

(*Exit Tupman, Mrs. Bardell and Master Bardell. Embarrassed pause—Re-enter Tupman.*)

PICKWICK : I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her



MRS. BARDELL

my intention of keeping a man servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing!

TUPMAN : Very !

SNODGRASS : Very !

WINKLE : Very !

PICKWICK : Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation !

TUPMAN : Very !

SNODGRASS : Very !

WINKLE : Very !

PICKWICK : I wonder if the little villain brought the man ?

TUPMAN : There's a man in the passage now.

PICKWICK : It's the man I spoke to you about. I sent the boy for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass.

(Exit Snodgrass—returns with Sam Weller).

PICKWICK : Ah ! *SAM* Weller.

SAM : At your service, sir.

PICKWICK : You remember me, I suppose, at the White Hart Inn ?

SAM : I should think so ! Queer start that 'ere, but Jingle was one too many for you, warn't 'e ? Up to snuff and a pinch or two over—eh ?

PICKWICK : Never mind that matter now. I want to speak to you about something else. Sit down. You may put your hat on the floor.

SAM : Thank'ee, sir. *(Sam sits down.)* Tain't a werry good 'un to look at, but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear, and afore the brim went, it was a wery 'andsome tile. Hows'ever its lighter without it, that's one thing, and every 'ole lets in some air, that's another—ventilation gossamer, I calls it.

PICKWICK : "Ventilation gossamer," very good ! Now, with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you.

SAM : That's the pint, sir. Out vith it, as the father said to the child when he swallowed a farden.

PICKWICK : We want to know, in the first place, whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation ?

SAM : Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'l'm'n, I should like to know, in the first place, whether you're agoin' to purvide me vith a better ?

PICKWICK : I have half made up my mind to engage you myse'f.

SAM : Have you thought ?
 PICKWICK : I have !
 SAM : Wages ?
 PICKWICK : Twelve pounds a year.
 SAM : Clothes ?
 PICKWICK : Two suits.
 SAM : Work ?
 PICKWICK : To attend upon me, and travel about with me and these gentlemen here.
 SAM : Take the bill down. I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon.
 PICKWICK : You accept the situation ?
 SAM : Cert'nly. If the clothes fit me 'alf as well as the place, they'll do.
 PICKWICK : Can you come this evening ?
 SAM : I'll get into the clothes this minute, if they're 'ere.
 PICKWICK : Call at eight this evening, and if the enquiries are satisfactory, the clothes shall be provided.



SAM WELLER

(Mr. Pickwick and his friends confer together.)

SAM : Werry good, sir. *(Aside)* I don't know vether I'm meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman, or a sort of compo of every one on 'em, but there'll be change of air, plenty to see and little to do, and that suits my complaint uncommon. So, long life to the Pickvicks, says I!

END OF PROLOGUE.



THE GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY

ACT

THE TRIAL.

Scene :—A Court Room, with Judge's bench, witness box, jury boxes, barristers' table, &c.

(Enter Tony Weller and Sam Weller.)

TONY : So 'ere's where the trial is a'comin' off, hey ? Vell, now, I suppose your governor will want to call some witnesses to speak to his character, or p'raps to prove a alleybi. I've been a turnin' the business over in my mind, and he may make hisself easy, Sammy. I've got some friends as'll do either for him, but my advice 'ud be this 'ere :—never mind the character, and stick to the alleybi. Nothing like a alleybi, Sammy, nothing.

SAM : Why, what do you mean ? You don't take this Court for the Old Bailey, do you ?

TONY : That ain't no part of the present con-sideration, Sammy. A alleybi's the thing to get him off. Ve got Tom Vildspark off that 'ere manslaughter with a alleybi, ven all the bigvigs to a man said as nothing couldn't save him. And my 'pinion is, Sammy, that if your governor don't prove a alleybi, he'll be what the Italians call regularly flummoxed, and that's all about it.

SAM : O don't worry yourself, my Prussian Blue. My governor's got the greatest big vig of 'em all to look arter his case—Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, no less—and speakin' of 'is majesty—'ere 'e comes. You 'ad better go and get a seat in the court room, my ancient. I will 'ave to stop 'ere as the governor may want me.

TONY : All right, Sammy. I'll be where I can see as 'e don't get wictimized.

(Exit Tony. Enter Snubbin, Pickwick, Snodgrass, Winkle, Tupman, Mr. Perker and Mr. Phuncky. Serjt. Snubbin takes his seat at barristers' table.)

PICKWICK *(to Snubbin)* : Serjeant Snubbin, I take this opportunity of repeating what I said at your chambers, as I hope you remember, that I solemnly declare there is no foundation in truth and fact for this action against me.

SNUBBIN : Of course, of course. I understand. Well ?

PICKWICK : Well, Sir, I wish you distinctly to understand that I am innocent of the falseness laid to my charge ;

and although I am very well aware of the inestimable value of your assistance, sir, I must beg to add that, unless you sincerely believe this, I would rather be deprived of the aid of your talents than have the advantage of them.

SNUBBIN : Quite so, yes. (*Pickwick retires.*) Er, Mr. Perker, who's with me in this case ?

PERKER : Mr. Phuncky, Serjeant Snubbin.

SNUBBIN : Phuncky, Phuncky, I never heard the name before. Is he here ?



MRS. SANDERS AND MRS. CLUPPINS

PERKER : Yes, Sir, (*conducts Phuncky to the Serjeant*). Allow me to present Mr. Phuncky to you, Serjeant Snubbin.

SNUBBIN : I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before, Mr. Phuncky.

PHUNKY : But I *have* had the pleasure of seeing *you*, sir, and of admiring and envying you, sir, for eight years and a quarter.

SNUBBIN : Really ? You are with me in this case, I understand. You've read the papers I suppose.

PHUNKY : O, yes, sir. I think I may claim to have a thorough grasp of them.

SNUBBIN : You've conferred with Pickwick, our client, I presume ?

PHUNKY : Certainly, sir.

SNUBBIN : Then sit down and let us go over it a little.

(*Enter Buzfuz, Dodson, Fogg, Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Cluppins, Mrs. Sanders and Tommy Bardell. Buzfuz takes seat at barristers' table.*)

BUZFUZ : It's a fine morning, Bro. Snubbin.

SNUBBIN : It is, Bro. Buzfuz : a very fine morning.

PICKWICK (*to Perker*) : Who is that red-faced man who is speaking to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin ?

