

Winkle dismounted to pick it up ; but, when he tried to remount, his horse began a retrograde movement which dragged Mr. Winkle along at a rate somewhat swifter than fast walking. Mr. Pickwick then dismounted and ran to the assistance of his distressed companion, but, at that moment, the horse broke away from Mr. Winkle and trotted quietly towards home. Just as Mr. Pickwick and his agonizing friend turned around, there was the other horse running away after having dumped Messrs. Tupman and Snodgrass into a hedge by the wayside. The renegade horse soon broke the chaise into smithereens and then stood stock still, gazing on the evil he had wrought with a look of seeming complacency. The four Pickwickians, through the maladroitness of Mr. Winkle, were thus forced to walk a distance of seven miles, leading the horse behind them, and being hooted at by passers-by as horse-stealers. The termination of this unfortunate journey was at Mr. Wardle's farm.

The morning after their arrival, Mr. Winkle, who gave himself in as an experienced sportsman, went out crow-hunting with Mr. Wardle, in a rookery near the premises. The first time Mr. Winkle let off the gun, he had forgotten to put the cap on, hence the effect was nil. The second time, he was more successful in one way, (that is to say, the gun went off) but on the other hand he lodged at least two handfuls of swanshot in Mr. Tupman's left arm, which was exposed from behind a tree. This, nevertheless, as we shall afterwards see, did not effect a great deal his reputation as a sportsman, but it insinuated to him to be a little more modest in future, so much so that, being asked on the morrow if he could play cricket, he felt the delicacy of his situation and answered a "no" which on any other occasion would inevitably have been a "yes."

Later on, we have another instance of Mr. Winkle's cockney sportsmanship. He set out on a great hunting expedition with Mr. Wardle, Mr. Pickwick, Sam, a tall gamekeeper, and a boy. Being given by Wardle a large bag, which he was supposed to fill with grouse, he expressed his opinion that the company would have to stay out at least till the next winter, if they wished to wait till his bag was full.

"Mr. Winkle is not much in the way of this sort of thing