HORACE

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QUINTUS Horatius Flaccus was born near Venusia in Apulia, December 8, B. C. 65, and died at Rome November 27, B. C. 8. His father was a freedman, and apparently in comfortable circumstances. He was a collector "of taxes or other dues" as Campbell says; adding the story of the gossip that he was a dealer in salt fish. Of his mother we have no notice whatever. It is a reasonable assumption that she died before Horace was old enough to remember her; but it is only an assumption. The most notable thing about his early life is the interest that his father took in his education. He was not content that his son should go to the village school where the "great sons of great centurions" came bringing their fees on the first of the month, but took him to Rome where he could have the opportunity of an education as good as that of the son of any knight or senator. He was always around the teachers, says his son, as an incorruptible guardian for him. We have not had an opportunity of hearing what the teachers thought of the old fellow; to them he must have been a great deal of a nuisance, as fussy parents usually are. But they have no one to state their case, and Horace was naturally a biassed advocate. The relations between father and son, slight as is our knowledge of them, are among the pleasantest things in antiquity. Horace commemorates only one of his Roman teachers, Orbilius the beater, *plagosus Orbilius*. Orbilius is said to have written a book on the wrongs that schoolmasters suffer at the hands of parents, but no trace of it survives. Suetonius, who mentions it, might have spared us a little of his gossip and given us some notion of the argument of the book; he was content merely to mention it, and the teachers, as usual, remain undefended.

From Rome Horace proceeded to Athens for the ancient equivalent of a university training. He went there perhaps in 45 B. C. He was sufficiently well known and well liked to be chosen by Brutus as a military tribune; it can hardly be that he had any technical competence as a soldier. At Philippi he ran away, along with the rest of the army, and thus obtained good copy for himself in later years. He came back to Rome; and, the evidence is, to poverty. His estate was presumably confiscated, and his father dead. By some means he obtained for himself a clerk-

ship in the Treasury; Suetonius says he bought it. He began writing in a state of mind as nearly bitter and despondent as it was possible for a man of his temperament to reach. He was a scholar, and at the university he had been associating with the sons of eminent men; it is reasonable to assume that if he had been on the winning side, his fortune would have been made. His *Epodes,* and the first book of the *Satires,* show traces of his feelings, as well as of indecency apparently conventional in such writings. If that had been all they showed, they might have disappeared unlamented. But discerning critics were attracted by them; Vergil and Varius introduced him to Maecenas. Maecenas was not effusive; but he came to take an interest in Horace that received concrete demonstration when he gave him the Sabine farm. From that time—33 B. C.—Horace has no external history; he continued his literary labours, his delightful intercourse with his friends, the quiet enjoyment of his rural retreat. His travels are henceforth of no more interest than the travels of the Primrose family, "migrations from the blue bed to the brown". The revolutionist had become sufficiently conservative; there was, indeed, very little else that he could become. What the world wanted was peace. Augustus had arranged in the proscriptions to murder all the people who were in his way, including a number of his friends that were in the way of Antony; he had now secured power, and was able and willing to ensure peace. So far as one can see, he was the only man who could have done that. He was, after all, better qualified to govern the world than Antony the dissolute soldier or the pious extortioner Brutus. He possessed further superlative tact, a virtue not always associated with dictatorial powers. No one can censure Horace for acquiescing in the new régime and his Sabine farm.

The farm has become the type of country retreat for literary men and others. It is, without much doubt, the place, eight miles from Tivoli and thirty-two Roman miles from Rome, that now greets the traveller with the legend "Villa d'Orazio"; and though the remains of the house are said to be later than Horace, they "almost certainly represent for us the position of the poet's dwelling." Horace says that the pleasant retreat kept him in good health even in September. It does not appear that he needs to be taken seriously as a farmer; the neighbours, he says, laugh at him *glebas et saxa moventem;* which may very well mean, if he interfered in gardening with his own hands. He was a contemplative person, and the quiet of the country was as useful to his meditations as its air was to his physical health. He admired the

sturdy Sabine rustic, and realized the importance of agriculture and a population of contented peasant proprietors on the soil; but he was not, like Vergil, fond of or interested in the actual business of raising crops and stock. His farm made an appropriate background for a poet and a student; its modest state must have been gratifying to him in his rôle as gracious host. It was where he was, perhaps, wisest and happiest; but his attitude to it, and to Nature generally, was by no means that of Wordsworth; the second *Epode* is not all irony, but there is a lesson in the ironical conclusion. Tyrrell is, I think, right when he says of Horace's allusions to Nature that they arise "not from any love of Nature, or sympathetic observation of her various moods, but from a desire to point philosophical reflections and aphorisms." It is perhaps more fair to Horace to say that the thought of natural phenomena seems always to lead to the reflection that, as another poet put it, "Suns may set and rise again, but for us when once doth wane this poor pageant's little light, we must sleep in endless night." Students of Horace will at once recall I. 4; IV, 7 of the *Odes*.

