



Ex Libris

K.K. Venugopal

Paradise Lost,

By JOHN MILTON;

*With Notes,*

Selected from Newton and others,

*To which is prefixed,*

The Life of the Author.

*(With*

*A Critical Dissertation,*

ON THE POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON,

and

*Observations on his Language and Versification,*

By

Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

Engraved by J. Rogers.

New Str. St. Shoe Lane.



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE justly learned and celebrated Bishop Newton, in the Notes at the close of his edition of Paradise Lost, and as it is cited in p. 226 of the second volume of the present edition, observes, that, “ Throughout the whole, the Author appears to have been a most critical reader, and “ a most passionate admirer of Holy Scripture. “ He is indebted to Scripture infinitely more than “ to Homer and Virgil, and all other books “ whatever. Not only his principal Fable, but “ all his Episodes, are founded upon Scripture. “ The Scripture hath not only furnished him “ with the noblest hints, raised his thoughts, “ and fired his imagination, but hath also very “ much enriched his language, given a certain “ solemnity and majesty to his diction, and supplied him with many of his choicest, happiest “ expressions.”

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This observation, one would think, should weigh greatly in the minds of all descriptions of people, and act as a stimulus to the reading of the excellent Poem contained in the following sheets. But this is not all: it is, as Dr. Gillies declares, “admired by all judges of fine writing. “Poets, historians, wits, philosophers, divines, “all agree in acknowledging its excellence. But “in their remarks they discover great variety of “sentiment. What is most esteemed by some, “is by others thought flat and insipid. On the “other hand, the passages most extolled by the “latter, seem to the former chiefly valuable, as “they serve to connect the grander parts of the “Work. In most instances, the cause of this “diversity of taste is easily explained.”

But, with respect to the present Edition, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that, as there have lately appeared several excellent poetical compositions printed in a superior style, the Proprietor, at the instigation of a great number of his Friends, and encouraged by the celebrity of the Poem itself, thought an Edition of PARADISE LOST would not be deemed an unfit com-

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panion to the Works of other eminent Poets which have recently made their appearance on the theatre of the world in a degree of superiority.

To this Edition is prefixed a very circumstantial account of the LIFE OF MILTON; whose Probity as a Man, whose Abilities as a Scholar, and whose Charity as a Christian, are admired and extolled by people of all ranks, professions, and degrees, throughout the more enlightened part of the universe.

As to the NOTES, they are such as were deemed necessary to elucidate some particular passages of the POEM, and for that purpose were selected from the labours of Newton, Addison, and others, who have made this Work of MILTON their peculiar study.

At the close of the Work is given a very copious Index; by the examination of which any subject treated of in the POEM, may be found with ease and facility.

As to the superior style of the Letter-Press, or of the Designs and Execution of the several

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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Engravings which accompany the Work, nothing more need be said to give the Public a just idea of their excellent quality, than that they were designed by CORBOULD, and engraved by HEATH and other Artists equally eminent in their profession.

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THE  
L I F E  
OF  
MR. JOHN MILTON.

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**J**OHAN MILTON was descended from the proprietors of Milton, near Halton and Thame, in Oxfordshire; where the family flourished several years, till the estate was sequestered in the civil wars occasioned by the disputes between the houses of York and Lancaster. Mr. John Milton, the Poet's grandfather, was under-ranger, or keeper, of the forest of Shotover, near Halton above mentioned: he was so great a bigot to his peculiar religious opinions (those of the church of Rome) that he disinherited his son, because he forsook the religion of his ancestors, and became a protestant. The disinherited son, John Milton, our Poet's father, then repaired to London, where, for his support, he followed the profession of a scrivener; but he was not so devoted to gain and to business, as to lose all taste of the polite arts, and was particularly skilled in music, in which he was not only a fine performer, says Newton, but is celebrated for several pieces

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of his own composition ; and yet, on the other hand, he was not so fond of his amusements, as to neglect his business, but by diligence and œconomy he acquired a competent estate, upon which he afterwards retired. He was a worthy man, and married Sarah Caston, whose family came from Wales. By this lady he had two sons, John the Poet, and Christopher, whom he trained to the practice of the Common Law, and who in the civil war adhered to the King's party : for his adherence to the royal cause he was persecuted by the espousers of democracy ; but having, by his brother's interest, obtained permission to live in quiet, he supported himself by chamber-practice, and in the reign of King James II. by too easy a compliance with the doctrines of the court, both religious and civil, he attained to the dignity of Knighthood, and was made a Judge of the Common Pleas in 1687, having previously, in 1686, been made Baron of the Exchequer. He died divested of his office not long after the Revolution.

He had likewise by his said wife, Sarah Caston, a daughter, Anne, whom he married, with a considerable portion, to Edward Philips, who came from Shrewsbury, and rose in the Crown-Office to be Secondary. By him she had two sons, John and Edward, who were educated by the Poet, and who have handed down to us a decent account of his domestic manners.

But JOHN, the subject of the present Essay, who was born in his father's house at the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, Dec. 9, 1608, was the favourite of his father's hopes; who, to cultivate the great genius which early displayed itself, was at the expence of a domestic Tutor, Mr. Thomas Young\*; whose care and capacity his Pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin Elegy, which he wrote at the age of eighteen. At his initiation he is said to have applied himself to Letters with such indefatigable industry, that he rarely was prevailed with to quit his studies before midnight; which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head, but likewise occasioned that weakness in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation of sight. From a domestic education he was removed to St. Paul's School, to complete his acquaintance with the Classics, under the care of Mr. Gill, who was at that time master; and to whose son are addressed some of his familiar epistles. After a short stay at this seminary, he was transplanted to Christ College in Cambridge, February 12 1624-5, being then in his 17th year, a very good classical scholar, and master of several languages. He was placed under the tuition of Mr. William Chappel, afterwards Bishop of Cork and Ross, in

\* This gentleman was afterwards chaplain to the company of English merchants residing at Hamburg.

Ireland. While a member of this society, he distinguished himself in all kinds of academical exercises. He continued above seven years at the university, and took two degrees, viz. that of B. A. in 1628-9, and that of M. A. in 1632, when he left Cambridge, and returned to his father, who had quitted the town, and retired to Horton, near Colebrook, in Buckinghamshire, where he pursued his studies with unparalleled assiduity and success.

By his parents he was designed for holy orders; and among the manuscripts of Trinity College in Cambridge, says Bishop Newton, there are two draughts, in Milton's own hand, of a letter to a friend who had importuned him to take orders when he had attained the age of 23: but the truth is, continues the learned Bishop, he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the Church; and subscribing to the Articles was, in his opinion, subscribing *slave*. This was no doubt a great disappointment to his friends, who rather wished him to have been a minister of the established religion; but he had too free a spirit to be limited and confined: he was for comprehending all sciences, but for professing none. While he continued in this retirement (five years) he read over all the Greek and Latin authors, particularly the historians; so that his retirement was a learned retirement.

After some years spent in this studious way,

his mother died ; and then he prevailed with his father to gratify an inclination he had long entertained of seeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been Ambassador at Venice, and was then Provost of Eton College, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels, couched in the following terms :

“ SIR,

Eton College, April 10, 1638.

“ IT was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly. And in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts (which I understood afterwards by Mr. H.) I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught, for you left me with an extreme thirst, and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have branded together some good authors of the ancient time : among which I observed you to have been familiar.

“ Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment, that came therewith ; wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish with a

certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherein I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *Ipsa Mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me, how modestly soever, the true artificer\*. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s Poems, printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

“Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you, I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way. Therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for shaping your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

“I should think, that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the

\* This is the Mask of Comus, of which Milton had not yet publicly acknowledged himself the author.

passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

“At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Duca di Pagliano; who with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome, which had been the centre of his experience, I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of my own conscience. Signor Arrigo meo (says he) *i pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto*; that is, your thoughts close, and your countenance loose, will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary: and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining your friend, as much at command as any of longer date.

H. WOTTON.”

P. S. “Sir, I have expressly sent this by my foot-boy, to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of

your obliging letter, having myself, through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

By not observing an excellent maxim \* in the above advice, he incurred great danger by disputing against the Superstition of the Church of Rome, within the verge of the Vatican §. Having employed his curiosity about two years † in

\* *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto.*

§ Though the Marquis of Villa had shown him distinguishing marks of favour at Naples, yet he told him at his departure, that he would have shown him much greater, if he had been more reserved in matters of religion. But he had a soul above dissimulation and disguise; he was neither afraid nor ashamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the spirit of an old martyr. He was so prudent indeed, that he would not of his own accord begin any discourse of religion; but at the same time he was so honest, that if he was questioned at all about his faith, he would not dissemble his sentiments, whatever was the consequence. And with this resolution he went to Rome the second time, and staid there two months more, neither concealing his name, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought proper to attack him.

NEWTON.

† *Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ*

*Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,—*

*Nec dum aderat Thyrsis: pastorem scilicet illum*

*Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.*

EPITAPH. DAM.

France and Italy, on the news of a civil war breaking out in England, he returned, without taking a survey of Greece and Sicily, as at his setting out the scheme was projected. † At Paris the Lord Viscount Scudamore, Ambassador from King Charles I. at the Court of France, introduced him to the acquaintance of Grotius; who at that time was honoured with the same character there by Christina, Queen of Sweden. In Rome, Genoa, Florence, and other cities of Italy, he contracted a familiarity with those who were of highest reputation for wit and learning: several of whom gave him very obliging testimonies of their friendship and esteem; which are printed before his Latin Poems. The first of them, written by Manso Marquis of Villa, a great patron of Tasso, by whom he is celebrated in his || Poem on the Conquest of Jerusalem, is as follows:

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.

It is highly probable that to his conversation with this noble Neapolitan, we owe the first design which MILTON conceived of writing an Epic Poem: and it appears by some Latin verses addressed to the Marquis with the title of Mansus, that he intended to fix on King Arthur

† Defensio Secunda. Page 96. fol.

|| Fra Cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,

Risplende il Manso. — *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, lib. xx.

for his hero\* ; but Arthur was reserved to another destiny.

Returning from his travels, he found England on the point of being involved in a civil war, between the king and parliament. It seems wonderful that one of so warm and enterprizing a spirit as his certainly was, should be restrained from the camp in those commotions, when his countrymen were striving for liberty against the ambition of the crown. We may certainly impute it to the great deference he paid to paternal authority, that he retired to lodgings provided for him at the house of Mr. Russel, a taylor, in St. Bride's Church Yard. Here, however, he did not long continue ; for he had not sufficient room for his library and furniture : he therefore took a house with a garden, in the vicinity of Aldersgate Street ; which was the more agreeable to him, as it was removed in a great measure from the noise and disturbance of the town. This house, being commodious for the reception of his sister's sons, and some other young gentlemen, he undertook their education, not out of

\* "O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum  
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,  
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges  
Arturumque etiâ sub terris bella moventem ;  
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,  
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adsit)  
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges."

any sordid and mercenary views, but merely from a benevolent disposition, and a desire to do good; and is said to have formed them on the same plan which he afterwards published, in a short tractate inscribed to his friend Mr. Hartlib.

We must not, however, imagine, that Milton was so attached to this academical life, as to be an indifferent spectator of what passed in this country. There were great disorders in the nation in 1641, and the clamour ran high against those who wore the episcopal habit. On this occasion it is easy to guess which side was taken by Milton: he took part with the people, and joined the puritanical ministers in their opposition to episcopacy. He published a tractate "Of Reformation, touching Church Discipline in England: and the Causes that hitherto have hindered it. In two books." A treatise against episcopacy was likewise published about the same time by several ministers, in answer to the Humble Remonstrance of Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, under the title of *Smectymnus* (a word consisting of the initial names of the authors, viz. Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow.) This book was answered by Archbishop Usher, who published at Oxford a *Refutation of Smectymnus*, in a tract concerning the Original of Bishops and Metropolitans. This latter brought forth Mil-

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ton's little piece Of Prelatical Episcopacy; but as it was not sufficiently explicit to meet the entire approbation of the author, he handled the subject more at large in "The Reason of Church Government, urged against Prelacy. In two Books." This was divided into several Chapters, of which the following are the heads: Chap. I. That Church Government is prescribed in the Gospel, and that to say otherwise is unsound. Chap. II. That Church Government is set down in Holy Scripture, and that to say otherwise is untrue. Chap. III. That it is dangerous and unworthy the Gospel, to hold that Church Government is to be patterned by the Law, as B. Andrews and the Primate of Armagh [Usher] maintain. Chap. IV. That it is impossible to make the Priesthood of Aaron a Pattern whereon to ground Episcopacy. Chap. V. To the Argument of B. Andrews and the Primate. Chap. VI. That Prelacy was not set up for the Prevention of Schism, as is pretended, or if it were, that it performs not what it was first set up for, but quite the contrary. Chap. VII. That those many sects and schisms by some supposed to be among us, and that Rebellion in Ireland, ought not to be a hindrance, but a hastening of Reformation. Part II. Chap. I. That Prelacy opposeth the Reason and End of the Gospel three ways; and first in her outward form. Chap. II. That the ceremonious Doctrine of Prelacy opposeth

the Reason and End of the Gospel. Chap. III. That Prelatical Jurisdiction opposeth the Reason and End of the Gospel and of State. CONCLUSION. The Mischief that Prelacy does in the State.—Bishop Hall published also a Defence of the Humble Remonstrance; which induced Milton to write Animadversions upon it, under the title of Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus. All these treatises he published within the course of the year 1641; which show how diligent he was in the cause he had espoused. And the next year he set forth his Apology for Smectymnuus, in Answer to the Confutation of his Animadversions.

In this philosophical course he, however, continued without a wife to the year 1643; when he married Mary, the eldest daughter of Richard Powell of Forest-hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire: a gentleman of estate and reputation in that county, and of principles so very opposite to his Son-in-law, that the marriage is more to be wondered at than the separation which ensued, in little more than a month after she had cohabited with him in London. The time having elapsed which he had allowed her to stay with her friends in the country (for she had previously obtained his permission) he wrote several letters, requesting her return; but she did not deign to answer them. At length, being

highly displeased, and imagining some mistake might have arisen, he dispatched a messenger with a letter, requesting her return: but she positively refused, and dismissed the messenger with contempt. Her desertion provoked him both to write several Treatises concerning the doctrine and discipline of Divorce \*; and also to

\* These treatises were, (1.) "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce; restored to the good of both Sexes, from the Bondage of Canon Law, and other Mistakes, to the true Meaning of Scripture in the Law and Gospel compared. Wherein also are set down the bad consequences of abolishing or condemning of Sin, that which the Law of God allows, and Christ abolished not. In Two Books."—Against this book it was objected, that his doctrine was a novel notion, and a paradox that nobody had asserted before. This occasioned him to take up his pen again; which produced, in 1644, (2.) "The Judgment of Martin Bucer, concerning Divorce: written to Edward VI. in his Second Book of the Kingdom of Christ; and now Englished. Wherein a late Book, restoring the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, is here confirmed and justified by the Authority of Martin Bucer, to the Parliament of England." Against this book also cavils were raised; and it was objected, that the doctrine could not be reconciled to Scripture. He now took up his pen once more, and published, in 1645, (3.) "Tetrachordon: Expositions upon the Four Chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage, or Nullities in Marriage. On Gen. i. 27, 28, compared and explained by Gen. ii. 18, 23, 24.—Deut. xxiv. 1, 2.—Matth. v. 31, 32. with Matth. xix. from the 3d verse to the 11th.—1 Cor. vii. from the 10th to the 16th. Wherein the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, as was lately published, is confirmed by Explanation of Scripture, by Testimony of Ancient Fathers, of Civil Laws

make his addresses to a young Lady of great wit and beauty, one of the daughters of Dr. Davis : but before he had engaged her affections to conclude the marriage-treaty, in a visit at one of

in the Primitive Church, of famousest Reformed Divines ; and, lastly, by an intended Act of the Parliament, and Church of England, in the last Year of Edward the Sixth." The cavils of the interested clergy were loud and vehement against these writings ; but their dissatisfaction served only to cause others to examine the subject more closely than they hitherto had done ; by which they became convinced that the arguments and right reasoning employed by Milton on the occasion, were not only just, but perfectly agreeable to the dictates of the Scriptures. Mr. Wood informs us, that upon Milton's publishing his three books of Divorce, the Assembly of Divines, then sitting at Westminster, took particular notice of them, and, notwithstanding his former services in writing against the Bishops, caused him to be summoned before the House of Lords ; but that house, whether approving his doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, soon dismissed him. He was attacked in a pamphlet entitled "Divorce at Pleasure," and in "An Answer to the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce ;" which latter was licensed and recommended by Mr. Joseph Caryl, the famous commentator on Job. These occasioned Milton to publish, in 1645, (4.) "Collasterion : a Reply to a nameless Answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce. Wherein the trivial Author of that Answer is discovered, the Licencer conferred with, and the Opinion which they traduce defended." These provocations, says Bishop Newton, I suppose, contributed not a little to make him such an enemy to the Presbyterians, to whom he had before distinguished himself a friend. He composed likewise two of his Sonnets on the reception his book of divorce met with ; but the latter is much the better of the two. They are here inserted :

his relations, of the name of Blackborough in St. Martin's Le Grand, he found his wife, who

## SONNET XI.

ON THE RECEPTION HIS BOOK OF DIVORCE MET WITH.

A Book was writ of late, call'd Tetrachordon;  
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;  
The subject new; it walk'd the town a while,  
Numb'ring good intellects: now seldom por'd on.

Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on  
A title-page is this! and some in file  
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,  
Colkitto, or Macdonel, or Galasp?  
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,  
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp;  
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward  
Greek.

## SONNET XII.

ON THE SAME.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
When strait a barbarous noise environs me,  
Of Owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.  
As when those kinds that were transform'd to frogs  
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny  
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
Licence they mean when they cry liberty;  
For who loves that must first be wise and good;  
But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

fell prostrate before him, imploring forgiveness and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him; and though at first he showed signs of aversion, yet he did not long remain inexorable: his wife's intreaties, and the intercession of friends on both sides, soon wrought upon his generous nature, and procured a happy reconciliation, with an act of oblivion for all that was past\*.

—————Soon his heart relented  
Tow'rds her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress.

PAR. LOST, B. x. 940.

And after this re-union, so far was he from retaining an unkind memory of the provocations which he had received from her ill conduct, that when the King's cause was entirely oppressed, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was exposed to sequestration, Milton received both him and his family to protection and free entertainment in his own house till their affairs were accommodated by his interest in the victorious party.

\* Perhaps the impressions made on Milton's imagination by this affecting interview, contributed to the painting of that pathetic scene in *Paradise Lost*, in which Eve addresses herself to Adam for pardon and peace, Book x. ver. 909.—  
See our Notes on that Book.

But while Milton was engaged in the controversy concerning divorce, he paid attention to other matters, as appears from several epistles which passed between him and the famous Mr. Mede and others. His letter to Mr. Samuel Hartlib on Education, has been already mentioned. In 1644 was published "Areopagitica: a Speech of John Milton, for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. To the Parliament of England." As a suitable Motto to this speech, Milton chose the following passage from Euripides:

Τὸ λευθερον δ' ἔχεινο εἰ τις θελει πολεῖ  
 Χρηστον τι βουλευμ' εἰς μέσον φερειν, εἰχων.  
 Καὶ ταυθ' ὁ χρηζων λαμπρος εσθ', ὁ μὴ θελων,  
 Σιγα τι τῶτων εστιν ἰσαιτερον πολεῖ;

HICETID.

This is true liberty, when free-born men,  
 Having to advise the Public, may speak free,  
 Which he who can and will, deserves high praise;  
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace.  
 What can be juster in a state than this? HICETID.

Bishop Newton observes, that this tract "was written at the desire of several learned men, and is perhaps the best vindication, that has been published, at any time or in any language, of that liberty which is the basis and support of all other liberties, the Liberty of the Press: but alas, it had not the desired effect! for the Presbyterians were as fond of exercising the licencing

power, when they had got it into their own hands, as they had been clamorous before in inveighing against it, while it was in the hands of the prelates."

