

A vast deal of coolness and a peculiar degree of judgement, are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it ; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. [...] There was a fine gentle wind, and Mr. Pickwick's hat rolled sportively before it. The wind puffed, and Mr. Pickwick puffed, and the hat rolled over and over, as merrily as a lively porpoise in a strong tide ; and on it might have *rolled*, far beyond Mr. Pickwick's reach, had not its course been providentially stopped, just as that gentleman was on the point of resigning it to its fate.