

of which a generation, distracted with mad ambition and civil war, was to drink the medicinal draught of the Epicurean philosophy, and be at once beguiled of its woes and set free from the dark thralldom of superstition; Catullus with his Byronian mixture of sensibility and depravity; Tibullus, famed in his day like Shenstone and Tickell, about their fair equivalent, and the offspring of the same fashion of dallying with verse; Propertius, whose crabbed style and sad addiction to frigid mythology are sometimes relieved by passages of wonderful tenderness and beauty; Ovid, whose marvellous facility, vivacity, and—to use the word in its eighteenth century sense—wit, too often misemployed, appear in all his works, and who, though he had no more feeling than Pope, shows in the epistle of Dido to Æneas that he could, like the writer of *Eloisa to Abelard*, get up a fine tempest of literary passion; Horace, whom, for some occult reason, one loves the better the older one grows; Seneca, seeking under the Neronian Reign of Terror to make for himself an asylum of stoicism and suicide; Lucan, through whose early death, which left his work crude as well as incomplete, we have perhaps missed a great political epic, and who, in his best passages, rivals the writer of *Absalom and Achitophel*; Martial, the creator of the epigram, the mirror of the social habits of Imperial Rome, amidst whose heaps of rubbish and ordure are some better things and some pleasant pictures of Roman character and life: and the marvellous resurrec-