PERKER: That is Serjt. Buzfuz, the leading counsel for the Plaintiff.

PICKWICK: He is against us, then?

PERKER: O yes, certainly.

PICKWICK: Then by what right—how dare he have the assurance to come and tell *our* counsel that it is a fine morning? It is audacious! Ah, there are Dodson and Fogg, the villains! I must have a word with them!

PERKER: I would advise you not, sir. It is scarcely regular.

PICKWICK: But, sir, I owe it to my own character!

(Pickwick walks over to Dodson and Fogg).

PICKWICK: I am Mr. Pickwick, sir.

FOGG: Er, so I believe.

DODSON: Ah, you are the defendant in Bardell and Pickwick?

PICKWICK: I am, sir.

DODSON: Well, sir?

PICKWICK: I just take this opportunity, gentlemen, to express my surprise at your conduct in this matter, and to inquire what grounds of action you have against me?

DODSON: You will learn that in a very short time, sir. Meanwhile, sir, consult your own conscience and your own feelings.

PICKWICK: My conscience is clear, and my feelings are that this action is a vile conspiracy, sirs!

DODSON: We, sir, are guided entirely by the statement of our client. That statement may be true, or it may be false; it may be credible or it may be incredible; but if it be true, and if it be credible, I do not hesitate to say, sir, that our grounds of action, sir, are strong and not to be shaken.

FOGG: Most certainly, sir.

PICKWICK: Well, sirs, you will permit me to assure you that I am a most unfortunate man, so far as this case is concerned.

DODSON: You may be an unfortunate man, sir, or you may be a designing one; but if I were called upon as a jurymen in that box to express an opinion of your conduct, sir, I do not hesitate to assert that I should have but one opinion about it.

FOGG: I say precisely the same, sir.

PICKWICK: Well, gentlemen, we shall await the outcome. But I must give myself the satisfaction of saying plainly to you that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings—!

DODSON : Stay, sir, stay ! Mr. Fogg ! Please particularly note what this gentleman says. Pray go on, sir. Disgraceful and rascally proceedings, I think you said ?

PICKWICK : I did. I said, sir, that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings that ever were attempted, this is the most so. I repeat it, sir.

DODSON : You hear that, Mr. Fogg ?

FOGG : I won't forget these expressions, Mr. Dodson !

DODSON : Perhaps you would like to call us swindlers, sir ?

FOGG : Yes, pray do, sir, if you feel disposed. Now pray do so, sir.

PICKWICK : I *do*. You *are* swindlers !

DODSON : Very good. You hear that, Mr. Fogg ?

FOGG : O, yes, Mr. Dodson !

DODSON : Go on, sir. Go on. You had better call us thieves, sir, or perhaps you would like to assault one of us ? Pray do it, sir, if you would. We will not make the smallest resistance. Pray do it, sir.

(Pickwick is about to strike them).

SAM : *(intervening)*. You just come away, Mr. Pickwick. Battledore and shuttlecock's a werry good game when you ain't the shuttlecock, and two lawyers the battledores, in which case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant. Come away, sir. If you want to ease your mind by blowing somebody up, come out into the courtyard and blow me up; but its rayther too expensive work to be carried on 'ere. *(He leads Pickwick to a seat.)*

(Enter Crier, Clerk, Judge, and Messrs. Upwich and Groffin).

COURT CRIER : Silence ! O yez, O yez, O yez ! In the King's name this Court is now open.

JUDGE : Call the first case.

CLERK : Bardell against Pickwick.

JUDGE : Summon the jury.

CLERK : Toby Turveydrop.

CRIER : Toby Turveydrop !

CONSTABLE : Toby Turveydrop !

(Enter Turveydrop).

CLERK : Take your seat in the jury box, sir.

(Turveydrop takes his seat).

CLERK : Sandy Macpherson !

CRIER : Sandy Macpherson !

CONSTABLE : Sandy Macpherson !

Eight other jurymen are summoned in same way—by name :—Goliah Guppy, Ben Battle, Moses Ikestein, Solomon

Slocum, Marmaduke Montgomery Miggs, Col. Wellington de Boots, Dennis Muldoon, Timothy Tadpole Tubbs.

CLERK : Alexander McKinnon.

CRIER : Alexander McKinnon !

CONSTABLE : Alexander McKinnon !

CLERK : McKinnon is not here, my Lord—Peter Sniffleton !

CRIER : Peter Sniffleton !

CONSTABLE : Peter Sniffleton !

CLERK : Sniffleton is absent, my Lord; that exhausts the special Jury list.

SERJT. BUZFUZ : I pray a *tales*, my Lord.

JUDGE : Very well (*to Clerk*) : Summon two jurymen from the common list.

CLERK : Thomas Groffin !

GROFFIN : Here (*comes forward*).

CLERK : Take your place in the box, sir.

GROFFIN : I beg the Court's pardon, but I 'ope this Court will excuse my attendance.

JUDGE : On what grounds, sir ?

GROFFIN : I am a chemist, my Lord, and I have no assistant.

JUDGE : I can't help that, sir, you should hire one.

GROFFIN : I can't afford it, my lord.

JUDGE : Then you ought to be able to afford it, sir.

GROFFIN : I know I *ought* to, if I got on as well as I deserved, but I don't, my lord.

JUDGE : That will do. Take your place, sir.

GROFFIN : I am to be sworn, my lord, am I ?

JUDGE : Certainly, sir.

GROFFIN : Very well, my lord. Then there'll be murder before this trial's over, that's all.

JUDGE : What do you mean by your threat of murder, sir ?

GROFFIN : I merely wanted to observe, my lord, that I've left nobody but an errand boy in my shop.

JUDGE : Well, sir, I suppose he is a nice boy and won't run away with the shop.

GROFFIN : He's a very nice boy, my lord, but he's not acquainted with drugs, and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is that Epsom salts means oxalic acid and syrup of senna laudanum. That's all, my lord.

JUDGE : I'll make a note of it.

CLERK : Richard Upwich !

UPWICH : 'Ere. (*comes forward*). Can't I get out of this 'ere job, me lord. There's nothink in it for me, you know, and I promised to take the missus and young 'uns for a drive to 'Amsted 'Eath this arternoon.

JUDGE : I'll send you for a drive to Newgate if you say another word. Take your place, sir !

UPWICH : It's hall right, m' lord, I'll be sworn : but there'll be a bloomin' row with the missus over this 'ere.

