

And so do I—souls not profound.
 These views were logically a feature
 Of his rude, egotistic nature—
 So unemotional and shy
 Such friends as he retained would cry
 With baffled boredom, thankful they
 Were not part of his family.
 If any bit of him survives
 It will be that verse which contrives
 To speak in private symbols for
 The peaceful caught in public war.
 For there his wavering faith in man
 Wavers around some sort of plan,
 And though foreseeing years of trouble
 Denies a universal rubble,
 Discovering in wog and sailor
 The presages of bourgeois failure.
 Whether at this we weep or laugh
 It makes a generous epitaph.

DAVID GASCOYNE

AN UNSAGACIOUS ANIMAL

OR: THE TRIUMPH OF ART OVER NATURE

The Master of *The Monarch of the Glen*
 Was making once a sojourn 'neath the roof
 Of an admiring peer, Lord Rivers, when
 Occasion rose which put to sternest proof
 That intrepidity and tact which had
 Secured for him familiar intercourse
 With Nature's greatest gentlemen and made
 Him revered alike by man and horse.
 For while his fellow-guests one afternoon
 Were raptly gleaning Landseer's *dicta*, sound
 Of lawless canine truculence, which soon
 Became intolerable, made him pound
 With sudden fist the tea-table, and cry:

'What insolence of importuning cur,
What rumour as of kennel mutiny
Is this? Shall Man the Master then defer
To a hound's illbred fury? Follow me,
Let's to the stable-yard whence these barks come,
And I will prove to you that Art may be
A power more sure than blows to make dogs dumb.
I who not seldom with forbidding gaze
Have known how to persuade huge Highland kine
To emulate the Southern cow's sweet ways,
And made whole shaggy herds hang on the line,
Will there, if it amuse you, demonstrate
A sovereign power yet stronger than the eye's:
That of the human voice, which is so great
That it can lions transfix with surprise!'
Some of the painter's intimates had been
Already privileged to hear his skill
In imitation of the less obscene
Sounds with which animals are wont to fill
The atmosphere of desert, swamp and glade
When moved by mealtime longings or by bliss
To self-expression. For some years he'd made
The feat his study, and could warble, hiss,
Roar, bellow, with a realism which
Was quite astonishing; till in no part
Of all Victoria's realms was known so rich
A repertoire of Imitative Art
As that perfected by the great R.A.
In view of this, it hardly will seem queer
To any, that all present there that day
Excitedly accompanied Landseer
Out to the court-yard, craning and agog:
They watched him stride, masterfully serene,
Towards the kennel out of which the dog
Surveyed defiantly the crowded scene
With jaws aslaver and keen fangs exposed;
Then, not without surprise, they saw him fall
Down on his knees. It was by some supposed
This was in order piously to call
On Providence for aid; but they were wrong.

His aim was to confront the renegade
As man to man (or—dog to dog?) Ere long
The wretched animal's vile din was made
To seem the fretful yap of Pekinese
By an appallingly hyenine bark
Which evidently made the dog's blood freeze,
For his rebellion ceased at once, and stark
Terror replaced the murder in his eye.
The artful mimicry of Landseer proved
So awful that the beast which recently
Had rivalled Cerberus himself, now moved
With such violence away from the advance
Of the superior barker that his chain
Snapped, and he crossed the yard swift as a glance,
Leap'd o'er the wall, and never was again
Seen anywhere on Lord Rivers' estate.
Landseer, on rising, found that only one
Of those who'd watched him still remained to fête
His triumph. 'Twas his host, who breathed: 'Well done,
Old fellow, but I think you might have been
More like a man, if you know what I mean!'

GEORGE SANTAYANA
EPILOGUE ON MY HOST
THE WORLD

PERSONS and places people the world; they individuate its parts; and I have devoted my leisure hours to recording some of them that remain alive in my memory. Mine are insignificant recollections: for even when the themes happen to have some importance as persons and places in the great world, it is not at all in that capacity that I prize and describe them. I keep only some old miniature or some little perspective that caught my eye in passing, when the persons perhaps were young and the places empty and not dressed up to receive visitors, as are museums, libraries, ball-rooms, and dinner tables. Those were free glimpses of the world that I could love and could carry away. They were my consolations.