The times when Horace had lived before he got his farm were not conducive to reflection on country life. He was two years old when Cicero overthrew Catiline, and twenty-two when Cicero was sacrificed by Octavian to the vengeance of Antony. He was twelve when Crassus lost the standards and his life at Carrhae. One wonders what the boys in the school of Orbilius the Flogger said about that disaster when they heard of it. Any intelligent person at Rome must have had his head full of public affairs. When Caesar crossed the Rubicon, he was fifteen; he appears to have remained in Rome while Caesar was settling the affairs of the world; he was in Athens when Caesar was murdered, and he was at any rate not hostile to the murderers, since he joined Brutus. He was in or around Rome while Octavian was carrying on his protracted campaign against Antony; but when the uneasy association was finally dissolved and the fate of the world settled at Actium, he was in full possession of his farm, an author of some reputation, and meditating his second book of *Satires*. Some scholars read in the *Epodes* confirmation of the theory that Horace was himself present on shipboard at the scene of the battle, and there is no intrinsic improbability in the supposition. Horace seems to have had no further anxiety about public affairs except the occasional fear that Augustus would transfer the capital to the East, and Rome would no longer be the head of the world; this anxiety was shared by Vergil, probably by Livy. The fear was no doubt

occasioned in the first instance by the influence of Cleopatra on Roman affairs. Suetonius says that the story got around (*fama percrebruit*) that Julius Caesar was about to transfer himself and the seat of empire to Alexandria of Troy. In Horace's time, the apprehension seems to have persisted; but it was, after all, a very small cloud in the clear sky of prosperity that favoured Horace for the rest of his life. The twenty-three years after Actium he was free to devote to his work with no distractions but abundant recreation; the most enviable state for a writer.

There is a general and obvious division of the work of Horace into three chronological sections: 41-29; 29-19; 19-8. There is some doubt about the date of the *Ars Poetica*, and some evidence to indicate that it may belong to the second, not the third, of these divisions. But the threefold division is correct as to the facts of Horace's artistic development, a development that is simple and easy to follow. It has sometimes been mathematically represented by the helix, or ascending spiral; and it is in fact as simple as one turn of the spiral. Horace began with criticism of life and literature after the fashion of Lucilius; though his social position and the state of society in his time, as well as the matter of temperament, restrained him from the freedom of comment and invective possible to his predecessor. In the *Epodes* he made an experiment in iambics, perhaps as a gesture of courtesy to a tradition that began with the great name of Archilochus; but the bulk of his work in this period is in the dactylic hexameter. The bulk of Lucilius's work was in this metre also; Lucilius made experiments in other metres. Lucilius, by reason of natural endowment and position, was able to give to Satire the tone of censorious criticism never afterward wholly lacking to it, though it would appear that he thought of it as mainly comment on men and affairs. There is plenty of criticism in the *Satires* of Horace; but much of their content is merely the shrewd and humorous observation of the author. In the First Book, which appeared 35 B. C., he is not yet sure of himself. There is still evident the attitude of one on the defensive. The Sabine farm was yet to come. This attitude has changed when the Second Book appears in 30. Horace is now at peace with the world. Humanly speaking, given Horace's temper and outlook, he had nothing worldly left to strive for. He could spend his time in the satisfying activities of his art, and the company of friends whom he loved.

