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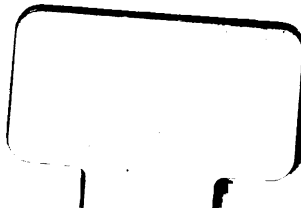
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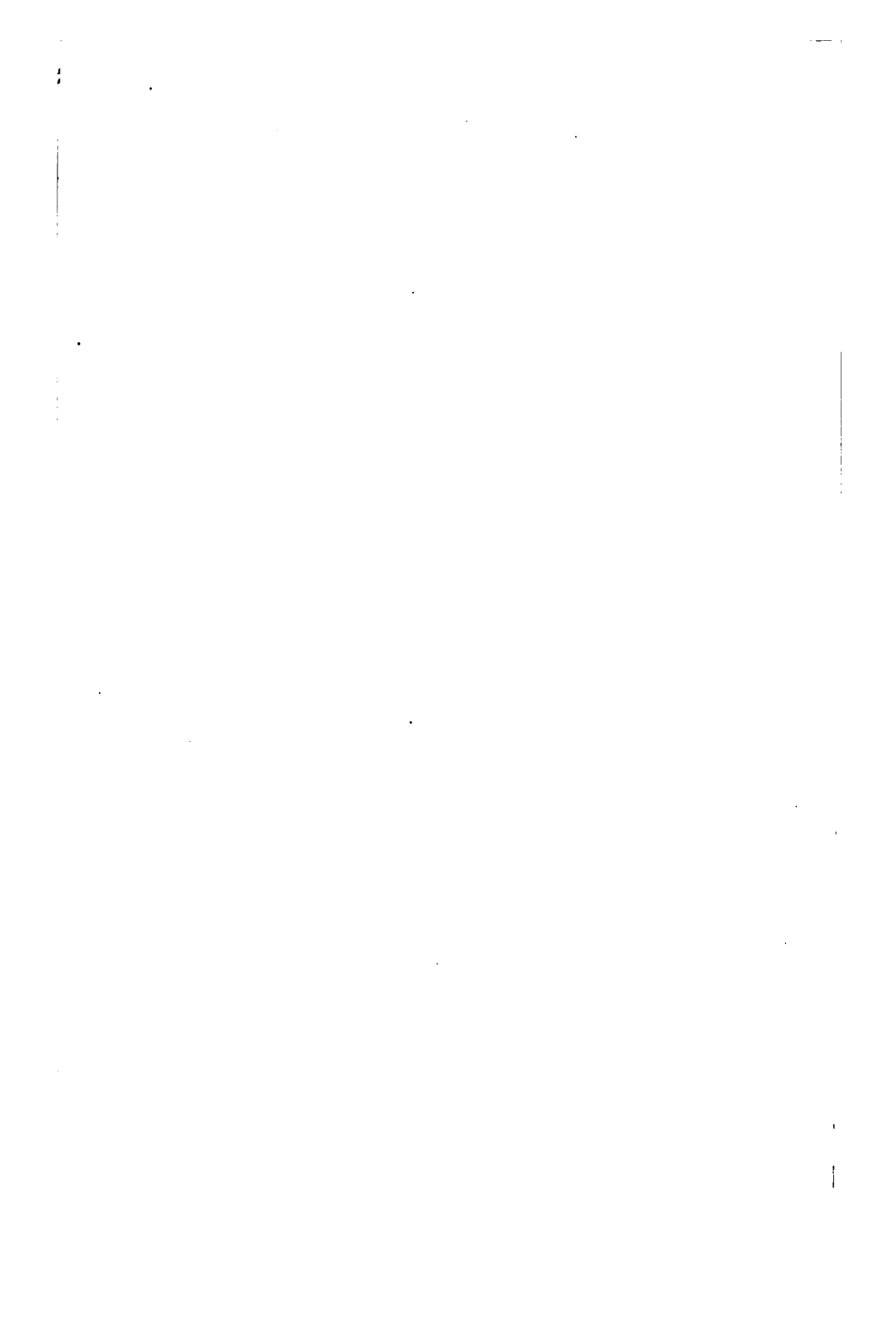


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**ADAMUS EXUL.**

LONDON 1  
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CIRCUS PLACE, FINCHBURY CIRCUS.

THE  
ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS;

OR THE

PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

FRANCIS BARHAM, Esq.

LONDON :

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER;

SIMPKIN & CO.; WHITTAKER & CO.;

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1839.

777.



[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



TO JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty of dedicating this astonishing Drama to you, because you have laboured more intensely than any of my Coleridgeian friends to promote the highest forms of literature and poetry in Britain. This noble design it was that animated you in all your contributions to the Magazines and Reviews in which we have so often written. But to my mind, this glorious ambition is still more conspicuous in the pages of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE since you undertook to edit it. It was this that prompted you to place this long-established and widely-circulated periodical on that high pedestal of catholicity so bravely illustrated by Grotius himself. When you first ventured on this measure, I admired the grand conception, the moral courage, and the intellectual truthfulness which urged you to a course so arduous and unfrequented; and I predicted, in contradiction to many literary associates, that this course would prove successful; nay, triumphant. I knew that what Schlegel had done for Germany, in his famous "Concordia;" and Guizot for France, in pe-

riodicals of consummate talent, you also would accomplish for Britain, by the agency of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and the Journals attached to it. I knew how fascinating is the exhibition of that Promethean mind with which a Magazine becomes the inspiring spirit of its age, and without which it is but a bubble on the tide of fashion. This is the scale by which thinking men measure the value of a periodical—they look for the genius, which is the power of calling up power in other souls—they look for the traces of the march of that celestial philosophy which shall yet invest our planet with imperishable lustre.

The more intelligent portion of society already takes a warm interest in your enterprise, and recognises the value of a leading Review, thus based on the broad foundation of universal truth. I rejoice to find my prediction confirmed by the fact,—by the perpetually increasing sale of a Magazine thus springing like a Phœnix from its ashes into glorious rejuvenescence. I rejoice in this renewed prosperity of a publication essentially non-sectarian,—a publication that, like an intellectual Apollo, shall diffuse a philosophic radiance over all my fellow-countrymen, be they Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Tories, Whigs, or Liberals. A publication that shall become the living focus of truth's scattered beamings; accumulating what is fairest, and dissipating what is falsest in all sects and parties. Be assured, my friend, that this success will go on geometrically augmenting so long as you support the cause of union, coalition, and harmony, with as much talent and eloquence as are displayed by cotemporary Journals whose views are differently modified.

Such is the conviction that has prompted me to dedicate to you this excelling Drama of Grotius. No one will better appreciate its merits, and the extraordinary circumstances that have attended its history. After having filled all Europe with its renown during the seventeenth century, and having struggled during the eighteenth with a series of occultations almost unparalleled in bibliography, it now, in the nineteenth, emerges the brighter for its prolonged eclipse, and glitters over the literary world. To whom can I more confidently submit this Prototype of Paradise Lost than to one, who by his recent reviews of Milton and his poetry, has achieved one of the loftiest triumphs of genius, which loves to sublimate the sublime, and beautify the beautiful.

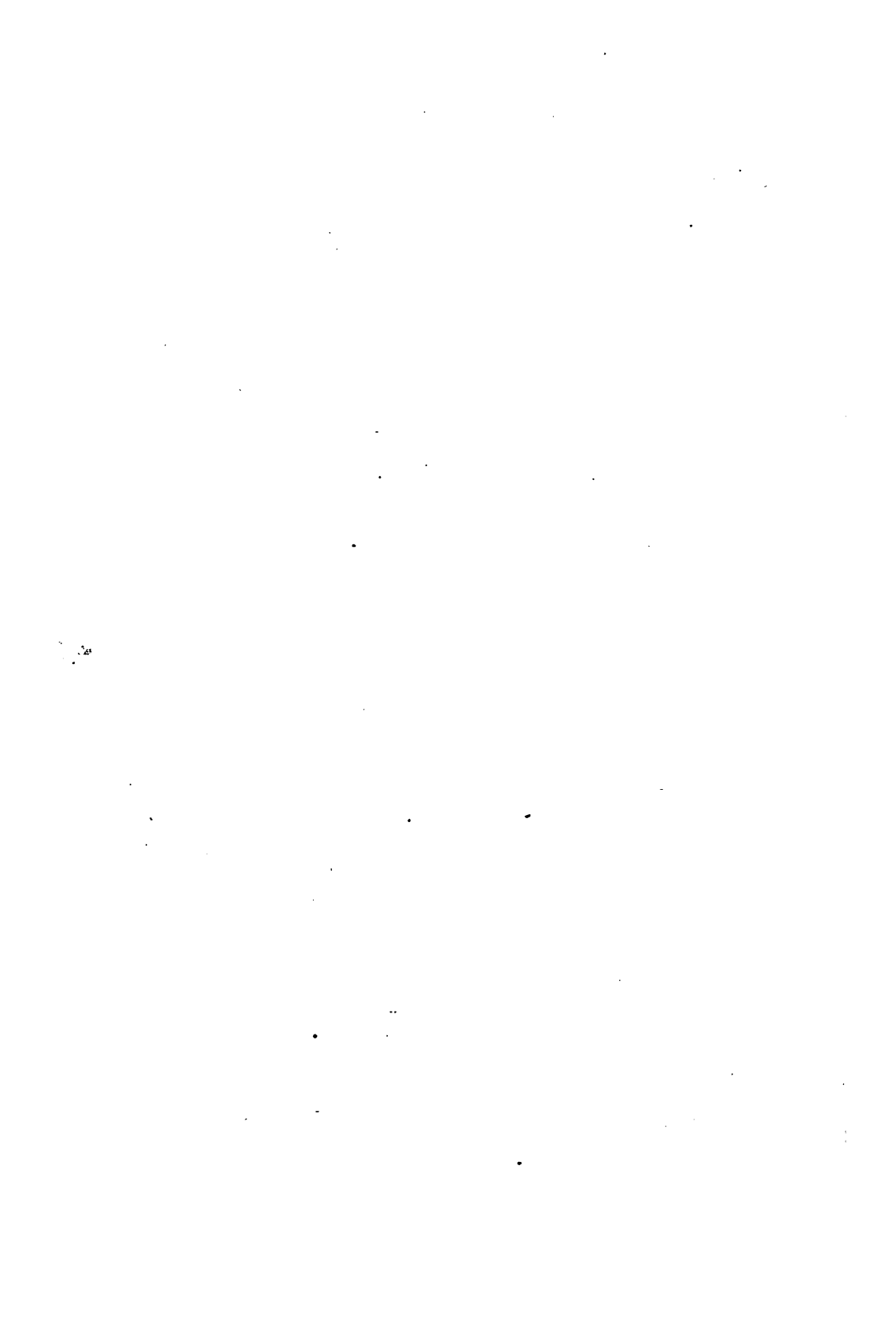
To you I feel indebted in no inconsiderable degree for the formation of my literary tastes and habits; and I would fain show my gratitude by emulating your finest compositions, which I cannot rival.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

FRANCIS BARHAM.



## P R E F A C E.

AN original copy of Grotius's *Adamus Exul*, from the Library of the late Mr. Heber, is now in my hands. It is dated 1601, *ex typographio Alberti Henrici Hagæ Comitatus*. By confirming the genuineness of Lauder's edition of this Drama, with the exception of a few verbal alterations, it has solved a question of deep interest, which has often been asked, but hitherto asked in vain.

The *Adamus Exul* of Grotius was published when he was only eighteen years of age—a remarkable instance of precocious talent, if we may venture to call that talent precocious which possesses the severest attributes of virility, without a particle of feebleness or crudeness. In writing his dedication to the Prince of Condé, at that time presumptive heir to the crown of France, he seems to have been conscious that the Tragedy was no common effort. “When,” says he, “my study of law, history, and the arts has allowed me any spare or leisure time, I have reflected to what style of composition I might best devote it, so as to amuse myself with a variety of agreeable exercises. I therefore undertook to write a tragedy, because our age is less fruitful in the loftier forms of the drama than other kinds of literature. As to my argument, I resolved it should be sacred; which, you will say, was sufficiently audacious, since now-a-days sacred themes are less generally ornamented than degraded by presumptuous scribblers. However, I laboured hard so to modify my style that nothing should appear in the present poem displeasing to the taste of Christians. It elaborates

the first grand historical event recorded in the inspired volume, the dreadful catastrophe of the Fall of Man. Many philosophical speculations occur; aye, and metaphysical ones too, respecting God, angels, and souls. It abounds, likewise, in moral, physical, astrological, and geographical topics. The example of Euripides, Epicharmus, and Ennius, induced me to aim at much variety, as a source of dramatic interest. Thus at the same time I endeavoured to cultivate religion, science, and poetry. (*Ita eisdem horis et pietatem exercui, et divinæ humanæque sapientiæ studium et poesin*.)”

The reception this Tragedy met with amongst the first scholars of the 17th century may easily be proved by the complimentary epigrams that were showered on its author. Here are a few specimens of them in free translation:—

“*Janus Doussa, to Hugo Grotius, on his Tragedy of Adamus Exul.*”

“WHY read Sophocles, and Seneca? Why peruse the dreams of Homer, his fables and prodigies? How much better to discuss subjects worthy of the Tragic Muses, derived from the volume of revelation! We would dignify by a loftier genius the dramatic buskin; we feel a strong ambition for such an enterprise. That subject so full of divine truth attracts us, which young Grotius has pointed out with his poetic finger. Here you will find no fiction of Sphynx and Scylla: the Muse of Grotius treats of *Man*. You hear of the deadly forbidden fruit, and the fall of Adam, and his banishment. Now first hath the Latin empire yielded the glory which was due only to our own city. We rejoice in a native poet, who by his original talents has achieved a great name. Great you will acknowledge him, if you consider his spirit, vigour, and arrangement, and the power of his thoughts and words. As soon as you are acquainted with these, I’ll warrant you will exclaim, ‘O Scotland! lay aside your boast of Latin verse!’ It may be difficult to introduce Jephtha into classic drama, which never owed much to Rome. It was a grander work to banish our first parents from Paradise. Alas! how unlike was that state to the present.”

*“John Meursius to the incomparable youth, Hugo Grotius, jurisconsult, on his Adamus Exul.*

“BELGIUM equals Greece and Rome in the achievements of peace and war. The award of genius was trembling in the undecided balance; the palm had not yet been allotted. None of us had before ventured to tread in the tragic buskin in which alone Belgium seemed inferior. But now, by the talent of Grotius, she hath conquered her rivals; and Greece and Rome must yield to her the laurels.”

*“Enoc Potteius to Hugo Grotius, on his Adamus Exul.*

“You sing the miracles of nature, my Grotius, in such a noble style that every one esteems yourself as a miracle. If any would celebrate you, according to your deserts, he must be endowed with a genius equal to your own.”

*“Daniel Heinsius to Hugo Grotius.*

“AT length, great father of the reborn drama, noblest light and ornament of tragic art—thou treatest the most sacred subjects with a royal eloquence. Your Adamus Exul has delighted us all. Thou art the youthful sage, that fills Holland with admiration, and Italy and France with envy. You were mature even in boyhood. Others become men by degrees—Grotius was born a man.

“Ille dum puer fuit  
Vir esse cepit: namque relliqui viri  
Tandem fuere; Grotius vir natus est.”

After my efforts to revive this great curiosity of national literature, I must record my gratitude to learned friends connected with the press. Scholars of all sects and parties have generously come forward to celebrate the name of Grotius; and the fame of his prose works is no longer allowed to eclipse the glory of his poetic triumphs. I find no reward of literary exertion more sweet and exhilarating, than this general approbation of men of letters joining to rescue this master-piece of Batavian genius



from oblivion ; and over the ashes of the mighty dead immolating the petty jealousies that are too apt to ruffle the amenity of contemporaries.

