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School Life.

The school life of Horace was, I suppose, not happy, though, despite the flogings of Orbilius. That the boy was a prig is almost certain. At any rate, when it came to reading the old masters, such as Lucilius, he showed anything but either a prig. He has my hearty sympathy and my admiration. Nothing is more common in the sphere of literature, and nothing more irritating, than to be compelled to call something beautiful just because it is old. At this time it was de rigeur to praise Lucilius. Horace found him vigorous, but harsh and crude; the Greek instinct for elegance, charm, and balance were rightly offended, and 20 years later the young poet demonstrated to the world how the older satirist might be superseded in his own grave.

Horace speaks quite plainly on this subject to a people long swollen with pride because they were masters of the Mediterranean basin. As is the case with all new conquerors, they imagined that their wealth and prominent position they were not superior to the rest of mankind. They had tried prose and poetry, but with indifferent success, for they were willing to learn from Greece did they begin to understand their own limitations; and the curious thing is that Horace showed them how Latin, with all its drawbacks, might, under the hands of an artist, become a medium capable of almost every type of the Greek poetic genius.

Contact with the World.

But if the school life of Horace was painful enough, his life outside was no otherwise. One can imagine the age comments of the father on contemporary politics (Marius, Sulla, Lucullus, Pompey, Cicero, Caesar, and Crassus—were men well past middle age, that dangerous period when the consciousness of life is short leads the ambitious into staking their all on one throw of the dice. The war was over, and the foolish pawns lamoured for a man of destiny. Caesar was that man when Horace was packed off to the University of Athens. He studied philosophy and hobnobbed with young aristocrats, with the result that when Brutus, a member of the aristocracy, went over to Greece, our poet became staff officer, and (to the great gain of literature) was made a tribune first hand.

Found his way to Rome, and, when an amnesty was granted to his party, managed to obtain a clerkship in the Treasury. It was then, in his own words, that he began writing verses under stress of poverty. Lucky man, if he were able to sell any. One thing is certain, if Horace was to write at all it must be under compulsion of some sort. Like Rossini, he composed best a few days before his performance. As the political atmosphere grew more calm old friends were able to assist him to a clerkship, and later he was introduced to Maecenas, the Bismarck of Augustus, and a generous patron of literature. In the circle of this great man Horace held his place to the end. His sunny nature, his unaffected admiration for Virgil and other contemporaries, gave him a deserved popularity. When Maecenas fell from power Horace refused to be a parasite, and, he retired to die, within a few weeks of each other, eight years before the birth of Christ.

His Poetry.

Horace began work as a poet in 35 B.C. with the first book of Satires. These are simple, in the main, hexameters, made familiar to us by Dryden and other others. Originally the Satire was a hotchpotch of topics, of prose and verse. Horace wrote verse only. His Satires are full of homely wisdom, superficial philosophy, and, at times, literary criticism. Dialogue is not seldom introduced, and the topics vary greatly, e.g., a tour with Maecenas, Virgil, and others from Rome to Brindisi; the Roman Forum and pretentious Horace when he is trying to make verses; a discourse on cookery, a description of dinner at the house of a vulgar parvenu, and so on.

Some 12 years later he wrote his first three books of Odes (the Epodes had been written long before), and upon these, with the later fourth book, his fame among mankind mainly rests. A Laureate poem, the carmen saeculare, should be classed with the Odes. Last of all come the Epistles. These are very much like the Satires, with the difference that their style is far more smooth and polished. The general form is purely artificial. There is one other work of uncertain date, the "Art of Poetry," containing much good sense, but the matter is ill arranged.

As for metre, the Satires and Epistles are in hexameters, the Epodes mainly in iambics, and the rest in an astonishing variety of metrical forms (borrowed from the Greek), which Horace used with an apparent ease that has won the admiration of critics in every age and country. Have said "apparent ease," and the epithet is perhaps justified. Petronius speaks of the "curiosa felicitas" (the deliberate felicity) of Horace, and he may well be right. Horace himself tells us with that difficulty he composed.

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PAGES FROM HORACE.

THE APPEAL OF THE CLASSICS.

There was an appreciative audience at the Institute Building, Kintore-avenue, on Tuesday evening, when Professor Darnley Naylor delivered an address under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association.

