

sing of railroads, and of postoffice romances, for there were none; but he sat behind the desk where he should have been making up accounts for the treasury of the Cæsars, and scratched out dreamy odes, and witty odes, concerning the hours which he should spend in his country villa,—fond hours spent in pruning his vines, superintending his slaves, and entertaining his friends over a capon and a flask of Falernian. He sang too of other pleasures, of the strong friendships between man and man, which so ennobled his own intercourse with Maecenas and Augustus; he sang of laughing eyes, and red lips, but Roman as he was, never appreciated the sublime joys of domestic attachment. He was a moralist too, simple in his tastes, and frugal in temperament; but his philosophy was light and careless, and only occasionally does a strain of misgiving and inquiry dignify his song.

He never reached those serener heights upon which his great contemporary and friend, Vergil, moved, and which Wordsworth, Tennyson and Emerson have attained in our day; and on the other hand was not a tailor-made poet like Pope, or Dryden, or Tupper, or (shall we say it?) Lowell, and smaller fry such as Lang and Fawcett. I think of all modern poets Heine, and Walt Whitman most resemble him, except that Heine was a cynic, and Whitman had the instinct, but not the ability, to write poetry.

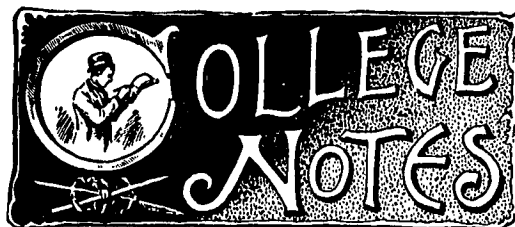
The life of the poet Horace was uneventful. His father was a well to do freedman, a tax collector and merchant, who lived at the little town of Venusia, and here the poet was born B. C. 65.

A liberal education was given to him by his father, who sent him to a noted teacher in Rome, and then to Athens, where he studied the language and philosophy of Greece with ardor. After this he fought bravely in the cause of Brutus at Philippi, but yielded to the situation when the empire was established, and finally became its servant by securing an office in the Treasury department. Maecenas, the great patron of art and literature, became his friend, and Augustus himself learned to

love him. His remaining years were spent in tranquillity, and were devoted to composition of the poems which to a degree made the Augustan age, the golden age of Roman literature.

This edition, like all of the Chase and Stuart series is excellent in every particular, and can be recommended to all, who have tasted the honey of antiquity.

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—Dr. Fernald is now working upon the development of the cabbage butter fly.

—The members of the Kappa Sigma fraternity have moved into their new chapter house.

—Dr. and Mrs. Atherton gave a reception to the faculty, at their home, Friday evening, Oct. 7.

—The Friday Club held its first meeting of this term at the home of Professor Buckhout, Sept. 30.

—Mr. Charles Atherton's fine large collection of bird eggs has been donated to the museum.

—C. W. Burkett was recently elected manager of the second foot ball team and W. A. Moore, captain.

—There are at present 252 students enrolled,—a gain of 20 over the number at the same time last year.

—A temperance lecture was delivered in the college chapel, Oct. 12, under the auspices of the Prohibition club of this place.

—The present indications are that we shall play the E. E. G. of Pittsburg Nov. 5, at Pittsburg, and Bucknell Nov. 12 on our home grounds.

—The Senior class spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon on Oct. 11, geologizing about the country at Shingletown and Boalsburg.