PARADISE LOST.
A POEM
IN TWELVE BOOKS.
THE AUTHOR
JOHN MILTON.

Printed from the First and Second Editions collated.
THE ORIGINAL SYSTEM OF ORTHOGRAPHY RESTORED;
THE PUNCTUATION CORRECTED AND EXTENDED.

WITH
VARIOUS READINGS:
AND NOTES; CHIEFLY RHYTHMICAL.

BY CAPEL LOFFT.

"Ego" (hic quidem loci) "sic scribendum quicque judico quomodo sonet. Hic enim usus est Litterarum, ut custodiant voce, et velut Depositum reddant legentibus. Itaque id exprimere debent quod dicturi sumus.

Q U I N T I L. I. 7.

Worthy of sacred Silence to be heard!

In nobilissimo Poemate Miltonus: cujus celebritas crescit indies; cum Miltonus non sit tam boninis nomen quam Ingenii et Libertatis. Wakefield Silv. Crit. II. § 101.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. RACKHAM.
AND SOLD ALSO BY J. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY; J. PHILLIPS, GEORGE-YARD, LOMBARD-STREET; T. C. RICKMAN, UPPER MARYBONE-STREET, LONDON; W. STEVENSON, NORWICH; AND W. H. LUNN, CAMBRIDGE.

9082 M DCC XCII.
DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Sheets which have 2 f, and 2 g, are to follow that which contains the Commendatory Verses: and to be followed by that which contains the Reasons for the Verse, and the Argument of the Poem.

ERRATA.

Preface.
P. xxiv. l. the last, dele "even" before "ambitious."
xli. Note, l. 2, for au read "an."

In the Poem.
B. I. l. 313, for their, read "thir." And add, at the bottom of the Page, their, 1st Edition, in all the three Copies.
I. 506, in some of the Copies, add "in" before might.
I. 574, for with ease, read "with these:" in some.

Erratum in the First Edition not mentioned in its place.
B. X. l. 398, "Maritime" in all the three Copies of the First Edition with an n.
XI. l. 398, in the Second, "Maritim:" but printed, like the proper Names, in Italic.—It is probable, in Writing, the turn of the last stroke of the Letter m had been mistaken for me.

It has been omitted to notice in its place*, an Alteration in the Second Edition.
X. 1139. 1st Edit. "He grants them thir desire."
Is in the 2d. XII. 238. "He grants what they besought."

* P. xxxix.
THE Design of this Edition is to give the PARADISE
LOST correctly, and in such manner as MILTON inten-
tended. For this purpose no Manuscript of authority has
been discovered; and therefore it is almost certain that
none exists: and two Poets, unrivalled not in this Nation
only, but perhaps in any, are thus far similarly circum-
stanced.

The non-existence of a Manuscript has been noticed by
BENTLEY, in his beautifully printed Edition of 1732. And
since that time I learn not of any more which the
industry of the justly zealous Admirers of the Poet has
enabled them to find, than the MS. of the first Book, co-
pied fair for the press, with the imprimatur of the Arch-
bishop's Chaplain *. But where even this is to be seen is
not mentioned.

We have, however, two authentic Editions, both pub-
lished in the life time of MILTON: and of these it is the
more essential to give a particular account, as they consti-
tute the Basis of the present Edition.

Of these Editions both are become mine, from a family, of which I shall ever think with affectionate esteem, and whom it well became to lay the foundations of the best and only adequate structure to the honour of Milton, by supplying these materials, indispensible to the design of editing this transcendant Poem, with that accuracy which it merits. To the end of Time,—and the thought seems not presumptuous, to add beyond,—such a work as The Paradise Lost, must remain a glorious and imperishable Monument of the application of the noblest powers to the highest and most excellent purpose. And I trust to prove, that by these two Editions, with hardly ever a plausible excuse for resorting to conjectural Criticism, we may be more certain that we have the very Work of the Author, unchanged and perfect in the minutest particulars, than it is possible to be in almost any other instance capitaly interesting to Literature.

The first Edition, published in 1667, (the contract with Samuel Simmons, the Printer, bearing Date 27 April, of the same year), is a small Quarto, as appears by the Printer's signatures; without which it must be taken for a broad and rather short 8vo. It is not paged (which, indeed, seems quite superfluous), but the verses are numbered, and tabled, or inclosed; which latter circumstance, if it were not for the additional trouble in the printing, would scarcely, I should suppose, after having been once introduced, ever have been laid aside in the printing of Poetry of the higher and more solemn kind; since it bounds the line in a manner which seems to me very suitable. I have retained it accordingly,
accordingly; as one of the characters of venerable SImplicity, by which the original publication is distinguished: as also the mode of printing the title of the Poem at the head of each page in small ItalicS, rather than Roman capitals.

In 1668 there was added a new Title Page; a Table of Errata;—which is very short, and yet almost completely accurate;—the Argument of the Poem, and the Reasons why the Poem rimes not. Both these latter were obtained, the Publisher has informed us in a short Advertisement, at the request of Readers. These Reasons for the Kind of Verse (which it is astonishing should even then have been strange to such a man as Burnet) have been, with the Argument of the Poem, generally, and very properly, ever since continued. In 1668 they were printed, as was then unavoidable, in a continued Series, and prefixed to the Poem; but what then was necessity merits to be choice: I have therefore printed them in the same manner; and have found, since I had thus determined, that the same method had been observed by Bentley in 1732.

The size of the page of the first Edition is very near equal to the present; the type similar, though a little smaller; each page (except the beginning and end of books) contains thirty-two verses. The number of the Books was originally only ten; and no change, I believe, was made in the printed copies in this particular till the publication of the second Edition. Circumstances, on examination, strongly prove, that the Edition itself remained the same in 1668 as in the year preceding.

Some of the very few Errata well deserve to be noticed:
as they confirm certain niceties in the Orthography, not to have been accidental, but systematic and carefully observed.

In 1669 the Poem was published* without the Address to the Reader from S. Simmons, the Printer. In 1672 the second Edition made its appearance in twelve Books; what the other alterations were, will be found stated by Mr. Fenton (with some few which had escaped his observation) in the Postscript to his Life of Milton; which Postscript is annexed to this Preface.

I have not been able to obtain, or as yet to see, the Copy dated 1672; mine has 1674 in the Title Page: and is, probably, the same with the preceding; except in the circumstances to be now mentioned.

It will strike, perhaps, the thought of any attentive Reader, who shall see the first Edition, when he observes, that this Poem went forth into the World “in naked beauty adorn’d;” without Preface, Advertisement, or Commendatory Lines, so universally customary in that age: with a just, magnanimous, and characteristic confidence: indifferent to the then age; secure of Posterity.

In 1674, the Lines by the learned physician, Dr. Barrow, appear prefixed; and those by Andrew Marvell succeed them; both, however, with the initials only of their Authors; S. B. and A. M.—Milton died in the close of that year. His Portrait too appears at the head of this Copy, as engraved by W. Dolle. The Inscription is,

Johannis Miltoni Effigies,
Ætat. 63, 1671.

* Mem. of Thomas Hollis, Lond. 1780, p.* 384.* What-
Whatever harshness there may be in the style of the Engraving, even to a degree of rudeness, there appear strokes of characteristic resemblance. It seems to me to be from an Original; which was bequeathed to my Father by Col. Holland, on which lines of Latin verse were inscribed beneath the scroll; Inclitus et Fælix Patriam can be pretty plainly traced; the rest is lost, and, I fear, irrecoverably. Mr. Stevenson, of Norwich, had this Picture to copy, as he is always warm in the interests of Genius and Humanity; and to him, I imagine, I am obliged for the ninth Edition, of 1711, which came to me, I could never learn from what hand; to which there is a good print of Milton prefixed, but no name of the Engraver, and the celebrated Epigram by Dryden underneath.

The second Edition is small 8vo, nearly the size of a modern duodecimo. In two circumstances, it is disadvantageously different from the first. The Pages are numbered; and not the Verses. The title of the Poem is in black letter, but not capital, at the head of each page. The Poem is in 333 pages: 34 lines to a page; excepting the beginnings and endings: and that the number in each page does not appear so exactly constant as in the first, which contains 320, or forty sheets.

