THE POEMS OF MILTON.

VOLUME I.
John Milton
THE
Poetical Works
of
John Milton.

With a Memoir.

Vol. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Life of Milton prefixed to this edition is from the pen of his latest biographer, Prof. David Masson, of London. The notes are those of the Rev. John Mitford. Before going to a new impression, occasion has been taken to correct a considerable number of errors, principally in the citations from the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets.
THE LIFE OF MILTON.

BY DAVID MASSON.

John Milton was born at his father's house in Bread Street, in the city of London, on the 9th of December, 1608. Nothing of the material fabric of the street in which he was born now remains, the great fire of 1666 having destroyed that with so much of the rest of old London. But the present Bread Street, which is one of the streets striking off from the great thoroughfare of Cheapside towards the river, occupies the exact site of the old Bread Street; and the spot in which Milton was born may be yet identified as being that occupied by the third or fourth house on the left, going from Cheapside. Here, as one of a line of very respectable shops, and dwelling-houses over them, inhabited chiefly by merchants, and all, as was then the custom, distinguished by signs over the doors and not by numbers as at present, there stood, prior to the great fire, a house and shop known as the Black Spread Eagle. Milton's father, whose name was also John, had occupied this house since 1603, and carried on in it the business of a scrivener or a copying lawyer. The story is, that he had betaken himself to that profession some fifteen or twenty years before, on being disinherited by his father, a substantial yeoman in Oxfordshire, for having abandoned the Catholic faith. He had prospered well, and had
become possessed of considerable property, including the house in Bread Street; and the sign of the Spread Eagle affixed to the house was no other than the armorial device of his family. Before removing to this house, and when verging on forty years of age, he had married a lady considerably younger than himself, whose name, according to one account, was Sarah Bradshaw, but according to another, Sarah Caston. Five children were the issue of the marriage, of whom only three attained to mature years,—a daughter, Anne, a year or two older than the poet; the poet himself; and a son named Christopher, exactly seven years younger than the poet.

In Milton's case there is less trace of the effect of that rude, though powerful kind of education which is afforded to all children by the mere miscellany of external circumstances amid which they live, than of the effect of the more express education of orderly domestic training. Here, to use a common phrase, he had every advantage. Peace, piety, and comfort reigned in the home in Bread Street. Like most of the substantial London citizens of the time, the scrivener was of Puritan leanings in the matter of religion, and his household was regulated on Puritan principles. But he was also a man of liberal culture and taste. He was especially skilled in music; and specimens of his skill in this art may be seen in various musical publications of the day. It was from him that Milton derived his musical ear, and his first tuition in music as an art and a science. This excellent man discerned the genius of his son from the first, and found the chief pleasure and pride of his life in fostering it and watching its growth. Of Milton's mother we hear less. She was, accord-
ing to Milton himself, "a most amiable woman, particularly noted for her charities in the neighborhood;" and Aubrey adds that she had such weak eyes, that before she was thirty years old she had to wear spectacles.

It was in his father's house that Milton received his earliest literary education. His first teacher was Thomas Young, a Scot, who, after having been educated at one of the Scottish universities, had migrated into England. His connection with the Milton family may have begun as early as 1618, when his pupil was ten years of age; and it must have closed by 1623, when Young went abroad as chaplain to the British merchants at Hamburg, from which exile he returned in 1628 to be settled as vicar of Stowmarket in Suffolk. While still under Young's care, Milton was sent to St. Paul's School—a public grammar school of as high celebrity as any in London, and convenient as being situated within a minute's walk of Bread Street. The head-master of the school was Alexander Gill, a Lincolnshire man, whose reputation as a teacher was then great; and the usher, or undermaster, was his son, the Rev. Alexander Gill, junior, who had recently left Oxford with a considerable name as a scholar. With him Milton contracted an acquaintance, which was continued afterwards; and he also formed a friendship with a fellow-pupil at the school, named Charles Diodati, the son of an Italian physician settled in London. Diodati left school for Oxford in 1621; but Milton remained at school three or four years longer. At school, according to Aubrey, "he studied very hard and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock, and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him; and
in these years he composed many verses which might well become a riper age." Of these early poetical exercises, the only remaining specimens are his English paraphrases of Psalms cxiv. and cxxxvi., which bear to have been done in his sixteenth year. Milton himself, however, confirms Aubrey's account of his excessive studiousness from his earliest boyhood; and he says that when he was sent to the university he was already "instructed in various tongues," and had "no mean apprehension of the sweetness of philosophy."

Cambridge has the honor of counting Milton among her eminent sons. He was entered as a lesser pensioner at Christ's College, Cambridge, on the 12th February, 1624-5, when he was sixteen years and two months old; and he continued his studies in the college for the full academic period of seven years. Concerning his college-life there has been much difficulty among his biographers. Johnson was the first to hint the belief that while at college he sustained some punishment at the hands of the college authorities, if not the indignity of corporal chastisement. The original authority, however, for such a statement is Aubrey, whose memoir of Milton, accessible in print since 1813, Johnson had probably seen in MS. at Oxford. Aubrey says that Milton, having received "some unkindness" from his first tutor at college, left him for another; and over the words "some unkindness" there are inserted in the MS. the words "whipt him." On this, taken in connection with Milton's first Latin elegy, in which, writing to his friend Diodati, he seems to refer to some difference with the college authorities, which was occasioning his temporary absence from college, the whole controversy has
been raised. From the investigation we have been able to bestow on the subject, the facts seem to be these: That about the second or third year of his residence at college Milton did have some difference with his first tutor, Mr. William Chappell, then one of the most distinguished tutors in the university, and afterwards Bishop of Cork and Ross; that this difference did involve some interference on the part of the master of the college, Dr. Bainbridge, in consequence of which Milton left college for a time; but that eventually the difference was adjusted by his being transferred from Chappell's tutorship to that of the Rev. Nathaniel Tovey, afterwards a parish clergyman in Leicestershire. It is certain, at least, that any "rustication" to which Milton was subjected did not involve the loss of a single term of his academic course. He took both his degrees exactly at the proper time; his B. A. degree in January 1628-9, and his M. A. degree in July 1632. Apart, however, from the controversy as to his rustication, it is certain, from Milton's own statements, that at first, owing to a certain haughtiness of manner, and also to a certain obstinacy in pursuing his own course of study, he was unpopular within the walls of the college. His college-fellows, he tells us, used to nickname him "The Lady," in allusion partly to the delicacy of his personal appearance, and partly to his moral fastidiousness. He informs us distinctly, however, that this unpopularity was but temporary, and that long before he left college he had won the respect not only of the college, but of the whole university. He speaks in one place of "that more than ordinary favor and respect which he found above any
of his equals at the hands of those courteous and learned men” who were the authorities of his college, and who, he says, when he left them in 1632, “signified in many ways how much better it would content them that he would stay.” In short, Milton left the university with the highest possible reputation. “By his indefatigable study,” says Anthony Wood, “he profited exceedingly, and was esteemed to be a sober and virtuous person, yet not to be ignorant of his own parts.” These last words are worth noting. From the very first there is discernible in Milton a vein of noble self-respect, and even self-assertion; a conviction of superior power when measured with others; a conscious dedication of his life to noble ends; and a resolution to preserve unstained the purity of his moral being, as essential to the capacity of truly great work in the world, or truly great endeavor of whatever kind.

On going to the university Milton had been destined for the Church. For this purpose he had gone through the usual course of study in rhetoric, logic, and the scholastic philosophy and theology — studies, however, which even then he regarded in the main as barren and unprofitable, and on which, as on the whole system of university training, he afterwards looked back with vehement contempt. There is evidence that during the seven years which he spent in Christ’s College he led a life of singular intellectual independence, performing his academic tasks duly, but occupying himself with much else of his own choosing. The following is a list of his remaining writings during this period (1625-1632): —

I. Latin. — (1.) In prose, the first four of his Familiar Epistles, written in 1625 and 1628, and addressed to Thomas
Young and Alexander Gill the younger; and seven college themes or orations on various subjects written between 1626 and 1632, and first published by him, along with his *Familiar Epistles*, in 1674, under the title of *Prolusiones quaedam Oratores*. (2.) In verse, thirteen pieces, chiefly on incidents of his university life; to wit, the seven pieces in the elegiac metre which form his *Elegiarum Liber*, and the first six pieces of his so-called *Sylvarum Liber*.

II. English. — Thirteen poems, longer or shorter, as follows: — *On the Death of a Fair Infant dying of a Cough*, 1626, — the infant being the poet’s niece, the daughter of his sister Anne, who in 1624 or 1625 had married Edward Philips from Shrewsbury, who held a situation in the Crown Office, London; part of a *Vacation Exercise at College*, 1628; *The Hymn on the Nativity*, 1629; *On the Passion*, 1630; *On Time*, 1630; *On the Circumcision*, 1630; *At a Solemn Musick*, 1630; *On May Morning*, 1630; *On Shakespear*, 1630; *On the University Carrier* (Hobson), “who sickened in the time of his vacancy (January 1630-1), being forbid to go to London by reason of the plague;” *Another on the same*; *An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*, 1631; *Sonnet* on his twenty-third birthday, 1631.

No one can read these juvenile compositions now without discerning in them ample promise of what Milton became. The English poems are best known; and in one or two of them — as in that on the Fair Infant and that on Christ’s Nativity — there is evidence of true poetic genius and of the most exquisite skill in words and verse. But it is in the less-read Latin compositions, perhaps, that the leading traits in the character of the young poet are best exhibited. There, while we admire the strong understanding, and a command of the Latin tongue in comparison with which the usual classical Latinity of modern scholars is forced and feeble, and while also, even in the cumbrous element of the Latin, we discern the graceful winging of the poetic muse, we see at the same time, better than we can see in the English poems, the habitually grave and austere tone of Milton’s mind from his earliest youth, —
its tendency, on the one hand, to scorn, and a kind of ferocity of disgust and reprobation; and on the other, to high ideal views and contemplations such as enter only the spirits of the sublime. Nowhere else in the range of juvenile writing known to us is there such distinct evidence of what Horace has called the "os magna soniturum," — the mouth formed for great utterances. The very heaviness of such attempts as there are at the facetious and the humorous proves that it was not in these that Milton was fitted to excel. "Festivitates et sales," he says himself in one of the pieces, "in quibus pereziguum agnosco facultatem meam." In other words, the basis of his character was a moral austerity inconsistent with mere frolic or frivolity, though not inconsistent with the free exercise, on the one hand, of a powerful and inquisitive intellect, or, on the other, of a fantasy delighting in the minutest forms of the musical and the graceful.

It is to be remembered that, though Milton had the compositions above mentioned in manuscript before leaving Cambridge, none of them was published prior to that time, except the Epitaph on Shakspeare. It appeared anonymously among the laudatory verses prefixed to the second folio Shakspeare in 1632; and it is interesting to know that Milton's first appearance in print was on such an occasion. He was then in his twenty-fourth year. According to his original intention, he would about this time have been passing from college to some country curacy; and one can hardly help speculating as to what might have been the result for the Church of England had he done so. A Milton among the ecclesiastics of the days of Laud would have been a phenomenon of
some interest. Long ere leaving college, however, he had abandoned the idea of being a clergyman. The reason was his jealous concern for his intellectual and religious freedom,—a state of mind for which the condition of the Church of England under the ascendancy of Laud afforded little chance of satisfaction. Whoever would become a clergyman at that time must, he said, "subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that could not retch, he must strait perjure himself." He describes himself, therefore, as "church-outed by the prelates," and as having no other prospect left to him than that of a life devoted to study and literature. It says much for the liberality and discretion of his father, that in these circumstances, instead of urging him into a profession against his will, he suffered him to take his own way. Till he was thirty-one years of age, Milton did not earn a penny for himself.

The five years of Milton's life which followed his leaving college (1632-1637) were spent by him at Horton in Buckinghamshire, about twenty miles from London, whither his father had retired in his old age after giving up business. These five years, according to his own account, were spent in complete literary leisure and the enjoyment of the quiet rural beauty of the neighborhood; not but that sometimes he "exchanged the country for the town, either for the purpose of buying books or for that of taking lessons in music or mathematics." During this time, he says, he turned over the Greek and Latin writers; doubtless also the Italian, French, and English; and there is proof also that he entertained for a time the notion of studying law along with his
younger brother Christopher, who had adopted the law as his profession. Of his literary assiduity during the same period there is ample evidence in a long list of subjects for dramas and other poems, drawn out by him in the course of his miscellaneous reading, and now preserved, with others of his manuscripts, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Of his actual and surviving writings during this period the following is a list:

1. Three Latin Familiar Epistles,—the first dated 1634, and addressed to Alexander Gill the Younger, and the other two dated September, 1637, and addressed to Charles Diodati. Possibly also a scrap or two of Latin verse.

II. The following well-known English poems:

1. The Sonnet to the Nightingale; and possibly one or two other sonnets.

2. The two exquisite companion poems L'Allegro and II Penseroso.

3. "Arcades; part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit." The Dowager Countess of Derby here alluded to was the same lady who, in her youth, forty years before, had, under the name of Amaryllis, been the theme of Spenser's song. After the death of her first husband, Lord Strange, who succeeded his father as Earl of Derby in 1594, she had married the Lord Keeper, afterwards Lord Chancellor, Egerton, by whose death in 1617 she was left a widow for the second time. She lived at Harefield House, near Uxbridge, where she frequently had her younger relatives about her, including the Earl of Bridgewater, her second husband's eldest son, who had married one of her daughters by her first husband. It has been supposed that this venerable lady and her family had discovered the poetic talent of Milton, and had him frequently with them as a favored guest; but the more probable supposition is, that the young people of her family, having resolved, according to the custom of the time, to get up a masque or musical entertainment in her honor, Milton wrote the words of the Arcades to oblige his intimate friend Henry Lawes the musician, who had been charged with the arrangements. The date of the entertainment was 1633 or 1634; and Arcades was therefore written when Milton was in his twenty-sixth year.

4. "Comus; a masque presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634,
before John, Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales." Pleased with the Arcades, the young people of the Bridgewater family had determined on a longer and more elaborate performance of the same kind; and they found an excellent opportunity for it in the autumn of 1634, when the earl went to Ludlow Castle in Shropshire to take up his official residence there as Lord President of Wales. His children—Lord Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice—went with him; and there was a congress of the neighboring nobility and gentry. The masque for such an occasion required to be something beyond ordinary; and while Lawes did his best for the music, it was felt by the family that it would raise the character of the entertainment if Milton would undertake the poetry. He did so; and taking a hint, it is said, from an adventure which had befallen Lady Alice in Haywood Forest, produced the beautiful masque of the Lady lost in the Enchanted Wood, and beguiled by Comus and his crew, till her brothers find her. It was by far the most considerable poem that Milton had yet produced, and the rumor of it must have carried his name into many circles.

That it did so, we learn from the fact that Lawes published the poem in 1637, with a dedication to Lord Brackley, in which he says, that "although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring; so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and wrought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view."

5. Lycidas; a monody on the death of Mr. Edward King, a young gentleman of great promise, who had been Milton's college companion at Cambridge. He was drowned in August, 1637, in crossing from Chester to Ireland, where his friends resided; and the event seems to have produced a great sensation at Cambridge, where a volume was published in the following year, containing three Greek, nineteen Latin, and thirteen English poems to his memory. Milton's Lycidas, which is signed "J. M.," closes the volume. He had most probably written it at Horton and sent it to Cambridge. He was then in his twenty-ninth year.

Such were Milton's productions during the five years of his residence under his father's roof at Horton, or from his twenty-fourth to his twenty-ninth year. They are small in bulk, but how exquisite in quality! The minor poems of Milton are, and ever will be, the admiration of critics; and had Milton died at the same time as the friend whom he celebrates as Lycidas, we should
still have had, in virtue of those poems, to pronounce his beautiful name among those of the sons of the English muse.

Considered, however, in relation to our knowledge of Milton as he was all in all through life, there is a peculiarity in these early poems. They are truly Miltonic; but they are Miltonic, not in the sense that they represent the whole of Milton, even as he was when he wrote them, but in the sense that they represent him in those moments when he bent his softer genius to the exercise and relaxation of English verse. The poems belong, on the whole, to the idyllic, or what may be called the sensuous-ideal class; that is to say, they are rather poems of rich and beautiful fantasy, of quiet thoughts and imaginations sweetly linked, than of powerful human interest or greatly agitated feeling. They are in this respect not unlike the poetry of Spenser and Keats. According to Coleridge's remark, however, they prove all the better on this account that Milton was by nature a poet. The tendency to choose themes lying remote from ordinary social interests, and the ability, in treating such themes, to wander on and on in a purely ideal manner, weaving a tissue of sensuous fancies connected by occult relations of beauty rather than by the direct associations of place and time, are, according to Coleridge, the most hopeful signs in a youthful poet. These signs were visible in Milton from the first. With all his moral austerity, all his learning, all the strength of his understanding, and all his sterner inclination to the dogmatic, the indignant, and the polemical, his main delight from the first, when he was free to choose, was in purely literary and especially poetic recreation; as if to show how,
by reason of very strength, a soul might come to rest in the sweet and exquisite, and so make true his own maxim,—

"How charming is divine philosophy!—
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute."