JUDGE : Sit down. Another word and I'll commit you for contempt. (*Upwich takes his seat.*)

CLERK : Gentlemen of the Jury, stand up to be sworn—mumble, mumble.

MRS. BARDELL (*suddenly awaking from her drooping condition and hysterically kissing the boy*) : Where am I ? My darling ! My darling !

DODSON : Compose yourself, Madam.

FOGG : Yes madam, try to compose yourself.

(*Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders burst into tears. Serjt. Buzfuz ostentatiously wipes his eyes and looks towards the jury. Dodson and Fogg seem overcome with emotion. Jury seem much affected.*)

PERKER (*aside to Pickwick*) : Very good notion that. Capital fellows those, Dodson and Fogg, excellent ideas of effect, my dear sir. Excellent.

PICKWICK : They're rascals, sir; rascals !

JUDGE : Go on !

CLERK : Bardell against Pic' wick.

SERJT. BUZFUZ : I am for the plaintiff, my lord.

JUDGE : Who is with you, Bro. Buzfuz ?

MR. SKIMPIN : I am, my lord.

SNUBBIN : I appear for the defendant, my lord.

JUDGE : Anybody with you, Brother Snubbin ?

SNUBBIN : Mr. Phunky, my lord.

JUDGE (*writing*) : Serjt. Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff; for the defendant, Serjt. Snubbin and Mr. Mon' ey.

PHUNKY : Beg your lordship's pardon,—Phunky.

JUDGE : Oh, very good. I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before.

PHUNKY : Thank you, m' lord.

JUDGE : Go on .

CRIER : Silence !

MR. SKIMPIN : May it please your lordship and gentlemen of the jury. This is an action for breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff, Mrs. Martha Bardell, a respectable, and I may add, prepossessing widow of Goswell Street, sues Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C., M. P. C., a former lodger in her house, for £1,500 damages. Mr. Pickwick, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, may be recognized by many of you as the President of the Club, pretty well known in London, which bears his name, and as the author of the essay entitled "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some

Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats." The benevolent and harmless aspect of the defendant might easily beguile the casual observer into the opinion that he is a person incapable of heartless cruelty toward an unprotected female; those of you, gentlemen of the jury, who have read his scientific essays and other learned disquisitions as they have appeared from time to time in the public prints; those of you who are familiar with his archeological discoveries, especially that notable antiquarian triumph at Cobham, when he revealed that inscription on the mysterious stone—Upwich (sotto voce) "Bill Stumps, 'is Mark"—would hesitate before believing him capable of duplicity and deception, but appearances cannot be relied on. I will leave it to my learned friend to outline the facts of the case and fittingly characterize the conduct of this defendant, as he alone of all the members of the British bar is competent to do, contenting myself with the more humble duty of merely opening the case, and giving you, in these few words, the general information which it is necessary you should have.

SERJT. BUZFUZ: M'lord, gentlemen of the Jury: Never in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of applying myself to the study and practise of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me, a responsibility, I will say, which I could never have supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction, so strong that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of my much injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and



MR. SERJT. BUZFUZ

intelligent dozen of men whom I now see in that box before me.

(Jurymen begin taking notes, etc.)

You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen pounds.

(Mr. Skimpin hastily whispers correction.)

Er—I should say fifteen *hundred* pounds. But you have *not* heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

(Dodson and Fogg express admiration. Judge falls asleep.)

The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow; *(burst of grief from Mrs. Bardell)* yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

SAM WELLER : *(aside to Pickwick)* 'E was knocked on the 'ead with a quart pot in a public 'ouse cellar.

JUDGE *(suddenly awaking)* : I'll make a note of it.

SERJT. BUZFUZ : Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquility of Goswell Street ; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription, " Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." *(Displays placard.)*

JUROR UPWICH : There is no date to that, is there, sir ?

SERJT. BUZFUZ : There is no date, gentlemen, but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—" Apartments furnished for a single gentleman !" Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. " Mr. Bardell," said the widow, " Mr. Bardell

was a man of honour, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself ; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort and for consolation ; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections ; *to* a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long ? No. The serpent was on the watch ; the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the window three days—three days, gentlemen, a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He enquired within ; he took the lodgings ; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant !



MR. PICKWICK AND MR. PERKER

(Sensation in jury box. Judge wakes up for a moment.)

Of this man, Pickwick, I will say little ; the subject presents but few attractions ; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and of systematic villainy !

(Mr. Pickwick starts up indignantly.)

PERKER : Restrain yourself, sir ; keep calm.

SERJT. BUZFUZ : I say systematic villainy, gentlemen, and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in Court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this Court will not go down with you ; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them ; and let me tell him further, as my Lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied nor put down ; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick or Noakes or Stokes or Stiles or Brown or Thompson.

DODSON AND FOGG (*delighted*) : Aha ! Aha !

JUDGE (*awaking*) : We must have order. Go on.

CRIER : Silence !

BUZFUZ . I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad ; darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home ; and in short enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that on many occasions he gave half-pence and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy ; and I shall prove to you by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any alley tors or commonneys lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression, "How should you like to have another father ?" I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client ; but I shall show you also that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings

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

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 preconcerted 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.

(Dodson and Fogg blow their noses, wipe their eyes and make other demonstrations of emotion. The Judge snores.)

But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street,—Pickwick who has choked up the well and thrown ashes on the sward.—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontry and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made.

(Pickwick appears about to rise.)

PERKER : Restrain your feelings, sir, don't give way !

Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him ; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen

(Buzfuz sits down.)

JUDGE *(waking with a snore)* : Go on !

BUZFUZ : Call Elizabeth Cluppins.

CLERK : Elizabeth Cluppins !

CRIER : Elizabeth Jupkins !

CONSTABLE : Elizabeth Muffins !

(Mrs. Cluppins is assisted to witness box by Dodson, Fogg, Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Bardell, who then resume their seats. Mrs. Cluppins sobs violently).

BUZFUZ *(rising)* : Mrs. Cluppins, pray compose yourself, ma'am. Your name, I believe, is Mrs. Elizabeth Cluppins ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, your worship.

BUZFUZ : You know the plaintiff, Mrs. Bardell ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, knows 'er well, your majesty—for years, I might say.

BUZFUZ : Visit her frequently, I suppose ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes sir, off and on quite frequent, as I might say, sir.

BUZFUZ : Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins, do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

BUZFUZ : Mr. Pickwick's sitting room was the first floor front, I believe.

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, it were, sir.

JUDGE : What were you doing in the back room, ma'am ?

