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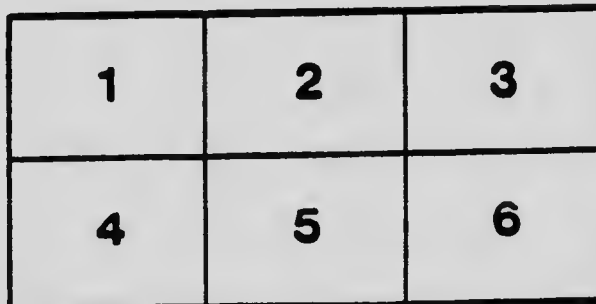
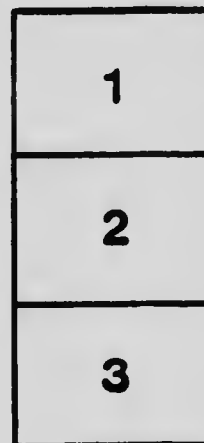
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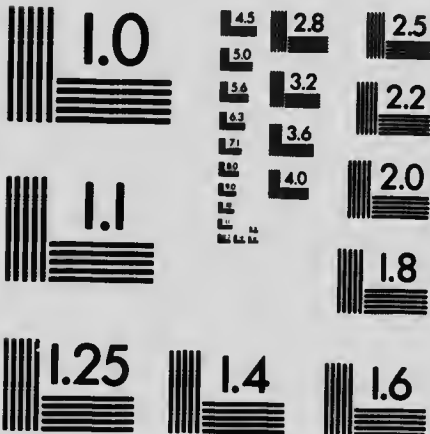
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**BARDELL V. PICKWICK.**

**PROPERTIES.**

Forms, Chairs, Desk for Judge, Square Office Table, 4 Inkstands, 6 Newspapers, 2 Written Letters, Card "Apartments to Let," Pair Pattens, Umbrella, Book, Pens, Briefs, Papers, Small Book (like Testament), Twig of Straw.

**COSTUMES.**

**PICKWICK.**—A stout gentleman of about fifty; bald; wears spectacles; blue or black coat, light waistcoat, tight buff breeches, black gaiters up to mid leg, shoes. Throughout the scene he is amazed at Buzfuz's language, and gets so excited that he has to be restrained.

**BUZFUZ.**—Red face, bullying, blustering voice and manner; black gown; horse-hair wig with black tie. He imitates the principal lawyers of the day, and all the mannerisms of lawyers; the affected cough, the appealing gestures to the Court, the whisperings to his junior, the adjustment of his gown, &c.