His early preferences in literature, he tells us himself, had been for the "smooth elegiac poets," whom, both for their matter and "the pleasing sound of their numerous writing," he found "in imitation most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part" in him. He means here poets of the sensuous or sensuous-ideal order, and refers chiefly to Ovid and other classic and Italian poets, though Spenser may be included. That he was right in saying that, as regards their form, the imitation of these poets was agreeable to nature's part in him, no reader of the minor poems can doubt. One of the most striking things about them, especially when compared with the contemporary English poetry produced under Ben Jonson's critical supremacy, during the last years of his laureateship, is the perfection of their literary texture,—the taste and finish of their language and versification. Ben died in 1637, and they were therefore in existence in time for him to have seen them, or some of them; and if he had seen them, he would have found even his own most graceful masques, and much more the productions of the Randolphs and others whom he regarded as his literary children, but slovenly things in comparison. But while the form of the poets whom he admired presented no difficulty to Milton, was rivalry with them in matter equally agreeable to nature's part in him? On this point there have been varieties in opinion. That all in all Milton was a poet; that he possessed
the poetic faculty *par excellence*, — call it imagination, ideality, or what we will, — no one has yet been bold enough to deny; and there are perhaps few who would not agree with Coleridge that the nature of this "poetic imagination" — this "vision and faculty divine" — may be better studied in Milton, by reason of its colossal proportions in him, than in any other English poet. If imagination in the poet is the power of thinking in concrete circumstance, of embodying meanings and states of mind in imaginary scenes, incidents, and objects of beauty, which remain in the memory as "a joy for ever," — what imagination in the *Penseroso* and the *Allegro*, where the poet has collected and woven together with such musical art the circumstances of nature and life suggestive to the recluse of melancholy on the one hand, and of cheerfulness on the other; in the *Arcades*, where, upon the simple incident of two or three young people advancing on an English lawn, with the homage of a speech and songs, to a venerable lady seated under the trees to receive them, the poet has framed so complete and so charming a fantasy for ear and eye; in the *Comus*, where, on the suggestion of a larger incident of the same kind, he has provided for us, and placed irremovably in our literature, that fantasy of the enchanted forest, more British than any in Spenser, and yet wholly air-hung, through which the lost maiden is ever wandering, and the noble pair of brothers are ever searching for her, and the magical crew are ever revelling with evil intent, and the attendant spirit of purity, disguised as a shepherd, is ever walking his watchful round; finally, in the *Lycidas*, where, because a hopeful youth has died, we are back among
the streams and dells of Arcadia, and behold a landscape in tears! And yet here occurs a question. Imagination or poetry consists in embodying meanings and feelings in forms, which forms must be sensuous; but can it be that a mind should have this poetic tendency to sensuous embodiment of an ideal kind without having a fondness for what may be called the actual sensuous, or, in other words, a love of natural beauty and an accurate perception of it? As regards Milton, this question has been raised incidentally by Mr. Ruskin, who, in a classification he has given of eminent moderns according to the degree in which they seem to him to have possessed a constitutional delight in nature, or the habit of accurately perceiving natural beauty, has placed Milton, along with such men as Bacon and Johnson, among those in whom this quality was moderate or defective, as distinct from those, such as Shenstone, Keats, and poets generally, in whom it was evidently great. Now there is much importance in this separation of the men of thought and energy on the one hand, who act outwards upon nature, and whose greatness consists in such action, from the men of sensibility on the other, who are tremulous to the sights and sounds of nature, and find their function in recording and reproducing them; nor is Mr. Ruskin wrong when he places Milton among the men of thought and dogma, who had strength within themselves, and whose faculty did not lie mainly in the tips of their outer senses. He seems to be unjust to Milton, however, in the negative part of his criticism, which denies to Milton keenness of external perception and sensibility to natural beauty along with his moral and speculative strength. His
minor poems have much of their charm in their sensuousness; this is, indeed, the word that would be used to characterize what is most evident in them. By Wordsworth himself—who recalled our poetry to truth and nature, and who was at war with almost all our poets from Dryden downwards, precisely because, as he said, they had never looked at nature for themselves, but had spoken of her by rote—the accuracy of Milton's images from nature was never impugned, but was, on the contrary, asserted and exemplified, and held up by way of example; and it would take much argument now to prove that the sensuousness of Milton's poetry was a simulated or merely literary sensuousness, and not the real sensuousness of a man who delighted in the fields, and the flowers, and the clouds, and whose mind teemed with recollections of them. We do not find in Milton, indeed, that universal retentiveness of objects and facts of all kinds, from the oddities of street life, up through the beauties of sylvan scenery, to the splendors of celestial space, which we find in Shakspeare, and to which, so far as facts of the lower or more uncouth order are admitted along with those of the higher, a certain humorous lightness of disposition, such as Milton did not possess, seems to be essential. It may be also that, in Milton as in other men, there had been developed a kind of secondary love of nature, as already transfused and attenuated into literature, and seen through the mist of beautiful speech. All in all, however, as it was certainly the bent of his genius to express itself in sensuous imaginations, so there seems to have been no film separating him from the world of actual existence, whence the materials for these
imaginations are usually drawn; but on the contrary, such an habitual intimacy of his senses with whatever in nature or life was beautiful or impressive, that whenever his fantasy began to work, his memory was ready with authentic forms, sounds, colors, or whatever else was necessary for any poetic combination. His woods, his flowers, his atmosphere, are the woods, the flowers, and the atmosphere of genuine English nature.

Underneath the grace and the flowers, however, there are in these minor poems of Milton all the signs of his manly strength. We have called them sensuous-ideal in their general character, and have spoken of them as being, even in virtue of their singular excellence in this kind, essentially Miltonic; but they are Miltonic also in a higher and more complete sense, as indicating the massiveness of Milton's moral, and the height of his intellectual, nature. The purity of tone in all of them is as perfect as the literary taste; and every now and then, from amid the softness and the luxuriance there breaks forth a passage of luminous speculative meaning or sublime moral maxim. In Comus the very theme is the inviolability of virtue by all the powers and wiles of assaulting circumstance; and here, as also in the later poem of Lycidas, there are outbreaks of the spirit of the future polemic and stern social reformer.

Just before Lycidas was written, Milton's mother had died (Aug. 3, 1637) at Horton, where she lies buried. From his father, now about seventy-four years of age, the poet not long after obtained leave to make a continental tour, more expressly for the purpose of visiting Italy. He set out with one servant towards the end of the
year, taking with him some letters of introduction, and some good advice from Sir Henry Wotton, provost of Eton, who had been King James's ambassador at Venice. He was kindly received at Paris by Lord Scudamore, the English ambassador, who introduced him to Grotius, then ambassador in Paris for Queen Christina of Sweden, and also gave him letters to English merchants in Italy. He went to Genoa by way of Nice, and from Genoa to Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence. At Florence he remained two months, frequenting the society of artists and men of letters. From Florence he went to Siena, and thence to Rome, where he also stayed some time and formed some useful acquaintances. He next visited Naples, where he received much attention from the aged Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, the friend and patron of Tasso. Manso at parting took him to task in a friendly manner for his imprudence in speaking too frankly of religious matters. From Naples it was Milton's intention to proceed to Sicily and Greece; but the news which he received of the imminence of a civil war in his native land determined him to return. "I thought it dishonorable," he says, "that I should be travelling at my ease for amusement, when my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty." Returning northwards, therefore, he reached Rome again, where he was told that the Jesuits had laid a plot against him; but though he remained two months more there, and made no concealment of the strength of his Protestantism, he was not molested. From Rome he went again for two months to Florence; thence to Lucca, and so across the Apennines, through Bologna and Ferrara, to Venice. Thence, after
a month's stay, and having shipped for England the books he had bought in Italy, he travelled, by Verona, Milan, and the Pennine Alps, to Geneva, where he became acquainted with the theologian Diodati, the uncle of his friend Charles; and so through France back again to England, from which he had been absent in all a year and three months. While still abroad, Milton had heard of the death of his friend Charles Diodati; and on his return he wrote his Latin poem entitled Epitaphium Damonis in honor of his memory.

One result of the Italian tour, which has not perhaps been sufficiently noted, was its effect in stimulating his literary ambition. While in Italy he had shown about, according to the custom, or had recited in literary circles, some of his juvenile compositions in Latin and English, and had also written some additional trifles, among which were his few Italian sonnets, and his three short Latin poems, Ad Leonoram Romae canentem; and the two longer ones, entitled, Mansus and Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum aegrotantem. These specimens of his taste and skill had won him, in return, complimentary letters and copies of verses from the Italian scholars and wits, some of which he thought worth preserving, to be shown afterwards to his less appreciating countrymen. "Gratified," he says, with encomiums of this kind, "which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps," he had no sooner returned to England than he felt the desire for literary production more strongly than ever. "I began," he says, "thus far to assent both to them and to divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intent study (which I take
to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die." His aspirations had even taken a certain determinate direction as regarded the work on which he was to spend his strength. Knowing that "it would be hard to arrive even at the second rank among the Latins," he had resolved that his literary labors thenceforth should be chiefly in his mother-tongue, "not caring once to be named abroad, though perhaps he could attain to that, but content with these British islands as his world." He had resolved, moreover, that his main work should be a poem, and a poem of the higher order, in which "what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for their country," he "in his proportion, with this over and above of being a Christian," might do for his. As to the precise form and subject of such a poem, however, he had not made up his mind;—whether it should be epic, after the model of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, and if epic, what king or knight of British history before the Conquest should be chosen as the hero; or whether it should be a stately drama, in which something of the form of Sophocles and Euripides should be combined with still higher forms, of which the Bible, and especially the Apocalypse, afforded examples; or whether, finally, it should be some grand lyric, such as heathen genius had hardly yet attempted.

Alas! these schemes and ruminations were destined to a speedy and severe interruption. The civil war, prognostications of which had reached him in Italy and hastened his return, was now
about to begin in earnest; and for a period of twenty years Britain was to be the scene of a social strife such as had been scarce paralleled in the world before. During these twenty years there was very little literature produced in England that was not polemical in its tenor. There were controversial treatises and pamphlets in abundance; there were also satires and songs for political purposes, and full of political allusions; but of pure history, pure philosophical writing, or pure poetry, there was little. The men of talent from whom literature of such kind was to be expected were either dispersed abroad, or, if they remained in England, were whirled along in the common agitation. In the lives of Shirley, Waller, Hobbes, Davenant, Cleveland, Denham, and Cowley, and even in those of men like Jeremy Taylor and Fuller, the effects of the civil wars of Charles's reign, as bending them somewhat, both in external and in internal respects, out of what might otherwise have been their course, may be traced without difficulty. But in the case of Milton the effect is infinitely more striking. But for the civil wars we should have known but half the man. In his case there was a pre-established harmony of mind with the great national revolution through which he had to pass; there were elements in his moral and intellectual being which actually waited for the convulsion; nay, of him alone, in the midst of the Davenants, and Cowleys, and Wallers, can it be said that there was something in his very notions of literature itself which, corresponding as it did by a profound affinity to the new Puritan spirit then beating in the heart of the English people, pointed for that very reason to a literary development which should be
no mere continuation of the dregs of Elizabethan wit, but an outburst as original intellectually as the Puritan movement was socially, and requiring partisanship with that movement as its explanation and comment. On the first manifest signs of that movement he consented, as he says, "to lay aside his singing-robcs" for a more convenient season, and "to leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts," in order to "embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes." He imagined that a year or two of such work, to which he felt that he was lending "only his left hand," would be all that would be required of him. But once engaged in the controversies of the time, he was led on and on; and for the space of full twenty years we see him only as a polemical prose-writer, giving and taking blows in the cause of the Revolution, and producing nothing at all in verse except an occasional Latin scrap or epigram, and a few English sonnets suggested by passing occurrences. To attempt here a full and connected narrative of this period of his life is evidently impossible; it will be sufficient to present a chronological scheme of the main facts, including a list of his successive publications.

1640-42 (Milton ætat. 31–33).—The Long Parliament met November 3, 1640. Milton had by this time changed his mode of life. The household at Horton having been broken up, and his father having gone to reside at Reading with his younger son Christopher, then a barrister-at-law and of royalist politics, Milton had taken lodgings in the house of one Russell, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street. Here he took to lodge and board with him his two young
nephews, Edward and John Philips, then about nine or ten years of age, the sons of his sister Anne, now married for the second time to a Mr. Agar of the Crown Office. The arrangement seems to have been one of mere kindness at first; but his friends having suggested to him that he might take a few more boys to educate, he removed in 1641 to a larger house in Aldersgate Street, situated in a garden, and out of the bustle of the city. Here he received some additional pupils, the sons of wealthy friends, and occupied his time partly in educating them after a peculiar system of his own, and partly in private studies. It was in these circumstances that he wrote his first pamphlet. Amid the numerous matters occupying the attention of Parliament,—the trial of Strafford, &c.,—that of church reform was paramount. The root of the evil, it was felt by the Puritans, was in the prelatical constitution of the Church; and already there were petitions and bills having for their object nothing less than an abolition of bishops, deans, and chapters, and all Episcopal forms, and a reconstruction of the Church of England after the Presbyterian model. Into this controversy Milton threw himself; and, the press being then free for such opinions, he published in 1641 a treatise or bulky pamphlet in two books, in the form of a letter to a friend, entitled Of Reformation, touching Church Discipline in England, and the Causes that hitherto have hindered it. The treatise answers to its name, and is throughout a vehement attack on Prelacy in its forms and essence. It helped to infuriate the controversy which was already waging. A defender of Episcopacy appeared in Hall, Bishop of Norwich. Hall was answered
by a counterblast from five Puritan ministers, — Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young (Milton's old tutor), Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow, — who clubbed the initials of their names together so as to form the word "Smectymnuus"; and Archbishop Usher came to the rescue of Hall, and wrote a confutation of Smectymnuus. Milton feeling that the prelates were likely to have the best of the debate, both in learning and in literary talent, unless he interfered, grappled with Usher and his associates in two additional pamphlets: the one, entitled Of Prelatical Episcopacy, addressed mainly to the question of the apostolical origin of Episcopacy; the other, which is much the longer, entitled The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy. Nor was this all. Bishop Hall having himself written a reply to Smectymnuus, entitled The Remonstrant's Defence, Milton produced a fourth tract, written in the form of a dialogue, and entitled Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence, &c.; and finally, these "Animadversions" having drawn forth an anonymous reply, supposed to be by a son of Bishop Hall, in which Milton's character was scurrilously attacked, the controversy was wound up (1642) by Milton's Apology against a Pamphlet called "A Modest Confrontation of the Animadversions upon the Remonstrant against Smectymnuus."

1643-45 (Milton ætat. 34–36). — The civil war had now fairly begun. The king had his headquarters at Oxford, and his troops and those of the Parliament were fighting for the possession of the country. The Westminster Assembly had met to help the Parliament in discussing the religious question. In the midst of this confusion
Milton took a step usually taken in quieter times. "About Whitsuntide" (1643), says his nephew Philips, "he took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay from home, he returns a married man who set out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a justice of the peace of Forest Hill, near Shotover in Oxfordshire." There had been a previous acquaintance and some money transactions between the two families. What occurred after the marriage is known to everyone. Being no Minerva, but a simple and apparently rather stupid country-girl, "accustomed to dance with king's officers at home," the young wife found the life she was leading intolerable, and could see nothing in her husband but a man of harsh and morose ways, whom she could not understand, and who was always at his books. She asked leave to return home on a short visit, and, having gone, she flatly refused to come back. Her parents abetted her in the refusal, and seem, among other things, to have alleged their son-in-law's politics as a reason,—they being royalists. Milton's conduct on the occasion was most characteristic. Where other men would have remained quiet, or, if so inclined, have consoled themselves in secret, he made his case the matter of public argument. In a subsequent sketch, indeed, of his own life about this time, he speaks as if it was less any private reason, than the systematic prosecution of a path of activity which he had marked out for himself, that led him to the public discussion in which he now engaged. While other men were fighting for liberty, he says, he
had resolved to do what he could for the same great cause by expounding the true theory of liberty; and having already written on ecclesiastical liberty, and seen that question brought by events to some sort of settlement, he now saw remaining the equally important questions of private liberty and civil liberty. This is no doubt substantially accurate; and Milton's views on the marriage question were no doubt so properly a part of his general philosophy, that they might have been evolved in the mere course of speculation, without the stimulus of any private interest in the matter. On the whole, however, their connection with his own case is undeniable. It is as if he said,—“I have found myself in circumstances, in which a fundamental rule of society, as it exists, has come in conflict with my comfort in such a manner as to lead me to examine its validity by the higher laws and principles on which it professes to rest; and as I am not a man to do anything underhand, I here publish my views, in justification of whatever I may see fit to do.” He published in quick succession four tracts on this subject:—The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce restored, to the good of both Sexes, from the Bondage of Canon Law, &c. (1644, in which year two editions appeared, both addressed “to the Parliament of England, with the Assembly”); The Judgment of Martin Bucer touching Divorce (a translated series of extracts, also published in 1644); Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of Marriage or Nullities in Marriage (published in 1645, and addressed to the Parliament); and Colasterion; a Reply to a Nameless Answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce (1645).
The doctrine in all these tracts is, that moral incompatibility is as good a ground for divorce as conjugal infidelity, if not a better—a doctrine leading to numerous applications which he does not state, and which it is needless to say no civilized society has yet seen fit to adopt. One notices in the tracts, too, a singular disposition to treat the question as if it were entirely a man’s question; and indeed they are full of those notions of the inferiority of women which Milton held all his life, and which are generally repudiated with indignation by those who now adopt views similar to his as to the theory of the marriage bond. At the time, the pamphlets produced some sensation, and the author was nearly being taken to task for them by Parliament at the instance of the Presbyterian divines in the Assembly. As regards Milton himself, his views were never carried out, the king’s waning fortunes having made it convenient for his wife’s family to bring about a reconciliation, the effect of which was, that towards the end of 1645 Mrs. Milton was again domiciled with her husband. It was not to the house in Aldersgate Street, however, that she returned, but to a larger house which Milton had taken in Barbican, and which was then getting ready. Here, besides her husband and his pupils, she found old Mr. Milton the father, who had been obliged during her absence to leave his younger son’s house in Reading, in consequence of the surrender of that town to the Parliament, and to take up his quarters with his son John. It remains to add, before quitting Aldersgate Street, that here Milton wrote, besides his divorce pamphlets, his tract *On Education*, addressed to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, and his noble *Areopagitica, or Speech for the Lib*...
erty of Unlicensed Printing. Both were published in 1644, and they contain Milton's views on questions of great public interest at the time; — the first, his views on the state of the universities, and his plan of a gymnasium which should supersede both them and the grammar schools, and do the work of both better in a much shorter time; and the second, his views on the liberty of the press, in the form of an appeal to Parliament to reconsider an order they had just passed subjecting books to a censorship. When we add, that about the same time Milton prepared for the press the first edition of his poems (published in 1645, in a small volume, by Humphrey Moseley, the Tonson of his day, and containing, besides the pieces in English and Latin already named, some sonnets written in the mean time), it will be seen that there was industry enough in the house in Aldersgate Street during the absence of Mrs. Milton.

1646–48 (Milton ælat. 37–39). — Mrs. Milton's return, indeed, seems rather to have interrupted than to have forwarded his literary activity. One reason of this may have been that she brought her whole family after her. Her father, mother, brothers, and sisters were in Oxford when it surrendered to the parliamentary army in June, 1646; and, being thus driven from home, they came up to London, and were kindly received by Milton into his house till matters could be better arranged. As old Mr. Milton was still there, and as Milton's first daughter Anne had just been born (July 29, 1646), the house seems to have been inconveniently crowded; at least Philips hints as much when he says that after their departure it "looked again like a house of the muses." This
cannot have taken place prior to the first of January 1646–7, when the father-in-law died in Milton's house. Milton's own father died in the March following, at the age of eighty-four or upwards. These deaths, the return of the Powells to Oxfordshire, and probably also a falling off in the number of Milton's pupils, determined him to give up his house in the Barbican, and to remove (1647) to a smaller one in Holborn, having its back to Lincoln's Inn Fields. He does not seem to have continued to receive pupils long after this time, but to have been content with his scholarly studies and the quiet exercise of his pen. It has been remarked by Mr. Keightley, that Milton was fond of the humble literary practice of compilation, when there was nothing better for him to do; and accordingly it seems to have been during the years (1646–1648) when he was living in the Barbican and at Holborn, waiting for the farther issue of events, that he prepared for his own use, or for that of his pupils, some of those compilations which he afterwards published. At this time, at all events, he wrote a portion of his History of England. In poetry he still did next to nothing.

