



MILTON

ILLUSTRATED.

"Milton himself says that 'true <sup>musical</sup> ~~poetical~~ delight consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the cease variously drawn out from one verse into another'.

A. J. Wyatt quotes the following passage from an enemy ~~was~~ author:

"To analyse ~~the~~ Miltonic blank verse in all its details would be the work of much study and prolonged labour. It is enough to indicate the fact that the most sonorous passages commence and terminate with interrupted lines. etc etc

etc / etc

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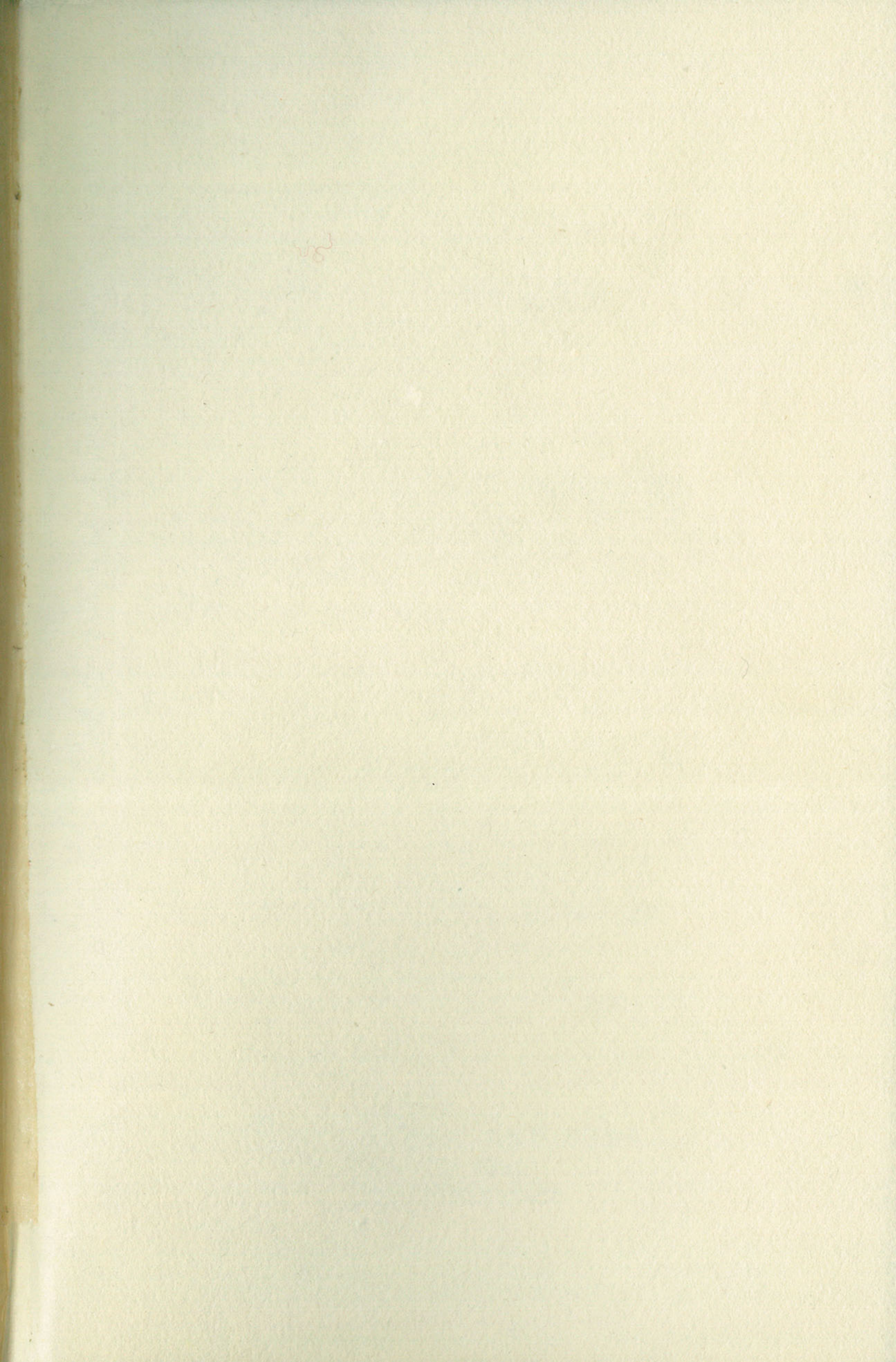
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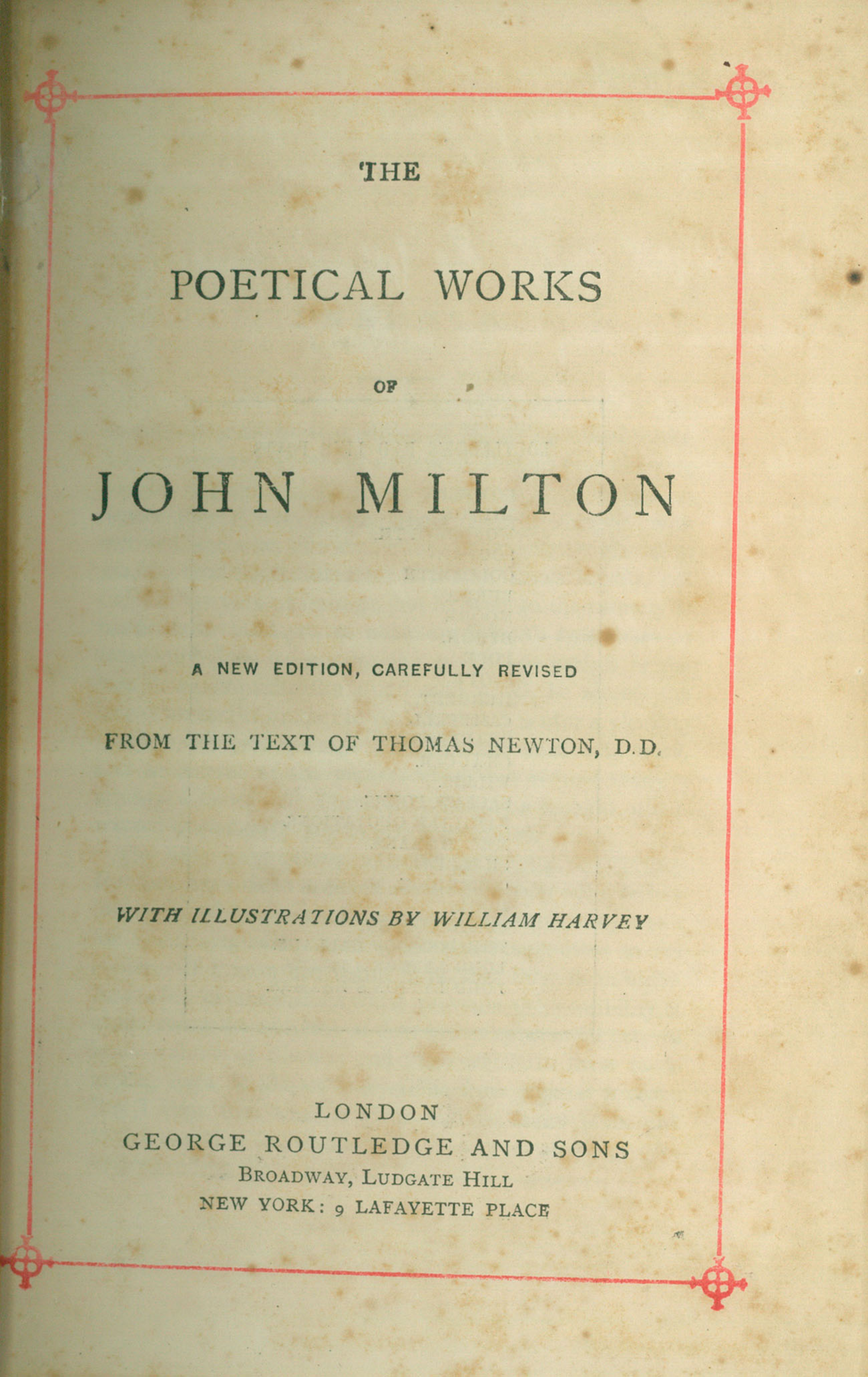
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'THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN MILTON

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED

FROM THE TEXT OF THOMAS NEWTON, D.D.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARVEY*

LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL  
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*Smile*

ROUTLEDGE'S RED LINE POETS.

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COMIC POETRY.  
THE BOOK OF BALLADS.  
LORD LYTTON'S POEMS.  
LORD LYTTON'S DRAMAS.

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## PREFACE.

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In preparing the present edition of Milton's poetical works I have laboured under the somewhat difficult task of trying to give a good deal of matter in a very small space. A writer like Milton, whose whole style is fraught with allusion, and who, like Propertius, is perpetually aiming at making erudition subservient to poetry, draws largely, not only on the present feelings, but likewise on the memory of his readers. And yet, so noble are Milton's *imitations*—so frequently does he surpass the model—so perfect is the mould, so exquisite the chisel with which he recasts the idea of an earlier brother in the art, that it is ever a pleasing study to compare passage with passage, word with word, and to marvel at the process which has refined many a crudity, softened and Christianized many a thought, which wanted Christianity only to give it greatness.

The able annotations collected or written by Bishop Newton, have done so much towards showing *what* Milton imitated, and *how* he could imitate, that I cannot lay credit for much originality in the notes now submitted to the reader. If I have any regret, it is, that there is an unfortunate law of dimensions which prevents the possibility of compressing the contents of four rather substantial octavos into a volume of the size and price which, in these book-buying days, is almost inseparable from popular success. But I hope that what is given will be found plain and useful, and that few readers will go away unsatisfied, as far as understanding the *meaning* of the poet is concerned.

