

IN
Paradisum Amissam
Summi Poetae

Johannis Miltoni.

*Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur & toto quicquid in Orbe latet.
Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum
Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus.
Quæque colunt terras, Portumque & Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna Poli.
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam.
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus;
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, it quanta prælia dira tuba.
Cœltes acies! atque in certamine Cælum!
Et quæ Cœlestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!
Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris
Dum ferus hic stellæ protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos Montes ceu Tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnae non superesse suæ.
At simul in cœlis Messia insignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, & sæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco
Admistis flammis insonuere Polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis
Et cassis dextris irrita Tela cadunt.
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus asylum
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*

S.B., M.D.

*On the Paradise Lost of John Milton
Consummate Poet*

You who read *Paradise Lost*, sublime poem of mighty Milton, what do you read but the story of all things? All things and the first beginning of all things and their careers and ultimate destiny are contained within that book. The innermost recesses of the great universe are disclosed and whate'er lies hidden in all the world is there described: land and the expanse of the sea and the depths of the sky and the sulphurous flame-belching den of Erebus; all that dwell on earth and in the sea and in darksome Tartarus, and all that dwell in the bright realms of heaven above; whate'er is anywhere included within any boundaries, and illimitable Chaos and infinite Deity, and even more without limit, if there is aught that is more without limit, love towards mankind regained in Christ. Who that hoped for such a poem could have believed that it would come into existence? And yet this is the poem that the land of Britain reads today. O, what warlike chieftains, what deeds of arms are here presented! What dire battles here sung and with how sonorous a trumpet! Celestial battle-lines and Heaven at war and fighting that befits the fields of Heaven! How magnificent is Lucifer, as he rises in his celestial armor, and as he strides scarce inferior to Michael himself! With what furious, with what deadly anger do they clash, while one fiercely protects the stars, the other makes them his prey! While they rend mountains and hurl them at each other as missiles and rain down fires that mortals do not know. Olympus stands doubtful to which side to yield and fears that it may not survive its own strife. But soon as the banners of Messiah gleam in the sky and His living chariot and His armor meet for God, soon as His wheels grind horribly, and the fierce lightnings of the wheels burst from those grim eyes, and the flames flash and veritable thunder with intermingled fires reverberates hoarsely in the skies, from His amazed foes departs all courage, all resistance, and from their empty hands their useless idle weapons fall. They flee to their punishment, and just as if Orcus were a refuge, they struggle to hide themselves in infernal darkness. Yield, ye writers of Rome, yield, ye writers of Greece, and all that Fame whether modern or ancient has celebrated. Whoso shall read this poem will think that Homer sang only of frogs, Vergil only of gnats.