**SAM WELLER.**—Groom's livery, buckskin breeches, top boots, gold band round hat, clean shaved, hair short.

**JUDGE STARELEIGH.**—Round-faced, sleepy, snappish; wig, and red gown.

**WINKLE.**—Walking-coat, dress of the time.

**MRS. BARDELL.**—Half mourning.

**MRS. CLUPPINS.**—Stout, showy, large patterned dress, coal-scuttle bonnet, pattens.

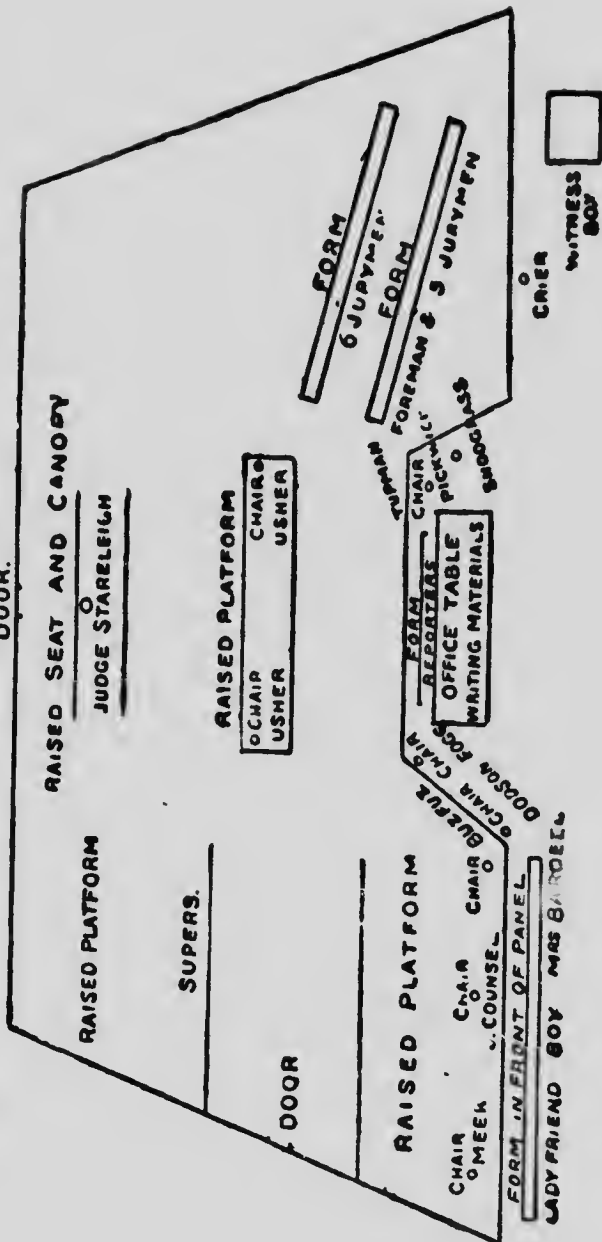
**MASTER BARDELL.**—Black suit, white collar.

The others made up and costumed after the "Pickwick" illustrations.

All the costumes, wigs, and properties used in the play may be hired cheaply from C. H. Fox, Ltd., 184 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

# SCENE

OLD-FASHIONED OAK TO LOOK LIKE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH DOOR.



\*



*First produced at the Gaiety Theatre, London, on January  
24th, 1871.*

---

**CAST.**

SERJEANT BUZFUZ	--	MR. J. L. TOOLE.
JUDGE STARELEIGH	..	MR. J. D. STOYLE.
SERJEANT MEEK	..	
JUNIOR COUNSEL	--	
CRIER .. ..	--	
MR. PICKWICK	..	MR. GROSSMITH.
SNODGRASS'	..	
TUPMAN	--	
WINKLE .. ..	..	MR. R. SOUTAR.
FOREMAN OF JURY	..	
SAM WELLER ..	..	MISS E. FARREN.
MRS. BARDELL	..	
BOY .. ..	..	
LADY FRIEND..	..	
MRS. CLUPPINS	..	MRS. LEIGH.
OLD WELLER ..	..	MR. J. MACLEAN.
DODSON .. ..	--	
FOGG .. ..	--	
2 USHERS	--	

## Bardell v. Pickwick.

*On the rising of the curtain the Court is nearly full. The jury are in the box talking; the two USHERS at their posts; the reporters, lawyers, &c., are talking together; MR. PICKWICK in anxious consultation with his lawyer, a few counsel in their seats, some with briefs in their hands, some scratching their noses with briefs, some with law books; a general buzzing conversation in Court. No moustaches to be worn.*

USHER. (loudly) Silence!

*Counsel are now seated.*

USHER. Silence for my lord!

*Enter JUDGE STARELEIGH through small door in back, holding up his gown and hobbling to his seat. JUDGE bows to COUNSEL, COUNSEL bow to JUDGE. A general buzz, rustling of papers, and settling down in seats.*

USHER. Silence!

USHER. (outside) Silence!

*MRS. BARDELL is seated in a drooping state, supported by MRS. SANDERS and MASTER BARDOLL; MRS. SANDERS wipes the boy's nose, and places him in full view of the JUDGE; murmur of sympathy in Court—what the reporters generally call "sensation."*

USHER. Silence!

USHER. (outside) Silence!

JUDGE. Who conducts this case?

JUNIOR C. Serjeant Buzfuz, my lud.

JUDGE. Where is Brother Buzfuz?

JUNIOR C. He has just finished a case in the Lower Court, my lud. Here is Serjeant Buzfuz, my lud.

*Enter SERJEANT BUZFUZ from door R.: murmur of approbation in Court.*

USHER. Silence!

SERJT. BUZ. I am for the plaintiff, my lud.

JUDGE. Who is with you, Brother Buzfuz?

JUNIOR C. (*rising*) I am, my lud.

SERJT. MEEK. (*rising*) I appear for the defendant, my lud.