As to the text, I have almost invariably avoided the discussion of various readings, partly from want of space, partly because I had no wish to give a practical lesson on the uncertainty of criticism. No man who has ever written a "copy of verses" (whether in canine Latin, bad English, or otherwise) can be ignorant how easy it is to substitute one word for another, or to correct for the better or the worse. A few rather obvious corrections have therefore formed the limit of my efforts, as far as criticism is concerned.

It is a vain task to try to praise Milton, after so many better critics have exhausted the theme; but I may, perhaps, be permitted to say a few words respecting the value of his writings as a lesson in English, the language probably most neglected by Englishmen, and most cared for by Milton. Milton drew on the classical and Continental languages with unsparing freedom. He culled accuracy from one language, brilliancy from another, and quaintness from the archaisms of a third. His style was thoroughly *educated*; he used words not according to convention, but with a strict reference to their derivation and primitive meaning; and if he sometimes sacrificed power to refinement, he never suffered himself to write vulgarly in order to be thought to write down to the popular "style of the day."

Milton's eccentricities of language are often nothing more or less than struggles after correctness. Even in the spelling of words, he has a scholastic reason for the variations he takes from popular practice. His writings are a fine and a speaking lesson to those who imagine that poetry may set grammar at defiance, and that wanton transgression of everything like sober writing is a first-rate, if not a sufficient credential to the court of the Muses.

THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY.

London 1853



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See Addison ("Spectator" No 303)

# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK I

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

OF Man's first disobedience,<sup>1</sup> 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,

<sup>1</sup> Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses. These lines are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer and the precept of Horace. His invocation to a work, which turns in a great measure upon the

Sing heavenly Muse, that on the secret<sup>1</sup> top  
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd,<sup>2</sup> who first taught the chosen seed,  
 In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth  
 Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's<sup>3</sup> brook that flowed  
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above the Aonian mount,<sup>4</sup> while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for Thou knowest; Thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread

creation of the world, is very properly made to the muse who inspired Moses in those books from whence our author drew his subject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature. This whole exordium rises very happily into noble language and sentiment, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.—*Addison*.

<sup>1</sup> Endless difficulties have been raised respecting this epithet, which, to us, seems perfectly clear and appropriate. The poet evidently refers to Horeb or Sinai (the two heights, be it remembered, of one mountain. See Calmet *in voce*, and Lepsius, *Discoveries in Egypt*, note F, p. 444, sq.), as the place where the Almighty held conversation with Moses, when there was "a thick cloud upon the mount" (Exod. xix. 16), and when the people were forbidden "to break through unto the Lord to gaze, lest they perish."—Cf. iii. 227.

"God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, he descending."

Compare Robinson, *Biblical Researches*, v. i, p. 129—"Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some of the adjacent cliffs, was the spot where the Lord 'descended in fire,' and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached, *if not forbidden*; and here the mountain's brow from where alone the lightnings and thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trumpet heard."

<sup>2</sup> Moses, Cf. Exod. iii. i.

<sup>3</sup> A small river near the temple of Jerusalem.—Cf. Is. viii. 6.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* above what other poets have attempted; the Aonian Mount in Bœotia being popularly supposed to be the haunt of the Muses.

Dove-like satst brooding<sup>1</sup> on the vast abyss,  
 And made 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 Heaven hides nothing from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause  
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,  
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will  
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host  
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,  
 If he opposed; and with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God  
 Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the 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  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
 Confounded though immortal: but his doom  
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay  
 Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
 At once, as far as angels' ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild;  
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round

<sup>1</sup> From Genesis i. 2, "And the Spirit of God brooded upon the waters" (Hebrew).

48 ?  
 49 }  
 notes of  
 knowledge

(Imitated by Pope. See  
 Thesauri-Note 4. Page 27)

Sp. Vergil. Aeneid VI.,  
 Lines 577-579.

(See further on, next page!)

As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible<sup>1</sup>  
 Served 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 unconsumed:  
 Such place eternal Justice had prepared  
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordained  
 In utter<sup>2</sup> darkness, and their portion set  
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven,  
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.<sup>3</sup>  
 Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,

men rem asperum  
 Am in totis re.

Cp. Vergil. Aeneid.  
 VI., 577-579.

<sup>1</sup> Milton seems to have used these words to signify *gloom*: absolute darkness is, strictly speaking, invisible; but where there is a gloom only, there is so much light remaining as serves to show that there are objects, and yet that those objects cannot be distinctly seen. In this sense Milton seems to use the strong and bold expression, *darkness visible*.—Pearce.

Seneca has a like expression, speaking of the Grotto of Pausilypo, Senec. Epist. lvii. Nihil illo carcere longius, nihil illis faucibus obscurius, quæ nobis præstant, non ut per tenebras videamus, sed ut ipsas. And, as Mons. Voltaire observes, Antonio de Solis, in his excellent History of Mexico, has ventured on the same thought, when speaking of the place wherein Montezuma was wont to consult his deities; "It was a large dark subterraneous vault, says he, where some dismal tapers afforded just light enough to see the obscurity." See his Essay on Epic Poetry, p. 44. So, too, Spenser, F. Q. i. l. 14.

"A little glooming light, much like a shade."—Newton.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Bentley reads *outer* here, and in many other places of this poem, because it is in scripture, τὸ σκοτόρος τὸ ἐξώτερον; but *utle* and *outer* are both the same word, differently spelled and pronounced. Milton, in the argument of this book, says, *in a place of utter darkness*, and nowhere throughout the poem does the poet use *outer*.—Pearce.

Spenser justifies the present reading by frequently using the word *utter* for *outer*, as in Faërie Queen, b. ii. cant. ii. st. 34—

"And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth  
 The inner garment fret, not the outer touch."—Newton.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* thrice as far as it is from the centre of the earth (which is the centre of the world according to Milton's system, ix. 103, x. 671) to the pole of the world; for it is the pole of the universe, far beyond the pole of the earth, which is here called the "utmost pole."—Newton.

Cp. with  
 Penseroso:  
 "Where gloom  
 enters through  
 the room  
 Teaches by its  
 counterfeit  
 a gloom."

He soon discerns, and weltering by his side  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in Palestine, and named  
 Beëlzebub.<sup>1</sup> To whom the Arch-Enemy,  
 And thence in Heaven called Satan,<sup>2</sup> with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

“If thou beest he; but oh, how fallen! how changed  
 From him, who in the happy realms of light  
 Clothed 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,  
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined  
 In<sup>3</sup> equal ruin: into what pit thou seest

From what height fallen, so much the stronger prove  
 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 changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
 That with the mightiest raised me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of spirits armed,

That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?

All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else not to be overcome;  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath

<sup>1</sup> The lord of flies, an idol worshipped at Ecron, a city of the Philistines, 2 Kings i. 2. He is called “prince of the devils,” Matt. xii. 24 therefore deservedly here made second to Satan himself.—Hums.

<sup>2</sup> Satan, in Hebrew, means *an enemy*.

<sup>3</sup> Rather, “and equal ruin,” as Bentley reads.

See below.

see below.

Bentley reads “and.”

*Edwards & Humphreys, eds. comment  
 This is more like a rebuttal*

This downfall ; since by fate<sup>1</sup> the strength of gods See below  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,  
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair.  
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer.

" O prince, O chief of many thronéd powers,  
 That led the embattled seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as gods and heavenly essences  
 Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains scan "sp'rit."  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state Elision.  
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.  
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now  
 Of force believe almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)  
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,  
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,

<sup>1</sup> Satan supposes the angels to subsist by fate and necessity, and he presents them of an *empyreal*, that is a *fiery* substance, as the Scripture itself doth: "He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a *ame* of fire," Psalm civ. 4, Heb. i. 7. Satan disdains to submit, since the angels (as he says) are necessarily immortal, and cannot be destroyed, and since, too, they are now improved in experience, and may hope to carry on the war more successfully, notwithstanding the present triumph of their adversary in Heaven.—Newton



Or do his errands in the gloomy deep,  
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the arch fiend replied

"Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable  
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,  
 To do aught good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
 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 destined aim  
 But see! the angry Victor hath recalled  
 His ministers of vengeance<sup>1</sup> and pursuit  
 Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail

*See below.*

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Bentley has really made a very material objection to this and some other passages of the poem, wherein the good angels are represented as pursuing the rebel host with fire and thunderbolts down through Chaos even to the gates of Hell; as being contrary to the account which the angel Raphael gives to Adam in the Sixth Book. And it is certain that there the good angels are ordered to "stand still only and behold," and the Messiah alone expels them out of Heaven; and after he has expelled them, and Hell has closed upon them, vi. 880—

"Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes,  
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turned:  
 To meet him all his saints, who silent stood  
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanced."

These accounts are plainly contrary the one to the other; but the author does not therefore contradict himself, nor is one part of his scheme inconsistent with another. For it should be considered, who are the persons that give these different accounts. In Book vi., the angel Raphael is the speaker, and therefore his account may be depended upon as the genuine and exact truth of the matter. But in the other passages Satan himself or some of his angels are the speakers; and they were too proud and obstinate ever to acknowledge the Messiah for their conqueror; as their rebellion was raised on his account, they would never own his superiority; they would rather ascribe their defeat to the whole host of Heaven than to *him alone*; or if they did indeed imagine their pursuers to be so many

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
 Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,  
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
 And 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,  
 If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blazed; 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 warred on Jove,  
 Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den

See Virgil, *Aeneid* vi, 580 etc.)

in number, their fears multiplied them, and it serves admirably to express how much they were terrified and confounded. In Book vi., 830, the noise of his chariot is compared to the "sound of a numerous host;" and perhaps they might think that a numerous host were really pursuing. In one place, indeed, we have Chaos speaking thus. ii. 996—

"and Heaven gates  
 Poured out by millions her victorious bands  
 Pursuing."

But what a condition was Chaos in during the fall of the rebel angels. See vi. 871—

"Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roared,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
 Incumbered him with ruin."

