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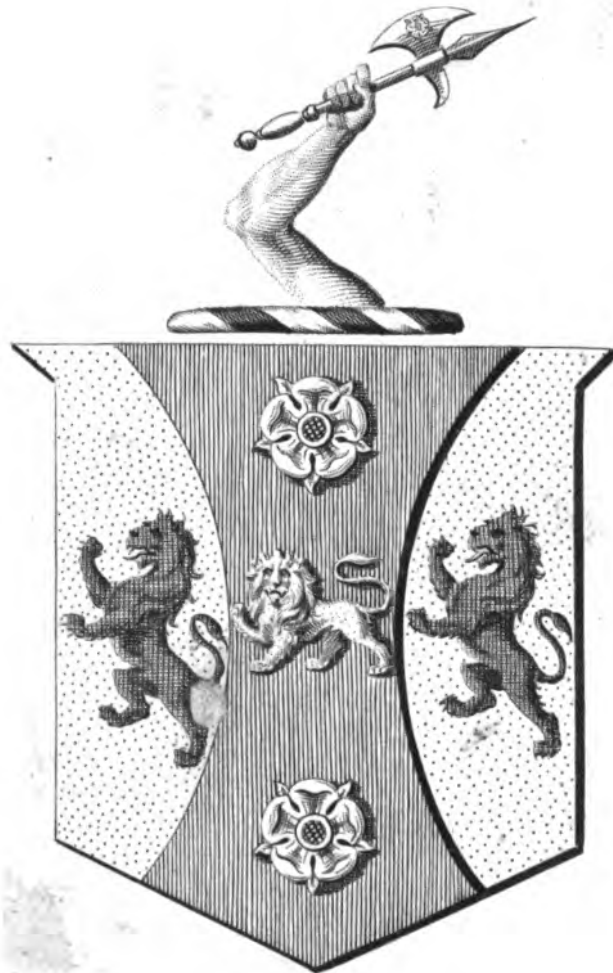
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William G. Dawkins.

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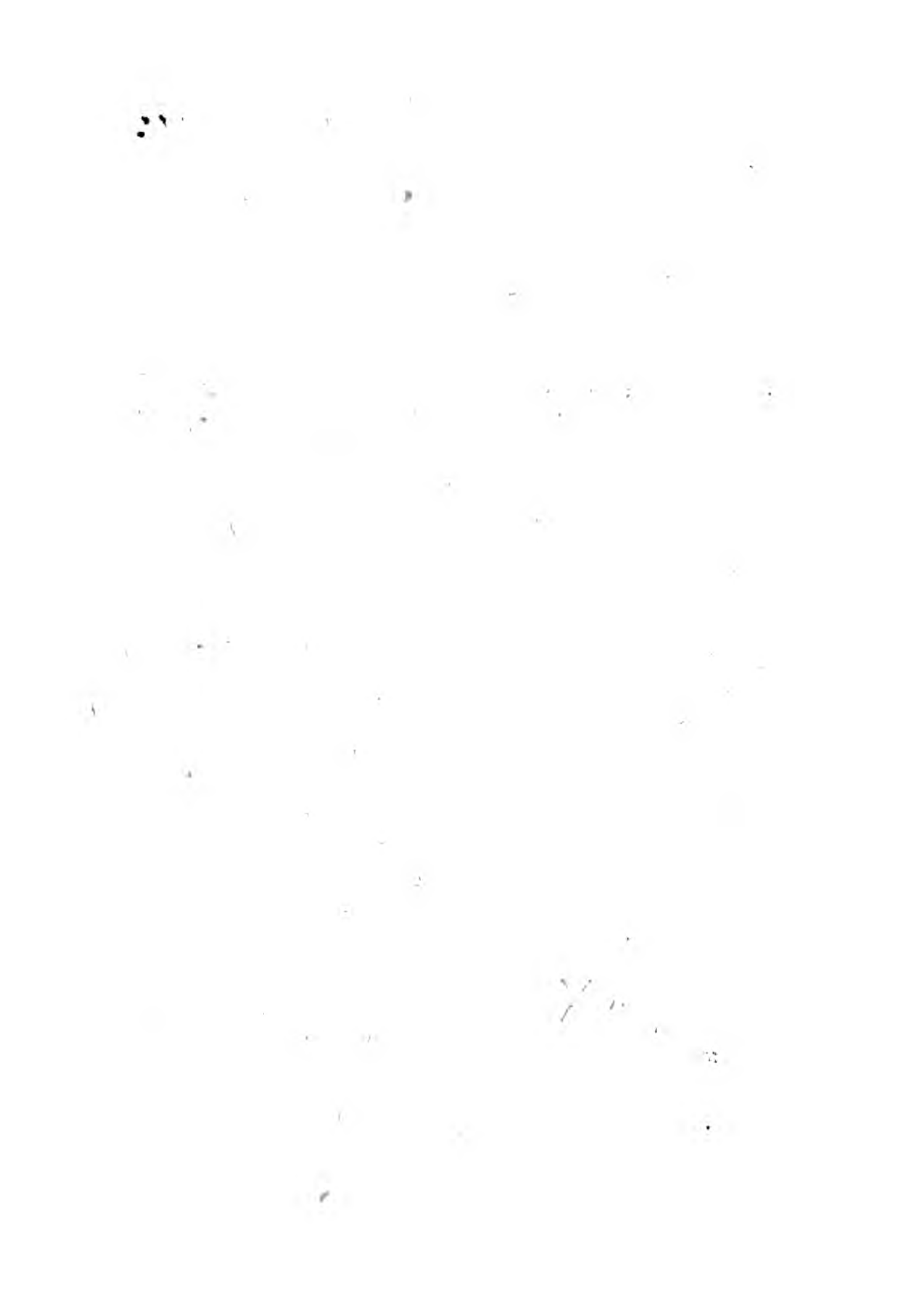
PARADISE LOST.

▲
P O E M.

**WITH THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR AND NOTES**

**BY
BISHOP NEWTON AND OTHERS.**

VOL. I.



Charles Annesley 1862.

PARADISE LOST.

Henry Duns Scot. Holm.

P O E M,

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

PRINTED FROM THE TEXT OF TONSON'S CORRECT
EDITION OF 1711.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH

NOTES AND THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

IN THREE VOLUMES,

BY THOMAS NEWTON, D. D.

LATE LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL,
AND OTHERS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

1795.





PREFACE
TO THE
POCKET EDITION,
WITH THE NOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST is an honour not only to his country but to human nature. Were it possible for this divine Poem to be brought under the contemplation of Angels, they would recognize the powers of some kindred being. The design of this poem, and the various subjects treated, or touched on, in its execution, are the grandest and most interesting that it is possible for man, even with the aid of divine revelation, to imagine or conceive. Time and Eternity,

Heaven and Hell, Chaos and Creation, War between the Omnipotent and the most exalted Orders of his Creatures, the Fall of Angels and of Man, the wonderful maze of a wise and beneficent Providence educating Good out of Evil, and restoring the triumph and the reign of Order, Virtue, and Happiness, over Confusion, Vice, and Misery—these are the themes of our great Epic Poet:—these, that fill and expand the soul, tranquilize it into a contemplative mood, and prepare, as it were, the soil of thought for receiving, in the strains of sublime poetry, the sacred influence of Heaven.

It is not our design to show the interest of his fable, the justness of his characters, the sublimity and pathos of his sentiments, the vigour and the variety of his language, by a critical discussion. Where excellence is so conspicuous as that of MILTON, every eye beholds it, every heart feels it, without the

instruction of the Critic : the Poet himself is our best Guide. With him, rather than with the best of his Commentators, we delight to ascend to the gates of Heaven, and the very Throne of God, and there to learn the destiny of Man. Led by him, we explore with terror and amazement the depths of Hell, or repose in the gardens of Paradise, listening to the conversation of two persons the most adapted, in the whole range of poetic fancy, to soothe, to interest, to charm and transport the soul.

“ Adam the goodliest of men since born

“ His sons ; the fairest of her daughters Eve ”—

the progenitors of the whole human race.

While the elegant mediocrity of modern poetry is passing daily into the shades of oblivion, MILTON, who has not only harmony to please the ear, but power to alarm, and grace to soften the heart, keeps his ground,

and even rises in reputation, Were it possible to add any thing on this subject, we might observe that the transcendent excellence of MILTON'S PARADISE LOST has lately been conspicuously displayed in the light of contrast with the CALVARY of CUMBERLAND.

But, though it were superfluous to expatiate on the judgment and the powers of MILTON as a Poet, it is by no means unnecessary, in very many instances, to explain to common, and even to some who cannot be accounted unlearned Readers, the recondite ideas of the Philosopher, and the allusions of the most learned of his age.

In the present Edition, as to what regards the Poem, the aim of the Editor has been to observe a proper medium between the meagreness of some Annotators and the excessive profusion of NEWTON, who has cer-

tainly overloaded his Publication with a number of remarks unnecessary, trite, and frivolous.

For the external part, elegance and uniformity have been consulted in the mode of disposing the notes, and the convenience of the Reader, who may wish to take a walk amidst the fit haunts of the Muses, with MILTON in his pocket, in the size of these volumes.

C. M.

July 30th, 1795.

PREFACE.

TO publish new and correct editions of the works of approved authors has ever been esteemed a service to learning, and an employment worthy of men of learning. It is not material whether the author is ancient or modern. Good criticism is the same in all languages. Nay I know not whether there is not greater merit in cultivating our own language than any other. And certainly next to a good writer, a good critic holds the second rank in the republic of letters. And if the pious and learned Bishop of Thessalonica has gained immortal honour by his notes upon Homer, it can be no discredit to a graver Divine than myself to comment upon such a divine poem as the *Paradise Lost*, especially after some great men, who have gone before me in this exercise, and whose example is sanction sufficient.

My design in the present edition is to publish the *Paradise Lost*, as the work of a classic author *cum notis variorum*. In order to this end, the first care has been to print the text correctly according to Milton's own editions. And herein the editors of Milton have a considerable advantage over the editors of Shakespear. For the first editions of Shakespear's works being printed from the incorrect copies of the players, there is more

room left for conjectures and, emendations ; and as according to the old proverb,

Bene qui conjiciet vatem hunc perhibebo optimum,

the best guesser was the best diviner, so he may be said in some measure too to be the best editor of Shakespear, as Mr. Warburton hath proved himself by variety of conjectures, and many of them very happy ones, upon the most difficult passages. But we who undertake to publish Milton's *Paradise Lost* are not reduced to that uncertainty ; we are not left floating in the wide ocean of conjecture, but have a chart and compass to steer by ; we have an authentic copy to follow in the two editions printed in his own life-time, and have only to correct what may be supposed to be the errors of the press, or mistakes occasioned by the author's blindness. These two editions then, the first in ten books printed in a small quarto, and the second in twelve books printed in a small octavo, are proposed as our standard : the variations in each are noted ; and we never deviate from them both without assigning, as we think, a substantial reason for it. Some alterations indeed are necessary to be made in consequence of the late improvements in printing, with regard to the use of capital letters, Italic characters, and the spelling of some words : but to Milton's own spelling (for we must distinguish between his and that of his times) we pay all proper regard, and commonly note where it is right, and where it is wrong ; and follow it or not accordingly. His pointing too we generally observe, because it is generally right ; such

was the care that Milton himself took in having the proof-sheets read to him, or his friends took for him : and changes of consequence we make none without signifying the reasons. In lesser instances there is no occasion to be particular. In a word, we approve of the two first editions in the main, though we cannot think that they ought to be followed (as some have advised) letter for letter, and point for point. We desire to transcribe all their excellences, but have no notion of perpetuating their faults and errors.

When the text was settled, the notes came next under consideration. P. H. or Patrick Hume, as he was the first, so he is the most copious annotator. He laid the foundation, but he laid it among infinite heaps of rubbish. The greater part of his work is a dull dictionary of the most common words, a tedious fardel of the most trivial observations, explaining what requires no explanation : but take away what is superfluous, and there will still remain a great deal that is useful ; there is gold among his dross, and I have been careful to separate the one from the other.

It was recommended to me indeed to print entire Mr. Addison's Spectators upon the Paradise Lost, as ingenious essays which had contributed greatly to the reputation of the poem, and having been added to several editions they could not well be omitted in this edition : and accordingly those papers, which treat of the poem in general, are prefixed in the nature of a preliminary discourse ; and those, which are written upon each book

separately, are inserted under each book, and interwoven in their proper places.

Dr. Bentley's is a great name in criticism, but he has not acquired any additional honour by his new edition of the *Paradise Lost*. Nay some have been so far prejudiced as to think, that he could not be a good critic in any language, who had shown himself so injudicious an one in his own mother-tongue. But prejudice apart, he was a very great man, of parts inferior to few, of learning superior to most men; and he has made some very judicious and useful remarks upon the *Paradise Lost*, though in the general they may rather be called the dotages of Dr. Bentley. He was more sagacious in finding faults, than happy in mending them; and if he had confined himself only to the former, he might have had better success; for when he attempted the latter, and substituted verses of his own in the room of Milton's, he commonly made most miserable bungling work, being no poet himself, and having little or no taste of poetry.

Dr. Pearce, Lord Bishop of Rochester, has distinguished his taste and judgment in choosing always the best authors for the subjects of his criticism, as Cicero and Longinus among the Ancients, and Milton among the Moderns. His *Review of the Text of the Paradise Lost* is not only a most complete answer to Dr. Bentley, but may serve as a pattern to all future critics, of sound learning and just reasoning, joined with the greatest candour and gentleness of manners. The whole is very well worthy of the perusal of every lover and admirer of Milton; but such parts only are ingrafted into this

work as are more immediately proper for our design, and explain some difficulty, or illustrate some beauty of our author. His Lordship, together with my Lord Bath, first engaged me in this undertaking, and he has kindly assisted me in it from the beginning to the end; and I cannot but entertain the better hopes of the public approbation, as these sheets, long before they went to the press, were perused and corrected by his Lordship.

Of Mr. Richardson's notes it must be said that there are strange inequalities in them, some extravagances, and many excellences; there is often better sense than grammar or English; and he sometimes hits the true meaning of the author surprisingly, and explains it properly. He had good natural parts but without erudition or learning, in which he was assisted by his son, who is a man of taste and literature, as well as of the greatest benevolence and good nature.

Mr. Warburton likewise has published some remarks upon the *Paradise Lost*, occasioned chiefly by Dr. Bentley's edition. They were printed some years ago in the *History of the Works of the Learned*, and he allowed me the free use of them: but upon looking into that work, to my regret I found that his remarks were continued no farther than the three first books, and what is become of his other papers, and how they were mislaid and lost, neither he nor I can apprehend; but the excellence of those which remain sufficiently evinces the great loss that we have sustained in the others, which cannot now be recovered. He has done me the honour

PREFACE.

too of recommending this edition to the public in the preface to his Shakespear, but nothing could have recommended it more effectually than if it had been adorned by some more of his notes and observations.

There is a pamphlet intituled *An Essay upon Milton's Imitations of the Ancients*, said to be written by a gentleman of North Britain: and there is another intituled *Letters concerning Poetical Translations*, and *Virgil's and Milton's Arts of Verse*, commonly ascribed to Mr. Auditor Benson: and of both these I have made some use, as I have likewise of the learned Mr. Upton's *Critical Observations on Shakespear*, wherein he has occasionally interspersed some remarks upon Milton; and in short, like the bee, I have been studious of gathering sweets wherever I could find them growing.

But besides the flower of those which have been already published, here are several new observations offered to the world, both of others and my own. Dr. Heylin lent me the use of his manuscript remarks, but much the greater part of them had been rifled before by Dr. Bentley. It seems Dr. Heylin had once an intention of publishing a new edition of the *Paradise Lost*, and mentioned his design to Dr. Bentley: but Dr. Bentley declaring at the same time his resolution of doing it, Dr. Heylin modestly desisted, and freely communicated what observations he had made to Dr. Bentley. And what does Dr. Bentley do? Why, he borrows the best and most plausible of his notes from Dr. Heylin, publishes them as his own, and never has the gratitude

to make any acknowledgment, or so much as any mention of his benefactor.

I am obliged too to Mr. Jortin for some remarks which he conveyed to me by the hands of Dr. Pearce. They are chiefly upon Milton's Imitations of the Ancients; but every thing that proceeds from him is of value, whether in poetry, criticism, or divinity, as appears from his *Lusus Poetici*, his *Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors*, and his *Discourses concerning the Truth of the Christian Religion*.

Besides those already mentioned, Mr. Warburton has favoured me with a few other notes in manuscript; I wish there had been more of them for the sake of the reader, for the loose hints of such writers, like the slight sketches of great masters in painting, are worth more than the laboured pieces of others. And he very kindly lent me Mr. Pope's Milton of Bentley's edition, in which Mr. Pope had all along with his own hand set some mark of approbation, rectè, benè, pulchrè, &c. in the margin over against such emendations of the Doctor's, as seemed to him just and reasonable. It was a satisfaction to see what so great a genius thought, particularly of that edition, and he appears throughout the whole to have been a very candid reader, and to have approved of more than really merits approbation.

Mr. Richardson the father has said in his preface, that his son had a very copious collection of fine passages out of ancient and modern authors, by which Milton had profited; and this collection, which is written in the margin and between the lines of Mr. Hume's annota-

tions, Mr. Richardson the son has put into my hands. Some little use I have made of it; and it might have been of greater service, and have saved me some trouble, if I had not then almost completed this work.

Mr. Thyer, the Librarian at Manchester, I have not the pleasure of knowing personally, but by his writings I am convinced that he must be a man of great learning and as great humanity. It was late before I was informed that he had written any remarks upon the *Paradise Lost*, but he was very ready to communicate them, and for the greater dispatch sent me his interleaved Milton, wherein his remarks were written: but unluckily for him, for me, and for the public, the book, through the negligence of the carrier, was dropt upon the road, and cannot since be found. Mr. Thyer however hath had the goodness to endeavour to repair the loss to me and to the public, by writing what he could recollect; and sending me a sheet or two full of remarks almost every post for several weeks together: and though several of them came too late to be inserted into the body of the work, yet they will be found in the Appendix, * which is made for the sake of them principally. It is unnecessary to say any thing in their commendation: they will sufficiently recommend themselves.

Some other assistance too I have received from persons, whose names are unknown, and others, whose names I am not at liberty to mention: but I hope the Speaker of the House of Commons will pardon my am-

* In this edition they are inserted in their proper places.

bition to have it known, that he has been pleased to suggest some useful hints and observations, when I have been admitted to the honour of his conversation.

As the notes are of various authors, so they are of various kinds, critical and explanatory; some to correct the errors of former editions, to discuss the various readings, and to establish the true genuine text of Milton; some to illustrate the sense and meaning, to point out the beauties and defects of sentiment and character, and to commend or censure the conduct of the poem; some to remark the peculiarities of style and language, to clear the syntax, and to explain the uncommon words, or common words used in an uncommon signification: some to consider and examine the numbers, and to display our author's great arts of versification, the variety of the pauses, and the adaptness of the sound to the sense; some to shew his imitations and allusions to other authors, whether sacred or profane, ancient or modern. We might have been much larger and more copious under each of these heads, and especially under the last: but I would not produce every thing that hath any similitude and resemblance, but only such passages as we may suppose the author really alluded to, and had in mind at the time of writing.

