

No graver than a schoolboys' barring out ;  
 Too comic for the solemn things they are,  
 Too solemn for the comic touches in them,  
 Like our wild Princess with as wise a dream  
 As some of theirs—God bless the narrow seas !  
 I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad,'

' Have patience,' I replied, ourselves are full  
 Of social wrong ; and maybe wildest dreams  
 Are but the needful preludes of the truth ;  
 For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,  
 The sport half-science, fill me with a faith.  
 This fine old world of ours is but a child  
 Yet in the go-cart. Patience ! Give it time  
 To learn its limbs : there is a hand that guides.'

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails,  
 And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,  
 Before a tower of crimson holly-hoaks,  
 Among six boys, head under head, and look'd  
 No little lily handed Baronet he,  
 A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman,  
 A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,  
 A raiser of huge melons and of pine,  
 A patron of some thirty charities,  
 A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,  
 A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none ;  
 Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn ;  
 Now shaking hands with him, now him of those  
 That stood the nearest—now address'd to speech—  
 Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed  
 Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year  
 To follow : a shout rose again, and made  
 The long line of the approaching rookery swerve  
 From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer  
 From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang  
 Beyond the bourn of sunset ; O, a shout  
 More joyful than the city-roar that hails  
 Premier or king ! Why should not these great Sirs  
 Give up their parks some dozen times a year