

As I was not staying, but only passing through, I raised my hat to the eleven that played All England for a thousand guineas, and beat them twenty-nine times in ten years. I paid respect also to a couple of exceptionally large yetts. After all, I was doing another man's work for him. As I progressed, I began to remember what my favourite author had called him. He had called him lovely and soothing, and delicate. He had called him cool-enfolding and a dark mother. From me to thee, he had said, glad serenades, dances for thee I propose saluting thee. Also vast and well-veil'd. But somehow I had my doubts. I sat on the grass, and counted a distinct ninety between each beat of my heart. I would have to go slow. Each beat, I saw, puffed out of my breast like purple smoke from an exhaust. I dance with the dancers and drink with the drinkers. The echoes ring with our indecent calls, I pick out some low person for my dearest friend.

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