MRS. CLUPPINS (*agitated*) : My lord and jury, I will not deceive you.

JUDGE : You had better not, ma'am.

MRS. CLUPPINS : I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell.

I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney 'taters.

JUDGE : Red kidney what ?

BUZFUZ : She means potatoes, my lord.

MRS. CLUPPINS : Taters or purtaties, which was three pound tuppence ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar.

JUDGE : On the what ?

BUZFUZ : Partly open, my lord.

JUDGE : She *said* on the jar.

BUZFUZ : It's all the same, my lord.

JUDGE : I'll make a note of it.

MRS. CLUPPINS : I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, upstairs and into the back room. There was the sound of voices in the front room and—

BUZFUZ : And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Beggin' your parding, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my hear.

BUZFUZ : Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of the voices Pickwick's ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, it were, sir.

BUZFUZ : Do you remember any of the things you heard Pickwick say ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, my lord and jury, I do. I 'eard him say, 'e didn't suppose it would cost no more to keep 'er than just to keep 'isself.

BUZFUZ : He said that, did he ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, sir, I 'eard it plain.

BUZFUZ : Anything else ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : I 'eard him say the person 'e loved 'ad a good knowledge of the world and a great deal of sharpness, which that would be useful to 'im.

BUZFUZ : Referring to Mrs. Bardell, you believe ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : O, certainly, of course, sir.

BUZFUZ : How do you know ? Are you sure he used the word love ? Perhaps he said the person he was thinking of, or had in his eye, or some such expression ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, sir, now I remember 'e said the person 'e 'ad in 'is heye, but 'e was lookin' at Mrs. Bardell with 'is heye when 'e said it.

BUZFUZ : That is why you are sure he meant Mrs. Bardell ?

MRS. CLUPPINS : Yes, my lord and jury. I am the mother of eight children at the present speaking and—

JUDGE : That will do, ma'am; we don't want to hear your domestic affairs. Do you wish to cross-examine the witness, Brother Snubbin ?

SNUBBIN : Yes, m'lord. (*Rises*). Er—no, I think not. We admit, my lord, the general correctness of this witness's testimony, but allege that her construction of what she heard is mistaken.

BUZFUZ : That will do. (*Mrs. Cluppins leaves the box*).

MR. SKIMPIN : Call Nathaniel Winkle.

CLERK : Nathaniel Winkle !

CRIER : Nathaniel Winkle !

WINKLE : Here. (*enters box and bows to judge*).

JUDGE : Don't look at me, sir, look at the jury.

MR. SKIMPIN : Now, sir, have the goodness to let His Lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you ?

WINKLE : Winkle.

JUDGE : Have you any Christian name, sir ?

WINKLE : Nathaniel, sir.

JUDGE : Daniel, any other name ?

WINKLE : Nathaniel, sir, my Lord, I mean.

JUDGE : Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel ?

WINKLE : No, my Lord, only Nathaniel, not Daniel at all.

JUDGE : What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then ?

WINKLE : I didn't, my Lord.

JUDGE : You did, sir ! How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir ?



MR. WINKLE

SKIMPIN : Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord. We shall find means to refresh it before we are quite done with him, I dare say.

JUDGE (to Winkle) : You had better be careful, sir.
(Winkle bows).

SKIMPIN : Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me if you please, sir, and let me recommend you for your own sake to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of the defendant, Pickwick, are you not ?

WINKLE : I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment nearly—

SKIMPIN : Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you or are you not a particular friend of the defendant's ?

WINKLE : I was just about to say that—

SKIMPIN : Will you or will you not answer my question, sir ?

JUDGE : If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir.

SKIMPIN : Come sir, yes or no, if you please.

WINKLE : Yes, I am.

SKIMPIN : Yes, you are. And couldn't you say that at once, sir ? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too, eh, Mr. Winkle ?

WINKLE : I don't know her, but I've seen her.

SKIMPIN : Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle .

WINKLE : I mean that I am not intimately acquainted with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street.

SKIMPIN : How often have you seen her, sir ?

WINKLE : How often ?

SKIMPIN : Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often ? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times if you require it, sir.

WINKLE : It's impossible for me to say how many times I have seen her.

SKIMPIN : Twenty times ?

WINKLE : Certainly, more than that.

SKIMPIN : Have you seen her one hundred times ?

WINKLE : No ; I think not.

SKIMPIN : Will you swear that you haven't seen her more than fifty times ?

WINKLE : I think not.

SKIMPIN : Do you not know, sir, that you have seen her at least seventy-five times ?

WINKLE : I may have, but I am uncertain.

SKIMPIN : You had better take care of yourself, sir !

(*Skimpin sits down.*)

BUZFUZ : Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant, Pickwick, at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning in the month of July last ?

WINKLE : Yes, I do.

BUZFUZ : Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass ?

WINKLE : Yes, I was.

BUZFUZ : Are they here ?

WINKLE : Yes, they are. (*Looks towards them.*)

BUZFUZ : Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends. They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place. Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir, we must have it sooner or later.

WINKLE : The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away.

BUZFUZ : Did you hear the defendant say anything ?

WINKLE : I heard him call the plaintiff a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come, or words to that effect.

BUZFUZ : Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question " My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come," or words to *that effect*."

WINKLE : I—I didn't understand him so, certainly. I was on the staircase and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—

BUZFUZ : The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men. You were on the staircase and didn't distinctly hear, but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted ? Do I understand that ?

WINKLE : No, I will not.

BUZFUZ : No ; you will not.

(*Buzfuz sits down.*)

MR. PHUNKY : I believe, Mr. Winkle, that Mr. P-P-P-Pickwick is not a young man ?

WINKLE : Oh no, old enough to be my father.

PHUNKY : You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. P-P-Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be m-m-m-married ?

WINKLE : Oh no, certainly not.

PHUNKY : I will even go f-f-further than that, Mr. Winkle. Did you ever see anything in Mr. P-P-Pickwick's manner and conduct toward the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated m-m-matrimony, of late years at any rate ?

WINKLE : Oh no, certainly not.

PHUNKY : Has his behaviour, when f-f-females have been concerned, always been that of a m-m-m-man who, having attained a pretty advanced p-p-period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a f-f-father might his daughters ?

WINKLE : Not the least doubt of it. That is,—yes,—er—oh, yes, certainly.

PHUNKY : You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. B-B-Bardell, or any other f-f-female, in the least degree suspicious ?

SNUBBIN (*aside to Phunky, pulling his coat.*) : Sit down !