Professor Naylor, who was introduced by Mr. E. Cheary, the president of the association, chose as his subject, "Why I read Horace." He declared that he did not read Horace because he was compelled to lecture on him. He read Horace first because he loved the man. He was one of the few poets who did not disgust with their vanity, their coarseness, their selfishness, or their sensuality. He came away with a message his voice should not be impregnated with whisky. If he had no message at all, they should be sorry it could not reek like the bar of a third-rate hotel. Horace moralised, no doubt, but he were the imperfect man who was unconventionally lived up to his standards and asked no more of his neighbor than of himself. He was disgusted for the sake of school boys, and yet he could not think of many books which, considering the age in which he lived, should be better for the beaten even with a few stripes. He liked his fair sex, and the man had spoken more severely against adultery; he had seen a woman of intellect and charm, and forget that women were the most attractive animals. He could tell stories well, for he told them well even in verse. Altogether, if he were asked for a companion for a walking tour, Horace would be his choice. He was cheery, unselfish, and not too interpretive of the mountains, rushing torrents, and peaceful lakes. He was conscientious and loyal at all costs. He could be silent, and, when he spoke, there followed, was a silent friend. Had he married, he would have made a woman's life happy, in spite of his vices. He would have made himself somewhat hot-tempered. He was born 65 years before Christ, in the township of Venusia, on the Italian side of the Apennines. Near by zigzagged the Roman road to Brindisi, and from his father's cottage could be seen the river, the river Aufidus as it crashed down the valley in noisy cataracts. There were the places where poets were born, and the speaker in his childhood days heard a lady of 95 describe a visit to Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. Horace was a Roman boy, and as she turned her head back to her host, remarked, "Well, Mr. Wordsworth, anyone could write poetry here." Horace have been a very "forward" young person, but there was much in what she said. It was one of the neighborhoods of Wordsworth, Southey, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, de Quincey, Ruskin, and Wilson lived so long and wrote so well in Lakeland.

School Days.

Dr. Gow said that Horace might have been a Scotsman. Speaking generally, he was certain that he was. His father was a freedman, too, had been a slave, Southern Italy was full of Greek colonies, and continual wars, and no country had supplied more than had "Conquered Greece." Alcoverge, Greece, solidified, had been occupied for centuries by Grecian colonists of the best type. They had made money in the towns of Italy, and had been prosperous on poor soil, owing success often to the patient labor of their unnamed companions. They had prosperous sons, imagine that the father of Horace had been freed by such a master as these. Aulus Lollius had been a man of high education, in the civilising effect of art and literature, and what he had lacked himself in the education he had given his son. Perhaps he saw some promise in the boy; perhaps some touch of superstition prompted him. Suetonius, the biographer, told how once when a mere baby he wandered into the woods and was lost, how he slept in a laurel bush, and how he made for him a bed, soft and warm, until he was discovered at last by his heart-broken mother. Suetonius was a credulous fool, for some high destiny; like little Thomas Huxley, on whose cradle a swarm of bees settled, he was destined to be a world's prophet in Israel. At any rate, the father of Horace sent him to the best local school to make friends with the sons of Roman families, and be cut by them when they reached years of discretion. The shrewd father realised this and sent his son off to Rome, going to school with him every day and bringing him home—quite a Greek habit. He knew the type of singers which threatened a boy even in so secret an academy as that of Plagosus Orbilius. He determined to save him if he could, and, on the whole, he succeeded. There was something very delightful in this picture of a father giving up his comfortable Venusia that his son might have all that was best for him. The widower surrendering everything for the one beloved boy was an old story, only made more beautiful by repetition in an ugly world. That the father was a clever was probable, for Horace never once mentioned his mother. It is known her it was incredible in one so warm-hearted that some phrase of loving recollection should not have fallen from his pen. The school life of Horace was, no doubt, happy enough, despite the flogings of Orbilius. That the boy was a prig was almost certain. At any rate, when it came to reading the old masters such as Lucilius he showed anything

He had the lecturer's hearty sympathy and admiration. The boy was more common in the sphere of literature, and, when he was irritating, than to be compelled to call something beautiful just because it was old. At this time it was de rigeur to praise Lucilius. Horace found him vigorous, but harsh and crude; the Greek instinct for elegance, charm, and balance were rightly offended, and 20 years later the young poet demonstrated to the world how the older satirist might be superseded in his own grave. Horace spoke quite plainly on this subject to a people long swollen with pride because they were masters of the Mediterranean basin. As is the case with all new conquerors, they imagined that there was no department in which they were not superior to the rest of mankind. They had tried prose and poetry, but with indifferent success, for they were willing to learn from Greece did they begin to understand their own limitations; and the curious thing was that Horace showed them how Latin, with all its drawbacks, might, under the hand of an artist, become a medium capable of almost every type of the Greek poetic genius.

Brief Career as a Soldier.

But if the school life of Horace was placid enough, the life outside was far otherwise. They could imagine the sage comments of his father on contemporary politics. All the great figures, Pompey, Cicero, Caesar, and Crassus, were men well past middle age, that dangerous period when the consciousness of life is short leads the ambitious into staking their all on one throw of the dice. The air was electric, and foolish pawns clamored for a man of destiny. Caesar was that man when Horace was packed off to the University of Athens. There he studied philosophy and hobnobbed with young aristocrats, with the result that when Brutus, after Caesar's murder, passed over to Greece, the poet became staff officer (to the great gain of literature) and was made a tribune first hand.

Found his way to Rome, and, when an amnesty was granted to his party, managed to obtain a clerkship in the Treasury. It was then, in his own words, that he began writing verses under stress of poverty. Lucky man, if he were able to sell any. One thing is certain, if Horace was to write at all it must be under compulsion of some sort. Like Rossini, he composed best a few days before his performance. As the political atmosphere grew more calm old friends were able to assist him to a clerkship, and later he was introduced to Maecenas, the Bismarck of Augustus, and a generous patron of literature. In the circle of this great man Horace held his place to the end. His sunny nature, his unaffected admiration for Virgil and other contemporaries, gave him a deserved popularity. When Maecenas fell from power Horace refused to be a parasite, and, he retired to die, within a few weeks of each other, eight years before the birth of Christ.

