

show for Lausus and his godless parent Mezentius, for Mimas the stranger, slain without renown in a strange land, Land of Promise as it was, and laid in an inhospitable grave (*ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta*), or for Evander at his prayers for Pallas, when Pallas on his bier is scarce a mile away. I can only offer the lines where he speaks of Cornelia mourning Pompey:

Grief fills the room up of my absent [lord]:
ix, 111. *sævumque arte complexa dolorem
perfruitur lacrimis et amat pro conjuge luctum*,
or the lament for the desolation of Italy by the civil wars.

vii, 397.
*non aetas haec carpsit edax monumentaque rerum
patria destituit: crimen civile videmus
tot vacuas urbes;*

or the description of the roof crumbling over the ancestral walls ready to fall but on the head of none.

vii, 403. *stat tectis putris avitis
in nullos ruitura domus.*

The tenderness of Virgil, his delicacy, his "virginity," as his cotemporaries called it, are not to be found in Lucan. We can contrast the tone of the two in the way in which they speak of Proserpine. First Virgil:

nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem

Here every word has its weight and purpose. (The subjunctive depends on a foregoing clause.) Note the juxtaposition of Proserpine and her mother—the emphasis on *matrem* at the line's end, the pathos in the coupling of *repetita sequi*. Proserpine yearned not to go with her who had sought her, albeit the seeker was her mother. Then Lucan:

vi, 699. *caelum matremque perosa Persephone*

Anxious to outdo Virgil and mint a startling phrase, he makes Persephone *loathe* her mother. The result is the usual result of overstrain; it is violation of nature, and that is always bad art. Virgil is truer; the daughter loves not her mother less, but her husband and her home more. But the contrast is not perhaps surprising. Virgil was a farmer's son and had himself gone through the sufferings of the Italian peasants over which Lucan grew sentimental. He had been twice turned from his home by soldiers. "Knowledge by suffering entereth," and he knew the burden and the sadness of life. Lucan was a Prime Minister's nephew, and from his birth "straight was a path of gold for him."

It may, however, be said for him that, whether he knew his ignorance or his good angel knew it for him, he does not often attempt pathos. There are no fathers and sons in

Lucan, except when they are on opposite sides in battle and enjoy killing one another. But twice he sketches husband and wife—first Cato and Marcia, then Pompey and Cornelia. The relations of the former pair would seem extraordinary to-day, but hardly so extraordinary as Marcia's address to Cato before Brutus. Cato is stiff (*justo quoque robur amori restitit*), and we are intended to be impressed by them both. The whole situation is conceived from a journalistic point of view and only wants a headline. I have spoken of Pompey and his wife, but the theme is not at once exhausted by Lucan. When they part before Pharsalia we are told they neither had ever before had so sorrowful a day.

v, 796. *vitamque per omnem
nulla fuit tam maesta dies.*

Pompey had been twice married before. His first wife was the mother of his sons, his second was Cæsar's daughter, Julia, who had been a real bond of union between her father and her husband, though the marriage was obviously made for diplomatic reasons. Cornelia's first husband was the younger Crassus, killed five years before at the battle of Carrhae (53 B.C.). One would have thought each had borne a heavier blow ere this, but Lucan must be impressive at any cost. After their meeting again Cornelia faints twice in one book and declaims as often, and though resolved on suicide on seeing her husband murdered, she lives on.

Lucan knew his geography well and tells us all about the Nile, and Thessaly and its rivers, and Africa (with a list of seventeen different kinds of snake and their several horrors); he knows philosophy and declaims to us at large; he knows astronomy and we have more than enough technical detail about that; the time would fail me to tell what a lot of things he knew, but he did not know the human heart and Virgil did. Hence Virgil can touch the heart, for he writes from the heart, and Lucan cannot. Virgil wakes a sympathetic chord in the reader as if unawares, and he has won a friend. Of all Romans (say what we may of Catullus) Virgil deserves most the title Mrs. Browning gave Euripides "the human" for "touchings of things common till they rise to touch the spheres." He appeals to the eternal in man and can afford to go gently and wait. Lucan is in a hurry. If he cannot touch the heart, he can at least astonish, startle and shock his reader. In book vi he gives us 400 lines of witch and witchcraft, accumulating horror on horror, till we have lost all sense of reality. Yet he told all the story in half a line, when he said of the witches *quarum quidquid non creditur ars est*—"all that is incredible is their business." Had he stopped