JUDGE. Anybody with you, Brother Meek?

SERJT. MEEK. I am with Serjeant Phunkey, my lud.

JUDGE. Serjeant Monkey?

SERJT. MEEK. Phunkey—Phunkey, my lud.

JUDGE. Go on.

JUNIOR C. (*rising*) My lud, this is an action in which the plaintiff, Mrs. Bardell, sues the defendant, Mr. Pickwick, for breach of promise of marriage, and under which we claim heavy damages. That is our case, Gentlemen of the Jury, and that is the issue you will have to try.

SERJT. BUZ. (*rising, confers over ledge first with DODSON, then with FOGG; says "Hum! ha! yes; exactly"; then addresses the Court*) My lud and Gentlemen of the Jury,—Seldom—indeed, I may say never—in the whole course of a long professional experience, never from the first moment of applying myself to the study and practice of the law, have I approached a case with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me—a responsibility I could never have supported had I not been buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong that it amounts to a positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice—or, in other words, the cause of my much injured and oppressed client—*must* prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I have the pleasure of seeing in that box before me. (*several jurymen here take notes*) My lud and Gentlemen, this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, the damages being laid at— (*looks at brief; JUNIOR COUNSEL rises and whispers to him*)

JUNIOR C. £1,500.

SERJT. BUZ. At £1,500. The facts and circumstances of this melancholy case it will now be my painful duty to detail to you, and to prove by the testimony of the unimpeachable female whom I shall shortly place in that box before you. (*strikes ledge heavily; glances at DODSON and FOGG, who nod approbation; sensation in Court*)

USHER. (*in Court*) Silence!

USHER. (*outside*) Silence!

SERJT. BUZ. (*gently*) The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow—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.

OLD WELLER. (*outside in flies*) He was knocked on the head with a quart pot in a public-house cellar.

*Several jurymen and other characters stand up, and look to see where the voice comes from.*

JUDGE. (*indignantly*) This evidence is most irregular. (*sensation in Court*)

USHER. (*in Court*) Silence!

USHER. (*outside*) Silence!

SERJT. BUZ. (*with an indignant glance at the harmless PICKWICK*) My lud, I will control my feelings, and not ask you to commit the author of this unseemly interruption until I have closed my melancholy narrative. To resume: the late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, had stamped his likeness upon a little boy.

MASTER BARDELL *drops a handful of marbles and scrambles after them*; MRS. SANDERS and MRS. BARDELL *beat him and put him in his seat again*; BUZFUZ *speaks to MRS. BARDELL*; *sensation in Court.*

SERJT. BUZ. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed husband and exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the tranquillity and retirement of—of—

JUNIOR C. (*whispers him*) Goswell Street.

SERJT. BUZ. Of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front-parlour window a placard bearing the following inscription (*bus. : BUZFUZ and JUNIOR C., who gives him card*):—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within."

FOREMAN OF JURY. Is there any date to that document?

*Bus. : BUZFUZ and JUNIOR C.*

SERJT. BUZ. There is no date, gentlemen, but I am instructed to say it was put in the plaintiff's parlour window just this time three years.

JUNIOR C. (*correcting him*) Two years.

SERJT. BUZ. Two years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire

within." (*bus. : BUZFUZ hands card to USHER, who hands it to JUDGE*) 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 her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour 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 inquired within, he took the lodgings, and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

*Pauses for breath, and wipes his forehead; JUDGE wakes up and scratches with a pen on paper as if taking notes; murmurs.*

SERJT. BUZ. Of this man Pickwick I will say but 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 *rises indignantly and makes a sign as if inclined to assault SERJT. BUZFUZ; he is restrained by his friends, TUPMAN and SNODGRASS; MRS. SANDERS and the rest of the BARDELL party exchange signs of admiration.*

SERJT. BUZ. (*looking hard at MR. PICKWICK*) I say systematic villainy, gentlemen ; and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in Court— (*bus. : JUNIOR C. whispers to BUZFUZ*)—as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming in him, better judgment in him, and better taste in him, 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 Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, Jones, or Robinson.

*Every eye is turned on MR. PICKWICK.*

SERJT. BUZ. I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly and without 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 washing for his 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 halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy ; and I shall prove to you 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 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, 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.