In conclusion, I would frankly confess that my translation of this wonderful drama is in some places extremely literal, and in others extremely free. In striving to make a version worthy of the original for the English reader, I was obliged to modify, enlarge, and contract many sentiments, especially those that occur in the choruses. A precise counterpart of these elaborate compositions would not have suited the public half so well as a bold paraphrase, embodying those forms of expression to which the hearts of the people are wont to vibrate.

# ADAMUS EXUL.

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## PROLEGOMENA BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE great design of the Deity in creating by his eternal Word the spiritual orders of being, involving the work of the divine Redeemer in saving and restoring them when fallen into transgression, forms the leading theme of Scripture. In connection with this, the aboriginal glory of Man in Paradise ending in his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, as explained by the inspired writers, is a topic of universal interest. This first scene in the grand drama of human destinies—this sole key to the enigmas of mortal experience—this tremendous lapse of mind and nature which has thrown so deep a colouring over all subsequent histories, has necessarily excited the most intense and scrutinising attention.

The brief yet forcible description of the sacred writers has been very differently expounded by theological investigators. Origen and some of the primitive evangelical fathers, agreeing with the Cabalistic and Gnostic dogmas, supposed this description to refer to a purely spiritual, angelic, and transcendental form of human existence, associated with the divine Word in an ethereal Paradise among the unfallen stars. Others, like Augustine, More, Brocklesby, and the symbolic Platonists, supposed it to allude to a fall of Angels, and the lapse of souls with their social stars, each retaining its proper paradise in lower and separate economies; while others, abiding by the literal account, have imagined that nothing superterrestrial, mystical, or figurative was at all intended. These several expositors have likewise entertained different notions with regard to the original sin; some, like Berrow, regarding it as the original and general lapse of souls, some, like Cudworth and Ramsay, esteeming it the lapse of our particular species into a state of materialism; and others more prudently conceiving it to be the offence of disobeying the divine command with regard to the forbidden fruit.

Among the expositors who have supposed that the Mosaic account should be construed literally, a great question has been mooted with respect to the geographical position of the terrestrial Paradise and the Garden of Eden. The true theory appears to have been nearly attained by Father Calmet, the Benedictine, in his commentary on the text in which the river which gave birth to the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Pherath

is mentioned. He imagines that these four rivers are the Phasis, the Araxes, the Tigris, and the Euphrates; and consequently, that Paradise or Eden was placed in Colchis, now Mingrelia, near the mountains of Turcomania, and that this was what gave rise to the fable of the golden fleece.

Happily this question is now nearly set at rest, Hales and Faber having well nigh demonstrated that the situation of the Garden, according to the Mosaic account, was in the mountainous region of Ararat in Armenia. And that consequently the first birth-place of mankind, and their first post-diluvian settlement, were closely approximated. This is an important discovery, as it confirms the fact that the great chains of mountains and rivers were not essentially dislocated by the flood.

A short statement of the critical situation of these rivers will give the reader the power of correcting the errors which yet remain undefeated. We cannot define the name of the river that watered the garden; but it is not so difficult to specify its four main branches. The first is Phison (a term signifying a deep or overflowing river): this stream, which is synonymous with Phasis, was the source of the Araxes, or Arras, which rises from Ararat, and separates Armenia from Media, and falls into the Caspian. Bridges have been built over it several times, but all the art of man could never make them strong enough to resist the violence of its stream. Wherefore Virgil gives it this epithet: "Pontem indignatus Araxes." Both gold and bdellium are found among the mountains that surround Havila Propria and Caspiana, through which it flows.

Now Calmet has confounded this stream—the original Phasis or river—with that other Phasis more generally known by this name, which rises in the northern range of Caucasus. For this Faber substitutes the Absarus of Pliny, or Batoum of modern geographers, which rises in Armenia and runs into the Euxine sea. But its course, as Hales justly observes, "appears too short to encompass the whole land of Havila," supposing, with him, Havila to denote Colchis, which was famed in ancient times for the abundance and excellence of its gold. "The Araxes, therefore," continues Hales (in confirmation of our theory), "seems to have a better claim, which, rising in Armenia, runs by a more circuitous course into the Caspian sea, skirting the countries of Colchis and Georgia, which lie between the two seas, and might both have constituted the land of Havilah."

But a more serious error than this respecting the Phison, is pointed out by Raleigh. It arose among those expositors who forgot to distinguish between Shem's descendant and Joctan's son Havila, to whom the regions of Caspiana, Colchis, and Upper Media were allotted, extending towards his brother Ophir's Indian possessions, and that other Havila, the son of Cush. This has given rise to the gross blunders of Wells and his followers, now nearly exploded.

The name of the second river is Gihon (an impetuous river), the ancient Choasper or Korun, which surrounds Asiatic Cush, or Ethiopia, and Susiana. Its waters are so sweet, say the ancients, that the kings of Persia drank no other; and in their expeditions they always carried some with them which had been previously boiled.

The numerous mistakes concerning this stream have arisen from

mistaking the position of Cush, or Asiatic Ethiopia, and from confounding it with African Æthiopia, more generally known by this name.

Sir Walter Raleigh has so well explained this matter, that his words are worth quoting. "After the flood," says he, "Cush and his children never rested till they found the valley of Shinar, in which, and near which, himself and his sons first inhabited. Havila took the river side of Tigris chiefly on the east, which, after his own name, he called Havila (now Susiana); Raamah and Sheba further down the river: at the entrance of Arabia Felix, Nimrod seated himself in the best of the valley, where he built Babel, whereof that region had afterwards the name of Babylonia. Cush himself and his brother Mizraim first kept upon Gehon, which falleth into the lakes of Chaldea, and, as their people increased, they drew themselves more westerly towards the Red, or Arabian Sea, from whence Mizraim past over into Egypt, in which part the Cushites remained for many years after."

The name of the third river is Hiddekel (a turbid river); or the Tigris, which goeth east of Assyria. And the fourth river is the Euphrates, so called from its eruptive violence.

It is very important to observe how closely the Mosaic account of the original glory and disastrous fall of several orders of lapsed intelligences, and in particular the sacred histories respecting the golden age of man in Paradise—his pure communion with the divine powers—the sublime condition of his faith and obedience—his seduction by infernal subtlety working on his self-esteem and ambition—his expulsion from Eden, and his exposure to all the ills that flesh is heir to—have been found to coincide with all the discoveries hitherto made respecting the mythological initiations, secret philosophy, and chronological and geographical traditions of all Gentile nations.

The study of this comparative evidence of the truth of revelation, throws astonishing light on the obscurer passages of Scripture. The reader may collect its buried fragments from very recondite and scattered sources of information. He may, for instance, derive some assistance from Kircher, Gale, Cudworth, Ramsay, Shuckford, Dupuis, Gebelin, More, Delaulnaye, Phanner, Burigne, Panza, Meursius, Rocher, Taylor, Beausobre, Reuchlin, Rosler, Creuzer, Pierius, Fludd, Agrippa, Helpen, Bryant, Oliver, Bridges, and Davies.

It is not to be supposed that a subject so full of intense interest as the glory of all created minds, the fall of angels, and the fall of man, should long be left unoccupied by the prophet bards and poets of Judah. It was evidently the first and most fascinating theme of their meditations and their songs; on it they exhausted their whole power of research and imagination, and their success is testified by a thousand passages of resplendent and imperishable verse, more or less masked by allegorical and hieroglyphic imagery, which still excite the veneration and gratify the sagacity of the student.

The early fathers of the Christian Church, some of them the most eloquent of men, were likewise distinguished by poetic honors, as might have been expected. They discoursed on these august mysteries of their religion with the demonstration of the Spirit and the power of reason, and thereto they added the glowing decorations of the muse. Augustin, Ephraim, Gregory, Prudentius, Nonnus, and the "Poetæ Christiani" of

Greece and Rome, were much engaged in the severe defence of their faith, by forcible dialectics and practical arts, but these did not hinder them from doing justice to the poetic splendors of Christianity.

Among the Christian fathers who arrayed the fall of Adam with poetical imagery, was St. Avitus, early in the sixth century. He wrote a poem, in three parts, entitled "*De Origine Mundi, de Originali Peccato, and de Sententiâ Dei.*" The learned M. Guizot has lately brought these compositions into notice, and instituted a parallel between them and Milton's "*Paradise Lost,*" which he thinks in some measure derived from them. In "*Blackwood's Magazine*" for March, 1838, this question is discussed with much ingenuity and candour.

The classic genius of the gentiles was yet more successful in investing these sublime doctrines of theology, so far as they understood them, by the aid of vague traditions, with the pomp of enthusiastic fancy, and the ornament of dazzling verse. It is no less profitable than pleasing to observe the progress of these traditions as they came into the hands of the gentile bards, dim and confused, and thence issued forth clad in the gorgeous apparel of fiction, passion, and rhapsody.

These grand themes of poetic genius continued to sow the seeds of future song in the mystical dramas and romantic legends connected with the initiations of the middle ages; and though long bewailed as dead and extinct, that seed retained an essential vitality not to be destroyed by violence, barbarism, or ignorance. It sprang up like a strong plant with the revival of letters, and with the outburst of universal reformation. It would be idle to notice very particularly the earliest compositions in the classical or modern languages relating to the fall of man. The first Latin poem of note on this subject, is the *Protagonus* of Anysius, a tragedy; the hero of which is Adam. This was published in 1535, in quarto, and was very celebrated in its day, though now little known.

The next writer of eminence on the same topic, was Zieglerus, who wrote two Latin tragedies, *Protoplastis* and *Samson Agonistes*, published in 1550.

Another writer, who followed in the same path, was Du Bartas, who wrote about 1580, a long poem in French, entitled the "*Weeks of the Creation*"—being a sort of poetic commentary on the earlier chapters of Genesis. This work was published with extensive annotations, and became exceedingly popular on the continent. It was translated into English by that most fantastical of all versifiers, Sylvester. The notes were likewise translated by another hand.

A little after, in 1593, our English poet, Hunis, or Hunnis, the translator of the Psalms, published a tragedy, entitled "*Adam's Banishment;*" which we have not met with.

Such were the compositions extant in the boyhood of Hugo Grotius, who was born at Delft, 1583—educated under the famous Francis Junius, at Leyden, in the profound study of the Scriptures, according to the Biblical commentators of his time—skilled in all the critical and varied scholarship of classical literature, and familiarized with the best compositions of the modern writers; he availed himself of his treasured resources to an extent never before equalled.

The mind of Grotius was naturally of a deeply devotional kind, and peculiarly inclined to meditate on those primary and transcendent mys-

teries of theology and philosophy so shrewdly discussed and elaborated in that metaphysical age. But his intelligence was of too bold and stalwarth a cast ever to succumb beneath the burden of abstract perplexities, or lose itself in mazes of speculative difficulty. He had that within him which could detect the hidden principle of verity beneath the cloud of superincumbent mysticism—which could follow out the golden thread of truth amid all the labyrinths of argument—grasp the only tangible and palpable forms which casuistical subtleties ever assumed—and then apply them with a curious felicity of common sense to the practical affairs of life.

But it is not our business to celebrate Grotius for his divinity, his philosophy, his jurisprudence, or his classical attainments. All these are already well known to the public. We must here confine our attention to his poetical productions, with which he seems to have amused his majestic mind from infancy to old age:—for his first sacred poems were printed at Leyden before he was 16, and he continued to write miscellaneous verses through his whole life.

Having, doubtless, in the course of his studious education, read most of the ancient and modern compositions on the Fall of Man, it appeared to him that this subject was one of the fittest possible for a noble tragedy or epic, and that nothing worthy of its sublimity had ever yet been written.

Accordingly, at the age of 18, he composed the tragedy “Adamus Exul,” which we have now translated. “Grotius (says Burigny, his biographer) did not confine himself to small pieces of verse—he rose to tragedy. We have three tragedies written by him. The first was ‘Adamus Exul.’ He sent it to Lipsius, who liked it, and it was printed at Leyden in 1601; and again in a collection of his sacred poems, printed in quarto at the Hague, 1610. His two other tragedies, the ‘Christus Patiens,’ and the ‘Sophromphaneas,’ are published in the general collection of his poems. These were translated by Vondel into Dutch; and by Sandys and Goldsmith into English.”

Whether Grotius was dissatisfied or not with this tragedy of “Adamus Exul,” the leading scholars of his time were delighted with it. It called forth the panegyric and complimentary verses of Vossius, Heinsius, Dousa, Potteius, Mersius, and others, now to be found collected in the *Grotii Poemata*, and excited very general admiration throughout Europe.

It was more or less imitated by Andreini, 1613—by Ramsay, 1633—by Masenius, 1650—and by other Latin, Italian, German, French, and English poets, who followed in the same track.

But by none was it so closely followed, so admirably emulated, and improved upon as by our Milton. The mind of Milton, originally resembling that of Grotius in many of its leading characteristics, was, like his, familiarized with scriptural, classic, and modern literature—like his, tried and harassed by the ecclesiastical, political, and literary contests of the age. The first geniuses of their respective countries, “born for whatever was arduous,” too independent to press themselves into the patronage of the nations they made glorious—too proud to ask the political rewards they merited; it was their fate to receive the honors from foreigners which were withheld by their jealous fellow-countrymen. Such were the causes of their sympathy. For Grotius, Milton acknow-

ledged a veneration and an emulous regard he vouchsafed to no other modern. With Grotius, he sympathised deeply from his earliest years; he neglected not to visit him on the continent, and gloried in his friendship as long as he lived.

It is clear, that, like Grotius, Milton also was eminently skilled in theological science, in all the cabalistic and mythological initiations, and philosophical learning of antiquity. This has been sufficiently proved by Birch, Newton, and the author of the essay on "Milton's Use of the Ancients."

But it was not to the ancients only that Milton was indebted: he availed himself equally of the moderns; and without doubt the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius furnished Milton with that seed of thought and passion which afterwards bloomed out in that "bright consummate flower," the "Paradise Lost."

Much as we detest the name of Lauder, literary justice obliges us to give that unhappy gentleman his due, which he has not yet received. He was one of the first who perceived the high probability of Milton's obligation to Grotius and the modern Latin poets. And never yet did author more cunningly combine truth and falsehood than Lauder. His learning generally enabled him to prove at least half his point, and imposture supplied all that was wanting in evidence.

Lauder was a Scotchman, a Latin schoolmaster, and a literary adventurer. In reading the first act of the "Adamus Exul," and other modern Latin poems, he could hardly fail to perceive the frequent use which Milton, conversant as he was with all curious and ingenious literature, naturally made of them,

About the year 1750, Lauder wrote some articles in the "Gentleman's Magazine," stating his discoveries. These exciting some attention, and winning the approbation of Dr. Johnson, he was induced, in the same year, to publish an Essay, entitled "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in Paradise Lost." In this work, finding his materials deficient, he unhappily endeavoured to supply the defect of his authorities by drawing largely on his own latinity.

In this Essay, in which he quotes the first Act of "Adamus Exul," Lauder says, "In Birche's Life of Milton is the copy of a manuscript in his own hand-writing, found at Trinity College, Cambridge, which contains the name of Grotius's "Adamus Exul, or Adam Unparadised or of Banishment." "This tragedy" (continues Lauder) "though it passed through no less than four editions, was never yet printed among the rest in the author's works, and was so exceedingly scarce, that I could not procure a copy either in Britain or Holland, till the learned Mr. Abraham Gronovius, keeper of the public library at Leyden, after great enquiry, obtained the sight of one, and, as I have been sometime honored with his correspondence and friendship, sent me (transcribed by his own son) the first act of it, and afterwards the rest, together with the dedication, addressed to the Duke of Bourbon.

"Now as Mr. Fenton" (continues Lauder) "as well as Mr. Phillips, Milton's nephew, informs us that 'Paradise Lost' was first written, or intended to be written, in the form of a tragedy, wherein Satan was to pronounce the prologue, the judicious reader will perceive the probability of Milton's availing himself of this literary treasure. In self-defence, I

shall, if encouraged by the public, hereafter publish the whole tragedy in the original Latin."