One of his peculiar qualities is his clear vision of his own powers and possibilities. He is as practical as Shakespeare. Both men knew what they wanted to do, and did it. Each lived a rela-

tively short life, during which he achieved immortality. Horace, in his published opinion on the subject, considered that the work by which he achieved his immortality was that of the ten years after he received the Sabine farm. That is, of course, the first collection of three books of *Odes;* Greek metres, adapted to the Latin tongue and filled with Roman substance. While there are some interesting poems, not very important, that are Greek in content, one may venture to assert that there is no ode of first-class importance that is fundamentally anything but Latin in thought, except in so far as it is human and universal. Then, having ensured his lasting fame, he returned to the proper business of his life in the *Epistles;* again the criticism of life and letters. "He returned to the hexameter, and he returned to the comparatively colloquial style, but he returned with a difference." He has gone one turn of the helix. He is looking at the same problems as before, but with greater subtlety and deeper comprehension. He has perfected his technique as an artist, and technique is no mere formality. More subtle and accurate use of language means here, as always, more subtle and accurate thought. In their way, the *Epistles* are not perhaps greater than the *Odes*, but they are more nearly undiluted Horace. No one is likely to rival the *Exegi monumentum;* but we are more likely to see that poem successfully imitated than the Fourth Epistle: *Albi nostrorum sermonum candide iudex.* It is not probable that the *Epistles* were in any real sense letters; the form of the Epistle seems a literary convention that Horace reached by way of the *Satires.* If, for example, one removed the name of Maecenas from the seventh Epistle and employed it at the beginning of the sixth Satire of the Second Book, there would be no incongruity; and, as everyone knows, the sixth Satire of the First Book is addressed to Maecenas. Either form is merely the vehicle whereby Horace conveys his ideas on men and books and the problems of life.

Mr. Garrod says of the *Satires* and *Epistles* that they are not likely to be dislodged from their place in the regard of men "by any change of literary fashion or any fury of the enemies of humane studies." This statement is perhaps true for the civilization of Western Europe and its offspring as long as they shall endure. But it is true not only of the *Satires* and *Epistles*, but particularly of the *Odes*, that they are admired or remembered merely as apposite quotations quite disjoined from their context. Everyone knows *carpe diem*, and the golden mean, and *nil desperandum*, and about driving out nature with a pitchfork; how many can tell anything about their context? It is the penalty that he pays

for the neatness of his wit. Learned scholars and cultivated literary critics do not tire of him; he appeals to the lover of the country and the most sophisticated denizen of the most urban of clubs; he disarms the most austere stoics by his genial frankness; even the undergraduate learns not only to endure but sometimes to admire. "To the modern world, down to this very date," says Tyrrell in that essay in which he says what can be said in adverse criticism of Horace, "Horace is almost an idol." He adds some striking names from the catholic and distinguished list of his admirers and students, and of the *Odes* he says "their form is perfection itself."

Perhaps, for the purposes of ordinary life, an author may be satisfied to be quoted in fragments that are more or less appreciated in any circle of ordinary cultivation. At any rate the purpose and value of the works of Horace as a whole are much less likely to be grasped, even by careful students. It was no unlearned denizen of court or camp or countryside, but Jeremiah Markland, Fellow of Peterhouse, who is reported to have said at the end of his long life of eighty years and more that he was not sure that he understood fully any of the Odes of Horace. And a greater than Markland has some remarks that show that he too had his puzzles in Horace. Macaulay, to quote his own remarks about Milton, "received a learned education: was a profound and elegant classical scholar—intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe from which either pleasure or profit was then be to derived." He presumably knew Horace by heart, as he knew so many other books by heart. Yet in a letter written from Calcutta to his friend Ellis, February 9, 1835, he shows, among other things, a complete misconception of the reason for Juno's speech in the *iustum et tenacem*, and of the meaning of the battle of the giants and the gods in the next ode; though the introduction of that battle is closely associated with the reasons for Horace's acquiescence in the principate, and indeed with his whole theory of life. Now it is not insinuated that any of the modern commentators is a greater man than Macaulay; indeed the list of the books that Macaulay read during his term of office in India and the voyages there and back would represent about all that any ordinary professor of Greek and Latin could read in his lifetime. But it is an encouraging fact that honest study will often find out something; and Warde Fowler, in his casual discussion of the great series of Odes in the Third Book, could have enlightened Macaulay on several points. Juno's speech gives Horace an opportunity to testify against the idea of moving the seat of power to the East; and the battle of the

gods and giants represents barbarism against civilization, Antony and Cleopatra against Octavian, ordered Liberty against brute despotism, a struggle whose outcome is always in the future. For the moment there was a settlement that satisfied Horace; and he indicates the function of humane letters in that satisfactory settlement. The most practical people in history had the most complete belief in the necessity of poetry.