We must suppose him therefore to speak according to his own frightened and disturbed imagination.—*Newton*.

By ancient Tarsus held,<sup>1</sup> or that sea-beast  
 Leviathan,<sup>2</sup> which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:  
 Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,  
 The pilot of some small night-foundered<sup>3</sup> skiff  
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixéd anchor in his scaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wishéd morn delays:  
 So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,  
 Chained on the burning lake, nor ever thence  
 Had risen or heaved 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 enraged might see  
 How all his malice served but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown  
 On man by him seduced; but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance poured.  
 Forthwith upright he rears, from off the pool,  
 His mighty nature; on each hand the flames,  
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and rolled  
 In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air<sup>4</sup>

See below.  
 See below.

See below.

See below

<sup>1</sup> Typhon is the same with Typhoëus. That the den of Typhoëus was in Cilicia, of which Tarsus was a celebrated city, we are told by Pindar and Pomponius Mela.

<sup>2</sup> Milton seems to regard the leviathan as identical with the whale. The various and conflicting opinions on the subject are well detailed by Barnes on Job, xli. 1. General conclusion seems in favour of the crocodile. As far as Milton is concerned, I think he had in mind the stories of the kraken, or some other gigantic species of cuttle-fish, which have been said to appear in the Norwegian seas. The reader will call to mind the similar story in "Sinbad the Sailor." See *Lane's Arabian Nights*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. overtaken by night, and thereby hindered from proceeding.

<sup>4</sup> This conceit of the "air's feeling unusual weight" is borrowed from Spenser, who, speaking of the old dragon, says, b. i. cant. ii. st. 18—

"Then with his waving wings displayéd wide,  
 Himself up high he lifted from the ground,  
 And with strong flight did forcibly divide  
 The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found  
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,  
 To bear so great a weight."

Th. J. v.

That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burned  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ;  
 And such appeared in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind<sup>1</sup> transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus,<sup>2</sup> or the shattered side  
 Of thundering Etna, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singéd bottom all involved  
 With stench and smoke : such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,  
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood  
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength,  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

"Is this the region, | this the soil, | the clime,"  
 Said then | the lost archangel, | "this the seat  
 That we must change | for Heaven, | this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? | Be it so, | since he  
 Who now is Sovran<sup>3</sup> | can dispose | and bid  
 What shall be right : | farthest from him | is best,  
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. | Farewell | happy fields  
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail horrors, hail  
 Infernal world, | and thou | profoundest Hell  
 Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place,<sup>4</sup> and in itself  
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but<sup>5</sup> less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
 We shall be free ; the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :  
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :

5.8.  
7.  
7.  
6.

<sup>1</sup> Rather read "winds," with Pearce.

<sup>2</sup> The Cape di Faro, a promontory of Sicily, about a mile and a half from Italy.—See *Virg. Æn.* iii. 6 and 7.

<sup>3</sup> So Milton rightly spells it, according to its derivation from the Italian *sovrano*.

<sup>4</sup> These are some of the Stoical extravagances, placed by Milton in the mouth of Satan, by way of ridicule.

<sup>5</sup> Some read "albeit."

*Remain in inferno que servit in celo*  
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 The associates and copartners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonished on the 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  
 Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub  
 Thus answered. "Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled.  
 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 raged, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lie  
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amazed:  
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous 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<sup>2</sup> the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesolé,

<sup>1</sup> From the Latin *acies*, which signifies both the *edge* of a weapon and an army drawn up in battle array. Or we may, with Newton, compare 2 Henry IV. act i.—

"You knew, he walked o'er perils, on an edge  
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er."

And 1 Henry IV. act i.—

"I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit,  
 As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,  
 On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim."

<sup>2</sup> The shield of Satan was large as the moon seen through a telescope, an instrument first applied to celestial observations by Galileo, a native of Tuscany, whom he means here by "the Tuscan artist," and afterwards mentions by name in v. 262; a testimony of his honour for so great a man, whom he had known and visited in Italy, as himself informs us in his "Areopagitica."—Newton.

Or in Valdarno,<sup>1</sup> to descry new lands,  
 Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast<sup>2</sup>  
 Of some great ammiral,<sup>3</sup> were but a wand,  
 He walked with to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marl, not like those steps  
 On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire;  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and called  
 His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa,<sup>4</sup> where the Etrurian shades  
 High over-arched imbower; or scattered sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion<sup>5</sup> armed  
 Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Busiris<sup>6</sup> and his Memphian chivalry,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the valley of the Arno, in Tuscany.

<sup>2</sup> "These sons of Mavors bore (instead of spears),  
 Two knotty masts which none but they could lift."

*Fairfax's Tasso*, vi. 40.

<sup>3</sup> According to its German extraction, *amiral*, or *amirael*, says Hume; from the Italian *ammiraglio*, says Richardson, more probably. Our author made choice of this, as thinking it of a better sound than admiral: and in Latin he writes, *ammiralatus curia*, the court of admiralty.

<sup>4</sup> A valley of Tuscany, remarkable for its cool and delightful shades.

<sup>5</sup> Orion is a constellation represented in the figure of an armed man, and supposed to be attended with stormy weather, *assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion*, Virg. *Æn.* i. 539. And the Red Sea abounds so much with sedge, that in the Hebrew Scripture it is called the Sedgy Sea. And he says "hath vexed the Red Sea coast" particularly, because the wind usually drives the sedge in great quantities towards the shore.—*Newton*.

<sup>6</sup> There is no *historical* authority for making Pharaoh Busiris; but Milton was at liberty to borrow a common tradition respecting that king, and adapt it to his verse.

<sup>7</sup> Chivalry (from the French *chevalerie*) signifies not only knight-hood, but those who use horses in fight, both such as ride on horses and such as ride in chariots drawn by them. In the sense of riding and fighting on horseback this word chivalry is used in verse 765, and in many places of *Fairfax's Tasso*, as in Cant. 5, st. 9. Cant. 8, st. 67. Cant. 20, st. 61. In the sense of riding and fighting in chariots drawn by horses, Milton uses the word chivalry in *Parad. Reg.* iii. ver. 313 compared with ver. 328.—*Pearce*.

While with perfidious hatred<sup>1</sup> they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,  
 Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He called so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of Hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,  
 Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease ye find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds  
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from Heaven gates discern  
 The advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

They heard, and were abashed, 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 obeyed  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son,<sup>2</sup> in Egypt's evil day,  
 Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, warping<sup>3</sup> on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darkened 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;

<sup>1</sup> Because Pharaoh, after leave given to the Israelites to depart, followed after them like fugitives.—Hume.

<sup>2</sup> See Exod. x. 13, sqq.

<sup>3</sup> Working themselves forward: a sea phrase.

*Tal my alca  
 Chamon tan etc, p  
 8 vis or fupnd. moon  
 ubon*

Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear  
 Of their great sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;  
 A multitude, like which the populous north<sup>1</sup>  
 Poured 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 powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;  
 Though of their names in 'eavenly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rased  
 By their rebellion from the books of life  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
 Got them new names, till wandering o'er the earth,  
 Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of man,  
 By falsities and lies the greatest part

<sup>1</sup> This comparison does not fall below the rest, as some have imagined. They were thick as the leaves, and numberless as the locusts, but such a multitude the north never poured forth; and we may observe that the subject of this comparison rises very much above the others, leaves and locusts. The populous north, as the northern parts of the world are observed to be more fruitful of people than the hotter countries: Sir William Temple calls it "the northern hive." "Poured never," a very proper word to express the inundations of these northern nations. "From her frozen loins;" it is the Scripture expression of children and descendants "coming out of the loins," as Gen. xxxv. 11, "Kings shall come out of thy loins;" and these are called *frozen loins* only on account of the coldness of the climate. "To pass Rhene or the Danaw." He might have said, consistently with his verse, The Rhine or Danube, but he chose the more uncommon names, Rhene, of the Latin, and Danaw, of the German, both which words are used too in Spenser. "When her barbarous sons," &c. They were truly barbarous; for besides exercising several cruelties, they destroyed all the monuments of learning and politeness wherever they came. "Came like a deluge." Spenser, describing the same people, has the same simile. *Faërie Queen*, B. ii. cant. 1, st. 15.

"And overflowed all countries far away,  
 Like Noye's great flood, with their importune sway."

They were the Goths, and Huns, and Vandals, who overran all the southern provinces of Europe.—*Newton*.



Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and the invisible  
 Glory of him that made them to transform  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorned  
 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,  
 Roused from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
 At their great emperor's call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.  
 The chief were those who from the pit of Hell,  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
 Their altars by his altar, God's adored  
 Among the nations round, and durst abide  
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned  
 Between the cherubim ;<sup>1</sup> yea, *ὄντως* placed  
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,<sup>2</sup>  
 Abominations ; and with cursed things  
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First Moloch,<sup>3</sup> horrid king besmeared with blood

<sup>1</sup> The ark of the covenant was placed between the golden cherubim. Compare 2 Kings xix. 15, "O Lord God of Israel, which dwellest between the cherubim."

<sup>2</sup> See 2 Kings xxi. 4 ; Jer. vii. 30 ; Ezek. vii. 20, viii. 5, sq.

<sup>3</sup> The name Moloch signifies king, and he is called "horrid" king, because of the human sacrifices which were made to him. This idol is supposed by some to be the same as Saturn, to whom the heathens (especially the Carthaginians, See Porphy. de Abstin. ii. 27.) sacrificed their children, and by others to be the sun. When it is said in Scripture that the children "passed through the fire to Moloch," we must not understand that they always actually burnt their children in honour of this idol, but sometimes made them only leap over the flames, or pass nimbly between two fires, to purify them by that lustration, and consecrate them to this false deity. He was the god of the Ammonites, and is called "the abomination of the children of Ammon," 1 Kings xi. 7, and was worshipped in Rabba, their capital city, which David conquered. This Rabba being called the "city of waters," 2 Sam. xi. 27, it is here said, "Rabba and her watery plain ;" and, likewise, "in Argob and in Basan," neighbouring countries to Rabba, and subject to the Ammonites, as far as "to the stream of utmost Arnon." which river was the boundary of their country on the south.—Newton.

Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,  
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
 Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
 Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,  
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His temple right against the temple of God  
 On that opprobrious hill,<sup>1</sup> and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.  
 Next Chemos,<sup>2</sup> the 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 flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
 And Eleäle to the Asphaltic pool.  
 Peor his other name, when he enticed  
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe  
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged  
 Even to that hill of scandal,<sup>3</sup> by the grove  
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;  
 Till good Josiah<sup>4</sup> drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who from the bordering flood

<sup>1</sup> Solomon built a temple to Moloch on the Mount of Olives (1 Kings xi. 7), therefore called "that opprobrious hill;" and high places and sacrifices were made to him "in the pleasant valley of Hinnom," Jer. vii. 31, which lay south-east of Jerusalem, and was called likewise Tophet, from the Hebrew, *toph*, a drum; drums and such like noisy instruments being used to drown the cries of the miserable children who were offered to this idol; and Gehenna, or "the valley of Hinnom," is in several places of the New Testament, and by our Saviour himself, made the name and type of Hell, by reason of the fire that was kept up there to Moloch, and of the horrid groans and outcries of human sacrifices.—*Newton*.

<sup>2</sup> God of the Moabites, 1 Kings xi. 7.

<sup>3</sup> His high places were adjoining to those of Moloch, on the Mount of Olives, therefore called here "that hill of scandal," as before "that opprobrious hill," for "Solomon did build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon," 1 Kings xi. 7.

<sup>4</sup> 2 Kings xxiii. 13, sq.

Of old<sup>1</sup> Euphrates to the brook that parts  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Baälim and Ashtaroth,<sup>2</sup> those male,  
 These feminine. For spirits when they please  
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,  
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their airy purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial gods; for which their heads as low  
 Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came Astoreth,<sup>3</sup> whom the Phœnicians called  
 Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on the offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,  
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
 To idols foul. Thammuz<sup>4</sup> came next behind,

use of names

from purgatory in heaven  
 from fundada in force,  
 from purgatory in heaven

<sup>1</sup> Because this river is mentioned in the earliest records of time.—  
 See Gen. ii. 14.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the sun and the "host of heaven."

<sup>3</sup> The goddess of the Phœnicians, and the moon was adored under this name. She is rightly said to "come in troop" with Ashtaroth, as she was one of them, the moon with the stars. Sometimes she is called "queen of heaven," Jer. vii. 18, and xliv. 17, 18. She is likewise called "the goddess of the Zidonians," 1 Kings xi. 5, "and the abomination of the Zidonians," 2 Kings xxiii. 13., as she was worshipped very much in Zidon or Sidon, a famous city of the Phœnicians, situated upon the Mediterranean.—Newton.

<sup>4</sup> The account of Thammuz is finely romantic, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol. Maundrell gives the following account of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. "We came to a fair large river—doubtless the ancient river Adonis, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of Adonis. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates, viz., that this stream, at certain

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel<sup>1</sup> saw, when by the vision led  
 His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark  
 Maimed his brute image head and hands lopped off  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,<sup>2</sup>  
 Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:  
 Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
 And downward fish:<sup>3</sup> yet had his temple high  
 Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him followed Rimmon,<sup>4</sup> whose delightful seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
 He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:

a telling word.  
 (Hazlitt).

seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour, which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness, and as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned, doubtless, by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis's blood."—*Addison*.

Thammuz was the god of the Syrians, the same with Adonis, who, according to the traditions, died every year and revived again. He was slain by a wild boar in Mount Lebanon, from whence the river Adonis descends; and when this river began to be of a reddish hue, as it did at a certain season of the year, this was their signal for celebrating their Adonia, or feasts of Adonis, and the women made loud lamentations for him, supposing the river was discoloured with his blood.—*Newton*.

<sup>1</sup> See Ezek. viii. 13, sq.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* the threshold. See 1 Sam. v. 4.

<sup>3</sup> See Layard's *Nineveh*, vol. ii. p. 467, *note*; and Calmet, p. 232 of my edition.

<sup>4</sup> Rimmon was a god of the Syrians.

Signific. — Rimmon  
 ayo amens  
 no, futuris magis  
 P. A. lucida ris.

A leper once he lost,<sup>1</sup> and gained a king,  
 Ahaz his sottish conqueror, 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 vanquished. After these appeared  
 A crew who, under names of old renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek  
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms  
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
 The infection, when their borrowed gold composed  
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,<sup>2</sup>

Likening his Maker to the grazéd ox;  
 Jehovah, who in one night when he passed  
 From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.<sup>3</sup>

BELIAL.

Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd  
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood  
 Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled  
 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  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons

<sup>1</sup> Naaman, who, on account of his cure, resolved henceforth to "offer neither burnt-offering nor sacrifice to any other god, but unto the Lord," 2 Kings v. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Great, however, as was the sin of the Israelites in setting up these calves, it has been well observed by Dean Graves (on the Pentateuch) part iii. lect. ii., that "such relapses into idolatry never implied a rejection of Jehovah as their God, or of the Mosaic law, as if they doubted its truth. The Jewish idolatry consisted, first, in worshipping the true God by symbols; but, in every one of these instances, far from rejecting Jehovah as their God, the images, symbols, and rites employed were designed to honour him, by imitating the manner in which the most distinguished nations the Jews were acquainted with worshipped their divinities."

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the worship of Ammon under the form of a ram

Of Belial,<sup>1</sup> flown<sup>2</sup> with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Exposed a matron<sup>3</sup> to avoid worse rape.  
 These were the prime in order and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renowned,  
 The Ionian gods,<sup>4</sup> of Javan's issue; held  
 Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents; Titan, Heaven's first-born,  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seized  
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
 So Jove usurping reigned; these first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,  
 Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,  
 And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles

All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief

<sup>1</sup> See Calmet, p. 141, of my edition.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* heightened, excited.

<sup>3</sup> Gen. xix. 8.

<sup>4</sup> Javan, the fourth son of Japhet, is supposed to have settled in the south-west part of Asia Minor, about Ionia, which contains the radical letters of his name. His descendants were the Ionians and Grecians; and the principal of their gods were Heaven and Earth. Titan was their eldest son; he was father of the giants, and his empire was seized by his younger brother Saturn, as Saturn's was by Jupiter, son of Saturn and Rhea. These first were known in the island Crete, now Candia, in which is Mount Ida, where Jupiter is said to have been born; thence passed over into Greece, and resided on Mount Olympus, in Thessaly; "the snowy top of cold Olympus," as Homer calls it, which mountain afterwards became the name of Heaven among their worshippers; "or on the Delphian cliff," Parnassus, whereon was seated the city Delphi, famous for the temple and oracle of Apollo; "or in Dodona," a city and wood adjoining, sacred to Jupiter; "and through all the bounds of Doric land," that is, of Greece, Doris being a part of Greece; "or fled over Adria," the Adriatic, "to the Hesperian fields," to Italy; "and o'er the Celtic," France and the other countries overrun by the Celtes, "roamed the utmost isles," Great Britain, Ireland, the Orkneys, Thule, or Iceland, "Ultima Thule," as it is called, the utmost boundary of the world.—*Newton.*

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself; which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue; but he his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth not substance, gently raised  
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.  
 Then straight commands that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions<sup>1</sup> be upreared  
 His mighty standard; that proud honour claimed  
 Azazel,<sup>2</sup> as his right, a cherub tall,  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;  
 At which the universal host up sent  
 A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
 With orient colours waving; with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears,<sup>3</sup> and thronging helms  
 Appeared, and serried<sup>4</sup> shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable; anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian<sup>5</sup> mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised  
 To height of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;  
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,

<sup>1</sup> Small, shrill, treble trumpets.

<sup>2</sup> Not the scapegoat, but some demon.

<sup>3</sup> So Tasso, describing the Christian and Pagan armies preparing to engage, Cant. 20, st. 28.

“Of dry-topped oaks they seemed two forests thick;  
 So did each host with spears and pikes abound.”

*Fairfax. Tiber.*

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* locked closely together.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* grave or serious, such being the characteristic of Dorian harmony.

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,  
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now  
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,  
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
 Had to impose. He through the armed files  
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battalion views, their order due,  
 Their visages and stature as of gods;  
 Their number last he sums. | And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, | and hardening in his strength  
 Glories; | for never since created man,  
 Met such embodied force, | as, named with these,  
 Could merit more than that small infantry  
 Warred on by cranes; <sup>1</sup> | though all the giant brood

addition (Spec. 297)  
 takes exception to this  
 remark phrase

<sup>1</sup> *Genesiv pro capite,*  
 All the heroes and armies that ever were assembled were no more than pigmies in comparison with these angels; "though all the giant brood of Phlegra," a city of Macedonia, where the giants fought with the gods, "with the heroic race were joined that fought at Thebes," a city of Bœotia, famous for the war between the sons of Œdipus, celebrated by Statius in his Thebaid, "and Ilium," made still more famous by Homer's Iliad, where "on each side" the heroes were assisted by the gods, therefore called "auxiliar gods; and what resounds" even "in fable or romance of Uther's son," king Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, whose exploits are romantically extolled by Geoffry of Monmouth, "begirt with British and Armoric knights," for he was often in alliance with the king of Armorica, since called Bretagne, of the Britons who settled there; "and all who since conquest in Aspramont, or Montalban," romantic names of places mentioned in Orlando Furioso, the latter, perhaps, Montauban in France, "Damasco or Marocco," Damascus or Morocco, but he calls them as they are called in romances; "or Trebisonde," a city of Cappadocia, in the Lesser Asia; all these places are famous in romances, for joustings between the "baptized and infidels; or whom Biserta," formerly called Utica, "sent from Afric shore," that is, the Saracens who passed from Biserta, in Africa, to Spain, "when Charlemagne with all his peerage fell by Fontarabia," Charlemagne, king of France and emperor of Germany, about the year 800, undertook a war against the Saracens in Spain; and Mariana and the Spanish historians are Milton's authors for saying that he and his army were routed in this manner at Fontarabia (which is a strong town in Biscay at the very entrance into Spain, and esteemed the key of the kingdom); but Mezeray and the French writers give a quite different and more probable account of him, that he was at last victorious over his enemies and died in peace.—Newton.