In the second, the Arguments are prefixed to each Book; which, though generally now the practice, in the Editions both of this Poem and of the Iliad and Eneid, gives a less perfect idea of the ordonnance of the entire Design.

Some observable points of Printing and Orthography are common to both Editions.
Both abound in Capitals at the beginning of words. Personal Substantives in the abstract; and qualities or powers, when personified, are thus distinguished: not only when the Personification is direct, and as it were dramatic, bringing ideal agents, like Chaos, and Sin, and Death, into action in the Poem; but where it is incidental and figurative merely, as where Thunder has spent his shafts; where the Hail and Storm, the Ministers of God's vengeance, are recalled from the pursuit; where Night is attended by her Bird; the Moon has her mantle; the Gates of heaven are unbarred by the hours. The neglect of this distinction, generally in later Editions, has much injured the poetical beauty, impaired the energy, and obscured the sense of many passages.

This use of initial Capitals, almost always accompanies the mention of any animate creature: and even of inanimate (or at least such as are generally thus classed), when, by its beauty, or other striking qualities, or its relative importance to the passage, or the emphasis proper to it, of Rhythm or Expression, the word thus introduced, requires to be distinguished.

This Notation is the more convenient and requisite, since Italics are hardly ever, in either of the Editions, employed, except for Appellatives, either personal or geographic; and in these they are, almost without exception, constant. They are almost totally confined to this use, or to the instances in which Scripture is quoted.

Perhaps it might be expected, and especially in a Sacred Poem, that where the name of the Deity is introduced, the printing would be in capitals, or some other mode: but Milton
MILTON knew that none could add emphasis. In other instances, such distinction was necessary or expedient; in this, none was necessary, and none could have been adequate.

In *Orthography*, he seems to have been governed rarely by etymology in his own, and more rarely in words derivative from the antient languages; and not at all by the unsettled custom of his own age: but chiefly to have endeavoured so to spell, as should either mark the usual pronunciation with more certainty and consistency than the common mode; or suggest such an utterance as he thought preferable to the ear;—more dignified, or more impressively solemn.— Where words admit of being spelt in two ways, as those compounded with the Preposition *in* generally do, he seems usually to have preferred the *i* to *e*; and in such words, if we spell *e*, we most generally, even now, pronounce *i*.— Sometimes, however, he appears to have preferred the *e*, as better timed to the quantity required, more melodious, and better cadenced; with a view to its relative effect in particular passages. One leading circumstance pervades his whole plan, and characterizes his method of *Orthography* in both Editions:—the spelling of the personal Pronouns with a double *e* where *emphatic*, and with a single where non-*emphatic*. One of these instances, where the emphasis had not been expressed by the observation of this mode of spelling, constitutes an article in the *Errata*, which were added the year subsequent to the publication of the Poem.

Another personal Pronoun in the plural happens to be frequent in *this* Author, and (particularly in the Poem before us), more, perhaps, than in any of our *English* Poets; the
the Pronoun *their*:—unless where it is emphatic, which it very rarely is, he spells it *thir*; to mark it by the short *i*, a vowel of the quickest and lightest pronunciation.

The Execution of this idea is more regular in the second Edition: but in both, the Principle and intention is sufficiently apparent.

In one instance of this kind,—as Mr. J. Walker has observed, in his excellent *Rhetorical Grammar*,—even the mode of spelling, which Grammatical Propriety seems to require, appears to have been less regarded than that which was fittest for Elocution: the Accusative plural of the second personal pronoun, when it is to be pronounced rapidly and slightly, being spelt like the Nominative in the common spelling.

No confusion is produced (for the structure and import of the period necessarily determines it), any more than in the Greek, where the Accusative plural of nouns in *ευσ* and *ευς* in the third declension of the *circumflexes* is the same as the Nominative; and no more than when with us the Nominative plural of the same Pronoun is constantly taken for the singular in writing, and in common discourse; unless in a numerous and respectable religious Society, in which Milton found one of his chief Friends.

Another peculiarity is constant in both Editions: *than*, as we now spell, the sign of the comparative degree, being always spelt *then*; with the less sonorous and less full articulated vowel. As it is not emphatical, but a mere *enclitic*, which rests the emphasis on the following adjective or substantive, this spelling appears really the most proper. At the same
fame time, distinction was not then lost: the adverb of time being then commonly spelt *than*, or *thanne*, as may be seen in our early Versions of the Bible. And as the adverb of time is generally emphatic, being introduced to mark a circumstance relatively important to the incident, it seems best to merit the more emphatic sign of Articulation: but unwilling to try the patience of the Reader with too many novelties at once (for antiquities forgotten are novelties, except that they are less favourably received, and less prepossessing), I have not observed this in the Text; but I thought it improper to be overpassed in the Preface.

In the two first Editions of this Poem, *ball* is usually spelt with the single /, as a double would be incongruous on the principles of analogy, to the long and open power of the vowel. *Hill* in the same manner; because the vowel, short in its own proper power, has no need of doubling the consonant to shew it to be short; but must have an e final, or some similar circumstance, to make it long.

*Perfect* is spelt *perfet*; and *counterfeit* is *counterfet*, which gives an easier pronunciation, and a better time and cadence. *Wrath* is generally *Wrauth*.

To some words, a poetical Orthography may be said to be given, as *rowle, raunge, sorvan, solidan*, and some others, not usually, even at that time, so spelt in Prose.

Redundant vowels, which have no effect on the sound, and sometimes obscure the etymology, are rejected; as *proclaim*, which becomes *proclame*. The redundant consonants are also rejected; as in *glimps, eclips, champain*. The Participle passive and the perfect active (which seems to be, in
reality, only an *ellipsis* of the participle passive, combined with the auxiliary verb *has* or *was* are both (spelt with *t* rather than *d* for its termination, which distinguishes these from the *imperfect* tense of the verb; and is, in reality, truer to the sound.

In general, where the Accent falls, with no more than its usual force, in such words as *supreme*, the old English Spelling, by the *ea* dipthong, prevails: otherwise when the Accent is enforced by a more solemn and peculiar pronunciation. The difference will be found in *voluble* and *volubil*: where, with the different position in the verse, the Orthography, and the place itself of the Accent changes.

The *doubled* consonant having the effect of indicating a *short* vowel, *Milton* spells *solid*, *metal*, &c. with the first consonant doubled. He doubtless thought it of less importance to point out a *Latin* derivation, in significant to those who were not otherwise likely to be acquainted with it, than to mark and ascertain the pronunciation, which seems the prime duty of *Orthography*, whether in verse or prose; and in *Verse* particularly, and such *Verse* as *Milton*’s, to mark the most accurately timed, most graceful, and advantageous pronunciation.

The *r* is particularly circumstanced: and *Milton* doubles this very peculiar consonant, as the *Greeks* do, to mark a more forcible and animated utterance. The *s* resembles it in this effect of doubling the letter, as may be easily observed in the difference between *was* and *glass*. *Y*, in termination, is very similar to the *short i*; when the voice rests a little longer upon it, *ie* will express its power better.
better. Milton spells in both ways, Glory, Majesty, and other words of that kind. I have endeavoured to preserve the analogy, so as best to indicate the time and cadence, when the last syllable is short, as, by following a strongly accented syllable, I have preferred y: where less short, ie has seemed preferable. It would be an affront, however, to any who are inclined to read Milton—an affront, of which they are very undeserving, to inform them, that I do not mean it as equivalent to the long e; the double e in our language, eta in the Greek, according to the obsolete and now childish or burlesque pronunciation, of which we have abundant instances in our old English Ballads; and of which Shakespeare seems to have intended a ludicrous Example in his Prologue to that startling interlude in Hamlet. I mean only an indefinite and surd difference of time*

The e final is often in use by Milton: sometimes as the e feminine of the French; giving an insensible prolongation; sometimes, seemingly, merely as distinguishing a substantive in the plural from the third person singular, contracted; of its verb.

A w sometimes, where we should place an u, seems to represent a flower and fuller pronunciation; and ou, where we should write ow, a closer and more contracted. This Analogy is not always kept in the original Editions: but, as it

* Χρονικαί ἀλογον διαφοραν, as the Greek Musicians and Grammarians (with them Grammar was a part of Music) would have considered it.

For us, and for our Tragedie,
Here stooping to your Clemencie,
We beg your bearing patientlie.