In 1645 was published a collection of Milton's Poems, Latin and English; the principal of which are, *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, the *Mask of Comus*, &c. &c. If, says Bishop Newton, he had left no other monuments of his poetical genius behind him, these would have been sufficient to have rendered his name immortal.

Notwithstanding the studious disposition of Milton, and his inclination to lead the life of a private gentleman, it was intended to draw him forth into a more active and busy scene. A commission to constitute him Adjutant-General to Sir William Waller was actually promised; but soon superseded by Waller's being laid aside when the new modelling of the army took place.

On the death of the King several of the Presbyterians declaimed against the execution; and asserting that the person of the king was sacred and inviolable, provoked Milton to write and publish, in 1649, "*The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*: proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all Ages, for any, who have the power to call to account a Tyrant, or

wicked King, and after due Conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected or denied to do it; and that they, who, of late, so much blame Deposing, are the Men that did it themselves." To the second edition of this treatise was added in the title-page, "Published now the second time with some additions, and many testimonies also added out of the best and learnedst among Protestant Divines, asserting the position of this book." Not long after this, he wrote his "Observations upon the Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels, on the Letter of Ormond to Colonel Jones, and the Representation of the Presbytery at Belfast."

He now retired again to his private studies; and began to write a History of England, which he intended to have deduced from the earliest accounts, and to have brought it down to his own times. He had actually finished four books of it, when, neither courting nor expecting any such preferment, he was invited by the Council of State to be their Latin Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He served in this capacity under Oliver Cromwell, his son Richard Cromwell, and the Rump Parliament, until the Restoration of Charles II.; and, without doubt, says Bishop Newton, a better Latin pen could not have been found in the kingdom.

Soon after the death of the King, a book was published under the title of “Εἰκὼν Βασιλική,” or the Royal Image. This book was calculated to excite greater commiseration in the minds of the people than the king himself did while alive; and Milton was directed by the parliament to prepare an answer to it; which was published, by authority, under the title of “Εἰκονοκλαστής,” or the Image-Breaker. This piece was translated into French; and two replies to it were published, one in 1651, and the other in 1692, upon the reprinting of Milton’s book at Amsterdam.

Milton’s most celebrated prose-work is his “*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Claudii Anonymi, alius Salmasii, Defensionem Regiam.*” Salmasius was a man of uncommon abilities, and therefore he was courted by Charles II. to write a Defence of the late King, his father, and to traduce his adversaries; for which laudable undertaking he was presented with a hundred Jacobuses; and the book was published in 1649, with this title, “*Defensio Regia pro Carolo I. ad Carolum II.*” It was in answer to this book that the parliament of England desired Milton to write his “*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano,*” &c. but his health was so much impaired, and he was so weak in body, that he was under the necessity of writing it by piece-meal, which retarded its publication; so that it was not put forth

till 1651. An English translation of it, by Mr. Washington, of the Temple, is inserted in the later editions of Milton's Works\*. The first

\* "It was somewhat extraordinary (says Bishop Newton) that Salmasius, a pensioner to a republic, should pretend to write a defence of Monarchy; but the states (of Holland) shewed their disapprobation by publicly condemning his book, and ordering it to be suppressed. On the other hand, Milton's book was burnt at Paris, and at Toulouse by the hands of the common hangman; but this served only to procure it the more readers: it was read and talked of everywhere; and even they who were of different principles, yet could not but acknowledge that he was a good defender of a bad cause; and Salmasius's book underwent only one impression, while this of Milton passed through several editions. On the first appearance of it, he was visited or invited by all the foreign ministers at London, not excepting even those of crowned heads." He was likewise highly complimented by the literati of several nations, particularly those of France and Germany; but, "what gave him the greatest satisfaction (continues the learned Bishop) the work was highly applauded by those who had desired him to undertake it; and they made him a present of a thousand pounds; which in those days of frugality was reckoned no inconsiderable reward for his performance. But the case was far otherwise with Salmasius. He was then in high favour at the court of Christina, Queen of Sweden, who had invited thither several of the most learned men of all countries: but when Milton's Defence of the people of England was brought to Sweden, and was read to the Queen, at her own desire, he sunk immediately in her esteem and the opinion of every body; and though he talked big at first, and vowed the destruction of Milton and the parliament, yet, finding that he was looked upon with coldness, he thought proper to take leave of the court; and he who came in honour, was dismissed with contempt."

reply that was published to this book was in 1651, under the title of "*Apologia pro Rege & Populo Anglicano contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni Angli) Defensionem destructivam Regis & Populi Anglicani.*" It is unknown who was the author of this piece; but it was so mean a performance, and was written in such barbarous Latin, that Milton did not chuse to answer it, but directed one of his nephews to make a reply to it. It should, however, be acknowledged, that he supervised and corrected the MS. before it went to the press; so that it may in some measure be called his. It was published in 1652, with this title, "*Johannis Philippi Angli Responsio ad Apologiam anonymi cujusdam tenebrionis pro Rege & Populo Anglicano infantissimam.*"

For some time after his appointment to be Latin Secretary, Milton had an apartment for his family in Whitehall; but his health requiring a freer accession of air, he removed to a house in Petty France, which opened into St. James's Park; where he remained eight years, from the year 1652 till within a few weeks of the King's restoration. Not long after his settlement there, his wife died in child-bed. Much about the time of her death, a gutta serena, which had for several years been gradually increasing, totally extinguished his sight. In this melancholic condition he was easily prevailed

with to enter a second time into the matrimonial state with Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney: and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, died in the same unfortunate manner as the former had done; and in his twenty-third Sonnet he does honour to her memory\*.

In 1652 appeared at the Hague "*Regii sanguinis Clamor ad Cœlum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos.*" This book was published by Alexander Morus, with a Dedication to Charles II. but the real author's name was Peter du Moulin. Against Morus, however, as the reputed author of the Book, Milton directed his satire in "*Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano;*" which appeared in 1654. Morus was highly chagrined at a truth told by Milton in

\* ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint  
 Brought to me, like Alceftis, from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
 Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint;  
 Mine as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint.  
 Purification in th' old law did save,  
 And such as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancy'd sight,  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

the following elegant poetical distich :

“Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori  
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget ?”

which gave rise to his “*Fides Publica*,” in answer to Milton ; in which he declared Du Moulin to be the author. Milton imagined this to be a trick, and therefore persisted in his accusation, and endeavoured to make it good in his defence of himself, “*Autoris pro se Defensio*,” which was published in 1655.

The same year, 1655, a writing in Latin was published in the name of the Lord Protector, setting forth the reasons of the war with Spain ; but who was the real author we have not been able to discover : there can, however, be little doubt but that it came from the pen of Milton, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the style, and because it was his province to write such things, as Latin Secretary. At length, Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the government weak and unsettled, Milton thought fit again to advise the public, and therefore, in 1659, he published, “*A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes* ; shewing, that it is not lawful for any Power on Earth to compel in Matters of Religion.” He likewise published a tract intituled, “*Considerations on the likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of the Church* : wherein is also discoursed, of Tithes, Church-Fees,

Church-Revenues, and whether any Maintenance of Ministers can be settled by Law." These were both addressed "To the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England, with the Dominions thereof."

Milton now perceived that affairs tended more and more every day to the subversion of the commonwealth, and to the restoration of the Royal Family; and therefore published his "Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, and the Excellence thereof compared with the Inconveniences and Dangers of readmitting Kingship in the Nation." Mr. Wood informs us, that Milton published this piece in February 1659-60: and after this he put forth "Brief Notes upon a late Sermon\*, tituled, The Fear of God and the King, preached, and since published, by Matthew Griffith, D. D. and Chaplain to the late King; wherein many notorious Wrestings of Scripture and other Falsities are observed. By J. Milton." Thus it appears how bold and resolute Milton was in declaring his sentiments to the last, thinking that his voice was the voice of expiring liberty.

A short time before the King's landing, Milton was discharged from his office of Latin Secretary; when he left his house in Petty France, and fled, for shelter, to that of a friend in Bar-

\* This Sermon was preached March 25, 1660.

tholomew Close, near West Smithfield, where he was concealed till the worst of the storm was blown over. On the 29th of August, 1660, notwithstanding several rigorous transactions of the House of Commons, Milton was included in the act of indemnity.

Having thus gained a full protection from the Government, he appeared as much in public as he formerly used to do; and removed to a house near Red Lion Fields, in Holborn. Here, however, he did not long continue, but took a house in Jewen Street, near Aldersgate Street. While in this habitation, being in his 53d or 54th year, and blind and infirm, he wanted somebody better than servants to tend and look after him; and therefore he employed his friend Dr. Paget to make choice of a proper consort for him. On his recommendation, he married his third wife, Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Minshul, a Cheshire Gentleman; by whom he had no issue\*. Three daughters by his first wife were then liv-

\* It is recorded, that an offer was made to Milton, as well as to Thurloe, of holding the same place of Secretary under the King, which he had discharged with so much integrity and ability under Cromwell; but he, having adopted his ideas of Republicanism from principle, and being steady to his purpose, persisted in refusing it, notwithstanding his wife (Elizabeth Minshul,) pressed his compliance: "Thou art in the right (says he): you, as other women, would ride in your coach; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man."

ing; the two elder of whom are said to have been very serviceable to him in his studies. For, having been instructed to pronounce not only the modern, but also the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, they read in their respective originals whatever authors he wanted to consult, though they understood none but their mother-tongue. This employment, however, was too unpleasant to be continued for any long process of time; and therefore he dismissed them, to receive an education more agreeable to their sex and temper.

Milton did not, however, long remain at Jewen Street, but removed to a house in the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields, where he continued to the day of his death, except a small interval that he retired to Buckinghamshire during the raging of the plague in London in 1665.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view in which he will be looked on by all succeeding ages with equal delight and admiration. An interval of above twenty years had elapsed since he wrote the *Mask of Comus*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*; all written in an exquisite strain: but, neither the infirmities of age and constitution, nor the vicissitudes of fortune, could depress the vigour of his mind, or divert it from executing a design

he had\* long conceived of writing an Heroic Poem. The Fall of Man was a subject which he had some years before fixed on for a Tragedy, which he intended to form by the models of Antiquity: and some, not without probability, say the play opened with that speech in the fourth book of PARADISE LOST, ver. 32, which is addressed by Satan to the Sun. But whatever truth there may be in this report, 'tis certain that he did not begin to mold his subject in the form it bears now, before he had concluded his controversy with Salmasius and More, when he had wholly lost the use of his eyes, and was forced to employ in the office of an Amanuensis any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements and various interruptions, in the year 1667 he published his PARADISE LOST; the noblest Poem (next to those of Homer and Virgil) that ever the wit of man produced in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth, than that the finest Geniuses who have succeeded him, have ever esteemed it a merit to relish and illustrate its beauties? Whilst the Critic who gazed with so much wanton malice on the nakedness of Shakspeare when he slept, after having † formally declared war against it,

\* Par. Lost, B. IX. Ver. 26.

† Rymer's Tragedies of the Last Age considered, p. 143.

wanted courage to make his attack ; flushed though he was with his conquests over Julius Cæsar, and The Moor : which insolence his Muse, like the other assassins of Cæsar \*, severely revenged on herself ; and not long after her triumph, became her own executioner. Nor is it unworthy our observation, that though, perhaps, no one of our English Poets hath excited so many admirers to imitate his manner, yet I think never any was known to aspire to emulation : even the late ingenious Mr. Philips, who in the colours of style, came the nearest of all the copiers to resemble the great original, made his distant advances with a filial reverence ; and restrained his ambition within the same bounds which Lucretius prescribed to his own imitation.

Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem  
Quod TE imitari aveo : quid enim contendat hirundo  
Cycnis?————

And now perhaps it may pass for fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be a fact, that MILTON, after having with much difficulty prevailed to have this Divine Poem licenced for the Press, could scarcely find a purchaser for the Copy ! At length, however, he sold it for FIVE pounds ; but was to receive FIVE pounds more

\* Vide EDGAR.

after the sale of 1300 of the first impression, FIVE more after the sale of as many of the second, and FIVE more after the sale of as many of the third. The number of each impression was not to exceed 1500. What a poor consideration was this for so inestimable a performance! and how much more do others get by the works of great authors, than the authors themselves! The original contract with Samuel Simmons, the printer, is dated April 27, 1667. Notwithstanding the superexcellence of the piece, two years almost elapsed before 1300 copies could be sold, or before the author was entitled to his second FIVE pounds; for which his receipt, Bishop Newton informs us, is still in being, and is dated April 26, 1669. This is probably all he received; for he lived not to enjoy the benefits of the second edition, which was not published till 1674, in which year he died: but it appears that Milton had left his remaining right in the copy to his widow, who agreed with Simmons the printer to accept EIGHT pounds in full of all demands! and her receipt for the money is dated December 21, 1680!

About \* two years after, together with SAMSON AGONISTES (a tragedy not unworthy the Grecian Stage when Athens was in her glory)

\* They were licenced July 2, 1670, but not printed before the year ensuing.

he published *PARADISE REGAINED*. But it is not equal to *PARADISE LOST*; though, to be more admired, it needs only to be better known\*.

\* Concerning the origin of *Paradise Regained* we may just observe, that when Milton had lent Elwood the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, at St. Giles Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, whither he had retired during the raging of the plague in London, and having asked him how he liked it? and what he thought of it? Elwood said, "which I modestly but freely told him; and after some farther discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise found*? He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject." When Elwood afterwards waited on him in London, Milton shewed him his *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone of voice said to him, "This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of." 'It is commonly reported (says Bishop Newton) that Milton himself preferred this poem to *Paradise Lost*; but all that we can assert upon good authority is, that he could not endure to hear this poem cried down so much as it was, in comparison with the other: for, certainly it is very worthy of the author; and, contrary to what Mr. Toland relates, Milton may be seen in *Paradise Regained* as well as in *Paradise Lost*: if it is inferior in poetry, I know not whether it is not superior in sentiment; if it is less descriptive, it is more argumentative; if it does not sometimes rise so high, neither doth it ever sink so low; and it has not met with the approbation it deserves, only because it has not been more read and considered. His subject indeed is confined, and he has a narrow foundation to build upon; but he has raised as noble a superstructure as such little room and such scanty materials would allow. The great beauty of

In 1672 he published "*Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata*;" and the year following, "*A Treatise of True Religion, and the best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery*." In 1674 were printed, "*Epistolarum Familiarum, Lib. i. et Prolusiones quædam Oratoriæ in Collegio Christi habitæ*;" as was also his translation of the "*Declaration of the Poles concerning the Election of their King John III. setting forth the Merits and Virtues of that Prince*." He also wrote "*A Brief History of Muscovy, collected from the Relations of several Travellers*;" but it was not printed till 1682. His *State Letters*, which he caused to be transcribed at the request of the Danish ambassador, at that time resident at the court of London, were likewise not printed till 1676; a translation of them into English appeared in 1694; to which translation a *Life of Milton* was prefixed by his nephew, Mr. Edward Philips.

And thus having attended him to the sixty-sixth year of his age, as closely as such imperfect lights as men of letters and retirement usually leave to guide our inquiry, would allow, it now only remains to be recorded, that about the 10th of November, 1674, the gout put a period to his life, at his house in Bunhill Row, near Lon-

it is, the contrast between the Tempter and our Saviour: the artful sophistry and specious insinuations of the one, refuted by the strong sense and manly eloquence of the other."

don; whence his body was conveyed to St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, where it lies interred in the Chancel, near that of his father, who died very aged about the year 1646.

Notwithstanding the greatness of Milton's character, and the public life which he led, no monument was erected to his memory till, in the year 1737, one was put up in Westminster Abbey, at the expence of Auditor Benson. A small neat monument was likewise set up in the middle aisle of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, to his memory, in September 1793. It consists of a bust, as animated as the chissel of the artist could make it, the sculpture of Bacon. There is no "storied urn," but underneath is a plain tablet, with the following inscription:

"JOHN MILTON, Author of PARADISE LOST, born December, 1608, died November, 1674. His father, JOHN MILTON, died March, 1646. They were both interred in this Church."

The Poet is said to have been in his youth extremely handsome: the colour of his hair was a light brown; the symmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy; which occasioned the Marquis of Villa to give his Epigram ("Ut mens, forma," &c. above cited) the same turn of thought, which Gregory Arch-Deacon of Rome had employed above a thousand years before, in prais-

ing the amiable complexions of some English youths, before their conversion to Christianity. His stature (\* as we find it measured by himself) did not exceed the middle size; neither too lean, nor corpulent: his limbs well proportioned, nervous, and active; serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which he much delighted; and wanted neither skill nor courage to resent an affront from men of the most athletic constitutions. In his diet he was abstemious; not delicate in the choice of his dishes; and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. Being too sadly convinced how much his health had suffered by night-studies in his younger years, he used to go early, seldom later than nine, to rest; and rose commonly before five in the morning. It is reported, (and there is a passage in one of his Latin Elegies to countenance the tradition,) that his fancy made the happiest flights in the spring: but one of his nephews used to deliver it as MILTON's own observation, that his invention was in its highest perfection from September to the Vernal Equinox: however it was, the great inequalities to be found in his composures, are incontestable proofs, that in some seasons he was but one of the people. When blindness restrained him from other exercises, he had a machine to swing in, for the preservation of his health;

\* Defensio secunda, p. 87. Fol.

and diverted himself in his chamber with playing on an organ. His deportment was erect, open, affable; his conversation easy, cheerful, instructive; his wit on all occasions at command, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject required. His judgment, when disengaged from religious and political speculations, was just and penetrating; his apprehension quick; his memory, tenacious of what he read; his reading only not so extensive as his genius, for that was universal. And having treasured up such immense stores of science, perhaps the faculties of his soul grew more vigorous after he was deprived of his sight: and his imagination, naturally sublime, and enlarged by reading Romances \*, of which he was much enamoured in his youth, when it was wholly abstracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make such amazing excursions into the ideal world, when in composing his divine work he was tempted to range

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere.

With so many accomplishments, not to have had some faults and misfortunes, to be laid in the balance with the fame and felicity of writing PARADISE LOST, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

\* His Apology for Smectymnuus, p. 177. Fol.

Of Milton's family it may be necessary to observe, that his sister first married Mr. Philips, and afterwards Mr. Agar, a friend of her first husband, who succeeded him in the Crown-Office. She had by her first husband Edward and John, the two nephews whom Milton educated; and by her second, two daughters.

His brother, Sir Christopher, had two daughters, Mary and Catherine, and a son Thomas, who succeeded Agar in the Crown-Office, and left a daughter living in 1749, in Grosvenor-Street.

Milton had children only by his first wife; Anne, Mary, and Deborah. Anne, though deformed, married a Master-builder, and died of her first child. Mary died single. Deborah married Abraham Clark, a weaver in Spital Fields, and lived seventy-six years, to August, 1727.

To this gentlewoman Addison made a present, and promised some establishment; but died soon after. Queen Caroline sent her fifty guineas. She had seven sons and three daughters; but none of them had any children, except her son Caleb and her daughter Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George, in the East Indies, and had two sons; of whom nothing is now known. Elizabeth married Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spital Fields, and had seven children; who all died. She kept a petty grocer's or chandler's

shop, first at Halloway, and afterwards in Cock-Lane, near Shoreditch Church. On the 5th of April, 1750, the Mask of Comus was played for her benefit. She had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the night were only one hundred and thirty pounds, though Dr. Newton brought a large contribution; and twenty pounds were given by Tonson: a man who is to be praised as often as he is named. Of this sum one hundred pounds were placed in the stocks, after some debate between her and her husband in whose name it should be entered; and the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. This was the greatest benefaction that *Paradise Lost* ever procured the Author's descendants. On this occasion Dr. Johnson contributed a Prologue.