WINKLE : N-n-no. Except on one trifling occasion, which I have no doubt might be easily explained.

PHUNKY : Er—never m-m-mind, Mr. Winkle, that will do—that will do.

(*Phunky sits down.*)

SNUBBIN : You may leave the box, Mr. Winkle.

BUZFUZ : Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay. (*To Judge.*) Will your lordship have the goodness to ask the witness what this one instance of suspicious behaviour towards females, on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was ?

JUDGE : You hear what the learned counsel says, sir. Describe the occasion to which you refer.

WINKLE : My lord, I'd—I'd rather not.

JUDGE : Perhaps so, but you must.

WINKLE : But my lord, it is a matter about which I really know nothing, and, should never have heard of it had we not all been arrested over it.

BUZFUZ : Oh, indeed, this is interesting ! Do I understand you to say that Mr. Pickwick, yourself, and friends were actually arrested ?

WINKLE : Oh yes, but I assure you it was nothing.

BUZFUZ : Where did it occur ?

WINKLE : At Ipswich.

BUZFUZ : What occurred there ? (*No answer.*) I ask you again, what occurred there ?

WINKLE : I believe, sir, that Mr. Pickwick, by mistake, got into the wrong room at his hotel, that was all.

BUZFUZ : Oh, that was all. Anybody else in the room ?

WINKLE : Not when he entered.

BUZFUZ : Any one come in ?

WINKLE : Yes—a middle-aged lady, with yellow curl papers.

BUZFUZ : Oh, I see, and what did Mr. Pickwick do ?

WINKLE : Got out as soon as possible, I believe.

SNUBBIN : I object, my lord, that this is not evidence. The witness was not present on this occasion and is only saying something he has heard.

JUDGE : Is the lady in Court ?

BUZFUZ : I believe not, my lord.

JUDGE : Well, then, Brother Buzfuz, you must not pursue this enqui further.

BUZFUZ : Ver well, my lord. Just one more question, Mr. Winkle. What effect had this episode on the lady's fortunes ?

WINKLE : She was about to be married and her engagement was broken off, but Mr. Pickwick was not to blame for that.

BUZFUZ : We shall see what the jury says as to that.

(*Winkle steps down.*)

BUZFUZ : Call Tracy Tupman.

CLERK : Tracy Tupman.

CRIER : Tracy Tupman.

(*Tupman enters the box.*)

BUZFUZ : You are another particular friend of the defendant, I believe.

TUPMAN : Yes, I am.

BUZFUZ : And a member of the Pickwick Club ?

TUPMAN : Yes, sir.

BUZFUZ : You have heard Mr. Winkle's evidence. Were you present at Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell Street on the occasion to which Mr. Winkle referred ?

TUPMAN : Yes, I was.

BUZFUZ : Did you see the detendant holding the plaintiff in his arms ?

TUPMAN : Yes.

BUZFUZ : Had you any part in the episode further than as an onlooker ?

TUPMAN : I supported Mrs. Bardell from the room.
BUZFUZ : Oh, you did. Very considerate of you, I'm sure.
Evidently Mr. Pickwick is not the only member of the
Club who has a weakness for the gentler sex. That will
do, sir.
BUZFUZ : Call Augustus Snodgrass.
CLERK : Augustus Snodgrass !
CRIER : Augustus Snodgrass !

(Snodgrass enters the box.)

BUZFUZ : You are another intimate friend of the defendant ?
SNODGRASS : Yes, sir.

BUZFUZ : Were you with Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman at
Pickwick's apartments on that eventful morning in
July last ?

SNODGRASS : Yes, I was.

BUZFUZ : You, too, saw the defendant embracing the plain-
tiff and endeavouring to soothe her,—did you ?

SNODGRASS : Yes.

BUZFUZ : Have you ever known the defendant to imbibe
too freely of cold punch ? It seems to me I remember
reading something in the newspaper about his going on
a shooting expedition and falling asleep in a wheel-
barrow, and being taken to the Pound. Were you with
him on that occasion ?

SNODGRASS : Yes, I was.

BUZFUZ : That will do. Call Susannah Sanders.

CLERK : Susannah Sanders !

CRIER : Susannah Sanders !

(Mrs. Sanders enters the box)

BUZFUZ : You know the parties to this action, Mrs. Sanders ?

MRS. SANDERS : Oh yes, sir.

BUZFUZ : What have been their relations toward each other ?

MRS. SANDERS : Oh, they ain't no relations, sir. Only
Mr. Pickwick was goin' to marry Mrs. Bardell, sir.

BUZFUZ : That's the very point. What is your authority
or what reason have you for so thinking ?

MRS. SANDERS : W'y, sir, I allus said and believed 'e would,
sir.

BUZFUZ : Was that the general impression in the neigh-
borhood ?

MRS. SANDERS : It were, sir. We was allus a talkin' about
it, specially after the faintin' spell in July, sir.

BUZFUZ : With whom have you discussed the subject ?

MRS. SANDERS : Mrs. Mudbury, what keeps a mangle,
an' me 'as talked it hover, and Mrs. Bunkin which clear
starches, also, sir.

BUZFUZ : Are these parties in court ?

MRS. SANDERS : I don't see 'em, sir.

BUZFUZ : Have you ever heard Mr. Pickwick make use o' any expression in icating that he regarded himself a in prospective matrimonial relationships with Mrs. Bardell ? Have you ever heard him say anything significant to her little boy, for e ample ?

MRS. SANDERS : I 'eard 'im ask the littl: boy how 'e shou'd like to ha e another father.

BUZFUZ : That is al, Mrs. Sanders. (*Sits down.*)

SNUBBIN : When was that, ma'am ?

MRS. SANDERS : It were last June, sir, the 7th of June, in the forenoon.

SNUBBIN : How do you happen to remember the date so exactly ?

MRS. SANDERS : Mr. Dodson, and Fogg told me to mark it down, sir.

SNUBBIN : Are you aware that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker ?

MRS. SANDERS : No sir, I was not aware of it.

SNUBBIN : Do you know the baker ?

MRS. SANDERS : Yes sir, quite well.

SNUBBIN : Was he a single man ?

MRS. SANDERS : 'E were at that time, but is married since.

SNUBBIN : Now, madam, on your oath, will you say that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker ?

MRS. SANDERS : I 'ave a belief that s e were, sir.

SNUBBIN : You have referred to the fainting in July. Do you know what caused Mrs. Bardell to faint ?