*Sensation in Court.*

USHER. Silence !

USHER. (*outside*) Silence !

SERJT. BUZ. 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.

*Bus. : JUNIOR C. passes letter to BUZFUZ.*

SERJT. BUZ. Let me read the first. (*reads*) "Garraway's, 12 o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—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 ? (*bus. : hands letter to CLERK, who hands it to JUDGE ; JUNIOR C. hands BUZFUZ second letter*) The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious : "Dear Mrs. B.—I shall not be 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 the warming pan ? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about the 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. Enough, however, of this, my lud. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined. 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 tomato sauce and warming pans—Pickwick still bears his head with unblushing effrontery and gazes without a sigh upon the ruin he has made. Damages—heavy damages, gentlemen—are the only punishment with which you can visit him—the only compensation you can award my client. And for these damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilised countrymen. (*seats himself ; JUDGE wakes up*)

JUNIOR C. Call Elizabeth Cluppins.

USHER. Elizabeth Stuppins !

USHER. (*outside*) Elizabeth Muffins !

*Enter MRS. CLUPPINS, L. I. E. ; she has a pair of pattens and an umbrella in her hand, and is much flustered. She goes up towards where BUZFUZ is seated, who motions her to get into witness-box.*

JUNIOR C. Get into the witness-box, ma'am.

MRS. CLUPPINS *gets into box, drops her pattens, and is put through the form of an oath.*

MRS. CLUP. Here I am, my lord and jury.

SERJT. BUZ. Now, Mrs. Cluppins, pray be composed, ma'am. Do you recollect, Mrs. Suppins—

*Bus. : JUNIOR C. corrects him.*

MRS. CLUP. Cluppins, if you please, my lord and jury.

SERJT. BUZ. Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins, being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Mr. Pickwick's apartments ?

MRS. CLUP. Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

SERJT. BUZ. Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe ?

MRS. CLUP. Yes, it were, sir.

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

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

JUDGE. You had better not, ma'am, unless you wish to be sent to moulder in a jail.

MRS. CLUP. I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney potatoes, which I will not deceive you, they was three pound tuppense-a'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.

JUDGE. On the what, ma'am ?

SERJT. MEEK. Partly open, my lud.

JUDGE. (*suspiciously*) She said on jar.

SERJT. MEEK. It's all the same, my lud.

JUDGE. I'll make a note of it. Go on.

MRS. CLUP. I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went in a promiscious manner upstairs and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and—

SERJT. BUZ. And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins ?



MRS. CLUP. (*indignantly*) Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced theirselves upon my ear.

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

MRS. CLUP. Yes, it were, sir.

*The JURY confer suspiciously; SERJT. BUZFUZ smiles and sits down.*

SERJT. MELK. (*rising*) I shall not detain the time of the Court by cross-examining this witness, for Mr. Pickwick wishes it to be distinctly stated, advisedly, and without prejudice, of course, that her account is, in substance, quite correct.

*The JURY exchange meaning glances.*

MRS. CLUP. Yes, my lord and jury, I would not deceive you. I am the mother of eight children and— (*general buzz and laughier*) It were the talk of all Goswell Street, this marriage, and it led to a baker as was very fond of Mrs. Bardell, and as Mrs. Bardell was very partial too. going and getting married to someone else and—

JUDGE. (*severely*) Remove that witness.

*A rush of Attendants is made at MRS. CLUPPINS, and she is led struggling out of Court shouting.*

MRS. CLUP. Before I leave this Court I must say as Mrs. Bardell fainted away like a born lady on that occasion, as I did when Cluppins proposed, and as any lady would do as called herself a lady. (*thrust out of Court*)

JUNIOR C. Call Nathaniel Winkle.

USHER. (*in Court*) Nathaniel Perriwinkle!

USHER. (*outside*) Nat Wrinkle!

*Enter MR. WINKLE, L. I. E.; he steps into witness-box, looks frightened, bows politely to JUDGE, and drops his hat over the rail and speaks very politely with a slight stutter, and spasmodically.*

WINKLE. Here!

*Attendant goes through the form of administering an oath; WINKLE takes Book, and is about to put it in his breast-pocket when the Attendant stops him, and he kisses Book.*

JUDGE. (*pettishly*) Don't look at me, sir, look at the jury.

