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Paradise lost

Milton, John

London, 1711

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[Book II]

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Paradise Lost.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel he to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven : some advise it, others dissuade : A third proposal is preferr'd, mention'd 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 inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created : Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search : Satan their Chief



lost

II.

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undertakes alone the Voyage, is honour'd
and applauded. The Council thus end-
ed, the rest betake them several ways,
and to several imployments, as their in-
clinations lead them, to entertain the
time 'till Satan return. He passes on
his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them
shut, and who sate there to guard them,
by whom at length they are open'd, and
discover to him the Gulf between Hell
and Heaven; with what difficulty he
passes through, directed by Chaos, the
Power of that place, to the sight of this
new World which he sought.

HIGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far
 Outshone the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence; and from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain War with Heav'n, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
 For since no deep within her gulph can hold
 Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
 Me though just right, and the fix'd Laws of Heav'n
 Did first create your Leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in Council or in Fight,
 Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied Throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferiour; 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
 For which to
 From Faction
 Precedence;
 Of present pain
 Will cover me
 To union, and
 More than can
 To claim our
 Sure to prof
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 We now debat
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 Stood up, the
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 Could not to
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 Contrue who
 For while the
 Millions that
 The Signal
 Heav'n's fug
 Accept this
 The Prison

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33

Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From Faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
 Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will cover more. With this advantage then 35
 To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
 Whether of open War or covert guile,
 We now debate; who can advise may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloch*, sceptred King
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
 That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair: 45
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not; and these words hereafter spake: 50

My sentence is for open War: of Wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait 55
 The Signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
 The Prison of his Tyranny who reigns

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By our delay? no, let us rather chuse, 60
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heav'n's high Towrs to force resistless way,
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
 Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his Almighty Engine he shall hear 65
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
 Black fire and horreur shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
 Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented Torments. But perhaps 70
 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful Lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend 75
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce Foe hung on our broken Rere
 Insulting and pursu'd us through the Deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from Bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred Deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end

Book II.

The Vassals o
 Inexorably, a
 Calls us to
 We should be
 What fear we
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The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge 90
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd than thus
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost Ire? which to the height enrag'd, 95
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being:
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
 Which, if not Victory, is yet Revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
 Belial, in act more gracefull and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better Reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest Counsels: for his Thoughts were low; 115
 To Vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
 Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the Ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open War, O Peers

As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120
 Main reason to persuade immediate War,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
 When he who most excells in fact of Arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excells 125
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what Revenge? the Towers of Heav'n are fill'd
 With armed Watch, that render all access 130
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp their Legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135
 With blackest Insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest Light, yet our great Enemy
 All incorruptible would on his Throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th'Ethereal mold
 Incapable of stain would soon expell 140
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure 145
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity;
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost

In the wide
 Droid of
 Let this be
 Can give it,
 Is doubtfull;
 Will be, so w
 Belike throug
 To give his E
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 Reserv'd, an
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 What can we
 Thus sitting,
 What when w
 With Heav'n's
 The Deep to
 A refuge from
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 Avia'd shou
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 Could interm
 Hired night
 Her shoes we
 Of Hell shou
 Independent h
 One day upon
 Deigning on

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 doubtfull; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through Impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel War, we are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted Veng'ance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,

Caught in a fiery Tempest shall be hurl'd 180
 Each on his Rock transfixt, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's height
 All these our motions vain sees and derides; 191
 Not more Almighty to resist our might
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
 Thus traml'd, thus expell'd to suffer here 195
 Chains and these Torments? better these than worse
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent Decree,
 The Victor's Will. To suffer, as to doe,
 Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200
 That so ordains: This was at first resolv'd
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
 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
 His anger, and
 Nor mind us
 With what is
 Will flaken, if
 Our power effe
 Their notions
 Or chang'd at
 In temper and
 Familiar the
 This honour
 Besides what
 Of future day
 Worth waiting
 For happy tho
 If we procure
 Thus Belial
 Counsel'd igno
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 Either to d
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Our supreme Foe, in time may much remit 210