It was once my intention to prefix some essays to this work, one upon Milton's style, another upon his versification, a third upon his imitations, &c. but upon more mature deliberation I concluded that the same things would have a better effect in the form of short notes, when the particular passages referred to came imme-

diately under consideration, and the context lay before the reader. There would have been more of the pomp and ostentation of criticism in the former, but I conceive there is more real use and advantage in the latter. It is the great fault of commentators, that they are apt to be silent or at most very concise where there is any difficulty, and to be very prolix and tedious where there is none : but it is hoped that the contrary method has been taken here ; and though more may be said than is requisite for critics and scholars, yet it may be no more than is necessary or proper for other readers of Milton. For these notes are intended for general use, and if they are received with general approbation, that will be sufficient. I can hardly expect that any body should approve them all, and I may be certain that no body can condemn them all.

The life of the author it is almost become a custom to prefix to a new edition of his works ; for when we admire the writer, we are curious also to know something of the man : and the life of Milton is not barely a history of his works, but is so much the more interesting, as he was more engaged in public affairs than poets usually are. And it has happened, that more accounts have been written of his life, than of almost any author's, particularly by Antony Wood in his *Fasti Oxonienses*, by our author's nephew Mr. Edward Philips before the English translation of Milton's *State-letters* printed in 1694, by Mr. Toland before the edition of our author's prose works in three volumes folio printed in 1698, by Monsieur Bayle in his *Historical and Cri-*

tical Dictionary, by Mr. Fenton before the edition of our author's poetical works printed in 1725, by Mr. Richardson in the Preface to his Explanatory Notes and Remarks upon Milton's Paradise Lost, and by the reverend and ingenious Mr. Thomas Birch in the General Dictionary, and more largely before the edition of our author's prose works in two volumes folio printed in 1738. And I have not only read and compared these accounts together, and made the best extracts out of them which I possibly could; but have also collected some other particulars from Milton's own works as well as from other authors, and from credible tradition as well as from written testimonies; and all these, like so many different threds, I have woven into one piece, and formed into a continued narration, of which, whether it affords more or less satisfaction and entertainment than former accounts, the reader must judge and determine: but it has been my study and endeavour, as in the notes to comprise the flower of all other notes, so in the life to include the substance of all former lives, and with improvements and additions.

In the conclusion are added copious indexes, one of the principal matters, and another of the words. The man, who is at the pains of making indexes, is really to be pitied; but of their great utility there is no need to say any thing, when several persons, who pass in the world for profound scholars, know little more of books than title pages and indexes, but never catch the spirit of an author, which is sure always to evaporate or die in such hands. The former of these indexes, if not

drawn up by Mr. Tickell, was I think first inserted in his quarto edition of Milton's poetical works printed in 1720; and for the latter, which was much more laborious, it was composed at the desire and encouragement of Mr. Auditor Benson by Mr. Cruden, who hath also published a very useful Concordance to the Bible.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

IT is agreed among all writers, that the family of MILTON came originally from Milton in Oxfordshire; but from which of the Miltons is not altogether so certain. Some say, and particularly Mr. Philips, that the family was of Milton near Abington in Oxfordshire, where it had been a long time seated, as appears by the monuments still to be seen in Milton church. But that Milton is not in Oxfordshire, but in Berkshire; and upon enquiry I find, that there are no such monuments in that church, nor any remains of them. It is more probable therefore that the family came, as Mr. Wood says, from Milton near Halton and Thame in Oxfordshire: where it flourished several years, till at last the estate was sequestered, one of the family having taken the unfortunate side in the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. John Milton, the poet's grandfather, was, according to Mr. Wood, an under-ranger or keeper of the forest of Shotover near Halton in Oxfordshire; he was of the religion of

Rome, and such a bigot that he disinherited his son only for being a protestant. Upon this the son, the poet's father, named likewise John Milton, settled in London, and became a scrivener by the advice of a friend eminent in that profession; but he was not so devoted to gain and to business, as to lose all taste of the politer arts, and was particularly skilled in music, in which he was not only a fine performer, but is also celebrated for several pieces of his composition: and yet on the other hand he was not so fond of his music and amusements, as in the least to neglect his business, but by his diligence and œconomy acquired a competent estate, which enabled him afterwards to retire and live in the country. He was by all accounts a very worthy man; and married an excellent woman, Sarah, of the ancient family of the Bradshaws, says Mr. Wood; but Mr. Philips, our author's nephew, who was more likely to know, says, of the family of the Castons derived originally from Wales. Whoever she was, she is said to have been a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness; and by her husband had two sons and a daughter.

The elder of the sons was our famous poet, who was born in the year of our Lord 1608, on the ninth of December, in the morning, between six and seven o'clock, in Bread-Street, London, where his father lived at the sign of the Spread Eagle, which was also the coat of arms of the family. He was named John, as his father and grand father had been before him; and from the beginning discovering the marks of an

uncommon genius, he was designed for a scholar, and had his education partly under private tutors, and partly at a public school. It has been often controverted whether a public or private education is best, but young Milton was so happy as to share the advantages of both. It appears from the fourth of his Latin elegies, and from the first and fourth of his familiar epistles, that Mr. Thomas Young, who was afterwards pastor of the company of English merchants residing at Hamburg, was one of his private preceptors: and when he had made good progress in his studies at home, he was sent to St. Paul's school, to be fitted for the university under the care of Mr. Gill, who was the master at that time, and to whose son are addressed some of his familiar epistles. In this early time of his life such was his love of learning, and so great was his ambition to surpass his equals, that from his twelfth year he commonly continued his studies till midnight, which, (as he says himself in his second Defence) was the first ruin of his eyes, to whose natural debility too were added frequent head-akes: but all could not extinguish or abate his laudable passion for letters. It is very seldom seen, that such application and such a genius meet in the same person. The force of either is great, but both together must perform wonders.

He was now in the seventeenth year of his age, and was a very good classical scholar and master of several languages, when he was sent to the university of Cambridge, and admitted at Christ's College (as

appears from the register) on the 12th of February 1624-5, under the tuition of Mr. William Chappel, afterwards Bishop of Cork and Ross in Ireland. He continued above seven years at the university, and took two degrees, that of Bachelor of Arts in 1628-9, and that of Master in 1632. It is somewhat remarkable, that though the merits of both our universities are perhaps equally great, and though poetical exercises are rather more encouraged at Oxford, yet most of our greatest poets have been bred at Cambridge, as Spenser, Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Prior, not to mention any of the lesser ones, when there is a greater than all, Milton. He had given early proofs of his poetic genius before he went to the university, and there he excelled more and more, and distinguished himself by several copies of verses upon occasional subjects, as well as by all his academical exercises, many of which are printed among his other works, and show him to have had a capacity above his years; and by his obliging behaviour, added to his great learning and ingenuity, he deservedly gained the affection of many, and admiration of all. We do not find however that he obtained any preferment in the university, or a fellowship in his own college; which seemeth the more extraordinary, as that society has always encouraged learning and learned men, had the most excellent Mr. Mede at that time a fellow, and afterwards boasteth the great names of Cudworth, and Burnet, author of the Theory of the Earth, and several others. And this, together with

some Latin verses of his to a friend, reflecting upon the university seemingly on this account, might probably have given occasion to the reproach which was afterwards cast upon him by his adversaries, that he was expelled from the university for irregularities committed there, and forced to fly to Italy: but he sufficiently refutes this calumny in more places than one of his works; and indeed it is no wonder, that a person so engaged in religious and political controversies as he was, should be calumniated and abused by the contrary party.

He was designed by his parents for holy orders; and among the manuscripts of Trinity College in Cambridge there are two draughts in Milton's own hand of a letter to a friend, who had importuned him to take orders, when he had attained the age of twenty-three: but the truth is, he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the Church, and subscribing to the Articles was in his opinion subscribing slave. This no doubt was a disappointment to his friends, who though in comfortable were yet by no means in great circumstances; and neither doth he seem to have had any inclination to any other profession; he had too free a spirit to be limited and confined; and was for comprehending all sciences, but professing none. And therefore, after he had left the university in 1632, he retired to his father's house in the country; for his father had by this time quitted business, and lived at an estate

which he had purchased at Horton near Colebrooke in Buckinghamshire. Here he resided with his parents for the space of five years, and, as he himself has informed us, (in his second Defence, and the seventh of his familiar epistles) read over all the Greek and Latin authors, particularly the historians; but now and then made an excursion to London, sometimes to buy books or to meet his friends from Cambridge, and at other times to learn something new in the mathematics or music, with which he was extremely delighted.

His retirement therefore was a learned retirement, and it was not long before the world reaped the fruits of it. It was in the year 1634 that his *Mask* was presented at Ludlow-castle. There was formerly a president of Wales, and a sort of a court kept at Ludlow, which has since been abolished; and the president at that time was the Earl of Bridgwater, before whom Milton's *Mask* was presented on Michaelmas night, and the principal parts, those of the two brothers, were performed by his Lordship's sons, the Lord Brackly and Mr. Thomas Egerton, and that of the lady by his Lordship's daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton. The occasion of this poem seemeth to have been merely an accident of the two brothers and the lady having lost one another in their way to the castle: and it is written very much in imitation of Shakespear's *Tempest*, and the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher; and though one of the

first, is yet one of the most beautiful of Milton's compositions. It was for some time handed about **only** in manuscript, but afterwards, to satisfy the importunity of friends and to save the trouble of transcribing, it was printed at London, though without the author's name, in 1637, with a dedication to the Lord Brackly by Mr. H. Lawes, who composed the music, and played the part of the attendant Spirit. It was printed likewise at Oxford at the end of Mr. R.'s poems, as we learn from a letter of Sir Henry Wotton to our author ; but who that Mr. R. was, whether Randolph the poet, or who else, is uncertain. It has lately, though with additions and alterations, been exhibited on the stage several times ; and we hope the fine poetry and morality have recommended it to the audience, and not barely the authority of Milton's name. We wish, for the honour of the nation, that the like good taste prevailed in every thing.

In 1637 he wrote another excellent piece, his *Lycidas*, wherein he laments the untimely fate of a friend, who was unfortunately drowned that same year, in the month of August, on the Irish seas, in his passage from Chester. This friend was Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth, King James I. and King Charles I. and was a fellow of Christ's College, and was so well beloved and esteemed at Cambridge, that some of the greatest names in the university have united in celebrating his obsequies, and published a

collection of poems, Greek and Latin and English, sacred to his memory. The Greek by H. More, &c. Latin by T. Farnaby, J. Pearson, &c. the English by H. King, J. Beaumont, J. Cleaveland, with several others; and judiciously the last of all as the best of all, is Milton's *Lycidas*. "On such sacrifices the Gods themselves strow incense;" and one would almost wish so to have died, for the sake of having been so lamented. But this poem is not all made up of sorrow and tenderness; there is a mixture of satire and indignation; for in part of it the poet taketh occasion to inveigh against the corruptions of the clergy, and seemeth to have first discovered his acrimony against Archbishop Laud, and to have threatened him with the loss of his head, which afterwards happened to him through the fury of his enemies.—At least I can think of no sense so proper to be given to the following verses in *Lycidas*.

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

About this time, as we learn from one of his familiar epistles, he had some thoughts of taking chambers at one of the Inns of Court, for he was not very well pleased with living so obscurely in the country: but his mother dying, he prevailed with his father to let him indulge a desire, which he had long entertained, of seeing foreign countries, and

particularly Italy : and having communicated his design to Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been Ambassador at Venice, and was then Provost of Eton College, and having also sent him his Mask, of which he had not yet publicly acknowledged himself the author, he received from him the following friendly letter, dated from the College the 10th of April 1638.

SIR,

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

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

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

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

“ I should think, that your best line will be thro' the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

“ At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Al-

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

H. WOTTON."

P. s. "Sir, I have expressly sent this by my foot-boy to prevent your departure, without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself, through some business I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

Soon after this he set out upon his travels, being of an age to make the proper improvements, and not barely to see sights and to learn the languages, like most of our modern travellers, who go out boys, and return such as we see, but such as I do not choose to name. He was attended by only one servant, who accompanied him through all his travels; and he went first to France, where he had recommendations to the Lord Scudamore, the English Ambassador there at that time. As soon as he came to Paris, he waited upon his Lordship, and was received with wonderful civility; and having an earnest desire to visit the learned Hugo Grotius, he was by his Lordship's means introduced to that great man, who was then Ambassador at the French court from the famous Christiana Queen of Sweden; and the visit was to their mutual satisfaction; they were each of them pleased to see a person, of whom they had heard such commendations. But at Paris he stayed not long; his thoughts and his wishes hastened into Italy; and so after a few days he took leave of the Lord Scudamore, who very kindly gave him letters to the English merchants in the several places through which he was to travel, requesting them to do him all the good offices which lay in their power.

From Paris he went directly to Nice, where he took shipping for Genoa, from whence he went to Leghorn, and thence to Pisa, and so to Florence, in which city he found sufficient inducements to make a stay of two months. For besides the curiosities

and other beauties of the place, he took great delight in the company and conversation there, and frequented their academies as they are called, the meetings of the most polite and ingenious persons, which they have in this as well as in the other principal cities of Italy, for the exercise and improvement of wit and learning among them. And in these conversations he bore so good a part, and produced so many excellent compositions, that he was soon taken notice of, and was very much courted and caressed by several of the nobility and prime wits of Florence. For the manner is, as he says himself in the Preface to his second book of the Reason of Church Government, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there, and his productions were received with written encomiums which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps. Giacomo Gaddi, Antonio Francini, Carlo Dati, Beneditto Bonmatthei, Cultellino, Frescobaldi, Clementelli, are reckoned among his particular friends. At Gaddi's house the academies were held, which he constantly frequented. Antonio Francini composed an Italian ode in his commendation. Carlo Dati wrote a Latin eulogium of him, and corresponded with him after his return to England. Bonmatthei was at that time about publishing an Italian Grammar; and the eighth of our author's familiar epistles, dated at Florence, Sept. 10, 1638, is addressed to him upon that occasion, commending his design, and advising him to add some

observations concerning the true pronunciation of that language for the use of foreigners.

So much good acquaintance would probably have detained him longer at Florence, if he had not been going to Rome, which to a curious traveller is certainly the place the most worth seeing of any in the world. And so he took leave of his friends at Florence, and went from thence to Sienna, and from Sienna to Rome, where he stayed much about the same time that he had continued at Florence, feasting both his eyes and his mind, and delighted with the fine paintings and sculptures, and other rarities and antiquities of the city, as well as with the conversation of several learned and ingenious men, and particularly of Lucas Holstenius, keeper of the Vatican library, who received him with the greatest humanity, and showed him all the Greek authors, whether in print or in manuscript, which had passed through his correction; and also presented him to Cardinal Barberini, who at an entertainment of music, performed at his own expence, waited for him at the door, and taking him by the hand brought him into the assembly. The next morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for his civilities, and by the means of Holstenius was again introduced to his Eminence, and spent some time in conversation with him. It seems that Holstenius had studied three years at Oxford, and this might dispose him to be more friendly to the English, but he took a particular liking and affection to Milton;

and Milton, to thank him for all his favours, wrote to him afterwards from Florence the ninth of his familiar epistles. At Rome too Selvaggi made a Latin distich in honour of Milton, and Salsilli a Latin tetrastich, celebrating him for his Greek and Latin and Italian poetry ; and he in return presented to Salsilli in his sickness, those fine Scazons, or Iambic verses having a spondee in the last foot, which are inserted among his juvenile poems.

From Rome he went to Naples, in company with a certain hermit ; and by his means was introduced to the acquaintance of Giovanni Baptista Manso, Marquis of Villa, a Neapolitan nobleman, of singular merit and virtue, to whom Tasso addresses his dialogue of friendship, and whom he mentions likewise in his *Gierusalemme Liberata* with great honour. This nobleman was particularly civil to Milton, frequently visited him at his lodgings, and went with him to show him the Viceroy's palace, and whatever was curious or worth notice in the city ; and moreover he honoured him so far as to make a Latin distich in his praise, which is printed before our author's Latin poems, as is likewise the other of Selvaggi, and the Latin tetrastich of Salsilli, together with the Italian ode and the Latin eulogium before mentioned. We may suppose that Milton was not a little pleased with the honours conferred upon him by so many persons of distinction, and especially by one of such quality and eminence as the Marquis of Villa ; and as a testimony of his gratitude he pre-

sented to the Marquis at his departure from Naples his eclogue intitled *Mansus*, which is well worth reading among his Latin poems. So that it may be reckoned a peculiar felicity of the Marquis of Villa's life, to have been celebrated both by Tasso and Milton, the one the greatest modern poet of his own, and the other the greatest of any foreign nation.

Having seen the finest parts of Italy, Milton was now thinking of passing over into Sicily and Greece, when he was diverted from his purpose by the news from England, that things were tending to a civil war between the King and Parliament; for he thought it unworthy of himself to be taking his pleasure abroad, while his countrymen were contending for liberty at home. He resolved therefore to return by the way of Rome, though he was advised to the contrary by the merchants, who had received intelligence from their correspondents, that the English Jesuits there were forming plots against him, in case he should return thither, by reason of the great freedom which he had used in all his discourses of religion. For he had by no means observed the rule, recommended to him by Sir Henry Wotton, of keeping his thoughts close and his countenance open: he had visited Galileo, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for asserting the motion of the earth, and thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominicans and Franciscans thought: and though the Marquis of Villa had shown him such distinguishing marks of favour at Naples, yet he told him at his departure

that he would have shown him much greater, if he had been more reserved in matters of religion. But he had a soul above dissimulation and disguise; he was neither afraid nor ashamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the spirit of an old martyr. He was so prudent indeed, that he would not of his own accord begin any discourse of religion; but at the same time he was so honest, that if he was questioned at all about his faith, he would not dissemble his sentiments, whatever was the consequence. And with this resolution he went to Rome the second time, and stayed there two months more, neither concealing his name, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought proper to attack him: and yet, God's good providence protecting him, he came safe to his kind friends at Florence, where he was received with as much joy and affection, as if he had returned into his own country.

Here likewise he stayed two months, as he had done before, excepting only an excursion of a few days to Lucca: and then crossing the Apennine, and passing through Bologna and Ferrara, he came to Venice, in which city he spent a month; and having shipped off the books, which he had collected in his travels, and particularly a chest or two of choice music books of the best masters flourishing about that time in Italy, he took his course through Verona, Milan, and along the lake Lemán to Geneva. In this city he tarried some time, meeting here with

people of his own principles, and contracted an intimate friendship with Giovanni Deodati, the most learned professor of divinity, whose annotations upon the bible are published in English. And from thence returning through France the same way that he had gone before, he arrived safe in England, after a peregrination of one year and about three months, having seen more, and learned more, and conversed with more famous men, and made more real improvements, than most others in double the time.

His first business after his return was to pay his duty to his father, and to visit his other friends ; but this pleasure was much diminished by the loss of his dear friend and school-fellow, Charles Deodati, in his absence. While he was abroad, he heard it reported that he was dead ; and upon his coming home he found it but too true, and lamented his death in an excellent Latin eclogue intitled *Epitaphium Damonis*. This Deodati had a father originally of Lucca, but his mother was English, and he was born and bred in England, and studied physic, and was an admirable scholar, and no less remarkable for his sobriety and other virtues than for his great learning and ingenuity. One or two of Milton's familiar epistles are addressed to him ; and Mr. Toland says, that he had in his hands two Greek letters of Deodati to Milton, very handsomely written. It may be right for scholars now and then to exercise themselves in Greek and Latin ; but we have much more frequent occasion to write letters in our own native language,

and in that therefore we should principally endeavour to excel.