MR. WINKLE, *confused, looks round Court.*

WINKLE. Yes, sir—my lord, I'mean.

SERJT. BUZ. (*rising*) Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury know what your name is, will you ?

BUZBUZ *looks at the JURY as much as to say, "Now you have got a witness who will not hesitate to commit perjury."*

WINKLE. Winkle, sir.

JUDGE. (*angrily*) What is your Christian name, sir ?

WINKLE. N—N—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. (*sternly*) What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir ?

WINKLE I didn't, my lord.

JUDGE. (*severely*) You did, sir ! How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir ?

SERJT. BUZ. Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lud, but we shall find means to refresh it, I daresay, before we have quite done with him. (*looks meaningly at the JURY*)

JUDGE. (*sternly*) You had better be careful, sir.

MR. WINKLE *bows, and tries to look completely at his ease.*

SERJT. BUZ. Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, if you please, sir. (*WINKLE arranges his hair*) Don't arrange your hair in Court, Mr. Winkle ; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunctions to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant—are you not ?

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

SERJT. BUZ. 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—

SERJT. BUZ. Will you or will you not answer my question, sir ?

JUDGE. If you don' answer the question you'll be incarcerated, sir.

SERJT. BUZ. Come, sir, yes or no, if you please?

WINKLE. Yes, I am.

SERJT. BUZ. Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too—eh, Mr. Winkle?

WINKLE. I don't know her; I've seen her.

SERJT. BUZ. 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 intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street.

SERJT. BUZ. How often have you seen her, sir?

WINKLE. How often?

SERJT. BUZ. Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often?

BUZFUZ *places his hands upon his hips and smiles suspiciously.*

WINKLE. It is quite impossible for me to say how many times I have seen Mrs. Bardell.

SERJT. BUZ. Indeed, Mr. Winkle. Will you swear that you have not seen her twenty times?

WINKLE. No, sir.

SERJT. BUZ. Twenty-five times? Stop me, Winkle, if I go too far.

WINKLE. No.

SERJT. BUZ. Thirty-five times?

WINKLE. No.

SERJT. BUZ. Will you swear, sir, that you have not seen her fifty times?

WINKLE. I cannot say, sir.

SERJT. BUZ. You cannot say. Now, let me warn you to be careful. 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.

SERJT. BUZ. 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.

SERJT. BUZ. A'e they here?

WINKLE. Yes, they are. (*looks round, and shakes hands with them*)

SERJT. BUZ. 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.

SERJT. BUZ. Did you hear her faint away?

JUNIOR C. *rises and corrects him.*

SERJT. BUZ. Quite right. Did you hear the defendant say anything?

WINKLE. I heard him call Mrs. Bardell 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.

SERJT. BUZ. 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 I couldn't hear distinctly. The impression on my mind is——

SERJT. BUZ. 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.

SERJT. BUZ. You may leave the Court, sir.

*Exit WINKLE, L. I E., confused.*

SERJT. BUZ. Call Samuel Weller.

USHER. Samuel——

*Enter SAM WELLER, L. I E.; he bounds into witness-box, places his hat upon the floor, his arms upon the rail, plays with twig of straw in his mouth, and takes a bird's-eye view of the Court.*

SAM. Here you are, sir!

JUDGE. No, sir; there you are, and let me warn you to be careful.

*Attendant gives Book to SAM, who rubs it on his sleeve before kissing it.*

JUDGE. What is your name, sir?

SAM. Sam Weller, my lud.

JUDGE. Do you spell it with a "V" or a "W"?

SAM. That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lud. I never spelt it but once, my lord, and then I spelt it with a "V."

OLD WELLER. (*outside*) Quite right, Samivel, quite right; put it down as "We."

JUDGE. (*indignantly*) Who is that who dares to address the Court? Usher!

USHER. Yes, my lord.

JUDGE. Bring that person here instantly.

USHER. Yes, my lord.

*All the persons in Court stand up and look round, and then re-seat themselves.*

JUDGE. Do you know who that was, sir?

SAM. I rayther suspect that was my father, my lord.

JUDGE. Do you see him here now?

SAM. (*looks up at roof*) No, I don't, my lord.

JUDGE. If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him to jail this instant.

SAM bows to JUDGE.