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DISSERTATION  
ON THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON,  
WITH  
OBSERVATIONS  
ON  
HIS LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION,  
*BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.*

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**I**N the examination of Milton's Poetical Works, I shall pay so much regard to time as to begin with his juvenile productions. For his early pieces he seems to have had a degree of fondness not very laudable: what he has once written he resolves to preserve, and gives to the public an unfinished poem, which he broke off because he was "nothing satisfied with what he had done;" supposing his readers less nice than himself. These preludes to his future labours are in Italian, Latin, and English. Of the Italian I cannot pretend to speak as a Critic;

but I have heard them commended by a man well qualified to decide their merit. The Latin pieces are lusciously elegant; but the delight which they afford is rather by the exquisite imitation of the ancient writers, by the purity of the diction, and the harmony of the numbers, than by any power of invention, or vigour of sentiment. They are not all of equal value; the Elegies excel the Odes; and some of the Exercises on Gunpowder Treason might have been spared.

The English Poems, though they make no promises of *Paradise Lost*, have this evidence of genius, that they have a cast original and un-borrowed. But their peculiarity is not excellence; if they differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse; for they are too often distinguished by repulsive harshness; the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing; the rhymes and epithets seem to be laboriously sought, and violently applied.

That in the early part of his life he wrote with much care, appears from his manuscripts (happily preserved at Cambridge) in which many of his smaller works are found as they were first written, with the subsequent corrections. Such reliques show how excellence is acquired. What we hope ever to do with ease, we may learn first to do with diligence.

Those who admire the beauties of this great Poet, sometimes force their own judgment into

false approbation of his little pieces, and prevail upon themselves to think that admirable which is only singular. All that short compositions can commonly attain, is neatness and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace; he overlooked the milder excellence of suavity and softness; he was a lion that had no skill in dandling the kid.

One of the poems on which much praise has been bestowed, is *Lycidas*; of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing. What beauty there is, we must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon *Arethuse* and *Mincius*, nor tells of rough "satyrs and fauns with cloven heel." Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.

In this Poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting: whatever images it can supply, are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. When Cowley tells of *Hervey* that they studied together, it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labours, and the partner of his discoveries;

but what image of tenderness can be excited by these lines?

We drove afield, and both together heard  
What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,  
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

We know that they never drove afield, and that they had no flocks to batten; and though it be allowed that the representation may be allegorical, the true meaning is so uncertain and remote, that it is never sought, because it cannot be known when it is found.

Among the flocks, and copses, and flowers, appear the heathen deities; Jove and Phoebus, Neptune and Eolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping; and how one god asks another god what is become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He who thus grieves, will excite no sympathy; he who thus praises, will confer no honour.

This poem has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverent combinations. The shepherd likewise is now a feeder of sheep, and

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afterwards an ecclesiastical pastor, a superintendent of a Christian flock. Such equivocations are always unskilful; but here they are indecent, and at least approach to impiety; of which, however, I believe the writer not to have been conscious.

Such is the power of reputation justly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination. Surely, no man could have fancied that he read *Lycidas* with pleasure, had he not known its Author.

Of the two pieces, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, I believe opinion is uniform: every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure. The Author's design is not, what *Theobald* has remarked, merely to show how objects derive their colours from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed; but rather how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified.

The cheerful man hears the lark in the morning; the pensive man hears the nightingale in the evening. The cheerful man sees the cock strut, and hears the horn and hounds echo in the wood; then walks, not unseen, to observe the glory of the rising sun, or listen to the singing milk-maid, and view the labours of

the plowman and the mower; then casts his eyes about him over scenes of smiling plenty, and looks up to the distant tower, the residence of some fair inhabitant. Thus he pursues rural gaiety through a day of labour or of play, and delights himself at night with the fanciful narratives of superstitious ignorance.

The pensive man, at one time, walks unseen to muse at midnight; and at another, hears the sullen curfew. If the weather drives him home, he sits in a room lighted only by glowing embers; or, by a lonely lamp, outwatches the North Star, to discover the habitation of separate souls; and varies the shades of meditation by contemplating the magnificent or pathetic scenes of tragic and epic poetry. When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with rain and wind, he walks into the dark trackless woods, falls asleep by some murmuring water, and with melancholic enthusiasm expects some dream of prognostication, or some music played by aerial performers.

Both Mirth and Melancholy are solitary, silent inhabitants of the breast, that neither receive nor transmit communication; no mention is therefore made of a philosophical friend, or a pleasant companion. Seriousness does not arise from any participation of calamity, nor gaiety from the pleasures of the bottle.

The man of cheerfulness, having exhausted

the country, tries what towered cities will afford, and mingles with scenes of splendor, gay assemblies, and nuptial festivities ; but he mingles a mere spectator, as, when the learned comedies of Jonson, or the wild dramas of Shakspeare, are exhibited, he attends the theatre.

The pensive man never loses himself in crowds, but walks the cloister, or frequents the cathedral. Milton probably had not yet forsaken the church.

Both his characters delight in music ; but he seems to think that cheerful notes would have obtained from Pluto a complete dismissal of Eurydice, of whom solemn sounds only procured a conditional release.

For the old age of Cheerfulness he makes no provision ; but Melancholy he conducts with great dignity to the close of life.

Through these two poems the images are properly selected, and nicely distinguished ; but the colours of the diction seem not sufficiently discriminated. His cheerfulness is without levity, and his pensiveness without asperity. I know not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart. No mirth can, indeed, be found in his melancholy ; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth. They are two noble efforts of imagination.

The greatest of his juvenile performances is the *Mask of Comus* ; in which may very plainly

be discovered the dawn or twilight of *Paradise Lost*. Milton appears to have formed very early that system of diction, and mode of verse, which his maturer judgment approved, and from which he never endeavoured nor desired to deviate.

Nor does *Comus* afford only a specimen of his language; it exhibits likewise his power of description, and his vigour of sentiment, employed in the praise and defence of virtue. A work more truly poetical is rarely found; allusions, images, and descriptive epithets, embellish almost every period with lavish decoration. As a series of lines, therefore, it may be considered as worthy of all the admiration with which the votaries have received it.

As a drama it is deficient. The action is not probable. A *Masque*, in those parts where supernatural intervention is admitted, must indeed be given up to all the freaks of imagination; but, so far as the action is merely human, it ought to be reasonable, which can hardly be said of the conduct of the two Brothers; who, when their Sister sinks with fatigue in a pathless wilderness, wander both away together in search of berries, too far to find their way back, and leave a helpless Lady to all the sadness and danger of solitude. This, however, is a defect overbalanced by its convenience.

What deserves more reprehension is, that the

prologue spoken in the wild wood by the attendant Spirit, is addressed to the audience: a mode of communication so contrary to the nature of dramatic representation, that no precedents can support it.

The discourse of the Spirit is too long: an objection that may be made to almost all the following speeches: they have not the sprightliness of a dialogue animated by reciprocal contention, but seem rather declamations deliberately composed, and formally repeated, on a moral question. The auditor therefore listens as to a lecture; without passion, without anxiety.

The song of Comus has airiness and jollity; but, what may recommend Milton's morals as well as his poetry, the invitations to pleasure are so general, that they excite no distinct images of corrupt enjoyment, and take no dangerous hold on the fancy.

The following soliloquies of Comus and the Lady are elegant, but tedious. The song must owe much to the voice, if it ever can delight. At last the Brothers enter, with too much tranquillity; and when they have feared lest their sister should be in danger, and hoped that she is not in danger, the elder makes a speech in praise of chastity; and the younger finds how fine it is to be a philosopher.

Then descends the Spirit, in form of a shepherd; and the Brother, instead of being in

haste to ask his help, praises his singing, and enquires his business in that place. It is remarkable, that at this interview the Brother is taken with a short fit of rhyming. The Spirit relates that the Lady is in the power of Comus; the Brother moralizes again; and the Spirit makes a long narration, of no use because it is false, and therefore unsuitable to a good being.

In all these parts the language is poetical, and the sentiments are generous; but there is something wanting to allure attention.

The dispute between the Lady and Comus is the most animated and affecting scene of the drama, and wants nothing but a brisker reciprocation of objections and replies to invite attention, and detain it.

The songs are vigorous, and full of imagery; but they are harsh in their diction, and not very musical in their numbers.

Throughout the whole, the figures are too bold, and the language too luxuriant for dialogue. It is a drama in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive.

The Sonnets were written in different parts of Milton's life, upon different occasions. They deserve not any particular criticism; for of the best it can only be said, that they are not bad; and perhaps only the eighth and the twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation. The fabric of a sonnet, however adap-

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ted to the Italian language, has never succeeded in ours ; which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed.

Those little pieces may be dispatched without much anxiety ; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine *Paradise Lost* : a Poem which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of critics, the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic Poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation. Morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue. From policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined ; and

physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Bossu is of opinion, that the poet's first work is to find a moral, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton: the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous; "to vindicate the ways of God to man;" to shew the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the Divine Law.

To convey this moral, there must be a fable, a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity, and surprize expectation. In this part of his work, Milton must be confessed to have equalled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded, and those that were to follow it; he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety, that every part appears to be necessary; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace.

Great events can be hastened or retarded only by persons of elevated dignity. Before the greatness displayed in Milton's Poem, all other greatness shrinks away. The weakest of his agents are the highest and noblest of human beings, the original parents of mankind; with whose actions the elements consented; on whose rectitude, or deviation of will, depended the state of terrestrial nature, and the condition of all the future inhabitants of the globe.

Of the other agents in the Poem, the chief are such as it is irreverence to name on slight occasions. The rest were lower powers;

— of which the least could wield  
Those elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions;

powers which only the controul of Omnipotence restrains from laying creation waste, and filling the vast expanse of space with ruin and confusion. To display the motives and actions of beings thus superior, so far as human reason can examine them, or human imagination represent them, is the task which this mighty Poet has undertaken and performed.

In the examination of epic poems much speculation is commonly employed upon the characters. The characters in the *Paradise Lost*, which admit of examination, are those of angels and of man: of angels good and evil; of man in his innocent and sinful state.

Among the angels, the virtue of Raphael is mild and placid, of easy condescension and free communication; that of Michael is regal and lofty, and, as may seem, attentive to the dignity of his own nature. Abdiel and Gabriel appear occasionally, and act as every incident requires: the solitary fidelity of Abdiel is very amiably painted.

Of the evil angels the characters are more diversified. To Satan, as Addison observes, such sentiments are given as suit "the most exalted and most depraved being." Milton has been censured (by Clarke) for the impiety which sometimes breaks from Satan's mouth; for there are thoughts, as he justly remarks, which no observation of character can justify, because no good

man would willingly permit them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind. To make Satan speak as a rebel, without any such expressions as might taint the reader's imagination, was indeed one of the great difficulties in Milton's undertaking; and I cannot but think that he has extricated himself with great happiness. There is in Satan's speeches little that can give pain to a pious ear. The language of rebellion cannot be the same with that of obedience. The malignity of Satan foams in haughtiness and obstinacy; but his expressions are commonly general, and no otherwise offensive than as they are wicked.

The other chiefs of the celestial rebellion are very judiciously discriminated in the First and Second Books; and the ferocious character of Moloch appears, both in the battle and the council, with exact consistency.

To Adam and to Eve are given, during their innocence, such sentiments as innocence can generate and utter. Their love is pure benevolence and mutual veneration; their repasts are without luxury, and their diligence without toil. Their addresses to their Maker have little more than the voice of admiration and gratitude. Fruition left them nothing to ask, and Innocence left them nothing to fear.

But with guilt enter distrust and discord, mutual accusation, and stubborn self-defence;

they regard each other with alienated minds, and dread their Creator as the Avenger of their transgression. At last they seek shelter in his mercy, soften to repentance, and melt in supplication. Both before and after the Fall, the superiority of Adam is diligently sustained.

Of the probable and the marvellous, two parts of a vulgar epic poem, which immerse the critic in deep consideration, the *Paradise Lost* requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle, of Creation and Redemption; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being; the probable therefore is marvellous, and the marvellous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth; and as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to every thing human, some slight exceptions may be made. But the main fabric is immoveably supported.

It is justly remarked by Addison, that this Poem has, by the nature of its subject, the advantage above all others, that it is universally and perpetually interesting. All mankind will, through all ages, bear the same relation to Adam and to Eve, and must partake of that good and evil which extend to themselves.

Of the machinery, so called from Θεός ἀπο μηχανῆς, by which is meant the occasional interposition of supernatural power, another fertile topic

of critical remarks, here is no room to speak, because every thing is done under the immediate and visible direction of Heaven; but the rule is so far observed, that no part of the action could have been accomplished by any other means.

Of episodes, I think there are only two; contained in Raphael's relation of the war in Heaven, and Michael's prophetic account of the changes to happen in this world. Both are closely connected with the great action: one was necessary to Adam, as a warning; the other, as a consolation.

To the completeness or integrity of the design, nothing can be objected; it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem, of the same length, from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books, might doubtless be spared; but superfluities so beautiful, who would take away? or who does not wish that the Author of the *Iliad* had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself? Perhaps no passages are more frequently or more attentively read than those extrinsic paragraphs; and, since the end of poetry is pleasure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions, whether the action of the Poem be strictly one? whether the Poem can be properly termed heroic? and who is the hero? are raised by such readers as draw their principles of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he intituled *Paradise Lost* only a Poem, yet calls it himself *Heroic Song*. Dryden, petulantly and indecently, denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome; but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed; Adam was restored to his Maker's favour, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the Poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments, and the diction.

The sentiments, as expressive of manners, or appropriated to characters, are, for the greater part, unexceptionably just.

Splendid passages, containing lessons of morality, or precepts of prudence, occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this Poem, that as it admits no human manners till the Fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary

cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude, with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes, may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress, are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active; to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity: The heat of Milton's mind might be said to sublimate his learning; to throw off into his Work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent; and his descriptions are therefore learned: he had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence; and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his Poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant; but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness\*. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

Algarotti terms it "*gigantesca sublimita Miltoniana*."

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that Nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others: the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful. He therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said; on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility: reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel; and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings; to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds: he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descrip-

tions of the scenes or operations of Nature, do not seem to be always copied from original form, nor to have the freshness, raciness, and energy of immediate observation. He saw Nature, as Dryden expresses it, "through the spectacles of books;" and on most occasions calls learning to his assistance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of Enna, where Prosperine was gathering flowers. Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like Argo between the Cyanean rocks, or Ulysses between the two Sicilian whirlpools, when he shunned Charybdis on the larboard. The mythological allusions have been justly censured, as not being always used with notice of their vanity; but they contribute variety to the narration, and produce an alternate exercise of the memory and the fancy.

His similies are less numerous, and more various, than those of his predecessors. But he does not confine himself within the limits of rigorous comparison: his great excellence is amplitude; and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimensions which the occasion required. Thus, comparing the shield of Satan to the orb of the Moon, he crowds the imagination with the discovery of the telescope, and all the wonders which the telescope discovers.

Of his moral sentiments, it is hardly praise to affirm, that they excel those of all other poets.

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For this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the Sacred Writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

From the Italian writers it appears, that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be possessed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known; and though the Deliverance of Jerusalem may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction.

In Milton, every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence, and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the Parents of Mankind; venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In their first state their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they

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show how discord begins in natural frailty, and how it ought to cease in mutual forbearance ; how confidence of the divine favour is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our present misery, it be possible to conceive it ; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being, we have all to learn, as we have all to practise.

The Poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors, in their first state, conversed with angels ; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation the "port of mean suitors ;" and they rise again to reverential regard, when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the *Paradise Lost* little opportunity for the pathetic ; but what little there is has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the consciousness of transgression, and the horrors attending the sense of the divine displeasure, are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion : sublimity is the general and prevailing quality in this Poem ; sublimity variously modified, sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of *Paradise Lost* (for faults and defects every work of man must have) it is the business of impartial criticism to discover. As, in displaying the excellence of Milton, I have not made long quotations, because of selecting beauties there had been no end, I shall in the same general manner mention that which seems to deserve censure; for what Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honour of our country?

The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies, which Bentley, perhaps better skilled in grammar than in poetry, has often found, though he sometimes made them, and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser whom the Author's blindness obliged him to employ. A supposition rash and groundless, if he thought it true; and vile and pernicious, if, as is said, he in private allowed it to be false.

The plan of *Paradise Lost* has this inconvenience, that it comprizes neither human actions nor human manners. The man and woman who act and suffer, are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged; beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself: he

has, therefore, little natural curiosity or sympathy.

We all, indeed, feel the effects of Adam's disobedience; we all sin like Adam, and, like him, must all bewail our offences; we have restless and insidious enemies in the fallen angels, and in the blessed spirits we have guardians and friends; in the redemption of mankind we hope to be included; and in the description of Heaven and Hell we are surely interested, as we are all to reside hereafter either in the regions of horror or of bliss.

But these truths are too important to be new; they have been taught to our infancy; they have mingled with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversation, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raise no unaccustomed emotion in the mind: what we knew before, we cannot learn: what is not unexpected, cannot surprize.

Of the ideas suggested by these awful scenes, from some we recede with reverence, except when stated hours require their association; and from others we shrink with horror, or admit them only as salutary inflictions, as counterpoises to our interests and passions. Such images rather obstruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleasure and terror are indeed the genuine

sources of poetry; but poetical pleasure must be such as human imagination can at least conceive, and poetical terror such as human strength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of Eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit; the mind sinks under them in passive helplessness, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken, and performed with pregnancy and vigour of mind peculiar to himself. Whoever considers the few radical positions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what energetic operation he expanded them to such extent, and ramified them to so much variety, restrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiousness of fiction.

Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius; of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to digest, and fancy to combine them. Milton was able to select from nature, or from story, from ancient fable, or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study, and sublimed by imagination.

It has been therefore said, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his encomiasts, that

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in reading *Paradise Lost* we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficiency cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is always felt. *Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harrassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation : we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of Spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action ; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This, being necessary, was therefore defensible ; and he should have secured the consistency of his system, by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed his poetry with his philosophy. His infernal and celestial powers are sometimes pure spirit, and sometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the burning marle, he has a body ; when, in his passage between Hell and the new world, he is in danger of sinking in the vacuity, and is supported by a gust of rising

vapours, he has a body ; when he animates the toad, he seems to be mere spirit, that can penetrate matter at pleasure ; when “ he starts up in his own shape,” he has at least a determined form ; and when he is brought before Gabriel, he has “ a spear and a shield,” which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandemonium, being “ incorporeal spirits,” are “ at large, though without number,” in a limited space ; yet in the battle, when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armour hurt them, “ crushed in upon their substance, now grown gross by sinning.” This likewise happened to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown “ the sooner for their arms, for unarmed they might easily as spirits have evaded by contraction or remove.” Even as spirits they are hardly spiritual ; for contraction and remove are images of matter ; but if they could have escaped without their armour, they might have escaped from it, and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel, when he rides on a sun-beam, is material ; Satan is material when he is afraid of the prowess of Adam.

The confusion of spirit and matter which pervades the whole narration of the war of Heaven, fills it with incongruity ; and the book,

in which it is related, is, I believe, the favourite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased.

After the operation of immaterial agents, which cannot be explained, may be considered that of allegorical persons, which have no real existence. To exalt causes into agents, to invest abstract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. But such airy beings are, for the most part, suffered only to do their natural office, and retire. Thus Fame tells a tale, and Victory hovers over a general, or perches on a standard; but Fame and Victory can do no more. To give them any real employment, or ascribe to them any material agency, is to make them allegorical no longer, but to shock the mind by ascribing effects to non-entity. In the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*, we see Violence and Strength; and in the *Alcestis* of *Euripides*, we see Death brought upon the stage, all as active persons of the drama; but no precedents can justify absurdity.

Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the mother of Death, and may be allowed to be the portress of Hell; but when they stop the journey of Satan, a journey described as real, and when Death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That Sin and Death should have shown the way to Hell,

might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the passage by building a bridge, because the difficulty of Satan's passage is described as real and sensible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The Hell assigned to the rebellious spirits, is described as not less local than the residence of man. It is placed in some distant part of space, separated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotic waste, and an unoccupied vacuity; but Sin and Death worked up a mole of aggravated soil, cemented with asphaltus: a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unskilful allegory appears to me one of the greatest faults of the Poem; and to this there was no temptation, but the Author's opinion of its beauty.