Milton, soon after his return, had taken a lodging at one Russel's, a taylor in St. Bride's Church-yard; but he continued not long there, having not sufficient room for his library and furniture; and therefore determined to take a house, and accordingly took a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate-street, situated at the end of an entry, which was the more agreeable to a studious man for its privacy and freedom from noise and disturbance. And in this house he continued several years, and his sister's two sons were put to board with him, first the younger and afterwards the elder: and some other of his intimate friends requested of him the same favour for their sons, especially since there was little more trouble in instructing half a dozen than two or three: and he, who could not easily deny any thing to his friends, and who knew that the greatest men in all ages had delighted in teaching others the principles of knowledge and virtue, undertook the office, not out of any sordid and mercenary views, but merely from a benevolent disposition, and a desire to do good.— And his method of education was as much above the pedantry and jargon of the common schools, as his genius was superior to that of a common school-master. One of his nephews has given us an account of the many authors both Latin and Greek, which (besides those usually read in the schools) through his excellent judgment and way of teaching,

were run over within no greater compass of time, than from ten to fifteen or sixteen years of age. Of the Latin, the four authors concerning husbandry, Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius; Cornelius Celsus the physician, a great part of Pliny's Natural History, the Architecture of Vitruvius, the Stratagems of Frontinus, and the philosophical poets Lucretius and Manilius. Of the Greek, Hesiod, Aratus's *Phænomena* and *Diosemeia*, Dionisius Afer *de Situ Orbis*, Oppian's *Cynegetics* and *Halieutics*, Quintus Calaber's poem of the Trojan war continued from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius's *Argonautics*; and in prose Plutarch's *Placita Philosophorum*, and of the Education of Children, Xenophon's *Cyropædia* and *Anabasis*, Elian's *Tactics*, and the *Stratagems* of Polyænus. Nor did this application to the Greek and Latin tongues hinder the attaining to the chief oriental languages, the Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac, so far as to go through the Pentateuch or five books of Moses in Hebrew, to make a good entrance into the Targum or Chaldee paraphrase, and to understand several chapters of St. Matthew in the Syriac Testament; besides the modern languages, Italian and French, and a competent knowledge of the mathematics and astronomy. The Sunday's exercise for his pupils was for the most part to read a chapter of the Greek Testament, and to hear his learned exposition of it. The next work after this was to write from his dictation some part of a system of divinity, which he had collected from the ablest di-

vines, who had written upon that subject. Such were his academic institutions ; and thus by teaching others he in some manner enlarged his own knowledge ; and having the reading of so many authors as it were by proxy, he might possibly have preserved his sight, if he had not moreover been perpetually busied in reading or writing something himself. It was certainly a very recluse and studious life that both he and his pupils led ; but the young men of that age were of a different turn from those of the present ; and he himself gave an example to those under him of hard study and spare diet ; only now and then, once in three weeks or a month, he made a gaudy day with some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, the chief of whom, says Mr. Philips, were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, both of Gray's Inn, and two of the greatest beaux of those times.

But he was not so fond of this academical life, as to be an indifferent spectator of what was acted upon the public stage of the world. The nation was now in a great ferment, in 1641, and the clamour ran high against the bishops, when he joined loudly in the cry, to help the puritan ministers, (as he says himself in his second Defense) they being inferior to the bishops in learning and eloquence ; and published his two books of Reformation in England, written to a friend. About the same time certain ministers having published a treatise against episcopacy, in answer to the Humble Remonstrance of Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, under the title of *Smectymnus*, a

word consisting of the initial letters of their names, Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow; and Archbishop Usher having published at Oxford a refutation of Smectymnuus, in a tract concerning the original of bishops and metropolitans, Milton wrote his little piece *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, in opposition chiefly to Usher, for he was for contending with the most powerful adversary; there would be either less disgrace in the defeat, or more glory in the victory. He handled the subject more at large in his next performance, which was the *Reason of Church Government* urged against Prelaty, in two books. And Bishop Hall having published a *Defence of the Humble Remonstrance*, he wrote *Animadversions* upon it. All these treatises he published within the course of one year, 1641, which show how very diligent he was in the cause he had undertaken. And the next year he set forth his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, in answer to the *Confutation* of his *Animadversions*, written as he thought himself by Bishop Hall or his son. And here he very luckily ended a controversy, which detained him from greater and better writings which he was meditating, more useful to the public, as well as more suitable to his own genius and inclination; but he thought all this while that he was vindicating ecclesiastical liberty.

In the year 1643, and the 35th of his age, he married; and indeed his family was now growing so numerous, that it wanted a mistress at the head of

it. His father, who had lived with his younger son at Reading, was, upon the taking of that place by the forces under the Earl of Essex, necessitated to come and live in London with this his elder son, with whom he continued in tranquility and devotion to his dying day. Some addition too was to be made to the number of his pupils. But before his father or his new pupils were come, he took a journey in the Whitsuntide vacation, and after a month's absence returned with a wife, Mary the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, of Foresthill, near Shotover in Oxfordshire, a justice of the peace, and a gentleman of good repute and figure in that county. But she had not cohabited with her husband above a month, before she was earnestly solicited by her relations to come and spend the remaining part of the summer with them in the country. If it was not at her instigation that her friends made this request, yet at least it was agreeable to her inclination; and she obtained her husband's consent upon a promise of returning at Michaelmas. In the mean while his studies went on very vigorously; and his chief diversion, after the business of the day, was now and then in an evening to visit the Lady Margaret Lee, daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, and President of the Privy Council to King James I. This lady, being a woman of excellent wit and understanding, had a particular honour for our author, and took great delight in his conversation; as likewise did her hus-

band Captain Hobson, a very accomplished gentleman. And what a regard Milton again had for her, he has left upon record in a sonnet to her praise, extant among his other poems.

Michaelmas was now come, but he heard nothing of his wife's return. He wrote to her, but received no answer. He wrote again letter after letter, but received no answer to any of them. He then dispatched a messenger with a letter, desiring her to return; but she positively refused, and dismissed the messenger with contempt. Whether it was, that she had conceived any dislike to her husband's person or humour; or whether she could not conform to his retired and philosophical manner of life, having been accustomed to a house of much gaiety and company; or whether being of a family strongly attached to the royal cause, she could not bear her husband's republican principles; or whether she was over-persuaded by her relations, who possibly might repent of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a man so distinguished for taking the contrary party, the King's head-quarters being in their neighbourhood at Oxford, and his Majesty having now some fairer prospect of success; whether any or all of these were the reasons of this extraordinary behaviour; however it was, it so highly incensed her husband, that he thought it would be dishonourable ever to receive her again after such a repulse, and he determined to repudiate her as she had in effect repudiated him, and to consider her no longer as his wife.

And to fortify this his resolution, and at the same time to justify it to the world, he wrote the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, wherein he endeavours to prove, that indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind, proceeding from any unchangeable cause in nature, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, are greater reasons of divorce than adultery or natural frigidity, especially if there be no children, and there be mutual consent for separation. He published it at first without his name, but the stile easily betrayed the author; and afterwards a second edition, much augmented with his name; and he dedicated it to the Parliament of England with the Assembly of Divines, that as they were then consulting about the general reformation of the kingdom, they might also take this particular case of domestic liberty into their consideration. And then, as it was objected that his doctrine was a novel notion, and a paradox that nobody had ever asserted before, he endeavoured to confirm his own opinion by the authority of others, and published in 1644 the *Judgment of Martin Bucer, &c*: and as it was still objected, that his doctrine could not be reconciled to Scripture, he published in 1645 his *Tetrachordon*, or *Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage*. At the first appearing of the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, the clergy raised a heavy outcry against it, and daily solicited the Parliament to

pass some censure upon it; and at last one of them, in a sermon preached before the Lords and Commons on a day of humiliation in August 1664, roundly told them, that there was a book abroad which deserved to be burnt, and that among their other sins they ought to repent, that they had not yet branded it with some mark of their displeasure. And Mr. Wood informs us, that upon Milton's publishing his three books of Divorce, the Assembly of Divines, that was then sitting at Westminster, took special notice of them; and notwithstanding his former services in writing against the Bishops, caused him to be summoned before the House of Lords: but that House, whether approving his doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, soon dismissed him. He was attacked too from the press as well as from the pulpit, in a pamphlet intitled Divorce at Pleasure, and in another intitled an Answer to the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, which was licensed and recommended by Mr. Joseph Caryl, a famous Presbyterian Divine, and author of a voluminous Commentary on the Book of Job: and Milton in his Colasterion or reply published in 1645 expostulates smartly with the licencer, as well as handles very roughly the nameless author. These provocations, I suppose, contributed not a little to make him such an enemy to the Presbyterians, to whom he had before distinguished himself a friend. He composed likewise two of his sonnets on the reception **his** book of Divorce met with, but the latter is much

the better of the two. To this account it may be added from Anthony Wood, that after the King's Restoration, when the subject of divorce was under consideration with the Lords upon the account of John Lord Ros or Roos his separation from his wife Anne Pierpoint, eldest daughter to Henry Marquis of Dorchester, he was consulted by an eminent member of that House, and about the same time by a chief officer of state, as being the prime person who was knowing in that affair.

But while he was engaged in this controversy of divorce, he was not so totally engaged in it, but he attended to other things ; and about this time published his Letter of Education to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, who wrote some things about husbandry, and was a man of considerable learning, as appears from the letters which passed between him and the famous Mr. Mede, and from Sir William Petty's and Pell the mathematician's writing to him, the former his treatise for the Advancement of some particular parts of Learning, and the latter his Idea of the Mathematics, as well as from this letter of our author. This letter of our author has usually been printed at the end of his poems, and is, as I may say, the Theory of his own Practice ; and by the rules which he has laid down for Education, we see, in some measure, the method that he pursued in educating his own pupils. And in 1644 he published his Areopagitica, or Speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing to the Parliament of England. It was written at the desire of several

learned men, and is perhaps the best vindication that has been published at any time or in any language, of that liberty which is the basis and support of all other liberties, the liberty of the press: but alas! it had not the desired effect; for the Presbyterians were as fond of exercising the licensing power, when they got it into their own hands, as they had been clamorous before in inveighing against it, while it was in the hands of the Prelates. And Mr. Toland is mistaken in saying, "that such was the effect of this piece, that the following year Mabol a licencer offered reasons against licensing; and at his own request was discharged that office." For neither was the leicencer's name Mabol, but Gilbert Mabbot; neither was he discharged from his office till May 1649, about five years afterwards, though probably he might be swayed by Milton's arguments, as every ingenuous person must, who peruses and considers them. And in 1645 was published a collection of his poems, Latin and English, the principal of which are, On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas, the Mask, &c. &c.: and if he had left no other monuments of his poetical genius behind him, these would have been sufficient to have rendered his name immortal.

But without doubt, his Doctrine of Divorce, and the maintenance of it, principally engaged his thoughts at this period; and whether others were convinced or not by his arguments, he was certainly convinced himself that he was in the right; and as a proof of

it he determined to marry again, and made his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty, one of the daughters of Dr. Davis. But intelligence of this coming to his wife, and the then declining state of the King's cause, and consequently of the circumstances of Justice Powell's family, caused them to set all engines on work to restore the wife again to her husband. His friends, too, for different reasons, seem to have been as desirous of bringing about a reconciliation as her's, and this method of effecting it was concerted between them. He had a relation, one Blackborough, living in the lane of St. Martin's Le Grand, whom he often visited; and one day, when he was visiting there, it was contrived that the wife should be ready in another room; and as he was thinking of something else, he was surprised to see her whom he had expected never to have seen any more, falling down upon her knees at his feet, and imploring his forgiveness with tears. At first he showed some signs of aversion, but he continued not long inexorable; his wife's intreaties, and the intercession of friends on both sides, soon wrought upon his generous nature, and procured a happy reconciliation, with an act of oblivion of all that was past. But he did not take his wife home immediately; it was agreed that she should remain at a friend's, till the house, that he had newly taken, was fitted for their reception; for some other gentlemen of his acquaintance, having observed the great success of his method of education, had recommended their sons

to his care; and his house in Aldersgate-street not being large enough, he had taken a larger in Barbican. Till this could be got ready, the place pitched upon for his wife's abode, was the widow Webber's house in St. Clement's Church-yard, whose second daughter had been married to the other brother many years before. The part that Milton acted in this whole affair, showed plainly that he had a spirit capable of the strongest resentment, but yet more inclinable to pity and forgiveness: and neither in this was any injury done to the other lady, whom he was courting, for she is said to have been always averse from the motion, not daring, I suppose, to venture in marriage with a man who was known to have a wife still living. He might not think himself too at liberty as before, while his wife continued obstinate; for his most plausible argument for divorce proceeds upon a supposition, that the thing be done with mutual consent.

After his wife's return, his family was increased not only with children, but also with his wife's relations, her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, coming to live with him in the general distress and ruin of the royal party: and he was so far from resenting their former ill treatment of him, that he generously protected them and entertained them very hospitably, till their affairs were accommodated through his interest with the prevailing faction. And then upon their removal, and the death of his own father, his house looked again like the house of the

Muses : but his studies had like to have been interrupted by a call to public business ; for about this time there was a design of constituting him Adjutant General in the Army under Sir William Waller ; but the new modelling of the army soon following, that design was laid aside. Not long after, his great house in Barbican being now too large for his family, he quitted it for a smaller in High Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's Inn-Fields, where he prosecuted his studies till the King's trial and death, when the Presbyterians declaiming tragically against the King's execution, and asserting that his person was sacred and inviolable, provoked him to write the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, proving that it is lawful to call a tyrant to account, and to depose and put him to death, and that they who of late so much blame deposing, are the men who did it themselves : and he published it at the beginning of the year 1649, to satisfy and compose the minds of the people. Not long after this, he wrote his *Observations on the Articles of Peace*, between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish Rebels. In these and all his writings, whatever others of different parties may think, he thought himself an advocate for true liberty ; for ecclesiastical liberty, in his treatises against the Bishops ; for domestic liberty, in his books of divorce, and for civil liberty in his writings against the King, in defence of the Parliament and People of England.

After this he retired again to his private studies :

and thinking that he had leisure enough for such a work, he applied himself to the writing of a History of England, which he intended to deduce from the earliest accounts down to his own times: he had finished four books of it, when neither courting nor expecting any such preferment, he was invited by the Council of State to be their Latin Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He served in the same capacity under Oliver, and Richard, and the Rump, till the Restoration; and without doubt a better Latin pen could not have been found in the kingdom. For the Republic and Cromwell scorned to pay that tribute to any foreign prince, which is usually paid to the French King, of managing their affairs in his language; they thought it an indignity and meanness, to which this or any free nation ought not to submit; and took a noble resolution neither to write any letters to any foreign states, nor to receive any answers from them, but in the Latin tongue, which was common to them all. It would have been well, if succeeding princes had followed their example; for in the opinion of very wise men, the universality of the French language will make way for the universality of the French monarchy.

But it was not only in foreign dispatches that the government made use of his pen. He had discharged the business of his office a very little time, before he was called to a work of another kind. For soon after the King's death was published a book under his name intitled *Εικων Βασιλικη*, or the Royal Image:

and this book, like Cæsar's Last Will, making a deeper impression, and exciting greater commiseration in the minds of the people, than the King himself did while alive, Milton was ordered to prepare an answer to it, which was published by authority, and intitled *Εἰκονοκλαστικὴ*, or the Image Breaker, the famous surname of many Greek Emperors, who in their zeal against idolatry, broke all superstitious images to pieces. This piece was translated into French, and two replies to it were published, one in 1651, and the other in 1692, upon the reprinting of Milton's book at Amsterdam. In this controversy a heavy charge hath been alledged against Milton. Some editions of the King's book have certain prayers added at the end, and among them a prayer in time of captivity, which is taken from that of Pamela in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*: and it is said, that this prayer was added by the contrivance and artifice of Milton, who, together with Bradshaw, prevailed upon the printer to insert it, that from thence he might take occasion to bring a scandal upon the King, and to blast the reputation of his book, as he hath attempted to do in the first section of his answer. This fact is related chiefly upon the authority of Henry Hills the printer, who had frequently affirmed it to Dr. Gill and Dr. Bernard his physicians, as they themselves have testified. But Hills was not himself the printer who was dealt with in this manner, and consequently he could have the story only from hearsay: and though he was Cromwell's printer, yet after

wards he turned Papist in the reign of James II, in order to be that King's printer. It was at that time that he used to relate this story; so that, I think, little credit is due to his testimony. And indeed I cannot but hope and believe, that Milton had a soul above being guilty of so mean an action to serve so mean a purpose; and there is as little reason for fixing it upon him, as he had to traduce the King for profaning the duty of prayer "with the "polluted trash of romances." For there are not many finer prayers in the best books of devotion; and the King might as lawfully borrow and apply it to his own occasions as the Apostle might make quotations from Heathen poems and plays: and it became Milton, the least of all men, to bring such an accusation against the King, as he was himself particularly fond of reading romances, and has made use of them in some of the best and latest of his writings.

But his most celebrated work in prose is his Defence of the People of England against Salmasius, *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Claudii Anonymi, alias Salmasii, Defensionem Regiam*. Salmasius, by birth a Frenchman, succeeded the famous Scaliger as an Honorary Professor of the University of Leyden, and had gained great reputation by his Plinian Exercitations on Solinus, and by his critical remarks on several Latin and Greek authors, and was generally esteemed one of the greatest and most consummate scholars of that age, and is commended by Milton himself in

his Reason of Church Government, and called the learned Salmasius. Besides his great learning, he had extraordinary talents in railing. "This prince of scholars, as somebody said of him, seemed to have erected his throne upon a heap of stones, that he might have them at hand to throw at every one's head who passed by." He was therefore courted by Charles II, as the most able man to write a defence of the late king his father, and to traduce his adversaries, and a hundred Jacobuses were given him for that purpose, and the book was published in 1649, with this title, *Defensio Regia pro Carolo I. ad Carolum II.* No sooner did this book appear in England, but the Council of State unanimously appointed Milton, who was then present, to answer it: and he performed the task with amazing spirit and vigour, though his health at that time was such, that he could hardly indure the fatigue of writing, and being weak in body he was forced to write by piece-meal, and to break off almost every hour, as he says himself in the Introduction. This necessarily occasioned some delay, so that his Defence of the People of England was not made public till the beginning of the year 1651: and they who cannot read the original, may yet have the pleasure of reading the English translation by Mr. Washington of the Temple, which was printed in 1692, and is inserted among Milton's Works in the two last editions. It was somewhat extraordinary, that Salmasius, a pensioner to a Republic, should pretend to write a defence of

Monarchy ; but the States showed their disapprobation by publicly condemning his book, and ordering it to be suppressed. On the other hand, Milton's book was burnt at Paris, and at Toulouse, by the hands of the common hangman ; but this served only to procure it the more readers : it was read and talked of every where, and even they who were of different principles, yet could not but acknowledge that he was a good defender of a bad cause ; and Salmasius's book underwent only one impression, while this of Milton passed through several editions. On the first appearance of it, he was visited or invited by all the Foreign Ministers at London, not excepting even those of crowned heads ; and was particularly honoured and esteemed by Adrian Paaw, Ambassador from the States of Holland. He was likewise highly complimented by letters from the most learned and ingenious persons in France and Germany ; and Leonard Philaras, an Athenian born, and Ambassador from the Duke of Parma to the French King, wrote a fine encomium of his Defence, and sent him his picture, as appears from Milton's letter to Philaris, dated at London in June 1652. And what gave him the greatest satisfaction, the work was highly applauded by those who had desired him to undertake it ; and they made him a present of a thousand pounds, which, in those days of frugality, was reckoned no inconsiderable reward for his performance. But the case was far otherwise with Salmasius. He was then in high favour at the

Court of Christina Queen of Sweden, who had invited thither several of the most learned men of all countries; but when Milton's Defence of the People of England was brought to Sweden, and was read to the Queen, at her own desire, he sunk immediately in her esteem and the opinion of every body; and though he talked big at first, and vowed the destruction of Milton and the Parliament, yet finding that he was looked upon with coldness, he thought proper to take leave of the Court; and he who came in honour, was dismissed with contempt. He died some time afterwards at Spa in Germany, and it is said more of a broken heart than of any distemper, leaving a posthumous reply to Milton, which was not published till after the Restoration, and was dedicated to Charles II. by his son Claudius; but it has done no great honour to his memory, abounding with abuse much more than argument.