This promise Lauder afterwards fulfilled, and in 1752, published his "Delectus Auctorum Sacrorum Miltono Facem Prælucentium;" containing the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius, and Ramsay's "Poemata Sacra." *Having procured Dr. Parr's copy of this work, now become very scarce,—being personally assured by the late Mr. Heber that it was a faithful copy of the original editions, which, he said, he had in his own library—and having carefully examined the internal evidences,* the translator has no doubt respecting the authenticity of this tragedy. Nor has its genuineness, thus confirmed by various authorities, ever been disproved by Bishop Douglas, or other writers, who detected so many forgeries in other publications of Lauder.

In translating it, we have endeavoured to retain as much of the spirit and sense of the original as is consistent with poetical sentiment and expression. On the whole, it will be found no unjust representation of the original, though we have here and there taken the liberty to insert a few explanatory lines, and sometimes to contract that redundancy of detailed descriptions, now considered superfluous.

By thus bringing this most celebrated Tragedy to light, after its long eclipse, we hope to supply that necessary link in the series of Milton's authorities, which has hitherto been held a desideratum. If we have been at all successful in transfusing the genius and style of the original into the translation, the reader can hardly fail to perceive that religious sublimity, that moral thoughtfulness, that intellectual urgency, and manly simplicity, so strikingly characteristic of Grotius and Milton, and so miserably deficient in the poetry of the present day.

This peculiarity is well described by Professor Wilson:—"In Milton, (says he) the power of poetry seemed to expire; not merely because no voice like his was heard when his own voice had ceased, but because the very purposes of poetry seemed to be changed, and the demesnes of verse to be subjected to other faculties, and the sceptre past into unlineal hands. Milton, like his great predecessors, drew his poetry from the depths of his own spirit—brooding over nature and life—standing between the worlds of nature and man—and chaunting to men the voice of his visions—a strain that, like a bright reflection of lovely imagery, discloses to the minds of others the glories and perfections that fell beautiful and numberless on his own. The great difference between the poetry of Milton and that of our own day, is the severe obedience to an intellectual law which governed his mind in composition. The study of his poetry would be as much a work of exact intellectual analysis as that of the logical writings of Aristotle. It is evident that he was not satisfied with great conception—it was not enough that language yielded her powerful words to invest those conceptions with a living form. But he knew that when he wrote he practised an intellectual art—that both the workings of imagination, and the vivid impression of speech, must be reduced to an order satisfying to the intelligence. And hence, in his boldest poetry, in the midst of wonder and astonishment, we never feel for a moment that reason is shaken from her sovereignty over the actions of the mind. We are made to feel, on the contrary, that her prevailing overruling power rises in strength and majesty as all the powers that are subject to



her kindle and dilate. Such a character in composition, testifies not only to the sublimity of mind that formed the work, but it shows the spirit of the age. We are assured, by that evidence, had we no other, that the age which gave Milton birth had cultivated to the highest the intellectual faculties. We read, in his poetry, the severe yet painful studies, the toiling energies of thought, the labours of abstract speculation, the long concatenated reasonings which tried the strength of the human faculties in the schools. Imagination has clothed that strength with her own forms; but the strength is of severe nurture. The giant of mighty bone has heroic beauty; but the structure of his unconquerable frame is of Titan origin."

We have also endeavoured to retain something of that Miltonic cadence in blank verse, which Elton, one of our best translators, thus describes:—"The Miltonic harmony (says he) displays the power of metrical arrangement, independent of rhyme. They who criticise blank verse, as requiring helps to prevent it from lapsing into prose, or losing its distinction of measure, are not aware of the power of simple metrical division and uncertain pauses. They look at blank metre with an eye confined to simple unconnected lines, and fail to perceive that *it is not in single lines, but in a sweep of concatenated periods that the harmony of blank verse consists.*"

The public will now decide whether this Tragedy of "Adamus Exul" is not a more probable source of Milton's "Paradise Lost" than "Andreini's Adam," an Italian drama, to which this honor has been allotted by Voltaire and Hayley; or the "Paradiso Perso," defended by Pearce; or the wild romance patronised by Peck; or Silvester's "Du Bartas," criticised by Mr. Dunster, in his "Considerations on Milton's Early Reading, and the Prima Stamina of his Paradise Lost."

We may just add, that if this work should excite much interest, it is our intention to re-publish the original Latin—now extremely scarce.

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## ADAMUS EXUL.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

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### INTERLOCUTORS.

JEHOVAH.	SATAN.
CHOIR OF ANGELS.	ADAM.
ANGEL.	EVE.

### ARGUMENT.

After the Aboriginal creation, and the lapse of Angels and Spirits, Man is placed in Paradise, and the command of this lower world allotted to him; while he is forbidden to eat of the fruit of the tree, symbolical of the knowledge of good and evil. Satan, under pretence of friendship, endeavours to

persuade Adam to break the command of Heaven; and then, under the figure of a Serpent, deceives Eve, by whose solicitation her husband also sins. After receiving the promise of Redemption; they are expelled from the Garden of Eden, and delivered over to Death and human calamities.

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 ACT I.

*Satan.* The sacred Thunderer's foe, exiled from Heaven,  
 My native birthright and my home, I come,  
 Urging my desolate disastrous flight  
 From that Tartarean den, and the grim curse  
 Of dawnless midnight. Hatred of all good  
 Hath hurled me from the hereditary throne  
 Of too unblest ambition,—sowing lies,  
 And ripening damn'd sedition—terrible,  
 Unuttered and unutterable fraud.  
 Guilt is become my nature and my joy;  
 I breathe essential vice; and most I seek  
 For that selectest crime, which to conceive  
 Is luxury; and yet horror that appals  
 Great Satan's self. Aye, with this burning hope,  
 Through all these starry labyrinths, I pursue  
 My vengeance, and embark on fathomless seas,  
 Girt by the vague shores of infinity.  
 Like the devouring lion, famine-stung,  
 That, howling in his muffled ire, lays bare  
 The grisly chasm of his blood-stained teeth,  
 So forth I fare; and, hoping 'gainst belief,  
 To eclipse intensest misery, by the shade  
 Of miseries more intense, shall I not gain  
 Supremacy of ill, and so become  
 Sole despot, tyrant, and o'er all extend  
 The immense emblazed autocracy of Hell—  
 A god of gods! Ah! can I be deceived?  
 Even now methinks this poised and stedfast globe  
 Reels, rocks, beneath my incumbent weight. 'Tis well;  
 So let it be; so speed the fair design  
 Of supereminent craft. The world shall hear,  
 And hearing, blench and tremble. But, behold,  
 That Eden of our search appears. The East,  
 The effulgent Orient pours forth all his streams  
 Down its precipitous sides tumultuously.  
 Here the o'erflowing Phison issues forth,  
 Araxes' royal tide, which clothes with green  
 The Colchian plains, and clasps with strong embrace  
 Havilah, and the Caspian land of gold,  
 Bdelium, and onyx. Towards the southern shore,  
 Flows Gihon, or Choaspes, down the vales  
 Of Persian Susiana. By his side,  
 Hiddekel; the swift Tigris rolls his waves;

And furthest west, the broad Euphrates spreads  
 His giant arms invincible, and fills  
 Chaldea with his richness. Here I view  
 The Elysium of the earth—the Paradise  
 Of spirits immortal; if not lapsed so far  
 In guilt as their lost brethren; soon to share  
 Our curse, and sharing lighten or remove.  
 Here the thick spicy groves repeat the voice  
 Of many-tuned zephyr, and each tree  
 Grows sensitive of ecstasy, and thrills  
 To his most subtle whisperings. Here the light  
 Sheds forth its radiant scintillating smiles,  
 Burning yet bashfully, and gilds the air  
 With an ineffable pleasure. No damp cloud  
 Impends; nor from the vexed electric pole  
 Black tempests roar; no thunder-blasting strokes  
 Shake the sweet calm; nor triple lightnings dash  
 Their horrible vengeance o'er these happy bowers.  
 Here reigns perpetual spring, with dewy tears,  
 Dissolving the chill vapour, nor permits  
 Harsh winter's foul intrusion. Whatsoe'er  
 Is precious or desirable hath place  
 In this voluptuous empire. When the God  
 Had wrought the effulgent mechanism of heaven,  
 With glittering spheres unnumbered, and ordained,  
 In their harmonic periods, all the stars,  
 That his first works might not his last excel,  
 Like his own Son, divinest image and best,  
 Adam he formed; and man the wonderful,  
 From the small dust arose. To him he gave  
 Princedom and lordship o'er this planet Earth;  
 To him authority o'er all its kinds  
 Of living forms or dead. And to increase  
 The joy of this imperial son of clay,  
 An Eve, the mother of his tyrannous heirs,  
 Hath Heaven provided. Sooth to say, the world  
 Was rarely more surprised than when the bone  
 Of this sleep-cumbered Titan did assume  
 That feminine form of beauty, which her spouse  
 Declares his supereminent, his best,  
 First, last, in love-taught oratory. And now,  
 Both naked, walk this wilderness of sweets.  
 All modesty they have; but nought of shame,  
 It seems; for dreams of shame and infamy  
 Have yet disturbed them little. So they dwell  
 In worship, praise, glory, and innocence;  
 Smiling at death, pain, and the envenomed stings  
 That wait on guilt. Alas, my stricken soul!  
 Alas, my blasted heart! and my despair!  
 How much we differ now! Whence have we fallen?  
 What crime committed? We, the sons of God,

Coevals of the heavens, the fabricators  
 And charioteers of stars and satellites,  
 Unscathed by bickering tongues of fire ; unchilled  
 By icy shudderings of remorse ; uncased  
 In foul and dissoluble elements  
 Of rank materialism. We angels, then  
 Were gods, and mates for gods. But now we live,  
 If death and life be one, and coexist,  
 We live alone to torture. We are free  
 Only to drag the galling cankering chains  
 Of desperation tighter—to augment  
 Ruin by ruin, and for ever heap  
 Damnation on damnation. O that death  
 Were still discoverable—the dreamless sleep  
 Unknown as yet to human fear—to me  
 Is fancy's chiefest bliss ; and hopelessly  
 I hope to find perdition swallowed up  
 By blest annihilation, and all hell  
 Self-burned into oblivion, self-consumed.  
 That triple hell, in ether, ocean, earth,  
 Grows worse in every stage, even to the last.  
 There in the flaming centre of the globe,  
 That last worst mansion is, which to its maw  
 Insatiable all spirits lapsed, and robed  
 In matter doth impel. The cave of night,  
 The abyss of shadows, the unfathomed pit,  
 Yawns for its prey ; and down its grim descent  
 A vortex of unutterable woe  
 For ever boils. Wild Horror's self grows dumb  
 While the voraginous whirl of agonies  
 Rebells thro' the vaults of blank despair.  
 Hither heaven-blasting Lucifer was hurled :  
 Here Satan reigns o'er all his giant hosts  
 Of angel warriors, heroes but in vain ;  
 For now the awakened and unquenchable wrath  
 Of the stern Thunderer wastes us, and becomes  
 Our omnipresent torture, which still goads  
 And galls and blisters. Conscience ever hurls  
 The metaphysical lightnings of remorse  
 Thro' the vexed heart, the heart that inly bleeds  
 With anguish, yet repents not. Sometimes grief  
 And passionate rage by turns usurp the sway.  
 The criminal o'erwrought, and rung with pain,  
 Dares his great foe to battle, and defies  
 His worst of torments ; for all change relieves  
 The sad monotony of woes eterne  
 As hell wherein we writhe. But most of all  
 Good company shall cheer us, and wild wail  
 Shall wear the charm of sympathy, at least  
 If craft can win what courage can but lose ;  
 For this I stand in Eden. Adam lives,

No doubt, most genially, with his fair bride,  
 Rejoicing in safe wedlock : his whole soul  
 Is glorified within him, and he boasts  
 To fill my vacant throne, and be a god,  
 Or, like a god, among the immortals. I  
 Will work on his self-flattery. Not for this  
 Do I renounce my vengeance, till I wreak  
 My wrongs and griefs on him, whom to destroy  
 Shall vex the court of heaven. All peace forsworn  
 The unconquerable soul within me vows  
 Eternal war unsparing and unspared ;  
 My violent heart o'ercharged with direst curse,  
 Burns to inflict the infliction. I will bring  
 His proud soul under, or be double damned.  
 Doth he not mock me, laugh to bitter scorn  
 My prowess and assaulting, while, with brow  
 Of worship and calm reverence, he pursues  
 The steep ascent to heaven. Satan, beware !  
 Beware in time ; be watchful, else this butt  
 Of thy supreme chicanery shall assume  
 The post among the immortals, which he holds  
 With such propriety of lordly grace  
 Amid the earth-sprung legions. Then, indeed,  
 Unhappy Lucifer, thou might'st indulge  
 The crimson blush of impotent shame, to find  
 Thy vacant thrones and palaces on high  
 Filled by these dust-born insolents. Awake !  
 Arise ! proud fiend ; bestir thy battailous strength—  
 O arm of power, unmatched of all but one—  
 And crush the pitiful fools, who thus attempt  
 To ape, to insult their noblers ; who, like dwarfs,  
 Would ride on prostrate giants, famed of old.  
 Hell ! I invoke thee ! Ye Tartarean powers  
 Lend me your blasting influence. And ye, too,  
 Chaos and Night, your emulous arms array ;  
 Thrones, dominations, all from heaven accursed,  
 Therefore with me confederate and conjoined,  
 And hurl one mingled ruin on the foe.  
 Let Pride, o'erwhelming and invincible Pride,  
 Marshal our ranks ; and infidel Blasphemy,  
 And Error's pitchy shade ; Ambition, Strife,  
 The insatiable avarice of new gains ; the lust  
 Of riotous appetites, the faith of lies  
 And levity, credulous of things unknown,  
 These be our ministry, our harbingers  
 Of Victory. Pests and plagues, ye snaky train,  
 Ye clinging curses, ye soul-blistering stings,  
 Burst your infernal gaol ; come one, come all,  
 In your black pomp of horrors, and invade  
 This Paradise of Earth. With venomous frauds  
 Stir the clear soul of man ; with goading thoughts

And carking cares assault him. Let no art  
 Of malice be forgot. In Eden's bound  
 Hath God two trees, of Life and Knowledge, placed.  
 The first, of faith symbolic, he permits  
 Adam to eat; the other he denies,  
 Lest eating, he grow wise in that sad lore,  
 Knowledge of good and ill, and good by ill,  
 Which we have proved full bitter, for with this  
 Is death inseparably linked. E'en here  
 The broad Euphrates flows, and on his banks  
 This fair and notable tree, with leafy hair  
 Splintering the purple day-beam. On each branch  
 The odorous and spirit-tempting fruit  
 Hangs lusciously: the colour, burnished gold,  
 Raptures the eye, and wakes refined desire  
 To taste the inviting store voluptuously.  
 But God forbids to touch, much more to pluck,  
 The delicate banquet; and his fixed command  
 Hath ratified by penalties of death.  
 As yet this man is innocent, unshamed  
 By aught of vice; he walks the middle track  
 Of virtue: yet in vain self-confidence,  
 Whene'er he lists, may turn to each extreme.  
 When Satan blows the wind, shall it not bend  
 This strained freewill, so boasted, yet so frail?  
 On this I build my hope; for on this warped,  
 This weak, this blind, this hoodwinked side of man,  
 Will I begin the assault. Here I obtest  
 Thee, my presiding genius. All thy powers  
 Of infinite invention, and each art,  
 Graceful to cheat, and flattering to destroy;—  
 If man's temptation-proof, not so his spouse.  
 Him I'll befool by her; for lighter far  
 Her soul, and more fantastic, sound command  
 Prone to forget, and mischief apt to learn,  
 And variable as fancy. Much she longs  
 Herself to indulge, and in o'erweening hope,  
 Preoccupies high things; and most she loves  
 All gifts denied her: all habitual goods  
 With her grow stale, and pall upon her sense;  
 While with preposterous curiosity  
 She probes the unknown, and doats upon the strange.  
 Already sick of permanent bliss, and tired  
 Of blest repose, her rash inconstancy,  
 Her hot ambition, and the unmatchable hue  
 Of these mysterious and most magical fruits—  
 All, all are in my favour: and without  
 These friendly adjuncts, could I else but win  
 The Devil 'gainst the Woman, shrewd enough  
 Without my aid to cull the flowers of sin.  
 But will she hear me, one whom she esteems

So ugly, spiteful, horrible, and black ;  
 Or lend the amicable womanly ear  
 To her foul foe ? Nay, in my righteous soul  
 I must dissimulate hatred, I must cloak  
 The goblin to the heel ; for he who cheats  
 Too openly, doth aid the antagonist most,  
 And wrong himself much more. He ne'er can give  
 Malice fair play, who doth not malice hide.  
 'Tis easy love to feign ; and she who takes  
 Feigned love for true, doth lie to her own soul.  
 Too credulous hope is but self-mockery ;  
 But if quite firm in goodness, if self-will  
 For once befriends her, and her placable ear  
 Is obstinately denied me, in new forms,  
 New shows of blandishment, will I succeed.  
 No eye of mortal can the subtle fiend  
 So finely masked discern, no hand detect  
 The inscrutable demon. Such a form I'll try,  
 Form without substance, a pure phantasm only  
 Of plausible beauty ; for if ghostly thing  
 Doth dress itself in body, and assume  
 Aught of material lineament, at once  
 The imposture shall be proved. I will avoid  
 This marplot of ambition, and connect  
 My diabolical mind with that lapsed soul  
 Of undiscoverable craft which fills  
 The serpent and his sons. And thus unknown,  
 My lubricating snakeship will I wind  
 Cunningly onward, and, observing all,  
 Traverse this haunted garden, self-involved,  
 In mazy complications. I can coil,  
 And turn, and turn, and go straight on. Sweet words  
 Must hang upon my triple-forked tongue,  
 From which the honied prodigality  
 Of guile, into her ear distilling, shall  
 So metamorphose her, she shall become  
 All appetite to taste, all hand to pluck  
 The golden ruin. Wherefore more delay ?  
 This very day, this hated man shall like  
 A god o'errule me, or a beast subserve.