To the conduct of the narrative some objections may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is suffered to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in Heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report rife in Heaven before his departure.

To find sentiments for the state of innocence, was very difficult; and something of anticipation perhaps is now and then discovered. Adam's discourse of dreams seems not to be the speculation of a new-created being. I know not

whether his answer to the angel's reproof for curiosity does not want something of propriety : it is the speech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philosophical notions, especially when the philosophy is false, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a comparison, speaks of timorous deer, before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could understand the comparison.

Dryden remarks, that Milton has some flats among his elevations. This is only to say, that all the parts are not equal. In every work, one part must be for the sake of others : a palace must have passages ; a poem must have transitions. It is no more to be required that wit should always be blazing, than that the sun should always stand at noon. In a great work there is a vicissitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a succession of day and night. Milton, when he has expatiated in the sky, may be allowed sometimes to revisit earth ; for what other author ever soared so high, or sustained his flight so long ?

Milton, being well versed in the Italian poets, appears to have borrowed often from them ; and, as every man learns something from his companions, his desire of imitating Ariosto's levity has disgraced his work with the *Paradise of Fools* : a fiction not in itself ill imagined, but too ludicrous for its place.

His play on words, in which he delights too often ; his equivocations, which Bentley endeavours to defend by the example of the ancients ; his unnecessary and ungraceful use of terms of art ; it is not necessary to mention, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured, and at last bear so little proportion to the whole, that they scarcely deserve the attention of a critic.

Such are the faults of that wonderful performance *Paradise Lost* ; which he who can put in balance with its beauties must be considered not as nice but as dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility.

Of *Paradise Regained*, the general judgment seems now to be right, that it is in many parts elegant, and everywhere instructive. It was not to be supposed that the writer of *Paradise Lost* could ever write without great effusions of fancy, and exalted precepts of wisdom. The basis of *Paradise Regained* is narrow : a dialogue without action can never please like an union of the narrative and dramatic powers. Had this Poem been written not by Milton, but by some imitator, it would have claimed and received universal praise.

If *Paradise Regained* has been too much depreciated, *Sampson Agonistes* has in requital been too much admired. It could only be by long prejudice, and the bigotry of learning, that

Milton could prefer the ancient tragedies, with their encumbrance of a chorus, to the exhibitions of the French and English stages; and it is only by a blind confidence in the reputation of Milton, that a drama can be praised in which the intermediate parts have neither cause nor consequence, neither hasten nor retard the catastrophe.

In this tragedy are, however, many particular beauties, many just sentiments, and striking lines; but it wants that power of attracting the attention which a well connected plan produces.

Milton would not have excelled in dramatic writing; he knew human nature only in the gross, and had never studied the shades of character, nor the combinations of concurring, or the perplexity of contending passions. He had read much, and knew what books could teach; but had mingled little in the world, and was deficient in the knowledge which experience must confer.

Through all his greater works there prevails an uniform peculiarity of diction, a mode and cast of expression which bears little resemblance to that of any former writer, and which is so far removed from common use, that an unlearned reader, when he first opens his book, finds himself surprized by a new language.

This novelty has been, by those who can find nothing wrong in Milton, imputed to his

laborious endeavours after words suitable to the grandeur of his ideas. "Our language," says Addison, "sunk under him." But the truth is, that, both in prose and verse, he had formed his style by a perverse and pedantic principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom. This in all his prose is discovered and condemned; for there judgment operates freely, neither softened by the beauty, nor awed by the dignity of his thoughts; but such is the power of his poetry, that his call is obeyed without resistance; the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration.

Milton's style was not modified by his subject: what is shown with greater extent in *Paradise Lost*, may be found in *Comus*. One source of his peculiarity was his familiarity with the Tuscan poets: the disposition of his words is, I think, frequently Italian; perhaps sometimes combined with other tongues. Of him, at last, may be said what Jonson says of Spenser, that he wrote no language, but has formed what Butler calls a Babylonish Dialect; in itself harsh and barbarous, but made, by exalted genius and extensive learning, the vehicle of so much instruction and so much pleasure, that, like other lovers, we find grace in its deformity.

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety.

He was master of his language in its full extent ; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence, that from his book alone the Art of English Poetry might be learned.

After his diction, something must be said of his versification. "The measure (he says) is the English heroic verse without rhyme." Of this mode he had many examples among the Italians, and some in his own country. The Earl of Surrey is said to have translated one of Virgil's books without rhyme ; and, besides our tragedies, a few short poems had appeared in blank verse ; particularly one tending to reconcile the nation to Raleigh's wild attempt upon Guiana, and probably written by Raleigh himself. These petty performances cannot be supposed to have much influenced Milton, who more probably took his hint from Trisino's *Italia Liberata* ; and, finding blank verse easier than rhyme, was desirous of persuading himself that it is better.

"Rhyme (he says, and says truly) is no necessary adjunct of true poetry." But perhaps, of poetry as a mental operation, metre or music is no necessary adjunct : it is however by the music of metre that poetry has been discriminated in all languages ; and in languages melodiously constructed, by a due proportion of long and short syllables, metre is sufficient. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another : where metre is scanty and imperfect, some help

is necessary. The music of the English heroic line strikes the ear so faintly that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together. This co-operation can be only obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another, as a distinct system of sounds; and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few skilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. "Blank verse (said an ingenious critic) seems to be verse only to the eye."

Poetry may subsist without rhyme, but English poetry will not often please; nor can rhyme ever be safely spared but where the subject is able to support itself. Blank verse makes some approach to that which is called the lapidary style; has neither the easiness of prose nor the melody of numbers, and therefore tires by long continuance. Of the Italian writers without rhyme, whom Milton alleges as precedents, not one is popular. What reason could urge in its defence, has been confuted by the ear.

But, whatever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymers; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he

is to be admired rather than imitated. He that thinks himself capable of astonishing, may write blank verse; but those that hope only to please, must condescend to rhyme.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore must yield to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition or dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprize and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch: he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

IN

# PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOANNIS MILTONI.

**Q**UI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni  
Carmina MILTONI, quid nisi cuncta legis ?  
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,  
Et fata, & fines continet iste liber.  
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,  
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet :  
Terræque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum,  
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumquespecus:  
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & Tartara cæca,  
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli :  
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibususquam,  
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus :  
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,  
In Christo ergo homines conciliatus amor.  
Hæc qui speraret quis crederit esse futura ?  
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.  
O quantos in bella duces ! quæ protulit arma !  
Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba !  
Cœlestes acies ! atque in certamine cœlum !  
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros !  
Quantus in æthereis tollit se Lucifer armis !  
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaële minor !

Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris,  
 Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit !  
 Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,  
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt :  
 Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,  
 Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.  
 At simul in cœlis Messiæ insignia fulgent,  
 Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,  
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, & sæva rotarum  
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
 Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco  
 Admistis flammis insonuere polo :  
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis,  
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt ;  
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus asylum,  
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.  
 “ Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,”  
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.  
 Hæc quicumque legit tantùm cecinisse putabit  
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

## ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender book his vast design unfold,  
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,  
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all,—the argument  
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,  
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred truths to fable and old song,  
(So Samson grop'd the temple's posts in spite)  
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;  
Thro' that wide field how he his way should find,  
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;  
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill imitating would excel)  
Might hence presume the whole creation's day  
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
Within thy labours to pretend a share.  
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit;  
And all that was improper dost omit:

So that no room is here for writers left,  
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which thro' thy work doth reign,  
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.  
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state  
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
At once delight and horror on us seize,  
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease ;  
And above human flight dost soar aloft  
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing  
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass  
find ?

Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind ?  
Just Heav'n thee, like Tiresias, to requite,  
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure  
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure ;  
While the Town Bays writes all the while and  
spells,

And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells :  
Their fancies like our bushy points appear ;  
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
I too, transported by the mode, offend,  
And while I mean to praise thee, must commend.  
Thy verse, created like thy theme, sublime,  
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*This First Book proposes, first, in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the centre (for Heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.*

# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK THE FIRST.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5  
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed  
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth  
Rose out of Chaos. Or if Sion hill 10  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15  
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly Thou, O Sp'rit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,

Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss, 21  
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence, 25,  
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first what cause  
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
Th' infernal Serpënt; he it was whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host  
Of rebel Angels; by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,  
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell  
In adamantyne chains and penal fire,

Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew 51  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded though immortal: But his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55  
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.  
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild; 60  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes 66  
That comes to all; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:  
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70  
For those rebellious; here their pris'n ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,  
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd 76  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side

One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80  
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began :

If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd  
From him who, in the happy realms of light 85  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst out-  
shine

Myriads tho' bright! If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90  
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest  
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre that fix'd mind  
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,  
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along 100  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd  
In dubious battle on the plains of Heav'n,  
And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost?  
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will 106  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome;  
That glory never shall his wrath or might 110  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his pow'r,  
Who from the terror of this arm so late  
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed!  
That were an ignominy and shame beneath 115  
This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods  
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
Since through experience of this great event  
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
We may with more successful hope resolve 120  
To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain, 125  
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers!  
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war  
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130  
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,  
And put to proof his high supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135  
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low,

As far as Gods and heav'nly essences  
Can perish: for the mind and spi'rit remains  
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140  
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now  
Of force believe almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'erpow'r'd such force as  
ours) 145  
Have left us this our sp'rit and strength entire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
By right of war, whate'er his bus'ness be 150  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;  
What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment? 155  
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend re-  
ply'd:

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable  
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,  
To do aught good never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil; 165

Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.  
But see, the angry victor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulph'rous hail  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now 176  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn  
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
Seest thou yon dreary plain forlorn and wild, 180  
The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimm'ring of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there, 185  
And reassembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190  
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate  
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large, 195

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,  
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream :  
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam  
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :  
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence 210  
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heav'n  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215  
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown  
On Man, by him seduc'd ; but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool 221  
His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames  
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and  
roll'd  
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.



*Corbould del.*

*White sculp.*

*Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool,  
His mighty stature!—*

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Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air 226  
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;  
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230  
Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible  
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
Sublim'd with min'ral fury, aid the winds, 235  
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,  
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood  
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
Not by the suff'rance of Supernal Pow'r. 241

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat  
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful  
gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he 245  
Who now is Sov'reign can dispose and bid  
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,  
Whom reas'n hath equall'd, force hath made  
supreme

Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail 250  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings

A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 255  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:  
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265  
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
With rally'd arms to try what may be yet  
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?  
So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub 271  
Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275  
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they lie  
Gro'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280  
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend  
Was moving tow'rd the shore ; his pond'rous  
shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, 285  
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

At evening from the top of Fesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290

Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great ammiral, were but a wand  
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps 295

Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach

Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300  
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranc'd

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades

High over-arch'd imbow'r ; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305

Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves  
o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd

The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcasses 310

And broken chariot-wheels : so thick bestrown,  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, 315  
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours,  
now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal Sp'rits ; or have ye chos'n this place  
After the toil of battle to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320  
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven ?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
T' adore the conqueror ? who now beholds  
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325  
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern  
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they  
sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;  
Yet to their gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd  
Innumerable. As when the potent rod

Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind, 341  
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hov'ring on wing under the cope of Hell 345  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even balance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350  
A multitude, like which the pop'lous north  
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
Rhene or the Denaw, when her barb'rous sons  
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands. 355  
Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band  
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
Their great commander; Godlike shapes and forms  
Excelling human, princely dignities, 359  
And Pow'rs that erst in Heav'n sat on thrones;  
Though if their names in heav'nly records now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
By their rebellion from the books of life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve 364  
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,  
Thro' God's high suff'rance for the trial of man,  
By falsities and lies the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake

God their Creator, and th' invisible  
Glory of him that made them to transform 370  
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
And Devils to adore for Deities:  
Then were they known to men by various names,  
And various idols through the Heathen world. 375  
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first,  
who last,  
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380  
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell  
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd  
Among the nations round, and durst abide 385  
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd  
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390  
And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,  
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass'd thro' fire  
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite 396  
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,  
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream

Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400  
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
His temple right 'gainst the temple of God  
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
The pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405  
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410  
And Eleale to th' Asphaltic pool.  
Peor his other name, when he entic'd  
Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415  
E'en to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood  
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had gen'ral names  
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth; those male,  
These feminine. For Spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure, 425  
Not ty'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose

Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their airy purposes, 430  
And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low 435  
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear  
Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;  
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,  
In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,  
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445  
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450  
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. The love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led 455  
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark

Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off  
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460  
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers :  
Dagon his name, sea-monster ; upward man  
And downward fish : yet had his temple high  
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon, 465  
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold : 470  
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,  
Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew  
God's altar to disparage and displace  
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
His odious off'rings, and adore the Gods 475  
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
A crew who, under names of old renown,  
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480  
Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
Th'infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd  
The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king  
Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485  
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,  
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd  
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods,  
Belial came last, than whom a Sp'rit more lewd  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love 491  
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood  
Nor altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he  
In temples and at altars, when the priest  
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495  
With lust and violence the house of God?  
In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,  
And injury and outrage: and when night 500  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine,  
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
In Gibeah, when th' hospitable door  
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape. 505  
These were the prime in order and in might;  
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
Th' Iönian Gods, of Javan's issue held  
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth  
Their boasted parents: Titan, Heav'n's first-born,  
With his enormous brood, and birthright seisd  
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove  
His own and Rhea's son like measure found;  
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete  
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515  
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,  
Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,  
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds

Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520  
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
Obscure some glimpse of joy, t' have found  
their chief

Not in despair, t' have found themselves not lost  
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast 526  
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd  
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound  
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd 532  
His mighty standard. That proud honour claim'd  
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;

Who forthwith from the glitt'ring staff unfurl'd  
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd 536  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,  
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds 540  
At which the universal host up sent

A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545  
With orient colours waving. With them rose  
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms

Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550  
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
Delib'rate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; 555  
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and 'suage,  
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chace  
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and  
pain

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force with fixed thought, 560  
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now  
Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty chief 566  
Had to impose. He through the armed files  
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and statures as of Gods, 570  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
Glories; for never since created man  
Met such embody'd force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry 575  
Warr'd on by cranes; tho' all the giant brood

Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
Damasco or Marocco, or Trebisonde,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore 585  
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Their dread commander: he above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590  
Stood like a tow'r; his form had not yet lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new ris'n  
Looks through the horizontal misty air 595  
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon  
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face 600  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and consid'rate pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605  
The fellows of his crime, the foll'wers rather

(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd  
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung 610  
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
Their glory wither'd: as when Heav'n's fire  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
With singed top their stately growth tho' bare  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd 615  
To speak; whereat their doubl'd ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
With all his peers. Attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last 620  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Sp'rits, O Pow'rs  
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625  
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd  
How such united force of Gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath empty'd Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend  
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?  
For me be witness all the host of Heav'n, 635  
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd

By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent, or custom, and his regal state 640  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our  
own,

So as not either to provoke or dread  
New war, provok'd ; our better part remains 645  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not : that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new worlds ; whereof so rife  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long 651  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n :  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial Sp'rits in bondage, nor th' abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature : Peace is despair'd, 660  
For who can think submission ? War then, War,  
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake : and, to confirm his words, out flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim : the sudden blaze 665

Far round illumin'd Hell. Highly they rag'd  
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
A num'rous brigade hasten'd: as when bands  
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd, 676  
Forerun the royal camp to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on;  
Mammon, the least erected Sp'rit that fell  
From Heav'n; for e'en in Heav'n his looks and  
thoughts 680

Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific. By him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into th' hill a spacious wound, 689  
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,

And strength, and art, are easily outdone 696  
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude  
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion  
dross:

A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells 706  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
To many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.  
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want 715  
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n:  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat 720  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fix'd her stately height; and straight the  
doors,

Op'ning their brazen folds, discover wide  
Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725  
And level pavement. From the arched roof,  
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730  
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,  
And some the architect. His hand was known  
In Heav'n by many a tow'r'd structure high,  
Where scepter'd Angels held their residence,  
And sat as princes, whom the Supreme King 735  
Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,  
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
In ancient Greece: and in Ausonian land  
Men call'd him Mulciber: and how he fell 740  
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements. From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon till dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star, 745  
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he  
'scape  
By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750  
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.  
Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command

Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony  
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host pro-  
claim

A solemn council forthwith to be held 755

At Pandemonium, the high capital

Of Satan and his peers : their summons call'd

From ev'ry band and squared regiment

By place or choice the worthiest ; they anon

With hundreds and with thousands trooping came

Attended. All access was throng'd, the gates 761

And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall

(Though like a cover'd field, where champions  
bold

Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair

Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 765

To mortal combat, or carreer with lance)

Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees

In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,

Pour forth their pop'lous youth about the hive 770

In clusters ; they among fresh dewes and flow'rs

Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,

The suberb of their straw-built citadel,

New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer

Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd 775

Swarm'd and were straiten'd ; till the signal giv'n,

Behold a wonder ! they but now who seem'd

In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,

Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room

Throng numberless ; like that pygmean race 780

Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,  
Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785  
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and  
dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear :  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Sp'rits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidst the hall 791  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
The Great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,  
In close recess and secret conclave, sat 795  
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
And summons read, the great consult began.

Putney 10/4/1914  
S.W.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven : some advise it, others dissuade : A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created : Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search : Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the gulf between Hell and Heaven ; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.*

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK THE SECOND.

**H**IGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd 5  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus display'd: 10

Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me, tho' just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n

Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
With what besides, in counsel or in fight, 20  
Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loss  
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
Establish'd in a safe unenvy'd throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell  
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35  
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40  
Whether of open war or covert guile,  
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Sp'rit  
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair.  
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd 46  
Equal in strength; and rather than be less,  
Car'd not to be at all. With that care lost

Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,  
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:

My sentence is for open war: of wiles 51  
More unexpert I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55  
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here  
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No, let us rather choose, 60  
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once  
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine he shall hear 65  
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels, and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70  
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale  
With upright wing against a Higher Foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend 75  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear

Insulting, and pursu'd as through the deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80  
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;  
Th' event is fear'd. Should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction, if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse  
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-  
demn'd 86

In this abhorred deep to utter woe,  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope or end  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90  
Inexorably, and the tort'ring hour  
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,  
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd, 95  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential, happier far  
Than mis'erable t' have eternal being.  
Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous

To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose  
Belial, in act more graceful and humane :  
A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seem'd 110  
For dignity compos'd and high exploit :  
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds 116  
Tim'rous and slothful : yet he pleas'd the ear,  
And with persuasive accent thus began :

I should be much for open war, O Peers !  
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120  
Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on th' whole success :  
When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels 125  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what revenge ? The tow'rs of Heav'n are  
fill'd

With armed watch, that render all access 130  
Impregnable ; oft on the bord'ring deep  
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection, to confound 136

Heav'n's purest light, yet our Great Enemy,  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel 140  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair. We must exasperate  
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us; that must be our cure, 145  
To be no more? Sad cure; for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150  
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
Can give it, or will ever. How he can  
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
Will he so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160  
Reserv'd, and destin'd, to eternal woe?  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck 165  
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought

The deep to shelter us? This Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,  
Awak'd should blow them into sev'nfold rage, 171  
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? What if all  
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175  
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd 180  
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpity'd, unrepriev'd, 185  
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.  
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? He from Heav'n's  
height 190  
All these our motions vain, sees and derides:  
Not more almighty to resist our might  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n  
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 195

Chains and these torments? Better these than  
worse,

By my advice: since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree  
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust 200  
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a Foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure 206  
Exile or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their Conqu'ror. This is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit 210  
His anger, and perhaps, thus far remov'd,  
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd  
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires  
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome 215  
Their noxious vapour, or inur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight 221  
Of future days may bring, what chance, what  
change

Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225

Thus Belial with words, cloth'd in reason's garb,  
Counsel'd ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n  
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230

Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.