The direct quotable and applicable parts of Horace are for us about what they were for the men of the eighteenth century; but in the general interpretation of his work there has been progress. Horace was thoroughly equipped with the history, theory, and practice of literary criticism. Some pointless censure has been bestowed upon those scholars known as "typefinders", men whose business it is to distinguish and trace the development of literary types. Such men are not only harmless but necessary. Ancient literature was, as to its form, thoroughly conventional. This is not the place to argue the virtues of convention in literary form. It means that one who had a particular sort of thing to write had a form provided appropriate for that sort of composition. If he wanted to write an epic, he wrote it in the dactylic hexameter; if he wanted to write elegy, the pentameter couplet. It may be at least suggested that this convention gave an author more chance to concentrate on his substance. Horace needed—and used—for his Satires a more colloquial form of hexameter. Without any technical analysis, the difference will be apparent to anyone who will read aloud any ten consecutive lines of the *Aeneid* and any ten consecutive lines of any of the Satires or Epistles of Horace. In the case of the lyrics of Horace we cannot be too dogmatic as to the relation between the different metres and the content of the poems; but we know that the Alcaic was the preferred metre for patriotic poetry; that there was some traditional connection between the Sapphic and hymns to the gods, though the Sapphic was otherwise used for lighter themes; that the various Asclepiads represent a heightened emotional state, real or assumed. Further than that we cannot go.

Horace is, in theory at least, so well known to the civilized world that a somewhat more minute examination of the question of meaning may be permitted in the case of one or two of his best known poems. The term "dramatic lyric" is presumably in the public mind consecrated to Browning; but many of the Odes are in essence dramatic lyrics. Take, for instance, the propempticon to Vergil. Remember how Kingsley inveighs in *Westward Ho* against the impious author of the *Illi robur et aes triplex;* and con-

sider the cheering effect that it would have if such a diatribe against the dangers of the sea and the impiety of sailors were to be delivered to a friend just starting on a voyage. But, as has been pointed out before by various scholars, the propempticon has a regular form. In this instance the first eight verses constitute a prayer that, in dramatic propriety, we suppose may be heard by Vergil himself as Horace speaks from the shore while the boat casts off. Then the impassioned invective follows not unnaturally as soon as the boat is out of hearing. Some little knowledge of the theories and conventions of ancient rhetoric, and a certain amount of imagination, will add immensely to one's understanding of ancient literature. Horace in particular is no mere maker of phrases, though no one can make a better phrase. His work has plan and meaning. Or consider the fate of the *Integer vitae;* that at least is a poem that everybody knows. One knows the solemn music of Flemming, and has probably sung hymns in church to the same tune. But this music fits only the first two stanzas. What is the rest of the poem about, and how are the two parts to be joined together? And is the whole thing merely a joke with Aristius Fuscus? If so, it is a feeble joke. The ode begins with a statement of the invulnerability of virtue, and continues that the big wolf ran away from someone, presumably Horace, because he was singing about Lalage, and goes on to say that in all circumstances of difficulty or danger he will continue to sing about Lalage; all of which appears a gross *non sequitur*, until the vocabulary of erotic poetry and the conventions of erotic poets are studied. Then it appears that *integer* and *scelus* have each its technical erotic meaning, and that the whole poem is about the faithful lover and how his fidelity saves him from all harm. The same doctrine is found in Tibullus and Propertius. These questions and others like them have been faithfully investigated by scholars; but the investigations of scholars take a long time to reach the mind of the public. There is a temptation to linger here, because there are so many interesting problems. The point is, as hinted before, that Horace is no mere epigrammatist. He means something.

Much could be said about his relations to his own generation of literary men; how he turned from the school of the imitators of the Alexandrians, and went back to the sources in the great original artists of Greece. Catullus, on the other hand, practised the learned poetry, making of the Alexandrians; except when genuine passion of love or hate or grief swept him above all literary theory to that inspired utterance where words and thought and music are all