Isaac Vossius was at Stockholm, when Milton's book was brought thither, and in some of his letters to Nicolas Heinsius, published by Professor Burman in the third tome of his *Sylloge Epistolarum*, he says, that he had the only copy of Milton's book, that the Queen borrowed it of him, and was very much pleased with it, and commended Milton's wit and manner of writing in the presence of several persons, and that Salmasius was very angry, and very busy in preparing his answer, wherein he abused Milton as if he had been one of the vilest catamites in Italy, and also criticised his Latin poems. Heinsius

writes again to Vossius from Holland, that he wondered that only one copy of Milton's book was brought to Stockholm, when three were sent thither, one to the Queen, another to Vossius which he had received, and the third to Salmasius; that the book was in every body's hands, and there had been four editions in a few months, besides the English one; that a Dutch translation was handed about, and a French one was expected. And afterwards he writes from Venice, that Holstenius had lent him Milton's Latin poems; that they were nothing, compared with the elegance of his Apology; that he had offended frequently against prosody, and here was a great opening for Salmasius's criticism; but as to Milton's having been a catamite in Italy, he says, that it was a mere calumny; on the contrary he was disliked by the Italians, for the severity of his manners, and for the freedom of his discourses against Popery. And in others of his letters to Vossius and to J. Fr. Gronovius from Holland, Heinsius mentions how angry Salmasius was with him for commending Milton's book, and says that Graswinkelius had written something against Milton, which was to have been printed by Elzevir, but it was suppressed by public authority.

The first reply that appeared was published in 1651, and intitled, *An Apology for the King and People, &c. Apologia pro Rege & Populo Anglicano contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni Angli) Defensionem destructivam Regis & Populi Anglicani.*

It is not known who was the author of this piece. Some attributed it to one Janus, a lawyer, of Gray's-Inn, and others to Dr John Bramhall, who was then Bishop of Derry, and was made Primate of Ireland after the Restoration: but it is utterly improbable, that so mean a performance, written in such barbarous Latin, and so full of solecisms, should come from the hands of a Prelate of such distinguished abilities and learning. But whoever was the author of it, Milton did not think it worth his while to animadvert upon it himself, but employed the younger of his nephews to answer it; but he supervised and corrected the answer so much before it went to the press, that it may in a manner be called his own. It came forth in 1652, under this title, *Johannis Philippi Angli Responsio ad Apologiam Anonymi cujusdam Tenebrionis pro Rege & Populo Anglicano infantissimam*; and it is printed with Milton's works; and throughout the whole Mr. Philips treats Bishop Bramhall with great severity as the author of the Apology, thinking probably that so considerable an adversary would make the answer more considerable.

Sir Robert Filmer likewise published some animadversions upon Milton's Defence of the People, in a piece printed in 1652, and intitled *Observations concerning the Original of Government*, upon Mr. Hobbes's *Leviathan*, Mr. Milton against *Salmasius*, and *Hugo Grotius de Jure Belli*; but I do not find that Milton, or any of his friends, took any notice of it; but Milton's quarrel was afterwards sufficiently

avenged by Mr. Locke, who wrote against Sir Robert Filmer's principles of government, more, I suppose in condescension to the prejudices of the age, than out of any regard to the weight or importance of Filmer's arguments.

It is probable that Milton, when he was first made Latin Secretary, removed from his house in High Holborn, to be nearer Whitehall: and for some time he had lodgings at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull-head Tavern, at Charing-Cross, opening into Spring-Garden, till the apartment appointed for him in Scotland-Yard could be got ready for his reception. He then removed thither; and there his third child, a son, was born, and named John, who, through the ill usage or bad constitution of the nurse, died an infant. His own health too was greatly impaired; and for the benefit of the air, he removed from his apartment in Scotland-Yard to a house in Petty-France, Westminster, which was next door to Lord Scudamore's, and opened into St. James's Park; and there he remained eight years, from the year 1652 till within a few weeks of the King's Restoration. In this house he had not been settled long, before his first wife died in childbed; and his condition requiring some care and attendance, he was easily induced, after a proper interval of time, to marry a second, who was Catharine, daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney; and she too died in childbed within a year after their marriage, and her child, who was a daughter, died in a month after her; and

her husband has done honour to her memory in one of his Sonnets.

Two or three years before this second marriage he had totally lost his sight. And his enemies triumphed in his blindness, and imputed it as a judgment upon him for writing against the King: but his sight had been decaying several years before, through his close application to study, and the frequent headaches to which he had been subject from his childhood, and his continual tampering with physic, which perhaps was more pernicious than all the rest; and he himself has informed us, in his second Defence, that when he was appointed by authority to write his Defence of the People against Salmasius, he had almost lost the sight of one eye,* and the physicians declared to him that if he undertook that work, he would also lose the sight of the other: but he was no ways discouraged, and chose rather to lose both his eyes than desert what he thought his duty. It was the sight of his left eye that he lost first: and at the desire of his friend, Leonard Philaras, the Duke of Parma's Minister at Paris, he sent him a particular account of his case, and of the manner of his growing blind, for him to consult Thevenot the physician, who was reckoned famous in cases of the eyes. The letter is the fifteenth of his familiar epistles, is dated September 28, 1654: and is thus translated by Mr. Richardson.

“SINCE you advise me not to fling away all hopes of recovering my sight, for that you have a friend at

Paris, Thevenot the physician, particularly famous for the eyes, whom you offer to consult in my behalf if you receive from me an account by which he may judge of the causes and symptoms of my disease, I will do what you advise me to, that I may not seem to refuse any assistance that is offered, perhaps from God.

“ I think 'tis about ten years, more or less, since I began to perceive that my eye-sight grew weak and dim, and at the same time my spleen and bowels to be opprest and troubled with Flatus; and in the morning when I began to read, according to custom, my eyes grew painful immediately, and to refuse reading, but were refreshed after a moderate exercise of the body. A certain Iris began to surround the light of the candle if I looked at it; soon after which, on the left part of the left eye (for that was some years sooner clouded) a mist arose which hid every thing on that side; and looking forward if I shut my right eye, objects appeared smaller. My other eye also, for these last three years, failing by degrees, some months before all sight was abolished, things which I looked upon seemed to swim to the right and left; certain inveterate vapours seem to possess my forehead and temples, which, after meat especially, quite to evening, generally, urge and depress my eyes with a sleepy heaviness. Nor would I omit, that whilst there was as yet some remainder of sight, I no sooner lay down in my bed, and turned on my side, but a copious light dazzled out of my shut eyes;

and as my sight diminished every day, colours gradually more obscure flashed out with vehemence ; but now that the lucid is in a manner wholly extinct, a direct blackness, or else spotted, and, as it were, woven with ash-colour, is used to pour itself in. Nevertheless the constant and settled darkness that is before me, as well by night as by day, seems nearer to the whitish than the blackish ; and the eye-rolling itself a little, seems to admit I know not what little smallness of light as through a chink."

But it does not appear what answer he received ; we may presume none that administered any relief. His blindness, however, did not disable him entirely from performing the business of his office. An assistant was allowed him, and his salary as Secretary still continued to him.

And there was farther occasion for his service, besides dictating of letters. For the controversy with Salmasius did not die with him, and there was published at the Hague, in 1652, a book intitled the Cry of the King's Blood, &c. *Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*. The true author of this book was Peter du Moulin the younger, who was afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury ; and he transmitted his papers to Salmasius ; and Salmasius intrusted them to the care of Alexander Morus, a French Minister ; and Morus published them with a dedication to King Charles II. in the name of Adrian Ulac the printer, from whence he

came to be reputed the author of the whole. This Morus was the son of a learned Scotchman, who was President of the College, which the Protestants had formerly at Castres in Languedoc ; and he is said to have been a man of a most haughty disposition, and immoderately addicted to women, hasty, ambitious, full of himself and his own performances, and satirical upon all others. He was, however, esteemed one of the most eminent preachers of that age among the Protestants ; but as Monsieur Bayle observes, his chief talent must have consisted in the gracefulness of his delivery, or in those sallies of imagination and quaint turns and allusions, whereof his sermons are full ; for they retain not those charms in reading, which they were said to have formerly in the pulpit. Against this man, therefore, as the reputed author of *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*, &c. Milton published by authority his *Second Defence of the People of England*, *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, in 1654, and treats Morus with such severity as nothing could have excused, if he had not been provoked to it by so much abuse poured upon himself. There is one piece of his wit, which had been published before in the news-papers at London, a distich upon Morus, for getting Pontia, the maid servant of his friend Salmasius, with child.

*Calli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget ?*

Upon this Morus published his *Fides Publica* in answer to Milton, in which he inserted several testimonies of his orthodoxy and morals signed by the consistories, academies, synods, and magistrates of the places where he had lived; and disowned his being the author of the book imputed to him, and appealed to two gentlemen of great credit with the Parliament party, who knew the real author. This brought Du Moulin, who was then in England, into great danger; but the government suffered him to escape with impunity, rather than they would publicly contradict the great patron of their cause. For he still persisted in his accusation, and endeavoured to make it good in his defence of himself, *Autoris pro se Defensio*, which was published in 1655, wherein he opposed to the testimonies in favour of Morus other testimonies against him; and Morus replied no more.

After this controversy was ended, he was at leisure again to pursue his own private studies, which were the History of England, before mentioned, and a new *Thesaurus* of the Latin tongue, intended as an improvement upon that by Robert Stephens; a work, which he had been long collecting from the best and purest Latin authors, and continued at times almost to his dying day: but his papers were left so confused and imperfect, that they could not be fitted for the press, though great use was made of them by the compilers of the Cambridge Dictionary printed in 1693. These papers are said to have consisted of three large volumes in folio; and it is a great pity

that they are lost, and no account is given what it become of the manuscript. It is commonly said too that at this time he began his famous poem of *Paradise Lost*; and it is certain, that he was glad to be released from those controversies, which detained him so long from following things more agreeable to his natural genius and inclination, though he was far from ever repenting of his writings in defence of liberty, but gloried in them to the last.

The only interruption now of his private studies was the the business of his office. In 1655 there was published in Latin a writing in the name of the Lord Protector, setting forth the reasons of the war with Spain: and this piece is rightly adjudged to our author, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the stile, and because it was his province to write such things as Latin Secretary; and it is printed among his other prose-works in the last edition. And for the same reasons I am inclined to think, that the famous Latin verses to Christina Queen of Sweden in the name of Cromwell were made by our author rather than Andrew Marvel. In those days they had admirable intelligence in the Secretary's office; and Mr. Philips relates a memorable instance or two upon his own knowledge. The Dutch were sending a plenipotentiary to England to treat of peace; but the emissaries of the government had the art to procure a copy of his instructions in Holland, which were delivered by Milton to his kinsman who was then with him, to translate them for the use of

the Council, before the said plenipotentiary had taken shipping for England: and an answer to all that he had in charge was prepared, and lay ready for him before he made his public entry into London. Another time a person came to London with a very sumptuous train, pretending himself an agent from the Prince of Condé, who was then in arms against Cardinal Mazarine: but the government suspecting him, set their instruments to work so successfully, that in a few days they received intelligence from Paris, that he was a spy employed by Charles II: whereupon the very next morning Milton's kinsman was sent to him with an order of Council, commanding him to depart the kingdom within three days, or expect the punishment of a spy. This kinsman was in all probability Mr. Philips or his brother, who were Milton's nephews, and lived very much with him, and one or both of them were assistant to him in his office. His blindness no doubt was a great hindrance and inconvenience to him in his business, though sometimes a political use might be made of it; as men's natural infirmities are often pleaded in excuse for not doing what they have no great inclination to do. Thus when Cromwell, as we may collect from Whitlock, for some reasons delayed artfully to sign the treaty concluded with Sweden, and the Swedish Ambassador made frequent complaints of it, it was excused to him, because Mr. Milton on account of his blindness proceeded slower in business, and had not yet put the articles of the treaty into

Latin. Upon which the Ambassador was greatly surprised, that things of such consequence should be intrusted to a blind man, for he must necessarily employ an amanuensis, and that amanuensis might divulge the articles ; and said it was very wonderful, that there should be only one man in England who could write Latin, and he a blind one. But his blindness had not diminished, but rather increased the vigour of his mind ; and his state-letters will remain as authentic memorials of those times, to be admired equally by critics and politicians ; and those particularly about the sufferings of the poor Protestants in Piedmont, who can read without sensible emotion ? This was a subject he had very much at heart, as he was an utter enemy to all sorts of persecution ; and among his sonnets there is a most excellent one upon the same occasion.

But Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the government weak and unsettled in the hands of Richard and the Parliament, he thought it a seasonable time to offer his advice again to the public ; and in 1659 published a Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes ; and another tract intitled Considerations touching the likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of the Church ; both addressed to the Parliament of the commonwealth of England. And after the Parliament was dissolved, he wrote a letter to some Statesman, with whom he had a serious discourse the night before, concerning the ruptures of the commonwealth, and another, as it is supposed, to Ge-

heral Monk, being a brief Delineation of a Free Commonwealth, easy to be put in practice, and without delay. These two pieces were communicated in manuscript to Mr. Toland by a friend, who a little after Milton's death had them from his nephew; and Mr. Toland gave them to be printed in the edition of our author's prose-works in 1698. But Milton, still finding that affairs were every day tending more and more to the subversion of the commonwealth, and the restoration of the royal family, published his Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, and the Excellence thereof, compared with the Inconveniencies and Dangers of re-admitting Kingship in this Nation. We are informed by Mr. Wood, that he published this piece in February 1659-60: and after this he published Brief Notes upon a late Sermon intitled, the Fear of God and the King, preached by Dr. Matthew Griffith at Mercers Chapel, March 25, 1660: so bold and resolute was he in declaring his sentiments to the last, thinking that his voice was the voice of expiring liberty.

A little before the King's landing he was discharged from his office of Latin Secretary, and was forced to leave his house in Petty France, where he had lived eight years with great reputation, and had been visited by all foreigners of note, who could not go out of the country without seeing a man who did so much honour to it by his writings, and whose name was as well known and as famous abroad as in his own nation; and by several persons of quality of both

sexes, particularly the pious and virtuous Lady Ranelagh, whose son for some time he instructed, the same who was Paymaster of the Forces in King William's time; and by many learned and ingenious friends and acquaintance, particularly Andrew Marvel, and young Lawrence, son to the President of Oliver's Council, to whom he has inscribed one of his sonnets, and Marchamont Needham the writer of *Politicus*, and above all Cyriac Skinner, whom he has honoured with two sonnets. But now it was not safe for him to appear any longer in public, so that by the advice of some who wished him well and were concerned for his preservation, he fled for shelter to a friend's house in Bartholomew Close near West Smithfield, where he lay concealed till the worst of the storm was blown over. The first notice that we find taken of him was on Saturday the 16th of June 1660, when it was ordered by the House of Commons, that his Majesty should be humbly moved to issue his proclamation for the calling in of Milton's two books, his *Defence of the People and Iconoclastes*, and also Goodwyn's book intituled the *Obstructors of Justice*, written in justification of the murder of the late King, and to order them to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. And at the same time it was ordered, that the Attorney General should proceed by way of indictment or information against Milton and Goodwyn in respect of their books, and that they themselves should be sent for in custody of the Serjeant at Arms attending the

House. On Wednesday June 27th an order of Council was made agreeable to the order of the House of Commons for a proclamation against Milton's and Goodwyn's books ; and the proclamation was issued the 13th of August following, wherein it was said that the authors were fled or did abscond ; and on Monday August 27th Milton's and Goodwyn's books were burnt according to the proclamation at the Old Baily by the hands of the common hangman. On Wednesday August 29th the act of indemnity was passed, which proved more favourable to Milton than could well have been expected ; for though John Goodwyn Clerk was excepted among the twenty persons, who were to have penalties inflicted upon them, not extending to life, yet Milton was not excepted at all, and consequently was included in the general pardon. We find indeed that afterwards he was in custody of the Serjeant at Arms ; but the time when he was taken into custody, is not certain. He was not in custody on the 12th of September, for that day a list of the prisoners in custody of the Serjeant at Arms was read in the House, and Milton is not among them ; and on the 13th of September the House adjourned to the 6th of November. It is most probable therefore that after the act of indemnity was passed, and after the House had adjourned, he came out of his concealment, and was afterwards taken into custody of the Serjeant at Arms by virtue of the former order of the House of Commons : but we cannot find that he was prosecuted by the Attorney General,

nor was he continued in custody very long: for on Saturday the 15th of December 1660, it was ordered by the House of Commons, that Mr. Milton now in custody of the Serjeant at Arms should be forthwith released, paying his fees; and on Monday the 17th of December, a complaint being made that the Serjeant at Arms had demanded excessive fees for his imprisonment, it was referred to the committee of privileges and elections to examine this business, and to call Mr. Milton and the Serjeant before them, and to determine what was fit to be given to the Serjeant for his fees in this case; so courageous was he at all times in defence of liberty against all the encroachments of power, and though a prisoner, would yet be treated like a freeborn Englishman. This appears to be the matter of fact, as it may be collected partly from the Journals of the House of Commons, and partly from Kennet's Historical Register: and the clemency of the government was surely very great towards him, considering the nature of his offences; for though he was not one of the King's judges and murderers, yet he contributed more to murder his character and reputation than any of them all: and to what therefore could it be owing, that he was treated with such lenity, and was so easily pardoned? It is certain, there was not wanting powerful intercession for him both in Council and in Parliament. It is said that Secretary Morrice and Sir Thomas Clargis greatly favoured him, and exerted their interest in his behalf; and his old friend An-

Andrew Marvel, member of Parliament for Hull, formed a considerable party for him in the House of Commons; and neither was Charles the Second (as Toland says) such an enemy to the muses, as to require his destruction. But the principal instrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his release, when he was taken prisoner in 1650. It was life for life. Davenant had been saved by Milton's interest, and in return Milton was saved at Davenant's intercession. This story Mr. Richardson relates upon the authority of Mr. Pope; and Mr. Pope had it from Betterton the famous actor, who was first brought upon the stage and patronized by Sir William Davenant, and might therefore derive the knowledge of this transaction from the fountain.