*Chorus of Angels.*

They who from the ethereal height  
 Of heaven, audaciously despise  
 Those beings of a lowlier flight,  
 Who dwell beneath more dusky skies,  
 Beware ; beware, ye proud ones, lest  
 Like one our pure lips never name ;  
 Ye learn how sweet the immortal rest  
 Only by contrast with the pain

Of sleepless agonies.

Lo he

Who late in heaven resplendent shone,  
Now writhes in wordless ecstasy  
Of woes, unpitied and unknown.  
He who refused to call his God  
More than his equal, now is cast,  
By all despised, by all abhorr'd,  
To weep for glories ever past  
From his lost soul.

How like the star

Of orient day, once beamed he forth,  
Dazzling all eyes, and scattering far  
His burning splendours south and north ;  
Like Lucifer, the prince of light,  
He led the morning stars along ;  
Now Hesperus, of ominous night,  
His sole compeers, the infernal throng,  
He walks in darkness.

Happy they

Who like the unfallen angels dwell,  
And celebrate their Deity,  
With voice of music's choral swell,  
From Heaven's empyreal citadel  
Where God is light. Whose truth and love  
Are sun and moon ; whose genial rays  
Send rapture thro' all hearts above,—  
The voiceless joy,—the sweet amaze.

But he, alas ! how sad the dream  
Of our fallen brother, outcast, lost ;  
Who glides on the portentous gleam  
Of bursting meteors, shattered, crost ;  
Whose wild, oblique, and quivering course  
Rocks the firm poles, and hurrying by,  
With passion-winged remorseless force  
Scares the bright armies of the sky,  
Dancing perpetual jubilee.

And now he goes, in all his power  
Of blasted treachery, to abuse  
That human race, which to this hour  
Is holy, just. Will these refuse  
The fair seduction ? Will they stand ?  
Or, like our lapsed and exiled foes,  
Sink from the glory and command  
Of virtue, to the accursed woes  
Which crush the apostate and the damned ?



## ACT II.

*Adam.* The day arises, and the trooping shades  
 Of night are scattered. Lo, the orient sun,  
 With golden frontlet, glitters o'er the hills,  
 And all the stars hide their diminished heads.  
 O how immense is He, who steadfast, fixed  
 With his unseen and thunder-grasping hand,  
 Rolls the celestial axle, and its poles,  
 Whereon the multitudinous universe  
 Of gorgeous constellations still revolves,  
 Most musically eloquent! They praise  
 The law of Him the omnipotent, and weave  
 Eternal harmonies of mind and thought,  
 Nature, and time, and season. Like a hymn  
 Of visible worship, doth their choral pomp  
 Spell-bind the soul. It is the heart's own voice,  
 Heard by the heart alone, while in the ear  
 Silence is tranced with mystery. Still, methinks,  
 The immeasurable armament of stars,  
 This host of heaven, with wordless melodies sweet,  
 Solicit man's devotion, and awake  
 Ambition more divine—the emulous thirst  
 Of fame, like theirs the immortals, which indeed  
 Might have been ours, or yet perchance may be.

*Angel.* O happy those, in whom the image of God  
 Ingrafted in the heart, daily expands  
 Its boundless aspirations; on whom faith  
 And holiest veneration, and no less  
 The metaphysical intellect and discourse  
 Of reason have been lavished! Dost thou see,  
 Father of men, how vastly thou excellest  
 All thy terrestrial subjects? Thou hast mind,  
 The imperishable luxury of gods,  
 Thou immortality of hope. Behold  
 Thy gifts of conscience, reason, active power  
 Of self-producing, self-combining all  
 Innate ideas of intellectual truth,  
 Intelligible abstract principles,  
 Illimitably applicable. These,  
 With minds in matter more involved, show forth  
 Much less of moral instinct; oft the sport  
 Of passive and particular phantasies,  
 Which to combine they know not, nor apply  
 To more than small experience doth enforce,  
 Or smaller wants solicit. So much they  
 Beneath thy scope have lapsed, and been ordained  
 Thy servants, their free service usefully  
 To employ, tho' of abuse responsible.

*Adam.* Blessed be God! the eternal God and Sire  
 Of gods and men. His omnipresence fills  
 All minds, all bodies; no beginning, he  
 No end doth know; no equal, in all else  
 The self-omniscient. Unto him no form  
 But light, and but infinitude no place;  
 God's life, it is eternity; his end  
 His proper possibility. All hail!  
 Paternal and imperishable God!  
 One, only One, thou dwellest, yet dost contain,  
 In unity, triplicity of minds,  
 Powers, and relations. O majestic Fount  
 Of Goodness! Origin of vital Truth!  
 Thy divine Son and Wisdom, unto whom  
 Wishes are works. He, whatsoever ill  
 With wings of gloom o'ercasts the unwary soul,  
 Dispels; and with the ever genial spirit of love,  
 Doth soothe all sorrows, and all sins forgive.

*Angel.* Well hast thou spoken, O Adam! God in thee  
 His image hath infused, and therewithal  
 Divinest truths which teach thee what he is;  
 Him know we but in part—Himself alone  
 Himself throughout discerns—the which he views,  
 And viewing doth admire; enjoys all good  
 Which creatures share in fragments of delight.  
 Yes, God is supreme Mind, the Spirit that fills  
 The universe, impregnates and informs;  
 He is the Truth; all truth he therefore knows.  
 All good is He; He is the cause of good,  
 Which like an emanation doth proceed  
 From its unfathomable source. We stand  
 Nearest to Him, his chosen ministers,  
 Cherub and seraph, archangelic powers,  
 Who work His will; but in His holy sight  
 Heaven is not pure, and we, with folly charged,  
 Blush, and with veiling wings our brows o'ershade;  
 O how remorsefully; and far removed  
 From that most incommunicable fire,  
 Which, Iris-like, involves the unconquered throne.  
 Such are his ministers, and such are yours,  
 For he doth send us to you, to protect  
 Your worship and your innocence; and thus  
 We pass 'twixt heaven and earth, 'twixt earth and heaven,  
 Viewless and momentarily. Yet not the less  
 Pure indivisible minds, which though indeed  
 Not gifted with ubiquity, are here  
 And there, as instantaneously as light.  
 Adam, how boundless our felicity,  
 Thou may'st conceive, may'st feel. Still be it ours  
 To will even as God wills, and urgently

Work out his just commands—his praise extol,  
 Cherish his love, and learn his hidden truth,  
 Which secret things makes manifest, and search  
 Its works, which are the index of the power  
 Which formed them so resplendent, and preserves.

*Adam.* Truth is in all thy words ; and since the day  
 Of my mysterious birth in this new sphere,  
 Wherein I wakened and beheld a world  
 Of vital miracles round me, hath my soul  
 Burned with a still yet quenchless appetite  
 To know the occult philosophy of things.  
 Stupid, and crushed with ignorance, I live,  
 Not in myself, but in the vague amaze  
 Of all external marvels. O my guide,  
 If thy swift-thinking passion-stirring mind  
 One vacant hour can idle, ah disperse  
 This thick cloud of wild wonder, and instruct  
 With angel-wisdom a poor child of clay !

*Angel.* O Adam, One Almighty Word there is !  
 He from his still eternity went forth,  
 And did with intellectual plastic power  
 Inform that spiritual element, which none  
 Can understand, whether divine or not,  
 Whose form is Nature, and whose course is Time.  
 From hence the immortal Chorus, sons of God,  
 The angelic host arose, and with them sprung,  
 Adapted to their minds, those physical stars  
 Of morning, which did sing Creation's birth.  
 Thus was God's primitive universe all light,  
 All glory, all renown, till Lucifer,  
 Chief of the angel guardians of the stars,  
 Rebelled in heaven, and grisly war disturbed  
 The prime crystalline spheres. Michael opposed,  
 With all the heroic loyalty of heaven,  
 The apostate foe ; and him, with all his powers  
 Of impious demons and Titanian stars,  
 Hurl'd from the effulgent centre. Hence arose  
 The purgatorial gulf of exiled Nature,  
 Chaos and Night, the immeasurable mass  
 Of mixed material elements, and forms  
 Shattered in ominous ruin. Then at last  
 The Spirit of God moved on the murky face  
 Of the confused abyss, and, with the swift  
 And thought-winged powers that work the Almighty's will,  
 The lapsed intelligences of fallen worlds  
 Roused from their torpid trance ; and these disposed  
 Over new suns and planet earths to prove  
 Moral probation, such as best befits  
 Immortal souls in mortal forms confined.  
 The best of these that least had forfeited

Their once angelic attributes, he placed  
 In pleasant places, Gardens of Paradise,  
 Whether ethereal, or with matter mixed,  
 Like this thy earthly Eden. But the rest,  
 Satan, and those his diabolic fiends,  
 Stung by intenser guilt, these worse chastised  
 In air, and sea, and subterranean gloom,  
 Rage, but repent not. Oh of these beware,  
 For their sole aim is to seduce to ill  
 Returning souls aspiring after heaven ;  
 Nor fraud nor force are spared how to ensnare  
 The unwary pilgrim, and his hope destroy.

*Adam.* Methinks I understand thee, how the vast  
 And gorgeous constellations we behold  
 At midnight, and their filial families,  
 Rose into being. Now, O seraph, say  
 Whence our peculiar system, whence our sun,  
 Our planets, earths, comets, and satellites,  
 Sprung in their order, like the hosts above.

*Angel.* When the ethereal universe of stars  
 Had full four times revolved, the fiery source,  
 The vital flame and principle of things  
 Gathered itself towards thy solar sphere,  
 And stirred the floating atmosphere, and all  
 Aerial fluid elements around  
 To swiftest vortices. From hence the birth  
 Of all your system sprung. Your glittering sun,  
 Your planet earths, on fixed harmonic scale  
 Revolving, and their satellites, and those  
 Mysterious cometary bands which sweep  
 The purple hollowness of heaven, and plunge  
 Through fierce extremes of blistering heat and cold  
 Alternately, and with tumultuous fears  
 Perplex the peaceful denizens of heaven ;  
 All these, with spiritual agencies,  
 And elemental powers invincible,  
 Are furnished, and no less with living souls  
 In various forms invested, masked, disguised,  
 And carcerated in matter, which to learn,  
 And their strange destinies, thy restless thought  
 Shall ever seek and ever hope to find.

*Eve.* O my immortal spouse, my best delight,  
 My solace, I have sought thee far and near—  
 Among our bowers of bliss ; I cannot live  
 But in thy presence ; with thee I inhale  
 The element of living love, but torn  
 From thee I faint, my feeble pulse forgets  
 Its joyous dance, I languish, and I die.

*Adam.* Soul of my soul, life of my life, my Eve,

My own heart-born sole partner, without whom  
 Ease could not soothe, and pleasure cannot please,  
 How doubled is my rapture, when I share  
 Rapture with thee, and, by imparting, gain.  
 Alone with his Great Maker, man may be  
 O'erwhelmed in solemn ecstasies, and seem  
 To lose himself amidst the thrilling awe,  
 The keen sweet horror of delight, which fills  
 Cherub and seraph. But the human heart  
 Hath thought and feeling far too frail and mixed  
 For the pure unity of Godhead. These  
 We pant to share, we agonise to pour,  
 The treasured tenderness of aching breasts  
 On our own bright similitudes who thirst  
 Thus to receive and give. This fond desire,  
 Dearer than all enjoyment, this wrought tide  
 Of passionate anxieties doth make  
 The element of love, the bliss of bliss ;  
 Such my serene experience, since I lay  
 In that most death-like slumber, and did dream  
 Of some fair angel-creature like to thee,  
 And woke and found thee fairer than all dreams.

*Eve.* Thy words are more than music ; thou to me  
 Art all in all of blessing. All things sweet  
 With thee and thy dear smile, without thee seem  
 To lose their proper nature, and become  
 Harsh and embittered as the name of death.

*Adam.* So last our mutual love, so burn the fire  
 Of worship, and this passion-glowing charm,  
 On the heart's stainless altar. Hand in hand,  
 And soul in soul, commixed, we'll venerate  
 The name of Him, the Author of our joys ;  
 Him, our first love, our last ; his laws obey,  
 Emulous in sweet rivalry of praise,  
 And never let a vain or impious wish  
 Seek the forbidden fruitage. Ah, methinks  
 I hear, on the soft billows of the wind,  
 Ethereal music streaming ! List ! e'en now  
 The angelic choirs hold jubilee, and sing.

*Chorus of Angels.*

Father of all ! thy boundless praise  
 Eternal, yet for ever new,  
 We celebrate in symphonies  
 Of choral hymns. Upon the blue  
 Waves of this earthly atmosphere  
 The voice of our outgushing love  
 Floats joyously, for Thou art here  
 Present, as in the stars above.

Thee the sun doth ever sing,  
 Glorious in his giant might,  
 Girding with electric ring  
 Each thunder-belted satellite ;  
 In his blaze we seraphs fly,  
 Light and love in every plume,  
 And from his beams all earnestly  
 Drink living splendors, and relume  
 The faded hues of ecstasy.

Thee the starry hosts obey,  
 Dancing in their mazy mood ;  
 Earth's far planet owns thy sway  
 In its exiled solitude.

O thou central Home of rest,  
 North, and south, and east, and west,  
 Point to thee, the first, the best ;  
 Bless thy bounty, and are blest !

Thee, the breezy zephyr calls,  
 Waving light his viewless fan ;  
 Thee, the roaring seneschals  
 Of tempest and mad hurricane,  
 Invoke. The flashing lightnings dance  
 Before thee, and grim thunders play,  
 But harm not the fair countenance  
 Of earth on this her natal day.