His anger, and perhaps thus far remoy'd

Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd

With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires

Will slaken, if his breath stir not their Flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome 215

Their noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,

Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd

In temper and in nature, will receive

Familiar the fierce heat, and void of Pain ;

This horror will grow mild, this darkness light, 220

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 our selves more woe. 225

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in Reason's garb

Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,

Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n

We war, if war be best, or to regain 230

Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then

May hope when everlasting Fate shall yield

To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:

The former vain to hope argues as vain

The latter: for what place can be for us 235

Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme

We 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 240
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
 With warbled Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forc'd Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits
 Our envi'd Sov'reign, and his Altar breathes
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers, 245
 Our servile offerings. This must be our Task
 In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
 Our own good from our selves, and from our own
 Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
 Hard liberty before the easie yoke
 Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
 We can create, and in what place so e'er 260
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and indurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
 Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscur'd, 265
 And with the Majesty of darkness round
 Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our darkness, cannot we his Light

Imitate whe
 Wants not h
 Nor want
 Magnificence
 Our torment
 Become our
 As soft as no
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 Of Thunder
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 By policy,
 In emulation
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Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
 Wants not her hidden lustre, Gems and Gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our Elements, these piercing Fires 275
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain 285
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'rewatch'd, whose Bark by chance
 Or Pinace anchors in a craggy Bay
 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard 290
 As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: For such another Field
 They dreaded worse than Hell: So much the fear
 Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise
 By pollicy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
 Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd

A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven

Deliberation sat and public Care;

And Princely counsel in his face yet shone,

Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood 305

With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear

The weight of mighty Monarchies; his look

Drew audience and attention still as Night

Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n

Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now 311

Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd

Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote

Inclines, here to continue, and build up here

A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream, 315

And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd

This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat

Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt

From Heav'n's high Jurisdiction, in new League

Banded against his Throne, but to remain 320

In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,

Under th'inevitable curb, reserv'd

His captive multitude: For he, be sure,

In heighth or depth, still first and last will Reign

Sole King, and of his Kingdom lose no part 325

By our revolt, but over Hell extend

His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule

Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n

What sit we then projecting Peace and War?

War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what Peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return? 335
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no Assault or Siege,
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place 345
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another World, the happy seat
 Of some new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more 350
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould, 355
 Or substance, how endur'd, and what their Power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure

In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd 360
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it : here perhaps
 Some advantagious act may be atchiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waſt his whole Creation, or poſſeſs 365
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our Party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs 370
 Common Revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confuſion, and our Joy upraiſe
 In his diſturbance ; when his darling Sons
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
 Their frail Original, and faded bliſs, 375
 Faded ſo ſoon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
 Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*
 Pleaded his devilish Counſel, firſt devis'd
 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd : for whence, 380
 But from the Author of all ill could ſpring
 So deep a malice to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
 The great Creatour? But their ſpite ſtill ſerves 385
 His glory to augment. The bold deſign
 Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all their eyes ; with full aſſent
 They vote : whereat his ſpeech he thus renews,

Book II. F
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 Great things re
 Will once more
 Neer our an
 Of hole bright
 And opportune
 De-center Heav'n
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 All conſpectio
 Choice in our
 The weight of
 This ſaid, he
 His look ſuſp
 To ſecond, or

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 396
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of Fate,
 Nearer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view 394
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
 And opportune excursion we may chance [Arms
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair Light
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss, 405
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive
 The happy Isle; what strength, what art can then 410
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake

The perilous attempt: But all sat mute, 420
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept. 425

Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

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

These pass, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers, 445
And this Imperial Sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deter