1648–9 (Milton æt. 40). — On the 30th January 1648–9 Charles was beheaded, and England became a Commonwealth, presided over by a council of state, served in the field by Cromwell and other generals, and assisted in legislation by the Rump Parliament. The Revolution had thus been borne on by its bolder spirits to a stage at which, while the outside world stood aghast, multitudes of those in Britain itself who had followed it so far, including the Scots and the Presbyterians generally, fell off or turned reactionary. At this
crisis Milton came forward to justify what the bolder spirits had done, and "to compose the minds of the people," naturally unsettled by the charges, flung upon them on all sides, that they had murdered their sovereign. Within a week or two after the execution of Charles he published a short pamphlet, the full title of which it is worth while to quote: — *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 [i.e., the Presbyterians] are the men that did it themselves*. So seasonable an interposition could not be overlooked by the government of the Commonwealth; and as Milton was personally known to Bradshaw and others of the council of state, they were empowered to consult with him as to his willingness to accept the office of foreign or Latin secretary to the council. He did accept the office, with a salary, as it appears, of about £290 per annum, and his appointment is dated the 15th of March 1648-9. In order to be near the scene of his duties, he removed from Holborn to lodgings at Charing Cross; he was subsequently in the course of the year accommodated with rooms at Whitehall, but only till an official residence which had been assigned him in Scotland Yard could be got ready. Prior to his acceptance of the Latin secretaryship he had published a pamphlet entitled *Observations on Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish Rebels*, in which is discussed the policy of the late king in the matter of Irish Popery and Presbyterianism.
1649-53 (Milton ætat. 40-44). — Milton's official duties consisted in preparing drafts of such letters in Latin as the council desired from time to time to address to foreign princes, governments, and ambassadors; and a series of forty-six such letters, written by him for the council, and the publication of which was prevented during his lifetime, was edited from his papers after his death. But much more important work was devolved on Milton by the council. The famous Ikon Basilike had just appeared, and was circulating in hundreds of copies through the country, representing the late king, on the professed authority of his own private papers, as a saint ever on his knees during his hours of solitude and misfortune, and doing much, therefore, to win popular acquiescence in the use of the term "royal martyr," as already posthumously applied to him. By way of counteractive, Milton wrote and published a long pamphlet entitled Εἰκονοκλαστής, in which, without questioning the authenticity of the pretended manifesto of royalty, he criticizes it mercilessly. The preparation of this pamphlet must have occupied him during a considerable portion of the year 1649; but it was hardly finished when a still harder piece of work was required of him. Charles II., then a refugee in Holland, had got the great scholar Salmasius, alias Claude de Saumaise, of the university of Leyden, to undertake the advocacy of his cause in a treatise such as might be submitted to the learned throughout Europe; and the Continent was now ringing with the fame of the Defensio Regia pro Carolo Primo ad Carolum Secundum which Salmasius had published. Fearful of the damage that such a work might do abroad, the English council of
state bethought themselves of their secretary as the man to answer it suitably. On the 8th of January 1649–50, it was ordered by the council "that Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and, when he hath done it, bring it to the council." In execution of this commission, Milton prepared his famous First Defence for the People of England; or, Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio, contra Claudii anonymi alias Salmasii Defensionem Regiam, the order for the publication of which appears in the council-minutes under date December 23, 1650. It has been stated that Milton received £1000 for the performance; but the minutes of council exhibit nothing more than a vote of thanks. The success of the treatise was infinitely beyond what might have been expected. Salmasius found himself assailed in his philosophy, in his Latinity, and in his powers of opprobrious rhetoric, by a man who was more than his match in all; and it is even said that his death, which occurred not long afterwards, was caused by chagrin at his loss of credit. Satisfied with his triumph, Milton rested from literary exertion, except of a private kind, for about two years. It was during this time that he removed from Scotland Yard to a house in "Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James' Park," which house (afterwards occupied by Bentham) he continued to live in till the Restoration. It was about this time, also, and apparently in the house in Petty France, that he was visited by the great calamity of his life — his blindness. From a letter on the subject written by him at a later period, it appears that his eyesight had begun to fail as early as 1644, when he was about thirty-five years of age, and that the
process of obscurcation was so gradual that it was not till about 1650 or 1651 that total blindness was threatened. The preparation of the treatise against Salmasius was believed by himself to have hastened the fatal result. At all events, by the end of the year 1653 Milton was totally blind, and the fact of his blindness was publicly talked of both by his friends and his enemies. The fatal affection was of the kind called *gutta serena*; and Milton himself tells that it left his eyes perfectly clear and without any mark, speck, or external disfigurement whatever. It may have been while the blindness was not yet total, but only nearly so, that he sustained what even for him, in such circumstances, must have been another great loss, and which was certainly a great loss for his children. This was the death of his wife, the precise date of which has not been discovered, though it was either in 1652 or 1653. She left three children, all daughters:—the eldest, Anne, about seven years of age; the second, Mary, about five; and the third, Deborah, a mere infant in arms. Although she may not have been the fit person to be the wife of Milton, one cannot but imagine the house in Petty France more desolate from her absence; the blind and austere widower left in one part of it to contemplations in which some thoughts of Mary Powell, as she was when he first bore her away from her Oxfordshire home, can hardly have been wanting; and the poor, motherless children, known to him only as tiny voices of complaint going about in the darkness near, with none but an alien voice any more to hush or overawe them!

1653–1658 (*Milton etat. 44–49*).—Notwithstanding his blindness, Milton continued in the
active discharge of his duties as Latin secretary during the whole protectorate of Cromwell, which began on the 16th of December 1653, and terminated on Cromwell's death on the 3d of September 1658. Between seventy and eighty Latin letters, written by him in Oliver's name, are included in the collection of his state letters; and besides these he wrote a Latin state paper of some length on the subject of the Protector's differences with the Spanish court. He had, however, an assistant in his office who relieved him of a part of the work; and there is a council order, dated April 17, 1655, reducing his salary to £150 per annum, with the proviso that the same should be paid to him during his life. It seems, however, that both Milton and his friend Andrew Marvell, who was latterly associated with him in the office, received an actual salary of £200 a year. That Milton was not only an admirer of Cromwell's genius,—he had already celebrated him in a sonnet as "Cromwell, our chief of men,"—but also an entire believer in the necessity and the advantage of his government, is proved by the tenor of his writings during the Protectorate. These consisted of three pamphlets growing out of the Defensio pro Populo Anglicano. As early as 1651, indeed, an anonymous reply to this treatise had appeared; but Milton, who attributed it to Bishop Bramhall, left the confutation of it to his nephew John Philips, and only revised what Philips had written. Another work having appeared abroad, however, in 1652, with the title Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Calum adversus Parricideas Anglicanos, Milton, who was grossly and calumniously attacked in it, and represented as a
blind monster, thought it fit to reply in person. The real author of the work was the Frenchman Peter Dumoulin, afterwards a prebendary of Canterbury; but the reputed author at the time was Alexander More, a Scotchman, settled in France, who had been concerned in seeing it through the press; and against him Milton directed the full force of his vengeance. In the Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglico, which was not published till 1654, Milton meets the personal accusations of his antagonist, and retaliates with scurrilities quite as coarse and offensive, though doubtless better founded; but he also returns to the main question, in the course of the discussion of which he introduces a splendid panegyric on Cromwell, and brief eulogistic sketches of some of the other heroes of the Commonwealth. Not content with what he had said in his own defence in this pamphlet, he followed it up by another entitled Authoris pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum, Ecclesiasten (1655); and More having rejoined, he wound up with Authoris ad Alexandri Mori Supplementum Responsio, published in the same year. These pamphlets must necessarily have been written by the method of dictation; and in the first of them there is a passage written with express reference to his blindness. During the remaining three years of the Protectorate, Milton had leisure to fall back upon the compilations which he had on hand. During the same period he married his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney, of whom little or nothing is known. The marriage took place on the 12th November 1656, by civil contract; and in February 1657–58 Milton was again left a wid
ower by the death of his wife in childbirth. He has testified his affection for her in a well-known sonnet.

1658–1660 (Milton _etat._ 49–51).—The twenty months which followed the death of Cromwell were a time of varying anarchy and uncertainty, in the midst of which events slowly shaped themselves towards one inevitable issue, which men began to think of by themselves long before they dared to speak of it to one another,—the restoration of Charles II. The state of Milton's mind and the course of his life during these perplexing months are to be inferred from what remains of his writings during them. As Latin secretary he wrote eleven letters for Richard Cromwell, and two letters in the name of the Restored Parliament after Richard's abdication. The last letter is dated May 15, 1659, after which we hear no more of Milton officially. But as a citizen he was not idle; and if the resolution and the reasonings of one man could have maintained republicanism in England, and kept the door fast against the return of royalty, whether accompanied by Prelacy or by Presbytery, the work would have been done by Milton. His revived anxiety on the religious question was exhibited in two tracts, both written in 1659, and addressed to Parliament; the one entitled _A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes_, showing that it is not lawful for any power on earth to compel in matters of religion; and the other, _Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church_; wherein is also discoursed of Tithes, Church Fees, and Church Revenues, and whether any maintenance of ministers can be settled by law. As these tracts
were intended by their author to stem what he considered a return of the national mind towards intolerance in religion, so his anxiety with respect to what was more properly the political reaction was shown in *A Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth* (dated October 1659, though not then published), and in a subsequent more public pamphlet entitled *The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, and the excellence thereof compared with the inconveniencies and dangers of readmitting Kingship into this nation*. The views addressed in this pamphlet to the public at large were even recapitulated by him at the last hour for the private eye of General Monk, in a short letter headed *The Present Means and Brief Delineation of a Commonwealth, easy to be put in practice and without delay*. Monk's mind, however, was better made up than Milton's as to the ease or difficulty of the solution in question; and the last act of the despairing republican was to publish *Brief Notes upon a Late Sermon titled "The Fear of God and the King,"* preached and since published by Matthew Griffith, D.D., and Chaplain to the late King. *No Blind Guides* was the title as well as the tenor of a short answer to this criticism, written by L'Es-trange the essayist; and in May 1660 Charles II. was on the throne. Milton, as almost coming within the doomed category of the regicides, was for some time in danger of being included among those whom the new government exempted from amnesty. His more obnoxious writings were called in by proclamation, and publicly burnt by the hands of the hangman; he was actually in custody after the Act of Indemnity had been
passed; and that he escaped finally without punishment is said to have been owing chiefly to the intercession of the poet Davenant.

The period of Milton's life which we have thus hastily traversed, extending from his thirty-second to his fifty-second year, and coinciding, therefore, with what may be called his middle life or manhood,—was, we would again observe, all but entirely a period of polemical prose-writing. The four-and-twenty separate pamphlets, treatises, &c., which he wrote during these twenty years, make in all, when collected, three or four goodly volumes; while the stray sonnets and other metrical scraps, in which, during these years, he hinted rather than asserted that he had not parted with his title as a poet, do not amount to more than a few pages. The reader will do well to note this interpolation of a middle period of prose polemics between a poetic youth and an old age dedicated to poetry again, as a significant fact in the life of Milton. It arose, as we have seen, from an imperative necessity of the times, which affected other lives besides his, and the result of which in the aggregate was an apparent break or variation in our literary history, coextensive with the entire period of Puritan ascendency. But that this fact in the general life of the nation should be illustrated so visibly, and with such mechanical exactness, in the life of Milton, marks him out as preeminently, in literary respects, the representative of his age. All the other wits and writers of any note were on the other side, and therefore represent the contemporary mind of England only negatively; in him alone among the writers have we a colossus, marching, by the law of his own independent constitution, in the
direction of the movement and in the midst of it, and capable, therefore, of illustrating it positively.

Milton was fitted for the part he performed in connection with the Puritan movement by that very peculiarity of constitution to which we have already referred as distinguishing him from most poets. Poets generally, it is supposed, are and ought to be characterized by an excess of sensibility over principle,—a certain mobility of the whole mind and temper, rather than the prevalence in the mind of any one moral mood or gesture. Milton, however, as we have seen, was one of a class of poets, claiming also such poets as Dante and Wordsworth, of whom this cannot be said. Whatever his sensibility, whatever the range and freedom of his imagination, he was a man at the basis of whose nature was a moral austerity, compacted of certain definite and deliberate conclusions as to what was right or wrong, allowed or forbidden, everlastingly true and expedient, or everlastingly false and pernicious. Being such, he was necessarily, in relation to the society in which he moved, a man of dogma and asseveration as well as a poet. Possibly this alone might account for the part he took in the social controversies of the time, and for the unusual combination he presents of the reformer with the poet; for generally such a nature, by reason of its dissatisfaction with much that exists, will ally itself to what seems the innovative or progressive tendency; whereas that absence of opinion, except on matters of taste, which is believed to characterize poets and artists as a class, will in itself usually function as an opinion in favor of things
as they are. In order to account fully, however, for Milton's thorough identification of himself with the most advanced social tendencies and aspirations of his age, we must think not only of the strength of the moral or dogmatic element in him, but also of the peculiar effects of this dogmatic habit when associated with a most courageous and inquisitive intellect. No man of the time was more resolute in asserting that right of free thought, the recognition of which, as applied to the Bible, he regarded as the essence of Protestantism; no man spurned more angrily all trammels which tradition, authority, and custom would impose on a mind already sufficiently bound, as he thought, by its own idea of allegiance to its Maker. Hence, in his conclusions on social questions, he came uniformly to occupy ground on the farthest verge of the speculation of the time, so far as it still acknowledged the Christian creed and the code of Christian ethics. Nay, on various questions on which men who had passed over to Pyrrhonism were practically conservative, he, the English Christian, was practically revolutionary. In the language not only of Johnson, but of those of our own time to whom his opinions on church and state are still offensive, Milton was one of the rebellious or anarchical order of spirits. In the matter of ecclesiastical polity, for example, he had passed through Church of England Puritanism and Presbyterianism to take up a station somewhere among, if not already beyond, the Independents and other extensive sects of Nonconformists. In some of his writings he appears as a pioneer of the Voluntary Principle. In his opinions on marriage he was heterodox among the hetero-
dox. He had notions of education such as would hardly be propounded now by the most radical of university reformers. He advocated toleration of all Protestant sects, and the freedom of the press, at a time when these ideas were new, in language from which even those who now profess them as a matter of course are accustomed sometimes to abate a little. In state politics he was an ultra-republican, with some modifying reservations. It is, in fact, owing to the peculiar ensemble which his creed presents of so many extreme views, harmonized in his case into a kind of unity, but otherwise only found detached and scattered among the sects of his time, that it is reckoned impossible to identify him with any of those sects in particular, or even, as some think, with the Puritans as a party. Both Coleridge and Lord Macaulay have noticed this eclectic character of Milton's intellect as shown in his writings. "From the Parliament and from the court," says Lord Macaulay; "from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral rites of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which these finer elements were defiled." In the sense in which it is intended this is true. As a man of scholarship and academic culture, as a lover of music and of art generally, and with a fancy accustomed to range in search of beauty through the whole world of fact and of literature, it was not to be supposed that the partisanship of Milton, even when most resolute, would be of a barbarous or meagre kind, confounding
principle with forms and minutiae. Like Cromwell, who was also exempt from the prejudices of his party against art and liberal culture, he fought in the struggle as a general fights, and not as the common soldier. Nevertheless, it is to be remembered that he did fight; and as the true spirit of a cause is better and more profoundly represented in its leaders than in its inferior adherents, so it would be but pedantry to say, that because Milton wore his hair long, or because he has spoken reverently of the richly-stained glass and the pealing organ of a Gothic cathedral, therefore he was not a Puritan. Let us make whatever we can of the fact, he did belong, with his whole heart and soul, to the English Puritan and republican movement of the seventeenth century. He honored what it honored; he hated what it hated; he shared its detestation and intolerant dread of Popery. If he was not a Puritan, it was because he was a Puritan and something more; that "something more" being an expression for much that Milton's mind, rolling magnificently within itself, had thought out as properly belonging to Puritanism, and as necessary to be worked into it in order to give it its full development. In this sense, because Milton was an ideologist in the van of the extreme sects, it might perhaps be argued that he did not properly belong to a sect at all. The idealism of Milton's politics,—the spirit of prophetic enthusiasm rather than practical tact with which, in his political speculations, he wraps the facts of his time, and even human nature in general, round his own inwardly evolved theories and his schemes of what might be,—must strike every reader of his prose writings. In reading
them we at once see the difference between a Milton theorizing nobly for Puritanism in his closet, and a Cromwell as the man of action, with enthusiasms as fervid and an ideal as high, grappling in the same interest with events and contingencies. Milton’s plans, for example, submitted to Monk, for averting the Restoration, are interesting now chiefly as very simple-minded proofs of his tenacity as a theorist.