Wonderful Satire.

He had spoken of Horace as a man; as a poet he had only time to outline briefly his work. He began in 35 B.C. with the book of Satires. These were all in the one metre, hexametres, made familiar to them by Longfellow and other others. Originally the satire was a hotch-potch of topics, of prose and verse. Horace wrote verse only. His satires were full of homely wisdom, superficial philosophy, and, at times, literary criticism. Dialogue was not seldom introduced, the topics varied greatly; e.g., a tour with Maecenas, Virgil, and others from Rome to Brindisi; the Roman forum; pretentious Horace when he was trying to make verses; a discourse on cookery, a description of dinner at the house of a vulgar parvenu, and so on. Some 12 years later he wrote his first three books of Odes (the Epodes had been written long before), and upon these, with the later fourth book, his fame among mankind mainly rests. A Laureate poem, the Carmen Saeculare, should be classed with the Odes. Last of all come his Epistles. These were very much like the Satires, with the difference that their style is far more smooth and polished. The general form is purely artificial. There is one other work of uncertain date, the "Art of Poetry," containing much good sense, but the matter is ill arranged.

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NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

PROGRESS ON NORTH-TERRACE.

A MINISTERIAL INSPECTION.

An inspection of building operations being conducted by the Government at the rear of the University, and in the grounds of the Adelaide Hospital, revealed that big schemes are approaching completion. Others are contemplated.

Surprising developments in Government buildings, not widely known to the public were witnessed yesterday in a Ministerial inspection of operations in progress at the rear of the University, and on a block of land facing Kintore-avenue. The inspection was made by the Premier (Hon. J. Gunn) and the Chief Secretary (Hon. J. Jelley). They were shown over the grounds by the Architect-in-Chief (Mr. A. E. Simpson).

Educational.

The buildings inspected there were the Technical College, the walls of which are now ten or twelve feet high; the Teachers' Training College, which is rapidly approaching completion, and the new Engineering Physics School of the Adelaide University, which is receiving its finishing touches, and is partly occupied. Mr. Simpson said the buildings in course of erection, with the new ones already completed, would entail an expenditure of approximately £100,000. It was the aim of the Department to erect the buildings so that they would be in close touch with each other. The Technical College building would form the background of a quadrangle around which other buildings would be erected. There would be two storeys high, and additions could be made when desired. The Teachers' Training College is to be erected on the old Destitute Asylum, and appears to be an up-to-date building. It is expected it will be ready for occupation by students within twelve months. The walls are for several feet of beautiful whitestone from Angas Hill, and it is evident no efforts are being spared to provide adequate accommodation in classrooms, lecture halls, and very extensive conveniences. Although partly hidden, the buildings command an excellent view of North Adelaide in the distance, and portion of the Botanic Park reserve nearby.

A casual inspection was made of the Darling Buildings utilised by the students, and the visitors were then shown over the new Engineering and Physics School by Professors Ewing and Pedler, Kerr Grant, and the Registrar of the University (Mr. F. W. Eardley).

Engineering and Physics School.

This extensive addition to the University is a two-storey building, the main block having a frontage of 311 feet by a depth of 52 feet. From the back of the main block an annexe leads out from each of the two main staircase halls, each annexe being 100 feet long by 52 feet long by 42 feet wide. The building is brick, with reinforced concrete floors and staircases, the roof being of iron, with a cornice finished in light stone color, and topped with a roof of red tiles so as to be harmonious with the Technical College Building. In the portion allotted to the Physics Department, a large lecture theatre has been provided, capable of accommodating approximately 300 persons, and equipped with a fireproof bioscope room and large lecture screen. In addition there are the first, second and third year laboratories, apparatus, preparation and research rooms, workshops, and a temperature room has been provided in the basement.

The staff and students have been allotted rooms, the students having a separate apartment for each year. The staff room capable of seating approximately 60 students, has also been included, and an optical workroom has been provided. The large lecture theatre, lecture room, optical room, optical laboratory, and the dark room are on the first floor, and are provided with special apparatus which will totally darken these rooms when required. The electrical laboratories are on the large lecture room to accommodate approximately 104 students, together with a smaller lecture room, and electrical laboratories on each floor, large hydraulic laboratory, engineering laboratory and workshop, supervisor's room, metallurgical laboratory. Provision has been made for two drawing rooms and a museum. A flat roof on one portion of the building has been constructed for the purpose of survey observations. Each of the two departments has a main entrance from the front of the building, with offices. The entrance halls have tiled floors and polished maple wind screen doors, glazed with beveled plateglass panels. Private rooms and laboratories have also been provided for the professors and lecturers.

Hospital Improvements.

The party next proceeded to the Adelaide Hospital grounds. Here the extensive additions in course of erection were con-