See Cibber's admirable Apology.
The late Dr. Franklin, another illustrious Friend, like Milton, to Liberty, and the Progress of the human Mind; —and, like him, active, as well as contemplative; energetic as well as deep; —seems to have considered Orthography somewhat in a similar light; as the Guide to Pronunciation—not the Slave of Etymology or Custom.

These differences are the most material: others will occur, and be noted as they arise: and with differences that appear to have no fixed Principle, Observance, or Effect, I would not embarrass this Edition: I mean, that it should be a likeness of the revered original in every permanent, expressive, characteristic feature; but not in every freckle, scar, or casual blemish.

The Reader may expect rarely to find Emphasis marked in this Edition, except where the change of spelling, originally adopted by the Poet, represents it. The fact is, marking the Accent will generally indicate the Emphasis: for Accent, Quantity, and Emphasis, though distinct properties of speech, are intimately connected: and in our language particularly; in which the Emphasis frequently affects the Time; and almost always the Accent, either by enforcing it, or changing it from grave to acute, or sometimes from the acute to grave; in which latter case, the remission of Tone is generally accompanied by a diminution of sound. For the Piano, or pianissimo often constitute Emphasis: not less than the Forte in its greatest intensity.
Whoever has heard this of *Isabella*, justly pronounced,

There spake my Brother:...there my Father's Grave

Did utter forth a voice,

has felt this. The first four words, in a firm but complacent Tone, beginning with some surprize, ascend gradually in the Forte, and those which follow, are in a grave Tone and low voice; with a rise only, and that moderate, on the second and third words of the second line. The purity and dignity of the character, the filial veneration, the revival of sisterly Esteem—all depend for their expression in this admirable Passage, on that Emphasis of sentiment, which has other resorts than loudness; and can strike awe and sympathy to the Heart, by the remission of sound, where its intensity would destroy, instead of conveying Emphasis. And indeed this is often true of the sublime and the terrible; no less than of the melancholy and the tender, the affectionate and persuasive.

*Emphasis*, indeed, is merely relative to the place and circumstances of the word, clause, or sentence on which it falls; the character, sentiment, situation, and intention of the Speaker. It usually raises accent, exalts the voice, and accelerates the tone; but it may require, for its effect, the contrary of all these, or of some of them only.

And as to the leading Emphasis which characterizes a Speech, it has been well noticed that *Milton* usually gives the intimation of it by the Lines which precede; as in the Description which introduces the Speech of Moloch, of Belial, and of Satan, in the second Book: (that of *Mammon* the Reader had been enabled to anticipate by the first:)—and that

*Measure for Measure*, Act III, Scene 1.
of Sin—whose sharp and impassioned outcry conveys the utterance to the Imagination so strongly, that even in silence it seems to strike upon the ear. And in the first Book, the bold Words previously ascribed to the first Speech, the quickness of Reply to the second, the Despair (in the parenthetic Epiphonema) to the third, give the general Movement almost as distinctly as it is indicated at the head of a Piece of Music.

My object is, to annex such Marks as may clear the way to a Reader of taste, judgement, and feeling, from such ambiguities of Accent, Emphasis, or Cadence as, without some appropriated Notation, will ever, in some degree, embarrass the immediate Perception and Expression. To enter into the full Expression, and to convey it suitably to others, must be the province of each for themselves. For this reason, the Accents which govern entire Members of a Period, are not marked here: except only the Monotone; the very Essence of which consists in its being clausular, and not confined to a single word: but the Accent marked over a particular Word often will suggest the leading Tone of a Clause, or entire Sentence. The same remark will occasionally apply to the influence of the rhythmic Cadence, from its natural connection with the clausular Tone.

And, indeed, as the Orthography has thus far been noticed, and modes of Printing which tend to assist the pronunciation and expression, it is impossible not to think of Punctuation: another, and most material Article; in a Poem, which, of all others, requires and merits that its Pronunciation be facilitated, and the Principles of just utter-
ance exemplified in their full extent, dignified, and perpetuated by their application to it. Every kind of Punctuation that exists, or could rationally be invented, grammatical, rhythmical, and rhetorical, would here have its full employ, and most extensive, discriminated use. My object has been, however, chiefly to make the best and most correct use I could of the common Points: with the addition of some few, adapted, as I hope, to the Numbers and style of Composition of this Poem. The Position of the break — in particular, gives it a diversified Power; and in this (as in the Mark of ironical expression), I have partly grounded myself on the Method of my Uncle, the late Edward Capell, in his Edition of Shakspeare; of which, unbiased by relation, uninfluenced by any other circumstance, I may venture, when thus invited by the occasion, to speak my sentiment, as thinking it the most correct and perfect specimen of punctuation, existing perhaps in ours, or any language.—The 

suspensive Pause, marks an interval in the Rhythm or Cadence: where the Construction of the Sentence does not properly admit of a Comma: it is supposed nearly of the length of one, this is its general effect when no other Mark is annexed; where there is, it prolongs the silence proper to the stop which it accompanies; and the inflexion of the voice, on this pause, will be different from that indicated by a simple comma; but signs serve to hint what taste and feeling alone can execute; and which cannot be described. It is sometimes too the mere holding (as it were) of a syllable; without any sensible interval of silence. The acute, grave, and compound accent, I have occasionally marked where the peculiar rhythm
rhythm seemed to be capable of being thus illustrated. The
over a vowel to mark not generally an absolute Elision of it,
but the utterance in the least time, and with the least force,
is used by Milton, in his original Editions; retained by
Bentley; and perhaps somewhat too frequently introduced
by Dr. Newton, whose Edition, however, is much more
just to the Poet, than that of such of his predecessors as I have
yet examined.

It is not a little remarkable, that Shakespeare, from ne-
gligence, and Milton, from his calamity, have rendered this
Duty of an Editor, almost as absolutely to be performed in
its utmost extent, as if the Editions of both had descended to
us without a single stop*. Blindness, indeed, precludes the
possibility, in a manner, of conducting a system of such deli-
cacy as that of punctuation; so as to secure its accuracy when
applied to practice, by any possible scheme of dictating, to the
pen of the most attentive, patient, and distinguishing Ama-
nuensis. What could still be effectually directed, Milton
seems to have directed with his characteristic Taste, Judge-

* It inevitably happened to Milton, in these circumstances, as it did
from other causes, to Shakespeare. And thus two contemporary Poets,
of the first order, and who required the most exact and diversified Punctu-
ation, had their works consigned to Posterity in a state, which I cannot
better represent, with respect to both, than by the annexed quotation con-
cerning the latter.

"As to the Punctuation, it is so extremely erroneous throughout, and in every
old copy, that small regard is due to it: and it becomes an Editor's duty (instead
of being influenced by such a Punctuation, or even casting his eye upon it) to at-
tend closely to the meaning of what is before him, and to new point it accordingly." Introduftion to Capell's Edition, p. 27.
ment, and unabated spirit; and with a success much greater, and more uniform, than in such circumstances could have been expected. I mean the Orthography, which, though not every where unimpaired by mistake or inadvertence, seems to have been executed with great, and perhaps filial care, under his guidance; and to give us the clear traces, and general tenour of his Principle and Practice in applying Orthography to Pronunciation and Rhythm.—What could not be directed under his circumstances with effect, he wisely disregarded.

The great and elegant utility of Punctuation has, in this Century, added much to the extent, certainty, and precision of that Art; and though I do not hope to bring this Edition into a Rivalry with the Shakespeare I have mentioned, it shall not be defective, in this respect, through Negligence, whatever failure it may incur.

It may possibly be thought that I have flopped too high; too much prolonged and varied the pauses; and given them greater frequency than was necessary, or expedient. But I agree with the Author already quoted: that in the higher, more diversified, and complex species of Composition, the pointing, to be in any degree adequate, must be much farther extended, more discriminated, and more frequent, than would otherwise be requisite. And in long sentences especially it may easily be perceived, how much the omission of proper points, or the substitution of a comma for a semicolon, a semicolon for the point next to it in order, or the contrary, obscures the sense, reduces the energy, and impairs, or even destroys, the harmony of the period.

And, indeed, I consider the majestic flow of numbers in
this Poem, as analogous to a grand Concerto Composition for the favourite instrument of Milton, the Organ: in which the Movements are so sublime, and so awfully regulated; the contrivance and disposition of the parts so deep; the execution itself so complex; and depending for its full effect on such and so various circumstances, that the system of Notation relative to it cannot be too much studied, with reference to the understanding, the ear, and the heart.