It is not only, however, as illustrating Milton’s character, or the higher tendencies of that historical movement with which he was associated, that his polemical prose writings are now of interest. They have an interest other than historical. It is because the bulk of polemical writing is on points of ephemeral importance, and is therefore of ephemeral application, that so little of it endures in proportion to what has been produced, and that ages which may have teemed with such literature appear often as mere blanks in the retrospect of the literary historian. The pamphlets do their work; and when the day for which they were calculated is over, they disappear with its buzzing insects. Their very efficiency sometimes might be measured by the rapidity with which they are forgotten. But as there are certain controversies which are not ephemeral, so there is polemical writing, the lease of which, to borrow Milton’s own figure, may be “for three lives and downwards.” To a great extent Milton’s prose writing is of this class. Two centuries have elapsed since he lived and wrote, but (and it would have surprised him to learn that it would be so) the war in which he fought is not yet over. In Europe, — nay, in Great Britain itself, — some of the questions which he discussed
are not yet settled, or, after having apparently been settled, are again rising ominously into sight. Hence, as Milton did not concern himself with the accidents of these questions, but invariably plunged into their essentials, there is still, with every allowance for the change in the intellectual point of view, between his time and this, a permanent interest in most of his argumentations. Apart, however, from the interest which these prose writings thus retain as belonging in the main to one side of a yet unfinished controversy, they have an interest of a more general kind to which none can be indifferent. As Burke's political writings are admired for their elevation of sentiment and the richness of their intellectual matter, by those who either dissent from their practical tenor or care little about it, so, and even in a more superb degree, there is that in Milton's prose treatises which will keep them immortal. They are as truly Miltonic as his poetry. As Milton's poetry is unique in one section of our literature, so is his prose in the other. It is prose of that old English, or as some might say, old Gothic kind, which was in use among us ere yet men had given their days and nights to Addison, and when it seemed as lawful that thought in prose should come in the form of a brimming flood, or even of a broken cataract, as in that of a trim and limpid rivulet. But even amid the greatest specimens of such prose of the pre-Addisonian period Milton's prose is peculiar. That of Bacon may roll with it a richer detritus of speculative hints and propositions; that of Jeremy Taylor may have a mellower beauty; but no prose in the language is grander than Milton's, or more indicative of moral greatness. Its charac-
teristic in its best passages is a kind of sustained and sometimes cumbrous and operose magniloquence. Milton tells us himself that he wrote slowly; and one can see that as he wrote he was abashed by no weight of thought or sublimity of fancy that could come to him, but would pile thoughts and fancies together, till no prose sentence could carry the whole burden in its cadence, and the residue had to be conveyed in a poetic chant. Many passages in his treatises might be read apart as prose odes; and even where he is roughest and most controversial, and where his actual reasonings seem, as they often do, poor and inconclusive, it is as if, in order to bury his adversary anyhow, he were tumbling, in sheer rage, a temple into ruins. This is true of his Latin prose writings (of which no fit translation exists) as well as of his English.

Milton survived the Restoration fourteen years (1660-1674), and these fourteen years form the third period of his literary life. To him, if to any man, those days must have seemed dark and evil. One set of men had gone out of office, and been thrust down into the obscurer recesses of the body-politic, there to cherish their principles secretly, until such time as they should reappear in the guise of modern Whiggism and modern Dissent. The public direction of affairs had passed into the hands of men of principles directly opposite. Of the state of manners and morals in the court of the witty and licentious Charles II., and of the contrast which it presented to the Puritan government which it had superseded, all have some idea. The superficial change throughout the nation at large, and especially in and about the metropolis, corresponded with this change in
the personnel of the government. Execration of Puritanism, and a reaction in favor of whatever Puritanism had forbidden or denounced, characterized the popular conduct and every department of the public procedure. Above all, the change was visible in the new literature which began at this time to spring up in consequence of the social calm, such as it was, that had followed an age of conflict and turmoil, and especially in those portions of this new literature which depended on the patronage of the court, or appealed most directly to popular and metropolitan feeling. The literature of the Restoration, as all know, was marked by a certain combination of qualities distinguishing it as a whole from the literature of any preceding, and from that of most subsequent, eras of our national history. It was in the main low in aim, and coarse in tone, exhibiting a robustness in the organs of appetite, accompanied by some keenness in those of perception, rather than a predominance of the imaginative or higher intellectual faculties, such as had borne up the Elizabethan literature into universal grace and proportion. Above all, it was pervaded by an anti-Puritan spirit, or spirit of retrospective disgust for the Puritan rule, which showed itself partly in direct satires and denunciations of Puritanism, whether in prose or verse; partly in a predominant tendency towards the comic and jocose in all forms. The reopening of the theatres, and the consequent revival of dramatic writing, gave an increased stimulus to the anti-Puritan spirit, and afforded a special outlet for it. Initiated by Davenant and other survivors of the literary school of the reign of Charles I., among whom were Shirley and Cowley, the drama of the
Restoration attained its height in Dryden, who succeeded Davenant as poet-laureate in 1670 precisely because of his dramatic successes during the ten preceding years, and who thus became officially, as he was by right of genius, the chief star of the new literary cluster. Around Dryden, and belonging to the same literary cluster, might be seen, earlier or later, between the years 1660 and 1674, such men as Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Dorset and Roscommon, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir George Etherege, William Wycherley, and Thomas Shadwell. These, and such as these, were the so-called "wits of the Restoration;" while the honors of philosophic or other graver prose literature were supported by the veterans Hobbes and Izaak Walton, or by Clarendon, Browne, Barrow, and South. It is worth noting also, that these first fourteen years of the reign of the second Charles, remembered as they chiefly are as a period of spiritual degeneracy in our literature, were the era of the rise among us of mathematical and physical science. The Royal Society dates its existence almost exactly from the Restoration; and Boyle, Barrow, Wallis, Wilkins, Wren, and Hooke, were already busy with their researches, and waiting for the appearance among them of young Mr. Newton.

It was rather on the border of this, the well-known world of Pepys and Aubrey, than as actually in it and belonging to it, that Milton spent his declining years. He still, indeed, made London his home; living from 1660 to 1662 in a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Square; then from 1662 to 1665, or thereabouts, in a house in Jewin Street, near his old quarters in Aldersgate
Street; then for a short time in lodgings with Millington, a famous book-auctioneer of the day; and finally, from 1665 onwards, in a small house in Artillery Walk, leading into Bunhill Fields. Of course there may have been occasional visits to the country; and one such visit was in the year 1665-6, when, on account of the great plague in London, he took a cottage for some months in the village of St. Giles Chalfont, Buckinghamshire. Two years prior to this—in 1662-3, when he was living in Jewin Street—he contracted his third marriage. He was then fifty-four years of age; his wife, who was about twenty-eight years younger, was Elizabeth Minshull, daughter of Mr. Ralph Minshull, of a good family in Cheshire. The marriage, which was arranged for him by his friend Dr. Paget, was one of convenience—occasioned, it would appear, chiefly by the fact that his daughters, who had grown up without any maternal care, had become a trouble rather than an assistance to him in his housekeeping. At the date of the marriage the eldest of the daughters (who was lame and otherwise deformed) was nearly seventeen years of age, the second nearly fifteen, and the youngest not eleven; and they appear all to have remained with him for some years afterwards, in a state of chronic contention with their stepmother. Her temper, it is stated, was none of the best; but we have it on her husband's own authority, that "she was very kind and careful of him;" and we have the same authority for the sad fact that his children were "unkind and undutiful." It is on evidence that his brother Christopher had heard him complain that "they were careless of him, being blind, and made
nothing of deserting him;" and also that he complained that "they did combine together with the maid to cheat him in her marketings," and that "they made away with some of his books, and would have sold the rest to the dunghill woman." This, so far as it relates to their conduct before his third marriage, must apply chiefly to the two eldest daughters, Anne and Mary. The youngest, Deborah, probably as being the youngest, and as having therefore come more within the control of the third wife, has left a more amiable memory of herself. She is said to have been her father's favorite reader and amanuensis so long as she remained with him; she, as well as her sister Mary, having been trained by him to what they thought the irksome work of writing to his dictation, and reading to him in several languages without understanding their meaning. But she too ultimately quarrelled with her stepmother; and about the year 1669 all the three sisters, according to Philips, were "sent out to learn some curious or ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroidery in gold and silver." Accordingly, during the last four or five years of his life, we are to imagine Milton's household in Artillery Walk as consisting but of himself, his wife, and one or two servants; his three daughters no longer living under the same roof. Whether they lived with him or not, however, his circumstances were such as to enable them to depend on him as long as might be necessary. He had now, indeed, no official or stated income as formerly; any casual receipts from his writings can hardly have amounted to much; his first wife's marriage portion of £1000 had never been
paid; and there is proof that the property left him by his father had been impaired by considerable losses or forfeitures at the Restoration. Still, enough remained for his moderate wants as long as he lived, and at his death there was a residue over.

Shut out from the busy world in some measure by the unpopular political recollections which attached to his name, and shut in from it still more by his blindness and by his undisguised scorn of nearly all that, had the privilege of sight remained to him, there would have been for him there to see, Milton found his solace in his own thoughts, in the conversation of a few friends who would drop in to enjoy his society and were proud to lead him out in his daily walks, and also in his books and in continued literary occupation. He did not yet cease from prose writing, but finished or prepared for the press various works which he had begun before the Restoration, and from time to time undertook new ones. The following is a list of his prose writings published during this period, and of such works as, though left ready for the press, were not published till after his death:

1. *Accedence Commenc't Grammar*; a short skeleton of Latin grammar, possibly prepared many years before, though not published till 1661.

2. *The History of Britain, that part especially now called England, from the first Traditional Beginning, continued to the Norman Conquest; collected out of the antientest and best authors thereof.* This was not published till 1670, though much of it was written before the Restoration.

3. *Artis Logice Plenior Institutio, ad Petri Rami Methodum concinnata.* This is a Latin compendium of logic after the method of Ramus, in two books, with a brief Life of Ramus appended. It was published in 1672, but may have been in manuscript many years before.

4. *Of True Religion, Heresie, Schism, Toleration, and what*
best means may be used against the growth of Popery. This little tract was published in 1673, and was doubtless written at that time as a contribution to a controversy again rising into interest. It is written in a calm spirit, and with none of the vehemence of his earlier polemical writings, and is interesting as showing his matured views on the subject of religious toleration. He is for the absolute toleration, both as regards doctrine and as regards worship, of all Protestant sects,—the Church of England, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Arians, Socinians, &c.; but, as regards worship, he excludes Roman Catholics, partly on the civil ground that they acknowledge a foreign allegiance, partly on the theological ground that they deny the paramount authority of Scripture, which denial, and nothing else, he holds is heresy. He is not for punishing them "by corporal punishment or fines on their estates," because he supposes this "stands not with the clemency of the gospel more than what appertains to the security of the state;" but he is for suppressing their worship and removing its furniture.

5. Epistolae Familias Liber Unus; quibus accessit Prolusiones quaeiam Oratoriae. These are the "Familial Epistles" and the "Oratorical Exercises at College," already alluded to. They were printed in 1674, the last year of Milton’s life, apparently not on Milton’s own motion, but as a speculation of the publisher.

6. A Brief History of Moscovia and of other less known Countries lying eastward of Russia as far as Cathay; gathered from the writings of several eye-witnesses. This short sketch was left in manuscript, and was published eight years after Milton’s death.

7. Literae Senatus Anglicani; nec non Cromwellii, &c., nomine ac jussu conscriptae. These are the "Letters of State" already referred to as written by Milton in his official capacity under the Commonwealth. The bookseller who published his "Familiar Letters" intended to publish these in the same volume, but was warned not to do so, and they were not edited till after Milton’s death.

8. Johannis Miltoni Angli de Doctrina Christiana ex Sacris ducta et Libris petita, Disquisitionum Libri Duo. This is the famous “Treatise on Christian Doctrine,” the manuscript of which having been accidentally discovered by Mr. Lemon in 1823 in the State Paper Office, was edited and subsequently translated by the Rev. Charles R. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. The history of the work is as follows:—In his mature life Milton, dissatisfied with such systems of theology as he had read, and deeming it to be every man’s right and duty to draw his theology for himself from the Scriptures alone, had begun to compile a system for his own use, carefully collecting texts, and aiming at doing little more than grouping and elucidating them. He continued this work till
he had finished it. Considering it of importance enough to be published, but knowing that it contained some matter which might be thought heterodox in England, he gave the manuscript, along with a transcript of his "State Letters," to a Mr. Daniel Skinner of Trinity College, Cambridge, (a relative of his friend Cyriack Skinner,) who was going over to Holland, desiring him to arrange for their publication with some Dutch printer. Elzevir, in whose hands they were placed, having declined to have anything to do with them, they were given back to Skinner, who still remained abroad. Meanwhile the existence of the MSS., and the intention to publish them, had become known to the English government; and letters were sent to Skinner from Barrow, the master of Trinity College, warning him of the risk he was running, and ordering him to return to his college under pain of expulsion. This was in 1676, or two years after Milton's death; and Skinner seems to have returned soon after, and to have delivered the MSS. to Sir Joseph Williamson, one of the secretaries of state. By him they were stowed away, with other papers, in the place where Mr. Lemon found them a hundred and fifty years afterwards, still in the original wrapper.

Besides the above, there are some other things which are supposed, on evidence more or less slight, to have come from Milton's pen in his later life; and it is known that in 1661 he edited a manuscript of Raleigh's entitled Aphorisms of State. (He had previously, in 1658, edited another MS. of Raleigh's entitled The Cabinet Council.) In addition to all this, he had collected a considerable quantity of materials towards a dictionary of the Latin language, the papers containing which fell into the hands of Edward Philips, who is supposed to have used them in compiling the Cambridge Dictionary of 1693. How he managed in his blindness to go through so much labor of mere reading and accumulation, is explained partly by what Philips tells us of his methods. The severe use which he made of his two younger daughters, till at last they would bear it no longer, and detested the very sight of him and his books, has already been mentioned.
There were others, however, who, both while his daughters lived with him and after they went away, were but too glad to serve the scholarly and exacting old Lear. "He had daily about him," says Philips, "one or other to read,—some, persons of man's estate, who of their own accord greedily caught at the opportunity of being his readers, that they might as well reap the benefit of what they read to him as oblige him by the benefit of their reading; others, of younger years, who were sent by their parents to the same end." One of his readers, recommended to him by Dr. Paget, was a young Quaker named Ellwood.

Milton's later prose writings, however, derive most of their interest from the fact that they belong to the same period as his later poems. It was not to them, nor even to the much more splendid polemical writings which had preceded them, that Milton could point as the fulfilment of his early pledge, that if God gave him strength, he would leave behind him some worthy work of Christian genius in which Britain should exult as a national possession, and which posterity would not willingly let die. Often as, amid the turmoil of his middle life, this pledge had recurred to him, how he must have sighed over the work that was then occupying him, and felt it all to be very sickening, and longed for a sabbath at the end of his life, when his soul might sail again into the haven of a majestic calm! After all, controversy was but the work of his "left hand," and he longed for the time when his right hand should again have its turn, and he could rejoice in the renewed sensations of its superior strength and more natural cunning. His sonnets and other stray pieces of verse written during the civil wars and the Com-
monwealth, and perhaps also those occasional passages of lyric grandeur in his prose writings where he seems to be spurning prose underfoot, and almost rising for the moment on poetic wings, may be regarded as so many brief efforts whereby he assured himself, while his higher and finer faculty was in abeyance, that he had not lost it. It was not till towards the end of Cromwell's protectorate, however, and when already he had for several years been blind, that he was able to begin an undertaking commensurate with his lifelong aspiration. According to Aubrey, it was then (1658), when it appeared as if, under the settled rule of Cromwell, the nation was entering on a long period of peace and leisure, that the *Paradise Lost* was begun. Whether it was then begun in the actual shape in which we now have it, or whether Milton was at this time only turning over the subject in his mind, and ruminating it in that form of a sacred mystery or drama in which we find it first rudely sketched in the Cambridge manuscripts, can hardly be ascertained. Cromwell was not to live long enough to initiate by his great and peaceful rule that new literature, signs of the rise of which were not wanting towards the close of his protectorate. When the new literature did arise, it was in the guise of the literature of the Restoration; and whatever progress Milton may have made in his great poem before the accession of Charles II., the bulk of it was written after that monarch was on the throne.

The facts respecting *Paradise Lost*, and the other later poems of Milton, will be best presented in a table of his later poetical publications, supplementary to that of his later prose writings already given:
1. *Paradise Lost.* This poem was certainly complete by the 27th of April 1667, (Milton *etat.* 58,) on which day it was sold to Samuel Simmons, bookseller, for £5 down, with a promise of £5 more when 1300 copies of the first edition should have been sold; another £5 more when 1300 copies of the second edition should have been sold, and so on for successive editions,—each edition to consist of 1500 copies. According to Ellwood, however, the poem must have been ready more than a year before that time; for he says that on visiting Milton while he was at Chalfont in Buckinghamshire (1666–6), he gave him the complete manuscript of the poem to read. As originally published, the poem consisted of ten books, and was sold at three shillings per copy. The stipulated 1300 copies must have been sold before the 26th of April 1669, on which day Milton signs a receipt for the second £5. This was a very good sale in two years; but the remaining copies do not seem to have gone off so fast, as it was not till 1674, or the year of Milton’s death, that a second edition was published. In this second edition the ten books were converted into twelve, by a division of the seventh and tenth; and there were some other alterations. A third edition was called for in 1678; and in December 1680 Milton’s widow parted with all her interest in the work for one sum of £8, paid to her by Simmons.

2. *Paradise Regained.* When Ellwood returned the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* to Milton, they had some talk, he says, as to the merits of the poem, in the course of which Ellwood ventured pleasantly to say to him, “Thou hast said much here of paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of paradise found?” To this, he says, Milton made no answer, but fell into a muse, and broke off the discourse. When, however, some time after the sickness was over, Ellwood revisited Milton in London, he showed him *Paradise Regained,* saying, “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.” Assuming this to be literally accurate, we should have to suppose *Paradise Regained* finished in 1667, if not earlier; but it was not published till 1671 (Milton *etat.* 62), on which occasion it was issued, not by Simmons, but by another bookseller, in the same volume with *Samson Agonistes.*


4. A second edition of his minor poems was published in 1673, the year before his death, containing the pieces which had appeared in the edition of 1645, with some additions.