Milton having thus obtained his pardon, and being set at liberty again, took a house in Holborn near Red Lion Fields; but he removed soon into Jewen-Street near Aldresgate-Street: and while he lived there, being in his 53d or 54th year, and blind and infirm, and wanting somebody better than servants to tend and look after him, he employed his friend Dr. Paget to choose a proper consort for him, and at his recommendation married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, of a gentleman's family in Cheshire, and related to Dr. Paget. It is said that an offer was made to Milton, as well as to Thurloe, of holding the same place of Secretary under the King,

which he had discharged with so much integrity and ability under Cromwell; but he persisted in refusing it, though the wife pressed his compliance; "Thou art in the right, says he; you, as other women, would ride in your coach; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man." What is more certain is, that in 1661 he published his *Accedence commenced Grammar*, and a tract of Sir Walter Raleigh intitled *Aphorisms of State*; as in 1658 he had published another piece of Sir Walter Raleigh intitled the *Cabinet Council discabinated*, which he printed from a manuscript, that had lain many years in his hands, and was given him for a true copy by a learned man at his death, who had collected several such pieces: an evident sign, that he thought it no mean employment, nor unworthy of a man of genius, to be an editor of the works of great authors. It was while he lived in Jewen-Street, that Elwood the Quaker (as we learn from the history of his life written by his own hand) was first introduced to read to him; for having wholly lost his sight, he kept always some body or other to perform that office, and usually the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he took in kindness, that he might at the same time improve him in his learning. Elwood was recommended to him by Dr. Paget, and went to his house every afternoon except Sunday, and read to him such books in the Latin tongue as Milton thought proper. And Milton told him, that if he would have the benefit of the Latin tongue,

not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners either abroad or at home, he must learn the foreign pronunciation: and he instructed him how to read accordingly. And having a curious ear, he understood by my tone, says Elwood, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and he would stop me and examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. But it was not long after his third marriage, that he left Jewen-Street, and removed to a house in the Artillery Walk leading to Bunhill Fields: and this was his last stage in this world: he continued longer in this house than he had done in any other, and lived here to his dying day: only when the plague began to rage in London in 1665, he removed to a small house at Saint Giles Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, which Elwood had taken for him and his family; and there he remained during that dreadful calamity; but after the sickness was over, and the city was cleansed and made safely habitable again, he returned to his house in London.

His great work of *Paradise Lost* had principally engaged his thoughts for some years past, and was now compleated. It is probable, that his first design of writing an epic poem was owing to his conversations at Naples with the Marquis of Villa about Tasso and his famous poem of the Delivery of Jerusalem; and in a copy of verses presented to that nobleman before he left Naples, he intimated his intention of fixing upon King Arthur for his hero.

In an Eclogue, made soon after his return to England upon the death of his friend and school fellow Deodati, he proposed the same design and the same subject, and declared his ambition of writing something in his native language, which might render his name illustrious in these islands, though he should be obscure and inglorious to the rest of the world. And in other parts of his works, after he had engaged in the controversies of the times, he still promised to produce some noble poem or other of a fitter season; but it doth not appear that he had then determined upon the subject, and King Arthur had another fate, being reserved for the pen of Sir Richard Blackmore. The first hint of *Paradise Lost* is said to have been taken from an Italian tragedy; and it is certain, that he first designed it a tragedy himself, and there are several plans of it in the form of a tragedy still to be seen in the author's own manuscript, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. And it is probable, that he did not barely sketch out the plans, but also wrote some parts of the drama itself. His nephew Philips informs us, that some of the verses at the beginning of Satan's speech, addressed to the sun, in the fourth book, were shown to him and some others as designed for the beginning of the tragedy, several years before the poem was begun: and many other passages might be produced, which plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene, and are not so properly of the epic, as of the tragic strain. It was not till after he

was disengaged from the Salmasian controversy, which ended in 1655, that he began to mold the *Paradise Lost* in its present form; but after the Restoration, when he was dismissed from public business, and freed from controversy of every kind, he prosecuted the work with closer application. Mr. Philips relates a very remarkable circumstance in the composition of this poem, which he says he had reason to remember, as it was told him by Milton himself, that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that what he attempted at other times was not to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much. Mr. Toland imagines that Philips might be mistaken as to the time, because our author in his Latin elegy, written in his twentieth year, upon the approach of the spring, seemeth to say just the contrary, as if he could not make any verses to his satisfaction till the spring begun: and he says farther, that a judicious friend of Milton's informed him, that he could never compose well but in spring and autumn. But Mr. Richardson cannot comprehend, that either of these accounts is exactly true, or that a man with such a work in his head can suspend it for six months together, or only for one; it may go on more slowly, but it must go on: and this laying it aside is contrary to that eagerness to finish what was begun, which he says was his temper in his epistle to Deodati, dated Sept. 2, 1637. After all, Mr. Philips, who had the perusal of the poem from the beginning,

by twenty or thirty verses at a time, as it was composed, and having not been shown any for a considerable while as the summer came on, inquired of the author the reason of it, could hardly be mistaken with regard to the time: and it is easy to conceive, that the poem might go on much more slower in summer than in other parts of the year; for notwithstanding all that poets may say of the pleasures of that season, I imagine most persons find by experience, that they can compose better at any other time, with more facility and with more spirit, than during the heat and languor of summer. Whenever the poem was wrote, it was finished in 1665, and as Elwood says was shown to him that same year at Saint Giles Chalfont, whither Milton had retired to avoid the plague, and it was lent to him to peruse it and give his judgment of it: and considering the difficulties which the author lay under, his uneasiness on account of the public affairs and his own, his age and infirmities, his gout and blindness, his not being in circumstances to maintain an amanuensis, but obliged to make use of any hand that came next to write his verses as he made them, it is really wonderful, that he should have the spirit to undertake such a work, and much more that he should ever bring it to perfection. And after the poem was finished, still new difficulties retarded the publication of it. It was in danger of being suppressed through the malice or ignorance of the licencer, who took exception at some passages, and particularly at that noble

simile, in the first book, of the sun in an eclipse, in which he fancied that he had discovered treason. It was with difficulty too that the author could sell the copy; and he sold it at last only for five pounds, but was to receive five pounds more after the sale of 1300 of the first impression, and five pounds more after the sale of as many of the second impression, and five more after the sale of as many of the third, and the number of each impression was not to exceed 1500. What a poor consideration was this for such an inestimable performance! and how much more do others get by the works of great authors, than the authors themselves! This original contract with Samuel Simmons the printer is dated April 27, 1667, and was in the hands of the late Mr. Tonson the bookseller, as was likewise the manuscript of the first book copied fair for the press, with the Imprimature by Thomas Tomkyns, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury: so that though Milton was forced to make use of different hands to write his verses from time to time as he had occasion, yet we may suppose that the copy for the press was written all, or at least each book, by the same hand. The first edition in ten books was printed in a small quarto; and before it could be disposed of, had three or more different title-pages of the years 1667, 1668, and 1669. The first sort was without the name of Simmons the printer, and began with the poem immediately following the title-page, without any argument, or preface, or table of errata; to others was prefixed a

short advertisement of the printer to the reader concerning the argument and the reason why the poem rimes not; and then followed the argument of the several books, and the preface concerning the kind of verse, and the table of errata: others again had the argument and the preface, and the table of errata, without that short advertisement of the printer to the reader: and this was all the difference between them, except now and then of a point or a letter, which were altered as the sheets were printing off. So that, notwithstanding these variations, there was still only one impression in quarto; and two years almost elapsed, before 1300 copies could be sold, or before the author was intitled to his second five pounds, for which his receipt is still in being, and is dated April 26, 1669. And this was probably all that he received; for he lived not to enjoy the benefits of the second edition, which was not published till the year 1674, and that same year he died. The second edition was printed in small octavo, and was corrected by the author himself, and the number of books was augmented from ten to twelve, with the addition of some few verses: and this alteration was made with great judgment, not for the sake of such a fanciful beauty as resembling the number of books in the *Æneid*, but for the more regular disposition of the poem, because the seventh and tenth books were before too long, and are more fitly divided each into two. The third edition was published in 1678, and it appears that Milton had left his remaining right in

the copy to his widow, and she agreed with Simmons the printer to accept eight pounds in full of all demands, and her receipt for the money is dated December 21, 1680. But a little before this, Simmons had covenanted to assign the whole right of copy to Brabazon Aylmer the bookseller for twenty-five pounds; and Aylmer afterwards sold it to old Jacob Tonson at two different times, one half on the 17th of August 1683, and the other half on the 24th of March 1690, with a considerable advance of the price: and except one fourth of it, which has been assigned to several persons, his family have enjoyed the right of copy ever since. By the last assignment it appears that the book was growing into repute, and rising in valuation; and to what perverseness could it be owing that it was not better received at first? We conceive there were principally two reasons; the prejudices against the author on account of his principles and party; and many no doubt were offended with the novelty of a poem that was not in rime. Rymer, who was a redoubted critic in those days, would not so much as allow it to be a poem on this account; and declared war against Milton as well as against Shakespear; and threatened that he would write reflections upon the *Paradise Lost*, which some (says he*) are pleased to call a poem, and would assert rime against the slender sophistry wherewith

* See Rymer's *Tragedies of the last Age considered*, p. 143.

the author attacks it. And such a man as Bishop Burnet maketh it a sort of objection to Milton, that he affected to write in blank verse without rime. And the same reason induced Dryden to turn the principal parts of *Paradise Lost* into rime in his Opera called the *State of Innocence* and *Fall of Man*; to tag his lines, as Milton himself expressed it, alluding to the fashion then of wearing tags of metal at the end of their ribbons. We are told indeed by Mr. Richardson, that Sir George Hungerford, an ancient member of parliament, told him, that Sir John Denham came into the house one morning with a sheet of *Paradise Lost* wet from the press in his hand; and being asked what he had there, said that he had part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or in any age. However it is certain, that the book was unknown till about two years after, when the Earl of Dorset produced it, as Mr. Richardson was informed by Dr. Tancred Robinson the physician, who had heard the story often from Fleetwood Shephard himself, that the Earl in company with Mr. Shephard, looking about for books in Little Britain, accidentally met with *Paradise Lost*; and being surprised at some passages in dipping here and there, he bought it. The bookseller begged his Lordship to speak in its favour if he liked it, for the impression lay on his hands as waste paper.

The Earl having read it, sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it with this answer: "This

man cuts us all out and the ancients too." Dryden's epigram upon Milton is too well known to be repeated; and those Latin verses by Dr. Barrow the physician, and the English ones by Andrew Marvel, Esq. usually prefixed to the *Paradise Lost*, were written before the second edition, and were published with it. But still the poem was not generally known and esteemed, nor met with the deserved applause, till after the edition in folio, which was published in 1688 by subscription.

The Duke of Buckingham in his *Essay on Poetry* prefers Tasso and Spenser to Milton: and it is related in the life of the witty Earl of Rochester, that he had no notion of a better poet than Cowley.

In 1686, or thereabout, Sir William Temple published the second part of his *Miscellanies*, and it may surprise any reader, that in his *Essay on Poetry* he taketh no notice at all of Milton; nay he saith expressly, that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he knoweth none of the moderns who have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording. And what can we think, that he had not read or heard of the *Paradise Lost*, or that the author's politics had prejudiced him against his poetry? It was happy that all great men were not of his mind. The bookseller was advised and encouraged to undertake the folio edition by Mr. Sommers, afterwards Lord Sommers, who not only subscribed himself, but was zealous in promoting the subscription: and in the list of subscribers we find some of the most eminent

names of that time, as the Earl of Dorset, Waller, Dryden, Dr. Aldrich, Mr. Atterbury, and among the rest Sir Roger Lestrangle, though he had formerly written a piece intituled *No blind Guides*, &c. against Milton's *Notes upon Dr. Griffith's sermon*.

There were two editions more in folio, one I think in 1692, the other in 1695, which was the sixth edition; for the poem was now so well received, that notwithstanding the price of it was four times greater than before, the sale increased double the number every year; as the bookseller, who should best know, has informed us in his dedication of the smaller editions to Lord Sommers. Since that time, not only various editions have been printed, but also various notes and translations. The first person who wrote annotations upon *Paradise Lost* was P. H. or Patrick Hume, of whom we know nothing, unless his name may lead us to some knowledge of his country; but he has the merit of being the first (as I say) who wrote notes upon *Paradise Lost*, and his notes were printed at the end of the folio edition in 1695. Mr. Addison's *Spectators* upon the subject contributed not a little to establishing the character, and illustrating the beauties of the poem. In 1732 appeared Dr. Bentley's new edition with notes: and the year following Dr. Pearce published his *Review of the text*, in which the chief of Dr. Bentley's emendations are considered, and several other emendations and observations are offered to the public. The year after that, Messieurs Richardson, father

and son, published their explanatory notes and remarks.

The poem has been also translated into several languages, Latin, Italian, French and Dutch; and proposals have been made for translating it into Greek. The Dutch translation is in blank verse, and printed at Harlem. The French have a translation by Mons. Dupré de St. Maur; but nothing sheweth the weakness and imperfection of their language more, than that they have few or no good poetical versions of the greatest poets; they are forced to translate Homer, Virgil, and Milton into prose: blank verse their language has not harmony and dignity enough to support; their tragedies, and many of their comedies, are in rime. Rolli, the famous Italian master here in England, made an Italian translation; and Mr. Richardson the son saw another at Florence in manuscript by the learned Abbé Salvini, the same who translated Addison's Cato into Italian. One William Hog or Hogæus translated Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, into Latin verse in 1690; but this version is very unworthy of the originals. There is a better translation of the Paradise Lost by Mr. Thomas Power, Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, the first book of which was printed in 1691, and the rest in manuscript is in the library of that College. The learned Dr. Trapp has also published a translation into Latin verse; and the world is in expectation of another, that will surpass all the rest,

by Mr. William Dobson of New College in Oxford. So that by one means or other Milton is now considered as an English classic ; and the *Paradise Lost* is generally esteemed the noblest and most sublime of modern poems, and equal at least to the best of the ancient ; the honour of this country, and the envy and admiration of all others !

In 1670 he published his *History of Britain*, that part especially now called *England*. He began it above twenty years before, but was frequently interrupted by other avocations : and he designed to have brought it down to his own times, but stopped at the Norman conquest ; for indeed he was not well able to pursue it any farther by reason of his blindness, and he was engaged in other more delightful studies ; having a genius turned for poetry rather than history. When his *History* was printed, it was not printed perfect and intire ; for the licenser expunged several passages, which reflecting upon the pride and superstition of the Monks in the Saxon times, were understood as a concealed satire upon the Bishops in Charles the Second's reign. But the author himself gave a copy of his unlicensed papers to the Earl of Anglesea, who, as well as several of the nobility and gentry, constantly visited him : and in 1681 a considerable passage which had been suppressed at the beginning of the third book, was published, containing a character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines in 1641, which was inserted in its proper place in the last edition of 1738.

Bishop Kennet begins his Complete History of England with this work of Milton, as being the best draught, the clearest and most authentic account of those early times; and his stile is freer and easier than in most of his other works, more plain and simple, less figurative and metaphorical, and better suited to the nature of history, has enough of the Latin turn and idiom to give it an air of antiquity, and sometimes rises to a surprising dignity and majesty.

In 1670 likewise his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* were licensed together, but were not published till the year following. It is somewhat remarkable, that these two poems were not printed by Simmons, the same who printed the *Paradise Lost*, but by J. M. for one Starkey in Fleet-Street; and what could induce Milton to have recourse to another printer? Was it because the former was not enough encouraged by the sale of *Paradise Lost* to become a purchaser of the other copies? The first thought of *Paradise Regained* was owing to Elwood the quaker, as he himself relates the occasion in the history of his life. When Milton had lent him the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* at St. Giles Chalfont, as we said before, and he returned it, Milton asked him how he liked it, and what he thought of it: "which I modestly, but freely told him," says Elwood; "and after some discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, thou hast said much of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*? He

made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject." When Elwood afterwards waited upon him in London, Milton shewed him his *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to him, "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of." It is commonly reported, that Milton himself preferred this poem to the *Paradise Lost*; but all that we can assert upon good authority is, that he could not endure to hear this poem tried down so much as it was, in comparison with the other. For certainly it is very worthy of the author, and contrary to what Mr. Toland relates, Milton may be seen in *Paradise Regained* as well as in *Paradise Lost*; if it is inferior in poetry, I know not whether it is not superior in sentiment; if it is less descriptive, it is more argumentative; if it doth not sometimes rise so high, neither doth it ever sink so low; and it has not met with the approbation it deserves, only because it has not been more read and considered. His subject indeed is confined, and he has a narrow foundation to build upon; but he has raised as noble a superstructure, as such little room and such scanty materials would allow. The great beauty of it is the contrast between the two characters of the Tempter and our Saviour, the artful sophistry and specious insinuations of the one refuted by the strong sense and manly eloquence of the other.

This poem has also been translated into French,

together with some other pieces of Milton, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and the *Ode on Christ's Nativity*: and in 1732 was printed a *Critical Dissertation* with notes upon *Paradise Regained*, pointing out the beauties of it, written by Mr. Meadowcourt, Canon of Worcester: and the very learned and ingenious Mr. Jortin has added some observations upon this work at the end of his excellent *Remarks upon Spenser*, published in 1734: indeed this poem of Milton, to be more admired, needs only to be better known.

His *Samson Agonistes* is the only tragedy that he has finished, though he has sketched out the plans of several, and proposed the subjects of more, in his manuscript preserved in Trinity College Library: and we may suppose that he was determined to the choice of this particular subject by the similitude of his own circumstances to those of Samson, blind and among the Philistines. This I conceive to be the last of his poetical pieces; and it is written in the very spirit of the ancients, and equals, if not exceeds, any of the most perfect tragedies, which were ever exhibited on the Athenian stage, when Greece was in its glory. As this work was never intended for the stage, the division into acts and scenes is omitted. Bishop Atterbury had an intention of getting Mr. Pope to divide it into acts and scenes, and of having it acted by the King's Scholars at Westminster: but his commitment to the Tower put an end to that design. It has since been brought upon the stage

in form of an Oratorio; and Mr. Handel's music is never employed to greater advantage, than when it is adapted to Milton's words. That great artist has done equal justice to our author's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, as if the same spirit possessed both masters, and as if the God of music and of verse was still one and the same.

There are also some other pieces of Milton, for he continued publishing to the last. In 1672 he published *Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami Methodum concinnata*, an Institution of Logic after the method of Petrus Ramus; and the year following, a treatise of *True Religion* and the best means to prevent the Growth of Popery, which had greatly increased through the connivance of the King, and the more open encouragement of the Duke of York; and the same year his poems, which had been printed in 1645, were reprinted with the addition of several others. His familiar epistles and some academical exercises, *Epistolarum Familiarum, Lib. I. et Prolusiones quædam Oratoriæ in Collegio Christi habitæ*, were printed in 1674; as was also his translation out of Latin into English of the Poles Declaration concerning the Election of their King John III. setting forth the virtues and merits of that Prince. He wrote also a brief History of Muscovy, collected from the relations of several travellers; but it was not printed till after his death in 1682. He had likewise his state letters transcribed at the request of the Danish resident, but neither were they printed till

after his death, in 1676, and were translated into English in 1694; and to that translation a Life of Milton was prefixed by his nephew, Mr. Edward Philips; and at the end of that life his excellent sonnets to Fairfax, Cromwell, Sir Henry Vane, and Cyriac Skinner, on his blindness, were first printed. Besides these works, which were published, he wrote his system of divinity, which Mr. Toland says was in the hands of his friend Cyriac Skinner, but where at present is uncertain. And Mr. Philips says, that he had prepared for the press an answer to some little scribbling quack in London, who had written a scurrilous libel against him; but whether by the dissuasion of friends, as thinking him a fellow not worth his notice, or for what other cause Mr. Philips knoweth not, this answer was never published. Indeed the best vindicator of him and his writings hath been Time. Posterity hath universally paid that honour to his merits, which was denied him by great part of his contemporaries.