This would apply to the general character of the Rhythm. But it has its great and energetic peculiarities:—its sublime abruptness!—its awful silence!—its occasional cadence, no less singular than expressive: and if the utmost attention to the usual modes of Pointing be not more than merited and required throughout the Poem, these Passages, which are very numerous, and most comprehensively various in their principle and effect, will demand some Notes of a more particular Punctuation.

But I leave the Method to justify or condemn itself: and pursue my road, the little that remains, to finish my observations relative to those Editions which have been followed in this.

No less a Man than Bentley has indeed set the first and second Editions so low, that if Conviction could be submitted to Authority, we could hardly have refused, in deference to his, to think them as incomplete Guides to any Principles of Orthography, or any Ascertainment of the Text itself, as they are confessedly with regard to Punctuation. For myself, without being fully otherwise persuaded, I should not have made
made them the Foundation of this Edition. Every Reader will have the means of judging: for I shall state Bentley's Charges, under the Passages to which they relate. They may, perhaps, suggest a melancholy sentiment of the extreme fallibility of a most learned, sagacious, and powerful Mind, under the bias of a strong prejudice, and the fatal influence of the Ardour of Emendation: they will hardly convince the Reader, that to the other calamities of Milton,—and they were such as hardly any Mind but his could have surmounted,—the faithlessness of an injurious Editor, depraving the Poem, by interpolations and corruptions of every kind, and the mercenary unconcern of a Publisher, are to be added. On the contrary, perhaps, I shall leave it proved, as strongly as it can be by any Evidence, where the original MS. cannot be produced, that the Transcriber, Editor, and Printer, have done their duty as to both the original Editions; and I trust that what I have advanced in the opening of this Preface will be justified on a perusal of the Text, published with scrupulous attention to their Authority.

The great, but daring Critic, who would have convinced the World, if possible, of the necessity of correcting the Text of this incomparable Poem, with an utter disregard of the original Editions, by the utmost Latitude of conjectural Criticism, accuses those Editions, and the supposed treacherous Copiist, and villainous Editor, with all the vehemence that the highest Crimes and Misdemeanours, fully proved,—not hastily taken for granted,—could have merited. There is the double Charge of careless or wilful Alterations,
Alterations,—which are described as such monstrous Faults as are beyond example in any other printed Book,—and Interpolations, of which he produces, in his Preface, an ample Catalogue, and, in his Notes, loads them with abundant contempt, ridicule, and invective; and, in the Poem itself, gibbets them between Hooks. These latter shall be also not unnoticed as they occur: some few of both are here specified.

Of the Alterations,—the smaller, but a still most serious charge,—the first stated is, into what pit*, for which he substitutes,—as if he had heard the Poet speak and so dictate,—to what depth, to avoid a redundant syllable, though one of the shortest possible, in a Passage full of Passion and Agitation; which Milton, far from avoiding, has often chosen.

For, not built, he insists on no butt†, as a restitution of Milton's own Words; though what follows seems strongly to confirm the received reading. In another passage‡, he prefers changing a word to correcting the Punctuation: and will throw out gesture, a very significant and appropriated word in that place, for a reason which a different pointing would wholly have removed: that of a supposed false Metaphor; because a Tower can have no Gesture.

For, "War, open or understood‖ (a Concert, as it would be now phrased, of the confederate Powers; understood amongst themselves, and to be carried into what effect they could, when they should see, or suppose themselves to see, an occasion of advantage;) he reads, "Open or underhand."—

Such
Such Corrections, in the very outset, positively urged as the Author's own words, instead of supporting, transfer the charge of Alteration.

I now offer the seven first of the imputed interpolations, to be considered by the Reader.

The first is, of four lines from 197: and is an Allusion to antient Fable; very likely to enter the Mind of Milton, but most unlikely to have occurred to an ignorant Interpolator. Of the second (251), the Critic seems to have altered his own Mind, and corrected on another principle, though equally groundless, when he printed the Poem. The third (306 to 311) rejects five lines and two Hemistichs; and contrives to close the break without altering the preceding or following half verse. In this, and in some other circumstances, it is one of the most plausible; but an answer occurs to it, and generally to all, which will soon be given. 351 (printed 357) is the fourth; and there five entire lines are rejected: of a style, character, and tone which has much of the Miltonian; and of that geographic and historico-antiquarian cast which was little in the way of the supposed Interpolator. The fifth is one line (372): but so interwoven with the preceding, that without altering that, there was no possibility of rejecting it: its idiomatic style, and its stern contempt of false splendours, might have prevented the thought of its expulsion, and vindicated this line to its Author. This fifth is not in his Catalogue in the Preface. The sixth (486) turns again on neglected Punctuation for its most capital objection. It rejects four lines; which allude, with reverential simplicity, to a signal Passage in Scripture;
SCRIPTURE; suitable perfectly to the Design of the Poem, and to this place.

The last I shall here quote, occurs 575, and consists of an entire verse and two Hemistichs; the last of which required to be deprived of a foot, and which is worse, of a very characteristic epithet, before the rejection could be brought to any appearance of being admissible.

But to these, and all, BENTLEY himself could not avoid noticing a Fact which is at once the Answer:—that all these former Faults, as he calls them, of the first Edition (his whole List of Alterations and Interpolations so decisively pronounced), all these are contained in the following Edition; which, as I shall shew from the Memoirs of Mr. THOMAS HOLLIS, appears to have been published in 1672; and again, with a new Title, in 1674. In those five years, from 1667 to 1672, when the great Author was meditating, in blindness and solitude, with patient Magnanimity, on what remained for him to do, and was revolving the Alterations in the Form and particular Lines in different Books of his great Work; when ELWOOD the honest, friendly, and, as it appears, judicious ELWOOD; when others, eminent in Name, Talents, and Learning, visited his Retirement, as consecrated to suffering Virtue and Wisdom;—did none but the Interpolator ever read those Passages (dispersed through every Book of the Poem, except the twelfth, and abundant in the five first) which are charged to have been thus grossly and flagitiously interpolated? Did the Interpolator conveniently die, or grow tired
tired of his Amusement, between the first and the second Edition, so that there should be no more of his Fabrications; while, unfortunately, not one which had vitiated the Poem when it first appeared to the World should be detected, and consequently removed. By Suppositions like these, all Faith in Books, Principles of Criticism, or Evidence in general, would be confounded and lost.

And yet all this is believed by Bentley: who accounts for it by a supposition which has no vestige of Proof, or colour of Probability: though he has embarrassed his Hypothesis farther, by supposing the Edition of the Paradise Regained, in 1671, to be without faults; because the Poet was then, he says, in high Credit; and had changed his old Printer and Supervisor.

That Edition of the Paradise Regained is not, nor could be supposed to be, typographically considered, without faults; nor, in my apprehension, typographically, so correct as the first Edition of the Paradise Lost: but, however, the second Edition of the Paradise Lost being published the year subsequent to that, so propitious to the correctness of Publication in Bentley's View of it, ought naturally to have partaken of the same advantage.

S. Simmons, contumeliously treated as a poor Bookseller, living near Aldergate, and as something worse than unfortunate, was probably neither poor nor fordid. He bought, indeed, the Interest of the Author in three Impressions, limited to a certain number, at an immediate payment of five and a provisional of ten pounds more: a sum small indeed, compared with the Value, or with the actual Sale of
the Work which has since taken place and continues; and cannot be estimated to the several Publishers under very many thousands of Pounds: but to the Value of the Work, in its proper sense, no Price could be adequate*. The sale of such a Work, or its Value to a Bookseller as such, was a speculation which it required no common Judgement to calculate, and no ordinary spirit to hazard. The Poem was itself of that unexampled Majesty which would rather awe than invite: the Author, that "Poet of other times,"—then fallen on evil Days and evil Tongues; encompassed with Dangers, Solitude, and Darkness;—instead of any Interest of that kind which secures a Sale, gave a Name to the Work which was an illustrious Challenge to Hate, Prejudice, and Envy; not a Recommendation to Favour and easy Currency. By its irresistible Energy it commanded Approbation; and compelled Success, even in that Age, to its side. But if such a wonderful Phenomenon could now, for the first time, arise, it would still be a precarious Standard of the Liberality or Judgement of a Bookseller, to try him by the Sum which he would be now disposed to offer, taking on himself the expence and hazard.