MRS. SANDERS : It were 'er feelings, sir, w'en Mr. Pickwick arsked 'er so suddent to name the day.

SNUBBIN : How do you know that ?

MRS. SANDERS : The same thing 'appened to me, sir, w'en Mr. Sanders arsked me to name the day, and I think 'anybody as calls 'erself a lady would do the same.

SNUBBIN : That will do. (*Sits down.*)

JUDGE : You received love letters from Mr. Sanders during your courtship, I suppose.

MRS. SANDERS : Oh yes, my lord and jury, to be sure, sir.

JUDGE : Did he ever refer to you under such endearing terms as "chops" and "tomato sauce" ?

MRS. SANDERS : No, my lord and jury. 'E often called me a duck, but never chops or tomato sauce. 'E were particular fond of ducks, sir. P'raps if 'ad been as fond of chops and tomato sauce, 'e would 'ave call.d me them, sir.

JUDGE : That will do, Mrs. Sanders.

BUZFUZ : Call Samuel Weller.

CLERK : Samuel Weller !

(*Sam enters the witness box.*)

JUDGE : What's your name, sir ?

SAM : Sam Weller, my lord.

JUDGE : Do you spell it with a V or with a W ?

SAM : That depends upon the taste and fancy of the spel er, my lord. I never 'ad occasion to spell it more than once or tw ce in my life, but I spells it with a We.

TONY WELLER (*from outside*) : Quite right, too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a We, my lord, put it down a We.

JUDGE : Who is that, who dares to address the Court ?
Usher !

USHER : Yes, my lord.

JUDGE : Bring that person here instantly.

USHER : Yes, my lord.

JUDGE : Do you know who that was, sir ?

SAM : I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord.

JUDGE : Do you see him here now ?

SAM (*looking at ceiling*) : W'y, no, my lord, I can't say as I do see him at the present moment.

JUDGE : If you could have pointed him out, I would have sent him to jail instantly.

SAM (*aside*) : I knowed it. (*Aloud*)—Werry good, my lord.

BUZFUZ : Now, Mr. Weller.

SAM : Now, sir.

BUZFUZ : I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller ?

SAM : I mean to speak hup, sir. I am in the service of that ere gentleman, and a werry good service it is.

BUZFUZ : Little to do and plenty to get, I suppose.

SAM : Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him 350 lashes.

JUDGE : You must not tell us what the soldier said, unless the soldier is in court and is examined in the usual way. Its not evidence.

SAM : Werry good, my lord.

BUZFUZ : Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant ? Eh, Mr. Weller ?

SAM : Yes, I do, sir.

BUZFUZ : Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

SAM : I had a reg'lar new fit out of clothes that mornin'.

gentlemen of the jury, and that was a werry particular and uncommon circumstance vith me in these days.

JUDGE : You had better be careful, sir.

SAM : So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord, and I was werry careful o' that ere suit of clothes, werry careful indeed, my lord.

JUDGE : Confine yourself to the questions of the counsel, sir !

SAM : Werry good, my lord.

BUZFUZ : Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses ?

SAM : Certingly—

BUZFUZ : Ah—

SAM : Not, sir. I was in the passage till they called me hup, and then the old lady, as you calls the plaintiff, she warn't there, sir.

BUZFUZ : Now attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward ? Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller ?

SAM : Yes, I 'ave a pair of heyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes o' hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through two flights o' stairs and a deal door, but bein' only heyes, you see my wision's limited.

(Buzfuz consults Dodson and Fogg).

BUZFUZ : Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

SAM : If *you* please, sir.

BUZFUZ : Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November ?

SAM : Oh, yes, werry well.

BUZFUZ : Oh, you do remember that, Mr. Weller ? I thought we should get at something at last.

SAM : I rayther thought that, too, sir.

BUZFUZ : Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about the trial, eh, Mr. Weller ?

SAM : I went up to pay the rent. but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial.

BUZFUZ : Oh, you did get a-talking about the trial. Now, what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller ?

SAM : Vith all the pleasure in life, sir. Arter a few unimportant obserwations from the two wirtuous females as 'as been examined 'ere to-day, the ladies gets a into werry great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct

of Mr. Dodson and Mr. Fogg, them two gentlemen as is sittin' near you now, sir.

BUZFUZ : The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they ?

SAM : Yes. They said what a werry generous thing it was o' them to have took up the case on spec, and not to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick.

BUZFUZ (*to Dodson and Fogg after hurried consultation with them*): You are quite right. (*To Judge*). It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir.

SAM : Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin' ?

(*Takes up hat and looks round composedly*).

SNUBBIN : Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you.

BUZFUZ : You may go down, sir.

SNUBBIN : I have no objection to admit, m' lord, if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a man of considerable independent property.

BUZFUZ : Very well, m' lord. Then that is my case. I put in these letters. (*Hands up letters to Judge*).

JUDGE : Do you wish to call any witnesses, Brother Snubbin ?

SNUBBIN : I will call the defendant, Samuel Pickwick.

CLERK : Samuel Pickwick !

CRIER : Samuel Pickwick !

(*Mr. Pickwick, evidently astonished, enters witness-box*).

PICKWICK : My lord, of all the rascally—

SNUBBIN (*interrupting*): One moment, Mr. Pickwick, anything you say, sir, must be in reply to questions by counsel or by the Court. Now, Mr. Pickwick, reference has been made to a most embarrassing little episode, which I have no doubt at all you will be able to explain. Will you be kind enough to tell the court just what occurred when you were—er—discovered in the apartment of a middle-aged lady with violet curl papers ?

SKIMPIN : My lord, I beg the privilege of correcting my learned friend, they were yellow curl papers.

JUDGE : Let me see—er—er—yes, yes, you are right, they were yellow, not violet.

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—

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?"



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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.

voice and gesture, that have made his name famous wherever the British Bar is known.

But, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, all this is art. The speech of my learned friend reminds me of a picture I once saw, a picture that for the brilliancy of its coloring—a coloring, by the way, never seen by mortal eyes elsewhere—was said to be of great value, but to an unsophisticated philistine like myself it was unsatisfying and unconvincing, for on close inspection it had no truth of form or fact, but was a mere confused conglomeration of colors laid on with such a lavish hand as to suggest the use of a trowel.

It is such a picture that my learned friend has placed before you to-day, for though he does not use brush or palette, though he does not apply his paint with a trowel—he may be said to have laid on his colors, not with smears and daubs, but with such a prodigality of words and phrases, as to obliterate the truth, and distort and exaggerate the most trivial circumstances into mountains of importance wholly disproportionate to their true value.