After a life thus spent in study and labours for the public, he died of the gout at his house in Bunhill Row, on or about the 10th of November 1674, when he had within a month completed the sixty-sixth year of his age. It is not known when he was first attacked by the gout, but he was grievously afflicted with it several of the last years of his life, and was weakened to such a degree, that he died without a groan, and those in the room perceived not when he expired. His body was decently interred near that

of his father (who had died very aged about the year 1647) in the chancel of the church of St. Giles's Cripplegate; and all his great and learned friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the common people, paid their last respects in attending it to the grave.

Mr. Fenton, in his short but elegant account of the Life of Milton, speaking of our author's having no monument, says, that "he desired a friend to inquire at St. Giles's Church, where the sexton showed him a small monument, which he said was supposed to be Milton's; but the inscription had never been legible since he was employed in that office, which he has possessed about forty years. This sure could never have happened in so short a space of time, unless the epitaph had been industriously erased: and that supposition, says Mr. Fenton, carries with it so much inhumanity, that I think we ought to believe it was not erected to his memory." It is evident that it was not erected to his memory, and that the sexton was mistaken. For Mr. Toland in his account of the Life of Milton says, that he was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's Church, "where the piety of his admirers will shortly erect a monument becoming his worth and the encouragement of letters in King William's reign." This plainly implies that no monument was erected to him at that time, and this was written in 1698: and Mr. Fenton's account was first published, I think, in 1725; so that not above twenty-seven years inter-

vened from the one account to the other; and consequently the sexton, who it is said had been possessed of his office about forty years, must have been mistaken, and the monument must have been designed for some other person, and not for Milton. A monument indeed has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey by Auditor Benson in the year 1737; but the best monument of him is his writings.

In his youth he was esteemed extremely handsome, so that while he was a student at Cambridge, he was called the Lady of Christ's College. He had a very fine skin and fresh complexion; his hair was of a light brown, and parted on the foretop, hung down in curls waving upon his shoulders; his features were exact and regular; his voice agreeable and musical; his habit clean and neat; his deportment erect and manly. He was middle-sized and well proportioned, neither tall nor short, neither too lean nor too corpulent, strong, and active in his younger years, and though afflicted with frequent head-akes, blindness, and gout, was yet a comely and well looking man to the last. His eyes were of a light blue colour, and from the first are said to have been none of the brightest; but after he lost the sight of them (which happened about the forty-third year of his age) they still appeared without spot or blemish, and at first view, and at a little distance, it was not easy to know that he was blind.

Mr. Richardson had an account of him from an

ancient clergyman in Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, who found him in a small house, which had (he thinks) but one room on a floor; in that, up one pair of stairs, which was hung with a rusty green, he saw John Milton sitting in an elbow chair, with black clothes, and neat enough, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones; among other discourse he expressed himself to this purpose, that was he free from the pain of the gout, his blindness would be tolerable. But there is the less need to be particular in the description of his person, as the idea of his face and countenance is pretty well known from the numerous prints, pictures, busts, medals, and other representations which have been made of him. There are two pictures of greater value than the rest, as they are undoubted originals, and were in the possession of Milton's widow: the first was drawn when he was about twenty-one, and is at present in the collection of the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, Esq. Speaker of the House of Commons: the other in crayons was drawn when he was about sixty-two, and was in the collection of Mr. Richardson, but was afterwards purchased by Mr. Tonson. Several prints have been made from both these pictures; and there is a print done, when he was about sixty-two or sixty three, after the life by Faithorn, which, though not so handsome, may yet perhaps be as true a resemblance as any of them.—It is prefixed to some of our author's pieces, and to the folio edition of his prose works in three volumes, printed in 1698.

In his way of living he was an example of sobriety and temperance. He was very sparing in the use of wine or strong liquors of any kind. Let meaner poets make use of such expedients to raise their fancy and kindle their imagination.* He wanted not any artificial spirits; he had a natural fire, and poetic warmth enough of his own. He was likewise very abstemious in his diet, not fastidiously nice or delicate in the choice of his dishes, but content with any thing that was most in season, or easiest to be procured, eating and drinking (according to the distinction of the philosopher) that he might live, and not living that he might eat and drink. So that probably his gout descended by inheritance from one or other of his parents; or if it was of his own acquiring, it must have been owing to his studious and sedentary life. And yet he delighted sometimes in walking and using exercise, but we hear nothing of his riding or hunting. Having early learned to fence, he was such a master of his sword, that he was not afraid of resenting an affront from any man; and before he lost his sight, his principal recreation was the exercise of his arms; but after he was confined by age and blindness, he had a machine to swing in for the preservation of his health. In his youth he was accustomed to sit up late at his studies, and seldom went to bed before midnight; but afterwards, finding it to be the ruin of his eyes, and looking on this custom as very pernicious to health at any time, he used to go to rest early, seldom later than nine,

and would be stirring in the summer at four, and in the winter at five in the morning; but if he was not disposed to rise at his usual hours, he still did not lie sleeping, but had some body or other by his bed-side to read to him. At his first rising he had usually a chapter read to him out of the Hebrew Bible, and he commonly studied all the morning till twelve, then used some exercise for an hour, afterwards dined, and after dinner played on the organ, and either sung himself or made his wife sing, who (he said) had a good voice but no ear; and then he went up to study again till six, when his friends came to visit him and sat with him perhaps till eight; then he went down to supper, which was usually olives or some light thing; and after supper he smoaked his pipe, and drank a glass of water, and went to bed.

He loved the country, and commends it, as poets usually do; but after his return from his travels, he was very little there, except during the time of the plague in London. The civil war might at first detain him in town; and the pleasures of the country were in a great measure lost to him, as they depend mostly upon sight, whereas a blind man wanteth company and conversation, which is to be had better in populous cities. But he was led out sometimes for the benefit of the fresh air, and in warm sunny weather he used to sit at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, and there, as well as in the house, received the visits of persons of quality and distinc-

tion; for he was no less visited to the last both by his own countrymen and foreigners, than he had been in his flourishing condition before the Restoration.

Some objections have indeed been made to his temper; and I remember there was a tradition in the University of Cambridge, that he and Mr. King (whose death he laments in his *Lycidas*) were competitors for a fellowship, and when they were both equal in point of learning, Mr. King was preferred by the college for his character of good-nature, which was wanting in the other; and this was by Milton grievously resented. But the difference of their ages, Milton being at least four years elder, renders this story not very probable; besides, Mr. King was not elected by the college, but was made fellow by a royal mandate, so that there can be no truth in the tradition; but if there was any, it is no sign of Milton's resentment, but a proof of his generosity, that he could live in such friendship with a successful rival, and afterwards so passionately lament his decease. His method of writing controversy is urged as another argument of his want of temper: but some allowance must be made for the customs and manners of the time. Controversy, as well as war, was rougher and more barbarous in those days, than it is in these. And it is to be considered too, that his adversaries first began the attack; they loaded him with much more personal abuse, only they had not the advantage of so much wit to season it. If he had engaged with more candid and inge-

nuous disputants, he would have preferred civility and fair argument to wit and satire: "to do so was my choice, and to have done thus was my chance," as he expresses himself in the conclusion of one of his controversial pieces. All who have written any accounts of his life agree, that he was affable and instructive in conversation, of an equal and cheerful temper; and yet I can easily believe, that he had a sufficient sense of his own merits, and contempt enough for his adversaries.

His merits indeed were singular; for he was a man not only of wonderful genius, but of immense learning and erudition; not only an incomparable poet, but a great mathematician, logician, historian, and divine. He was a master not only of the Greek and Latin, but likewise of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the modern languages, Italian, French, and Spanish. He was particularly skilled in the Italian, which he always preferred to the French language, as all the men of letters did at that time in England; and he not only wrote elegantly in it, but is highly commended for his writings by the most learned of the Italians themselves, and especially by the members of that celebrated academy called Della Crusca, which was established at Florence for the refining and perfecting of the Tuscan language. He had read almost all authors, and improved by all, even by romances, of which he had been fond in his younger years; and as the bee can extract honey out of weeds, so (to use his own words in his Apology

for Smeſtymnuus) "those books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, proved to him so many incitements to the love and observation of virtue." His favourite author after the Holy Scriptures was Homer. Homer he could repeat almost all without book; and he was advised to undertake a translation of his works, which no doubt he would have executed to admiration. But (as he says of himself in his postscript to the Judgment of Martin Bucer) "he never could delight in long citations, much less in whole translations." And accordingly there are few things, and those of no great length, which he has ever translated. He was possessed too much of an original genius to be a mere copyer: "Whether it be natural disposition, says he, or education in me, or that my mother bore me a speaker of what God made my own, and not a translator." And it is somewhat remarkable, that there is scarce any author who has written so much, and upon such various subjects, and yet quotes so little from his contemporary authors, or so seldom mentions any of them. He praises Selden indeed in more places than one, but for the rest he appears disposed to censure rather than commend.

After his severer studies, and after dinner, as we observed before, he used to divert and unbend his mind with playing upon the organ or bass-viol, which was a great relief to him after he had lost his sight; for he was a master of music as was his father, and

he could perform both vocally and instrumentally ; and it is said that he composed very well, though nothing of this kind is handed down to us. It is also said that he had some skill in painting as well as in music, and that somewhere or other there is a head of Milton drawn by himself : but he was blessed with so many real excellencies, that there is no want of fictitious ones to raise and adorn his character. He had a quick apprehension, a sublime imagination, a strong memory, a piercing judgment, a wit always ready, and facetious or grave as the occasion required : and I know not whether the loss of his sight did not add vigour to the faculties of the mind. He at least thought so, and often comforted himself with that reflection.

But his great parts and learning have scarcely gained him more admirers, than his political principles have raised him enemies. And yet the darling passion of his soul was the love of liberty ; this was his constant aim and end, however he might be mistaken in the means. He was indeed very zealous in what was called the good old-cause, and with his spirit and his resolution, it is somewhat wonderful that he never ventured his person in the civil war ; but though he was not in arms, he was not unactive, and thought, I suppose, that he could be of more service to the cause by his pen than by his sword. He was a thorough republican, and in this he thought like a Greek or Roman, as he was very conversant with their writings. One day Sir Robert Howard, who

was a friend to Milton as well as to the liberties of his country, and was one of his constant visitors to the last, inquired of him how he came to side with the republicans. Milton answered among other reasons, because theirs was the most frugal government, for the trappings of a monarchy might set up an ordinary commonwealth. But then his attachment to Cromwell must be condemned, as being neither consistent with his republican principles, nor with his love of liberty. And I know no other way of accounting for his conduct, but by presuming (as I think we may reasonably presume) that he was far from entirely approving of Cromwell's proceedings, but considered him as the only person who could rescue the nation from the tyranny of the Presbyterians, who he saw were erecting a worse dominion of their own upon the ruins of a prelatical episcopacy; and of all things he dreaded spiritual slavery, and therefore closed with Cromwell and the Independents, as he expected under them greater liberty of conscience. And though he served Cromwell, yet it must be said for him, that he served a great master, and served him ably, and was not wanting from time to time in giving him excellent good advice, especially in his second Defence: and so little being said of him in all Secretary Thurloe's state-papers, it appears that he had no great share in the secrets and intrigues of government; what he dispatched was little more than matters of necessary form, letters and answers to foreign states: and he may be justified for acting

in such a station, upon the same principle as Sir Matthew Hale for holding a judge's commission under the usurper : and in the latter part of his life he frequently expressed to his friends his entire satisfaction of mind that he had constantly employed his strength and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in opposition to slavery.

In matters of religion too he has given as great offence, or even greater, than by his political principles. But still let not the infidel glory : no such man was ever of that party. He had the advantage of a pious education, and ever expressed the profoundest reverence of the Deity in his words and actions, was both a Christian and a protestant, and studied and admired the Holy Scriptures above all other books whatsoever ; and in all his writings he plainly sheweth a religious turn of mind, as well in verse as in prose, as well in his works of an earlier date as in those of a later composition. When he wrote the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce he appears to have been a Calvinist ; but afterwards he entertained a more favourable opinion of Arminius. Some have inclined to believe, that he was an Arian ; but there are more express passages in his works to overthrow this opinion, than any there are to confirm it. For in the conclusion of his treatise of Reformation he thus solemnly invokes the Trinity ; " Thou therefore that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of Angels and Men ! next thee I implore Omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant

whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting Love! And thou the third subsistence of divine infinitude, illumining the Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one Tri-personal God-head! look upon this thy poor, and almost spent and expiring church, &c." In his tract of Prelatical Episcopacy he endeavours to prove the spuriousness of some epistles attributed to Ignatius, because they contained in them heresies, one of which heresies is, that "he condemns them for ministers of Satan, who say that Christ is God above all." And a little after in the same tract he objects to the authority of Tertullian, because he went about to "prove an imparity between God the Father and God the Son."—And in the *Paradise Lost* we shall find nothing upon this head, that is not perfectly agreeable to Scripture. The learned Dr. Trapp, who was as likely to cry out upon heresy as any man, asserts that the poem is orthodox in every part of it; or otherwise he would not have been at the pains of translating it. *Neque alienum videtur a studiis viri theologi poema magna ex parte theologicum; omni ex parte (rideant, per me licet, atque ringantur athei et infideles) orthodoxum.*

Milton was indeed a dissenter from the Church of England, in which he had been educated, and was by his parents designed for holy orders, as we related before; but he was led away by early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the Church: in his younger years he was a favourer of the Presbyterians;

in his middle age he was best pleased with the Independents and Anabaptists, as allowing greater liberty of conscience than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice; in the latter part of his life he was not a professed member of any particular sect of Christians, he frequented no public worship, nor used any religious rite in his family. Whether so many different forms of worship as he had seen, had made him indifferent to all forms; or whether he thought that all Christians had in some things corrupted the purity and simplicity of the Gospel; or whether he disliked their endless and uncharitable disputes, and that love of dominion and inclination to persecution, which he said was a piece of popery inseparable from all churches; or whether he believed, that a man might be a good Christian without joining in any communion; or whether he did not look upon himself as inspired, as wrapt up in God, and above all forms and ceremonies, it is not easy to determine: *to his own master he standeth or falleth*: but if he was of any denomination, he was a sort of a Quietist, and was full of the interior of religion though he so little regarded the exterior; and it is certain was to the last an enthusiast rather than an infidel. As enthusiasm made Norris a poet, so poetry might make Milton an enthusiast.

His circumstances were never very mean, nor very great; for he lived above want, and was not intent upon accumulating wealth; his ambition was more to enrich and adorn his mind. His father supported

him in his travels, and for some time after. Then his pupils must have been of some advantage to him, and brought him either a certain stipend or considerable presents at least; and he had scarcely any other method of improving his fortune, as he was of no profession. When his father died, he inherited an elder son's share of his estate, the principal part of which I believe was his house in Bread-Street: and not long after, he was appointed Latin Secretary with a salary of 200*l.* a year; so that he was now in opulent circumstances for a man, who had always led a frugal and temperate life, and was at little unnecessary expence besides buying of books. Though he was of the victorious party, yet he was far from sharing in the spoils of his country. On the contrary, (as we learn from his second Defence) he sustained great losses during the civil war, and was not at all favoured in the imposition of taxes, but sometimes paid beyond his due proportion. And upon a turn of affairs he was not only deprived of his place, but also lost 2000*l.* which he had for security and improvement put into the Excise Office. He lost likewise another considerable sum for want of proper care and management, as persons of Milton's genius are seldom expert in money matters. In the fire of London his house in Bread-Street was burnt, before which accident foreigners have gone out of devotion (says Wood) to see the house and chamber where he was born. His gains were inconsiderable in proportion to his losses; for excepting the thousand

pounds, which were given him by the government for writing his Defence of the people against Salmasius, we may conclude that he got very little by the copies of his works, when it doth not appear that he received any more than ten pounds for Paradise Lost. Some time before he died he sold the greatest part of his library, as his heirs were not qualified to make a proper use of it, and as he thought that he could dispose of it to greater advantage than they could after his decease. Finally, by one means or other he died worth one thousand five hundred pounds besides his household goods, which was no incompetent subsistence for him, who was as great a philosopher as a poet.

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add something concerning his family. We said before, that he had a younger brother and a sister. His brother Christopher Milton was a man of totally opposite principles; was a strong royalist, and after the civil war made his composition through his brother's interest; had been entered young a student in the Inner Temple, of which house he lived to be an ancient bencher; and being a professed papist, was in the reign of James II. made a judge and knighted; but soon obtained his quietus by reason of his age and infirmities, and retired to Ipswich, where he lived all the latter part of his life. His sister Anne Milton had a considerable fortune given her by her father in marriage with Mr. Edward Philips (son of Mr. Edward Philips of Shrewsbury) who coming

young to London was bred up in the Crown Office in Chancery, and at length became secondary of the office under Mr. Bembo. By him she had, besides other children who died infants, two sons, Edward and John, whom we have had frequent occasion to mention before.

Among our author's juvenile poems there is a copy of verses on the death of a fair infant, a nephew, or rather niece of his, dying of a cough; and this being written in his 17th year, as it is said in the title, it may be naturally inferred that Mrs. Philips was elder than either of her brothers. She had likewise two daughters, Mary who died very young, and Anne who was living in 1694, by a second husband Mr. Thomas Agar, who succeeded his intimate friend Mr. Philips in his place in the Crown Office, which he enjoyed many years, and left to Mr. Thomas Milton, son of Sir Christopher before mentioned.

As for Milton himself he appears to have been no enemy to the fair sex by having had three wives. What fortune he had with any of them is nowhere said, but they were gentlemen's daughters; and it is remarkable that he married them all maidens, for (as he says in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, which was written before he married at all) he "thought with them, who both in prudence and elegance of spirit would choose a virgin of mean fortunes honestly bred before the wealthiest widow." But yet he seemeth not to have been very happy in any of his marriages; for his first wife had justly offended

him by her long absence and separation from him; the second, whose love, sweetness and goodness he commends, lived not a twelvemonth with him; and his third wife is said to have been a woman of a most violent spirit, and a hard mother-in-law to his children. She died very old, about twenty years ago, at Nantwich in Cheshire; and from the accounts of those who had seen her, I have learned, that she confirmed several things which have been related before; and particularly that her husband used to compose his poetry chiefly in winter, and on his waking in a morning would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses: and being asked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, she understood it as an imputation upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness that he stole from nobody but the Muse who inspired him; and being asked by a lady present who the Muse was, replied it was God's grace, and the Holy Spirit that visited him nightly. She was likewise asked whom he approved most of our English poets, and answered Spenser, Shakespear, and Cowley: and being asked what he thought of Dryden, she said Dryden used sometimes to visit him, but he thought him no poet, but a good rimist: but this was before Dryden had composed his best poems, which made his name so famous afterwards. She was wont moreover to say, that her husband was applied to by message from the King, and invited to write for the Court, but his answer was, that

such a behaviour would be very inconsistent with his former conduct, for he had never yet employed his pen against his conscience.

By his first wife he had four children, a son who died an infant, and three daughters who survived him; by his second wife he had only one daughter, who died soon after her mother, who died in child-bed; and by his last wife he had no children at all. His daughters were not sent to school, but were instructed by a mistress kept at home for that purpose: and he himself, excusing the eldest on account of an impediment in her speech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and several other languages, without understanding any but English, for he used to say that one tongue was enough for a woman; but this employment was very irksome to them, and this, together with the sharpness and severity of their mother-in-law, made them very uneasy at home; and therefore they were all sent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly embroidery in gold and silver.