The critical eye of Bentley had been so jaundiced by Passion, that he seems to have seen every thing wrong in the first Edition; to the very Type and manner of Printing. Yet at a Period of even extreme Delicacy in this and other Arts of Embellishment, I have not only ventured, but have been even ambitious, to publish it, as nearly as might be,
In its original Form: I think that Form has a pure and gracious Simplicity, not unworthy of the Subject and of the Character of Milton: and that it may appear more like the Panthea of Xenophon, or the Eve whom it celebrates, than like the miserably disguised and neglected Virgin of Terence; to whom Bentley compares it; not inelegantly, if there could be Elegance separated from Truth.

I know that there is at this time an Edition (and I believe more than one Edition) preparing, of the Paradise Lost, from which every thing may be expected of which the Press is capable, of Art, and Magnificence, and Beauty; and in which the Pencil will vie, as far as that Emulation can have scope (for how much is there in this above all Poets, where it must wholly fail) with the Description and Imagery so vividly presented by his creative Genius to the eye of Imagination. To rival these is no part of my Design: but rather to triumph that it is the lot of Milton and of Shakespeare, not only to have attained the utmost which their own Art could promise to human Powers, but to have ministered the amplest Subject of noble Emulation to the Sister Art. If any Engraving accompanies this Edition, it will be only the Portrait of Milton, in the most unembellished Style, from the Engraving which was prefixed to the second Edition.

Let the original Edition want the attractive Luflre, by which it might have been recommended to the admiring Eye*; but I do not admit the Charge of Unfightliness and

* This will be, I trust, an Edition not far from the Character of American Simplicity in Printing; such as it is in the present Century: and as the English was in the last.
fqualid Neglect, any more than of internal Error or wilful Perversion.

But strong and vehement Charges, from high Authority, however destitute of real Foundation, seldom fail of a temporary Effect: and thus, though Bentley's Edition could not make its own way, it seems to have brought, in concurrence with the very handsomely printed one ushered into the World by the amiable and excellent Fenton, the old Editions, the sole authentic, and to us in the place of MSS. into comparative disregard. For sixty years since the critical Anathema of Bentley has been fulminated on them, they have lain silent, and almost unregarded, under the stroke. It is now the age for Truth and Reason to vindicate their Rights; Milton and Shakespeare are names which can fear nothing from this Downfall of the Empire of Prejudice, and Opinion, and false Claims to Admiration. Compared with the Lustre of Names like these, Ancestry and Title, adventitious or temporary Grandeur, are as little almost every where as in America or in France. At such a Period I wish to render the only remaining service which could be paid to such a Poem as The Paradise Lost; that of publishing it, so as to approximate, as much as might be, to the Design of the Author: with this intention I set out; with this I encourage myself in the Pursuit, amidst other Cares and other Employments; with this I hope to conclude.

There is now, I understand, in Trinity-College, Cambridge, a fair MS. of this Poem (which I have formerly seen), carefully transcribed and prepared for the Press, by the
the Relation whom I have mentioned. If he had lived to publish it, or had committed that Care to be executed after him, I probably should have had no inducement, nor the Public any occasion, for this Attempt.

In concluding, I would observe, that all which is at present intended are Notes, like those to this first Book, of the various Readings of the first and second Edition; or which may tend to illustrate, very briefly, the Principles of Rhythm, Orthography, and Punctuation, as exemplified in this Poem. I intend to subjoin a copious Index; a Table illustrative of Milton's Use and Application of Scripture; an Extract from the Criticisms of Johnson; and perhaps the critical Essay of Addison; and some, possibly, of the most remarkable of the modern Testimonies. The space to which I should choose to limit the present Volume restrains me from attempting to give the Life of Milton, even in the short, but elegant, Narrative of Fenton; whose sensible and good Heart almost sunk the Prepossession of the Royalist in the Feelings of the Poet, the Benevolence of the Man, and the Fervour of a Mind sympathizing with such rational and exalted Piety as this Poem breathes, in despite of Fable and System. But a circumstance in this last Remark leads me incidentally to some Notice of the Plan and Character of the Poem, when thus considered. The Fable closely founds itself on scriptural Representation, whether we call it in some places Allegory, or Oriental Mythology: the System, in its theological Aspect, like other Systems, will admit of being more certainly described negatively than positively. It might be easier to say what it is
is not, than what it is. Perhaps the Doctrine of the Personality of the Spirit (and when I observe this, I remember the introductory Invocation) is not so apparent in it as might have been expected from his earlier Publications: and the Deity ascribed to the Son may be thought less absolute, and more inclining to Arianism. But on this I do not mean to be positive; nor to enter into any Controversy. The essential Merit of the Poem rests on those Principles of Religion, Morality, sublime and consoling Truth, which are of no Sect, Party, or Denomination; nor of such a kind as to be Orthodoxy with some, and Heterodoxy with others.—But to return.—

I must confine myself to merely noticing, with regard to his Life, the Period which it included: and which, for this State of Existence, circumscribed the activity and acquirements of such a Man. He was born, between six and seven in the Morning, on the 9th of December, 1608, at the House of his Father, who was a Scrivener, in Bread-Street, London. About his forty-eighth year he seems to have began the Paradise Lost, and to have finished it in his fifty-seventh, as originally published two years after, in 1667*, when Milton was fifty-nine. He died, at his House,

* At the time when this Poem was in composing, all the Powers of the human Mind were acting vigourously in every direction. Telescopes and Microscopes had been just invented; and the instruments for measuring the density and temperature of the Air, Boyle and Newton were forming themselves; Locke was exercising his Understanding. The year itself, 1667, constitutes, in a diverse view, an Æra. It gave to our Literature the glory of this unrivalled Poem; to our Code of Law*, one of its

* 19 Car. II. c. 4.
House, in Bunhill-Row, silently and without a Groan;—so that the Moment of his expiring was not perceived;—on the most humane and judicious Statutes, that for the Relief and Employment of poor Prisoners, prelusive to the immortal Efforts of Howard; and to our Manufacture the last great step in the progress of Dressing Wool, and the art of Dying it†. Of the effect and influence of these so different circumstances, toward establishing the Name and Character which Britain holds among the Nations, it is difficult to form an idea of any degree of proportionable Extent; an adequate is impossible. These auspicious instants to the Progress of Improvement, in the most different Branches; this confluence of Arts and Inventions to the same Point of Time, which have nothing, apparently, in common with each other, but that Energy and Spirit which throws back confining Enclosures, opens and enlightens a vast Area in the boundless Space of human Perfectibility:—these are Results, which, from the Age of Paterculus, and long before, to the present, have been contemplated with a pleasing awe and admiration, when the eye of philosophic Enquiry has turned itself toward these luminous Points, What the starry series are to the eye of Herschel, in exploring those Regions of the Universe he has made accessible, these clustering Radiations of Moral Light are to the Observer of the Moral World. In the expanse of Time, as this Nebula advances to its maturity, they increase; they separately condense; their several aggregates are mutually approximated. Formerly, it was a Conflux,—and that partial, and with long intervals of Darkness,—of the Rays of Genius scattered through a City or a Republic: now it spreads from Nation to Nation; and, perhaps, ere many Ages shall have escaped, it shall unite Mankind to the Light and Intelligence of other Systems unnumbered and unimagined: when Plato, Cicero, Bacon, Newton, Milton, Locke, Rousseau, the other sublime Enlightners and Benefactors of their Species, shall impart Illumination, and augment their own, by intellectual Intercourse with the Inhabitants of Worlds, whose Beams, since the Creation of this, have not yet arrived within the Limits of our System.