The former vain to hope, argues as vain  
The latter; for what place can be for us 235  
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord

Supreme  
We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,  
And publish grace to all, on promise made  
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240

Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forc'd hallelujahs, while he lordly sits

Our envy'd Sov'reign, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flow'rs, 245

Our servile off'rings? This must be our task  
In Heav'n, this our delight. How wearisome  
Eternity so spent in worship paid

To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250

Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of  
small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse  
We can create, and in what place soe'er 260  
Thrive under ev'l, and work ease out of pain  
Thro' labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,  
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270  
Wants not our hidden lustre, gems, and gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence: and what can Heav'n shew more?  
Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our elements; these piercing fires 275  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful counsels. and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may 280  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite

All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285  
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night  
long

Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance  
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay

After the tempest. Such applause was heard 290  
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace; for such another field

They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear  
Of thunder and the sword of Michael

Wrought still within them, and no less desire 295  
To found this nether empire, which might rise  
By policy and long process of time,

In emulation opposite to Heav'n:

Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,  
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd

A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven,  
Deliberation sat and public care;

And princely counsel in his face yet shone  
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood, 305  
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night

Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:

Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of  
Heav'n, 310

Ethereal Virtues ; or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd  
Princes of Hell ? for so the pop'lar vote  
Inclines here to continue, and build up here  
A growing empire ; doubtless, while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath  
doom'd 316

This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league  
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320  
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd

His captive multitude : for he, be sure,  
In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part 325  
By our revolt ; but over Hell extend

His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden those in Heav'n.

What sit we then projecting ? peace and war ?  
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330  
Irreparable : terms of peace yet none

Vouchsaf'd or sought ; for what peace will be giv'n  
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,

And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted ? And what peace can we return, 335

But to our pow'r hostility and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice

In doing what we most in suffring feel? 340  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dang'rous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprize? There is a place, 345  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
Err not) another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350  
Of Him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,  
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, con-  
firm'd.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould 355  
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their pow'r,  
And where their weakness; how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,  
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,  
The utmost border of this kingdom, left 361  
To their defence who hold it. Here perhaps  
Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole creation, or possess 365  
All as our own, and drive, as we were driv'n,  
The puny habitants; or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our party, that their God

May prove their Foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy 371  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail original and faded bliss, 375  
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub  
Pleaded his dev'lish counsel, first devis'd  
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380  
But from the author of all ill, could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creator? But their spite still serves  
His glory to augment. The bold design 386  
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
Sparkled in all their eyes. With full assent  
They vote; whereat his speech he thus renews:  
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are, 391  
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep  
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence with neigh-  
b'ring arms 395  
And opportune excursion, we may chance  
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone

Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light  
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam  
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 400  
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we  
send

In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,  
Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe 411  
Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection, and we now no less  
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
The weight of all and our last hope relies. 416

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
To second or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420  
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and  
each

In other's count'nance read his own dismay  
Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime  
Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be  
found

So hardy as to proffer or accept 425  
Alone the dreadful voyage ; till at last  
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,  
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd, thus spake:

O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430  
With reason hath deep silence and demur  
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd : long is the way  
And hard that out of Hell leads up to light ;  
Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435  
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.

These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential Night receives him next  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440  
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?  
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445  
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with pow'r, if aught  
propos'd

And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore d'I assume  
These royalties, and not refuse to reign, 451  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour ; due alike

To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455  
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Pow'rs,  
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460  
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek  
Deliv'rance for us all. This enterprise 465  
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,  
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd,  
Others among the chief might offer now  
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But  
they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.  
Their rising all at once was as the sound 476  
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'rd's him they  
bend  
With awful rev'rence prone; and as a God  
Extol him equal to the High'st in Heav'n:  
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,  
That for the gen'ral safety he despis'd 481

His own : for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast  
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory  
excites,

Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief :

As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'er-  
spread

Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element 490

Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or show'r ;

If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet

Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,

The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495

O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd

Firm concord holds, men only disagree

Of creatures rational, though under hope

Of heav'nly grace : and God proclaiming peace,

Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500

Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,

Wasting the earth, each other to destroy ;

As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not hellish foes enough besides,

That day and night for his destruction wait. 505

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd ; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal peers :

'Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd

Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less

Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,  
And God-like imitated state; him round 511  
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd  
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
Then of their session ended they bid cry  
With trumpets regal sound the great result : 515  
Tow'rds the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy  
By heralds' voice explain'd; the hollow abyss  
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.  
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat  
rais'd 521  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Pow'rs  
Disband, and wand'ring, each his sev'ral way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain 526  
The irksome hours till his great chief return.  
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
As at th'Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530  
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
As when to warn proud cities war appears  
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds, before each van 535  
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears  
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.

Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell, 539  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545  
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical to many a harp  
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
By doom of battle ; and complain that Fate 550  
Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.  
Their song was partial, but the harmony  
(What could it less when Sp'rits immortal sing?)  
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment 554  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)  
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560  
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argued then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, glory and shame,  
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy : 565  
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm  
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast

With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575  
Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;  
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;  
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud 579  
Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon,  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
Her wat'ry labyrinth ; whereof who drinks,  
Forthwith his former state and b'ing forgets, 585  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590  
Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air  
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.  
Thither, by harpy-footed furies hal'd, 596  
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd

Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more  
fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurry'd back to fire.

They ferry over this Lethean sound  
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,

All in one moment, and so near the brink ;  
But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards 611  
The ford, and of itself the water flies

All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on 614

In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands  
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale  
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,

O'er many frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620  
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades  
of death,

A universe of death, which God by curse  
Created ev'l, for evil only good,  
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625

Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile th' Adversary of God and Man,  
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'st design,  
Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd's the gates of

Hell

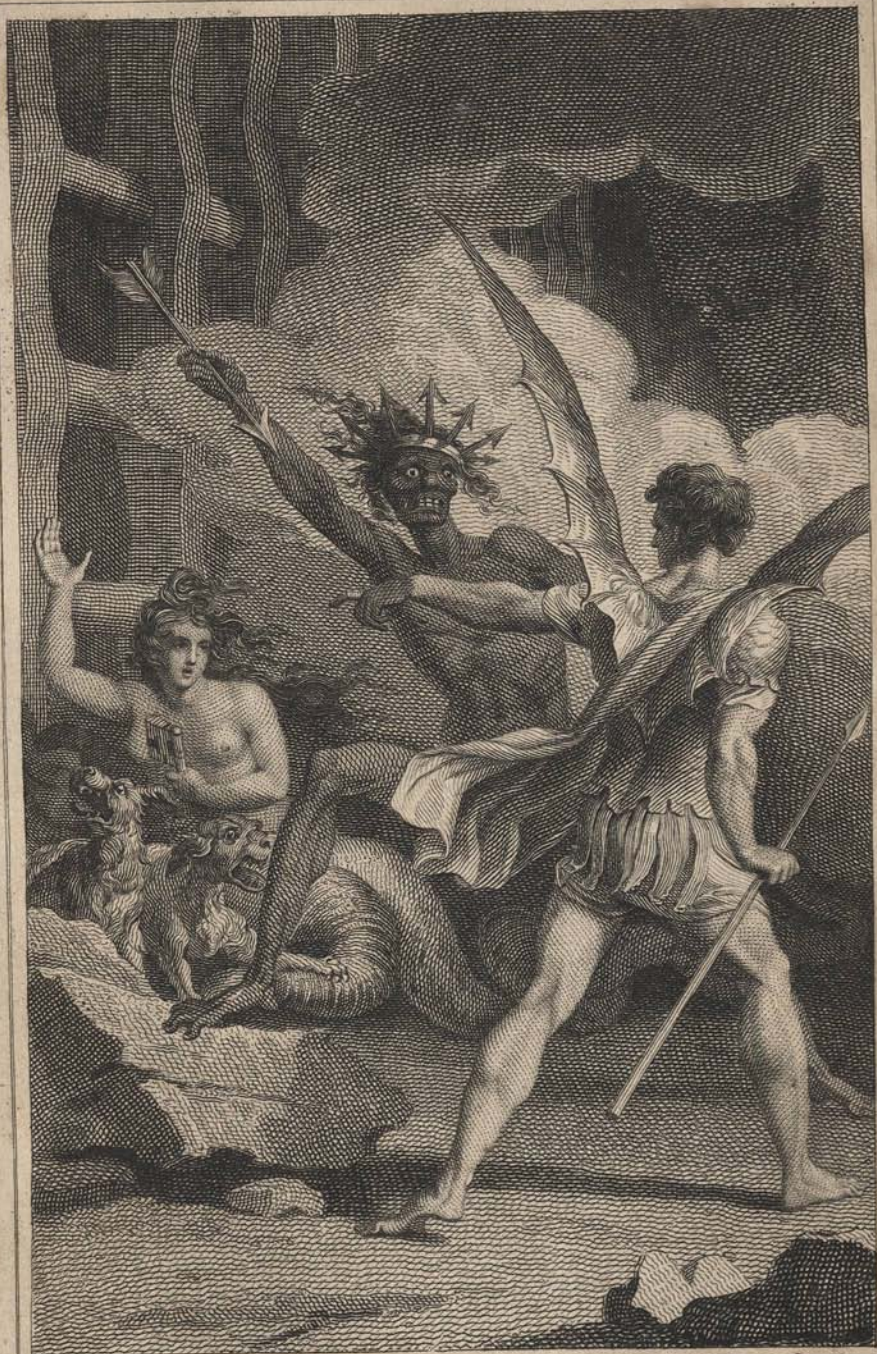
631

Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes  
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high. 635

As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd  
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood 640  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
Ply stemming nightly pole. So seem'd  
Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear  
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were  
brass, 645

Three iron, three of adamantine rock,  
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape;  
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold 651  
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: about her middle round

A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing, bark'd 654  
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon  
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape, 666  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell, 671  
And shook a dreadful dart. What seem'd his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat,  
The monster moving onward, came as fast 675  
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd: God and his Son except,  
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;  
And with disdainful look thus first began: 680  
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way



Corbould del.

White sculp.

*The Monster moving onward came as fast,  
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.*

Book II. l. 675.

To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,  
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee: 685  
Retire or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with Sp'rits of Heav'n.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,  
Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,  
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till  
then 690

Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,  
Conjur'd against the High'st, for which both thou  
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695  
And reckon'st thou thyself with Sp'rits of Heav'n,  
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn  
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,  
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700  
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
So speaking, and so threat'ning, grew tenfold 705  
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side,  
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710  
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands

No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,  
With Heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian ; then stand front to front 716  
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.  
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood:  
For never but once more was either like 721  
To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds  
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat  
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only Son ? What fury, O Son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy Father's head ? and know'st for  
whom ; 730

For Him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids ;  
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest  
Forbore ; then these to her Satan return'd. 736

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends, till first I know of thee, 740  
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why

In this infernal vale first met thou call'st  
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son ;  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd:  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eyes so foul ? once deem'd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,

All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
Out of thy head I sprung : amazement seiz'd  
All th' host of Heav'n ; back they recoil'd, afraid  
At first, and call'd me SIN, and for a sign 760  
Portentous held me ; but familiar grown  
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing  
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret, that womb conceiv'd 766  
A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,  
And fields were fought in Heav'n ; wherein re-  
main'd

(For what could else ?) to our Almighty Foe  
Clear victory ; to our part loss and rout 770

Through all the empyrean. Down they fell,  
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n, down  
Into this deep, and in the gen'ral fall  
I also; at which time this pow'rful key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775  
These gates for ever shut; which none can pass  
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
Thine own begotten, breaking vi'lent way,  
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
Made to destroy. I fled, and cry'd out DEATH;  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.  
I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790  
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,  
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
And in embraces forcible and foul  
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot 794  
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me; for when they list, into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800

Afresch with conscious terrors vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.  
Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me, his parent, would full soon devour 805  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involv'd ; and knows that I  
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
Whenever that shall be. So Fate pronounc'd.  
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810  
His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope  
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815  
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd  
smooth.

Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire  
change

Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of ; know 821  
I come no enemy, but to set free  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host  
Of Sp'rits, that in our just pretences arm'd 825  
Fell with us from on high : from them I go  
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread

Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now 831  
Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd  
A race of upstart creatures to supply 834  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
Lest Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or aught  
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen 841  
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd  
With odours: there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd; and

Death

845

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850  
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful King,  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantine gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855  
But what owe I to his commands above

Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860  
Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed ?  
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865  
But thee, whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;  
And tow'rd's the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,  
Which but herself, not all the Stygian pow'rs 875  
Could once have mov'd ; then in the key-hole  
turns

Th' intricate wards, and ev'ry bolt and bar  
Of massy ir'n or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She open'd ; but to shut  
Excell'd her pow'r : the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a banner'd host 885

Under spread ensigns marching might pass thro'  
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array ;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890

The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and  
height,

And time, and place are lost ; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895

Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions  
fierce,

Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring  
Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag 900  
Of each his faction, in their sev'ral clans,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or  
slow,

Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,

Levy'd to side with warring winds, and poise 905  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most  
adhere,

He rules a moment ; Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray  
By which he reigns : next him high arbiter  
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,

Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915  
His dark materials to create more worlds ;  
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,  
Pond'ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) than when Bellona  
storms,  
With all her batt'ring engines bent, to raze  
Some cap'tal city ; or less than if this frame  
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925  
In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a  
league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930  
Audacious ; but that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity : all unawares  
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance,  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud, 936  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurry'd him  
As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd,

Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
Nor good dry land : nigh founder'd on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot, 941  
Half fly'ng ; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a Griffon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimasbian, who by stealth 945  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold. So eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense,  
or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies :  
At length a universal hubbub wild 951  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,  
Undaunted to meet there whatever pow'r 955  
Or Spirit of the nethermost abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
Bord'ring on light ; when strait behold the  
throne

Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960  
Wide on the wasteful deep ; with him enthron'd  
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign ; and by them stood  
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
Of Demogorgon ; Rumour next and Chance, 965

And Tumult and Confusion, all embroil'd,  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye

Pow'rs

And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
Chaos and ancient Night, I come to spy, 970

With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint

Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way

Lies through your spacious empire up to light,

Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975

What readiest path leads where your gloomy  
bounds

Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,

From your dominion won, th' ethereal king

Possesses lately, thither to arrive

I travel this profound; direct my course; 980

Directed no mean recompense it brings

To your behoof, if I that region lost,

All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce

To her orig'nal darkness and your sway

(Which is my present journey) and once more

Erect the standard there of ancient Night; 986

Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,

With fault'ring speech and visage uncompos'd,

Answer'd: I know thee, stranger, who thou art;

That mighty leading Angel, who of late 991

Made head against Heav'n's King, though over-  
thrown.

I saw and heard ; for such a num'rous host  
Fled not in silence through the frightened deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995  
Confusion worse confounded ; and Heav'n gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
Keep residence ; if all I can will serve  
That little which is left so to defend, 1000  
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,  
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night : first Hell  
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath ;  
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,  
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1005  
To that side Heav'n from whence your legions  
fell :

If that way be your walk, you have not far ;  
So much the nearer danger ; go and speed ;  
Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd, and Satan stay'd not to reply ; 1010  
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,  
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire  
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015  
Environ'd, wins his way ; harder beset  
And more endanger'd than when Argo pass'd  
Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks :  
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shun'd  
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.

So he with difficulty and labour hard 1021  
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he ;  
But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,  
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way 1026  
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length  
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost orb  
Of this frail world ; by which the Sp'rits perverse  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro, 1031  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good Angels guard by special grace.  
But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night 1036  
A glimm'ring dawn. Here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
As from her outmost works a broken foe  
With tumult less, and with less hostile din, 1040  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;  
Or in th' emptier waste, resembling air, 1045  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,  
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd

Of living sapphire, once his native seat ; 1050  
And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies. 1055

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice: Man hath offended the Majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him: they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called, *The Limbo of Vanity*: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, enquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK THE THIRD.

**H**AIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,

Or of th' eternal coeternal beam

May I express thee unblam'd? since God is Light,

And never but in unapproach'd light

Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, 5

Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,

Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice

Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest 10

The rising world of waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,

Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15

Thro' utter and through middle darkness borne

With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20  
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp ; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more 26  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides, 35  
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old :  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair

Presented with an universal blank  
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,  
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50  
So much the rather thou celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs  
Irradiate, there plant eyes; all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure empyrean where he sits  
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view:  
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n 60  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance: on his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only Son: on earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two 65  
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love  
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with weary'd wings and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land embosom'd, without firmament, 75  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,

Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake:

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80  
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings  
his way

Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,  
Directly tow'rds the new-created world,  
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay 90  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,  
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall, 95  
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?  
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all th' ethereal pow'rs 100  
And Sp'rits, both them who stood and them  
who fail'd.

Freely they stood, who stood,—and fell, who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,  
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,

Not, what they would? what praise could they  
receive? 106

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When will and reason (reason also's choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110

Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly' accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree 115

Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influ'nce on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of fate, 120  
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,

They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose;  
for so

I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree 126  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
The first sort by their own suggestion fell, 129  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd  
By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none: in mercy' and justice both,

Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory'  
excel,

But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Sp'rits elect 136  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.

Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone  
Substantially express'd; and in his face 140  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace;  
Which utt'ring, thus he to his Father spake:

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find  
grace; 145

For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol  
Thy praises with th' innumerable sound  
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

For should Man finally be lost, should Man, 150  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155

Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine? Shall he fulfil  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160

Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? Or, wilt thou thyself  
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd:  
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170  
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are; all  
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.  
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely vouchsaf'd. Once more I will renew 175  
His lapsed pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd  
By sin to foul exorbitant desires.  
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe,  
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180  
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes 186  
Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace  
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190

To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
And I will place within them as a guide  
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear,  
Light after light well us'd they shall attain, 196  
And, to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
This my long suff'rance and my day of grace  
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall: 201  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not done: Man disobeying,  
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
Against the High Supremacy of Heav'n, 205  
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,  
To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He, with his whole posterity, must die;  
Die he or justice must; unless for him 210  
Some other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such  
love?

Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?  
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear? 216

He ask'd; but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf  
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,

Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set. 221

And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225  
His dearest meditation thus renew'd :

Father, thy word is past ; Man shall find grace ;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her  
way,

The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230

Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought ?