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Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights,  
And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabia.) Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread commander; he above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent

*Qui in Phlegra & Thebes, & Ilium, & in fable  
de chaque part  
de secours auxiliaires, & ce qui se  
en fable  
de un peu d'après, après le baptême, &  
Mauvais, ou Damon & Trebisonde  
de peu de points d'après en un  
Grand combat, Carle Magn  
de Fontarabia: Ami d'Alexandre  
de la comparaison de héros, avec  
de son aspect: le commandant,  
This smile writes simplicity  
with beauty: the best & best  
striking kind of smile =*

||| Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost  
All its original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured; 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. Darkened so, yet shone  
Above them all the archangel; but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge; cruel his eyes, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced<sup>1</sup>  
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung  
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood  
Their glory withered: as when Heaven's fire  
Hath scathed<sup>2</sup> the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
With singéd top their stately growth, though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round

We seem  
to see  
Satan.

<sup>1</sup> Deprived, robbed of, taken away from.

<sup>2</sup> Hurt, injured.

With all his peers: attention held them mute,  
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as angels weep,<sup>1</sup> burst forth: at last  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.  
 "O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers  
 Matchless but with the Almighty; and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,  
 As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
 hateful to utter: but what power of mind  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
 Of knowledge past or present, could have feared,  
 How such united force of gods, how such  
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
 Hath emptied Heaven,<sup>2</sup> shall fail to reascend  
 Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?  
 For me be witness all the host of Heaven,  
 If counsels different, or danger shunned  
 By me, have lost our hopes. But He who reigns  
 Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure  
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
 Consent or custom, and his regal state  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,  
 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, provoked; 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

<sup>1</sup> "Tears, such as angels weep," like Homer's ichor of the gods, which was different from the blood of mortals. This weeping of Satan on surveying his numerous host, and the thoughts of their wretched state, puts one in mind of the story of Xerxes weeping on seeing his vast army, and reflecting that they were mortal, at the time that he was hastening them to their fate, and to the intended destruction of the greatest people in the world, to gratify his own vain glory.—*Newton*.

<sup>2</sup> It is conceived that a third part of the angels fell with Satan, according to Rev. xii. 4.: "And his tail drew the third part of the stars of Heaven, and cast them to the earth;" and this opinion Milton has expressed in several places, ii. 692, v. 710, vi. 156; but Satan here talks big and magnifies their number, as if their "exile had emptied Heaven."

One of the most  
magnificent things  
in Milton

depression

By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof to rise  
 There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:  
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption: thither or elsewhere;  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature: peace is despaired,  
 For who can think submission? War, then, war,  
 Open or understood, must be resolved."

*Magnificent*  
 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 illumined Hell: highly they raged  
 Against the highest, and fierce with grasp'd arms<sup>1</sup>  
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
 Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb<sup>2</sup> was hid metallic ore,  
 The work of sulphur.<sup>3</sup> Thither, winged with speed,  
 A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands  
 Of pioneers with spade and pickaxe armed  
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon<sup>4</sup> led them on,

<sup>1</sup> The known custom of the Roman soldiers, when they applauded a speech of their general, was to smite their shields with their swords.—*Bentley*.

<sup>2</sup> This word is constantly used in the masculine gender by Chaucer.

<sup>3</sup> For metals are supposed to consist of two essential parts or principles; mercury, as the basis or metallic matter; and sulphur as the binder or cement, which fixes the fluid mercury into a coherent malleable mass. And so Ben Jonson in the "Alchemist," act. ii. scene 3. :—

"It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,  
 Who are the parents of all other metals."—*Newton*.

<sup>4</sup> This name is Syriac, and signifies riches. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," says our Saviour, Matt. vi. 24. and bids us "make to ourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness," Luke xvi. 9.—*Newton*.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
 From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts  
 Were always downward bent, admiring more  
 The richest of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed  
 In vision beatific: by him first  
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
 Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands  
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,  
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire *wonder.*  
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best  
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell  
 Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,  
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame  
 And strength and art are easily outdone  
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
 What in an age they with incessant toil  
 And hands innumerable<sup>1</sup> scarce perform.  
 Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross:<sup>2</sup>  
 A third as soon had formed within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook,  
 As in an organ<sup>3</sup> from one blast of wind  
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.  
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound *a beautiful simile.*  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid

<sup>1</sup> There were 360,000 men employed for nearly twenty years upon a single pyramid.

<sup>2</sup> *Bullion* is here an adjective. The sense is: "they founded or melted the ore that was in the mass, by separating or severing each kind, that is, the sulphur, earth, &c., from the metal; and after that they scummed the dross that floated on the top of the burning ore."—Pearce.

<sup>3</sup> On which instrument Milton was himself a performer.

*Samson's passage*

With golden architrave; nor did they want  
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
 Nor great Alcairo<sup>1</sup> such magnificence  
 Equalled in all their glories, to inshrine  
 Belus or Serapis<sup>2</sup> their gods, or seat  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile  
 Stood fixed her stately height, and straight the doors  
 Opening their brazen folds discover wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the arch'd roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets<sup>3</sup> fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring entered; and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect: his hand was known  
 In Heaven by many a towered structure high,  
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes, whom the Supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell<sup>4</sup>

These are objection-  
 able, being technical  
 al terms. Addison

same as Vulcan.

<sup>1</sup> This introduction of a modern name is rather clumsy.

<sup>2</sup> Belus the son of Nimrod, second king of Babylon, and the first man worshipped for a god, by the Chaldæans styled Bel, by the Phœnicians, Baal. Serapis, the same with Apis, the god of the Egyptians.—*Hume*.

<sup>3</sup> A cresset is any great blazing light, as a beacon. So Shakspeare *Hen. IV. act. iii.* :—

“ at my nativity  
 The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
 Of burning cressets.”

<sup>4</sup> Compare Homer, *Il. i.*, where Vulcan (the same as Mulciber) describes his misfortune :—

“ Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,  
 Hurl'd headlong downward, from the ethereal height  
 Tost all the day in rapid circles round;  
 Nor, till the sun descended, touched the ground;  
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;  
 The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast.”—*Pope*.

6  
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 6. (weak)  
 6. (strong)  
 0.  
 2. 7.  
 5.  
 0.  
 (9 or) 0  
 (7 or) 0  
 4.

From Heaven, they fabled, | thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; | from morn  
 To noon he fell, | from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day; | and with the setting sun  
 Dropped from the zenith like a falling star, *Cum est. ad. A part*  
 On Lemnos the Ægean isle: | thus they relate, *See Lemnos, a i. epin.*  
 Erring; | for he with this rebellious rout *Contain, crowds*  
 Fell long before; | nor aught availed him now *new the rubin*  
 To have built in Heaven high towers; | nor did he scape  
 By all his engines,<sup>1</sup> | but was headlong sent  
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the wingéd heralds by command  
 Of sovereign power, | with awful ceremony  
 And trumpet's sound, | throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held  
 At Pandemonium, | the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers: | their summons called  
 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 thronged, | the gates  
 And porches wide, | but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a covered field, | where champions bold  
 Wont ride in armed, | and at the Soldan's chair  
 Defied the best of Panim<sup>2</sup> chivalry  
 To mortal combat, | or career with lance),  
 Thick swarmed, | both on the ground and in the air  
 Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. | As bees<sup>3</sup>  
 In spring time, | when the sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
 In clusters; | they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, | or on the smoothéd plank,  
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubbed with balm, | expatiate and confer  
 Their state affairs. | So thick the airy crowd

<sup>1</sup> i. e. means, contrivances.

<sup>2</sup> Pagan.

<sup>3</sup> "As from some rocky clift the shepherd sees  
 Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,  
 Rolling, and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,  
 With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;  
 Dusky they spread, a close embodied crowd,  
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud."

—Pope's *Iliad*, book ii.

Swarmed and were straitened ; | till, the signal given,  
 Behold a wonder ! | they but now who seemed  
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, | in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, | like that pygmean race  
 Beyond the Indian mount, | or fairy elves,  
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, | while overhead the moon<sup>1</sup>  
 Sits arbitress, | and nearer to the earth  
 Wheels her pale course ; | they, on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, | with jocund music charm his ear ;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
 Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
 Reduced their shapes immense, | and were at large,  
 Though without number still amidst the hall  
 Of that infernal court. | But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
 A thousand demigods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full.<sup>2</sup> | After short silence then  
 And summons read, | the great consult began.

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the part which the moon is supposed to play in the revels of elves and fairies.

<sup>2</sup> So we have in Latin *frequens senatus*, a full house. And he makes use of the same expression in English prose. "The assembly was full and frequent according to summons." See his *History of England in the reign of Edward the Confessor*.—*Newton*.

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 should be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus<sup>1</sup> and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous east<sup>2</sup> with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence; and from despair

<sup>1</sup> An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its wealth in diamonds.

<sup>2</sup> Not that Ormus and Ind were in the west, but the sense is that the throne of Satan outshone diamonds, or pearls and gold, the choicest whereof are produced in the east. Spenser expresses the same thought thus, F. Q. iii. 4, 23.

“that it did pass

The wealth of th' east, and pomp of Persian kings.”