† Vide Remarks in Answer to the Observations of Lord Sheffield; by Tench Coxe (Assistant Secretary to the Treasury of the Federal Government of the United States of America). Published at Philadelphia; republished at London 1792.
10th of November, 1674; and "thus closed a Life spent in Study, and labours for the Public*:" we may add, for Posterity and Mankind. He was buried in St. Giles's, Crippllegate: where a fordid Mischief was committed lately, and a Market made of the eagerness with which Curiosity or Admiration prompted Persons to possess themselves of his supposed Remains; which, however, there is Reason to believe, far from being Milton's, were the Bones of a Person not of the same Age or Sex. It were to be wished that neither Superstition, Affectation, idle Curiosity, or Avarice, were so frequently invading the Silence of the Grave: far from honouring the illustrious Dead, it is rather outraging the common condition of Humanity, and the last melancholy State in which our present Existence terminates. Dust and Ashes have no intelligence to give, whether Beauty, Genius, or Virtue informed the animated Clay. A Tooth of Homer or Milton will not be distinguished from one of a common Mortal; nor a Bone of Alexander acquaint us more with his Character than one of Bucephalus. Though the Dead be unconcerned, the Living are neither benefited nor improved; Decency is violated; and a kind of instinctive Sympathy infringed; which, though it ought not to overpower Reason, ought not, without it, and to no purpose, to be superseded. But whether the Remains of that Body which once was Milton's, or those of any other Person, were thus exposed and set to sale, Death and Dissolution have had their Empire over these. The Spirit of his immortal Works survives invulnerable, and must survive.

* Dr. Newton, Pref. lxv.
These are his best Image; these the Reliques which a rational Admiration may cherish and revere. The Memory of the Perfections which we esteem, effaces the humiliation and horrors of the Tomb; and, instead of ransacking the Sepulchre, with idolatrous Superstition, for the moulderig and undistinguished Fragments which it decently conceals, such a Remembrance operates no weak Spells with Bones and Dust: its holier and diviner Magic invests its Object with anticipated Immortality; and loses every frail and perishable Idea in those Contemplations which pursue the future Progress of renovated and exalted Existence through the Ages of Eternity.

For Minds susceptible of these Hopes and Aspirations, Milton wrote. Views less animated, sublime, and interminable, would have been too narrow for the Mind which could conceive and execute such a Poem. If I shall be found, in this Edition, to have given it correctly to the Public, and so pointed as to assist the Understanding and Reading of it, the Attention it has required will have been well bestowed.

CAPEL LOFFT.

Troston-Hall, near Bury, Suffolk,
May 9, 1792.

I have annexed a Table of the Marks used in this Edition; and of the several Editions, with their Dates and Sizes, which I think I have been able to ascertain.
Marks of Punctuation.

— A Break in the Middle of the Line parenthetic; at the Bottom, a discretionary long Pause; at the Top, a Transition from the epic Narrative to an Apostrophe, or a Speech, or Exclamation of some Person in the Poem; or a Change of the Discourse addressed suddenly to another Person.

... A dotted Interval, denoting an agitated Pause; from the Influence of some powerful Emotion.

— Double Break; a longer and more disconnected Pause than the Single; and a less regular Continuance of the succeeding Passage: but more, generally, from Perplexity and Perturbation, as of Shame and Remorse, than the high and vehement Emotions.

Suspensive Pause. The Use and Effect of this is instanced in the Preface, and will be variously exemplified in the Work itself. It sometimes marks the merely Rhythmical Cadence; sometimes the Cadence, as relative to the Sentiment and Expression; but usually both; as Milton, in this Poem, has wonderfully united them, and enforced each by the other. It is similar in Figure and Effect to the Pesik, enumerated amongst the tonic Accents of the Hebrew Poetry. It is sometimes, without any distinctly sensible Interval of Silence, an accentuated Protraction of a Syllable; and, as such, distinguishes the Rhythmical Cadence*. In

* An instance of this use of it will be found at the End of the first Book. See Cleaver de Metr. Græc. (Oxon. 1789); and a Tract on Rhythmical Measures, by the Rev. Walter Young, F. R. S. Ed. in the Edinburgh Phil. Trans. Vol. ii. 71. 78--80. Anno 1790.
this Case it has no Stop annexed to it: and it answers to the Ayuyy, or Ductus Rhythmicus of the Antients.

- A single dot at the head of the line; an ironical turn of language.

— placed over a word; a low, even tone, at the same pitch, continued till the change indicated by this mark ".

' Acute, or ascending accent.

 Grave, or falling.

- Compound, or circumflex. Which may be either acuto grave, beginning with the rise and ending with the fall of the Accent, on the same syllable, or grave acute; and will require sometimes to be marked, as Mr. Steele has observed, accordingly, † for the first; † for the second.

- Only used for a syllable made shorter than usual time; or where a Dactylic, or some other Measure occurs, different from the common.

- For a syllable protracted beyond its usual duration. Either of these must be accompanied by a proportionable silence, which makes up the time; and may be indicated by the suspensive pause, or a surd quantity of the preceding or following syllable, making that longer or shorter proportionably.

- The surd quantity: seldom necessary to be marked, but always implied in such cases, where there is an accelerated or retarded syllable, and no pause of suspension.

- Two syllables in the time of one.

- The mark of greatest Acceleration, when placed over a vowel: rarely of Apocope or Elision: which is not suited to the genius of our Language.—By the Poet himself this mark has been employed in his first Edition.

† An-
Annexed to a word, the instant of pointing at anything then mentioned*.

At the instant of delivering it*.  

Critical.

§ Till terminated by this Mark "", the sign of a Clause, probably changed afterwards by the Poet, for some equivalent Clause, preceding or subfleuent, but supposed to have been accidentally retained in the Text †.

[] A Word thus inclosed, is almost certainly, in the Apprehension of the Editor, no part of the Text.

† Prefixed to a Word, denotes a Reading received, as necessary, in the place of one in the Text, though without Authority, from either of the two first Editions.

* Similar Marks are employed to the same Purpose in Capell's Shakspeare, and explained in his Prolusions.

† This Mark, in the same import, is already familiar to the Readers of the Varior. Editions of the Gr. Text. particularly Griefiath.

EDITIONS
EDITIONS of the PARADISE LOST; either separately, or with the other Poetical Works.

The Transverse Lines divide the Columns into Intervals of six Years.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Edition</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1667</td>
<td>1. EDITION PRINCEPS, SMALL 4TO, 10 BOOKS</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>68, 69</td>
<td>Ditto, &amp;c.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1674</td>
<td>Ditto, new Title; Head; Argument, &amp;c. Commendatory Verses.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1688</td>
<td>4. Folio, with fine Plates.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1692</td>
<td>5. Ditto.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1705</td>
<td>7. Fenton.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1711</td>
<td>9. 18mo, with Pl. very neat, and a good Edit. Tonson.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1719</td>
<td>10. 20, 11. 2 vol. 8vo. Tickell.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1727</td>
<td>13. Large 8vo. a very handsome EDIT. 8vo, but not very attentive to the Text.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1737</td>
<td>Ditto, with Heads, by Virtue.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1739</td>
<td>With Addison's Notes. 8vo.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1747</td>
<td>Ditto, 4to. Dublin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1751</td>
<td>2 vol. 8vo. Dublin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1758</td>
<td>8vo. Baskerville.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1763</td>
<td>Newton's 6th, large 8vo. 2 vol. with Pl. A good Edit.; wide Pref. This appears the basis of most of the late Editions.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1770</td>
<td>Folio, Glaug. Faulis.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1775</td>
<td>P. W.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1784</td>
<td>Gillies; illustrated by Texts; an handsome Edit. and the Plan very good.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1788</td>
<td>Small 18mo. very elegant; but not very correct.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

125 years. Two Editions, by Newton, seem to be wanting in the List. In 125 years, more than one Edition to every three years.
ALTERATIONS
IN THE
PARADISE LOST;
AS SPECIFIED IN THE
POSTSCRIPT TO FENTON'S EDITION.

THE Works of inferior Genius's have their Infancy, and often receive Additions of Strength and Beauty, in the several Impressions they undergo whilst their Authors live; but the following Poem came into the World, like the Persons whom it celebrates, in a State of Maturity. However, though in the first Edition it was disposed into Ten Books only, MILTON thought proper in the Second to make a new Division of it into Twelve: not, I suppose, with respect to the Æneis* (for he was, in both Senses of the Phrase,

* Be this as it may; it is very evident that VIRGIL was much in the mind and memory of MILTON. It may not be totally incurious to remark, though a small circumstance in the Contemplation of two such Works, that in the number of Verses in the two Poems there is very little difference: those in the Æneid being 9800, and in the Paradise Lost 10565. But the real difference is on the contrary side to the apparent: for the Heroic Hexameter, containing not less than 14 usually, and sometimes 16 or even 17 syllables, and the English Heroic ten, and hardly ever beyond twelve, the Æneid is the longer Poem of the two; by not much less than a third. The

301057
ALTERATIONS.

Phrase, above Imitation); but more probably, because the length of the Seventh and Tenth required a Pause in the Narration, he divided them each into Two: on which distribution, to the beginning of those Books which are now the Eighth and Twelfth, he added the following Verses, which were necessary, to make a Connection.