Me from atten
These Royalt
Refusing to a
Of hazard as
To him who
Of hazard mo
High honour'd
Terror of Hea
While here fin
The present u
More tollerab
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Of this ill M
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Through all el
Delivrance fo
None shall part
The Mouth,
Inden, let fr
Oden among
(Gains to be
And so refus'd
Is rivals, w
Which he tho
Dreaded not
Forbidding;
Their rising
Of Thunder
With awful
Ire'll him

Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honour'd sits? Go therefore mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against the wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize 465
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th'adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475
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
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:

Nor fail'd they to exprefs how much they prais'd, 480
 That for the general fafety he despis'd
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Lofe all their virtue; left bad men fhould boast
 Their fpecious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
 Or clofe ambition varnifht o're with zeal. 485

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoycing in their matchlefs Chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Afcending, while the North-wind fleeps, o'er-fpread
 Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring Element 490
 Scowls o're the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or fhovre;
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell fweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Atteft their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495

O fhame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only difagree
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ftrife 500
 Among themfelves, and levie cruel wars,
 Wafing the Earth, each other to deftroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellifh foes anow befides,
 That day and night for his deftruction wait. 505

The *Stygian* Counsel thus diffolv'd; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers,
 'Midft came their mighty Paramount, and feem'd
 Alone th' Antagonift of Heav'n, nor lefs

Than

Than Hell's dread Emperour with pomp supreme, 510
 And God-like imitated State; him round
 A Globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent Arms.
 Then of their Session ended they bid cry
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result: 515
 Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding Alchymie
 By Heralds Voice explain'd; the hollow Abyſs
 Heard far and wide, and all the Host of Hell
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim. 520
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex't, where he may likeliest find 525
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till this great Chief return.
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift Race contend,
 As at th' Olympian Games or Pythian fields; 530
 Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
 As when to warn proud Cities war appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush
 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van 535
 Prick forth the Aery Knights, and couch their Spears
 Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast Typhaean rage more fell

Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air 540
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* Pines,
 And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw 545
 Into th' *Enboic* 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 Battel; and complain that Fate 550
 Free Virtue should enthrall 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 555
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free Will, Foreknowledge absolute, 560
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery.
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophy: 565
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel,

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Book II. PARADISE LOST. 51

Another Part in Squadrons and gross Bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge 575
 Into the burning Lake their baleful streams;
 Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
 Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the ruful stream; fierce *Phlegeton* 580
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of Oblivion rolls
 Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this floud a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that *Serbonian Bog*
 Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire. 595
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hail'd,
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,

From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice 600
 Their soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies
 All tast of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn th' adventurous Bands 615
 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary Vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a Frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of
 A Universe of death, which God by curse [death,
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire:

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,

Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
 He scoures the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery Concave towering high. 635
 As when far off at Sea a Fleet descry'd
 Hangs in the Clouds, by *Aquinoſial* Winds
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Isles
 Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
 Their spicy Drugs: they on the Trading Floud 640
 Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
 Ply ſtemming nightly toward the Pole. So ſeem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend: at laſt appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the borrid Roof,
 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Braſs,
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock, 646
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconſum'd. Before the Gates there ſat
 On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
 The one ſeem'd Woman to the waſte, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a ſcaly fould
 Voluminous and vaſt, a Serpent arm'd
 With Mortal ſting: about her middle round
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceaſing bark'd
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung 655
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they liſt, would creep,
 If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe

Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the Sea, that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse *Trinacrian* shore:
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon 665
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The Monster moving onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th'undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
 To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee. 685
 Retire, or tast thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,
 Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he.