As Milton at his death left his affairs very much in the power of his widow, though she acknowledged that he died worth one thousand five hundred pounds, yet she allowed but one hundred pounds to each of his three daughters. Anne the eldest was decrepit and deformed, but had a very handsome face; she married a master-builder, and died in child-bed of her first child, who died with her. Mary the second lived and died single. Deborah the youngest in her

father's life-time went over to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards was married to Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spittal Fields, and died in August 1727, in the 76th year of her age. She is said to have been a woman of good understanding and genteel behaviour, though in low circumstances. As she had been often called upon to read Homer and Ovid's Metamorphosis to her father, she could have repeated a considerable number of verses from the beginning of both these poets, as Mr. Ward, Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College, relates upon his own knowledge: and another gentleman has informed me, that he has heard her repeat several verses likewise out of Euripides. Mr. Addison, and the other gentlemen, who had opportunities of seeing her, knew her immediately to be Milton's daughter by the similitude of her countenance to her father's picture: and Mr. Addison made her a handsome present of a purse of guineas, with a promise of procuring for her some annual provision for her life; but his death happening soon after, she lost the benefit of his generous design. She received presents likewise from several other gentlemen, and Queen Caroline sent her fifty pounds by the hands of Dr. Friend the physician. She had ten children, seven sons and three daughters; but none of them had any children, except one of her sons named Caleb, and one of her daughters named Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George in the East Indies, where he married, and had two sons, Abraham and Isaac; the elder of whom came to England with the

late governor Harrison, but returned upon advice of his father's death, and whether he or his brother be now living is uncertain. Elizabeth, the youngest child of Mrs. Clarke, was married to Mr. Thomas Foster a weaver in Spittal Fields, and had seven children who are all dead; and she herself is aged about sixty, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to be a good plain sensible woman, and has confirmed several particulars related above, and informed me of some others, which she had often heard from her mother: that her grand-father lost two thousand pounds by a money-scrivener, whom he had entrusted with that sum, and likewise an estate at Westminster of sixty pounds a year, which belonged to the Dean and Chapter, and was restored to them at the Restoration; that he was very temperate in his eating and drinking, but what he had he always loved to have of the best: that he seldom went abroad in the latter part of his life, but was visited even then by persons of distinction, both foreigners and others: that he kept his daughters at a great distance, and would not allow them to learn to write, which he thought unnecessary for a woman: that her mother was his greatest favourite, and could read in seven or eight languages, though she understood none but English: that her mother inherited his head-akes and disorders, and had such a weakness in her eyes, that she was forced to make use of spectacles from the age of eighteen; and she herself, she says, has not been able to read a chapter in the Bible these twenty years: that she was mistaken in informing

Mr. Birch, what he had printed upon her authority, that Milton's father was born in France; and a brother of hers who was then living was very angry with her for it, and like a true-born Englishman resented it highly, that the family should be thought to bear any relation to France: that Milton's second wife did not die in child-bed, as Mr. Philips and Toland relate, but above three months after of a consumption; and this too Mr. Birch relates upon her authority; but in this particular she must be mistaken as well as in the other, for our author's sonnet on his deceased wife plainly implies, that she died in childbed. She knows nothing of her aunt Philips or Agar's descendants, but believes that they are all extinct: as is likewise Sir Christopher Milton's family, the last of which, she says, were two maiden sisters, Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Catharine Milton, who lived and died at Highgate; but unknown to her, there is a Mrs. Milton living in Grosvenor-street, the grand-daughter of Sir Christopher, and the daughter of Mr. Thomas Milton before-mentioned: and she herself is the only survivor of Milton's own family, unless there be some in the East Indies, which she very much questions, for she used to hear from them sometimes, but has heard nothing now for several years; so that in all probability Milton's whole family will be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings. And such is the caprice of fortune, this grand-daughter of a man, who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years with her husband kept a little chandler's or grocer's

shop for their subsistence, lately at the lower Halloway, in the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock-lane, not far from Shoreditch Church. Another thing let me mention, that is equally to the honour of the present age. Though Milton received not above ten pounds, at two different payments for the copy of *Paradise Lost*, yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the treatise on the Game of Whist, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller, as I have been informed, for two hundred guineas.

As we have had occasion to mention more than once Milton's manuscripts, preserved in the library of Trinity College in Cambridge, it may not be ungrateful to the reader, if we give a more particular account of them before we conclude. There are, as we said, two draughts of a letter to a friend who had importuned him to take orders, together with a sonnet on his being arrived to the age of twenty-three; and by there being two draughts of this letter, with several alterations and additions, it appears to have been written with great care and deliberation; and both the draughts have been published by Mr. Birch in his *Historical and Critical Account of the Life and Writings of Milton*. There are also several of his poems, *Arcades*; *At a Solemn Music*; *On Time*; *Upon the Circumcision*; the *Mask*; *Lycidas*; with five or six of his sonnets, all in his own hand-writing; and there are some others of his sonnets written by different hands, being most of them composed after he had lost his sight. It is curious to see the

first thoughts and subsequent corrections of so great a poet as Milton; but it is remarkable that, in these manuscript poems, he doth not often make his stops, or begin his lines with great letters. There are likewise in his own hand-writing, different plans of *Paradise Lost*, in the form of a tragedy; and it is an agreeable amusement to trace the gradual progress and improvement of such a work from its first dawnings in the plan of a tragedy to its full lustre in an epic poem. Together with the plans of *Paradise Lost*, there are the plans or subjects of several other intended tragedies, some taken from the Scripture, others from the British or Scottish histories; and of the latter, the last mentioned is *Macbeth*, as if he had an inclination to try his strength with *Shakespeare*; and to reduce the play more to the unities, he proposes "beginning at the arrival of *Malcolm* at *Macduff*; the matter of *Duncan* may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost."

These manuscripts of Milton were found by the learned Mr. Professor Mason, among some other old papers, which, he says, belonged to Sir Henry Newton Puckering, who was a considerable benefactor to the library; and for the better preservation of such truly valuable reliques, they were collected together, and handsomely bound in a thin folio, by the care, and at the charge, of a person who is now very eminent in his profession, and was always a lover of the Muses, and at that time a Fellow of Trinity College, Mr. Clarke, one of his Majesty's counsel.

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, & fines continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt summi 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.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futura?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
Quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba!

Cœlestes acies ; atque in certamine cœlum !
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros !
Quantus in æthereis tollit se Lucifer armis !
Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor !
Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit !
Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt :
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.
At simul in cœlis Messiaë insignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco
Admistis flammis insonuere polo :
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis,
Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt ;
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus asylum,
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicumque leget tantùm cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

O N
PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all ; the argument
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song,
(So 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 seise,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just Heav'n thee like Tiresias to requite
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and
 spells,
And like a pack horse tires without his bells;

Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the mode offend,
And while I 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 rhyme, 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 meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some, both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial 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 avoided by the learned Ancients, both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

A CRITIQUE
UPON THE
PARADISE LOST.

BY
MR. ADDISON.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, Cedite Graii.

PROPERTY

THERE is nothing in nature more irksome than general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be called an Heroic Poem? Those who will not give it that title, may call it, (if they please) a Divine Poem. It will be sufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who allege it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they should say Adam is not *Æneas*, nor Eve Helen.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it. First it should be but one action. Secondly, it should be an entire action; and Thirdly, it should be a great action. To consider the action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several lights. Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed: had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which re-

lates to them, and had passed before this fatal dissention, i After the same manner, Æneas makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of Italy, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the *Æneid*: the contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thred of the story, though for preserving of this unity of action, they follow it in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an infernal council plotting the fall of Man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, the battle of the Angels, and the creation of the world, (which preceded in point of time, and which in my opinion, would have entirely destroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critic and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* also labours in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescencies rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem, which we have now under our consideration, hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that, as Virgil in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth: Milton, with the like art in his

poem on the fall of Man, has related the fall of those Angels who are his professed enemies. Beside the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem, hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spanish Fryar, or the Double Discovery, where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem is, that it should be an entire action: an action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular progress which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and Æneas's settlement in Italy, carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it both by sea and land. The action in Milton excels (I think) both the former in this particular; we see it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural order.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence, that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Asia, and engaged all the Gods in factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy produced the Cæsars, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of Hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are Man in his greatest perfection, and Woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen Angels: the

Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say, that the book of games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of the top, and many other of the same kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an indisputable and unquestioned magnificence in every part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan system.

But Aristotle, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration; or in other words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we call proper greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following similitude. An animal, no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if on the contrary you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shown their principal art in this particular; the action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes, and the machinery of Gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books, as in the best invented story I ever

met with. It is possible, that the traditions, on which the Iliad and Æneid were built, had more circumstances in them than the history of the fall of Man, as it is related in Scripture. Besides it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the restraints he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprizing incidents, which bear so close analogy with what is delivered in holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the Iliad and Æneid the space of time, which is taken up by the action of each of those poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem within any determined number of years, days, or hours.

But of this more particularly hereafter.

HAVING examined the action of Paradise Lost, let us in the next place consider the Actors. This is Aristotle's method of considering; first the fable, and secondly the manners, or as we generally call them in English, the Fable and the Characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote, in the multitude and variety of his characters. Every God that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His princes are as much distinguished by their manners as by their dominions; and even those among them, whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the Iliad, which the

reader may not ascribe to the person that speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a person, who had lived in three ages of men, and conversed with Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the first race of heroes. His principal actor is the son of a Goddess, not to mention the offspring of other Deities, who have likewise a place in his poem, and the venerable Trojan prince who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in these several characters of Homer, a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a Vulcan, that is, a buffoon among his Gods, and a Thersites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. *Æneas* is indeed a perfect character, but as for *Achates*, though he is stiled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deserve that title. *Gyas*, *Muestheus*, *Sergestus*, and *Cloanthus*, are all of them men of the same stamp and character.

—fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum. VIRGIL

There are indeed several very natural incidents in the part of *Ascanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lausus* and *Mezentius* are almost parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The characters of *Nisus* and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In short, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the persons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the characters of *Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable

of receiving. The whole species of mankind was in two persons at the time to which the subject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct characters in these two persons. We see Man and Woman in the highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of Sin and Death, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of this allegory may atone for it in some measure, I cannot think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper actors in an epic poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them, which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall show more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an actress in the *Æneid*, but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*, several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, and may, perhaps, be used as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion, such characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part, I should be glad the reader would think so, for the sake of the poem I am now examining, and must farther add, that if such empty unsubstantial beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey* is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the

many adventures in his voyage, and the subtlety of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than Ulysses, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader.

We may likewise observe with how much art the poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in his infernal assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards Man in its full benevolence under the three-fold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter !

Nor must we omit the person of Raphael, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for Man, shows such a dignity and condescension in all his speech and behaviour, as are suitable to a superior nature. The Angels are indeed as much diversified in Milton, and distinguished by their proper parts, as the Gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing ascribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to those two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having chosen for their heroes persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and Æneas the remote founder of Rome. By this means their countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes, and victories of Æneas, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or disappointments that befel him ; as a Greek must have had the same regard for Achilles. And it is plain, that each of those poems have lost this great advantage, among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers or indifferent persons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is im-

possible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives. We have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of Aristotle, which hath been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some modern critics. "If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person." But as that great philosopher adds, "If we see a man of virtue, mixt with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity but our terror; because we are afraid that the like misfortune may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character of the suffering person."

I shall only remark, in this place, that the foregoing observation of Aristotle, though it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer) cannot be supposed to square exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time; since it is evident to every impartial judge his rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the *Æneid*, which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well

as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Aristotle.

We have already taken a general survey of the Fable and Characters in Milton's *Paradise Lost*: the parts which remain to be considered, according to Aristotle's method, are the Sentiments and the Language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my reader, that it is my design, as soon as I have finished my general reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the poem now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of criticism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

The sentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the persons whom he introduces, and are just when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise a relation to things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for those ends. Homer is censured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though at the same time those who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the time in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. Milton shines likewise very much

in this particular: nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in history, or in ordinary conversation. Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shows a greater genius in Shakespear to have drawn his Caliban, than his Hotspur or Julius Cæsar: the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history, and observation. It was much easier therefore for Homer to find proper sentiments for an assembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diversify his infernal council with proper characters, and inspire them with a variety of sentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has passed between other persons. Adam and Eve, before the fall, are a different species from that of mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a poet of the most unbounded invention, and the most exquisite judgment, could have filled their conversation and behaviour with so many apt circumstances during their state of innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are natural, unless it abound also with such as are sublime. Virgil in this particular falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books. The seventh,

which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, though not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor consequently so perfect in the epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action.—Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has observed on several passages in Homer, and he will find parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided.—The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil: he has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are so often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequently in Statius and Claudian, none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural. His sentiments show that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr. Dryden has in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented Virgil's way of thinkings as to this particular, in the translation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the false refinements of later ages. Milton, it must be confessed, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall shew more at large in another paper; though considering all the poets of the age in which he writ, were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious taste which still prevails so much among modern writers.

But since several thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an epic poet should not only avoid such sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of rail-lery to men of more delicacy than greatness of genius, by

the homeliness of some of his sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the simplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus among the Ancients, and Monsieur Perrault, among the Moderns, pushed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such sentiments. There is no blemish to be observed in Virgil, under this head, and but a very few in Milton.

I shall give but one instance of this impropriety of thought in Homer, and at the same time compare it with an instance of the same nature, both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments which raise laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whose business is to excite passions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Thersites, in his history of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the burlesque character, and to have departed from that serious air which seems essential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the fifth book upon Monœtes, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well timed, that the severest critic can have nothing to say against it, for it is in the book of games and diversions, where the reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment.—The only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the evil spirits are described as rallying the Angels upon the success of their new invented artillery. This passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns, and those too very indifferent.

— Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd :
O Friends, why come not on these victors proud ?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with *open front*,
And breast, (what could we more) propounded term

Of *composition* ; straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace : but I suppose
 If our proposals once again were *heard*,
 We should compel them to a quick *result*.
 To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood.
 Leader, the terms we sent, were terms of *weight*,
 Of *hard contents*, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And *stumbled* many ; who receives them right,
 Had need, from head to foot, well *understand* ;
 Not *und rstood*, this gift they have besides,
 They show us when our foes *walk not upright*.
 Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood *scorning* —

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters and sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last place to consider the Language ; and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to those who judge the most advantageously of the author.

It is requisite that the language of an heroic poem should be both perspicuous and sublime. In proportion as either of these two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary qualification ; insomuch that a good-natured reader sometimes overlooks a little slip even in the grammar or syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the poet's sense. Of this kind is that passage in Milton, wherein he speaks of Satan,

— God and his Son except,
 Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd.

And that in which he describes Adam and Eve.

Adam the godliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

It is plain, that in the former of these passages, according to the natural syntax, the divine persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings; and that in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their sons and daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancient critics, therefore, who were acted by a spirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of speech, on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of those authors who had so many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the poet would have nothing else to do but to clothe his thoughts in the most plain and natural expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrases, and those which are used in ordinary conversation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouth of the vulgar, a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speaking. Ovid and Lucan have many poornesses of expression upon this account, as taking up with the first phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the trouble of looking after such as would not only be natural, but also elevated and sublime. Milton has but a few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages.

Embrio's and idiots, ermites and friars,
White, black and grey with all their *rumpety*,
 Here pilgrims ream——
 —— A while discourse they hold,
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
 Our author——
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me will curse
 My head, ill fate our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam.——

The great masters in composition know very well that many an elegant phrase becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debased by common use. For this reason the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over those which are written in languages that are now spoken. Were there any mean phrases or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not shock the ear of the most delicate modern reader, so much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, because we never hear them pronounced in our streets, or in ordinary conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient that the language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrases of speech. The judgment of a poet very much discovers itself in shunning the common roads of expression, without falling into such ways of speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, Æschylus, and sometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Claudian, and Statius; and among our own countrymen, Shakespear and Lee. In these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the stile, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the idiomatic stile may be avoided, and the sublime formed, by the following methods. First, by the use of metaphors: such are those in Milton.

Impar'd'd in one another's arms.

— And in his hand a reed

Stood waving *tipt* with fire —

The grassy clods now *calv'd* —

Spangl'd with eyes —

In these and innumerable other instances, the metaphors are very bold but just; I must however observe, that the metaphors are not thick sown in Milton, which always savours too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as Aristotle observes, turns a sentence into a

kind of *enigma* or riddle ; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raising the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of speech, which the critics call *Hellenisms*, as Horace in his odes abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the several dialects which Homer has made use of for this end.—Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets and with Aristotle's rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms* as well as *Græcisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the language of his poem ; as towards the beginning of it.

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.
—— 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 airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the *vast abrupt* !

—— So both ascend in the visions of God——B. xi.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words, the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech, which this poet has naturalized to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by Aristotle, is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by Homer than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phrase by the addition of words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables.

Milton has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the passage above-mentioned, *eremite*, for what is *hermite* in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one, by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hessebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as *Cerberean*, *miscreated*, *Hell-doom'd*, *embryon* atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in Plutarch, which show us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton by the above mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his stile equal to that of his sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these observations on Milton's stile, because it is that part of him in which he appears the most singular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of Aristotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken to his poem upon this account; though after all, I must confess, that I think his stile, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods, which Aristotle has prescribed for the raising of it.

This redundancy of those several ways of speech which

Aristotle calls foreign language, and with which Milton has so very much enriched, and in some places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper for his use, because his poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferent phrase pass unregarded; but where the verse is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of sound, and energy of expression, are indispensably necessary to support the stile, and keep it from falling into the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of stile, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he goes out of the common forms of expression, would do well to see how Aristotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid, for his insipid mirth upon this occasion. Mr. Dryden used to call this sort of men his prose critics.

I should, under this head of the language, consider Milton's Numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions, that are not customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter Y, when it precedes a vowel. This and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the ear and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that Milton has copied after Homer, rather than Virgil, in the length of his periods, the copiousness of his phrases, and the running of his verses into one another.

I HAVE now considered Milton's *Paradise Lost* under those four great heads of the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language; and have shown that he excels, in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to choose my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages,

Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism, as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights, is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a man who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors above-mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent, he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed, amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an author, who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts, and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might farther observe, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic who has not shown, even in the stile of his criticisms, that he was a master of the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd than for a man to set up for a critic, without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature among our English writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover, by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most com-

mon and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules, extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may discover a critic who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author, which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated lines,

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words, and finest strokes of an author, are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning ; and they are these, which a sour undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into English, a glowing bold expression, and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault ; and though such a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has, however, its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think, that every thing which is laughed at with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itself.

Such a mirth as this is always unseasonable in a critic as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemish, the subject of derision. A man who cannot write with wit, on a proper subject, is dull and stupid, but one who shows it in an improper place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a man who has the gift of ridicule, is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in works of criticism, in which the greatest masters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

As I intend in my next paper to show the defects in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are scrupulously exact and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my paper with a story out of Boccacini, which sufficiently shows us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the sort of critics I have been here mentioning. A famous critic, says he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains.