one and indivisible. It is a little sad to think that the only reference of Horace to his great predecessor is the passage in which he speaks of "that ape, taught to sing nothing but Calvus and Catullus." The Alexandrians went to school to the Greeks; there is nothing to wonder at in that. The whole western world has always gone to school to the Greeks, because they were the only available people who had things to teach. Horace was a faithful student of the Greeks also; but Horace digested his learning. There was an interesting literary war, of which we hear echoes, but shall never know the details. Something could be said of the attractive theory that he wanted to be a dramatist, that all his literary studies lead toward that end, but that he had not the dramatic faculty, and had too much sense at the last to attempt it. The theory is not proven, nor, indeed, very likely. He knew himself too well. Translated into modern terms and into prose, he would be an essayist, not a novelist. But it adds, perhaps, a little point to what was said above about the dramatic lyric, and to the excessive share that discussion of drama has in the *Ars Poetica*. Something might be said about his modern imitators by anyone who knew them well. The two names that occur most readily in English are probably Pope and Thackeray. There is a great deal of the spirit of Horace in Thackeray. The mere fact that he occasionally quotes Horace is the smallest part of the matter. There is not very much Horace in Pope, except in the matter of concise wit. To compare them in one point only; Horace seems to have been in general agreement with Dr. Johnson, who, as everybody knows, held that nobody but a fool ever wrote for anything but money. He perhaps neglected to consider the case in which a man may write because he wants to say something; but his error disposes of sentimentality and affectation, and is much safer than its opposite. Horace's remarks on the subject are well known; it was *paupertas audax* that urged him on to write verses, a cause that might not to-day produce the same effect. Pope says in his imitation:

> Sure, I should want the care of ten Monroes
> If I would scribble rather than repose.

No one need abuse Pope, whose services to literature are not yet over; but compared with Horace, he is a little trifling. He doesn't mean very much, except to literature and to his own friends and enemies; an exception by no means insignificant. But Horace had a higher and a clearer view of the function and purpose of a poet. Whatever he wrote, he had always in his mind his genuine

business; it was the business proper to a priest of the muses. It was a serious business, of great moment to the community. He has summarized the offices of the poet in a well known passage of the first Epistle of the Second Book. One who examines that passage will see that the emphasis is mainly on the training of the young; in addition, of course, the poet comforts the poor and the sick, prays for rain, drives away diseases and threatening disasters, prays for peace and good crops; finally, *Carmine di superi placantur, carmine Manes.* Horace is here undoubtedly using traditional language; and the fact that such language was traditional is significant. But his own thought is of the training of the young. He asks where the young men and maidens would learn prayers, had not the muse given them a bard; and one thinks immediately of great opening stanzas of the third Book, especially:

carmina non prius
Audita musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Here, in fact, is the key to the whole of Horace, insofar as the mind of Horace can be opened by any key. He is not for the dull or the sluggard or the flippant. "Art for Art's sake", as Professor Campbell observes, would have meant nothing to him; indeed it means nothing anyhow. He is as much in earnest as Milton; not, perhaps, so great, but of a more subtle intelligence. "The true State is a moral organism, and poetry proper is, potentially, one of its greatest civilizing instruments. Such was the spirit in which Horace wrote". This is a just statement; and the attitude of Horace to the State is of a little interest.

The first six odes of the third Book are the most obvious contribution of Horace to the theory and practice of patriotism. Mommsen used them in a famous address to create a parallel between Augustus and the young Emperor William II. Warde Fowler has made some very interesting suggestions as to their interpretation. He has also pointed out that we have no reason to attribute to Augustus the ideas that Horace expressed; and Quiller-Couch has rightly stated that Horace, not Vergil, is the patriotic poet of Rome. There is very little to be gained by trying to classify too exactly either Horace or any other poet. The Lord made Horace and many other wondrous works, and our best use of him is to try to understand him. The fat little fellow knew pretty well what he had done. He had not the cosmic passion of Lucretius; or the sublimated human passion of Catullus; or the brooding sense of the pathos and mystery of life that distinguished

Vergil; but he had an ironic understanding of himself that the others lacked. Vergil's sympathies are more sensitive than those of Horace; he could more readily have seen the limitations and defects of even honest patriotism. But Horace is no jingo. A man who had lived through the dictatorship of Caesar, the long contest between Antony and Octavian, the proscription, into the time of peace and prosperity that came with the principate, might be excused for thinking that the system inaugurated by Augustus was almost inspired. To say that Horace could not have written *Sunt lacrimae rerum, mentemque mortalia tangunt*, is only to say that Horace was not Vergil; but that line shows why Vergil could not be merely Roman and patriotic. Horace is entitled to the credit, whatever it may be worth, of being the clearest voice that rose in praise and support of the Augustan régime. But he is entitled to something more than that.