I have heard it said, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, that some people, who, of course, know nothing about the law, have from pure malevolence declared that it is the prerogative of counsel when pleading a cause to so twist and distort the truth that it becomes a lie; and to so bully and badger a witness as to make him say the very opposite of the truth he desires to tell. We have witnessed something very like this to-day, and in this art of falsifying the truth my learned friend is a past master.

BUZFUZ : (*rising indignantly*) My lord, I protest, and place myself under your lordship's protection.

THE JUDGE : Mr. Serjt. Snubbin, you must withdraw the words "past master;" there is no such degree or rank known in the legal profession.

SNUBBIN (*bowing*) : Very good, my lord, I withdraw the words "past master." Now, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, I was about to point out to you that as the painter of such a picture as I have described, startles and impresses for the moment by the extravagance of his coloring and total disregard of fact, so this "son of thunder" by an overpowering torrent of eloquence, in which he employed an incomprehensible concatenation of misconstructions, misrepresentations and invective, has so dazzled and blinded by the brilliancy of his delivery, and so

bewildered by his verbosity and flambuoyancy as to distract and deceive you into a total misconception of the truth. This, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, is his great achievement to-day.

BUZFUZ (*again springing to his feet*) : My lord, again I protest, most indignantly protest, and place myself under the protection of the Court.

JUDGE : Brother Snubbin, your remark is very ill-timed, sir. You must withdraw the word "achievement." Nothing can be said to be achieved until it is finished, and this case will not be finished until the verdict is rendered and judgment passed.

SNUBBIN (*bowing*) : I am proud to be corrected by your lordship. I will withdraw the word "achievement."

I will now ask you to look a little closer at this picture which my learned friend has with such masterly skill presented to your view. Let us first notice the background of the picture. This has been treated in a hasty, sketchy manner, and toned down so as to act rather as a foil to enhance the brilliancy of the foreground. In this background we find just a passing and rather slighting reference to Mr. Pickwick's career as a philanthropist. His philanthropy is referred to in a mere word, as if philanthropy were not quite respectable, and it were better not to speak it too loud. But even my learned friend cannot deny the fact that my client is a philanthropist. Then too, his great archeological discoveries were made little of, and so kept in the shade of the background. But on what has the artist concentrated his high lights? What is that which fairly sizzles in the centre of the picture? "Chops," gentlemen! And where has he placed his most brilliant colors? What is that blaze of red and gold in the very foreground of the canvas? "Tomato sauce," gentlemen!

Gentlemen of the jury, you are no longer young men, some of you are nearing the sere and yellow leaf, and your pulses no longer beat with the ardent fire of youthful passion, but each of you can recall the days of your youth when, in the dim shades of the soft and tender twilight, you whispered endearing terms to the one you loved; when, in the still silence of the dewy eve you called her by names intended to express the deep emotions of your soul; but did you ever hear of any lover who, even in the delirium of the most ardent affection, addressed his love as "chops"—my tenderest "Chops," or my sweetest "Tomato sauce"? Impossible! But we must not dwell upon such things. It makes one hungry to think of them.

But what is the subject--what the title, of this wonderful work of art? It might be called the "Snake in the Grass" or "Systematic Villany Unmasked." Here we have presented to our view a monster, a hideous, crawling, squirming monster, whose scales glisten in the search-light of legal investigation, and this monster in human form, this wily serpent bent on destroying the peace and happiness of a helpless widow, gentlemen, is offered to you as the portrait of my client, Samuel Pickwick, the archeologist and philanthropist. I ask you gentlemen, to look at him, and tell me, is the picture a good likeness, is it even a caricature? Does my client look like a monster? Does he wriggle? Does he squirm? Does he, I ask you, look like a snake in the grass? (*Pickwick moves uneasily.*)

Gentlemen, enough. You have listened with patience to the extravagant word picture painted in such flaring colors, you have also seen and heard the kind-hearted philanthropic gentleman who has been thus traduced and maligned. I will not insult your intelligence by dwelling upon the trifling circumstances adduced as evidence. I look into your faces, and I see the flush of indignation on your cheeks, I look into your eyes, sparkling with intellectual fire and I see that your minds are made up--that the grandest dramatic effects, the most lofty flights of eloquence, without reason and common sense, will fail to convince you that so good a man as my client could be guilty of the crime laid to his charge.

SERJT. BUZFUZ: *My lord, and gentlemen of the jury: Having already placed my client's case before you, I regret the necessity of having to reply, even briefly, to my learned friend's remarks. It would be folly on my part to attempt to elucidate or explain his pictorial simile. My learned friend would appear to have been living in an atmosphere of canvasses and colors, but while I must admit that his knowledge of art is evidently that of an expert, it is my duty to remind you, gentlemen of the jury, that you are not the hanging committee of the Royal Academy--that this is not a hanging matter at all, but an action for breach of promise of marriage.

My learned friend has attempted to say something as to the character of the defendant, without, however,

*This speech is by Mr. E. S. Williamson, who acted the part of Serjt. Buzfuz.

having the courage to call any witnesses in that behalf. He would have been well advised by his client, gentlemen, to observe a discreet silence on this point. Character, forsooth! Have I not established to your satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of the Court, that on several occasions the defendant was found under the most suspicious circumstances—climbing the wall of a boarding school at midnight; in a lady's apartment with his nightcap on,—yes, gentlemen, with his nightcap on; on still another occasion imbibing too freely of cold punch and being taken to the Pound, and finally, for I shall not go further into his adventurous history, we see him, under cover of promise of marriage, embracing my client in the presence of three of his friends, and thus humiliating as well as deceiving her.

My learned friend has the effrontery to claim for the defendant that he is a philanthropist. Well, gentlemen, whether or not he has been a philanthropist in the past, I am absolutely certain that you will now compel him to extend unwilling philanthropy, in the form of a substantial contribution towards the support of a widow, my client, as some slight recompense for the treatment she has received at his hands.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more before my lord sums up the case and refers it to you for your verdict. My learned friend, not content with using offensive language towards myself personally, has even gone so far as to make insulting references to you, gentlemen of the jury. Did he not compare you, gentlemen, to the sere and yellow curl papers—to the sere and yellow leaf, I should say. Did he not tell you that your pulses do not beat so strongly, that your hearts are not so young, so sympathetic, so open to the appeal of the widow and the orphan, as in years gone by. Gentlemen of the jury, as you are unable to defend yourselves against wanton insult, I on your behalf hurl back my learned friend's reflections and insinuations, and I tell him in the most emphatic language of which I am capable, in those tones to which he has attempted to refer sarcastically as "thunder tones", that you will resent such imputations with all your power, that you will bring to bear upon the consideration of this case the full strength of the great hearts and gigantic intellects with which nature has so generously endowed you, and that my client will receive at your hands the measure of justice to which she is so well entitled, filled up and overflowing.