AFTER what I have said, I shall enter on the subject without further preface, and remark the several defects

which appear in the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I allege at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Aristotle's division, either simple or implex. It is called simple, when there is no change of fortune in it; implex when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds: In the first the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, till he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the story of Ulysses. In the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see Adam and Eve sinking from a state of innocence and happiness, into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the Ancients were built on this last sort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of *Cædipus*, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe Aristotle, the most proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains in a former paper, to show that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the Ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return

to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the tenth book ; and likewise by the vision, wherein Adam. at the close of the poem, sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier Paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against Milton's fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light, namely, That the hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. Dryden's reflection, that the Devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an epic, or a narrative Poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, searches for that which Milton never intended ; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any person in it, 'tis certainly the Messiah is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an heathen could not form a higher notion of a poem than one of that kind which they call an heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a sublimer nature, I will not presume to determine : it is sufficient that I show there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties which we discover in Homer and Virgil.

I must in the next place observe, that Milton has interwoven, in the texture of his fable, some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death, and the picture which he draws of the Limbo of Vanity, with other passages in the second book. Such allegories rather savour of the spirit of Spenser and Ariosto, than of Homer and Virgil.

In the structure of this poem he has likewise admitted of too many digressions. It is finely observed by Aristotle, that the author of an heroic poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. Aristotle has given no reason for this precept ; but I presume it is be-

cause the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own persons. Besides that assuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raise the ideas of the author. *Tully* tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which *Cato* is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the *Iliad* and *Æneid* is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little in either of these poems proceeds from the authors. *Milton* has, in the general disposition of his fable, very finely observed this great rule; insomuch that there is scarce a third part of it which comes from the poet; the rest is spoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by some good or evil Spirit who is engaged either in their destruction or defence.

From what has been here observed, it appears, that digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest reflection in the *Æneid* is in that passage of the tenth book, where *Turnus* is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain. *Virgil* here lets his tale stand still for the sake of the following remark. ‘How is the mind of man ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear prosperous fortune with moderation? The time will come when *Turnus* shall wish that he had left the body of *Pallas* untouched, and curse the day on which he dressed himself in these spoils.’ As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* slew, because he saw him adorned with the spoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his reader’s memory. *Lucan*, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary di-

gressions, or his diverticula, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shows how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass, and suffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. Milton's complaint of his blindness, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the Angel's eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable to the same exception, though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions that I would not wish them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper, spoken of the character of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and declared my opinion, as to the allegorical persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the sentiments, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads. First, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into puns. Of this last kind, I am afraid is that in the first book, where speaking of the pigmies, he calls them

——— the small *infantry*
Warr'd on by cranes———

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions, where the poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind: the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem.

A third fault in his sentiments, is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain, that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shows itself in their works, after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on

free will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and sciences.

If, in the last place, we consider the language of this great poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the stile of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum, nihil lene*, is what many critics make to Milton: as I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another paper; to which I may farther add, that Milton's sentiments and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passages, and many others:

That brought into this *world* a *world* of woe.

—Begirt th' almighty throne

Beseeking or *besieging* ———

This *tempted* our *attempt*———

At one slight *bound* high over-leapt all *bound*.

I know there are figures for this kind of speech, that some of the greatest Ancients have been guilty of it, and that Aristotle himself has given it a place in his Rhetoric, among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is I think at present universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The last fault which I shall take notice of in Milton's stile, is the frequent use of what the learned call technical words or terms of art. It is one of the great beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what

is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers. Besides that the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from books and systems. I have often wondered, how Mr. Dryden could translate a passage out of Virgil after the following manner :

Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea,
Veer starboard sea and land.—

Milton makes use of *larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions *Doric pillars, pilasters, cornice, freeze, architrave*. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with *ecliptic and eccentric, the trepidation, stars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator*. To which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

I HAVE seen in the works of a modern philosopher a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion : As it is observed, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others ; so, notwithstanding I have already shown Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest.

[The Reader will find the remainder of the Critique of Mr. Addison interspersed with the other Notes, as mentioned in the Preface.]

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 falling into Hell described here, not in the centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they come of their miserable fall, Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

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 heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous 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 Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
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;
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 30
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal 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 host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory' above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High, 40
If he oppos'd ; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
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 more 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 ; 60
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes

That comes to all ; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd :
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell !
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
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 80
Beëlzebub. 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 outshine
Myriads though bright ! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90
In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder : and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms ? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,

Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of Heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
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 110
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his pow'r,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy' and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,
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' imbattl'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'er-pow'r'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be 150
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereto 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, 160
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the 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 re-assembling our afflicted Powers,

Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head 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 warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream :
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam :
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence 210
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling 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 shown
On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
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 230
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 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 Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sov'rain can dispose and bid

What shall be right : farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells : Hail horrors, hail 250
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at least
We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence : 260
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in 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 Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell! 270

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
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
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the shore; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
Rivers or mountains on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses 310
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
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 Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
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 Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
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' up-lifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350
A multitude, like which the 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 Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erst in Heaven sat on thrones; 360
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the tri'al of man,

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

Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right 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 Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
And Eleälé 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
Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These feminine. For Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not ty'd 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, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods ; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns ;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
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 450
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries

Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
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: 470
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, 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 Egypt and her priests, to seek 480
Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,

Jehovah, who in one instant when he pass'd
From Egypt march'd equal'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came forth from whom a Spirit more lewd 490
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to his temple stood
Or altar slack'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars when the priest
Turns about the altars, 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 500
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when 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 Heav'n's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birth-right seiz'd 511
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 Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperion fields, 520
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
Obscure 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
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 emblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose

A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r 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 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and statures as of Gods, 570
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories: for never since created man,
Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
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, 580
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he above the rest 590
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory' obscur'd; as when the sun new risen
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. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face 600
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and 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,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heav'n's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
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 Spi'rits, 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,
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of Heav'n,
If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd

By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state 649
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 650
There went a fame in Heav'n 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
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think submission! War, then, War
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd

Against the High'est, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands 675
Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spi'rit that fell
From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more 681
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought 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 690
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Reserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art are easily out-done

By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat 720
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. 'Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height, and straight the doors
Opening their brazen folds discover wide
Within her ample space, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof

Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tow'ring structure high,
Where scepter'd Angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In Ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon 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 ought avail'd him now
T'have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
With his industrious crew to build in Hell:

Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, 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 761
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry
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 770
In clusters ; they among fresh dewes 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
Their state affairs. So thick the airy croud
Swarm'd and were straiten'd ; till the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder ! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
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 Spi'rits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall 791
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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 sate 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 gorgous east with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merits rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd. 10

Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold

Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
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, 20
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 Heav'n, 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
Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n, 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
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50

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
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose, 60
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
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 pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorr'd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd,
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 100
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 denounc'd
Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane ;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seem'd 110
For dignity compos'd and high exploit :
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
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 120
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 Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable ; oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing

Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,

What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170
Awak'd should blow them into sev'nfold 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, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, and 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 Heav'n's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides; 191
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
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 200
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqu'ror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or inur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light, 220
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what chang?

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 disenthroned the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord
supreme

We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd Hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state

Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so e'er 260
Thrive under ev'il, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and indurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n'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 Heav'n resembles Hell ?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please ? This desert soil 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence ; and what can Heav'n shew more ?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper ; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils, with regard

Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd 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 290
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.

Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pill'ar 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 Pow'rs, Offspring of Heav'n,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now 311

Must we renounce, and changing stile 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 Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
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 330
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our pow'r 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? 340
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need

With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. * What if we find
Some easier 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 pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 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
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 370
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,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
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
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
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
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 neighb'ring
arms

And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air, 400

To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we
send

In search of this new world? Whom shall we find
Sufficient? Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe 411
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all 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, 420
Pond'ring 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 Heav'n-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 monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with pow'r, if ought pro-
pos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I assume 450
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 Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease

The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite, or receive, 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; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; at once with him they rose;
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the high'st in Heaven:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480
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'er-spread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element 490
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes 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 Heav'n, nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme, 510
And God-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubims
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim. 520
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 th' Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Re created in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp

Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle ; and complain that fate 550
Free virtue should inthrall to force her chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spi'rits 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
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, 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, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
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 Phlegethon, 580
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 be'ing 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 590
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damietta and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence 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
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,

All in one moment, and so near the brink ;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
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 cónfus'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, 620
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of
death,

A universe of death, which God by curse
Created ev'il, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary' of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of high'est design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and tow'ards 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 tow'ring high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds

Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly tow'ard 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 brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair, 650
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 Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none

Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 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
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spi'rits of Heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms 691
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons
Conjur'd against the High'est, 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 Spi'rits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn

Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim: their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front /
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like 721
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy Father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while 731
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, 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd.
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eyes so foul? Once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's king,
All on a sudden miserable pain
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 opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,

Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung : amazement seiz'd
All th' host of Heav'n ; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me SIN, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me ; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n : wherein remain'd
(For what could else ?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout 770
Through all the empyréan : 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 pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking 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 issued, brandishing his fatal dart

Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out DEATH;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendering 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 800
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before my 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 810
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

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

Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know 821
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of Spi'rits, that in our just pretences 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 wand'ring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Lest Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils : Be this or ought
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.

Heceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear

His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour : no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
And by command of Heav'n's all-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 Heav'n, and heav'nly born, 860
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed ?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me ; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;
And tow'ards 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 key-hole turns

Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy ir' on or solid rock with ease
Unfastens : on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r, the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
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.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time, and place are lost ; where eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied 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 embroils the fray
By which he reigns : next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds ;
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to raze
Some capital city ; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious ; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity : all unawares
Fluttering 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, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimasgian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense,
or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies: 950
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
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavillion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'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, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand’ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav’n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th’ ethereal king
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course; 980
Directed no mean 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;
Yours be th’ advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt’ring speech and visage incompas’d,
Answer’d. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late 991
Made head against Heav’n’s king, though overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frightened deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav’n gates

Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend, 1000
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply, 1010
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
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 gulph
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length
From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the Spi'rits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro 1031
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of 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, 1040
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat; 1050
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This 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.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee' unblam'd? Since God is light,
And never but in 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 Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit 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 than to th' Orphéan lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresas and Phineus prophets old:

Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her 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 th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he sits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n 60
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,

Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love.
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land embosom'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 80
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'ards the new created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay 90
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall,
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 100
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 receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also' is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
Not me! They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly' accuse
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
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, 120
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree

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 130
By th' other first : Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none : in mercy' and justice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory' excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spi'rits 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 140
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 Heav'n and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man, 150
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly ? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain

His end, and frustrate thine? Shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? Or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

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

Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut,
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
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, 200
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done ; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die.
Die he or justice must ; unless for him 210
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love ?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save ?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw 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 meditation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or 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 240
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given 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 250
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil ;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconciliation ; 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 270
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear

To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created ; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join ;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wond'rous birth : be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
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 290
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 judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying

God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory' 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, Principedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that hide 321
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
Thy summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long

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

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions : lowly reverent
Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast 351
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold :
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,
And wheretheriv'er of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream ;
With these that never fade the Spi'rits elect 360
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
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 379
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
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not but with both wings veil their eyes,
Thee, next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down 391
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.

Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes, 399
Not so on Man: him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline,
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, 410
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile upon the firm, opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;

Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering 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 yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard 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 aerial 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,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then 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, 470
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's *Elysium*, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in 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 sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast

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
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
His travel'd steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as when Jacob saw 510
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heaven.
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes

Viewless ; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd, 520
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy' 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, 530
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 Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood
To Bēersaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore ;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night ; at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware

The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams :
Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spi'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon ; then from pole to pole 560
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds ;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to enquire : above them all 571
'The golden sun in splendour 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
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,

That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months, and years, tow'ards his all-cheering-
lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n 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. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir'on 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,
That stone, or like to that which here below 600
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here

Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd, 616
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 th' air
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled 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 Spi'rit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,

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 teign'd :
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640

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 heid
Before his decent steps a silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard ; the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriël, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'
Earth

Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those sev'n Spi'rits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend ;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660
To visit oft this new creation round ;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wond'rous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wond'rous he ordain'd,

Hath brought me from the quires 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; 670
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
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only' evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth;
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690
The sharpest sighted Spi'rit of all in Heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify

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 700
Contented with report hear only' in Heav'n;
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their 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; 720
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 neighb'ring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior Spi'rits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
“Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!” that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd

The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare : for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell :
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself ; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him ; for within him Hell 20
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place : now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse ; of worse deeds worse suffering must ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower : 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,

That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king :
Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
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 disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50
Would set me high'est, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
Ambition. Yet why not ? Some other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part ; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand ?
Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to' accuse,

But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
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? 80
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spi'rits 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 advanc'd, 90
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconcilment grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep :
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
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,
Farewel remorse : all good to me is lost ;
Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least 110
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
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, 120
Artificer of fraud ; and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge ;
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursued 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. 130
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over head upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show'r'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landskip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
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 160
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
league

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 Asmodæus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the
spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way :
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side: which when th' arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,

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

His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220
Our death the tree of knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but 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 230
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flow'rs, worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote

The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs : Thus was this
place

A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
baln,

Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250

If true, here only', and of delicious taste :

Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hilloc ; or the flow'ry lap

Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; mean while murm'ring waters fall 260

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 flow'r by gloomy Dis 270

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove

Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
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, 280
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd, 300
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung

Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!

pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
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 mad: ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs

Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with 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 frisking play'd 340
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
Dandied the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them ; th' unwieldy 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 350
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of Heav'n the stars that usher evening rose :
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold ?
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth born perhaps, 360
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright

Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath
pour'd.

Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I 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,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your 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, 390

By conqu'ring 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 four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'y'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd : about them round 401
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait 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. 410

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself 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
Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other service than to keep 420

This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flowers,

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom 440
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
Præ-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep

I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I went down to look, just opposite 460
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me. What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth wat'ry image : back I turn'd ; 480
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 be'ing 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
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'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 500
That shed May flow'rs ; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure : aside the Devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! thus these two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss ; while I to Hell am thrust,

Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Amongst our other torments not the least, 510
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;
One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By Ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
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 wand'ring Spi'rit of Heav'n by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

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.

Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Level'd his evening 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 th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air, and shews the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait;

But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursued 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 580
Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if Spi'rit of other sort,
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
Before him slope downward to the sun now fall'n 591
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volúble 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 grey

Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird, 600
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament
With livid 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 611
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eye-lids : other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest ;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity.
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways ; 620
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require

More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs : and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650
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 star-light without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these ? For whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd.
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
 These have their course to finish round the earth,
 By morrow evening, and from land to land 661
 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 670
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
 That Heav'n would want spectators, God want
 praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep 680
 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
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs

Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place 690
Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan 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 th' unwiser son

Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
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 730
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites
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, 740
Straight side by side were laid ; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd :
Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
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 750
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee
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, 769
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
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. 770
These lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Show'r'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair ; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone

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, 780
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake.

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

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no
nook ;

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
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 bow'r direct
In search of whom they sought : him there they
found

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
Assaying by his 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
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
Touch'd lightly ; for no falshood 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 tun some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air :
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisly king ;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spi'rits 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, 830
The lowest of your throng ; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain ?

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

Think not, revolted Spi'rit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminis'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee'; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue' in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief

Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.

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

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 880
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place ;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou had'st in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee ; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd ? Thou would'st thyself,
no doubt, 890

And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to
change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense

Dole with delight, which in this place I sought ;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
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 ; 900
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 Heav'n 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
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd ;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone ? Wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose ? Is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled ? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure ? Courageous Chief, 920
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleg'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 volied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before, 930
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd :
I therefore, I alone first undertook
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 ; 940
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 Heav'n, 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 lyar trac'd,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add ? O name, 950
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 Pow'r supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch? Wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign? 961
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avaunt;
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
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, 970
Proud liminary Cherub, but ere then
Far heavier load thyself 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 Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends

Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman 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 unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful
deeds

990

Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air 1000
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
mine,

Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then
To boast what arms can do? Since thine no more

Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how
 weak,
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

NOW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

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

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light

Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
If none regard ; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire ?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;
To find thee I directed then my walk ;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heaven
By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor man ? Is knowledge so despis'd ? 60
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here ?
This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold :
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men : 70
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,

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

Best image of myself and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally: nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? In thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these fancy next

Her office holds ; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes 110
To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange ; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind : which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,

Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up-risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim, 140
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various stile; for neither various stile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp 150
To add more sweetness! and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night

Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth 180
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190
Rising or falling still advance his praise.

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

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow'rs ; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces : or they led the vine
To wed her elm ; she spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high king, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable Spi'rit, that deign'd

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

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

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230

Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To respite his day-labour with repast,

Or with repose ; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,

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

Yet mutable ; whence warn him to beware

He swerve not too secure : tell him withal

His danger, and from whom ; what enemy,

Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now

The fall of others from like state of bliss ;

By violence ? No, for that shall be withstood ;

But by deceit and lies ; this let him know,

Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend

Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforwarn'd.

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd

All justice : nor delay'd the winged Saint

After his charge receiv'd ; but from among

Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood 249

Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light

Flew through the midst of Heav'n ; th' angelic quires,

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

Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maria's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise; 289
For on some message high they guess'd him bound,
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam
needs:

And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of necta'rous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven

To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,

She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry', and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet 330
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections : in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us
Two' only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such

Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spi'rits of Heav'n,
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to' entertain her guest from Heav'n; no veil
She needed, virtue roof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn pil'd, though spring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
The earth to yield; unsavoury food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,

That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise he ever sung) to Man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Spi'rits be found
No' ingrateful food : and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational ; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty 410
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed ; of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon ;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimential recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven ; and to taste

Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell ; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians ; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate : what redounds, transpires
Through Spi'rits with ease ; nor wonder ; if by fire
Of sooty coal th' empyric alchemist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd : O innocence
Deserving Paradise ! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd at that sight ; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450

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

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to Man,

Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to' have fed: yet what
compare?

To whom the winged Hierach reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not depriv'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the
leaves 480

More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spi'rits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490

Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light far ;
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell ; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

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

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God ; 520

That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience ; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee ; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable ;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy pow'r ; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity :
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated ; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can we find ; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose ?
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds ;
On other surety none ; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not ; in this we stand or fall : 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell ; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe !

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal music send : nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free ;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550

Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me', and still assure : though what thou
tell'st

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

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphaël
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou enjoins't me', O prime of men,
Sad task and hard : for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits
Of warring Spirits ? How without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfect while they stood ? How last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal ; yet for thy good 570
This is dispens'd ; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best ; though what if Earth
Be but the shadow' f Heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought ?

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

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

Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright :
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
Of Hierarchies, of orders, and degrees :
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers,

Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand ; your head I him appoint ;

And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord :
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United as one individual soul 610

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

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd ; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill ;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem ;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd
(For we have also' our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous ; all in circles as they stood, 631
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flow'rs repos'd and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, beforeth' all-bounteous King, who show'r'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng, 650
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavillions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their
course
Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in power, 660
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy' against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself
impair'd.

Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipp'd, unbey'd the throne supreme 670
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, Companion dear, what sleep can
close

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

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

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent: tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heav'n, 700
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710
Mean while th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire; such a foe

Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

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

So spake the Son ; but Satan with his Powers
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees ; regions to which 750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd

At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer (so call 760
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their king
Thither to come, and with calumnious heart
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers,

If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd
All pow'r and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honours new 780
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how indur'd,

To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in pow'r and splendour less,
In freedom equal? Or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? Much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse 800
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

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

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,

That to his only Son by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign, 820
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heaven
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state under one head more near 830
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, even thee; and all the Spi'rits of Heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers, 840
Essential Pow'rs: nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made; since he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;

His laws our laws ; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then his impious rage,
And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease
Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.

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

who saw

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

He said, and as the sound of waters deep

Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host; nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

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

So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind

Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