Happy for man, so coming ; he her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost :

Atonement for himself or off'ring meet,  
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring. 235

Behold me then ; me for him, life for life

I offer : on me let thine anger fall ;

Account me Man : I for his sake will leave

Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee

Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240

Well pleas'd : on me let Death wreck all his rage :

Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long

Lie vanquish'd : thou hast giv'n me to possess

Life in myself for ev'r ; by thee I live,

Though now to Death I yield, and am his due

All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid, 246

Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave

His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul

For ever with corruption there to dwell ;  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250  
My Vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil ;  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and  
stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.  
I through the ample air in triumph high 254  
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show  
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,  
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :  
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260  
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd  
And reconcilment ; wrath shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shone  
Filial obedience : as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270  
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither  
tend,

Wond'ring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd :  
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrath ! O thou 275  
My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear

To me are all my works, nor Man the least,  
Though last created; that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280  
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
Their nature also to thy nature join;  
And be thyself Man among men on earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
By wond'rous birth: be thou in Adam's room  
The Head of all mankind, though Adam's Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee, 287  
As from a second root, shall be restor'd  
As many' as are restor'd; without thee none.  
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce 291  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die, 295  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His brethren ransom'd with his own dear life.  
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying 306

God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A world from utter loss, and hast been found,  
By merit more than birthright, Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310  
Far more than great or high; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more than glory 'bounds,  
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy manhood also to this throne:  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed Universal King: all pow'r  
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
Thy merits; under thee as Head Supreme  
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I re-  
duce: 320  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325  
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past ages to the gen'ral doom  
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
Then all thy saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink  
Beneath thy sentence: Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall  
dwell,

And after all their tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.  
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 340  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies :  
Adore the Son, and honour Him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
The multitude of Angels, with a shout 345  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
Th' eternal regions : lowly reverent  
Tow'rds either throne they bow, and to the  
ground 350

With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold;  
Immortal amaranth ; a flow'r which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom ; but soon, for man's offence, 355  
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there  
grows,

And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,  
And where the riv'r of bliss thro' midst of Heav'n  
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream ;  
With these, that never fade, the Sp'rits elect 360  
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with  
beams,

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright

Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpl'd with celestial roses smil'd. 364  
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n. 371

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King ; thee, Author of all being,  
Fountain of Light, thyself invisible 375  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380  
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
Thee, next they sang, of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines, 386  
Whom else no creature can behold : on thee  
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory 'bides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein  
By thee created, and by thee threw down 391  
Th' aspiring Dominations : thou that day

Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook  
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.  
Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim  
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes, 399  
Not so on Man: Him thro' their malice fall'n,  
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom  
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline.  
No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline, 405  
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
For Man's offence. O unexempl'd love! 410  
Love no where to be found less than Divine!  
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name  
Shall be the copious matter of my song  
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415  
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,  
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe  
Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420  
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off

It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425  
Of Chaos blust'ring round inclement sky ;  
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n,  
Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
Of glimm'ring air less vex'd with tempest loud :  
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a vulture on Imaus bred, 431  
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey  
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids  
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the  
springs 435  
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams ;  
But in his way lights on the barren plains  
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
With sails and wind their cany waggons light :  
So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440  
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey :  
Alone ; for other creature in this place,  
Living or lifeless, to be found was none ;  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like aëreal vapours flew 445  
Of all things transit'ry and vain, when sin  
With vanity had fill'd the works of men ;  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame,  
Or happiness, in this or th'other life ; 450  
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits

Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds :

All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd, 456  
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here,  
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have  
dream'd ;

Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460  
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.  
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born  
First from the ancient world those giants came,  
With many a vain exploit, though then re-  
nown'd : 465

The builders next of Babel on the plain  
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :  
Others came single ; he who to be deem'd  
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470  
Empedocles ; and he who to enjoy  
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,  
Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,  
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars 474  
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n ;  
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,  
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,

Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd ; 480  
They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,  
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd ;  
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems  
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo  
A violent cross wind from either coast 487  
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry  
Into the devious air ; then might ye see  
Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost  
And flutter'd into rags ; then reliques, beads, 491  
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds : all these upwhirl'd aloft  
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.  
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste  
His travel'd steps : far distant he descries 501  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high ;  
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd  
The work as of a kingly palace gate, 505  
With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
Embellish'd : thick with sparkling orient gems  
The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510

Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,  
Dreaming by night under the open sky, 514  
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heav'n.  
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n some-  
times

Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd, 520  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake  
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The Fiend by easy 'scent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525  
Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
Wider by far than that of after-times  
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear, 531  
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood 535  
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore:  
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds  
were set

To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540  
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate,  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn 545  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550  
Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams:  
Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,  
The Sp'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd  
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
Round he surveys (and well might, where he  
stood 555  
So high above the circling canopy  
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point  
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond th' horizon ; then from pole to pole 560  
He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
Down right into the world's first region throws  
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;  
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,

Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,  
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there  
He stay'd not to enquire: above them all 571  
The golden Sun, in splendor likest Heav'n,  
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends  
Through the calm firmament (but up or down,  
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575  
Or longitude) where the great luminary  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses light from far; they as they move  
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580  
Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering  
lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585  
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;  
So wondrously was set his station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb  
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or stone;  
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;  
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595  
If stone, carbuncle most, or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides

Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that which here below 600  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
In vain though by their pow'rful art they bind  
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run  
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
Th' arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,  
Produces with terrestrial humour mix'd, 610  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?  
Here matter new to gaze, the Devil met  
Undazzled ; far and wide his eye commands ;  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615  
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon  
Culminate from th' equator, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and th' air  
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620  
To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom John saw also in the Sun.  
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid :  
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 625  
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round. On some great charge em-  
ploy'd

He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the Sp'rit impure, as now in hope 630  
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight  
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,  
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay :  
And now a stripling Cherub he appears, 636  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb  
Suitable grace diffus'd : so well he feign'd.  
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640  
In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore  
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkl'd with gold ;  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard : the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd, 646  
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known  
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven  
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650  
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to  
th' Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts :  
Uriel, for thou of those sev'n Sp'rits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will 656  
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
Where all his sons thy embassy attend ;

And here art likeliest, by Supreme decree,  
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660  
To visit oft this new creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favour; him for whom 664  
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,  
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim  
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell  
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell,  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze 671  
Or open admiration him behold,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675  
The Universal Maker we may praise,  
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes  
To deepest Hell; and to repair that loss  
Created this new happy race of Men  
To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680  
So spake the false Dissembler unperceiv'd;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the 'only' evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone, 684  
By his permissive will, thro' Heav'n and Earth:  
And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps  
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill



*Singleton pinxit.*

*Saunders sculpsit.*

*So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd.*

Book III. l. 661.

Where no ill seems: which now for once  
beguil'd

Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and held 690  
The sharpest sighted Sp'rit of all in Heav'n;  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul  
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd:

Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695  
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone, 699  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
Contented with report hear only' in Heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight:  
But what created mind can comprehend 705  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes  
deep?

I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar 710  
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinitude confin'd;  
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,  
Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung:  
Swift to their sev'ral quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire;  
And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n 716

Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move:  
Each had his place appointed, each his course;  
The rest in circuit walls the universe. 721  
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;  
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light  
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere, 725  
Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring  
moon

(So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, thro' mid Heav'n,  
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r. 734  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,  
As to superior Sp'rits is wont in Heav'n,  
Where honour due and rev'ence none neglects,  
Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,  
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights. 742

And now the prospect of Heaven, and with the place  
Which he must now occupy, the soul anticipates  
Which he must now occupy, the soul anticipates  
Which he must now occupy, the soul anticipates  
Which he must now occupy, the soul anticipates  
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THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of Death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel, descending on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.*

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK THE FOURTH.

**O** FOR that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in Heav'n aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
“Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!” that now, 5  
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,  
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now  
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15  
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,  
And, like a dev'lish engine, back recoils  
Upon himself: horror and doubt distract

His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
The Hell within him; for within him Hell 20  
He brings, and round about him; nor from Hell  
One step no more than from himself can fly  
By change of place: now Conscience wakes Despair  
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25  
Worse; of worse deeds worse suff'rings must  
ensue.

Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;  
Sometimestow'rdsHeav'nand the full-blazing Sun,  
Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 30  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began:

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call, 35  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40  
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless  
King.

Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. 45  
What could be less than to afford him praise,

The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high,  
I sdeign'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit 51  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
Forgetful what from Him I still receiv'd,  
And understood not that a grateful mind 55  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharg'd : what burden then ?  
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60  
Ambition. Yet, why not ? some other Pow'r  
As great might have aspir'd, and me, tho' mean,  
Drawn to his part ; but other Pow'rs as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65  
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand ?  
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then or what to  
'cuse,  
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all ?  
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70  
Nay, curs'd be thou ; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ; 75

And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.  
O then at last relent. Is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80  
None left but by submission; and that word  
DISDAIN forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the Sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of Hell!  
With diadem and scepter high advanc'd, 90  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery! such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain  
By act of grace my former state, how soon  
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon  
unsay 95  
What feign'd submission swore! ease would  
recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;  
For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear 101  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my Punisher: therefore, as far

From granting he, as I from begging peace.  
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead 105  
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this world.  
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:  
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least 110  
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd  
his face; 114  
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair;  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.  
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,  
Artificer of fraud; and was the first 121  
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down  
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall 127  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130  
So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides 135  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
Access deny'd; and over head upgrew,  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm;  
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend 140  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung;  
Which to our gen'ral sire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round. 145  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;  
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams  
Than in fair ev'ning cloud, or humid bow, 151  
When God hath show'r'd the earth: so lovely  
seem'd

That landskip: and of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odorif'rous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160  
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the Blest ; with such delay  
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many  
a league 164

Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles ;  
So entertain'd those od'rous sweets the Fiend  
Who came their bane, though with them better  
pleas'd

Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume  
That drove him, tho' enamour'd, from the spouse  
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill  
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;  
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,  
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way :  
One gate there only was, and that look'd east  
On th' other side ; which when th' arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180  
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
In hurdled cots amid the field secure, 186  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :  
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,

Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :  
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold ;  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195  
Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life  
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who liv'd ; nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd  
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows 201  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views  
To all delight of human sense expos'd 206  
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heav'n on Earth : for blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was, by him in th' east  
Of Eden planted ; Eden stretch'd her line 210  
From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
Or where the Sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil  
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd ; 215  
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;  
And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit

Of vegetable gold ; and next to life, 220  
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,  
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor chang'd his course, but thro' the shaggy hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; for God had thrown  
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which thro' veins 227  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the garden : thence united fell 230  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm  
And country, whereof here needs no account ;  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell, 236  
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendent shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240  
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade  
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this  
place 246  
A happy rural seat of various view ;  
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and  
balm,

Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250  
If true, here only,' and of delicious taste :  
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmy hilloc ; or the flow'ry lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255  
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :  
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant : mean while murm'ring waters fall  
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake, 261  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flow'rs,  
Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270  
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet  
grove  
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle 275  
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,

Hid Amalthea and a florid son  
Young Bacchus from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;  
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280  
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd  
True Paradise under the Ethiop line  
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285  
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.  
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290  
And worthy seem'd ; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)  
Whence true authority in men ; though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd ; 296  
For contemplation he and valour form'd ;  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;  
He for God only, she for God in him :  
His fair large front and eye sublime, declar'd 300  
Absolute rule : and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :  
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305  
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the vine curls her tendrils ; which imply'd

Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd;  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,  
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind 315  
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicity and spotless innocence !  
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill. 320  
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in love's embraces met;  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green 325  
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down; and after no more toil  
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd  
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330  
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,  
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.  
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind 335  
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;  
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles

Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,  
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 340  
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chace  
In wood or wilderness, forest or den.  
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
Gambol'd before them: th'unwieldy elephant, 345  
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and  
wreath'd

His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly  
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350  
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,  
Or bedward ruminating; for the Sun,  
Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career  
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale  
Of Heav'n the stars that usher ev'ning rose: 355  
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad:

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd  
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360  
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
The Hand that form'd them on their shape hath  
pour'd. 365

Ah, gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
Your change approaches, when all these delights  
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy!  
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370  
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n  
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe  
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
Though I unpity'd: League with you I seek, 375  
And mutual amity so strait, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth. My dwelling haply may not please,  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such  
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380  
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,  
To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your num'rous offspring; if no better place, 385  
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not, for him who  
wrong'd.

And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390  
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now  
To do what else, tho' damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the Fiend, and, with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his dev'lish deeds.

Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395  
Down he alights among the sportful herd  
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'y'd  
To mark what of their state he more might learn  
By word or action mark'd : about them round 401  
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;  
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd  
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
Straight couches close, then rising changes oft 405  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
Grip'd in each paw : when Adam, first of men  
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,  
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utt'rance flow :

Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys, 411  
Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Pow'r  
That made us, and for us this ample world,  
Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite ; 415  
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
In all this happiness, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
Aught whereof he hath need ; he who requires  
From us no other service than to keep 420  
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that only tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;

So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425  
Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou  
know'st

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule  
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n 430  
Over all other creatures that possess  
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
Unlimited of manifold delights : 435  
But let us ever praise him, and extol  
His bounty, following our delightful task  
To prune these growing plants, and tend these  
flow'rs ;

Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd: O thou for whom  
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my guide 442  
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks ; I chiefly who enjoy 445  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450  
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and  
how.



Corbould del.

White sculp.

As I bend down to look, just opposite,  
A Shape within the watry Gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me!

Book IV, line 460.

Printed for J. Baroche, 21, Paternoster Row, January 1, 1795.

Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound  
Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n. I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460  
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me. I started back ;  
It started back : but pleas'd I soon return'd ;  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks  
Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd 465  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me. What thou seest,  
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself ;  
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine ; to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
Mother of Human Race. What could I do, 475  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?  
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a platan ; yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth wat'ry image. Back I turn'd :  
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve ;  
Whom fly'st thou ? Whom thou fly'st, of him  
thou art ;

His flesh, his bone. To give thee b'ing I lent  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart  
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485  
Henceforth an individual solace dear :  
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half : with that thy gentle hand  
Seiz'd mine ; I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,  
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
On our first father ; half her swelling breast 495  
Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight,  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter 499  
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds  
That shed May flow'rs ; and press'd her matron lip  
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn'd  
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd :  
Sight hateful ! sight tormenting ! thus these two,  
Imparadis'd in one another's arms, 506  
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
Of bliss on bliss ; while I to Hell am thrust,  
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
Amongst our other torments not the least, 510  
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.  
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd

From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;  
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,  
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?  
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
Can it be death? And do they only stand  
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520  
O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with design 524  
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die. What likelier can ensue?  
But first with narrow search I must walk round  
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd; 529  
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
Some wand'ring Sp'rit of Heav'n by fountain side,  
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
What further would be learn'd. Live while  
ye may,

Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return, 534  
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
But with sly circumspection, and began  
Thro' wood, thro' waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his  
roam.

Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heav'n  
With earth and ocean meets, the setting Sun 540

Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
Level'd his ev'ning rays: it was a rock  
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,  
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545  
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;  
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550  
About him exercis'd heroic games  
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
Thither came Uriel, gliding through th' even  
On a Sun-beam, swift as a shooting star 556  
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd  
Impress the air, and shews the mariner  
From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste: 560  
Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n  
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
No evil thing approach or enter in.  
This day at height of noon came to my sphere  
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565  
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,  
God's latest image: I describ'd his way  
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait;  
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks

Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:  
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,  
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise 574  
New troubles : him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:  
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
Amid the Sun's bright circle, where thou sitt'st,  
See far and wide : in at this gate none pass  
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580  
Well known from Heav'n ; and since meridian  
hour

No creature thence : if Sp'rit of other sort,  
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds  
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
Sp'ritual substance with corporeal bar. 585

But if within the circuit of these walks,  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he ; and Uriel to his charge  
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point, now  
rais'd, 590

Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fall'n  
Beneath th' Azores ; whether the prime orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
Diurnal, or this less voluble earth,

By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold 596  
The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey

Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad ;  
Silence accompany'd ; for beast and bird, 600  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
She all night long her am'rous descant sung :  
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led 605  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair Consort,  
th' hour 610  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling, with soft slumb'rous weight inclines  
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long 616  
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest ;  
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways ; 620  
While other animals unactive range ;  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform 625  
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton  
growth.

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth, 631  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty'  
adorn'd:

My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst, 635  
Unargu'd, I obey; so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640  
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,  
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on 646  
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent Night  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,  
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:  
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun 651  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,  
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;  
Nor grateful ev'ning mild; nor silent Night 654  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,

Or glitt'ring star-light without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these? For  
whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our gen'ral ancestor reply'd: 659

Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,

These have their course to finish round the earth

By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land

In order, though to nations yet unborn,

Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;

Lest total darkness should by night regain 665

Her old possession, and extinguish life

In nature and all things, which these soft fires

Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat

Of various influence, foment and warm,

Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670

Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow

On earth, made hereby apter to receive

Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.

These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,

Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men werenone,

That Heav'n would want spectators, God want

praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,

Both day and night. How often from the steep

Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard

Celestial voices to the midnight air,

Sole, or responsive each to other's note,

Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands 684  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
On to their blissful bow'r: it was a place 690  
Chos'n by the Sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd  
All things to Man's delightful use. The roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew,  
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side 695  
Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow'r,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and  
wrought

Mosaic: underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,  
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none:  
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bow'r  
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph  
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess  
With flow'rs, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710  
And heav'nly choirs the hymenean sung,  
What day the genial Angel to our sire

Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods  
Endow'd with all their gifts: and O too like 715  
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son  
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd 721  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,  
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, 725  
Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground. 731  
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race  
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites 736  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best, into their inmost bow'r  
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740  
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween  
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites

Mysterious of connubial love refus'd :  
Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity, and place, and innocence, 745  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain  
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man ?  
Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety 751  
In Paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men,  
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother first were known.  
Far be 't, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760  
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,  
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.  
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile  
Of harlots loveless, joyless, unendear'd, 766  
Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,  
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight hall,  
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770  
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing, slept,  
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof

Show'r'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek  
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy  
cone 776

Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
And from their iv'ry port the Cherubim  
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour, stood arm'd  
To their night-watches in warlike parade, 780  
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake:

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part:  
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785  
From these, two strong and subtle Sp'rits he call'd  
That near him stood, and gave them thus in  
charge:

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
Search thro' this garden; leave unsearch'd no nook;  
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm. 791  
This ev'ning from the Sun's decline arriv'd  
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen,  
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?)  
escap'd

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795  
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct,  
In search of whom they sought: him there they  
found,

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800  
Assaying by his dev'lish art to reach  
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams ;  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise, 805  
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.  
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810  
Touch'd lightly ; for no falsehood can endure  
Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,  
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815  
Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain  
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air ;  
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amaz'd 820  
So sudden to behold the grisly king ;  
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon :  
Which of those rebel Sp'rits, adjudg'd to Hell,  
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,  
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825  
Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?  
Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
Know ye not me ? Ye knew me once no mate  
For you ; there sitting where ye durst not soar.

Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown,  
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know, 831  
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with  
scorn :

Think not, revolted Sp'rit, thy shape the same,  
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known, 836  
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and  
pure ;

That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee' ; and thou resemblest now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840  
But come ; for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To Him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub ; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845  
Invincible. Abash'd the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue' in her shape how lovely ; saw and pin'd  
His loss ; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
His lustre visibly impair'd ; yet seem'd 850

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can do 855  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage ;

But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb. To strive or fly  
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860  
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they  
nigh

The western point, where those half-rounding  
guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel from the front, thus call'd aloud: 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendor wan; who, by his gait 870  
And fierce demeanour, seems the prince of Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest:  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

Hes scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,  
And brief related whom they brought, where  
found, 875  
How busy'd, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake:  
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880  
By thy example, but have pow'r and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow:  
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th'esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from  
Hell,

Though thither doom'd? Thou would'st thyself,  
no doubt, 890

And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to  
change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895  
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.  
The rest is true, they found me where they say;  
But that implies not violence or harm. 901

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd  
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus reply'd:  
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905  
And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910  
However, and to 'scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provok'd. 916

But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee  
Came not all Hell broke loose? Is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? Courageous Chief, 920  
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning  
stern:

Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925  
Insulting Angel: well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting volley'd thunder made all speed,  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before, 930  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
From hard assays and ill successes past  
A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:  
I therefore, I alone first undertook 935  
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
This new-created world, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs  
To settle here on earth, or in mid-air; 940

Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier bus'ness were to serve their Lord  
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,  
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945

To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd:  
To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,  
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd! 951  
Faithful to whom? To thy rebellious crew?  
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.

Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,  
Your military' obedience, to dissolve 955  
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r Supreme?  
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd  
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign? 961  
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avaunt;  
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour  
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965  
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats  
Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, reply'd:  
Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,

Proud liminary Cherub; but ere then 971  
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
From my prevailing arm, tho' Heav'n's King  
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
In progress thro' the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron  
bright

Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980  
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting  
stands,

Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves  
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan, alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might, dilated stood, 986  
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd:

His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp  
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dread-  
ful deeds 990

Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements  
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995  
Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen

Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events, 1001  
Battles, and realms: in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend:  
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st  
mine; 1006  
Neither our own, but giv'n: What folly then  
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, tho' doubled now  
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, 1011  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light,  
how weak,  
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

12/24/1914  
END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

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THE  
FIFTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph; who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK THE FIFTH.