SERJT. BUZ. Now, Mr. Weller!

SAM. Now, sir!

SERJT. BUZ. 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 up, sir. I am in the service of that 'ere gentleman, and a very good service it is, too.

SERJT. BUZ. Little to do and plenty to get, I suppose?

SAM. Oh! quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said when they ordered him a hundred and fifty lashes.

*Laughter in Court.*

USHER. Silence!

JUDGE. You must not tell us what the soldier said—it is not evidence. If the soldier is in Court, he can be sworn and examined in the usual way.

SAM. Wery good, my lord.

SERJT. BUZ. 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.

SERJT. BUZ. Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

SAM. I had a reg'lar new fit-out of clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury, and that was a very particular and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

*Laughter in Court.*

USHER. Silence!

JUDGE. (*angrily looking over desk*) You had better be careful, sir!

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

JUDGE *looks at him severely for some little time, and then makes a note.*

SERJT. BUZ. (*folding his arms, and turning half round to JURY*) 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. Certainly not! I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

SERJT. BUZ. (*taking a pen to make a note*) 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 have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double-million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see my wision's limited.

*Laughter in Court; the JUDGE smiles feebly; BUZFUZ makes a show of consulting DODSON and FOGG.*

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

SAM. If you please, sir.

SERJT. BUZ. Do you recollect going up to Mrs Bardell's house one night in November last?

SAM. Oh, yes! very well.

SERJT. BUZ. Oh! you do remember that, Mr. Weller; I thought we should get at something at last.

SAM. I 'ayther thought that, too, sir.

*Slight laughter in Court.*

USHER. Silence!

SERJT. BUZ. (*looks knowingly at JURY*) Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?

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

SERJT. BUZ. Oh! you did get talking about the trial! Now, what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?

SAM. With all the pleasure in life, sir. After a few unimportant observations from the virtuous female as has been examined here this mornin', the ladies gets into a state of admiration at the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg—they two gentlemen as is sittin' near you now.

SERJT. BUZ. The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

SAM. Yes. They said what a very generous thing it was o' them to take the case up on spec., and to charge nothing at all for costs unless they got 'em out of Mr Pickwick.

*Laughter in Court; DODSON and FOGG consult BUZFUZ.*

SERJT. BUZ. (*to DODSON and FOGG*) You are perfectly right. (*to Court*) It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the Court any further by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir!

SAM. (*taking up his hat and looking around*) Would any other gen'l'men like to ask me anythink?

SERJT. BUZ. (*waving his hand impatiently*) You may stand down, sir.

*Exit SAM, L. I. E.*

SERJT. MEEK. I have no objection to admit, my lord—of course, advisedly and without prejudice—if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property; but, in the

absence of my leader, Mr. Serjeant Phunkey, I must decline the responsibility of addressing the jury for the defence.

JUDGE. Mr. Monkey ?

SERJT. MEEK. Phunkey, my lud.

JUDGE. Brother Phunkey should have been here to attend to his brief, and I cannot delay my summing-up as this case has already fully occupied the time of the Court. I need not comment upon the one-sided evidence of the witnesses. If Mrs. (*reading notes*) Bar—Barmaid—

SERJT. BUZ. Barwell.

JUNIOR C. Bardell.

JUDGE. If Mrs. Bardin is right, it is quite certain that Mr. Wickpick—

SERJT. BUZ. Toothpick.

JUNIOR C. Pickwick.

JUDGE. It is quite certain that Mr.—Mr.—Wickpick is wrong ; and if you, gentlemen of the jury, think that the evidence of Mrs. Clup—Clup—

SERJT. BUZ. Clupshins.

JUNIOR C. Cluppins ! Cluppins !

JUDGE. Clubstick worthy of credence, you will believe it, and if you don't—well—well—you won't. If you are satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage has been committed, you will find for the plaintiff, with such damages as you think proper ; and if, on the other hand, you are satisfied that no breach of promise of marriage has ever been given, you will find for the defendant, with no damages at all.

*Pause. The JURY consult ; and after, the FOREMAN stands up.*

JUDGE. Are you all agreed ?

FOREMAN. We are, my lord.

JUDGE. For whom do you find—the plaintiff or defendant ?

FOREMAN. For the plaintiff, Mrs. Bardell.