At this point it is that the fact of the interposition of a middle period of prose polemics be-
tween the earlier and the later poetry of Milton becomes of importance to the critic of his works. Poetry, as such, is the exercise of imagination; and when a man makes poetry his work, or, after having been engaged on other kinds of work, returns to poetry, it is implied that the whole strength of his mind passes for the time being into the imaginative faculty. But here, as usual, it becomes apparent that our distinctions of faculties are partly devices for our own convenience in conceiving of things. Imagination is not, properly speaking, the imagining part of the mind, but rather the whole mind in the act of imagining; and hence, though some minds tend more to this act than others, yet the nature and the worth of the imaginations of any particular mind are determined by the total character and contents of that mind. On this principle, also, we see how it is that in one and the same mind there may be poetic development, and how a poet's later muse may differ from his earlier, just as a philosopher's later may differ from his earlier doctrine. Imagination is said to be the faculty of youth; which, however, is true, to some extent, only in this sense, that men as they advance in life have so many things to do that, even if they set out with a strong imaginative tendency, they indulge it less and less. In the cases of professed poets, however, who preserve and cherish their imaginative tendency, and go through the working world laurelled and privileged to dream, it is not observed that the imagination grows weaker so long as there is growth in the being at all, but, on the contrary, that it gains strength. By the mere necessities of existence, acquisition, and experience, it is a more
rich and powerful imagining mind in the later than it was in the earlier stages of the progress. And so also if, after an intermediate period of non-poetical activity, or of activity in the main non-poetical, a mind originally poetical reverts, before decay has set in, and ere the old habit has been forgotten by too much disuse, to its first occupations. In either case there will be differences between the earlier and the later poetry. The themes in all probability will be different, and the style and manner of treatment will be different likewise. So it was with Milton. In his youth his was the imagination of a mind naturally firm and austere, it is true, and already cultured and well equipped with learning, but still sufficiently untorn and unexercised in the contemporary medley of human things to find its delight in fancies of the sweet and sensuous order, in themes of idyllic grace, or of purely ideal beauty. In his old age, or second poetic period, it was different. Imagination was again his darling faculty; but it was now the imagination of the same mind tried and disciplined in a thousand things by what it had meanwhile passed through,—heavily freighted, as it were, with twenty years of griefs, ideas, recollections, and experiences, which had not at first belonged to it. If, then, imagination is the whole mind in the act of imagining, and if, accordingly, the poems which a poet successively puts forth may be regarded as in a profound sense allegories, on a larger or smaller scale, of his entire being at the moments to which they appertain, it was in the nature of things that Milton's later poetry, though bearing certain resemblances to his earlier, should yet differ from it. By universal admission such is the fact. In
Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, we have the same peculiar Miltonic genius which we discern in Penessoso, Comus, or Lycidas; but it is as if that genius had meanwhile absorbed and incorporated into its fibre all that we know of the intermediate polemic and prose writer. The themes are of larger dimensions and of more direct human and historic interest; the filling up is more various, erudite, and elaborate; the artistic harmony is more complex; and while the whole matter is cast in the mould of the imagination, much of it is of independent and extra-poetical, not to say controversial, value.

Each of the three later poems of Milton has its separate merits as a poem, and also its separate interest in connection with the poet's biography. In the noble Æschylean drama of the blind Samson among the Philistines, one seems to see a scarcely disguised allegory of the poet himself, agonizing in the midst of evil times. There is no need to ask how that subject occurred to him. As regards the Paradise Regained, though here also we can discover points of contact between the subject and the author, such as might have determined him independently towards the choice of that epic from the first, we yet know that it was composed mainly as a sequel to the Paradise Lost. It remains, then, to account for the origin of this greater epic, the crowning glory of Milton's life, and to which it is owing that he is remembered, and will be remembered forever, not only as a noble Englishman who did his duty manfully in a troublous period of his nation's history, nor even only as this, with the addition of having been a notable English poet, but as one of those select few of
the children of men who, having wedded their genius to universal themes, stand apart as the great poets of the world, and the authors of the world's masterpieces. Notwithstanding the tradition, through Philips and Ellwood, of Milton's preference for the *Paradise Regained*, there can be no doubt that it was to the *Paradise Lost* that he himself looked as the fulfilment of his life-long promise.

The most important act of the artist, and that which involves the greatest amount of presumptive evidence respecting him, is his choice of a subject. Milton, we have seen, had waivered long before deciding as to the best theme for his intended masterpiece. Like Wordsworth before he determined on his long philosophical poem, he appears to have ranged through history in search of a subject of sufficient interest and capability; going back through British history, and there resting fondly for a time on the subject of King Arthur, then deviating into general mediæval history, and finally extending his quest still backward and backward through ancient to primeval times. At last in his search he reaches a point beyond which it was impossible to go — the point where human history itself began, and where our planet, with life but newly planted upon it, is seen emerging for its special voyage out of the obscurities of prior and universal existence. The more he thinks of this subject, already familiar to him in its biblical relations, the more sensible he becomes, not only of its intrinsic capabilities, but also of its fitness for himself. The qualities and endowments for which it affords scope, — an imagination delighting in conceptions of the physically vast, as in astronomy, and yet capable of that kind of
sensuousness which consists in love of the physically rich, as in landscape and vegetation; great acquired learning, classical and theological; a moral sublimity of nature almost at war with human society as seen around it, and driven, therefore, to communion with objects and intelligences unseen; an intellect withal massive and severely logical to exclude in the process of imagination whatever should be beneath the philosophy of the time, and to shape all into clear form and sequence according to high literary rule: these are the very qualities and endowments which he is conscious of possessing. On the other hand, those qualities of the want of which he was or might have been conscious,—humor, for example, as in Chaucer and Shakspere, and the corresponding dramatic faculty of light incident and varied painting of physiognomies and characters, to pass and repass in quick succession in a story,—were qualities the exercise of which the theme itself precluded. What room for humor in the grand story of our earth's beginning, or for elaborate portrait-painting in the description of a world tenanted as yet but by the two first beings of our race? In short, by the instinct both of what he could and of what he could not do, Milton's choice was made; and, it having been also at last decided that the form of the poem should be the epic and not the dramatic, and, moreover, (which was then a great innovation, and was proclaimed by Milton to be such,) that the verse employed should be the heroic blank and not rhyme, *Paradise Lost* slowly grew into being. For seven years or thereby, and mostly amid the streets of bustling London, where Charles was amusing himself with his court, and Dryden was seeing his plays acted, and poor
Butler was growing morose from ill usage, and Pepys was running about and taking notes, the plan was carried in the blind man's head, till at last, by dictations of twenty or fifty lines at a time, the work was completed.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,"
is Milton's description of the matter of his poem. The description is just; and it is part of his title to immortality that he spent his genius on a theme of universal interest, which, seeing that it had been reserved for him to sing it, could certainly now, for that very reason, never be sung a second time, even had he sung it worse.

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,"
is his opening more particular definition of the purport of his song. This definition, however, if taken by itself, is totally inadequate; nor, if this were the theme, could it be said to have been unattempted before. The true theme of Paradise Lost is the story of the connection of this world, as a whole, with what may be called the larger universe of ante-human existence; and "man's first disobedience" is but the last incident in the story, to which, as to a narrow point, all the prior incidents tend. The true hero of the poem — the being in whose movements and actions from the beginning to the end the unity of the epic is maintained — is the archangel Satan. Adopting the scriptural account of this great being, as one in whose life the past and primeval system of things is fatally connected with ours, and adhering also with theological conscientiousness to whatever circumstantialis Scripture has supplied towards
filling out the story, the poet has passed the whole through the mould of his imagination in such a manner, that now it is Milton's story of the origin and first events of the universe, rather than the biblical outline which suggested it to him, that has taken possession of the British mind. As, however, there is no contradiction of the biblical narrative, but only an expansion of it, the majority of readers find in the poem an absolutely unexceptionable rendering of the theme; while on the other hand, even those who hold aloof from theology in such matters, or would treat the Mosaic account rather as a figure than as a narrative, admit that, as there must be some conception of the theme for the mind of man to take hold of, so no more sublime conception of it than Milton's has been provided by a human poet, or could be presented to the Christian world. To both classes of readers the poem properly shapes itself as in the main a Sataniad, or epic of Satan's life, from the time of his being an archangel among the hosts of heaven, to the time of the execution of that scheme whereby, after the fall of himself and his fellow-rebels, he becomes the lord and minister of evil on our particular earth.

From the very nature of the theme it arises that the extent of physical space which the poem fills is larger than that which any other known poem takes in, or any other conceivable poem could possibly require. The universe of Dante's poem, physically regarded, is but a nut-shell to that of Milton's, which stretches in its totality beyond all telescopic bounds, and encloses, as but a drop of central azure, the whole visible region of the stars and galaxies. A diagram of the plan of the poem would illustrate this. It pre-
sends to us the first primeval Infinity, not as a universe of stars at all, but as a sphere, if we may so say, of infinite radius, divided into two and only two parts,—the higher or upper hemisphere of Heaven, which is a region all of light, formed forth in some inconceivable way into tracts of field and continent, and populated in some inconceivable way by angelic beings, all near to Deity, and doing his missions, but distributed into hosts and hierarchies, and leading lives of freedom; and the lower or nether hemisphere of Chaos, where no such beings habitually are, but which is a great sea or swelter of darkness and confusion—a limitless, fathomless quagmire of elemental pulp. While we are contemplating this eternal Infinity, divided equatorially, as it were, into a Heaven above and a Chaos below,—lo! the event which breaks in on the grand monotony of ante-human history, and, by means of moral, necessitates physical changes! Satan and his fellow-angels rebel; there are the wars in Heaven; and when these are over, the rebels, driven headlong into the yawning gap which opens to disgorge them into Chaos, are pursued by the Messiah's wrath, down and still down through its dark abysses, till they reach that space or pit of fire which is now prepared for their reception in nethermost Chaos, under the name of Hell. This third region, so created for the first time, is, as it were, the antarctic zone of the universal sphere, separated from the hemisphere of Heaven by the vast intervening belt of Chaos as it still remains. Stunned and confounded by their fall, the rebel spirits lie long inactive in the fiery lake, till at last, roused by Satan from their stupor, they realize
the past and look forward to the future. Amid a Babel of counsel it is Satan that devises a plan. The creation of Hell in the nethermost region of Chaos has not been the only physical change introduced about this time into the universal order. Contemporaneously with the fall of the rebel angels God has executed through his Son the scheme foreordained from everlasting, of the creation at this time of a new race of beings differing from the angels, and of a world fitted to receive them. By the exercise of the creative energy a great mine or hollow has been cut or scooped out of upper Chaos at its junction with Heaven; into this hollow the light has gushed down from above, so that it is now no longer a part of Chaos; and under the influence of the principles of rotation and gravitation planted in it of express purpose, the matter that existed in it chaotically has become coagulated into balls and planets, moving in regular orbits, and separated by clear interspaces. This, in short, is our human or telescopic universe, with its suns, its stars, its moons, its nebulae; all in apparent diurnal rotation round that little earth of ours, which was to be the centre of the whole experiment. Thereon already walked Adam and Eve, in a paradise of trees and flowers, the fairest and happiest of God's creatures. It was of this new creation, known to him not as yet by eyesight, but only conceived vaguely from recollection of the tradition of it as discussed so long in Heaven, that Satan bethought himself in his fallen estate in Hell. His plan is to abstain from all mere general endeavor against the Almighty, and to gain admission, if possible, into this new creation so as to vitiate and ruin it. His scheme having
been approved by his co-mates, he himself sets forth to execute it. Leaving the rest of the fallen host to organize their new kingdom and build the palace of Pandemonium, he climbs his arduous way through superincumbent Chaos till the light of the young creation appears above him, and he emerges within its transparent bos- ses. At first amazed and almost softened by the sight, he at length arouses himself to his task, and having ascertained which of all the shining orbs was the seat of man, he alights on its surface, and, despite the vigilance of angels celestially commissioned to oppose him, completes, in the shape of a serpent, his fiendish errand. When he returns to Hell in triumph, his fellows have already bridged the interval between Hell and Creation so as to make the intercommunication easy; the two regions are thenceforth associated; and though the price to the rebel angels themselves of this voluntary concentration of their energies on one poor world is a farther degeneracy of their form and nature, Humanity is their prey for the appointed season.

There is no need here to dilate on the consist- ency with which Milton has conducted this magn-ificent story, or on the power of various inven- tion with which he has filled it up; nor need we refer to such adverse criticisms as have been from time to time ventured against portions of the poem. We refrain also from an inquiry, which might more properly belong to us, as to the influence of Milton's blindness, not only in determining him to such a subject, but also as perhaps positively qualifying him for that kind of imagination and description of which five sixths of the poem consist,—the imagination
and description of vast physical space, variously shaded and divided; of luminous orbs in quiet motion through the nocturnal deep; of luminous or else shadowy beings passing or repassing, singly or in battalions; of contrasts of light and darkness in all their forms. In the remaining parts of the poem, where the poet condescends on our own earth, and describes the beauty of Paradise, there is certainly no lack of sensuousness, in the more ordinary sense of the term; but it may be questioned whether, with all the richness of those paradisaic descriptions, there is not evidence that the poet was now but living fondly on his recollections of a world of color and vegetation from which he had been long shut out. At all events, much even of the subsidiary and terrestrial imagery of the poem will be found to consist of light and darkness worked cunningly into visual contrast; and the florid offering on the bier of Lycidas is richer in botanical color and embroidery than the nuptial bower of Eve.

A question as to Milton's theological belief, which was suggested to some keen critics by certain passages of his Paradise Lost, has been answered, in favor of their conjecture, by the discovery of his Treatise on Christian Doctrine. In one chapter of that work he expresses views at variance with the orthodox notions of the Trinity. Bishop Sumner gives a summary of these views in theological language. Milton asserts, he says, "that the Son of God existed in the beginning, and was the first of the whole creation;" that "by his delegated power all things were made in heaven and in earth;" that "he was begotten within the limits of time," and "indued with the
Divine nature and substance, but distinct from and inferior to the Father.” In other words, Milton in his later life was an Arian, and there is a trace of at least incipient Arianism in the Paradise Lost.

Milton lived seven years and a half after the publication of his Paradise Lost, and three years after the publication of his subsequent volume containing the Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes. The personal sketches which we have of him refer mostly to this time of his life.

Of a stature somewhat below the average, Milton had in his youth been singularly handsome, with a complexion of delicate white and red, dark gray eyes, light auburn hair, parted in the middle, and altogether an appearance of slender and even feminine grace, which it required his manly bearing and his confidence as a swordsman to contradict. Even in later life he was usually mistaken for ten years younger than he really was. In his old age, however, his blindness, accompanied by the gout and other infirmities, had abated his activity and vigor. “An aged clergyman of Dorsetshire,” says the painter Richardson, “found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality.” To this we may add some particulars from other sources. “He was an early riser,” says Aubrey;
"to wit, at four o'clock in the morning, yea, after he lost his sight." In winter his hour of rising was five; and sometimes he would lie in bed after he was awake composing mentally or dictating. He had a man to read to him as soon as he got up, and also after breakfast, and he always began the day with a chapter or two of the Hebrew Bible. The early part of the day was spent by him in reading and writing; "the writing," says Aubrey, "usually as much as the reading." He used to dictate, sitting obliquely in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over the arm. At one o'clock, after a short walk, he dined, eating well of such dishes as he liked, but drinking little except water. "God have mercy, Betty," he said to his wife one day at dinner about a year before his death, "I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live, and when I die thou knowest that I have left thee all." After dinner he used to walk again in the garden or out in the neighborhood, with some one guiding him; or sometimes he would take exercise in a kind of swinging chair which he had contrived; generally, however, in the course of the afternoon, playing for an hour on the organ or the bass-viol, and either singing himself or making his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice, but no ear. An hour or two towards evening were again given to his books; about six o'clock visitors would drop in, whom he would entertain till eight; he then had olives or something light by way of supper with them; and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, he went to bed. "Extremely pleasant in his conversation at dinner, supper, &c., but satirical," says Aubrey, who adds, that "he was visited by the learned much
more than he did desire." In particular, foreigners of note, when in London, would seek him out; and, indeed, before the publication of *Paradise Lost* he was liable to the visits of admiring foreigners, some of whom, according to Aubrey, regarded him as hardly less a lion than "O. Protector" himself, and would insist (the Great Fire not having yet done its work) on seeing the house and chamber where he was born. "He was much more admired abroad," says Aubrey, "than at home." At home, however, more especially after the publication of his great epic, he did not lack admirers. Which of the "quality" paid him visits we do not know; but among the "people of distinguished parts" was Dryden, whose admiration of him was extreme, and who, on going to see him was, it is said, received civilly, though Milton had a low idea of Dryden's poetry. Hobbes was not of his acquaintance, nor had he any liking for Hobbes, but acknowledged him to be a man of great parts. His familiar friends were men of the graver sort, among whom were Andrew Marvell, Dr. Paget, and Cyriack Skinner. He attended no church and belonged to no particular communion; nor had he any rites of worship in his family,—though what were his reasons for this was not very well known even to his friends. He remained a theoretical republican to the last. His favorite poets among the classics are said to have been Homer, Euripides, and Ovid; and among the English, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Cowley. Aubrey adds that, in speaking or reading, he pronounced the letter *r* very hard; "litera canina," as Dryden said to Aubrey, "a certain sign of a satirical wit." From Ellwood we learn that he could not endure the Eng-
lish mode of pronouncing Latin, and that his ear was so quick that he knew at once when his reader had come to a sentence which he did not understand.

The date of Milton's death was November 8, 1674. The cause, according to Aubrey, was "gout struck in"; but his death was calm and easy. He was then close upon being sixty-six years old. He was buried beside his father, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Shortly after his death there was a lawsuit between his widow and his daughters as to the inheritance of his remaining property, which amounted to about £1500. The widow pleaded a nuncupative, or declaratory will, made by the deceased before witnesses, to the effect that she was to be his sole heir, and that the daughters, having been "very undutiful" to him, were to receive nothing except their interest in their mother's marriage-portion, which, though never paid, was yet in good hands and recoverable. The decision, however, was so far favorable to the daughters, that each got something out of the property. The subsequent history of the family was as follows: — The widow survived her husband not less than fifty-five years, dying in very old age, in 1729, at her native place of Nantwich in Cheshire, where she was a member of the Baptist communion. Of the three daughters, the second, Mary, died unmarried; the eldest, Anne, married rather late in life a master-builder, and died in her first child-birth; and the youngest, Deborah, alone left issue. She had gone over to Ireland as companion to a lady before her father's death; there in 1674 she married a Mr. Abraham Clarke, a silk-weaver, with whom she returned to London in or about 1687, and settled
in Spitalfields, where Addison and others saw her, and asked her questions about her father; and she died in 1727, after having had a large family, of whom only one son and one daughter survived. The son, who was named Caleb, went to the East Indies, and died at Madras in 1719, leaving children, whose issue cannot be traced. The daughter, whose name was Elizabeth, married a Thomas Foster of Spitalfields, who afterwards kept a small chandler's shop in Holloway, and was in very poor circumstances. Some money was collected for her in 1750 by Dr. Birch, Johnson, and others; and she died at Islington in 1754, having had seven children, none of whom survived, or at least left descendants. Thus disappeared all the direct posterity of the poet. It remains to be added, that his brother Christopher, having adhered steadily to his royalist politics, was knighted by James II. in 1686, and became one of that king's servile judges, but was set aside at the Revolution, and died at Ipswich in 1692; that the two Philipises, the poet's nephews, had some reputation as hack-writers in the reigns of James and his successor; and, finally, that their mother, the poet's only sister, had other children by her second marriage, whose descendants are still to be traced.
COMPLIMENTARY VERSES.