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Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
 Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms 691
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons
 Conjur'd against the highest, for which both thou
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste Eternal days in woe and pain? 695
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
 Left with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the griesly terrour, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold 705
 More dreadful and deform: on th'other side
 Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood
 Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
 In th'Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair 710
 Shakes Pestilence and War. Each at the Head
 Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at th'other, as when two black Clouds
 With Heav'n's Artill'ry fraught, com'eratling on 715
 Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front
 Hov'ring a space, till Winds the Signal blow
 To joyn their dark Encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty Combatants, that Hell

Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like 721

To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snaky Sorcerers that sat

Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy Hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What Fury O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart 729
Against thy Father's Head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e'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 735
Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd :

So strange thy outcry, and thy Words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee ,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son ;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T'whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate repiy'd;
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight

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57

Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swim
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide, 755
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
 All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd affraid
 At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign 760
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive Graces won
 The most adverse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam'st inamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing Burthen. Mean while war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear Victory, to our part loss and rout 770
 Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this Deep, and in the gen'ral fall
 I also; at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
 These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown

Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
 From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his Mother all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry 795
 Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the Womb
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
 My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his Parent would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morfel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.

Book II.
 But thou O
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But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
To be invuln'rable in those bright Arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, thro' dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know 821
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretences arm'd 825
Fell with us from on high : from them I go
This uncouth Errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd, 835
Lest Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils : Be this or aught
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,

And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
 With odours ; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
 He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 845
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour : no less rejoyc'd
 His Mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire :

The Key of this infernal Pit by due, 850
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These Adamantine Gates ; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
 But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into the gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
 To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed :
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
 My Being gav'st me ; whom should I obey 865
 But thee, whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems

Thy daughter and thy darling, without end, 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the Gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
Which but her self, not all the *Stygian* powers 875
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate Wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
Unfastens: On a sudden open fly

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880

Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the Gates wide open flood,
That with extended wings a banner'd Host 885
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariors rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.

Before their Eyes in sudden view appear 890

The secrets of the hoary deep, and dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound, [height,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And *Chaos*, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal *Anarchy*, amidst the noise
Of endless Wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Mast'ry, and to Battel bring

Their embryo Atoms; they around the Flag 900
 Of each his Faction, in their sev'ral Clans,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, un-number'd as the Sands
 Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
 Levi'd to side with warring Winds, and poise 905
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyfs, 910
 The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shoar, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,
 Into this wild Abyfs the wary Fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pond'ring his Voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms,
 With all her battering Engines bent to rase
 Some Capital City; or less than if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements 925
 In mutiny had from her Axle torn
 The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League

As in a cloudy Chair, ascending rides 930
 Audacious, but that feat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuity: all unawares
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
 Quencht in a Boggy *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founde'r'd on he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behooves him now both Oar and Sail,
 As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
 With winged course o'er Hill or moary Dale,
 Pursues the *Arimaspi*an, who by stealth 945
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies: 950
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power 955
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne

Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep ; with him enthron'd
 Sate Sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The Consort of his Reign ; and by them stood
Orchus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
 Of *Demogorgon* ; *Rumor* next and *Chance*, 965
 And *Tumult* and *Confusion* all imbroil'd,
 And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.

T'whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and ancient *Night*, I come no Spy, 970
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
 Wandring this darksome Desert, as my way,
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
 Confine with Heav'n ; or if some other place
 From your Dominion won, th' *Ethereal King*
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course ; 980
 Directed no mean recompence it brings
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more 985
 Erect the Standard there of ancient *Night* ;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan* ; and him thus the Anarch old
 With fault'ring speech and visage incompas'd

Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown,
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious Bands
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles,
 Weakning the Sceptre of old *Night*: first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another World
 Hung o'er my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain 1005
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell;
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply, 1010
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round 1015
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
 And more endanger'd, than when *Argo* pass'd
 Through *Bosporus* betwixt the jussling Rocks:
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunn'd

Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n, 1025
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
 Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wond'rous length
 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro 1031
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night 1036
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
 As from her utmost works a brok'n foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040
 That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave with dubious light
 And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
 Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air, 1045
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off th' Empyrean Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round.
 With Opal Towers and Battlements adorn'd

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Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat ; 1050
 And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
 This pendant world, in bigness as a Star
 Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurst, and in a curfed hour he hies. 1055

The End of the Second Book.