JUDGE. With what damages ?

FOREMAN. £750.

OLD WELLER. (*outside*) Oh ! Sammy ! Sammy ! why worn't there a halibut ?

*Sensation in Court ; everybody talking.*

PICKWICK. You're a base woman, and I won't pay you a damned halfpenny !

*Sensation continued.*

CURTAIN.



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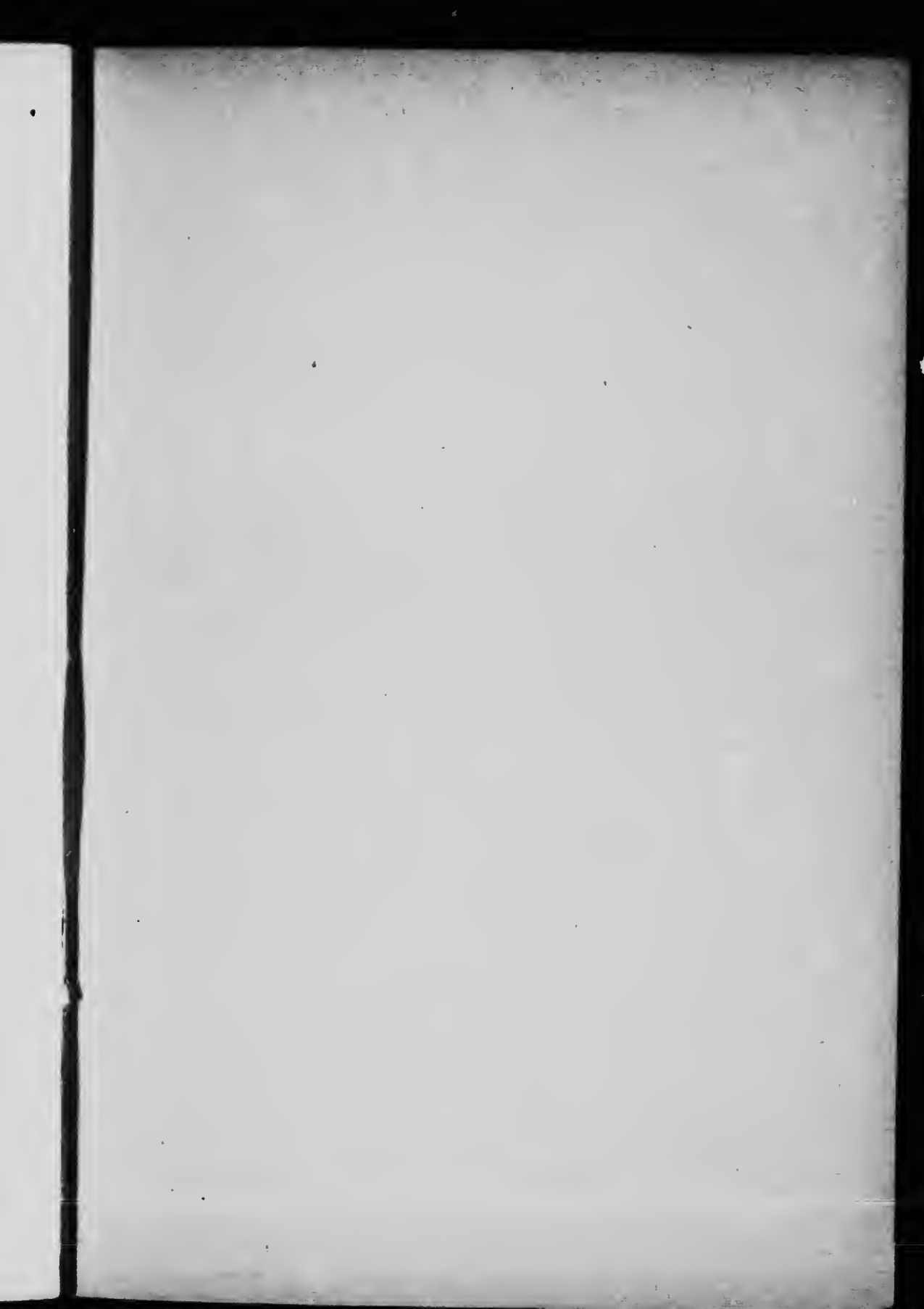
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