**N**OW Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient  
pearl,

When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
Was aery light from pure digestion bred,  
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan, 6  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side 11  
Leaning, half rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,

My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight, 19  
Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection, glad I see 29  
Thy face, and morn return'd ; for I this night  
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft have wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk, 36  
With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,  
Whysleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns  
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,  
If none regard ; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
To find thee I directed then my walk;  
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree 51  
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
And, as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood  
One shap'd and wing'd, like one of those from  
Heav'n 55  
By us oft seen. His dewy locks distill'd  
Ambrosia: on that tree he also gaz'd;  
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge so despis'd?  
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste? 61  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offer'd good: why else set here?  
This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm  
He pluck'd, he tasted! Me damp horror chill'd  
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:  
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,  
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men: 70  
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?  
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
Partake thou also; happy though thou art, 75  
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:

Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,  
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80  
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part  
Which he had pluck'd. The pleasant sav'ry smell  
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
And various; wond'ring at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90  
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd  
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night  
Related; and thus Adam answer'd sad:

Best image of myself and dearer half, 95  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally; nor can I like  
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
Yet evil whence? In thee can harbour none,  
Created pure. But know, that in the soul 100  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next  
Her office holds. Of all external things  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, aery shapes; 105  
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames

All what we' affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
Into her private cell when Nature rests.  
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes 110  
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Some such resemblances methinks I find  
Of our last ev'ning's talk, in this thy dream, 115  
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do. 121  
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks  
That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;  
And let us to our fresh employments rise 125  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs  
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was  
cheer'd;

But silently a gentle tear let fall 130  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair.  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
But first, from under shady arb'rous roof  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up ris'n,  
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,  
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray, 141  
Discovering in wide landskip all the east  
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145  
In various stile; for neither various stile  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung  
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or num'rous verse,  
More tuneable than needed lute or harp 151  
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:  
These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous  
then! 155  
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heav'ns  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160  
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing! ye in Heav'n,  
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol



Corbould del.

Heath sculp.

Lovely they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their Orisons, each Morning duty paid  
 In various style.

Book V. line 144.

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Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night, 166  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170  
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when  
thou fall'st. 174  
Moon, that now meets the orient Sun, now fly'st,  
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
In mystic dance not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180  
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise. 191  
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters  
blow,

Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye  
Pines,

With every plant ; in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow, 195  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Join voices all ye living Souls ; ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
Witness if I be silent, morn or ev'n,  
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail Universal Lord, be bounteous still 205  
To give us only good ; and if the night  
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210  
On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
Among sweet dews and flow'rs ; where any row  
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless embraces ; or they led the vine 215  
To wed her elm : she spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd  
Raphael, the sociable Sp'rit, that deign'd 221

To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
His marriage with the sev'n-times-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
Satan from Hell, 'scap'd thro' the darksome gulf,  
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226  
This night the human pair, how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go, therefore, half this day as friend with friend,  
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade  
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,  
To respite his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on  
As may advise him of his happy state,

Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235  
Left to his own free will, his will though free,

Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware  
He swerve not too secure. Tell him withal  
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of bliss. 241

By vi'lence? No, for that shall be withstood;  
But by deceit and lies. This let him know,  
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend  
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint  
After his charge receiv'd; but from among  
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood 250  
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic  
choirs,

On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,  
On golden hinges turning, as by work 255  
Divine the Sov'reign Architect had fram'd.  
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining globes,  
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd  
Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261  
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon :  
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades  
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar 270  
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems  
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,  
When to inshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A Seraph wing'd ; six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament ; the middle pair 280  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round

Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance  
fill'd 286

The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
And to his message high in honour rise; 289  
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh  
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm:  
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295  
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.

Him through the spicy forest onward come  
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted Sun  
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm 301  
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam  
needs:

And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd  
For dinner sav'ry fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305  
Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky  
stream,

Berry or grape. To whom thus Adam call'd:  
Haste hither Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold

Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
Comes this way moving; seems another morn  
Ris'n on mid-noon: some great behest from  
Heav'n 311

To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour  
Abundance, fit to honour and receive 315

Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford  
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies  
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve: Adam, earth's hallow'd  
mould,  
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk,  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325  
But I will haste, and from each bow and brake,  
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such  
choice

To entertain our Angel guest, as he  
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth  
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste 331  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring

Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340  
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,  
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink, the grape  
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345  
From many a berry', and from sweet kernels press'd  
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet  
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more  
train 351

Accompany'd than with his own complete  
Perfections: in himself was all his state,  
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
On princes, when their rich retinue long 355  
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,  
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.  
Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,  
Yet with submiss approach and rev'rence meek,  
As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360  
Thus said: Native of Heav'n, for other place  
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
Since by descending from the thrones above,  
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while

To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
Two' only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess  
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r  
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild:  
Adam, I herefore came; nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell  
As may not oft invite, though Sp'rits of Heav'n,  
To visit thee. Lead on then where thy bow'r  
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise,  
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge  
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd  
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells; but

Eve

Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380  
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess  
feign'd

Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n. No veil  
She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm  
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail  
Bestow'd; the holy salutation us'd 386  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb  
Shall fill the world more num'rous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,

And on her ample square, from side to side,  
All autumn pil'd, tho' spring and autumn here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they  
hold; 395

No fear left dinner cool; when thus began  
Our author: Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends  
To us for food, and for delight hath caus'd 400  
The earth to yield; unsav'ry food perhaps  
To spiritual natures: only this I know,  
That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel: Therefore, what he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 405  
Spiritual, may of purest Sp'rits be found  
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require,  
As doth your rational; and both contain  
Within them ev'ry lower faculty 410  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch,  
taste,

Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created, needs  
To be sustain'd and fed: of elements 415  
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea,  
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420

Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimental recompense  
In humid exhalations, and at ev'n 425  
Sups with the ocean. Tho' in Heav'n the trees  
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
Yield nectar; tho' from off the boughs each morn  
We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground  
Cover'd with pearly grain, yet God hath here  
Vary'd his bounty so with new delights, 431  
As may compare with Heav'n; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly  
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435  
Of Theologians; but with keen dispatch  
Of real hunger and concoctive heat  
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires  
Thro' Sp'rits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire  
Of sooty coal th' empyric alchemist 440  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve  
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445  
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been  
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450

Thus, when with meats and drinks they had  
suffic'd,

Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass  
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know  
Of things above his world, and of their being 455  
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms  
Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far  
Exceeded human; and his wary speech  
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd: 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favour in this honour done to Man,  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heav'n's high feasts to' have fed: yet what  
compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd:  
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470  
If not deprav'd from good, created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
Endu'd with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475  
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending  
Each in their sev'ral active spheres assign'd,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the  
leaves 480  
More airy, last the bright consummate flow'r  
Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,  
To vital sp'rits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual; give both life and sense, 485  
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul  
Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive or intuitive: discourse  
Is ofttest yours; the latter most is ours,  
Diff'ring but in degree; of kind the same. 490  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good,  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance: time may come, when Men  
With Angels may participate, and find  
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare; 495  
And from these corp'ral nutriments, perhaps  
Your bodies may at last turn all to sp'rit,  
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500  
If ye be found obedient, and retain  
Unalterably firm his love entire,  
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy  
Your fill what happiness this happy state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505  
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd:  
O favourable Sp'rit, propitious guest,

Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
From centre to circumference, whereon 510  
In contemplation of created things,  
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found  
Obedient? Can we want obedience then  
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515  
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel: Son of Heav'n and Earth,  
Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God; 520  
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself;  
That is, to thy obedience: therein stand.  
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
And good he made thee; but to persevere 525  
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will  
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity.  
Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated: such with him 530  
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By destiny, and can no other choose?  
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand 535  
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds:

On other surety none. Freely we serve,  
Because we freely love, as in our will  
To love or not : in this we stand or fall. 540  
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell. O fall,  
From what high state of bliss into what woe !

To whom our great progenitor : Thy words  
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545  
Divine Instructor, I have heard, than when  
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills  
Aereal music send : nor knew I not  
To be both will and deed created free ;  
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550  
Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me', and still assure : tho' what thou tell'st  
Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me  
move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard ;  
And we have yet large day ; for scarce the Sun  
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins  
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request : and Raphael,  
After short pause, assenting, thus began :

High matter thou enjoin'st me', O prime of  
men,  
Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invisible exploits 565

Of warring Spirits ? How without remorse  
The ruin of so many, glorious once  
And perfect while they stood ? How last unfold  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal ? yet for thy good 570  
This is dispens'd ; and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By lik'ning spiritual to corp'ral forms,  
As may express them best : tho' what if Earth  
Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein  
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought ?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where  
Earth now rests

Upon her centre pois'd ; when on a day  
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580  
To motion, measures all things durable  
By present, past, and future) on such day  
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal  
host

Of angels by imperial summons call'd,  
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585  
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd  
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright :  
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,  
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590  
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;  
Or in their glitt'ring tissues bear emblaz'd  
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love

Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595  
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake :

Hear, all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,  
Pow'rs,

Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand :  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My only Son ; and on this holy hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605  
At my right hand ; your Head I him appoint ;  
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow  
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord :  
Under his great vicegerent reign abide  
United as one individual soul, 610

For ever happy. Him who disobeys,  
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day  
Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls  
Into' utter darkness, deep ingulph'd, his place  
Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent ; and with his words  
All seem'd well pleas'd ; all seem'd, but were  
not all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred hill ;  
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620  
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels

Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most, when most irregular they seem ;  
And in their motions harmony divine 625  
Soo smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd  
(For we have also' our ev'ning and our morn,  
We ours for change delectable, not need)  
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
Desirous ; all in circles as they stood, 631  
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
With Angels food, and ruby'd nectar flows  
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets  
crown'd, 636  
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds  
Excess, before th' All-bounteous King, who  
show'r'd 640  
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd  
From that high mount of God, whence light and  
shade  
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had  
chang'd  
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there  
In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd 646  
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;

Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread  
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng,  
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend  
By living streams among the trees of life,  
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,  
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in  
their course 655  
Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne  
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd  
Satan; so call him now, his former name  
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,  
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r, 660  
In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
With envy 'gainst the Son of God, that day  
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
Through pride that sight, and thought himself  
impair'd. 665  
Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,  
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
Unworshipp'd, unbey'd the throne supreme 670  
Contemtuous, and his next subord'nate  
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake:  
Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep  
can close  
Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree

Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675  
Of Heav'n's Almighty! Thou to me thy thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;  
Both waking we were one; how then can now  
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;  
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may  
raise 680

In us who serve, new counsels to debate  
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place  
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night  
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
And all who under me their banners wave,  
Homeward with flying march, where we possess  
The quarters of the north; there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King 690  
The great Messiah, and his new commands;  
Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695  
Of his associate: he together calls  
Of sev'ral one by one, the regent pow'rs,  
Under him regent: tells, as he was taught,  
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,  
Now ere dim night had disencumber'd Heav'n,  
The great hierarchal standard was to move; 701  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound

Or taint integrity : but all obey'd  
The wonted signal and superior voice 705  
Of their great potentate ; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n ;  
His count'nance as the morning star that guides  
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host.  
Mean while th' Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
And from within the golden lamps that burn  
Nightly before him, saw without their light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715  
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high decree ;  
And smiling to his only Son, thus said :  
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720  
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
Of Deity or empire ; such a foe  
Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725  
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;  
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
In battle what our pow'r is, or our right.  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
With speed what force is left, and all employ  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose 731  
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.  
To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,

Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
Made answer: Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735  
Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r  
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740  
Know whether I be dext'rous to subdue  
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son ; but Satan with his Pow'rs  
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host  
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745  
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun  
Impearls on ev'ry leaf and ev'ry flow'r.  
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,  
In their triple degrees ; regions to which 750  
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
And all the sea, from one entire globose  
Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd,  
At length into the limits of the north 755  
They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs  
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold ;  
The palace of great Lucifer (so call 760  
That structure in the dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, he  
Affecting all equality with God,

In imitation of that mount whereon  
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n, 765  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
For thither he assembl'd all his train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of their King,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770  
Of counterfeited truth, thus held their ears:

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,  
Pow'rs,

If these magnific titles yet remain  
Not merely titular, since by decree  
Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775  
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name  
Of King Anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurry'd meeting here,  
This only to consult, how we may best,  
With what may be devis'd of honours new, 780  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
But what if better counsels might erect 785  
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?  
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right; or if ye know yourselves  
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for orders and degrees

Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchy over such as live by right 795  
His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,  
In freedom equal? or can introduce  
Law and edict on us, who without law  
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration to th' abuse 800  
Of those imperial titles which assert  
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controul  
Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd  
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd, 806  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd:

O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!  
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810  
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,  
In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,  
That to his only Son by right endu'd 815  
With regal sceptre, ev'ry soul in Heav'n  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
Confess him rightful King? Unjust thou say'st,  
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
And equal over equals, to let reign 820  
One over all with unsucceeded pow'r.  
Shalt thou give law to God? Shalt thou dispute

With him the points of liberty, who made  
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of  
Heav'n

Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?  
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,  
And of our good and of our dignity  
How provident he is, how far from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
Our happy state under one head more near 830  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals monarch reign:  
Thyself, tho' great and glorious, dost thou count,  
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom 835  
As by his Word the mighty Father made  
All things, even thee; and all the Sp'rits of  
Heav'n

By him created in their bright degrees,  
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory  
nam'd

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,  
Pow'rs, 840

Essential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,  
But more illustrious made; since he the Head  
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;  
His laws our laws; all honour to him done  
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease 846  
Th'incensed Father and th'incensed Son,  
While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel ; but his zeal  
None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850  
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd :  
That we were form'd then say'st thou ? and the work  
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
From Father to his Son ? Strange point, and new !  
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd.

Who saw 856  
When this creation was ? Remember'st thou  
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?  
We know no time when we were not as now ;  
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd 860  
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course  
Had circl'd his full orb, the birth mature  
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.  
Our puissance is our own ; our own right hand  
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865  
Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne  
Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings, carry to th' anointed King ; 870  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
Through the infinite host ; nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875  
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold:

O alienate from God, O Sp'rit accurs'd,  
Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall

Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880  
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
Of God's Messiah: those indulgent laws  
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees  
Against thee are gone forth without recall; 885  
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,  
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,  
Distinguish not; for soon expect to feel  
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire;  
Then who created thee lamenting learn, 894  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900  
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Tho' single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught; 905  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

THE  
SIXTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.*

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK THE SIXTH.

**A**LL night the dreadless Angel, unpursu'd,  
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his  
way, till morn,  
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave  
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro'  
Heav'n  
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;  
Light issues forth, and at the other door  
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10  
To veil the Heav'n, tho' darkness there might well  
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn  
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold  
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night, 14  
Shot thro' with orient beams; when all the plain,  
Cover'd with thick embattl'd squadrons bright,

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.  
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found  
Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported. Gladly then he mix'd 21  
Among those friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one  
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill 25  
They led him, high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice  
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard:  
Servant of God, well done! well hast thou  
fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach (far worse to bear  
Than violence); for this was all thy care 35  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40  
By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
Right reason for their law, and for their king  
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
Go Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
And thou in military prowess next 45

Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints,  
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,  
Equal in number to that Godless crew  
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms 50  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss  
Into their place of punishment, the gulph  
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the sov'reign voice, and clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60  
At which command the powers militant  
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65  
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds  
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
Indissolubly firm: nor obvious hill, 69  
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides  
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind  
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summon'd over Eden, to receive 75

Their names of thee ; so over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,  
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80  
In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument pourtray'd,  
The banded pow'rs of Satan hasting on 85  
With furious expedition ; for they ween'd  
That self-same day by fight, or by surprize,  
To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
To set the envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
In the mid-way : tho' strange to us it seem'd 91  
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great sire 95  
Hymning th' Eternal Father ; but the shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst, exalted as a God,  
Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100  
Idol of Majesty Divine, inclos'd  
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields ;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
(A dreadful interval) and front to front 105

Presented, stood in terrible array,  
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,  
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,  
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd  
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold : 110  
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood  
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores :

O Heav'n ! that such resemblance of the High'st  
Should yet remain, where faith and realty 115  
Remain not ! wherefore should not strength and  
might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable ?  
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,  
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120  
Unsound and false ; nor is it aught but just  
That he who in debate of truth hath won,  
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor ; though brutish that contest and foul,  
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125  
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens'd ; and thus securely him defy'd : 130

Proud, art thou met ? Thy hope was to have  
reach'd

The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
The throne of God unguarded, and his side

Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r  
Or potent tongue. Fool, not to think how vain  
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms ! 136  
Who out of smallest things could without end  
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat  
Thy folly ! or with solitary hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140  
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
Thy legions under darkness ! but thou seest  
All are not of thy train : there be who faith  
Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone 145  
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
From all : my sect thou seest ; now learn, too late,  
How few sometimes may know, when thousands  
err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,  
Thus answer'd : Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour  
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st 151  
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
Thy merited reward, the first assay  
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue  
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155  
A third part of the Gods, in synod met  
Their deities to assert, who while they feel  
Vigour divine within them, can allow  
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160  
From me some plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest. This pause between

(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know ;  
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n  
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Minist'ring Sp'rits, train'd up in feast and song :  
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,  
Servility with freedom to contend,  
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd :  
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote.  
Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name  
Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175  
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve th'unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd ; 181  
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.  
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve  
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd ; 185  
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while  
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So say'ng, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight, 191  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield

Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge  
He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee  
His massy spear upstay'd, as if on earth 195  
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way  
Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat  
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd  
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see  
Thus foil'd their mightiest ; ours joy fill'd, and  
shout, 200

Presage of victory and fierce desire  
Of battle : whereat Michael bid sound  
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet : thro' the vast of Heav'n  
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hosanna to the High'st : nor stood at gaze 205  
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now  
Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210  
Of brazen chariots rag'd : dire was the noise  
Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rush'd 215  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage. All Heav'n  
Resounded ; and had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder ? when  
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought 220  
On either side, the least of whom could wield

These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions : how much more of pow'r  
Army 'gainst army numberless, to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;  
Had not th' Eternal King omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd  
And limited their might ; though number'd such  
As each divided legion might have seem'd 230  
A num'rous host, in strength each armed hand  
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when, and when to close 235  
The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear : each on himself rely'd,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory : deeds of eternal fame 240  
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread  
That war, and various ; sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing,  
Tormented all the air : all air seem'd then  
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245  
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once : with huge two-handed sway

Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield: 255  
A vast circumference. At his approach  
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil  
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end  
Intestine war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd,  
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
And visage all inflam'd, first thus began: 261

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265  
And thy adherents, how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy rebellion? How hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270  
And faithful, now prov'd false? But think not here  
To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,  
Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275  
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,  
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels: to whom thus

The Adversary: Nor think thou with wind  
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285  
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with  
threats

To chace me hence? Err not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style  
The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290  
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell  
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign. Mean while thy utmost force,  
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such height 300  
Of Godlike pow'r? for likest Gods they seem'd,  
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.  
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
Made horrid circles. Two broad suns their shields  
Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood 306  
In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,  
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth 310

Great things by small, if Nature's concord broke,  
Among the constellations war were sprung,  
Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky  
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
Together both with next to' almighty arm 316  
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
That might determine, and not need repeat,  
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd  
In might or swift prevention. But the sword 320  
Of Michael from the armoury of God,  
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge. It met  
The sword of Satan with steep force, to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325  
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shar'd  
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,  
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd thro' him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd,  
Not long divisible; and from the gash 331  
A stream of nect'rous humour issuing, flow'd  
Sanguine, such as celestial Sp'rits may bleed,  
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.  
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335  
By Angels many' and strong, who interpos'd  
Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd  
From off the files of war: there they him laid  
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340

To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so far beneath  
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.  
Yet soon he heal'd ; for Sp'rits that live through-  
out

Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail man 345  
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
Cannot but by annihilating die ;  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the fluid air.  
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350  
All intellect, all sense : and as they please,  
They limb themselves ; and colour, shape, or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious king ; who him defy'd,  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd ; nor from the Holy One of Heav'n  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon 360  
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,  
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai, 365  
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods  
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their  
flight,  
Mangl'd with ghastly wounds through plate and  
mail.

Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370  
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence  
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and their names  
Eternize here on earth ; but those elect  
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n, 375  
Seek not the praise of men. The other sort,  
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,  
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
Cancell'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380  
For strength from truth divided and from just  
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
And ignominy ; yet to glory' aspires  
Vainglorious, and through infamy seeks fame :  
Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385  
And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,  
With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout  
Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground  
With shiver'd armour strewn, and on a heap  
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390  
And fiery foaming steeds : what stood, recoil'd  
O'erweary'd, through the faint Satanic host  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd,  
Then first with fear surpriz'd and sense of pain,  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395  
By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints

In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,  
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd : 400  
Such high advantages their innocence  
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,  
Not to have disobey'd : in fight they stood  
Unweary'd, unobnoxious to be pain'd 404  
By wound, tho' from their place by vi'lence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
And silence on the odious din of war.  
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,  
Victor and vanquish'd, on the foughten field 410  
Michael and his angels prevalent  
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,  
Cherubic waving fires. On th' other part  
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
Far in the dark dislodg'd ; and void of rest, 415  
His potentates to council call'd by night ;  
And in the midst thus undismay'd began :

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms,  
Not to be o'erpow'r'd, Companions dear,  
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420  
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;  
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
(And if one day, why not eternal days ?)  
What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425  
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd  
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,

Of future we may deem him, though till now  
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain, 431  
Till now not known; but known, as soon con-  
temn'd;

Since now we find this our empyreal form  
Incapable of mortal injury, 434  
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,  
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
Of evil then so small, as easy think  
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
May serve to better us, and worse our foes; 440  
Or equal what between us made the odds,  
In nature none. If other hidden cause  
Left them superior, while we can preserve  
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,  
Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
Nisroch, of principalities the prime.  
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,  
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
And cloudy in aspect, thus answ'ring spake: 450  
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,  
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails 456  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd  
with pain

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460  
But live content, which is the calmest life:  
But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend 465  
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto, with look compos'd, Satan reply'd:  
Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470  
Believ'd so main to our success, I bring.  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold;  
Whose eye so superficially surveys 476  
These things, as not to mind from whence they  
grow

Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth  
So bounteous, op'ning to the ambient light? 481  
These in their dark nativity the deep  
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;  
Which into hollow engines, long and round,  
Thick ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth 486

From far, with thund'ring noise among our foes,  
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt. 491

Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and council join'd  
Think nothing hard, much less to bedespair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.  
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy' it seem'd  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have  
thought 500

Impossible; yet haply of thy race  
In future days, if malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
With dev'lish machination, might devise  
Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505  
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;  
None arguing stood; innumerable hands  
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510  
Th' originals of nature in their crude  
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,  
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515



*Corbould del.*

*Saunders sculp.*

*Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, & in mid-air aloud thus cried.*

*Book 61. 555.*

*Printed for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row. Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1795.*

Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth  
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
Of missive ruin ; part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,  
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection unesp'y'd.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n ap-  
pear'd,

Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525  
The matin-trumpet sung. In arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
Soon banded. Others from the dawning hills  
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed  
scour,

Each quarter to descry the distant foe, 530  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met  
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion. Back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535  
Came fly'ng, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd :

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight ; the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day. Fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540  
Sad resolution and secure. Let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,

Borne ev'n or high ; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r, 545  
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment ;  
Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
And onward mov'd embattl'd ; when behold,  
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe 551  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish engin'ry, impal'd  
On ev'ry side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555  
A while ; but suddenly at head appear'd  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud :

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse ;  
But that I doubt. However witness Heaven,  
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
Freely our part ; ye who appointed stand, 565  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended ; when to right and left the front  
Divided, and to either flank retir'd : 570  
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,

Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir, 574  
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)  
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,  
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving, tipt with fire : while we suspense  
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,  
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose  
    roar 586  
Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their dev'lish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail  
Of iron globes ; which on the victor host 590  
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That whom they hit, none on their feet might  
    stand,  
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd ;  
The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd they might  
Have easily as Sp'rits evaded swift 596  
By quick contraction or remove ; but now  
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout ;  
Nor serv'd it to relax their serry'd files.  
What should they do ? If on they rush'd, repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow 601

Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to their foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,  
In posture to displode their second tire 605  
Of thunder: back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?  
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we  
To entertain them fair with open front 611  
And breast (what could we more?) propounded  
terms

Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
For joy of offer'd peace. But I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:  
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home.  
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbled many; who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides:  
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory; eternal might 630

To match with their inventions they presum'd  
So easy,' and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble : but they stood not long ;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them  
arms 635

Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd !)  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
(For earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)

Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew.  
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops  
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze, 646  
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,

When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd ;  
Till on those cursed engines triple-row 650  
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep ;  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
Main promontories flung, which in the air  
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions  
arm'd. 655

Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and  
bruis'd

Into their substance pent, which wrought them  
pain

Implacable, and many a dolorous groan  
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
Out of such pris'n, tho' Sp'rits of purest light;  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. 661  
The rest in imitation to like arms  
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;  
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,  
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665  
That under ground they fought in dismal shade:  
Infernal noise! War seem'd a civil game  
To this uproar: horrid confusion, heap'd  
Upon confusion, rose: and now all Heav'n  
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, 670  
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits  
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675  
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd  
Upon his enemies, and to declare  
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son  
Th' Assessor of his throne, he thus began:  
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680  
Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
Visibly what by Deity I am,  
And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
Second Omnipotence, two days are past, 684  
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,  
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame  
These disobedient. Sore hath been their fight,

As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;  
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st  
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690  
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath  
wrought

Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found.

War weary'd hath perform'd what war can do,  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins, 696  
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which  
makes

Wild work in Heav'n, and dang'rous to the main.  
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700  
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou  
Can end it. Into Thee such virtue' and grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare;  
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus, 706  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things; to be Heir and to be King  
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

Go then, thou Mightiest in thy Father's might,  
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels 711  
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,  
My bow and thunder; my almighty arms  
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;  
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715

From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep :  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full : he all his Father full express'd 720  
Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;

And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring, spake :

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
To glorify thy Son ; I always thee, 725  
As is most just ; this I my glory' account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will  
Fulfill'd ; which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume, 730

And gladlier shall resign, when in the end

Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee

For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st.

But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on

Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735

Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,

Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these re-  
bell'd,

To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,

To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,

That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740

Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th'  
impure

Far separate, circling thy holy mount,

Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee sing,

Hymns of high praise ; and I among them Chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose 746  
From the right hand of glory where he sat ;  
And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
Dawning through Heav'n. Forth rush'd with  
whirlwind sound

The chariot of paternal Deity, 750  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-  
drawn,

Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd  
By four Cherubic shapes : four faces each  
Had wondrous ; as with stars their bodies all  
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the  
wheels 755

Of beryl, and careering fires between ;  
Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber and colours of the show'ry arch.

He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760

Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended. At his right hand victory  
Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow  
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd ;  
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765

Of smoke and bick'ring flame and sparkles dire.  
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
He onward came ; far off his coming shone ;  
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen.

He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime 771

On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,  
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
First seen ; them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775  
Aloft, by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n ;  
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd  
His army circumfus'd on either wing,  
Under their Head embody'd all in one.  
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd : 780  
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd  
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went  
Obsequious ; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.  
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785  
And to rebellious fight rally'd their Pow'rs  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In heav'nly Sp'rits could such perverseness dwell ?  
But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent ? 790  
They, harden'd more by what might most re-  
claim,  
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
Took envy ; and aspiring to his height,  
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795  
Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
In universal ruin last ; and now  
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,  
Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God  
To all his host on either hand thus spake : 800

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints; here stand  
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest :  
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause ;  
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805  
Invincibly : but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs.  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints.  
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
Nor multitude ; stand only and behold 810  
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd  
By me ; not you, but me, they have despis'd,  
Yet envy'd. Against me is all their rage,  
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme  
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains, 815  
Hath honour'd me according to his will.  
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd ;  
That they may have their wish, to try with me  
In battle which the stronger proves ; they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;  
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd  
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld, 825  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the Four spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a num'rous host. 830

He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels  
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand 835  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
Plagues. They astonish'd, all resistance lost,  
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt.  
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode  
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate, 841  
That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four 845  
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
One Spirit in them rul'd, and ev'ry eye  
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their  
strength, 850  
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n.  
The overthrown he rais'd, and, as a herd 856  
Of goats or tim'rous flock together throng'd,  
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds

And crystal wall of Heav'n ; which op'ning wide,  
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd 861  
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg'd them behind : headlong themselves they  
threw

Down from the verge of Heav'n ; eternal wrath  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit. 866

Hell heard th'unsufferable noise ; Hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled  
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall

Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
Incumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last  
Yawning, receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd :  
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire 876  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.  
Sole Victor from th'expulsion of his foes, 880  
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd.

To meet him, all his Saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went, 884  
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,  
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,  
Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode

Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts  
And temple of his Mighty Father thron'd 890  
On high ; who into glory him receiv'd ;  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus meas'ring things in Heav'n by things  
on Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895  
What might have else to human race been hid.  
The discord which befel, and war in Heav'n  
Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
With Satan ; he who envies now thy state, 900  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake  
His punishment, eternal misery ;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905  
As a despite done against the Most High,  
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
But listen not to his temptations, warn  
Thy weaker ; let it profit thee to' have heard,  
By terrible example, the reward 910  
Of disobedience. Firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell : remember, and fear to transgress.

12/4/1914

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THE  
SEVENTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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*Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created: that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.*

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK THE SEVENTH.

**D**Escend from Heav'n, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.  
The meaning, not the name I call; for thou 5  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born:  
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10  
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy temp'ring. With like safety guided down,  
Return me to my native element; 16  
Lest from this flying steed, unrein'd, (as once  
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,)

Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall  
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn. 20  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible diurnal sphere ;  
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,  
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ; 26  
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
Purples the east : still govern thou my song, 30  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35  
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd  
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend  
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores ;  
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphael, 40  
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
Adam, by dire example, to beware  
Apostasy, by what befel in Heav'n  
To those apostates, lest the like befall  
In Paradise to Adam or his race, 45  
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obey'd amid the choice



Corbould, del.<sup>b</sup>

Heath, sculp.<sup>t</sup>

— He with his comforted Eve,  
The story heard attentive —

Book VII. l. 60.

Bound for J. Benger, 27 St. Dunstons Row, February 1<sup>st</sup> 1795.

Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve  
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd 51  
With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
And war so near the peace of God in bliss 55  
With such confusion: but the evil soon  
Driv'n back, redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What nearer might concern him; how this world  
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous, first began;  
When, and whereof created; for what cause  
What within Eden or without was done 65  
Before his memory, as one whose drought  
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest:

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70  
Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
Divine interpreter, by favour sent  
Down from the empyrean, to forewarn  
Us timely' of what might else have been our loss,  
Unknown, which human knowledge could not  
reach: 75

For which to th' infinitely Good we owe  
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment

Receive with solemn purpose, to observe  
Immutably his sov'reign will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd  
Gently for our instruction, to impart 81  
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps avail us known: 85  
How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd  
Embracing round this florid earth; what cause 90  
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest  
Through all eternity so late to build  
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon  
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
What we, not to explore the secrets ask 95  
Of his eternal empire, but the more  
To magnify his works, the more we know.  
And the great light of day yet wants to run  
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in  
Heav'n,  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell 101  
His generation, and the rising birth  
Of nature from the unapparent deep:  
Or if the star of ev'ning and the moon  
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring  
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch; 106

Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :  
And thus the God-like Angel answer'd mild: 110  
This also thy request with caution ask'd  
Obtain ; though to recount almighty works,  
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?

Yet what thou can'st attain, which best may serve  
To glorify the Maker, and infer 116

Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing ; such commission from above  
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope 121

Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night ;  
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n.  
Enough is left besides to search and know. 125  
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temp'rance over appetite to know

In measure what the mind may well contain ;  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
Of Angels than that star the stars among)  
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135  
Victorious with his saints, th' Omnipotent

Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious; by whose aid 140  
This innaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,  
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom their place knows here no  
more;

Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145  
Their station; Heav'n yet populous retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministeries due and solemn rites:

But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150  
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create

Another world; out of one man a race 155  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd,  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,  
And earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to  
Earth, 160

One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n;  
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done.

My overshadowing Sp'rit and might with thee  
I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep 166  
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170  
And put not forth my goodness which is free  
To act or not, necessity and chance  
Approach not me ; and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake,  
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175  
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
Than time or motion ; but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told ;  
So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n, 180  
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will.  
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will  
To future men, and in their dwellings peace :  
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 185  
And th' habitations of the just : to him  
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create, instead  
Of Sp'rits malign, a better race to bring  
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190  
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies : Mean while the Son  
On his great expedition now appear'd,  
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd

Of majesty divine ; sapience and love 195

Immense, and all his Father in him shone.

About his chariot numberless were pour'd

Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,

And virtues, winged Sp'rits, and chariots wing'd

From th' armoury of God, where stand of old

Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd

Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,

Celestial equipage : and now came forth

Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,

Attendant on their Lord : Heav'n open'd wide

Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound ! 206

On golden hinges moving, to let forth

The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word

And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the

shore

210

They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,

Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds

And surging waves, as mountains, to assault 214

Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep,  
peace,

Said then th'omnific Word ; your discord end.

Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim

Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ; 220

For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train

Follow'd in bright procession, to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things.  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
This be thy just circumference, O world! 231  
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
Matter unform'd and void. Darkness profound  
Cover'd th' abyss : but on the wat'ry calm  
His brooding wings the Sp'rit of God outspread,  
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth 236  
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd  
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs  
Adverse to life : then founded, then conglob'd  
Like things to like, the rest to sev'ral place 240  
Disparted, and between spun out the air ;  
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said God ; and forthwith  
light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east  
To journey through the aery gloom began, 246  
Spher'd in a radiant cloud ; for yet the sun  
Was not : she in a cloudy tabernacle  
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good ;  
And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250  
Divided : light the Day, and darkness Night.

He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn :  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld. 255  
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth ; with joy and  
shout

The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning  
prais'd  
God and his works ; Creator him they sung,  
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first  
morn. 260

Again, God said, Let there be firmament  
Amid the waters, and let it divide  
The waters from the waters. And God made  
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265  
In circuit to the utmost convex

Of this great round : partition firm and sure,  
The waters underneath from those above  
Dividing : for as earth, so he the world  
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270  
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes

Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :  
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament. So ev'n  
And morning chorus sung the second day. 275

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,  
Appear'd not. Over all the face of th' earth

Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe, 280  
Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
Sate with genial moisture, when God said,  
Be gather'd now, ye waters, under Heav'n  
Into one place, and let dry land appear.  
Immediately the mountains huge appear 285  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:  
So high as heav'd the tumid hills; so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters: thither they 290  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd  
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;  
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste: such flight the great command im-  
press'd  
On the swift floods. As armies at the call 295  
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;  
If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,  
Soft-ebbing: nor withstood them rock or hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide 301  
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,  
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;  
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks, where rivers now 305  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
The dry land, Earth; and the great receptacle

Of congregated waters he call'd Seas :  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth  
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind, 311  
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.  
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
Her universal face with pleasant green, 316  
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd  
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay  
Her bosom smelling sweet : and these scarce  
blown,  
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth  
crept 320  
The smelling gourd, upstood the corny reed  
Embattl'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,  
And bush with frizzl'd hair implicit. Last  
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or  
gemm'd 325  
Their blossoms : with high woods the hills were  
crown'd,  
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,  
With borders long the rivers : that earth now  
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might  
dwell,  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330  
Her sacred shades. Tho' God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground

None was, but from the earth a dewy mist  
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth,  
God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew 336  
On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :  
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights  
High in th' expanse of Heav'n, to divide 340  
The day from night ; and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years ;  
And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,  
To give light on the earth : and it was so. 345  
And God made two great lights, great for their  
use

To Man ; the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night altern ; and made the stars,  
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n  
T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great work, that it was good :  
For, of celestial bodies, first the sun,  
A mighty sphere, he fram'd, unlightsome first,  
Though of ethereal mould : then form'd the moon  
Globose, and ev'ry magnitude of stars,  
And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field :  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd  
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive 361

And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Their small peculiar, though for human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370  
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude through Heav'n's high road. The  
grey

Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,  
But opposite in levell'd west was set 376  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect; and still that distance keeps  
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle; and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the hemisphere. Then first ador'd  
With her bright luminaries that set and rose, 385  
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth  
day.

And God said, Let the waters generate  
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:  
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings

Display'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n. 390  
And God created the great whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds,  
And ev'ry bird of wing after his kind;  
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, say-  
ing, 395  
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
And lakes, and running streams the waters fill;  
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.  
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400  
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid-sea: part single or with mate  
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through  
groves  
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance, 405  
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,  
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch. On smooth the seal,  
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410  
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gait,  
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415  
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores

Their brood as num'rous hatch, from th' egg  
that soon

Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge  
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sub-  
lime, 421

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect: there the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:  
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425  
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth

Their aery caravan high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing, 429  
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd  
plumes.

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale 435  
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:  
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd

Their downy breast. The swan with arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440  
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tow'r  
The mid aëreal sky: others on ground

Walk'd firm. The crested cock, whose clarion  
sounds

The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train  
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue 445  
Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus  
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose 449  
With ev'ning harps and matin, when God said,  
Let th' earth bring forth soul-living in her kind,  
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,  
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd; and  
straight

Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth  
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms, 455  
Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up  
rose

As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons  
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;  
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460  
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks,  
Past'ring at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from  
bonds, 465

Andrampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground 469  
Bare up his branching head: scarce from his mould

Behemoth biggest borne of earth, upheav'd  
His vastness ; fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,  
As plants : ambiguous between sea and land  
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or worm : those wav'd their limber fans  
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
In all the liv'ries deck'd of summer's pride,

With spots of gold and purple', azure and green :  
These as a line their long dimension drew, 480  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all  
Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind,

Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd  
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
The parsimonious emmet, provident 485

Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,  
Pattern of just equality perhaps  
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes

Of commonalty : swarming next appear'd  
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells 491  
With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,  
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them  
names,

Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown  
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 495  
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd

Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500  
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire  
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,  
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was  
walk'd

Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;  
There wanted yet the master-work, the end 505  
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright with front serene,  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n, 511  
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
Directed in devotion, to adore  
And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
Of all his works. Therefore th' Omnipotent 516  
Eternal Father (for where is not he  
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule 520  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
The breath of life: in his own image he 526  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.

Male he created thee, but thy consort  
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth, 531  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,  
And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place 535  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540  
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth  
yields,  
Variety without end; but of the tree,  
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,  
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou  
dy'st;

Death is the penalty impos'd; beware, 545  
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
Surprize thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unweari'd, up return'd,  
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new-created world  
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd 555  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,

Answ'ring his great idea. Up he rode,  
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd  
Angelic harmonies. The earth, the air 560  
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st);  
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung;  
The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung; 565  
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
The great Creator from his work return'd  
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged messengers  
On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
The glorious train ascending. He thro' Heav'n,  
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575  
To God's eternal house direct the way:  
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580  
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the se-  
venth

Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun  
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount  
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne

Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure, 586  
The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down  
With his great Father (for he also went  
Invisible) yet stay'd (such privilege  
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590  
Author and End of all things, and from work  
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,  
As resting on that day from all his work,  
But not in silence holy kept: the harp  
Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595  
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
Choral or unison: of incense clouds  
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600  
Creation and the six days acts they sung:  
Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite  
Thy pow'r! What thought can measure thee, or  
tongue  
Relate thee! Greater now in thy return  
Than from the giant Angels! thee that day 605  
Thy thunders magnify'd! but to create,  
Is greater than created to destroy.  
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
Thy empire! Easily the proud attempt  
Of Sp'rits apostate and their counsels vain 610  
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves

To manifest the more thy might : his evil 615  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n  
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view  
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea :  
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620  
Num'rous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world  
Of destin'd habitation ; but thou know'st  
Their seasons : among these the seat of Men,  
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,  
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,  
And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,  
Created in his image, there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshippers 630  
Holy and just ! thrice happy if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright !

So sung they, and the empyrean rung  
With Halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this world and face of things began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning, that posterity  
Inform'd by thee might know ; if else thou seek'st  
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

13/4/1914