Mountain-torrents clap their hands,  
 Mighty rivers sound thy praise,  
 Wandering streams of every land,  
 Murmuring thro' their tangled ways,  
 Towards the great ocean,—azure glass  
 Of the eternal skies around,  
 O'er which the entrancèd spirits pass,  
 Mingling strange voices with its sound.

When liquid day comes glittering through  
 The golden vistas of the dawn,  
 Man and his subject race anew  
 Rise up, exulting in fresh morn :  
 And every fierce and savage brood,  
 That nightly blood-stained revels swell,  
 Glide to their forest solitude,  
 And all day long keep centinel.

Here, by the heavenward hills supplied  
 With living waters, thou dost make  
 Sweet fountains gush on every side,  
 In which wild beasts eagerly slake  
 Their thirst ; and o'er their shining way  
 Poetic birds rejoicing sing,  
 And fill the vocal woods all day  
 With music's loveliest echoing.

And ever as the enlarging flood  
 Sweeps thro' the plain or vallies deep,  
 Glad herds of cattle gather food,  
 And glittering flocks of snow-white sheep ;  
 There fruits and flowers perpetual bloom,  
 And golden harvest, oil and wine,  
 Rich store, whereby fell famine's doom  
 Is banished from this earthly line.

All and each, through years untold,  
 Shall flourish forth, and, flourishing,  
 Add gift to gift, till time grows old,  
 When the tired ages fold their wing,  
 And fade into the eternity,  
 From whence fresh glories ever burst,  
 Never exhausted ; for the first,  
 Midmost, and last, all equally  
 Praise forth the ineffable Deity.  
 Satan comes to blast the ball,  
 Shall he conquer, shall he fall ?

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### ACT III.

*Satan.* I see my foe approaching, with proud steps  
 Haughty and self-collected. Now the hour  
 Is ripe for my revenge—he comes alone,  
 His heaven-descended guardian hath retired  
 From his frail impotent charge, and now he falls,  
 Unaided, undefended. With the cords  
 Of errors quite inextricable I  
 Will fetter his doomed soul—the snare is laid—  
 Beneath the mask of well dissembled love  
 Hatred lies coiled and basking. Even now,  
 With greedy and insatiable thirst of blood,  
 My teeth I grind, impatient to devour.  
 Ah, but I'll watch the occasion—like the wolf,  
 With fiery glistening eyes and lips of foam,  
 Watches the feeble sheep. Afar he stands,  
 Silent in keen resolve, and hesitating,  
 Suspends the uplifted step till now he sees  
 His prey more favourably exposed to fate,  
 Then speeds his stealthy course exultingly,  
 Bristles his ragged locks, and half reveals  
 The grisly horror of his gory tusks.—  
 So let me deal with man—and so disguise  
 The immedicable wound with honied words.

(*Adam enters*).

Lord of the earth, and emperor of the sea !  
 Adam, majestic Adam, let me kiss  
 Thy princely hand, and bow me at thy feet.  
 Ah ! wherefore frown'st thou—rather on me bend  
 Thy genial smile benignant—for me too  
 The Almighty formed thy elder brother, high  
 Above thee throned, amid the glittering spheres  
 Of spirit-robing ether.—And thy God  
 Vouchsafed me the choice privilege to lead  
 A thousand, thousand friends. Now he forsakes,  
 And those perfidious and forsworn compeers  
 Desert me too—blind followers of blind chance ;  
 But thou august, indulgent, too benign  
 To harbour weak resentment, thee I sue  
 For pity if not friendship, and implore  
 The eternal pledge of amity, the bond  
 Of fellowship—But why that cloudy brow ?

*Adam.* Accursed of God, avaunt, detested fiend,  
 Rebellious and perfidious, execrable ;  
 Avaunt, begone, nor with polluted touch,  
 Stain this immaculate form. The friends of Heaven  
 Are mine, none else—Away, blaspheming One,  
 Fly to thy own fit Hell, and never more  
 Blast my pure sight, with infamy unnamed.

*Satan.* Why is thy heart so hardened, so perturbed  
 With hate and headstrong passion ? knowst thou not  
 That these are evil ?—anger, envy, fear,  
 Can make none good or happy. Let thy soul  
 Know that prime art of wisdom, how to put  
 The best construction on suspicious things ;  
 Therefore be favourable—at least be fair.

*Adam.* Great Heaven shall fall, and all the glittering stars  
 Come crushing on the affrighted earth—the sea  
 Shall burn like one unmeasured lake of fire,  
 And from its bickering flames, the cooling drops  
 Of limpid water sweat. Euphrates' self  
 Shall backward roll his many-volumed tides,  
 And mingle with the Tigris, sooner far  
 Than peace or faith or charitable love,  
 'Twixt thee and me, accursèd, and forsworn.  
 Such sweet society as wolves and lambs  
 Combine, this shall be ours, nor less, nor more,  
 While on the many-heaving breezy waves  
 Of the ethereal sky, Aurora drives  
 Her purple wheels, and silent-pacing Night  
 Doth in her starry mantle wrap the earth,  
 Such be our compact, our confederacy.



*Satan.* O spare thyself this thunder ! Mighty chiefs  
 Like thee should waste no strength on feeble foes,  
 They who wage war on weak, and on base things,  
 Themselves are baser. Mark the forest king—  
 The lion—dost thou ever see him spoil  
 Poor sheep, or rend the innocent bleating lamb ?  
 No, he disdains such conquest, but he loves  
 To engage the rival lion of his hate  
 In his swollen rage, or grapple to the death  
 With the throat-throtting tiger, or grim bear,  
 Sparing the weak and trampling on the strong.  
 Thou thinkst that I can harm thee—lay aside  
 This idle terror, this ridiculous fright  
 Of one so lost, so fallen—one so base,  
 So little worthy of your hate, and make  
 This most political compact without fear.

*Adam.* Thou sayst right well, thou art not worth my hate,  
 Much less, foul demon, art thou worth my love.

*Satan.* Nay, nay, not quite so abject ; let no vain  
 Or false conceit delude thee. We have store  
 Of wit and counsel, power and agency  
 Thou little reckst of ; but perchance mayst need  
 Hereafter on occasion. God, forsooth,  
 Hath robbed us of good luck, and the fair smiles  
 Of fortune : but he hath not yet despoiled  
 The antique glory of our souls, the full  
 Keen armoury of thought made thunder-proof,  
 Nor yet the invincible will to dare or do.  
 Ay, and we still have kingdoms, princedom, powers,  
 Gorgeously bright, right glowing, tho' too low  
 To suit our aspirations. God, meanwhile,  
 Sits thundering thro' his empty halls of heaven—  
 There let him reign. To thee a better sway,  
 O'er this fair earth, he yields—the purple air,  
 The immeasurable and hollow-sounding main,  
 And all that it inhabit. Unto us  
 Belongs the nether empire, which the gods  
 Do courteously call Hell and Tartarus—  
 Such is the subterranean territory  
 We exiled heroes hold. Here the august  
 Titanic brood of murmuring demons wield  
 The sceptre over Chaos, and the shades  
 Of the jarred elements,—now let us rule  
 Together, as our kingdoms stand so nigh.

*Adam.* Whate'er the Thunderer gave to me and mine  
 Of lordship or authority, he gave  
 But on condition of pure stainless faith  
 And fealty to Him. This we maintain

Rejoicing, and, still serving him, desire  
 No other service, nor impatient seek  
 To extend our proper bounds, thinking all gained  
 By impious disobedience worse than lost.

*Satan.* But who but fools good offers will refuse?

*Adam.* They who their virtue prize above all gifts.

*Satan.* To wage perpetual war can profit none.

*Adam.* Thou canst not harm me, hoping, fearing nought.

*Satan.* But our confederacy may profit both ;  
 He that relieves misfortune is twice blest.

*Adam.* But piety is blest, and nought beside.

*Satan.* And what religion bars an honest bargain ?

*Adam.* Confederacy in vice you compact call.

*Satan.* Most truly ; since whatever now is mine  
 Will then become your own unalterably.

*Adam.* Ah, thou hast nought but evil to bestow.

*Satan.* I'll never hurt, but help you when I can.

*Adam.* And what security have I for this ?

*Satan.* I promise, swear, pledge, and engage myself.

*Adam.* An exile, an apostate, and a devil !

*Satan.* I swear by the great name of the Eternal.

*Adam.* Whom thou of late didst seek to hurl from heaven !

*Satan.* Ay, but his wrath would follow broken vows.

*Adam.* Thou fearest pain it seems, tho' not transgression.

*Satan.* I like to assist my friends now grown too few.

*Adam.* That with thee they may perish, is it not ?

*Satan.* Since with this pertinacious insolence  
 Peace thou refusest, crossing fair design,  
 Now learn my hate, my vengeance. I will plague  
 Thy blind soul with the vehement craft of hell,  
 And thy pride-bloated impudence chastise  
 As with a scorpion scourge. Aye, know me now  
 Thy everlasting foe, damning and damned,  
 Smitten and smiting, crushed and crushing all—  
 Ay, know me now. By day I will beset  
 Thy path with torturing doubts, even when thou prayest ;  
 By night I'll watch beside thee, and distil  
 Such diabolical spirit-racking dreams  
 On thy sick phantasy, that thou shalt start  
 From haunted couch, and think thyself in hell ;

Thou, who deniest my fellowship, shalt feel  
How sweet my vengeance, and how blest my doom.

*Adam.* Begone, accursed deceiver, savage fiend;  
Monster, begone; I dread thee not, nor heed  
Thy impotent rage! The God in whom I trust  
Hath with his favour, as a triple shield,  
Girded my heart; thy fury I defy,  
For, fearing God alone, I nothing fear  
Thee or thy exiled demons—hence, away!

*Satan.* Thou shalt be exiled too—if not to day.

*Chorus of Angels.*

The stream of Eden nobly flows,  
And on its banks of emerald green  
Each glorious tree of pure life grows;  
The plant of knowledge shines between,  
And hangs its golden-tinged fruit  
To tempt, alas, and to destroy!—  
Such knowledge, sure, can never suit  
Immortal hope or mortal joy!

Adam reposes in the shade,  
His brow with laurel chaplet bound,  
With his espoused matchless maid;  
He listens to the harmonic sound  
Of falling leaves, and fleeting waves,  
And light birds' singing, wild and free,  
While in his joyous heart he braves  
All sorrow, doubt, despondency.

O man! thou wonderful and fair,  
Pensive and passion-taming king  
Of this new planet, we can share  
In all thy bright imagining.  
Ah never let the shade of ill  
Wither the bloom or mar the bliss!  
But be as pure and tranquil still  
In unborn ages as in this  
Sweet hour of perfect blessedness.

Ye too, who born of grosser dust,  
Children of your mother clay,  
Whose souls are doomed to quench the lust  
Of cursed ambition, day by day,  
In solid forms of quick decay,  
Chant your praise to him who lends  
So much enjoyment to a life  
Which once, and now, wild passion blends  
With desolating guilt and strife.

Ah! the foe is hastening on  
 To the stern work of blood and tears;  
 The dread ordeal is begun  
 Which wakes our longings and our fears.  
 Will these glorious beings foil  
 The keen temptation, or be cast  
 To grief and suffering and harsh toil?  
 Soon the trial will be past!

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 ACT IV.

*Eve.* What animal is this that coils and winds  
 His oblique course toward me? How he rears  
 Aloft his scaly, mottled head; and forth  
 Launches his triple tongue: his glittering eye  
 Glares with an indescribable fire, that burns  
 And scintillates, and seems to scorch my soul  
 With horrible fascination. Now his neck,  
 Burnished with many-flashing gold, he bends,  
 And swells his purple breast, whereon bright stars  
 Flash, dazzling with strange lustre. Now he rests  
 His cheek upon his flexile neck, and looks  
 In cautious calmness round him; while, behind,  
 His length of tail against the opposing light  
 Burns like a fallen comet. Whatso'er  
 His name or nature, this way straight he comes,  
 And spreads his mazy labyrinths athwart  
 My chosen path, and with his spiral coils  
 Surrounds me. Lo, he lifts his sparkling head,  
 And doth address himself to motion like  
 As he would speak;—I wonder if he can!

*Satan.* Ay, I can speak: my tongue shall ne'er be dumb  
 In thy fair service. Goddess, Queen of Earth!  
 I do protest my soul's best homage due:  
 And it delights me well thus to have fallen  
 Beneath so exquisite a regency  
 Of love and beauty; and with me no less,  
 Whate'er the involving amplitude of air  
 Contains of choice or precious. For we all  
 (Though not with equal eloquence of voice)  
 Rejoice in such a princess. Lady fairest,  
 'Tis sweet to obey maternal majesty  
 Like thine; to bow to godlike human sway,  
 Not cruel, insolent tyrants. Here, indeed,  
 Reason doth rule our rulers; and her rule  
 Is freedom and delight. One thing alone  
 Doth much amaze thy subjects—that the Power  
 Sometimes invoked as Giver of all good

(Forsooth, his favourite title), should forbid  
 To eat the very fruits his bounty gave.  
 Can envy such as this so vilify  
 Celestial minds ; can he who did bestow  
 A planet thus refuse one little garden ?

*Eve.* Yet hath He given us all things to enjoy  
 Most generously. He gives the tree of Life,  
 Of which we eat, and live immortally.  
 So bountiful a King would not deny  
 This sole exception but for reason good ;  
 Nor else would he have warned us that to eat  
 The plant of this false knowledge shall destroy  
 Our best apotheosis, and reveal—  
 That dark strange mystery—the doom of death.

*Satan.* Nay, nay ; believe it not. Can thy clear soul,  
 Thy fine fixed intellectual reason, dream  
 So vain a phantasy ? Canst thou suppose  
 That on the loss of one poor pitiful apple  
 Death shall ensue ? Consider, can those die  
 Whom God to everlasting life foredooms ?  
 All things by one eternal fate are swayed :  
 We work but things foreseen, and we endure  
 None but foreknown calamities. For thus  
 Divine decrees of prescience ever stand  
 Read through all causes, wrought in all effects—  
 Unalterable series, settled order,  
 And dire necessity, in one vast stream  
 Compel our dim futurities. If these  
 Have willed your death, prepare yourselves to die ;  
 If they have not willed, wherefore should you fear  
 To pluck this mystic fruitage ? Therefore think  
 No more of this vain spectral phantasm,  
 This idle bugbear. No, believe me, death  
 Is nothing but perpetual change ; no more  
 Than sweet variety ; still opening new  
 Bright metamorphoses of raptured soul—  
 Metempsychosis, and the exquisite scale  
 Of gorgeous transmigrations. All that is  
 Shall live, and cannot perish, though it seem  
 To die a thousand deaths ; for life and death  
 Alternate every day and every hour.  
 These sympathetic contraries, these fond  
 Antitheses of being, now embrace  
 And now contend, and now embrace again.  
 Nay, death itself is life, and life is death :  
 Each is the source of other, and the grave—  
 Death is but nature ; 'tis no punishment :  
 'Twere folly, cowardice, to dread a thing  
 So genial and so very common. True,  
 You may just possibly die ; but if you die,

Into new life you rise, more glorious far  
 Than this which you renounce. This is the law  
 Of living souls and all corporeal forms—  
 To soar towards perfection, to ascend  
 The eternal scale of being. But, perhaps,  
 You dream that in this death the soul may fall  
 Under the lash of vengeance. Idle terror!  
 Sure, the free soul was made to act, not bear  
 Mere passive sufferings. Indivisible spirit,  
 Having no parts, can lose none: it subsists  
 Whole in itself, is its own place, own time,  
 Nor seeks abroad the life it grants at home—  
 It is its own beginning, its own end.  
 Nor do I think it possible that God  
 Meant to forbid the least of all his gifts  
 But for some limited season. For who dares  
 To question this, that every work of His  
 Must in itself be good, and be approved  
 By his most gratified creatures? Wherefore, then,  
 Refuse to approve this blessing? Not in vain  
 This largess was bestowed, nor yet the taste,  
 The exquisite, the unutterable gust  
 Of pleasurable appetite, which still  
 Follows such dainty banqueting. If these,  
 The gifts of nature, longer you refuse,  
 You blame the giver, and despise the gift.