And the east is said to “shower them on her kings,” in allusion to the



desasp' rhuve  
Tomado mais pe de rance

Le Sempere et ali de rpuan  
ja descent

B. II. 7-32.

PARADISE LOST.

31

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus displayed

A man's opinion is unchangeable  
Can a man's opinion be  
Superior to  
Quos alios  
"Power,"  
Prouds de cie

"Powers and dominions,<sup>1</sup> deities of Heaven,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,  
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me, though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,  
Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
With what besides, in council or in fight,  
Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,  
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more  
Established in a safe unenvied throne

(Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior;<sup>2</sup> but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell

custom used at the coronation of some kings in the east, of shower-  
ing gold and precious stones upon their heads. And the same sort of  
metaphor is used in Shakespear, Ant. and Cleop. act. ii.

"I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee."

And this pearl and gold is called "barbaric pearl and gold," after the  
manner of the Greeks and Romans, who accounted all other nations  
barbarous; as Virgil, Æn. ii. 504.

"Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi."

and Æn. viii. 685.

"Hinc ope barbarica variisque Antonius armis  
Victor ab auroræ populis."—Newton.

Some think "barbaric"  
refers to "Kings".

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Coloss. i. 16.

<sup>2</sup> He means that the higher in dignity any being was in heaven, the  
happier his state was; and that therefore inferiors might there envy  
superiors, because they were happier too.—Pearce.

Precedence; none,<sup>1</sup> whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in Heaven, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity  
 Could have assured us; and by what best way,  
 Whether of open war or covert guile,  
 We now debate: who can advise, may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,  
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
 That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.  
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed  
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
 Cared not to be at all; with that care lost  
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,  
 He reck'd not,<sup>2</sup> and these words thereafter spake.

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
 More inexpert, 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 lingering here  
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
 The prison of his tyranny, who reigns  
 By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
 Armed with Hell's flames and fury, all at once  
 O'er Heaven's high towers 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,  
 Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments. But, perhaps,

<sup>1</sup> Read and point thus:—

"none. Whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain that with ambitious mind  
 He'll covet more? With."—Bentley.

<sup>2</sup> Cared not.

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 benumn 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  
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then,  
 The event is feared: 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 destroyed: what can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned  
 In this abhorréd deep to utter woe;  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise<sup>1</sup> us without hope of end,  
 The vassals<sup>2</sup> of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,  
 Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus  
 We should be quite abolished and expire  
 What fear we, then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential (happier far<sup>3</sup>  
 Than miserable to have eternal being):  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:<sup>4</sup>  
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than gods.<sup>5</sup> On the other side up rose

<sup>1</sup> Harass, torture.

<sup>2</sup> Or, perhaps, "vessels," from Rom. ix. 22.—*Bentley*

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Matt. xxvi. 24. Mark xiv. 21.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. his throne upheld by fate.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. angels.

Belial, in act more graceful and humane,  
 A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed  
 For dignity composed and high exploit:  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropped manna,<sup>1</sup> 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 pleased 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 urged  
 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 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 towers of Heaven are filled  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable, oft on the bordering deep  
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
 With blackest insurrection, to confound  
 Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy  
 All incorruptible would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould  
 Incapable of stain would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
 Is flat despair; we must exasperate  
 The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,

<sup>1</sup> So, Shakspeare, Merchant of Venice, act v.

“ Fair ladie, you drop manna in the way  
 Of starved people.”

<sup>2</sup> This was the well known profession of the Sophists, *τῶν ἀφύτων ἐὼν ἤπτω κρείττω ποιεῖν*.

<sup>3</sup> Deed.

Milton has forgotten when he ~~speaks~~<sup>man</sup> of the devil Satan speak  
of the horrors of death or extinction, that there is no  
death from out eternity and that Satan is immortal  
and is <sup>in truth</sup> in immortal regions.

B. II. 146-185.

PARADISE LOST.

35 But it is very  
difficult to be  
correct in matters  
of high imagination.  
How true!

As a human  
creature this  
would have been  
magnificent

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, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? | And who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
Can give it, or will ever? | how he can,  
Is doubtful; | that he never will, is sure  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence,<sup>1</sup> 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,  
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? | Is this then worst,  
Thus fitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck  
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us? | this Hell then seemed  
A refuge from those wounds: | or when we lay  
Chained on the burning lake? | that sure was worse,  
What if the breath<sup>2</sup> that kindled those grim fires,  
Awaked should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames? | or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand<sup>3</sup> to plague us? | what if all  
Her stores were opened, and this firmament  
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; | while we, perhaps,  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled  
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, | or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. weakness of mind, want of self-restraint. Latin "impotens sui".

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Is. xxx. 33.

<sup>3</sup> "Et rubenti dextera sacras jaculatus arces."—Hor. Ode L. 4.

Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.  
 War, therefore, open or concealed, alike  
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
 Views all things at one view? he from Heaven's height  
 All these our motions vain sees and derides;<sup>1</sup>  
 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 expelled 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,<sup>2</sup> nor the law unjust  
 That so ordains; this was at first resolved  
 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 venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
 What yet they know must follow, to endure  
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of their conqueror; this is now  
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit  
 His anger, and perhaps thus far removed  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfied  
 With what is punished; whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapour, or inured not feel,  
 Or changed at length and to the place conformed  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

<sup>1</sup> See Psalm ii. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Et facere, et pati. So Mucius Scævola boasted that he was a Roman, and knew as well how to suffer as to act. Et facere et pati fortia Romanum est. Liv. ii. 11.—*Newton*.

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,  
Counselled 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  
Our own right lost. | him to unthroned we then  
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
To fickle Chance, | and Chaos judge the strife.<sup>1</sup>  
The former<sup>2</sup> vain to hope argues as vain  
The latter:<sup>3</sup> | for what place can be for us  
Within Heaven's bound, | unless Heaven's Lord supreme  
We overpower? | Suppose he should relent,  
And publish grace to all on promise made  
Of new subjection; | with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence humble, | and receive  
Strict laws imposed, | to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits  
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
In Heaven, 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 obtained  
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state  
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
We can create, and in what place so'er  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside,<sup>4</sup> his glory unobscured,

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the strife between God and ourselves.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* to unthroned the King of Heaven.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* to regain our lost rights.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Psalm xviii. 11—13, and xcvi. 2.

And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
 Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell?  
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our elements, these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
 Into their temper; which must needs remove  
 The sensible<sup>1</sup> of pain. All things invite  
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
 Of order, how in safety best we may  
 Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and where,<sup>2</sup> dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled  
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance  
 Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest: such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,  
 Advising peace; for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than Hell, so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael  
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise  
 By policy, and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.  
 Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
 A pillar of state;<sup>4</sup> deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and public care;

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* sense, sensation.

<sup>2</sup> Some editions read "were."

<sup>3</sup> Compare Virgil, *Æn.* x. 96 sq.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Shakspeare, 2 Hen. VI., act i. :—

"Brave peers of England, pillars of the state."



And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic though in ruin; sage he stood  
 With Atlantean<sup>1</sup> shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night  
 Or summer's noontide<sup>2</sup> air, while thus he spake:

“Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of Heaven,

Ethereal virtues! or these titles now  
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called  
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,  
 And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed  
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league  
 Banded against his throne, but to remain  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,  
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved  
 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<sup>3</sup> rule  
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven  
 What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
 War hath determined us, and foiled with loss  
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
 Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given  
 To us enslaved, but<sup>4</sup> custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
 But to our power hostility and hate,  
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the fable of Atlas bearing Heaven on his shoulders.  
 Cf. Eurip., Ion. i.

<sup>2</sup> “Noontide” is the same as “noontime,” when in hot countries there is hardly a breath of wind stirring, and men and beasts, by reason of the intense heat, retire to shade and rest. This is the custom of Italy particularly, where our author lived some time.—  
 Newton.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Ps. ii. 9.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. save, except.

May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
 With dangerous expedition to invade  
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place  
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
 Err not), another world, the happy seat  
 Of some new race called Man, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favoured more  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,  
 That shook Heaven's whole circumference,<sup>1</sup> confirmed  
 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 Heaven be shut,  
 And Heaven's high arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,  
 Some advantageous act may be achieved  
 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

<sup>1</sup> From Homer, *Il.* 1:—

"He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;  
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
 The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god;  
 High Heaven with trembling the dread signal took  
 And all Olympus to the centre shook."—*Pope.*

Compare Virgil, *Æn.* ix.:—

"To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,  
 The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore,  
 And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,  
 And the black regions of his brother god:  
 He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod."

—*Dryden.*

May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy<sup>1</sup>  
 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 devised  
 By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,  
 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 judged, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring arms  
 And opportune excursions we may chance  
 Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,  
 Secure, and at the brightening orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world; whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet  
 The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,

<sup>1</sup> Relative to the use of terms, denoting human affections, as applied to God, compare Tomlins on the Articles, v. ii. p. 55, and my edition of Calmet, art. ANGER.

Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive<sup>1</sup>  
 The happy isle? What strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick  
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies."

This said, he sat, and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appeared  
 To second or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others' countenance read his own dismay  
 Astonished: none among the choice and prime  
 Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found  
 So hardy as to proffer or accept  
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake  
 "O progeny of Heaven! empyreal thrones!  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seized us, though undismayed: long is the way  
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;<sup>2</sup>  
 Our prison strong; this huge convex<sup>3</sup> of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
 Barred over us prohibit all egress.  
 These passed, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential night receives him next  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him plunged in that abortive gulf.

<sup>1</sup> We should now say "arrive at." But Milton has the same idiom in his prose writings, and so Shakspeare, 3 Hen. IV., act v., "have arrived our coast."

<sup>2</sup> He had Virgil in mind, *Æn.* vi. :—

"But to return and view the cheerful skies,  
 In this the task and mighty labour lies."—*Dryden.*

My limits compel me to abstain from pointing out many other coincidences.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* vault. *Convex* is properly used of the exterior surface of a globe, and *concave* of the hollow interior; but the distinction is not always observed. Cf. *ca.* 635, "the fiery *concave*."

