

but with fineness, not with majesty but with grace. His lines are not large but they are clean and clear. One must not look for the great thought that "strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek." His reflections cling to the ground. Occasionally there is a bold stretch of wing and a rising, but the poet soon recollects himself and descends to the lower levels of life."

Horace's poems are classified as odes, satires and epistles. His odes are short and their metre is borrowed from the Greek. The first ode, to Macenas, indicates the author's preference. It simply says, "Every man to his taste. I, for my part, like to make verses. If you grant me that privilege, Macenas, I shall be happy." His odes, running through four books, embrace a great variety of subjects.

Of his satires, a fairly adequate specimen is the fable of the "Town and Country Mouse," which is playfully introduced by Horace as a threadbare story told by a guest at a banquet.

Of his epistles, the two decidedly most interesting and valuable are the Epistle to Augustus, and that to Pisis. The former discusses the subject of poetical production.

Horace, in his satires and epistles, was more a wit than a poet, and in this he resembles Pope. Horace was eminently of the world, and the world will love its own. No one will grudge so accomplished a man his merited reward.

From that Golden age we pass to the Silver age of literature, and the first figure we meet is that of the elder Pliny. He served with the army and rose high in office under Vespasian.

His "Historic Naturalis" resembles the *Cosmos* of Humboldt, or the *Magnum Opus* of Bacon, and passes in review the whole circle of human knowledge. It treats of the heavens, the earth, and its inhabitants, of the various races of man, of animals, trees, flowers, minerals, the contents of the sea and land, of the arts and sciences. It showed that the author possessed an intellect of almost unequalled activity.

The younger Pliny, his nephew, is remembered for his agreeable letters.

The next in order, though perhaps the first in importance, in this age, is Tacitus. He was, as Livy, a historian, and though very different, is not less interesting. His history is not rose-colored, as is often that of Livy's, but is a stern, often livid, likeness of life. You read Livy and you are inspired, Tacitus, and you are oppressed. *But the inspiration is the effect of romance and the oppression the effect of reality.* Reality is generally much more sombre than romance. Tacitus is far more sombre than Livy.

The principal historical works of Tacitus are two, *The History* and *the Annals*.

He enjoyed great renown in his day, but soon after his death sank into unaccountable neglect. But neglect of such a writer of Tacitus could not long continue. He stands forth to-day as a historian, confessedly without a superior in the republic of letters. If he does not flash like Livy, he burns as strong as Thucydides.

Perhaps no more weighty, no more serious, no more penetrating, no sounder, truer, manlier, mind than Tacitus ever wrote history.

Juvenal, like Tacitus, was a satirist, but while Tacitus satirized incidentally and in prose, Juvenal satirized expressly and in verse. There was no play about his work. He wrote with might and main. His whole soul was in it, and his soul was large and strong.

Satire in his hands was less a lash than a sword. It cut through and through. Hardly ever in the history of literature has such a weapon been wielded by any man.

Personally, Juvenal is a great unknown, but his satires have won him undying fame, as a literary and political character.

The one other writer of the Silver age whom we must mention is Quintillian, easily prince among Roman writers of what may be called "literature about literature."

Being one of the last writers of the