There is a larger organization, itself an offshoot or development of the Roman Empire, wherein Horace is entitled to the position of unofficial poet laureate. That organization is Western European Civilization. It is because Horace is so much a part of ourselves that it is so difficult for us properly to appreciate him. In almost any book about Horace one finds a list of men who have admired him. "Mystic and atheist, scoffer and preacher, recluse and leader of fashion," says Tyrrell, "have in Horace one subject on which they are sympathetic with each other." The reasons for this universal appeal have been variously stated; he is a wit; he is urbane; he is a gentleman; all qualities of significance, but all found elsewhere, even in poets. Perhaps the matter could be most easily stated by saying that Horace is central to our scheme of thought. Better perhaps than anyone else, he represents all the values of our secular civilization in their proper focus. To take one example, think of Pope.

Fancy Horace writing nonsense about the poor Indian and his faithful dog. He has seen too much to believe in the noble savage. What might he have said to Rousseau, or for that matter to Southey? Eccentricities are not in his line. What he believed in, what he supported, was civilization, ordered liberty. He had seen anarchy and civil war, murder and confiscation. He much preferred the ordinary ways of industry and peace. To many of us before 1914 our peaceful heritage seemed dull. It would be interesting to have something happening. More recently we have had an opportunity to sample the attractions of war. Perhaps we can now appreciate Horace better. However dull civilization is, the romance of war is much duller. Virtue may not be brightly coloured, but vice is

infinitely more dull and drab. As poet and philosopher, Horace stands in the very citadel of our culture. Seen in perspective, his work is essentially consistent, all of a piece; a defence of civilization against barbarism, so unostentatiously done that one hardly notices it:

> *Vis consili expers mole ruit sua,*
> *Vim temperatam di quoque provehunt*
> *In maius.*

He knew well what *vis consili expers* meant; he hoped something far different from *vis temperata.* He was a priest of the muses, and the muses assisted in and inspired the work. Courage and fidelity are essential virtues, and constancy of purpose. Regulus kept faith, even with faithless foes. Horace is a patriot; but he knows that patriotism is not enough. "To the ancients," says Professor Campbell, "unblessed with our distinction between fine and applied arts, the arts one and all, the highest as the humblest, existed for the practical refinement of human life. Their craftsmen were artists where ours are mechanics; their artists were craftsmen where ours are dilettanti. For them, the poet was primarily a civilizer." One need not endorse the implied condemnation of modern life; but it is true that a society where the painter and the sculptor are regarded as beings of a different order from the stonemason and the carpenter has missed the whole meaning of both sculptor and carpenter, and greatly impaired its capacity for appreciating great poetry and any other form of great art. It may be, some such reason as this has prevented many people from seeing the meaning and purpose in Horace's work, even while they have high appreciation of the music of his verse and the aptness of his phrases. There are few characters from antiquity or from any other time who are still received as familiar acquaintances in the twentieth century. We think of the genial host and his pleasant circle of friends, of those nights and banquets of the gods, and that delightful conversation that we should give much to overhear. We think of the servant of Apollo caught by the bore; and of how his master rescued him. We think of the friend of Maecenas, and of how he travelled to Brundisium with his patron; of the incidents of the journey, and how Horace with his weak eyes and Vergil with his dyspepsia went off to sleep and avoided the game of ball. We think of a fat little man awkwardly trying his hand at a little gardening in his Sabine retreat. This genial gossip and kindly friend almost makes us forget the perfect artist of difficult metres, the singer of lofty themes, the thinker whose thought so comes

home to us that we consider it our own, the persistent questioner into the problems of human life. We forget his greatness because of his sanity. He knew himself what he had done; and the daring prophecy of the *Exegi monumentum* has become an understatement. The House of the Vestals is in ruins, and the pontifex no longer climbs the Capitoline hill. The Aufidus and the regions of Daunus might be replaced in that poem by the Thames and the Mississippi; and remoter rivers and peoples habitually learn his words. As the centuries pass on and the evils of the present are replaced by those of future ages *fortasse minora,* so long as our civilization endures at all, Horace will still be read, as one who was able to see the sane and simple doctrines on which that civilization rests, and to enshrine his vision in words that men can not forget.