*Eve.* Yet God forbids us, for what subtle cause  
 I know not, or for none; but he forbids—  
 That is enough. I do remember well  
 This great, this sole condition of our bliss  
 Prescribed us, and indelibly impressed  
 On my heart's memory. God may well dispose  
 Of his own gifts even as his will ordains.

*Satan.* Why gave He not this same exception, then,  
 When He committed to your queenly hands  
 The rule o'er earth and ocean? This, indeed,  
 This was a tree of value, not made vain  
 By such repulsive clause and codicil.  
 If it be just and equitable thus  
 To give with barred provisoes and strange bans,  
 'Tis not, methinks, o'er-generous. God, at least,  
 May quit this foul condition, if he be  
 Indeed so liberal, so beneficent  
 As you report Him. But bethink thee well;  
 Some greater mystery than aught you dream  
 Attends this liminary check. Perhaps  
 He envies you the magical, marvellous bliss,  
 This same fruit may contain; and it may be  
 He wishes to retain for private use  
 This lore of good and evil. O, my soul!

What odious servitude, base slavery,  
 Served thus by one who serves Himself alone !  
 He, sure, is evil who is never good  
 But for his proper self and interest.  
 And is He, then, so bountiful, so kind,  
 Who gives such glorious benefits, and then  
 Reserves their use for His peculiar gain  
 And profit? O, intolerable yoke !  
 Richer than He is none, none less benign—  
 The Tyrant of the Thunder! Dost thou know  
 How lately He did crush, with His dire hate,  
 Ten thousand bands of all the heroic youth  
 Of peopled Heaven? their fortunate estate  
 Their only crime, their dauntless bravery  
 His terror and revenge. He hurled the storm  
 Of His all-withering, three-forked thunderbolts,  
 Full on their matchless phalanx, and pursued,  
 With His hot, sulphurous, spirit-blistering shafts,  
 Even to the gate of Hell, the infernal cave  
 Of madness and despair. Generous, forsooth !  
 Doth He not stop the ear of merciless wrath  
 When the fallen legions pray, and moan in prayer,  
 And, writhed in weltering agony, confess  
 Their fault, if fault there be, which, as unknown,  
 They know not to repent? Thus hath He done ;  
 What He will do hereafter lies in night.  
 Be wise by our misfortune. If He loves  
 Mankind, as you imagine, He will not  
 Surely torment you with the fear of death ;  
 And if He love you not, beware in time ;  
 Delay not one poor instant, but shake off  
 This tyrannous yoke of bondage. Hold your own,  
 And vindicate yourselves ; bravely maintain  
 Your proper rights, the rights of your own world.  
 This is not the celestial court, nor here  
 The etherial armies fix their starry camp  
 Of radiant vigilance. Be bold, be firm,  
 Banish your impotent terrors ; never yet  
 Was peril but by peril overcome :  
 Courage alone is safety, when all things  
 Grow hazardous and teem with difficulties.

*Eve.* O, but I cannot think the God of Heaven  
 Can thus with jealousy be stung, or be  
 So wrung with passion for another's good !  
 For He who gives us these hath all to give.  
 Can the eternal Lord of the bright stars  
 Envy our little honours? What His wrath  
 To Satan or his horrible damned crew  
 May work is naught to me, though I suppose  
 Their punishment is just, nor undeserved.

But thou, mysterious one, whose mental power  
Seems conversant with wonders, canst thou-tell  
What hidden virtues in this tree reside ?

*Satan.* Its very name may teach thee. Is it not  
The immortal, the inexplicable bliss  
Of knowledge, perfect knowledge ? How divine  
To know all good and evil ; to discern  
All mysteries, like a god, in this new world !  
Evil is only evil when unknown ;  
Known, it refines to good. What happiness,  
What intellectual rapture, to compel  
Into one gorgeous focus all the charms  
Of knowledge, elsewhere scattered, vague, confused !  
By this keen sight to make the universe  
Transparent as fine ether ; by this vision,  
To see all causes, all effects conjoined  
In their superb complexity ! O Queen  
Of Earth ! say, is it not the chiefest good  
To know all godlike truth, all evil lies,  
So as to mock deception, and deride  
The assaults of demon tempters ? To the mind  
This world is but one glittering mirror, which  
Reflects its swift ideas, and refines  
And multiplies with Iris-tinctured hues.  
Is not the height of strong intelligence  
Thus to anatomise all things, and from all  
Educe new powers occult ? The more it finds  
More earnestly it seeks, and spurns at rest—  
That empty, pitiful calmness of content.  
It tramples with ambition-wingèd feet  
The low, base boundaries of mortality,  
Burns to know more, and bursts the bars of fate,  
And death itself, to explain the august unknown.  
All that it has is nothing to the intense  
Glorious concupiscence of all it wants—  
Always the greater share. One God there is,  
Whose mind, without this enterprise of toil,  
Can form its own ideas, and vindicate,  
None daring him to question. Thus He knows,  
Or thinks He knows, all arts and sciences.  
Who shall disprove him by the test of fact ?  
He stands alone. To other thinking souls,  
Either he grants not power to apprehend  
The fair discourse of reason, or he grants  
This boon of liberal thought, all manacled,  
Halt, withered, blind, perplexed with chafing doubts,  
Haggard with fears, hoodwinked from heaven's free light,  
Masked in incomprehensibility.  
By the same words in which he promises  
This blessing, in postponed futurity,



Doth he deny it now? Then break you off  
 The terms of the agreement, and forestall  
 At once these promised honours. What stern heaven  
 Denies so niggardly this generous tree  
 Shall instant yield you. Dare but this one act,  
 And share the secret of the Deity.  
 Ay, well he knows, when once this pregnant fruit  
 Shall pass your lips, therewith your souls shall gain  
 Such inaccessible brightness, as shall melt  
 The last faint cloud of error, doubt, and dread.  
 Then shall ye be as gods, knowing yourselves,  
 All things which swell magnificence of power,  
 Beauty, and grace ineffable. For this  
 His dark prohibitory law he makes;  
 For this he cast o'er your imperial heart  
 This chilling fear of death; that, conscience-smit  
 With panic terrors at all touch of ill,  
 You might forego the good, lest you become  
 Emancipated demi-gods. Believe  
 For once in honest counsel, and be sure  
 No opportunity of fair revenge  
 Escapes the Thunderer. That which thou designest  
 Do quickly, lest you lose your crown for aye;  
 Perchance e'en now the pole-sustaining king  
 Meditates revocation of a boon  
 So full of ominous rivalship. He thinks  
 To cheat you of the prize: be not forestalled  
 In this fair fraud. To acquire or maintain  
 Glory and high renown, requires keen wit  
 And dashing strokes of shrewd finessing art.  
 Believe me—well to hoard your former store,  
 And build thereon accumulations fresh  
 Of glorious superstructure, so secured,  
 That your aerial castles never fall  
 By their own weight and crush their dreaming lord—  
 Gain is the best security 'gainst loss.  
 One single taste will make the apotheosis,  
 And raise you from the woman to the goddess.

*Eve.* Reason it seems hath occupied the breast  
 Of more than human kind. This animal  
 Doubtless is but a brute; and yet his tongue  
 Is dipped in subtlest eloquence; his words,  
 And my own longing appetite, persuade,  
 Almost invincibly, forthwith to enjoy  
 This mystic stolen delight; but that the fear  
 To lose those true, those heart-felt ecstasies,  
 Proved, tried, experienced, much deters my hand  
 From venturing on this perilous enterprise.

*Satan.* Let no vain superstitions hold thee back  
 From thy own good, nor foolishly rebel

Against thy proper nature. All that charms  
 And gratulates is lawful. Thy own sense  
 Prompts to the deed ; wage not-unnatural war  
 Against thyself. Nature, our common nurse,  
 Our general mother, gave all living kinds  
 Their senses, that by outward forms and shows  
 The hidden intimate properties of things  
 Might clearly be discerned ; and appetite  
 Is her own best instructress. She desires  
 All profitable pleasures ; noxious things  
 Instinctively rejects. This secret test  
 Works warily, nor rashly deviates  
 From its distinctive purpose. Whatsoever  
 It likes or fancies, colour, taste, or smell,  
 Think amicable to nature. For all these  
 Do draw the delicate passion of delight  
 Right to its ultimate ravishment of joy.  
 Use their soft guidance now—approach the tree  
 And pluck the golden fruit. Well, thou hast done  
 The bold work bravely, now no more remains  
 But just to taste, it is the smallest thing  
 Which makes thee greatest. Does it like thee well ?

*Eve.* O sweet, sweet apple ! how thy glittering store  
 Dazzles my eyes—the inebriating scent  
 Fills all my sense. Would I could lay aside  
 All fear—that trembling folly—and enjoy  
 The elysium of the fruit, and learn at once  
 Its mystery of bliss. Had I but courage—  
 Less womanly and weak, shrinking—I would dare  
 Much more, as freely. Does not reason's self  
 Teach me that mind can never, never die,  
 Whatever chance to dust-compacted forms  
 Of body ? Such a law as this declares  
 The envy of the God. He fears, forsooth,  
 To allow me that fine science, which doth make  
 Our soul familiar with all ecstasies,  
 And shield it from all pains. Strong appetite,  
 The quenchless and infallible instinct, prompts  
 Such gallant feats, such noble hazardous strokes  
 Of intellectual gambling. Ah ! how now ?  
 What spells, what undefinable horrors creep  
 Along my thrilling limbs ! An icy chill  
 Invades the all-conscious nerves. I know not why,  
 And yet I feel I fear. I long to pluck  
 The fruit, and lo, my disobedient hand  
 Faintly accuses its own coward weight,  
 And hesitates the exploit. The magic food  
 Seems from my lips to fly, and thus absorbed  
 In vacant mute astonishment, I stand  
 Shuddering. Methinks the charmed tree itself

Starts from the rending soil, and with a wild,  
 Though voiceless eloquence, utters—" Woman, stay ;  
 Hold thy mad hand. What! darest thou so profane  
 This spell-bound symbol? Is not this the sole,  
 The special prohibition of His will  
 Who gave thee all things richly to enjoy?  
 Forbear, forbear in time. Who leads you on?  
 One devilish and one brutal thing, the first—  
 This metaphysical animal—and then  
 Your own rash passion. Follow better guides.  
 Let the free grace and bounty of thy God  
 Touch thy hard heart, if thus already steeled  
 To death's unspeakable curse. Alas! what bliss  
 Can these bestow: consider, and suspect  
 Goods which begin in evil. Now, at least,  
 Your sentence, undetermined, pendulous hangs  
 On your own will." My trembling anxious soul  
 Reels to and fro with ominous counsels crost.  
 How long remain thus doubt-racked? Courage, heart,  
 Is all required; why vex yourself with fears?  
 Why agonise with terrors. Come, be firm,  
 Be bold and conquer. Cut the invincible knot,  
 And be thy own free self, and prove at once  
 The luxury of the apple. Wilt thou not  
 Become a goddess then—thy spouse a god?  
 Wilt thou not scale the inaccessible walls  
 Of heaven, and scan the immeasurable  
 Vastness of vague infinity? Be wise,  
 Be daring. For salvation's self doth hang  
 On this audacious bite. Wilt thou not bless,  
 By this frank enterprise, the unnumbered heirs  
 Of future ages? Shall thy children be  
 Freeborn or slaves? As gods or mortal men?  
 Which is the brighter destiny? For which  
 Will thron'd posterity most ardently  
 Revere their general mother? Then, if God  
 Should see the happy consequence of sin  
 He can no less than pardon; but for me  
 'Tis better that he sees not. And, forsooth,  
 If so severe he be as to refuse  
 The merited pardon, I must, even now,  
 Be guilty in his sight, because so near  
 The guilt I meditate. Already part  
 Of the great feat is done: I have approached  
 The tree—have plucked the fruit, and what is worse,  
 Done it deliberately, calm, and bold;  
 And if I do no more, he will no less  
 Indict me for a criminal. Alas!  
 How vain to attempt to save the sliding step,  
 Half way adown the giddy slope of crime.  
 It is but idiotcy to anatomise

The fine degrees of guilt, which is itself  
 An indivisible essence. Thus one sin  
 Can only by its proper progeny  
 Of sins be well defended ; and one lie,  
 By lies innumerable, be made secure.  
 So the august hurt Majesty of Heaven  
 Must hold me guilty, nor delay to strike ;  
 And I must back the luxury of vice  
 By strong transgression, and accumulate  
 The ramparts of offence. Such is my choice,  
 My free self-poised election. Now, my hand,  
 Be firm, and thus raise to my burning lips  
 The mystery of knowledge. O my soul,  
 How exquisitely luscious ! how divine  
 Its odorous perfume ! Most nectareous juice  
 Of immortality, thou dost infuse  
 A more than earthly bliss, too great for earth,  
 Fit only for the skies. No more remains,  
 To crown the eternal rapture, but to share  
 This blessing with my love and be twice blest.

*Satan.* The deed is done, and many times and oft,  
 Doubtless, you'll bless my memory when you feel  
 Your full extent of obligation. Now  
 You'll know the good you've lost, and learn, full soon,  
 The evil you have gained. No lapse of time  
 Shall take this knowledge from you ; and your sons  
 And daughters too shall share it. Truth's fair lights  
 Are thus extinguished, and the sable lies  
 They leave behind them you shall well defend  
 Not without wordy wars and bloody. I  
 Will still befriend you. Now behold at once  
 The first part of your happiness, your spouse,  
 Led by the happy accident no doubt,  
 This way approaches. I will hide myself,  
 While you invite him to the delicate banquet.

*Adam.* Slowly and half dejectedly ; oppressed  
 With consciousness of evil, have I walked  
 This garden of delights ; and now I come  
 To that same spot, whereon the tree of knowledge  
 Hangs forth the tempting mischief. Here I drew  
 My heaven-derivèd birth ; here first awoke  
 To sense of life and feeling, and blest hope  
 Of Godlike immortality. And now,  
 Wearied with wandering through my vacant bowers,  
 Return I with strange awe and presage dire ;  
 A clinging wild presentiment of woe  
 Unfelt before. For nowhere can I find  
 My Eve, my beautiful, my ever young  
 Amiably pensive one, who sweetly smiles—  
 O how familiarly !—and sweetly speaks

Words which begin in rapture, and then fade  
 Into elegiac music, which still charms,  
 And still subdues the melancholy soul.  
 Alas! I doubt me, but her sportive step  
 Hath hither strayed to the forbidden tree,  
 Led on by metaphysical subtle craft,  
 Or her own feminine ambition. Oh,  
 Even here she is, wrapt in the atmosphere  
 Of her own light and loveliness. My Eve,  
 What luxury find'st thou on this haunted ground,  
 That hath so long stolen thy dear company  
 From him whose heart would break with more of love,  
 Yet cannot live with less?—Tell me, my prettiest.

*Eve.* Nay, ask me not, my Lord. Dost thou not mark  
 How this same tree scatters delicious shade  
 Of fragrant coolness thro' the noontide air,  
 And lends unmatched fruitage for bold hands  
 To pluck what cowards only would refuse.

*Adam.* What do I see!—Lo, is not this the fruit  
 Whereof our God commanded not to eat?

*Eve.* Even so. And this the very reason is  
 That I such harsh commands did violate.  
 Look, my own spouse, see how the golden sheen  
 Blends with the rosy vermeil! Canst thou think  
 Such exquisite exteriors ever hide  
 An inward mischief? nay, impossible!

*Adam.* The icy coldness shudders thro' my frame;  
 A pang like death, sudden, unutterable.  
 I faint, I die. Mute horror doth unfix  
 My clustered locks;—and the free breath of life  
 Curdles within me. O ye spiritual powers,  
 That in your sightless substances pervade  
 And quicken boundless Nature, here direct  
 Your many-flashing and infallible eyes,  
 And, if capacity of grief be yours,  
 Drop your full tears, and wail the Fall of Man.