IN PARADISUM AMISSAM SUMMI POETÆ JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines fuitnet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetraria mundi;
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet;
Terreo, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum
Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomique specus;
Quæque colunt terras, portumque et Tartara caeca,
Quæque colunt summæ lucida regna poli;
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hec qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen hec hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quae protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quanta, prælia dira tuba.
Celestes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ celestes pugna decreter agros!
Quantus in ætheris tolit se Lucifer armis,
Atque ipso graditur vix Michæle minor!
Quantis, et quam funestis concurrurit iris
Dum feras hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torqueat,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnae non superesse suæ.
At simul in cœlis Messiæ insignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
Eraempunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flamnæe vibrant, et vera tonitræ rauco
Admistis flammas insnuere polo,
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis
Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt.
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 awhile misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song;
(So Sampson 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;
Through 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 through 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 could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?
Just heaven 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 meant to praise thee must commend.
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

Andrew Marvel.
"THE VERSE."

"The measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, then else they would have express'd them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triv'yal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing."
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

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, fittest called Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck 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. Pandæmonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

VOL. I.
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,

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 heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloam'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
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, 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,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;

16 v. Ariosto Or. Fur. c. i. st. 2. Orlando Innam. di
Boiardo, rifac. da Berni, lib. ii. c. xxx. st. 1.
'Com' avvien, che ne in prosa & detta, o in rima
Cosa, che non sia stata detta prima.' Bowle, Pearce.
εἰπὲ δὲ, σὺ γὰρ οἷσθα. Newton.
BOOK I.

That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
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
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 serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his pride
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
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,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine 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
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf;
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to mere wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
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;
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,
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
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!

63 *darkness visible* v. Senecæ Ep. 57. de Crypt, Neapol.
'Nihil illis faucibus obscurius; quæ nobis præstant, ut non per tenebras videamus, sed ut ipsas.' Bentl. MS. [Cf. Gower, Conf. Aman. iii. 276, Pauli's ed.]
66 *hope* Compare Jer. Taylor's Contemplations, p. 211, and see Todd's Note, p. 18.
BOOK I.

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd

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,
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst out-shine
Myriads, though bright! if he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
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
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

85 Isaiah, xiv. 12. Virg. Æn. ii. 274.
Hei mihi! qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo!' Newton.
98 *high] Spens. F. Queen. b. i. c. i. s. 19. 'grief, and high
disdain.'
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign; and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
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
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
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
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable 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,
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' embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heaven'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
Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqueror, whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less [ours,
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as
Have left us this our spirit 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

131 perpetual] Consult Newton's note on the word 'perpetual.'
140 Invincible] v. Æschyli Prometheus, ver. 1050.

"Abstulit sortem Deus
Quam potuit, animis pristinum mansit decus,
Et cor, profunda providum sapientia;
Sunt reliqua nobis regna, sunt vires sua,
Multa et potestas"
"'Εγς τε κέλαινον
Τάρταρον ὄρδην βίψεις δέμας
Τοῦμον, ἀνάγκης στερηαῖς δίνας."
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
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?

Where to with speedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight;
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;
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
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven receiv'd us falling, and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage;
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now

158 Doing or suffering] 'Quidvis pati, quidvis facere.'
Plauti Miles. v. 9. See Pricæum ad Apulei Apolog
p. 165.
BOOK I.

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,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering 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,
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;
If not, what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that war'd on Jove,
Briareüs, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast

' The hoarse bellowing of the thunder.'

181 void] Dante Inf. c. v. 28.
' Luogo d'ogni luce muto.' Todd.

200 sea-beast] 'Equoreo similem per litora monstro.'
Val. Flacc. iv. 700.
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,
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
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will

205 Deeming some island] At Sir William Drury's house
in Hawstead in Suffolk (built in regn. Elizab.), is a closet
with painted pannels of the age of James I. One (no. 36.)
is a ship that has anchored on a whale which is in motion.
The motto, 'nusquam tuta fides.' See Cullum's Hist. of
Hawstead, p. 164, where is an engraving of it.
205 island] Thus Dionysii Perieg. 598.

άμφι δὲ πάντη
Κήτεα δίνες ἔχονσιν, ἑρυθραίον βοτὰ πόντου,
Οἰρεσιν ἡλιβατοίαν θουκότα.

And so in the Orlando Innam. of Boiardo, rifac. da Berni,
lib. ii. canto xiii. stan. 60.

'Il dosso sol mostrava ch' è maggiore
Ch' undici passi, ed anche piu d'altezza,
E veramente, a chi la guarda, pare
Un' isoletta nel mezzo del mare.'

Compare also Avieni Disc. Orbis, p. 784-5, and Pia Hilaria, p. 92.
'Basil affirms that whales are equal to the greatest
mountains, and their backs, when they show above the water,
like to islands.' v. Brerewood on Languages, p. 133.


—— 'tellurem proximus umbrâ,
Vestit Athos.'———
And high permission of all-ruling heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shewn
On man by him seduc'd; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and
In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale. [roll'd
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
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
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 mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom, all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unbless'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,

232 Pelorus] See Dante, Paradiso, c. 8. ver. 68.
' Tra Pachino e Peloro, sopra 'l golfo
Che riceve da Euro maggior briga.'
Both glorying to have scap’d the Stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recover’d strength, 240
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost arch-angel, this the seat
That we must change for heaven, this mournful
gloom
For that celestial light? be it so, since he,
Who now is Sov’reign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall’d, force hath made
supreme

Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors; hail

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 heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. 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:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:

Φη μ’ ἄκητι θεῶν φυγέον μέγα λαίτμα θαλάσσης.
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven. 
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends, 
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 
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 rallied arms to try what may be yet 
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell? 

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub 
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 
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 
Grow'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd, 
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height. 
He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior fiend 
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous 
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, 
Behind him cast; the broad circumference 
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

Κρείσσον γὰρ οἷμαι τῇ λατρείᾳ πέτρα. 
'Η πατρί φύναι Ζηνί πιστῶν ὤγελον.
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At ev'ning, from the top of Fesolé
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great amiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
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 indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd

' But that experiment of the optick glass,' and Davenant's Goudibert, p. 188.
' Or reach with optick tubes the ragged moon.'

' --- porro huique majus bacillum
Quam malus navi in corbitâ maximus ullâ.'
And Ovid Metam. xiii. 782.
' Cui postquam pinus, baculi quae præbuit usum,
Ante pedes posita est, antennis apta serendis.'
Cowley's Davideis, lib. iii. ver. 47.
' His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which nature meant some tall ship's mast to be.'
Keysler's Travels, ii. 117. ' They shew here the mast of a ship, which the common people believe to be the lance of Rolando the great.' Pope probably mistook the sense, when, in Hom. Il. xiii. 494, he says,
' Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral.'
Mr. Dyce refers to Quintus Smyrnæus, lib. v. ver. 118.
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'er-
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
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,
Warriors, the flow'r of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven 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 fallen!
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
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's Son, in Ægypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
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
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'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;
A multitude like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltaar to the Libyan sands.

`pitchy cloud']
'No pitchy storm wrapt up in swelling clouds.'
See Sandy's Christ's Passion, p. 57.
`Danaw'] so Donne (Progr. of the Soul, st. ii.) p. 228.
'At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine.'
Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great commander; God-like shapes and
Excelling human, princely dignities, [forms
And powers, that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and raz'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth
Through God's high sufferance 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
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.

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,

368 mankind] so accented on the first syllable in Heywood's Hierarchie, p. 11.

Tell me, O thou of Mankind most accurst.'
376 who first] Hom. II. v. 703.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ἔστατον. Todd.
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?  

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  
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,  
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 children's cries unheard, that past through fire  
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
Worship'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  
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
His temple right against the temple of God,  
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.  
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
From Aroer 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,  
And Elealè, 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  
Even 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  
Ægypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,  
These feminine: for spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And un compounded is their essence pure,  
Not tied or manacled 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,  
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  
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 heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
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
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
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

448 The Syrian damsels] Compare Bionis Idyll. i. 24.
'Ασσύρων βούσωσα πόσιν, καὶ παῖδα καλέσα.
449 amorous ditties] dolorous ditties. Bentl. MS.
450 Ran purple] Ov. Metam. xii. 111.
Purpureus populari cæde Caicus
Fluxit——

See Maundrell's Travels, p. 34. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river (Adonis, called by the Turks, Ibrahim Bassa,) viz. that this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour, which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river, for the death of Adonis. Something like this, we saw, actually came to pass, for the water was stained to a surprising redness, and
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eyes 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 grusel edge,
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,
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 against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sortish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage, and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn

as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis' blood.'

See also Milton's answer to Eikon Bas. p. 410:
'Let them who now mourn for him as for Tammuz.'

\[\text{grusel edge}\] See Beaumont's Psyche, c. viii. st. 136.
'In Dagon's Temple down the idol fell,
Quite broke his godship on the stronger sell.'

And Quarles' Emblems, p. 302, 'and groundsiil every floor.'

Lisle has also used this word in his Transl. of Du Bartas, p 96, 'to lay the grunsill-plot.'
His odious off'rings, and adore the gods 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 Ægypt and her priests, to seek
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
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
From Ægypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or 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
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 towers,
And injury, and outrage: and when night

'Omnigenenumque deum monstra, et latrator Anubis.'
'Newton.
BOOK I.

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 the hospitable door Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.  

These were the prime in order and in might; The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd; Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth, Their boasted parents; Titan, Heaven's first-born, With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd 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 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air, Their highest heaven; 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, And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles. All these and more came flocking; but with looks Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd Observe some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast

515 snowy] v. Hom. ll. i. 420. xviii. 616. 
Oβιλίμπου νουφέντος. Newton
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. 530
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
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
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.

'Ejusdem (Spartaneæ civitatis exercitus non ante ad dimi-
candum descendere solet, quam tibiæ concentu, et ana-
pæstis pedis modulo cohortationis calorem animo traxissent
vegeto et crebro ictus sono.' And Cic Tusc. Quæst. ii. 16.
Spartiatarum, quorum procedit mora ad tibiam, nec adhi-
betur ulla sine Anapaestis pedibus hortatio.'
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm, and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
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
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 stature as of gods;
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 imbodied force, as nam'd with these

551 *soft recorders*] See Giles Fletcher, Eclg. 1.
   'And while the sad *Recorder* sweetly plains.'
567 *armed files*] read 'ranked.' See book vi. 840.
   'Then down their idle weapons drop.'
How then could they have them here?—*Bentl. M.S.*
PARADISE LOST.

Could merit more than that small infantry that Warr'd on by cranes; though 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, Begirt with British and Armoric knights; And all who since, baptis'd or infidel, Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban, Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond, Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore, When Charlemain 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, Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost


Αἶματι Πυγμαίων ἱδομένη γέρανος.

and Ovid. Fast. vi. 176.

'Nec, quæ Pygmaeō sanguine gaudet, avem.' Consult Millin's Monum. Inedit. i. 171, and Boissonade to Philostrat. p. 529. Also Plin. Nat. Hist. vii. 'Pygmaei, quos a gruibus infestari Homerus quoque prodidit.' (Hom. II. iii. v. 7.)

591 Stood like a tower] See Statii Theb. iii. 356.

——Bello me, credite, bello,
Ceu turrim validam——
See also Il Purgatorio of Dante, v. 14. 'Sta come torre fermo;'

Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
BOOK I.

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,
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: dark’en’d so, yet shone
Above them all th’ arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench’d, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn’d
For ever now to have their lot in pain;

it is also used in the Orlando Innamorato. Mr. Dyce refers
to Q. Smyrnæus, lib. iii. ver. 63.

594 as when the sun] See Dante, II Purg. c. xxx. ver. 25.

'E la faccia del Sol nascere ombrata,
Si che, per temperanza di vapori
L' occhio lo sostenea lunga fiata.'


'fatales ad regra injusta Cometæ.' And Crashaw’s Steps to the Temple, p. 59.

'Staring Comets, that look kingdoms dead.'
See his Tutor A. Gill’s Poems, p. 5.

Οὐδὲὶς κομῆτης δότις ὄν κάκον φέρει.
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc’d
Of heaven, and from eternal splendors flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither’d: as when heaven’s fire
Hath scath’d the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar’d 615
To speak; whereat their doubled 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 spirits, O powers
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 power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth

   ‘T’ avoid the Ninevites do I amerce
   Myself’——
610 flung] See Beaumont’s Psyche, c. xx. st. 144.
   ‘And sigh’d and sobb’d to think whence he was flung.’
614 their stately growth] See Young’s Night Thoughts, N. 5.
   ‘As when some stately growth of oak or pine.’
620 Tears] Compare Xenoph. Anabas. 1. iii. 2. ‘Εννή-
   γαγεν ἐκκλησίαν τῶν αὐτοῦ στρατιωτῶν, καὶ πρῶτον μὲν
   ὕδακρυς πολὺν χρόνον ἔστώς, οἱ δὲ ὀρώντες ἑθάνυμαι τοὺς καὶ
   ἑσώπων, ἐτά ἐλεξε τάδε.’
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 emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different or danger shunn'd
By me have lost our hopes: but he, who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
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
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 heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps

' She dared, and did attempt to tempt me too.' Todd.
Our first eruption — thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? war then, war
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
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 toward the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
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 numerous brigade hasten'd; as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,

669 vault of heaven] Doctor Pearce approves Bentley's conjecture, 'walls of heaven,' and says the emendation is good. But I must differ from the opinions of both critics, and consider that this reading would much impair the beauty of the passage.

'Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war.
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven,'
which collected and reverberated the clash of the shields.
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and
thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven'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,
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 the hill a spacious wound,
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
In strength and art are easily outdone
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,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,

687 *Rifled* v. Ovid Met. i. 138.

'Itum est in viscera terrae.
Quasque recondiderat, Stygiisque admov(erat) umbris,
Effodiuntur opes.' *Hume.*
PARADISE LOST.

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
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
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
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures grav'n.
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately height, and straight the doors,
Op'ning their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed

705 A various mould] 'capacious mould.' Bentl. MS.
711 Rose] 'Did like a shooting exhalation glide.'
See Marlowe's Hero and Leander, p. 81.
714 Doric pillars]
'There findest thou some stately Doric frame.'
With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, 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
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle; thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heaven high tow'rs; nor did he
scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.

730 crystal battlements] See Beaumont's Psyche, cxx. 110. Much higher than the proudest battlement of the old heavens.'

See Don Quixote, vol. 3. p. 156, (trans. Shelton, 12mo. 1731.) 'I saw a princely and sumptuous palace, whose walls and battlements seemed to be made of transparent crystal,' and Miltoni Sylv. vol. iii. p. 303, v. 63.

'ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam.'
Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of sov'reign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpets' sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every 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
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
Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or career 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 populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer

'Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
Taurus.' Hume.
774 expatiate] i. e. walk abroad. v. Virg. Æn. iv. 62. Cic. Orat. iii. 'Ut palestrice spatiiari.' Todd.
Their state affairs: So thick the aery crowd
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
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
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 spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
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,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

454. Todd.
—— 'Non infideles arbitre
Nox et Diana.' Heylin.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

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 great 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.

High on a throne of royal state, which far Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand

1 *High*] Compare with this the opening of the second book of Ovid's *Metam.*

Regia solis erat,' &c.

2 *Ormus*] See View of Ormus, in Buckingham's *Travels in Assyria,* p. 428, 4to.
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heaven, and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of heaven—
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
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

4 *Barbaric*] Lucret. lib. ii. 500. 'Barbaricæ vestes.' Euripid. Iph. Aul. 73. de Paride: 
\[χρυσός τε λάμπρος, βαρβάρῳ χλιόνω τι.\]
and Virg. Æn. ii. 504.
PARADISE LOST.

Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
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
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, 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,
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 spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost

38 our just inheritance] See Crashaw's Steps to the Temple, p. 64. (1646.)

' And for the never fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here:'

and Beaumont's Psyche, c. i. st. 24.

' Was't not enough against the righteous law
Of primogeniture to throw us down,
From that bright home which all the world does know
Was by confest inheritance our own.'

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,
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

The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heaven'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,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven'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

Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself

54 sit contriving] See Milton's Prose Works, vol. ii. 380, 
iii. 24. 'But to sit contriving.'
'Oς δὴ κεραυνὸν κρείσσον' εύρήσει φόλογα,

Bροντῆς δ' ἵππρωσαίλλοντα καρπήρων κτύπουν.

and see Statii Theb. iv. 133. 'furiarum lampade nigra.' Silv
i. iv. 64. 'fulminis atris.' Lucan Ph. ii. 301. 'ignes atros.'
'I talk of flames, and yet I call hell dark;
Flames I confess they are, but black.'

See M. Stevenson's Poems (1654), p. 113, (A Guesse at 
Hell.) [Cf. Gower's Conf. Aman. iii. 270, Paulii's e.t.]
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire, 
His own invented torments. But perhaps
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
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 us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
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, driven out from bliss, condemn’d
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls to us penance? more destroy’d than thus

*strange fire*] See Nonni Dionysiaca, lib. xliiv. ver. 119.

*Dionysiaca, lib. xliiv. ver. 119.

El δέ κε πειρήσαιτο καὶ ἡμετέροιο κεραννοῦ,
Γνώσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον σέλας: οὕρανιον γὰρ
Θερμοτέρως σπινθῆρας ἐμὸν λάχειν ἀντίτυπον πᾶρ.


‘Non te nullius exercent numinis irae.’ Newton
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounce'd
Desperate 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 heaven; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp'd 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

   Rursum instimulat, ducitque faventes
   Magnanimus Calydone satus; potioribus ille
   Deteriora fovens, semperque inversa tueri
   Durus.'

114 better] τὸν ἡττω λόγον κρείττω ποιών.

Plato, Ap. Soc. II.
Timorous 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,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
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 heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering 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
Heaven'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
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope

131 *bordering deep*] See Wither's *Campo Muse*, p. 25.
'And to possess the *bordering* hills.'

142 *our hope*] Shakesp. K. Hen. VI. act ii. scene iii.
'Our hap is loss, our *hope but sad despair.*' *Malone.*
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
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,
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,
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,
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
With heaven'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 sevenfold rage,
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
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
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 heaven's
highth
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 heaven,

174 His] Consult Bentley, and Newton's Notes on the application of the Relative. 'Red right hand' is the 'rubente dextera' of Hor. Od. I. ii. 2.

175 Each on his rock] 'Illum exspirantem . . . .
Turbine corripuit, scopuloque infixit acuto.' Æn. i. 44.

176 Unrespited] Consult the notes of Mr. Thyer, and Mr. Todd on this line.
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
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
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
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
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
Their noxious vapor, or enur'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:

220 The commentators have not observed that this and the following line rhyme together:
'This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight,' &c.
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
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.