JUDGE : Gentlemen of the jury : This is—er—an action for breach of promise of marriage. You may not be aware of that fact, so it becomes my duty to apprise you of it.

The word *breach* is a legal phrase, which is equivalent to break, violate, fracture, dissever, smash or burst up. The law presumes that when a man makes a promise of marriage he will keep it ; that having popped the question and received yes for his answer, he will go on and take the woman—and the consequences. That he will marry, and live happy ever after—if he can. The law does not wink at any crawfishing on his part.

Now, it is for you, gentlemen, to decide the question of fact in the case before you ; and to do so entirely on the evidence. You must not contemplate the charms of Mrs. Bardell, and reason within yourselves that she was in every way an excellent catch for such a bald-pated old boy as the defendant. You must not consider either her eligibility or his baldheadedness. You must be guided by the evidence.

I will only occupy a few moments of your time upon the evidence.

In support of the plaintiff's case it has been brought out that Pickwick was kind to her little boy, and gave him pennies and marbles, and on one occasion asked him if he would not like to have another father. This no doubt seems significant, but against it you must weigh the consideration that it is also in evidence that the defendant was a man of benevolent instincts ; and that, at this particular time, Mrs. Bardell was believed to entertain a fondness for the baker. May it not have been, gentlemen, that the reference to "another father" was to the man of dough ? It is your duty as jurymen to mix these considerations as yeast in the batter of your thought and set it to rise in your brain-pan.

But, of course, gentlemen, the great question is *did* Pickwick promise to marry the plaintiff ?

Mrs. Cluppins gives evidence on this point and gives it I may say, very positively. She says she " 'eard 'im." I quote her exact words, as I took them down, she " 'eard 'im say as the person'e loved 'ad a good knowledge of the world," etc. This would seem pretty direct, but immediately afterwards she admitted that the significant word *love* had not been used, but the much less suggestive phrase was used—"the person I 'ave in my eye." This, of course, may have referred to some other person altogether, possibly to Sam Weller ; Pickwick may have used the expression as a familiar figure of speech, as I would do if I should say such evidence is " all in my eye."

Mrs. Sanders' testimony on this point—that Mr. Pickwick must have proposed because "she always said and thought 'e would"—is not conclusive. You must treat such testimony with caution.

One word as to the documentary evidence. A number of letters, alleged to be of a compromising character, have been put in. It is for you to decide, in the first place, the delicate literary question whether these documents *are* love letters or luncheon orders; whether they are in their nature amatory or gustatory; whether they spring from the heart or the stomach of the writer; whether they are to be taken in their obvious meaning or are to be regarded as artful cryptograms in the nature of secret cyphers?

"Chops and tomato sauce—yours, Pickwick."

It is for you, gentlemen, not for me, to frizzle and fry over the meaning of this. Does "chops" mean lamb or—Mrs. Bardell?

And "tomato sauce." Is this an allusion to the piquancy of the fair plaintiff or does it mean a literal table condiment? Is it a poetic expression put up by Pickwick as a lover, or a relish put up by Crosse & Blackwell as purveyors by special appointment to the royal family?

Then there is another letter containing the expression "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." Does this bear the honest meaning that naturally attaches to the words, or is it—as has been suggested, a mere cover for hidden fire? It is not for me to decide. You will take the warming-pan with you when you retire, gentlemen, and decide what there is in it.

I will not detain you longer. If you find that there was no promise, you may safely conclude there has been no breach. But if Mrs. Bardell is right, Mr. Pickwick is wrong; and if you are satisfied that he *did* make a promise and *did* fracture, smash and bust it, then you will bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, with such damages as to you may seem right. You may now retire.

(The jury retires.)

SERJ. SNUBBIN: M'lord, my client craves permission to say a few words, now that the case is in the hands of the jury.

Will your lordship permit him?

JUDGE: It is a most unusual proceeding.

SNUBBIN: Yes, m'lord, but I fear the gentleman will explode unless he is permitted to speak.

JUDGE: It is a departure from precedent, but we will permit a very few words.

SNUBBIN : Thank you, m'lord.

PICKWICK (*mounting a chair and striking well known Pickwick attitude*) : Your lordship, ladies and gentlemen, I feel compelled to declare once more, in the most emphatic manner, that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings that were ever---

CRIER : Silence ! The jury wish to return for instructions, my lord.

JUDGE : Very good. Stand down, Mr. Pickwick. Let them enter.

(Jury re-enter box.)

You have returned for instructions, gentlemen. What is the difficulty?

FOREMAN : We 'ave returned, your lordship, to ask the meaning of two words that 'ave been used often in this case, and completely puzzles the jury.

JUDGE : What are they ?

FOREMAN : The words "plaintiff" and "defendant," my lord.

JUDGE (*angrily*) : Plaintiff means Bardell ; defendant means Pickwick.

FOREMAN : Oh-h-h !

JUDGE : Go back and agree upon your verdict.

FOREMAN : Oh, we 'ave already agreed, m'lord.

CLERK : Gentlemen of the jury, what say you? Do you find for the plaintiff or for the defendant ?

FOREMAN : For the plain—for the defen-- for the lydy, Mrs. Bardell, of course.

CLERK : With what damages ?

FOREMAN : Seven hundred and fifty pounds.

JUDGE : Enter a verdict accordingly.

CLERK : Listen to your verdict, as by the Court recorded-- you find for the plaintiff, with damages of £750.

JUDGE : Gentlemen, you are discharged. (*Judge leaves the bench.*)

CRIER : Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, this Court stands adjourned.

PICKWICK (*To Dodson and Fogg*) : You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen ?

FOGG : It's rather probable.

PICKWICK : Not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get out of me—I'll go to prison first.

DODSON : He, he, he, we'll see about that, Mr. Pickwick.

(Enter Tony Weller)

SAM : Never mind 'em, governor ; you'll be all right ! I'll look arter you, sir.

TONY : I knowed wot 'ud come 'o this 'ere mode 'o doin' business. Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi !

CURTAIN.