*Eve.* O my blest Lord, do not, for mercy, speak  
 Those conscience-thrilling words! believe me, sweet,  
 No crime have I committed to produce  
 Such ominous sighs—such soul-expiring sobs  
 Of bursting lamentation. Dry at once  
 Thy needless tears; dare what thy wife has dared;  
 And, from the hand so often kissed by lips  
 Of burning love, accept the proffered fruit.

*Adam.* And dost thou wish, my lost and fallen one,  
 That I, too, should desert the righteous laws  
 Of the sole God, and follow thee to death?

*Eve.* Were it not worthier, Adam, to exert  
 Your own cool balanced reason, than give way

To blind impression ? for this hasty style  
Of prejudice still errs. You have condemned  
Your innocent wife unheard. I do confess  
I did the deed ; I do deny it wrong.

*Adam.* Is it then right to break our Lord's command ?

*Eve.* Yes, if our Lord happen to be unjust.

*Adam.* If just, we love, if not we ought to bear.

*Eve.* And is not slavery, think'st thou, worse than death ?

*Adam.* But to serve God is highest liberty.

*Eve.* Is it not higher still to be as God ?

*Adam.* But to be as God man was never made.

*Eve.* Yes, this forbidden tree will make him such—  
It is the source of knowledge of all good.

*Adam.* Of knowledge, good and evil, was it not ?

*Eve.* Ah, but the very God you love to praise  
As he knows good, knows he not evil too ?

*Adam.* That he may never feel it as thou feelest.

*Eve.* Away with omens ! of the deed I am proud,  
And do exult in consciousness of power.

*Adam.* To obey is virtue's first, her safest course ;  
And to repent her second,—to do good  
Without all imperfection none can boast,  
But to repent is open unto all,  
And to return to virtue's blessed lore  
Can never be too late. Be wise in time,  
The penitent is next to innocence :  
Still will Heaven pardon Eve, if she repent.

*Eve.* How God is moved by prayers of penitence  
The fate of Satan sure is proof enough.

*Adam.* Alas ! what hope is left you ?

*Eve.* To fear nought.

*Adam.* But God is to be feared.

*Eve.* Who fears an equal ?

*Adam.* But you will die, be sure.

*Eve.* Nay, I shall live.

*Adam.* You're worthy death.

*Eve.* I am better worthy life.

*Adam.* Oh ! what will you become ?

*Eve.* What but a goddess ?

*Adam.* And by what means ?

*Eve.* By virtue of an apple.

*Adam.* Which God forbad.

*Eve.* Because he envied us.

*Adam.* Is it not impious, think you, to talk thus ?

*Eve.* Now, by our conjugal pure faith and love,  
 By thy dear eyes, and those embraces sweet  
 And unrevealable, if ever bliss  
 Was richly shared between us, I implore  
 Forgiveness from thee. O forsake me not,  
 My only love, but rather join thyself  
 By the same bond with me, that you may keep  
 Our nuptial contract sacred thro' all fears,  
 All perils. If dear happiness attend  
 This bold exploit, is it not fit that thou  
 Should'st share it with me ; and if evil come,  
 Is it not thine, my Adam, to take part  
 Of my misfortune ; and with soothing words,  
 And labours of fond sympathy, to cheer  
 Thy grief-oppressed mistress ? Let there be  
 Such sweet communion of the o'er-credulous heart  
 Betwixt us, as defies all destiny,  
 Both good and ill, to sever—sorrow-proof—  
 But lay aside all fear. Our better stars  
 Smile on the adventure—my aspiring mind  
 Glows with a quenchless ardour. I will bless  
 Thee also with my blessing ; for the fruit  
 Fills me with exultation. O I grieve  
 To see my own devoted godlike spouse  
 Still crushed by scrupulous doubts, and round his neck  
 The galling yoke of superstitious fear,  
 That worst of slavery. Thus while you dream  
 Yourself most blest, the deeper sinks your soul  
 In abject prostitution. Why refuse  
 This spirit-kindling gift, this proper food  
 Of thy immortal genius, and thy powers  
 Invincible of isangelic thought ?  
 Art thou not born immortal—a fit match  
 And proper mate for Heaven's divinities ?  
 Imparadise your soul in its own sphere,  
 Midst the crystalline stars ; and burst the reins  
 Of impotent terror, which so ill befit  
 Thy proud and dauntless nature. Follow me,  
 And from this abject poverty of mind  
 Arise at once, and snatch the gift that makes  
 The hero and the god. Then will you owe  
 To your own prowess better things than those  
 Tamely bestowed and passively received—  
 Blessings of common Providence. Be bold,  
 Fear nothing but the name of fear : for me,  
 I'd rather bear the blame of daring crime  
 Boldly, than be accused of dreading it.

- Adam.* But faith and love towards the Invisible  
Supreme still bind me with eternal chains.
- Eve.* 'Tis folly so to love as to forget  
Your love may prove your enemy. So love  
As not to give occasion for the birth  
Of hate. But grant love's yoke delectable  
To bear—what then? Is it to be preferred  
Before our conjugal bond, love's proper pledge?  
What ill have I committed half so bad  
As this, to call in question the true faith  
Of your own wife? For shame! Can I be blest,  
And yet suspected, vilified? I must  
Indeed become most hateful, if I fail  
Of love from him whose love is more than life!
- Adam.* Thy words have half unmann'd me. Equal cares  
Perplex my harassed soul: the love of God—  
The love of woman—mighty both, and strong  
Necessities of nature. If I break his will  
He holds me his despiser; and if her's,  
She calls herself suspected. How my heart  
Is urged betwixt the opposing tides of love!  
Even like a narrow shore, washed by the waves  
Of storm-embattled oceans, so my soul  
Is wrought by the stern conflict of desires  
And passionate aspirations. O my God!  
Till now I nothing else have loved but Thee;  
I loved Thee even in her: because she seemed  
Thy second image—thy pure spiritual love  
Embodied in its beauty, and brought down  
From heaven to earth, to lead my thought-racked soul  
Back to the skies. Ah! what can I deny  
To one so precious?—Unto Thee the theft  
Of this sole fruit is less a bitter crime  
Than breach of thy command, the last, the best,  
Of conjugal affection. Therefore I  
Will taste the fruit already in my hand.
- Eve.* O words well worthy of the name of man!  
Now am I sure thou lov'st me: taste and prove  
The mystic virtues of this marvellous fruit,  
And learn both good and evil. God shall find  
An equal, and be jealous, though in vain,  
Of human deities, to whom, no doubt,  
Prayers also shall be made. Alas! what now?  
What sudden paleness falls upon thy cheek?  
How droops thy head! Methinks the curse of Heaven,  
The horrible, the avenging stroke of death  
Already blights him. O my God, my God!  
On me hurl all thy thunders; pour at once  
Thy blasting indignation; but Oh spare!  
Spare, for thy love's sake, spare my innocent husband!



*Chorus of Angels.*

The sun looks dim and desolate ;  
 Its light is dark—its heat is fled,  
 And all the stars bewail the fate  
 Of man, whose glory all is dead.  
 And the great ocean echoes back  
 The dirge-note of the murmuring spheres,  
 And mourns the omen, dire and black,  
 Which wraps in shade all future years.

O hapless ! O insensate man !  
 The deed is done, the doom is sealed,  
 And Heaven's eternal curse and ban  
 Is frowning o'er thee, half revealed,  
 Half hid in horrors. Now fair fame  
 Is gone for ever, and you stand  
 All naked to the blast of shame ;  
 An impious, perjured, exiled band.

Now immortality of life  
 Is gone, with all its boundless charms ;  
 And you are stung with the harsh strife  
 Of envy, hatred, and the alarms  
 That wait on mischief, and your heart  
 Lies crushed beneath the o'erwhelming sense  
 Of death, that never shall depart  
 Till the last spark of sin's offence  
 Is quenched in gushing penitence.

Alas, alas ! we dare not tell  
 The vision of the bleeding woes  
 Which on the opening future swell,  
 And to the astonished sight disclose  
 The mystery of guilt and grief,  
 And pain and terror, and mad crime—  
 Dark tortures which have no relief,  
 Unless by grace and love sublime,  
 Nor end with finished life or time.

But ah ! if He, unnamed above,  
 Who comes to blast and to destroy,  
 Should triumph over faith and love  
 And blight the flowers of human joy,  
 Will not our God, who did create,  
 Redeem the erring sons of men,  
 And make all creatures, small and great,  
 All holy, pure, and blest again.

## ACT V.

*Satan.* All things have happened to my wish. I strike  
 My head against the effulgent stars of heaven,  
 And boast myself a god. Do I not sway  
 The ærial atmosphere, the liquid main,  
 And all the solid earth, both round about  
 Its broad circumference, and within its womb  
 Of fire and smoke, and blackness of despair.  
 My exile grows delectable. This feat  
 Of valorous prowess thro' all Hell shall ring  
 My fame, and make the envy-jabbering fiends  
 Right jealous of ambition, and no less  
 The emulous rivals of my chivalry.  
 Now, my revenge, take thy sweet fill, and drink  
 Even to the dregs the cup of ecstasy,  
 And so, intoxicate with others' woes,  
 Forget thy proper torture! Ah, proud man!  
 My slave, my subject now, methinks I hear  
 The Almighty's curse, already on the wing,  
 Muttering revenge. Away, and linger not.  
 Quit your ripe garden of delight: begone,  
 Ye vagrant vagabond exiles of my hate!  
 Rush shrieking from your Eden's gates and learn  
 The sweets of foreign travel. Yes, ye fools!  
 I give ye leave to wander; wander on  
 For ever and for ever. Make the most  
 Of your free will, ye idiots. But where'er  
 Ye bend your weary bleeding steps ye take  
 My omnipresence with you, and my curse  
 Of death, if not damnation. I will vex  
 Your wrought souls with my furies, and the lash  
 Of scorpion-stinging rage, and passionate hate  
 Shall goad ye to the dust from whence ye rose.  
 No flight remains, no exit, no escape  
 From my choice metaphysical donjon-keep—  
 This blasted earth. And Time, all-soothing Time,  
 With his benign philosophy, shall add  
 Fresh rapture to your torments of despair.  
 Yes! hie ye forth,—invest yourselves at once  
 With this new fee and territory, the large  
 The desolate waste, and thunder-smitten scope  
 Of your poised planet, which I'll do my best  
 To make as barren and untillable  
 As the infernal sulphur; till your heart  
 Envy the blest repose of the damn'd fiends  
 You once so bravely scorned, and not in vain,  
 For they can answer insults with good grace;  
 Or take them, and pay interest for their wrongs.  
 Thus shall my vengeance ever live with you,

But with you shall not die. It shall survive  
 And be the precious heritage bequeathed  
 To your predestined progeny. Your sons  
 And daughters shall enjoy, as well as you,  
 This heir-loom of your infamy, and share  
 The testamentary bequest of Hell.  
 Satan, rejoice! Blow thy full trump of fame,  
 All-conquering regicide! Exult, be glad;  
 Cherish thy heart with lies and murders dire,  
 And glorify thy shame. Ay, cast thyself,  
 In all thy plenitude of damnèd power  
 And rage, into man's heart,—steep it brimful  
 With blasphemy and lust. Let fathers curse  
 Their first-born sons, and mothers wash their hands  
 In sucklings' blood, and ireful brethren dream  
 The reeking dreams of fratricide, and so  
 Run howling through the weird and sterile world,  
 Gnashing the teeth of madness, self-consumed,  
 And rearing oft their gory arms to heaven,  
 With clenched imprecations. Then shall God  
 Repent of making man; and Earth herself,  
 Sick of her own abortions, shall relapse  
 To Chaos and Old Night, and many a flood  
 Of roaring ocean strive with hidden fires  
 To purge the planetary pest in vain.  
 Adam, thou little knowest of ills like these;  
 Yet come they shall. The coward sense of shame  
 Already I discern; and you shall weave  
 The leafy-fruited branch, wherewith to hide  
 Your brand of nakedness, not so concealed  
 But passionate lust shall quicken in your heart,  
 And bring soft images of vague desire  
 O'er the mind's eye; and ye shall shake with fear  
 And impotent repentance, and shall read  
 Your conscious crimes reflected in the looks  
 Of friend and foe, and so grow pale within  
 With unrevealed irrevocable sins,  
 And hate the all-beholding day, and love  
 Night's pitchy blanketing. And hope shall fade,  
 Self-withered, self-sepulchred, in despair.  
 But lo, the curse of God already smites  
 Adam! He stands like the mute lunatic,  
 When the broad moon with many-flashing fires  
 Blasts his crushed heart. His eye glares wildly forth  
 With his unutterable thoughts: his lips  
 Quiver with impotent eloquence. By turns  
 The snow-white horror chases from his cheek  
 That flaring blush of self-wrought infamy.  
 Alas, how dire the change! But list, he speaks.

*Adam.* What am I? where? what have I done? Begone,  
 Spectres of horror—phantoms of despair—

Avaunt! Aha! am I the very lord  
 Of Eden or of Hell? Methinks I see,  
 With some new opened visionary sight,  
 The infernal gulph, and ever as I gaze  
 Lo the mysterious and Titanic power  
 Of grisly Death strides onward; and on me  
 Fixes his Gorgon frown. My wife, my Eve,  
 Dost thou not mark the goblin frantic band  
 Of grinning furies? Hideously they dance  
 Before his shadowy steps, and shake abroad  
 Their snake-beclotted hair, and howl, and hiss,  
 And shriek in their mad laughter. Oh my God!  
 How horribly near they come. Avaunt and vanish!  
 Ye demon throng, ye damnèd sons of Night,  
 I hurl ye from me, ye apostate ones.  
 Heaven's curse be on ye all! And yet more close  
 And closer they approach, and Death, and Sin,  
 The monster-teeming sorceress of Hell,  
 Still lead them on. A ghostly train of woes  
 Follows interminable. Direful plagues  
 Of gaunt and bony Famine, and the pale  
 And withered phalanx of Disease, and Care,  
 Haggard and bowed with labour, and wild Wars,  
 Discord, and Battle, waving fast and far  
 Their blood-baptisèd standards. I can see  
 No more; such dizzy horror racks my soul.

*Eve.* What! art thou mad? What spectres of strange fear  
 Thus shake thy steadfast soul? Come, be a man;  
 Nor, coward-like, shrink backward from the dreams  
 Of your own idle fancy. They who fight  
 With self-created mockeries should at least  
 Beware of showing others they are fools.

*Adam.* Thou star-compelling Majesty of Heaven,  
 Why do thy inmost purple Spirits of light  
 Flash thro' the cleaving firmament; and why  
 Do those, the sable-vested thunder-clouds,  
 Scatter their spangled forest-splintering bolts  
 Thro' all the wizard air? Why swells the note  
 Of tempest, mingled with the ominous roar  
 That ocean, from his hollow-sounding caves,  
 Moans forth, like a wild wailing dirge? Behold,  
 Omnipotent God, the victim of thy doom  
 Naked before thee. Dost thou not extend  
 Thy red right hand to smite me, and prepare  
 The triple-forkèd, and heart-blistering fires  
 To scorch me into nothingness? Methinks  
 This vast and planet-blazoned universe,  
 Sinks in some huge eclipse, and all the stars  
 Rush to chaotic battle in the skies,  
 And hurl their last expiring curse on me.

*Eve.* Alas, my spouse! why will you not begin  
To act less like the jibbering maniac,  
Whose words are imprecations and despair?  
If vengeance is decreed, why come it must,  
And we must bear it gallantly; and so  
Either destroy, or by it be destroyed.