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 sovereignty, adorned  
 With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposes<sup>1</sup>  
 And judged of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger could deter  
 Me from attempting | Wherefore do I assume<sup>1</sup>  
 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 honoured sits? | Go, therefore, mighty powers,  
 Terror of Heaven, though fallen; | 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  
 To respite, or deceive, | or slack the pain  
 Of this ill mansion: | intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful foe, | while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliverance for us all: | this enterprise  
 None shall partake with me." | Thus saying rose  
 The monarch, | and prevented all reply,  
 Prudent, | lest from his resolution raised  
 Others among the chief might offer now  
 (Certain to be refused) | what erst they feared;  
 And so refused might in opinion stand  
 His rivals, | winning cheap the high repute

<sup>1</sup> Milton evidently imitates the magnificent speech of Sarpedon, in *Iliad*, xii. :—

" Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,  
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,  
 Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,  
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,  
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crowned,  
 Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly sound?  
 Why on those shores are we with joy surveyed,  
 Admired as heroes, and as gods obeyed?  
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
 And vindicate the bounteous powers above.  
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;  
 The first in valour, or the first in place," &c.—*P. 171.*

Which he through hazard huge must earn. | But they  
 Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice  
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
 Their rising all at once was as the sound  
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone, and as a god  
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven:  
 Nor failed they to express how much they praised,  
 That for the general safety he despised  
 His own; for neither do the spirits damned  
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad<sup>1</sup> men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief:  
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds<sup>2</sup>  
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element  
 Scowls o'er the darkened 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 damned  
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
 Of creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:

<sup>1</sup> "This remark (of the devils not losing all their virtue) I make lest bad men should boast." Such is the full sense, according to Pearce, who observes, "Milton here seems to have had in view Ephes. ii. 8 sq.: "By grace are ye saved, through faith; not of works, lest any man should boast." In which St. Paul put them in mind of that, and made that remark to prevent them boasting.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Il. xvi. :—

"So when thick clouds enwrap the mountain's head,  
 O'er Heaven's expanse like one black ceiling spread;  
 Sudden the Thunderer, with a flashing ray,  
 Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day;  
 The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes.  
 The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,  
 And all the unmeasured æther flames with light."—*Pope*

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 dissolved; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers:  
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seemed  
 Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less  
 Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,  
 And godlike imitated state; him round  
 A globe<sup>1</sup> of fiery seraphim enclosed  
 With bright emblazonry and horrent<sup>2</sup> arms  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets regal sound the great result:  
 Towards the four winds, four speedy cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy<sup>3</sup>  
 By heralds' voice explained; the hollow abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.  
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised  
 By false presumptuous hope, the rangéd powers  
 Disband, and wandering, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
 As when to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds,<sup>4</sup> before each van

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* a thick battalion or troop encircling him.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* bristling, terrible.

<sup>3</sup> This denotes any compound metal, not being used in the formation of musical instruments.

<sup>4</sup> Such phenomena have been frequently reported; never so amusingly as in "Strange and Wonderful News from Chipping Norton, in the County of Oxon, of certain dreadful apparitions which were seen in the air on the 26th of July, 1610, at half an hour after nine o'clock at noon, and continued till eleven, in which time was seen appearances of several flaming swords, strange motions of the superior orbs; with the unusual sparkling of the stars, with their dreadful continuations," &c. &c.—See Scott's Antiquary, chap. iii.

Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears<sup>1</sup>  
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
 From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.  
 Others with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar  
 As when Alcides,<sup>2</sup> from Oechalia crowned  
 With conquest, felt the envenomed 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,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle; and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should enthral to force or chance  
 Their song was partial, but the harmony  
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense),  
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
 And found no end, in wandering 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

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* fix them in their rests. The *rest* was made in the breast of the armour, and derived its name from *arrester*, to stop.—*Richardson*.

<sup>2</sup> As when Hercules, named Alcides from his grandfather Alcæus, "from Oechalia crowned with conquest," after his return from the conquest of Oechalia, a city of Bœotia, having brought with him from thence Iole, the king's daughter, "felt the envenomed robe," which was sent him by Deianira in jealousy of his new mistress, and stuck so close to his skin that he could not pull off the one without pulling off the other, "and tore through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines, and Lichas" who had brought him the poisoned robe, "from the top of Oeta," a mountain in the borders of Thessaly, "threw into the Euboic sea," the sea near Eubœa, an island in the Archipelago.—*Newton*.



Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured<sup>1</sup> breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;  
 Abhorred Styx,<sup>2</sup> the flood of deadly hate;  
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage,  
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems

<sup>1</sup> Hardened.

<sup>2</sup> The Greeks reckon up five rivers in Hell, and call them after the names of the noxious springs and rivers in their own country. Our poet follows their example both as to the number and the names of these infernal rivers, and excellently describes their nature and properties with the explanation of their names. "Styx," so named of a Greek word *στυγέω* that signifies to hate and abhor, and therefore called here "abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;" and by Virgil, "palus inamabilis, Æn. vi. 438. "Acheron" has its name from *ἄχος* dolor, and *ῥέω* fluo, "flowing with grief;" and is represented accordingly "sad Acheron," the river "of sorrow," as Styx was of hate, "black and deep," agreeable to Virgil's character of it, Æn. vi. 407: "Tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso." "Cocytus, named of lamentation," because derived from a Greek word *κωκίω*, signifying to weep and lament: as "Phlegethon" is from another Greek word *φλέγω*, signifying to burn; and therefore rightly described here "fierce Phlegethon, whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage," as it is by Virgil, Æn. vi. 550. We know not what to say as to the situation of these rivers. Homer, the most ancient poet, represents Cocytus as branching out of Styx, and both Cocytus and Phlegethon (or Pyriphlegethon) as flowing into Acheron, Odys. x. 513; and perhaps he describes their situation as it really was in Greece; but Virgil and the other poets frequently confound them, and mention

Altho' a current N of stream of Styx

This is model after sensitive vegetation because it seems to have come naturally from Milton's pen; the words are perfectly natural & it seems that no other words could be used. Nothing is strained.

obdure  
Causa de  
Causa de  
Causa de

Abhorred Styx  
Sad Acheron  
Cocytus

a fine line (liquid sound)  
[The liquid sound extends to the other line (part of)]

Daques labyrinth  
D'a que l'...

Styx  
Acheron  
Cocytus  
Phlegethon  
Lethe

One has done, out of a mountain  
fountain runs to earth  
Autry

One has done, out of a mountain  
fountain runs to earth  
Autry

Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian<sup>1</sup> bog  
 Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
 Burns frore,<sup>2</sup> and cold performs the effect of fire  
 Thither by Lurpy-footed furies haled,<sup>3</sup>  
 At certain revolutions all the damned  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire,  
 They ferry over this Lethæan 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 the attempt  
 Medusa<sup>4</sup> with Gorgonian terror guards

their names and places without sufficient difference or distinction. Our poet, therefore, was at liberty to draw (as I may say) a new map of these rivers; and he supposes "a burning lake" agreeably to Scripture, that often mentions "the lake of fire;" and he makes these four rivers to flow from four different quarters, and empty themselves into this burning lake, which gives us a much greater idea than any of the heathen poets. Besides these there is a fifth river called "Lethe," which name in Greek signifies "forgetfulness," and its waters are said to have occasioned that quality, *Æn.* vi. 714.—*Newton.*

<sup>1</sup> Serbonis was a lake 200 furlongs in length and 1,000 in compass, between the ancient mountain Casius, and Damiatra, a city of Egypt on one of the more easterly mouths of the Nile. It was surrounded on all sides by hills of loose sand, which, carried into the water by high winds, so thickened the lake as not to be distinguished from part of the continent, where whole armies have been swallowed up.—*Hume.*

<sup>2</sup> Frostily. Cf. *Eccles.* xliii. 20, sq.; *Ps.* cxxi. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Dragged. So Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 226: "who rudely haled her forth without remorse."

<sup>4</sup> Medusa was one of the Gorgon monsters whose locks were serpents so terrible that they turned the beholders into stone. Ulysses, in Homer, was desirous of seeing more of the departed heroes, but I was afraid, says he, *Odyss.* xi. :—

"Lest Gorgon rising from the infernal lakes,  
 With horrors armed, and curls of hissing snakes,  
 Should fix me, stiffened at the monstrous sight,  
 A stony image in eternal night."

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 confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands  
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, 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 feigned, or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore,<sup>2</sup> whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole. So seemed  
 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,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Tasso, iv. 5:—

“ There were Celæno's foul and loathsome rout,  
 There Sphinges, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,  
 There howling Scyllas, yawling round about,  
 There serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell;  
 Chimæra there spues fire and brimstone out.”—*Fairfax*.

<sup>2</sup> Two of the Molucca islands in the East Indian sea.

impenetrable, impaled<sup>1</sup> with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seemed woman<sup>2</sup> to the waist, and fair,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed  
 With mortal sting: about her middle round  
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing barked  
 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rurg  
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there, yet there still barked and howled,  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these  
 Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches<sup>3</sup> while the labouring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,<sup>4</sup>

*representative veri-*  
*fication; not model but*  
*somewhat*  
*stained*

<sup>1</sup> Paled in, guarded with palings. Here begins the famous allegory of Milton, which is a sort of paraphrase on that text of the Apostle St. James, i. 15, "Then when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth Sin, and Sin when it is finished bringeth forth Death." The first part of the allegory says only, that Satan's intended voyage was dangerous to his being, and that he resolved, however, to venture.—*Richardson*.

<sup>2</sup> It is not improbable, that the author might have in mind, Spenser's description of error in the mixed shape of a woman and a serpent, *Faërie Queen*, b. 1, c. 1, st. 14.