Book VIII. ver. 1.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then as new-wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.

The latter half of the Verse was taken from this in the first Edition.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.

Book XII. ver. 1

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed; so here the Arch-Angel pause'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world restore'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.

At the same time the Author made some few Additions in other Places of the Poem, which are here inserted for the Satisfaction of the Curious.

English and the Roman Poet are allied in higher and more essential coincidences. In the gloriously sustained Majesty of Numbers, Diction, and Character; in the Taste, Judgement, Art, and delectable Beauty of Composition; in energetic Brevity; in magnificent and striking Amplification; in admirably tempered Pathos they are often friendly rivals.

Fortunati undo! Nam se quid Carthina possint:
Nulla Dies equestrum omnium vestra.

Book
They eat, they drink, and with reflection sweet
Are fill'd, before the all-bounteous King, &c.

were thus enlarged in the Second Edition,

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds.
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, &c.

And ver. 551. of the same Book (which was originally thus,

Of rend'ring up. Michael to him reply'd)

received this Addition,

Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael reply'd *

To what I have said in the Life, of our Author's having no Monument, it may not be improper to add, that I de-

* A slight Alteration in the first Book, will be found in its Place. B. I. §64-5.
† Vide Preface to this Edition, p. xxx.
Sexton shewed him a Small Monument, which he said was supposed to be Milton's: but the Inscription had never been legible since he was employed in that office, which he has possessed about forty years*. This, sure, could never have happened in so short a space of time, unless the Epitaph had been industriously erased; and that Supposition carries with it so much Inhumanity, that I think we ought to believe it was not erected to his Memory.

* From 1674 to 1725, when Dr. Newton apprehends this Account to have been added by Fenton, is but fifty-one years. What Toland said in 1698 of a Monument "Worthy of his Memory" to be erected, is no Proof that there was then none. One was erected by Mr. Benson, in Westminster-Abbey, in 1737.
Paradisum Amissam
Summi Poetæ

JOHANNIS MILTONI:

QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia Magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum Primordia rerum,
Et Fata, et Fines continet iste Liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia Mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in Orbe latet:
Terræque, traëisque Maris, Columque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus:
Quaeque colunt Terras, Pontumque, et Tartara caeca,
Quaeque colunt summi lucida regna Poli:
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam:
Et fine fine Chaos, et fine fine Deus;
Et fine fine magis, si quid magis est fine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus Amor.


* Fæc. C' 9, 10, 15, 6.

Hæc
IN PARADISUM AMISSAM.

Hae qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen haec bodie Terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella Duces! quae protulit Arma!
Quae canit, et quantâ Praesia dira tubâ!
Celestes Acies! atque in certamine Caelum!
Et quae celestes Pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in atbereis tollit se Lucifer armis,
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaële minor!
Quantis, et quam funestis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulfos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugna non supereffe sue.
At simul in calis Messis insignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, et seva rotarum
Erumpunt tovis fulgura luminibus,
Et flamme vibrant, et vera tonitura rauco
Admfsis flammis insonuere Polo;
Excidit attonitis Mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;

IN PARADISUM AMISSAM.

Ad pænas fugiunt, et, ceu foret Orcus æsylum,
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii;
Et quos Fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hec quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

Utinam plus sciremus quis ille fuerit BARROVIUS. Neque Vir (opinor) illaudandus (qui iis præfertim temporibus taliæ de MILTONO scripserit) neque certè malus Poeta. Medecinam est professus magni illius BARROVI Patruus; illi autem et ipse Iacius prænomen fuit: Neque BIOGRAPHICA, (quantum videam) his tenebris aliquid immittunt lucis. Fato function est ille celeberrimum BARROVIUS (quàm animi ærenuus tâm ingenii et Morum felix) IVto Nov. Maii MDCLXXVII. Æt. xlvii, quum inter Mathematicos atque Theologos adeò clareat, ne in Poetarum quidem aut Oratorum Censo prætermittendus: est enim ea sententiarum verborumque Copia, ea vi, ita porro animosus, ut non mireris ejus Conciones Chatam illi, tribunitio quam Patriciatus Nomine insigniori, assidue in manibus suisse. Frater ejus BARROVII aut Confobrinus hic nofter fortasse fuerit.
WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender book his vast design unfold,  
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcile'd Decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden Tree,  
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument  
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,  
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song,  
(So Samson grop'd the Temple's post in spite)  
The World o'erwhelming to revenge his fight.

Yet as I read, still growing less severe,  
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;  
Through that wide field how he his way should find,  
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind  
Left he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill imitating would excel)  
Might hence presume the whole Creation's day  
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.
Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd; and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth reign,
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane,
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.

At once Delight and Horror* on us seise,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal and so soft.
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flaggs, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?

* MARVELL had in his view the Lines in that exquisite Exordium:

\[\text{Quaedam divina Voluptas} \]
\[\text{Percipit, atque Horror; quod sic Natura tuâ vi} \]
\[\text{Tam manifesta patet, ex omni parte retecla.} \]

To have followed them more closely would have done more justice to his subject. East particularly, though there are beautiful instances even of this, is far from being the characteristic of the astonifhing Poem, celebrated in these Lines: which however, having borrowed immortality from it, and being MARVELL's, I could not persuade mysel to omit, and displace from their honourable, and almost prescriptive, feat.
ON PARADISE LOST.

Just Heav'n thee like Tirefias to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure;
While the Town Bayes writes all the while and spells,
And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our bushy points appear,
The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.

I too transported by the Mode, offend,
And while I meant to Praise thee must Command.
Thy Verse created, like thy Theme sublime,
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

ANDREW MARVELL.

51. "by the Mode, offend." 52. commend. Such is the Reading in the Edition of 1674 and of 1711, in Tonfon's of 1753, Dr. Newton's of 1763, Johnson's * of 1779, Gillies's of 1788, and the elegantly printed pocket Edition of 1790. I had made the Transposition, by throwing back commend to the first Line, as thinking it almost certainly a Restitution of the true Reading; but on considering I thought it better to leave the Passage as first printed. In the Edition of 1727, on looking to it, I found it transposed, without Notice of any other Reading: it were to be wished this liberty had not often been taken with the Work itself in that Edition. The very neat Edinburgh Edition, of 1779, follows that of 1727 in this particular. I ought not to omit, that the Passage is printed in the Edition of MARVELL's Works, published after his Death in 1681, in the same manner as that prefixed to the PARADISE LOST in 1674, and here printed. MARVELL died August 16, 1678. Either way it is not very well expressed. "Miscal," is more probable:—that is, by praising such Verse in Rime.—Roscommon, in the mention of this Poem of MILTON (Eff. on Transl. Vor.), breaks from Rime to blank Verse. The Context I think pleads for this last Conjecture. It is so little difficult, and yet so almost necessary, that I should imagine I must have seen or heard it before; but I cannot recollect if I have met with it.

* It must be remembered, that Johnson is no way responsible for the Edition of the Poets: but for the Liver only; a sufficient Ground both of Responsibility and Fame.
Of contemporary Testimonies, the last which I shall now add is Dryden's: and it was worthy of such a Poet, who had raised one species of Verse to that height of splendour, to give this praise to the excellence of so consummate a Master in the other.

The well known, and not to be omitted Epigram is this: as published under the Frontispiece in the Edition of MDCCXXVII.

Three Poets, in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The First in loftiness of thought surpas'd;
The Next, in majesty: in both the Last.
The force of Nature could no farther goe:
To make a third, she joyn'd the former two.

A Greek Translation, an exercise of one of his Pupils, was given by Mr. Thicknesse, the late Master of St. Paul's, to my Father; and by him to me, with an affectionate view of exciting my emulation. I give it now from memory: having lost or mislaid the Copy; which I have hardly seen since I left Eton.