*Adam.* Ay, come it must; and better it come now  
Than keep my agonising heart all racked  
In ecstasy of this suspense. Thou Earth,  
Open at once thy hot and sulphurous womb,  
And, if thou canst, O make us what we were,  
Thy dust of dissolution. Or, if Hell  
May best agree with guiltiness, unbar,  
Ye flaming gates of Tartarus; for ne'er  
Did richer spoil, or nobler victims, greet  
The sable gulf where exiled demons dwell.

*Eve.* O my loved lord! I pri'thee speak not so;  
There is no sin repentance cannot cure.

*Adam.* Alas! thou little knowest what sin is our's;  
What words can utter it, or what laments  
Atone the apostasy, wherein all law,  
Right, justice, mercy, faith, felicity,  
And peace all perished. Never more to us  
Shall joy return, or hope; eternal grief,  
Forever fresh, forever unfulfilled,  
Shall waste our cankered hearts. For we have left  
Our God; and God shall leave us to ourselves.  
O exquisite rebellion! thou most curst,  
And unforgiveable treachery. That free minds,  
Made but to serve their Maker, thus should strive  
To serve themselves, and thus themselves destroy  
By deadliest suicide. That the frank love  
Of sons to a dear father, should be locked  
In their own thankless bosoms, and become  
Infernal fire to blast them; so bowed down  
Beneath the pitiful brute, and the poor worm  
We trample. Hence, thou mad and blasphemous soul,  
Thou hast deserted God, thy Father:—now  
Desert thy vilified body, and at once  
Learn the whole mystery of the curse of death.

*Eve.* Beware, rash man; thou dost but aggravate  
Thy grief and mine by these foul execrations.

*Adam.* Well, and what then? Even now I taste of death,  
And of perdition—dying, perishing,  
In my lost soul, ere yet I feel the sting  
That soon shall quite dissolve me, and consume  
To nothing this essential. Am I not  
Accursed of God? And is not his stern doom

Grimmer than thousand sepulchres? Ay, worse  
 Than Hell, whereto I haste. I will forego  
 The abeyance of my fate, and with bold hand  
 Anticipate black destiny, and be  
 My own most just avenger. I will live  
 No living death—still dying never dead.  
 No dull, procrastinating, cankering blight,  
 For me at least. I go—I go alone,  
 And in this swift voraginous tide of fate,  
 The many-voiced Euphrates, will I lose  
 This more than lost existence, and be borne  
 To the unfathomable deep, and lie  
 On undiscovered shores, o'er which the waves  
 Howl their monotonous elegies, and Night  
 Forever broods in wizard solitude.

*Eve.* He, who by evil seeks to cure his ill,  
 Doth but increase the wrong he hates. This crime  
 Is surely worth surviving, if 'tis worth  
 Thus rashly dying for. Let not the soul  
 So madly leave its form, but rather wait  
 Till body leaves the mind. Thus quietly  
 Expect the doomed, the inevitable hour  
 When our tired spirits shall, by just decree,  
 Resign their sad mortalities; and God,  
 Great Arbiter of life and death, shall loose  
 The yoke, and bid his weary ones go home.  
 At his command death wears the charm of duty;  
 But now t' were madness, sin, and infamy.

*Adam.* No, Eve; not so hath dissolute passion quenched  
 All sense of spiritual shame indelible.  
 Think 'st thou, fond fool, that I will thus live on,  
 The scorn of my own slaves? Methinks I hear  
 All beasts and birds, and insect-wingèd things,  
 Lift up their pitiful voices, some in hate,  
 Or worse compassion, and at once exclaim,  
 As with the thunder-peal of vengeance—Die!  
 Begone, and slay thyself! Let the earth hide  
 Thy curse-crowned execrable head, and hurl  
 Thy spirit down the blazing throat of Hell,  
 That gapes for thy destruction. Yes, I hear  
 Their words, and will obey them. All my vows  
 Shall be accomplished, gallantly at least,  
 If madly, let it be so. Why should I  
 Longer detain this conscience-scorched soul,  
 Amid the upbraiding light? Have I not lost  
 All things worth living for?—my power, my joy,  
 My kingdom, my salvation, my own self—  
 All but my life? Nay; counsel not in vain.

*Eve.* Alas! sweet consort of my blighted heart!  
 Why thus persist in passionate words? Why rush

To self-wrought doom so desperately ? Reflect,  
 If you consent to live, will not your life  
 Improve, and bring a happier calmer hour  
 For mortal dissolution ? In the past  
 The crime hath been all mine. The punishment  
 Will doubly light on me ; but if you act  
 This other sin, so unrepentable,  
 Of your own choice, and wilfully against  
 Your Eve's dearest soliciting,—O think,  
 Will you not mourn persuasion, thus despised ?

*Adam.* I have believed thee once, and once too much.

*Eve.* And wilt thou slay me too ?

*Adam.* No ; rather I  
 Would die a thousand deaths, than harm my Eve.

*Eve.* Though your wild grief will not itself submit  
 To your own conscience, reason, and pure sense  
 Of truth and prudence, yet forbear a while,  
 And listen to your wife—if e'er you owed  
 To her soft words attention. O, ye fates !  
 That woman thus should act the comforter  
 To man, and so invert great Nature's law ;  
 And yet it much concerns me to repair  
 By words, the bitter ills that words have wrought  
 To him, to me, to all. My dearest lord,  
 Who for my sake did'st risk all perilous doom,  
 Shall I not by my tears, my bursting sighs,  
 My agonies of heart, attempt to save  
 Him whom my madness ruined. O forbear !  
 This most insensate and precipitous storm  
 Of passionate outcries. Struggle with despair,  
 And triumph o'er yourself. So it befits  
 The manly mind to conquer and subdue  
 All doubts, all fears, all evils. I implore,  
 I do beseech thee, Adam, spare thy life,  
 For thy wife's sake at least. You boast yourself  
 Strong, valiant, half omnipotent of soul,  
 To mock at death and trample on the grave.  
 Now to my mind, 'tis more like cowardice  
 To fear to live. He best o'er-masters death  
 Who doth not wish nor hate it. Therefore arm  
 Thy breast with shield of manliest fortitude,  
 And face the opposing host. The past is nought  
 But an ingenuous error. If you fall  
 Amid the gallant combat, you 'll be like  
 A brave and innocent hero. If you die  
 By your own hand, you sign your verdict just  
 And seal your own death-warrant miserably.

*Adam.* Whence does she borrow these sweet words of truth,  
 Virtue and innocence, amid this crowd

Of thronging infamies? Methinks her tongue  
 Hath counselled well and lovingly, and much  
 Reason and delicate tenderness are blent  
 In all she says. But vehement deadly rage,  
 And the black hurricane of thick despair  
 Urge on the unshunnable doom. My stricken soul  
 Conscious of its wild error, and amazed  
 By its own savage phantasm, foregoes  
 All better thoughts, and whirls and hurries on  
 Thro' diabolical buffooneries  
 Of madd'ning guilt. None but the Almighty Power  
 Who made me can absolve me or forgive.  
 But thou, unhappy bride of the first man,  
 Leave me. Ah! leave thy miserable spouse,  
 And let me, all companionless and lone,  
 Pay the great debt of Nature, and have rest.

*Eve.* By our most sacred nature and our name,  
 Our divine union, and our holy love,  
 Whether as self-creating sire, thou callest  
 Me thy own wife, and proper counterpart,  
 Or whether born of thy collateral blood,  
 Thou nam'st me Sister, and dear Parallel;  
 Or in descending series so derived,  
 Inferior and complex, thou lovest me best  
 As thy submissive Daughter—leave me not—  
 Now most I need thy kind protecting care  
 When Fortune takes her flight. Thou sole support,  
 Last refuge of thy outcast, hopeless one.  
 I clasp thee to my heart, nor let thee go,  
 But with my latest sigh. Let not the race  
 Of mortal men, by one delirious deed,  
 Utterly perish, thro' our filicide.

*Adam.* And does not death, which thus extinguishes  
 The infinity of woes, look temptingly?  
 At least it is not frightful—if it be  
 No worse than thou imaginest. Therefore cease  
 Vain words of consolation—let me die.

*Eve.* And what shall be my fate if death be thine?  
 Shall I, deserted, widowed, desolate,  
 And quite unparadised in heart, live on  
 To wander in the wilderness, and keep  
 Companionship with monsters; and still list  
 The insatiable roar of cavern-haunting wolves,  
 Tigers, and ravening lions. Oh, my spouse!  
 If this be your best pity, rather take  
 My life at once, and all thy gift resume.  
 Ay, take it. Art thou not most innocent,  
 While I am queen of sin, infanticide,  
 And speechless shame? Behold my naked throat,  
 My bosom bared and ready for the blow—



The author of your infamy. Ah! why Resist—why hesitate? Avenge yourself— Prepare for the sweet sacrifice. Your heart Requires a little hardening, and your hand Is not yet quite familiarised enough With blood. Be quick—I'll brook no long delay— Or with my woman's hand will I tear out My more than woman's heart. Though false to God, True, aye, most true to thee, I do deserve The fate which I solicit well thou knowest. And if the thunder-grasping hand of Him Who made and can annihilate should hurl His three-forked corruscating thunder-bolt All crashing on my head, I should not half Atone the unforgiveable damned crime. O impious Eve! why hesitate to die? Was 't not enough to sin thyself, not make Thy innocent lover sinful, and in him Destroy thy unborn progeny? At least, Let me who first transgression did essay Find the first privilege and proof of death, So justly due. However miserable The mortal pang may be, no day shall then Behold me widowed, and no night repeat The echo of my mourning and despair.

*Adam.* Nay, my sweet Eve, 'tis mine to show the way To the dark gulph, and first to brave whate'er Of grim or terrible besets the gates That ever open stand to those that seek Mortality. I therefore will die first, Who cannot live without thee, and then thou, If so thy heart incline; and we will sleep The last long sleep together, in the shade Of that disastrous tree, whose fruit to gain All things were lost but misery and despair.

*Eve.* Alas! what noise is that? How is it with us When every sound affrights? Methinks I hear A noise of distant hurricanes at war; The rush of their invisible combat swells And hurtles thro' the air. A hollow din Of ominous, dirge-like thunder howls aloft; And as it comes reverberating down The many-spherèd firmament, a strange And impotent horror thrills the aching nerve Of intense expectation. Lo! the trees Nod their huge heads around us, and the floods Lift up their deep-toned murmurs wailingly!

*Adam.* The guilt-avenging God, whom most we dread, Is hastening in his swift omnipotence To crush and to consume us. Let us fly

Instantly where the dark-embowering woods  
 Expel the light, and shield us from his eye,  
 In their profoundest glooms. The sense of shame  
 Urges me onwards, and I blush and pale,  
 Smit by the infamous disgrace, and think  
 The massive forest all too thin a veil  
 To mask my degradation. I survey  
 My naked form—alas ! no leafy zone  
 Can blanket up the brand which burns within !  
 Now is fate near, my Eve ; let us prepare  
 For death, and in each other's arms expire.

*Jehovah.* Adam ! where art thou ? In what bower of shade  
 Dost thou attempt concealment ? Knowest thou not  
 How vain to veil thyself from Him whose eye  
 Makes darkness light ? Whose omnipresence fills  
 All minds, all bodies, and is still the same ?  
 'Tis I, thy God ! before whose burning steps  
 The ethereal spheres bow down, and own the Judge  
 Of irreversible decrees. 'Tis I  
 Who made thee, and endowed thee with all gifts !  
 Can such a son from such a father hide,  
 And seek to escape ubiquity ? Come forth !  
 I do arrest thee, fugitive of heaven !

*Adam.* Lord, I obey thee ; but I heard thy voice  
 Walking the garden, and the spiritual awe,  
 That sacred horror, smote me, and I fled,  
 Unable to sustain the unwonted face  
 Of thy omnipotent majesty ; and shame  
 Bad me retire, lest, with my naked form,  
 I should pollute thy sanctity, and die.

*Jehovah.* Who told thee thou wast naked ? Shame like this  
 Follows the sense of guilt. Confess thy crime  
 At once, nor aggravate by lies. Declare  
 If thou hast eaten the forbidden fruit  
 Whose penalty is death :—hast thou so done ?

*Adam.* It was the woman's crime ; she, with sweet words,  
 And her bewitching blandishments, did win  
 My fond ambition to the dire offence.

*Jehovah.* Thou most pernicious wife, why hast thou thus  
 Tempted thy own destruction, and thy husband's ?

*Eve.* The serpent, Lord, beguiled me, and so  
 Seduced my frail simplicity of sex  
 And credulous desire, that I did eat.

*Jehovah.* Accursed serpent ! by the apostate fiend  
 Inspired with hell's own malice, hear thy fate :  
 Because thou hast done this, thou shalt be filled  
 With poisonous venom, and shalt crawl and coil  
 Along the slimy earth, the hate and dread

Of man and beast, and dust shall be thy food.  
 And know, thou outcast demon, that this plot  
 Against this woman shall at last outburst  
 With triple ruin and confusion poured  
 On thy own head. Myself will be her friend,  
 Her champion armed. My word shall advocate  
 The woman's cause, and my free spirit burn  
 Within her kindling conscience, and the host  
 Of ministering angels still protect  
 The spark of immortality. Her seed  
 Shall be her Saviour, and his brethren love  
 His bright regeneration, and detest  
 The foul apostate traitor by whose fraud  
 And complicate perversity they fell.  
 Thou hast indeed bruised her heel, but she  
 Shall sorer crush thy head, and be avenged ;  
 For so my grace shall triumph o'er my justice.  
 But thou, O guilty woman ! shalt not thus  
 All purifying anguish, chastening grief,  
 Escape, or woe remedial, curative ;  
 For thy desire and trembling fear shall grow  
 Towards thy injured husband. He shall rule  
 More sternly, more severely, over her,  
 So nearly his perdition and his curse.  
 And I will multiply thy motherly cares  
 And sorrows in conception and in birth.  
 Thou, too, her spouse—thou conscience-smitten man—  
 Whose faith thus grievously hath been seduced  
 By demon pride and passion—for thy sake  
 I curse the ground thou tillest, and in woe  
 And tribulation, and the sweat of brow,  
 Shalt thou elicit from its sterile womb  
 Thy hard-earned sustenance, till thou return  
 To dust, whence thou wast taken, and repose,  
 After life's fitful fever, in the grave.

*Adam.* O hard condition ! spirit-blighting curse !  
 How shall all joy hereafter be dissolved  
 In gushing tears of penitence and shame !

*Jehovah.* Now, grace-delivered victim of just doom,  
 Survey thyself and know thyself a man ;  
 Thou who erewhile by knowledge didst attempt  
 To equal the Supreme ! what art thou now ?  
 How changed, how fallen thy aspect ; how o'erveiled  
 With inextinguishable mournfulness !  
 Ambitioning the greatest, thou hast lost  
 The great, the good, the immaculate, the fair ;  
 And that bright passion, too refined for earth,  
 For Heaven too voluptuous, is commixed  
 With heart-consuming care. Now, lest ye pluck  
 That tree of life immortal, ne'er restored  
 But by all-sacrificing death, behold !

I call the swift-winged cherubim of heaven,  
And bid them watch with many-flashing swords  
That vital fruit which faith alone can pluck  
From the original stem, eternally.

*Eve.* They come ! they come ! before their burning course  
The sudden lightnings glare, and momentarily  
A universal and mysterious flame  
Enwraps lost Eden. The ineffable light  
Pervades the wandering air, and all the trees  
Glow in its hot embraces unconsumed.  
These are the host of Him who doth command  
Our instant flight from hence : let us obey.

*Adam.* O thou almighty and ubiquitous Power !  
No longer I resist ; thy fatherly will  
Subdues my heart to love ; and now I long  
To fly where'er thy high directing hand  
Appoints my dwelling. Yet my heart is sad  
To quit this charmed birthplace, and my eye,  
Wet with its many-gushing tears, looks back  
To take its long, its last farewell of Eden.  
Where shall we wander ? Whither shall we bend  
Our weary steps ? Where choose our place of rest  
And find a home in exile, and a hope ?







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