"Half like a serpent horribly displayed,  
 But the other half did woman's shape retain," &c.

And, also, the image of Echidna, b. 6, c. 6, st. 10.

"Yet did her face, and former parts, profess  
 A fair young maiden, full of comely glee;  
 But all her hinder parts did plain express  
 A monstrous dragon, full of fearful ugliness."—*Newton*.

<sup>3</sup> These superstitions, it is almost needless to be observed, were thought less ridiculous in Milton's time than in our own.

<sup>4</sup> This poetical description of Death, our author has pretty evidently borrowed from Spenser, *Faërie Queen*, b. 7, cant. 7, st. 46:—

'But after all came Life, and lastly Death,  
 Death with most grim and grisly visage seen;  
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,  
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,  
 Unbodied, unsouled, unheard unseen."—*Thyrs*

If shape it might be called that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
 For each seemed either; black it stood as night,  
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed 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.  
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,  
 Admired, not feared; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing nought valued he nor shunned;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began:

“Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That darest, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated<sup>1</sup> front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assured, without leave asked of thee:  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven.”

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:  
 “Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,  
 Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s sons,  
 Conjured<sup>2</sup> against the Highest; for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemned  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 And reckon’st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,  
 Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here and scorn  
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingering, 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 threatening, grew tenfold  
 More dreadful and deform: on the other side,  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood

<sup>1</sup> Ill-created, ill-formed.

<sup>2</sup> Plotting, conspiring, sworn against.

Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus<sup>1</sup> huge  
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
 Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,  
 With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian,<sup>2</sup> then stand front to front,  
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:  
 So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown, so matched they stood;  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe:<sup>3</sup> and now great deeds  
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,  
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat  
 Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,  
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,  
 "Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
 Against thy father's head? and knowest<sup>4</sup> for whom?  
 For him who sits above and laughs the while  
 At thee, ordained 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 returned:

"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* a length of about forty degrees, "in the arctic sky," or the northern hemisphere, "and from his horrid hair shakes pestilence and war." Poetry delights in omens, prodigies, and such wonderful events as were supposed to follow upon the appearance of comets, eclipses, and the like. We have another instance of this nature in *i.* 598; and Tasso in the same manner compares Argantes to a comet, and mentions the like fatal effects, *cant.* 7, *st.* 52:—

"As when a comet far and wide descried,  
 In scorn of Phœbus 'midst bright Heaven doth shine,  
 And tidings sad of death and mischief brings  
 To mighty lords, to monarchs, and to kings."

—Fairfax. *Newton.*

<sup>2</sup> A sea particularly noted for storms and tempests.

<sup>3</sup> Jesus Christ.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* even when thou knowest.

Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why  
 In this infernal vale first met thou call'st  
 Me father, and that phantasm callest my son;  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable than him and thee."

To whom thus the portress of Hell-gate replied :

"Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
 Now in thine eye so foul? once deemed so fair  
 In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight  
 Of all the seraphim with thee combined  
 In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain<sup>1</sup>  
 Surprised 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 countenance bright,  
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed  
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seized  
 All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid  
 At first, and called me Sin, and for a sign  
 Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,  
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing  
 Becamest enamoured, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceived  
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remained  
 (For what could else?) to our almighty foe  
 Clear victory, to our part loss and rout  
 Through all the empyrean: down they fell  
 Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
 Into this deep, and in the general fall  
 I also; at which time this powerful key  
 Into my hand was given, with charge to keep  
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat

<sup>1</sup> This description of Sin springing from the head of Satan is abridged from the classical descriptions of the birth of Minerva from the head of Jupiter.

Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transformed: but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cried out 'Death!'  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed  
 From all her caves, and back resounded 'Death!'  
 I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems,  
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and swifter far,  
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,  
 And in embraces forcible and foul  
 Engendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou sawest, hourly conceived  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounced.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,<sup>1</sup>  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finished, and the subtle fiend his lore<sup>2</sup>  
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:

"Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys

<sup>1</sup> *Stanza.*

*Lesson.*



Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befallen us unforeseen, unthought of; know  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host  
 Of spirits, that in our just pretences armed  
 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  
 The unsounded deep, and through the void immense  
 To search with wandering quest a place foretold  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round; a place of bliss  
 In the purlieus of Heaven, and therein placed  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed.  
 Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,  
 Might hap to move new broils: be this or aught  
 Than this more secret now designed, 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<sup>1</sup> air, imbalmed  
 With odours: there ye shall be fed and filled  
 Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."

He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased, and Death  
 Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw  
 Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

"The key of this infernal pit by due,  
 And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King  
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
 These adamantine gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.<sup>2</sup>  
 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 confined,  
 Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born,  
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,

<sup>1</sup> Flexible, yielding.

<sup>2</sup> Others read 'wight'

With terrors and with clamours compassed round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
 My being gavest 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,<sup>1</sup> where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,  
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers  
 Could once have moved; then in the key hole turns  
 The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut  
 Excelled her power; the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a bannered host  
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
 With horse and chariots ranked 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  
 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,<sup>2</sup> 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 mastery, and to battle bring

<sup>1</sup> Sin here speaks according to the Epicurean notion of the life of the gods. See Lucret. i. 56, sq. Apul. de Deo Socratis.

<sup>2</sup> All the ancient naturalists, philosophers, and poets, hold that, Chaos was the first principle of all things; and the poets particularly make Night a goddess, and represent Night, or darkness, and Chaos as confusion, as exercising uncontrolled dominion from the begin-

Their embryon atoms; they around the flag  
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
 Light armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
 Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's<sup>1</sup> torrid soil, *Significant to who understands Cyrene in Barca*  
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise<sup>2</sup>  
 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,  
 The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,<sup>3</sup>  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mixed  
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless the 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 looked a while,  
 Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed  
 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 Heaven were falling, and these elements  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn

*si paravallit*  
*Georgics IV.*

ning. Thus, the pseud-Orpheus, in the beginning of his hymn to  
 Night, addresses her as the mother of the gods and men, and origin  
 of all things.

So, also, Spenser, in imitation of the ancients, F. Q. b. 1, c. 5,  
 st. 22 :--

"O thou most ancient grandmother of all,  
 More old than Jove," &c.

And our author's system of the universe is, in short, that the empy-  
 rean Heaven, and Chaos and darkness, were before the creation—  
 Heaven above, and Chaos beneath; and then, upon the rebellion of  
 the angels, first Hell was formed out of Chaos "stretching far and wide  
 beneath;" and afterwards "Heaven and Earth, another world hang-  
 ing o'er the realm of Chaos, and won from his dominion." See ver  
 1002, &c. and 978.—Newton.

<sup>1</sup> A city and province of Libya.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* give weight or ballast to

<sup>3</sup> Lucret. v. 260. "Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepul-  
 chrum."—Thyer.

The stedfast carth. At last his sail-broad vans<sup>1</sup>  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
 Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast 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,  
 Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land;<sup>2</sup> nigh foundered, on he fares  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
 Half flying; behoves him now<sup>3</sup> both oar and sail  
 As when a gryphon<sup>4</sup> through the wilderness  
 With wingéd course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
 Pursues the Arimaspiā, who by stealth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloined  
 The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend  
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies;  
 At length a universal hubbub wild  
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,  
 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

<sup>1</sup> As the air and water are both fluids, the metaphors taken from the one are often applied to the other, and flying is compared to sailing, and sailing to flying.—*Newton*.

<sup>2</sup> From Lucan, ix. 304.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* he now need use.

<sup>4</sup> Gryphons are fabulous creatures, in the upper part like an eagle, in the lower resembling a lion, and are said to guard gold mines. The Arimaspiāns were a one-eyed people of Scythia, who adorned their hair with gold, Lucan. iii. 280. Herodotus and other authors relate, that there were continual wars between the gryphons and Arimaspiāns about gold, the gryphons guarding it, and the Arimaspiāns taking it whenever they had opportunity See Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 7, cap. 2.—*Newton*.

Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned  
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign, and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades,<sup>1</sup> and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon;<sup>2</sup> Rumour next and Chance,  
 And Tumult and Confusion all embroiled,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: "Ye powers  
 And spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb

Orcus is generally by the poets taken for Pluto, as Ades for any dark place. These terms are of a very vague signification, and employed by the ancient poets accordingly. Milton has personized them, and put them in the court of Chaos.—*Richardson*.

<sup>2</sup> There was a notion among the ancients of a certain deity, whose very name they supposed capable of producing the most terrible effects, and which they therefore dreaded to pronounce. This deity is mentioned as of great power in incantations. Thus Erictho is introduced, threatening the infernal powers for being too slow in their obedience, by Lucan, *Phar.* vi. 744:—

"Yet, am I yet, ye sullen fiends, obeyed?  
 Or must I call your master to my aid,  
 At whose dread name the trembling furies quake,  
 Hell stands abashed, and earth's foundations shake,  
 Who views the Gorgons with intrepid eyes,  
 And your inviolable flood defies?"—*Rowe*.

And, likewise, Tiresias, by Statius, *Thebaid* iv. 514. And Ismen threatens in the same strain in Tasso, *Cant.* xiii. st. 10:—

"I have not yet forgot for want of use,  
 What dreadful terms belong this sacred seat,  
 My tongue (if still your stubborn hearts refuse)  
 That so much dreaded name can well repeat  
 Which heard great Dis cannot himself excuse,  
 But hither run from his eternal seat."—*Fairfax*.

The name of this deity is Demogorgon, which some think a corruption of Demiurgus; others imagine him to be so called, as being able to look upon the Gorgon, that turned all other spectators to stone; and to this Lucan seems to allude, when he says:—

"— qui Gorgona cernit apertam."

Spenser, too, mentions this infernal deity, *F. Q. b. i. cant.* 5, st. 22:—

"Which wast begot in Demogorgon's hall,  
 And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade."