

Another thing that goes to testify to Mr. Winkle's want of modesty is the skating party.

"You skate, of course, Winkle," said Wardle.

"Ye—yes, oh yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am rather out of practice."

Hereupon one lady said it was "graceful," another that it was "swan-like," and so Mr. Winkle was prevailed upon to try a pair of runners.

While Mr. Wardle, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen were performing a reel, Mr. Winkle sat on the ice buckling on his skates with the points behind. He was then assisted to his feet by Sam Weller, and started off leaning on Sam's arm. But, to the dismay of Winkle, Mr. Pickwick required the services of Sam, who immediately drew his arm away from Mr. Winkle, thus giving the unfortunate gentleman an impetus which bore him down into the middle of the reel wherein, meeting an obstacle in the person of Bob Sawyer, he fell to the ice. On Mr. Winkle's arising, Mr. Pickwick ordered his skates off, and styled him by such expressive terms as, humbug, and imposter. Mr. Winkle never forgot this adventure and it did him a great deal of good.

Rut, if Mr. Winkle was unsuccessful in almost everything he tried, there was one matter at least, in which he was but too successful. This was his wonderful love-making. His natural qualities seemed to be so apparent and striking that nearly every person of the other sex who met him, instantaneously fell a victim to his charms. Mr. Winkle was, one morning, quietly sitting in Mr. Pott's breakfast room at Eatanswill, when the owner of the premises suddenly entered with a paper in his hands, and such sundry ejaculations as "imposter," "villain" and "serpent," on his lips. Mr. Winkle started up in surprise with the exclamation, "Sir!" Mr. Pott hereupon had the condescendance to repeat for him his previous expressions, telling him to make the most of them. Mr. Winkle, in compliance with Pott's request, proceeded to make the most he could of the "serpent," etc. The most, however, was nothing at all; so, after a profound silence of some minutes' duration, he said—

"Serpent, sir! serpent, Mr. Pott! What can you mean, sir? this is pleasantry."