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 disinherit the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthron’ 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
Within heaven’s bound, unless heaven’s Lord su-
We overpower? 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
Strict laws impos’d, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc’d halleluiah’s; while he lordly sits
Our envy’d Sov’reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome

224 *For happy*] Compare Theognis, ver. 519.

'Ήν δέ τις εἰρωτὴ τῶν ἐμὸν βίων, ὡδὲ οἵ εἰπεῖν,
'Ως εὖ μὲν, χαλεπῶς ως χαλεπῶς δὲ, υάλ' ῥε.
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heaven, 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
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and heaven resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise


> *Ut mihi vivam*  
> *Quod superest ævi.† Newton.

[ed. Dindorf†]. Todd.
Magnificence; and what can heaven shew more? Our torments also may in length of time Become our elements, these piercing fires 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 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 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull Sea-faring men o'er watch'd, whose bark by chance Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay After the tempest: such applause was heard 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 To found this nether empire, which might rise, By policy and long process of time,

287 cadence lull] See Claudiani Rufin. i. 70.

'Ceu murmurat alti
Impacata quies pelagi, cum flamme fracto
Durat adhuc sævitque tumor, dubiumque per æstum
Lassa recedentis fluitant vestigia venti.' Newton.
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom, Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
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,
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 Powers, offspring of heaven, Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign

313
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
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,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
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 power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath
That shook heaven's whole circumference, con-
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn [firm'd.
BOOK II.

What creatures there inhabit, of what mould, 335
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 360
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess 395
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
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 270
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
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, 275
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.—Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his devilish 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

360 expos'd] Compare ver. 410, and consult Newton's note.
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? but their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas’d highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkl’d in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renewes.

Well have ye judg’d, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
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 neighbouring
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter heaven: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven’s fair light,
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand’ring feet
The dark unbottom’d infinite abyss,
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

406 palpable] The adjective ‘obscure’ used for a substantive, as 409, ‘the vast abrupt.’ Newton.
----------- ‘those powers that the queen
Hath rais’d in Gallia, have arriv’d our coast.’
BOOK II.

The happy isle? what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
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.

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,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others' count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd; none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchical pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of heaven, empyreal Thrones,
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;

'Magnam quandam insulam, quam nos orbem terræ vocamus.' Newton.
432 long] Dante Inf. c. xxxiv. 95, describes the ascent from hell.

'La via è lunga, e 'l cammino è malvagio.'
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
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  
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,  
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd  
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
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  
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,  
Terror of heaven, though fall'n, intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render hell

435 Ninefold] 'Et movies Styx interfusa coercet.' Æn. vi.
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
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
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
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;
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
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the highest in heaven:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
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.
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’erspread
Heaven’s cheerful face, the low’ring element
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 heavenly 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 enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

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 heaven, nor less
Than hell’s dread emperor, with pomp supreme
And God-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery seraphim inclos’d

489 sleeps] Hom. II. v. 524.
——σῆπερ εὐφροσύνη μένως Βορέα. Newton.
490 cheerful] Spens. F. Q. ii. xii. 34.
‘And heaven’s cheerful face enveloped. Thyer.
512 globe] Virg. Æn. x. 373.
Qua globus ille virūm densissimus urget. Newton.
With bright imblazonry and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
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
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wand’ring each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex’d, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
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 the Olympian games, or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.

613 horrent] Virg. Æn. i. ‘Horrentia Martis arma,’ and Æn. x. 178. ‘Horrentibus hastis.’
631 curb] ‘How got they steeds and harps?’ v. 548.
632 rapid] ‘rapid even before the race.’ Bentl. MS.
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
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides from Æchalia 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 Æta threw
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
Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony,
What could it less when spirits immortal sing?
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
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

' Sedesque discretas piorum,'
558 elevate] Compare Ovidii Metam. xii. 157.
' Non illos Citharse, non illos carmina vocum,
BOOK II.

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
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, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy;
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,
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
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
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,

Longave multitori delectat tibia buxi:
Sed noctem sermonem trahunt; virtusque loquendi
Materia est.'

566 pleasing sorcery] See Marino's Sl. of the Innocents, I, 4, 8. (1675).

' And with a pleasing tyranny had there
Shed his Lethean water on their sight.'

569 triple] Hor. Od. i. iii. 9.

' Illi robur, et as triplex
Circa pectus erat. Hume.
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 being forgets, 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 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 frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire. Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd 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 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round, Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire. They ferry over this Lethean sound Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose

589 *diræ græalinis.* *Newton.*
590 *Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.* *Newton.*
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
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
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 a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse

620 Alp] in the singular number; so in Dionysius Perieg.
See Schneider's note to Orphe Argon. p. 193. 'Αλπως ἄρχω, singulari numero, est in Dion. Perieg. ut in Metrodori Epigr. (Anal. ii. 451.) Alpem Juvenalis nominat. (Sat. x. 152.)

621 Rocks]
' Rocks, shelves, gulfs, quicksands, hundred, hundred horrors.'

622 evil Εσχ. Eumen. ver. 71.

625 all monstrous] See Heywood's Hierarchie, p. 437, lib. 7.
' So that all births which out of order come
Are monstrous and prodigious.'
PARADISE LOST.

Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd, 62
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras dire.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell
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 towering high. 635
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
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
Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the 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
Three iron, three of adamantine rock, [brass,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat

639 Of Ternate] See Fanshawe's Lusiad, p. 219, c. x. 84.

132. (1655).

'Tidore see! Ternate! whence are rolled
(Holding black night a torch) thick plumes of flame.'
640 trading] treading. Bentl. MS.
642 nightly] rightly. Bentl. MS.

'And seven times folded shield,'
Clypeo septemplicis.' Bentl. MS.
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair, 653
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerbereal mouths full loud, and rung 655
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 abhor'r'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
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 labouring moon 665
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
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,

653 mortal sting] Spens. F. Q. i. i. 15.
   'pointed with mortal sting.' Bentl. MS.
654 A cry] 'And that some troop of cruel hellish curs
   Encircle them about.'
660 Vex'd] 'Dulichias vexasse rates.' Virg. Ecl. vi. 76.
c. x. p. 162, ed. Brotier. Casimir Sarb. Lyr. ii. v. 'Soli
et lunæ labores.'
PARADISE LOST.

For each seem’d either; black it stood as night, 670
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
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 naught 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
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 spirits of heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,

672 And shook] ‘His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand, a dreadful sight to see,
With great triumph eftsones the same he shook.’
See Sackville’s Int. to Mirror for Mag. p. 266, ed. 1610.

676 hell] ‘And made hell gates to shiver with the might.’
Sackville’s Introd. p. 265.

679 Created] See Wakefield’s Lucretius, lib. i. 117, and
Sylva Critica, v. p. 74, where this phrase is illustrated.

683 miscreated] Spens. F. Q. i. ii. 3. ‘miscreated fair.’ ii.
vii. 42. ‘miscreated mould.’ Bent.
Who first broke peace in heaven and faith, till then Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd To waste eternal days in woe and pain? And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven, 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, 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 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 Ophiucus huge In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair

692 *Drew*] 'He boldly drew millions of souls.'

See Beaumont's *Psyche*, c. xv. st. 296.

693 *Conjur'd*] Virg. Geo. i. 280.

'Et conjuratos coelum rescindere fratres.' *Hume.*


700 *Ophiucus*] See Sir F. Bacon's Astronomy. 'And such comets have more than once appeared in our time; first in Cassiopeia, and again in Ophiuchus.'


VOL. I. 5
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 heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front
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
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
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,


'S Then with long bloody hair, a blazing star
Threatens the world with famine, plague, and war,
To princes death, to kingdoms many crosses.'


'S Humentes late nebulas, nimbosque solutis
Excussere comis.'

714 two black clouds] Bolardo's Orlando Innamorato, b. i.
c. 16. St. 10. Thyer.

artillery] See Gayton's Chartæ Scriptæ, p. 20; (1645)

'S The magazine of heaven here. Artillerie
Which oft in dreadful thunderings rend the skie.'
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;  
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:  
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,  
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.  
'T whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd.  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair  
In heaven? when at th' assembly, and in sight  
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd  
In bold conspiracy against heaven's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpriz'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,  

746 *the portress*] P. Fletcher's *Locusts*, ed. 1627, p. 34.  
4 'The Porter to th' infernall gate is Sin.' *Todd.*
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of heaven; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
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 my womb conceiv'd
A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd
For what could else? to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also: at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
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.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issu'd, 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,
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
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
Afresh 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
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
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,

787 Made to destroy] See James i. 15. Bentl. MS.
794 rape begot] See Amadis de Gaul, vol. iii. lib. iii. c. 10.
p. 183, ed. Southey.
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
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 heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change

Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of, know
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 spirits that, in our just pretenses arm'd,
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 wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heaven, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Lest heaven 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.
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'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
Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear [Death
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
And by command of heaven's all-powerful 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.

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 heaven and heavenly-born,

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
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon

\[842 \text{buxom air} \] Spenser, F. Q. i. xi. 37.
'And therewith scourge the \text{buxom air so sore}.' Newton.

\[846 \text{Grinn'd horrible} \] Imitated, Mr. Carey thinks, from
Dante, Inf. v.;
' Stavvi Minos orribilmente e ringhia.'
PARADISE LOST.

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.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the keyhole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
'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 power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
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.

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72 live at ease] From Homer, Οειοι ἡεια Ɣαούτερ.
Bentley.

779 open fly] 'Don Bellianis, part ii. chap. 19. Open flew
the brazen folding doors, grating harsh thunder on their turning
hinges.' Swift.

889 smoke] See Dante Il Purg, c. xxiv.
'E giunmai non si videro in fornace
Vetri o metalli si lucenti e rossi,
Com' io vidi un che dicea——.'
Before their eyes in sudden view appear

The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold

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 embryo atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several 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
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
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
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,

PARADISE LOST.

Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, to compare
Great things with small, than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements
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
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacancy: 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
Instinct with fire and nitre hurried 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,


936 rebuff] Compare Statii Theb. vii. 35.

'Atque illum Arctoe labetem cardine portae
Tempestas aeterna plagae, praetentaque caelo
Agmina nimborum, primique Aquilonis hiatus
In diversa ferunt.'
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryfon through the wilderness
With winged course o'er hill or moory dale
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creepes, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
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 power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask

942 oar] Beaumont's Psyche, c. xvi. st. 224.
'Spreading their wings like oars.'
Marino's Sl. of the Inn. p. 49.
'With wings like feather'd oars.'
And Dante, II. Purg. c. ii. 32.
'Si che remo non vuol, nè altro velo.' C. xii. 5.


'Pastor, Arator, Eques, pavi, colui, superavi,
Capras, rus, hostes, fronde, ligone, manu.'
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
Bordering on light; when straight behold the
throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
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; Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus.—Ye Powers,
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
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
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
Which is my present journey, and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
BOOK II.

Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With fault'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, That mighty leading angel, who of late Made head against heaven's King, though over-
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heaven-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,
Encroach'd on still thro' your intestine broils
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side heaven 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,
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,

1013 a pyramid of fire] Drayton in his David and Goliah.
1630.

'T he look't like to a piramid on fire.' Todd.
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environs'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
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 Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
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 heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering 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,
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 the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain
This pendant 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.

1052 *This pendant world*] Verbatim from Shakespeare's *Meas. for Meas.* act iii. scene i.
1054 *mischievous]*

'Thither full fraught, with hope of wished success.'

_Bentl. MS._
G**d** sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells 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, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.
Hail holy light! offspring of heav'n first-born;  
Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproached light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,  
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
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  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes, thou to th' Orphean lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down

3 God is light] See Wakef. Lucret. i. p. 320. 'Per emphasin Deus sepissime Sol audit.' Ov. Met. xv. 192.  
'Ipse Dei clypeus, terrâ cum tollitur imâ,  
Mane rubet'—
adeas notata nobis ad Virg. Georg. i. 6.'  
8 fountain] See Lucret. 5. 282, 'largus item liquidi fons luminis.'  
17 other notes] See Bembo Sonetti, p. 26, 'con altra voce'  
Dante Il Parad. c. xxv. 7, 'Con altra voce omai, con altra vello Ritornero Poeta.'
PARADISE LOST.

The dark descent, and up to reascend,
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
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 flowery brooks beneath,
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 Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
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
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,

25 quench'd drench'd. Bentl. MS.
30 flowery brooks] flowing, silver, crystal, purling. Bentl. MS.
'Mutos Thamyris damnatus in annos.'
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou celestial Light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all hight, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the Sanctities of heaven
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
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,

49 Of] Pearce proposes to read 'All nature's works,' and
Newton agrees with him, putting a stop after 'blank,' but I
do not understand the force of their objection to the esta-
lished text.
In blissful solitude: he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land-imbosom'd without firmament,
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
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
Upon his own rebellious head? And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay
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

93 *glozing lies*] See Beaumont's *Psyche*, c. v. 37.
'With humble *lies*, and oaths of *glozings* drest.'
See also B. ix. 549, 'so gloz'd the tempter.'
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 Powers 
And Spirits, 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 re-
What pleasure I from such obedience paid, [ceive? 
When will and reason, reason also is choice, 
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd, 
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 
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 
Or high foreknowledge: they themselves decreed 
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew, 
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault, 
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown. 
So without least impulse or shadow of fate, 
Or aught by me immutably foreseen, 
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,

108 'When God gave him reason he gave him freedom to choose; for reason is but choosing.' Milton's Areopagitica.
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so I form'd them free, and free they must remain, Till they en thrall themselves; I else must change Their nature, and revoke the high decree, Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall. The first sort by their own suggestion fell, Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: man falls deceiv'd By the other first: man therefore shall find grace, The other none: in mercy and justice both, Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel; But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect 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 Divine compassion visibly appear'd, Love without end, and without measure grace; Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace; For which both heaven 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

139 Father] P. Fletcher. P. Isl. c. xii. st. 81.
150 'Full of his father shines his glorious face.' Todd.
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.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
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 has made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus replied.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
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

158 that] Newton observes that this is from Genesis, xviii.
25. 'That be far from thee,' &c.
169 Son] 'My Son, my only stay,
            My hand, my honor, and my might.'

See Golding's Ovid, p. 62.
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthral’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
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
Th’ incensed 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.
To prayer, 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,
And to the end persisting safe arrive.
This my long sufferance 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;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.

189 *stony*] Ezek. xxxvi. 26. ‘I will take away the *stony* heart out of your flesh.’ Gillies.
But yet all is not done; man disobeying
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heaven,
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die.
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death. [love?]
Say heavenly Powers, where shall we find such
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save? 215
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heavenly choir stood mute,
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
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,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is pass'd, 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?

203 sacred] 'sacrare.' Bent. MS.
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
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
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
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
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight:

\[236 \text{me} \] The frequent repetition of 'me' is like Virgil, Æn. ix. 427.

'\text{Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.' } \text{Newton.}

\[255 \text{maugre hell} \] 'Such Life that \text{maugre Hell} he lives.'
Sir T. Hawkins' Horace, (1638) p. 72. 'Maugre thy fury,' v.
BOOK III.

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 Shall enter heaven long absent, and return, Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd And reconcilement: wrath shall be no more Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 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 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd All heaven, what this might mean and whither tend Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd: O thou in heaven and earth the only peace Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear To me are all my works, nor man the least,

Marino's Sl. of the Inn. p. 58. 'Maugre thine enemies' hate.' Gayton's Ch. Script. p. 3. 4to.

267 immortal love] See Luceret. v. 122. 'Immortalia mortali sermone notantes.' Aristot. de Rhetor. ii. 17. 2, ἀδιανάτον ὅργην μὴ φύλαττε, θυμός ὦν.

277 least] Shakespeare's Lear, act i. scene 1. 'Now our joy, Although the last, not least.' and Jul. Cas. act iii. scene 1. 'Though last, not least, in love.' Newton.
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only can'st redeem
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thy self man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous 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,
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
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 judged and die;
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
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

[301 destroys] The fall is spoken of as a thing past, but as perhaps present to the divine mind, so ver. 151 and 181. Pearce.
Equal to God, and equally enjoying 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, Far more than great or high; because in thee Love hath abounded more than glory abounds; Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt With thee thy manhood also to this throne; Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man, Anointed universal king; all power I give thee, reign for ever, and assume Thy merits; under thee as head supreme Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions; I reduce: All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell. When thou attended gloriously from heaven Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send The summoning archangels to proclaim Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds The living, and forthwith the cited dead Of all past ages, to the general doom

306 Equal] Newton says, 'this is an instance of Milton's orthodoxy;' how could he have overlooked the lines that follow?
313 By merit more than birthright Son of God.'
325 Horsley's Sermons, p. 533, 8vo.
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep. Then, all thy saints assembled, 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 heaven 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, 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, Loud as from numbers without number, sweet As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd 'Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground With solemn adoration down they cast Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold; Immortal amaranth, a flower which once In paradise fast by the Tree of Life

387 golden] Virg. Eclog. iv. 9. 'Toto surget gens aurea mundo.' Hume
388 angels] On the construction of this sentence, see Pearce's and Monboddo's note.
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
To heaven remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls over Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
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,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering 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 heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; thee author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible
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

359 *flowers* fields, plains, gems. *Bentl. MS.*
359 *amber* Callim. St. Ceres, 29, ἀλέκτρινον ὑώρ; and
363 *Impurpled* 'Tutto di Rose imporporato il cielo.'
*Marino Ad. c. iv. st. 291. Thyer.*
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear; 380
Yet dazzle heaven, 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, the Almighty Father shines, 396
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
Heaven of heavens and all the powers therein 390
By thee created, and by thee threw down
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 396
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes:
Not so on man; him thro' their malice fall'n, 400
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom

830 Dark]
' Caligine à lassù d'ombre lucenti
In cui s' involve Rè ch' il ciel governa;
Quivi Iddio pose in fulgide tenebre
E'n profondo silenzio, alte latebre.'
Tasso Gier. Lib. See Black's Life, ii. 489.

894 shook] v. Fairfax's Tasso, ii. 91.
' Againe to shake Heav'n's everlasting frame.' Todd.
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 inclin'd,
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 unexampled love,
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.

Thus they in heaven, 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
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
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of heaven

406 He] 'Than' or 'but' is understood before 'He,' to complete the sense. Newton.
412 Hail] Virg. Æn. viii. 301.
'Salve, vera Jovis proles, decus addite divis.' Newton.
VOL. I.
Though distant far some small reflection gains
Of glistening air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field. 430
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
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 aërial vapours flew
Of all things transitory 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,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand, 455

4 For though Chineses go to bed.
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neigh'ring moon, as some have dream'd.
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Btwixt 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 renown'd:
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,
Empedocles, and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,  

459 moon] He means Ariosto Or. Fur. c. xxxiv. st. 70.
Newton.

473 too long] Bentley thinks that a line is here omitted; 
and Dr. Pearce agrees with him: but it does not appear to 
me necessary. I would read the verse
'Cleombrotus, and many more (too long:)
still I think the passage would read better thus transposed:
'Cleombrotus and many more, too long,'
Here Pilgrims roam that stray'd so far to seek

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd:
Embryos, and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.'
Embryoes and idiots, eremits and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery. 475
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
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 seven, 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 heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost 490
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
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

475 White] Carmelites, Dominicans, and Franciscans. So Ariosto Orl. Fur. xiv. 68. 'Frati, bianchi, neri, e bigi.'
Id. xliii. st. 175. Todd.
498 sport] Virg. Æn. vi. 75. 'Ludibria ventis.' Hume.
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travel'd steps; far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heaven, a structure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Imbellish'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
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,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of heaven.*
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth sailing arriv'd,
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 ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
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,  
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 Panceas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Egypt and the 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,  
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  
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 glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd  
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:  
Such wonder seiz'd, though after heaven seen,  
The spirit malign; but much more envy seiz'd  

'There riseth up an easie climbing hill.' Todd.
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
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
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
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
The golden sun in splendor likest heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament; but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude, where the great luminary,

564 marble air] 'Strikes thro' the marble skies.'
See Marino's Sl. of the Innocents, p. 75. Transl.
564 oblique] Drayton uses this word with the accent on the first syllable. Polylb. Song xvi.
‘Then in his oblique course, the lusty straggling street.'

Todd.
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
Days, months, and years, towards 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,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
So wond'rously 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.
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;
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.

692 metal] In the first editions 'medal.'
697 to] Doctor Pearce had an ingenious friend who proposed to read
'Rubie, or Topaz, two o' th' twelve that shone.'
How would the Doctor profess to pronounce his line?
Fenton reads 'or the twelve that shone.'
BOOK III.

That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chimic sun so far from us remote
Produces with terrestrial humor mix'd
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,
But all sun-shine; 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 the air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
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;


'T Fire that in limbec of pure thoughts divine
Doth purge our thoughts.'

622 ken] See Greene's "Never too late." 'I might see in my ken.' Todd.
Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar 625
Circ'd his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit 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,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled 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,
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
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

642 many a colour'd] 'Versicoloribus alis,'
Virgilii Catalecta, vi. 9.

'In abito succinta era Marfisa.' Todd.
That run through all the heavens, 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 seven spirits that stand
In sight of God’s high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
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
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
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,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driv’n out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss

678 that] Tickell reads ‘their loss,’ and is followed by Fenton and Bentley. *Todd.*
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.

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,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems; which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heaven:
Who to the fraudulent imposter foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
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,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report hear only in heaven:
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
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
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 several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
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 this universe.
Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, the seat of man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring
So call that opposite fair star, her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
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 bower:
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

710 heard] 'Jussa Dei exsequitur Tellus.
A. Ramsay, P. Sacr. ed. Lawder, i. p. 4.
716 this] 'the' in Fenton's and Bentley's ed. Newton.
Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise 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 the 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. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and past at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered afterwards 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 nightwatch 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.
O for that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on earth! that now,
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,
To wreak 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
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils

17 devilish] 'Those devilish engines fierie fierce.'
Russell's Battles of Leipsic, 1634, 4to.
Spenser's F. Qu. 1. 7. xiii.
As when that devilish iron engine, wrought in deepest hell.'
17 recoils] see Hamlet, act iii. scene iv.
'Tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.'
And Ausonii Epigram, lxxii.
'Anctorem ut feriant tela retorta suum.'
and Beaumont's Fair Maid of the Inn, act ii.
'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which returned
Like a petard ill lighted, into the bosom
Of him gave fire to't.'
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him, for within him hell
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
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards heaven and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
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,
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,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless
King.

Ah, wherefore! he deserv'd no such return

21 nor from hell] v. Fairfax's Tasso, c. xii. st. 77.
 'Swift from myself I run, myself I fear,
 Yet still my hell within myself I bear.' Todd.

 'Ignus æthereas jam sol penetrârat in arces.' Richardson
vol. i.
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov’d ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdein’d subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv’d,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg’d; what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain’d
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais’d
Ambition! Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir’d, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm’d.

60 sdein’d] Drayton’s Moses’ Birth, B. I.

4 Which though it sdein’d the pleasdnesse to confesse.’
and Fairfax’s Tasso, ver. xx. 128. ‘ He sdeignful eies.’ Todd

53 still paying] ‘ Still paying, ne’er discharged.’

63 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
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;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
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 sceptre high advance'd,
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 highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
For never can true reconcilement 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
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 in stead
Of us out-cast, 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
Divided empire with Heaven'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
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
That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,
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
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour; then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over head up grew
Insuperable hight of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue

138 shade] 'shaft,' Bent. MS. and again ver. 141, 'Shaft above shaft.'


' Erecta medium vallis includens locum,
Crescit theatri more.'

Virg. Æn. v. 288. and Solini Polyhist. c. xxxviii. v. Lyco- 

称呼. Cassandra, ver. 600.

\( \text{Theatromórfω κάτει} \).
Appear'd with gay enamel'd colours mixt:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show'r'd the earth. So lovely seem'd
That landscape. And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous 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
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore

151 in Hume, Bentley, and Warton would read 'on fair evening cloud.'
'Magneique Alexandri classibus Arabiam odore primum nun-
tiitam in altum.' Compare a passage in Ovington's Voyage to Surat, p. 55 (1696). 'We were pleased with the prospect of this island, because we had been long strangers to such a sight; and it gratified us with the fragrant smells which were wafted from the shore, from whence, at three leagues distance, we scented the odours of flowers and fresh herbs; and what is very observable, when after a tedious stretch at sea, we have deemed ourselves to be near land by our observation and course, our smell in dark and misty weather has outdone the acuteness of our sight, and we have discovered land by the fresh smells, before we discovered it with our eyes. See also Davenport's 'City Night-cap,' act v.

162 The Indian winds
That blow off from the coast, and cheer the sailor
With the sweet savour of their spices, want
The delight that flows in thee.'
Of Arabie the blest, with such delay \[league
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better
pleas'd
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume,
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Ægypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that past 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
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 hurdles cotes amid the field secure,
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,

158 wolf] 'Keen as the Evening wolf.'
_Bentlowe's Theophila_, p. 44.
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
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,
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
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
In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heaven on earth: for blissful paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before

190 Cross-barr'd] 'Cross-barr'd and double lockt.'
    Heywood's Hierarchie, p. 510, folio, (1635).
191 In at the window] v. Spenser's Fairy Queen, lib. i. c.
3. ver. 17.
'He was to weet a stout and sturdy thief,

Then he by cunning slights in at the window crept.'
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
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
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 through 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, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
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,
How from that saphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,

237 crisped brooks]
' Tremuloque alarum remige crispat
Fluctusque fluviiosque maris.'
238 orient pearl] See Sir D. Lindsay, ed. Chalmers, ii. 327.
'Lyke orient perlis.'
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
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 bowers. Thus was this
A happy rural seat of various view:
[place
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
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 hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

And Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 'He kissed the last of many doubled kisses, this orient pearl.'

Orient pearl was esteemed the most valuable. See Don Quixote (Shelton's Transl. vol. iv. p. 64.) 'She wept not tears, but seed pearl, or morning dew: and he thought higher, that they were like oriental pearls.'

244 smote] Val. Flacc. I. 496. 'Percussaque sole scuta.'
Ori. Fur. c. viii. st. xx. 'Percote il sol ardente il vicin colle.'
And Psalm (Old Transl.) cxxi. 6. 'The sun shall not smile thee by day.' Todd.


255 irriguous] Hor. Sat. ii. 4. 16. 'Irriguo nihil est elutius horto.' Hume.
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 murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
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 gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
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

262 fringed] See Carew's Poems, p. 204.
'Silver floods,
From your channels fring'd with flowers.'
And p. 119.
'With various trees we fringe the waters' brink.'
264 apply] Spens. F. Q. iii. 1. 40.
'Sweet birds thereto applide
Their dainty layes' &c. Bowle.
269 Proserpine] With the same accent in F. Queen, 1. ii.
2. 'And sad Proserpine's wrath.' Newton.
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye:
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, enclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw undelight'd 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,
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;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.


299 He] See St. Paul, 1. Corinth. xi. 7. He is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of the man.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin 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
Disshevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,

For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man.
Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman
for the man.' This passage seems to justify the old reading,
'God in him,' and rejects Bentley and Pearce's alteration,
'God and him.'


304 as a veil] Carew's Poem's, p. 143.

—— 'Whose soft hair,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,
O'erspreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her veil and ornament.'

Spenser's F. Queen, iv. 113.

'Which doft, her golden looks that were unbound
Still in a knot unto her heeles down traced,
And like a silken veil in compass round
About her backe, and all her bodie wound.'

307 As the vine] See Merrick's Tryphiodorus, ver. 108.

'His flowing train depends with artful twine,
Like the long tendrils of the curling vine.'
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 troubled all mankind
With shews instead, mere shews 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:
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
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
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs

315 ye] Should we not read 'you?' For what is he speaking to besides Shame? Newton.
332 compliant boughs] Compare the Sarcotis of Masenius, lib. i. p. 94, ed. Barbou:
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
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 frieking play'd
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
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' unwieldly elephant
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
Conch'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 evening rose:

'Hic mensae genialis opes, et dapsilis arbos
Fructibus inflexos, focundo palmite, ramos
Curvat ad obsequium, praebetque alimenta petenti.'

337 gentle] Spens. F. Qu. iii. 8. 14. 'He gan make gentle purpose to his dame.' Thyer.
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,
Not spirits, yet to heavenly 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!

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
Long to continue; and this high seat your heaven
Ill fenc'd for heaven 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 unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,

368 O hell] Compare the speech of Antitheus, in the Sarcothis, at the sight of the happiness of Sarcothea, lib. i. p. 94.

' Viderat Antitheus niveam per graminis nympham
Errantem, et facilis captantem gaudia ruris,
Pascentemque animum jucundae munere vitae.
Vidit, et indoluit tantorum herede bonorum,' &c
Like this fair paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me.
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 numerous offspring; if no better place,
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,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those fourfooted kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unéspy'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
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
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 utterance flow.  

Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,  
Dearer thy self than all, needs must the Power  
That made us, and for us this ample world,  
Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite,  
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  
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,  
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 power and rule  
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n  
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:  
But let us ever praise him and extol  
His bounty, following our delightful task  
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow—  
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 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 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee Preeminent 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 my self repos'd Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where And what I was, whence thither brought, and how. Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd, Pure as th' expanse of heaven; 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 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd Bending to look on me: I started back,

451 on] The second ed. reads 'of flowers,' but Tickell, Fenton, Bentley, and Newton, read 'on' after the first edition.
461 A shape] Compare the Sarcoitis of Masenius, lib. iii. p. 130, ed. Barbou, describing Sarcothea:

——— 'stetit obvia fonti
Virgo, novasque freto miratur crescere silvas.
Ipsa etiam propriæ spectans ab imagine formæ
Luditur, et niveum veneratur in ore decorum, etc.'
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd, 
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks 
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 
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 
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, 
But follow straight, invisibly thus led? 
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall, 
Under a platane; 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 being I lent 
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart, 
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 
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

Adamus, platani suppositus come.' 
Tickell and Fenton read a 'plantan.'
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unrepov'd
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
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
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, 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,
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,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.

500 impregns] See Dante Il Purgat. c. xxiv.
   'L'aura di Maggio muovesi, ed olezza
   Tutta impregnata dall' erba, e da' fiori.'
504 Ey'd them askance] See Dante Inferno, c. vi.
   'Gli diritti occhi torse allora in biechi.'
509 Where] Bentley would read, 'Where's' for 'Where is,'
   but Pearce observes that Milton often leaves out 'is,' as
   B. viii. 621.
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
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;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
Some wandering spirit of heaven, 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,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale,
his roam.

520 A chance] This line, I think, should be thus read:
A chance — but chance may lead where I may meet.
Mean while in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
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
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 the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of heaven; but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air, and show the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

542 eastern] 'The sun setting shined on the eastern gate,
'tis well it was higher than all the rest of Paradise.'

Bentl. MS.

544 alablaster] Thus spelt in both Milton's own editions.
554 with diamond] See Prose Works, I. 232. (Apol. for Smectymmnus.) 'Their zeal, whose substance is ethereal,
arming in complete diamond.'

556 as a shooting] See Dante Il Paradiso, c. xv. 16.
'E pare stella, che tramuti loco.'
Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in:
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the 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 heaven, 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
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
Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,

It has been proposed to read these lines with the
insertion of a parenthesis:

1 Gabriel (to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in)
This day at highth of noon,' &c.

Some read 'descry'd.' Newton.

See Marino's Sl. of the Innocents, p. 33.
(Transl.)

'Shining troops of winged armies ride.'
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

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
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 volubil earth,
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there,
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament

583 whether] 'whither.' Milton's own ed.
592 volubil] 'volúbil,' with the second syllable long, as in the Latin volúbilis; when it is short, Milton writes it 'voluble.' Newton.
600 Silence] See this personification in Beaumont's Psyche, c. vi. st. 174. 'Silence for porter stood.' c. xix. st. 160. 'Whilst Silence sate upon his lips.'
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
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
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 slumbrous weight inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
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 heaven on all his ways;
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
Yon flowery 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,

627 walk] In the first ed. 'walks.' Newton.
manuring] This is to be understood as in the French
manœuvre, or working with hands. Richardson.
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 bidd'st
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:
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 flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, 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 general ancestor reply'd.
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
Those 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
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
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, though men were none,
That heaven 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

674 Those] "These" is Tonson's and Newton's alteration. Milton's reading is 'Those.'
677 walk the earth] The same expression occurs in P. L. vii. 477. 'Creep the ground.' Cicero de Finibus, ii. c. 34. 'Maria ambulavisset.' See Wakef. Lucret. ii. v. 206.
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower; it was a place
Chosen 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
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broader'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 bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept; nor nymph,

  'Cum buccina noctem
  Divideret.'  Richardson.

700 emblem] Inlay. 'Arte pavimenti, atque emblemati vermiculato.'  Bentley.

705 shadier] shadie, 2nd ed.
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heavenly 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
In sad event, when to the 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
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole. Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
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 uncrop'd falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol

142 PARADISE LOST.

710 [authentic fire]
1 Or him who stole from Jove narethcal fire. Benl. MS.

725 moon] Virg. Æn. vi. 725. 'Lucentemque globum lunæ.'

Hume.
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.  735

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eas’d the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
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 austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
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
In paradise of all things common else!
By thee adulterous lust was driv’n from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee

750  Hail wedded love] Mr. Dyce compares Middleton:
    'Reverend and honourable matrimony,
        Mother of lawfull sweetes, unshamed mornings,
        Dangerlesse pleasures; thou that mak’st the bed
        Both pleasant, and legitimately fruitful: without thee,
        All the whole world were soyled bastardy:
        Thou art the onely and the greatest forme,
        That put’st a difference between our desires
        And the disordered appetites of beasts.’

    The Phænix, 1607. Sig. D. 4.
Paradise Lost.

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, Relations dear, and all the charities Of father, son, and brother, first were known. Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame, Or think thee unbefitting holiest place, Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 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, unendeared, Casual fruition; nor in court amours, Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball, Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept, And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof Shower'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 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault, And from their ivory port the cherubim Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd To their night watches in warlike parade, When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake. Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south

1 Lemnus extemplo valcas patefecit eburnas. Newton.
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. From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge. Ithuriel and Zephit, with winged speed Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook; But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm. This evening 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: Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring. So saying, on he led his radiant files, Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct In search of whom they sought: him there they found, Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve; Assaying by his devilish 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 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise

785 shield] 'Declinare ad hastam, vel ad scutum.' Livy. Hume.

PARADISE LOST.

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
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 surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tum, some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amaz'd
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
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,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

829 *sitting* \*Nor shall he hope to sit where Nero soars.*
See *Tragedy of C. T. Nero*, p. 13 (1607).
830 *Not to know* \*Nobilem ignorari, est inter ignobilos censeri.*
  *V. J. C. Scaligeri Vitam*, p. 5. 4to.
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.

Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same
Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known
As when thou stood'st in heaven upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resembl'est now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.

But come, for thou, besure, 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
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 observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
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
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

835 same] The commentators think that a difficulty of construction exists in this passage, and Bentley would alter it. It seems to me to be plain. 'Think not thy brightness undiminished, or thy shape to be known the same as,' &c.

848 pin'd] Pers. Sat. iii. 38.

'Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.' Hume.
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
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.

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
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,
Nor likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, 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
By thy example, but have power and right

δακὼν δὲ στόμιον ὡς νεόζωτης
Πῶλος, βιάζῃ καὶ προς ἰπνίας μάχη. Tuyer.
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. 885
Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven 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 wouldst thyself, no
And boldly venture to whatever place [doubt,
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst 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,
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.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus reply'd.
O loss of one in heaven to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
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


'Weighing delight with dole' Todd.
Unlicens'd from his bounds in hell prescrib'd:
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurst by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
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,
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,
Insulting angel, well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried.
I therefore, I alone first undertook
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 Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

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!
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
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power 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
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thy self to reign?

But mark what I arreed thee now: Avaunt!
Fly thither whence thou fledst! If from this hour

945 *And*] 'With' is understood. *Pearce.*
962 *Arreed*] See Lisle's Dubartas, p. 173.

'Arreed in books of heaven the summe.'
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
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 limitary cherub; but ere then
Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven 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
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,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest

966 And seal] See Northmore's note to Tryphiodorus, p. 88.
'The casements large of Heaven have open set,
And from their star-pav'd floors have sent me down.'

Todd.
Sat horror plum’d; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem’d both spear and shield. Now dreadful
Might have ensu’d, nor only paradise [deeds
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb’d and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th’ Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in heaven 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,
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
Neither our own but giv’n; what folly then [mine:
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled
now
To trample thee as mire? for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, [weak,
Where thou art weigh’d, and shown how light, how
If thou resist. The fiend look’d up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

1006 Thine] Thine, and mine refer to strength, ver.
1008, not to arms. Newton.