I may
I may be permitted to retrace some pleasing remembrances, by translating it thus:

Sæcula divisos tria tres genuere Poetas;
Hellados, Hesperiaque Decus, Terræque Britannæ:
Indole, et ingentis animi preceluit ille
Motibus; hic ornatu, et majestate decorâ:
Pulchrius hoc, illo majus, nil Musa valebat;
Dotibus emicuit collatis noster utrumque.


<table>
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<tr>
<th>ÆN.</th>
<th>P. L.</th>
<th>Recensio</th>
<th>P. L.</th>
<th>ÆN.</th>
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<td>760</td>
<td>I.</td>
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<td>640</td>
<td>VII.</td>
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His saltarem
CL. Pr. ID. IVN. MDCCXCII.

Virgilii et Miltoni Perennitati.
HAVING met with two early Editions of the PARADISE LOST, the Fourth and Eighth, mentioned in the List I have given, but to which I was then a stranger, farther than their mere existence, it is agreeable to my Plan to give some Account of them.

The first of the two is the Subscription Folio, of 1688. To this the names of 530 Subscribers are subjoined. A great number in that day. And a List it is, much respectable, in another and more interesting view;—the Learning, Talents, eminent Character, and public Services of several whom it contains;—of these are SOMMERS, the Earl of DORSET *, DRYDEN, WALLER; the Marquis of WORCESTER; the gallant CHURCHILL, and CODRINGTON; the classic ATTERBURIES, SMALLRIDGE, and ALDRICH; RYCAUT; OLDSY, DUKE, CREECH; EACHARD: L’ESTRANGE; (the more honourably this last, because the current of his political and party sentiments did not carry him that way): Dr. DAVENANT, distinguished by his political Writings and patriotic Conduct: POWELL, who has been celebrated amongst the Judges of those days as the ABDIEL of the Order, the sanctity of whose Office had been then defecrated by an almost total defection. Drake; apparently the eminent Physician and Anatomist. Mr. Henry St. John, not improbably the afterwards celebrated Lord BOLINBROKE, then 18. SOUTHERNE, whom the natural and pathetic force of his Tragic Genius has immortalized: and BETTERTON; great in his Art, respected and beloved for his Life and Manners. There are, too, in the List, many distinguished for their Station and Titles: but to whom there is now more honour with Posterity, in having thus early patronized such a Work, than these would have preferred to them. The names of four Ladies are in the List. REBECCA Viscountess BROWNCKER; Lady HENRIETTA BOND, MRS. DIVE, and MRS. TIMPERLEY. Of this Memorial, from respect to the Individs by PRIOR.
dividuals and to the Sex, I confess it was not in my power to overpass the Notice.

It is an handsomely printed long Folio; of 86 sheets, or 343 pages; and about 33 lines generally in a page.

It is broken occasionally into Paragraphs, by blank lines;—an attention which has its beauty and utility. But the Verses are not numbered; and the System of Orthography seems to have been by no means observed. That it ought to have been observed, Richardson, the Painter, in his Life of Milton*, has very justly remarked: who also notices the peculiar spelling of the Pronoun their; and says, very truly, it is not the antique, which was theyr: but adds, that it is Milton's; and adopted by him even long before the Paradise Lost; though not in his First Writings. He observes too, the Pronouns me, we, ye, he, when emphatic, with the double ee: and several other peculiarities, which are constant: and very justly concludes, that they are Milton's, (of which the internal Evidence might be sufficient Proof) from their agreeing with his own Writing, and with his other Publications, years before he was blind.

The confusion of Rhime, by which Milton intends Rhythm, or "numerous Verse" in general, with Rime, by which he means, "the jingling sound of like Endings, took place (Mr. Richardson informs us) in the Edition of 1678, the first after his death; and in the Edition of 1688 this Error occurs also, in the Account of the Verse.

The reason of spelling thir, when not emphatic, without the e, and with it when emphatic, had not struck Mr. Richardson. I have mentioned it already: and it seems to me very clearly, and advantageously, rhythmical. And Milton may well have adopted it for this Reason, even in his Prose Writings: as in them too there are most finished and noble instances of numerous Composition.

An Head of Milton (not, I think, without considerable strength in the Character of it) is prefixed to this fourth Edition; engraved by White. And certainly, if the Mind be visible in the Countenance, ill-star'd in-
Indeed must have been that Hand which could have given the Portraiture of Milton divested of all Traces of Dignity and Energy.

The Epigram by Dryden, but without his Name, is under the Print.

The other Prints are such as were successively copied into many of the subsequent Editions: becoming generally worse and worse in their Progress.

In my Copy, the Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes follow: of the same year; but by a different Printer and Bookseller.

To the Paradise Lost in this Edition nothing is prefixed, but the Reasons why the Poem Rimes not, entitled, "The Verse," and the Argument at the Head of each Book.

The other, of which it remains to say something, is the eighth Edition; 1707. It is a long narrow Octavo; with a good Letter, and on good Paper. It consists of 483 pages, or 30 8vo sheets: 23 lines in a page. There is prefixed an Head of Milton,—with no Name of Painter or Engraver,—inscribed,

Joannis Miltoni Effigies, Et. 62. 1670.

The Date of this differs by a year from that prefixed to the Edition of 1674. Yet (at first glance) it struck me with a suspicion of being copied from it. It could not be the Plate itself altered: for it is a different size: and, on closer Examination, I believe, (with deference to better judgements in these subjects, which may decide otherwise,) that it was copied from some Picture not now perhaps in being, or at least known. The general resemblance remains in it: with perhaps something of less severity than the other Portraits express. But between Severity and Energy it sometimes requires a good Physiognomist to discern, and a very good Artist to express, the Lines of Discrimination *.

There is the Dedication to Lord Sommers: but with no Name subscribed to it: and his Arms are prefixed as an Head-Piece to the beginning of the Poem.

* The Lines of Discrimination between Severity (in the ill sense,) and Energy, Richardson has well delineated. "A gravity, not sour, morose, or ill natures: but a certain severity of Mind; a Mind not condescending to little things." P. xv.
The Reasons for the Verses are prefixed: and the Arguments at the Head of each Book. In the Reasons, "Rimeing" is spelt agreeably to Milton's Distinction: as it is also in the ninth.

The Commendatory Verses of Barrow and Marvell are in this eighth Edition. Barrow's have the line uncorrupted,

"Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum."

And here Marvell's appear with his Name at length.

The Lines suspected of a Misprint in Marvell are as in the Second. I must here take notice of a very ingenious Conjecture of a Lady; who supposes Marvell to have written,

"And while I meant to praise thee, but commend."

Observing, very justly, that the quaintness of this is not beyond his manner: and intimating, that three degrees of Praise seem to have been familiar to the thoughts and expression of the Writers of that day. Laud, which is the highest; Praise, the second; Commendation, the third. This Conjecture results with the least violence of any from the Text.

At the end of this eighth Edition is, "A Table of some of the most remarkable parts of Milton's Paradise Lost, under the three Heads of Descriptions, Similies, and Speeches."—The Idea was not unlikely to occur to a Poet: and might, probably, be suggested by Dryden.

I here close my Account of all the Editions which I have had the means, as yet, of examining *. I should be much gratified by Intelligence of any that may have been printed in America.

June 21, 1792.

C. L.

* Besides the Editions in the List*, I have since observed the two following mentioned: which the Reader may insert in their place.

Svo. 1751, *with Notes by Marchant.*
Svo. 1770.

* P. xxxv.*
TABLE OF ERRATA.

(When the Poem was republished with a new Title in 1668.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lib.</th>
<th>v.</th>
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<td>I.</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>for th' Eternal, read Eternal.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>409</td>
<td>for Heronäim, r. Horonäim.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>758</td>
<td>for and Band, r. Band and.</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>760</td>
<td>for hundreds, r. hundred.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II.</td>
<td>414</td>
<td>for we, r. wee.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>881</td>
<td>for great, r. grate.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>III.</td>
<td>760</td>
<td>for with, r. in.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>V.</td>
<td>193</td>
<td>for breath, r. breathe.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>598</td>
<td>for whose op, r. whose top.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>656</td>
<td>for more Heaven, r. more in Heaven.</td>
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<tr>
<td>VI.</td>
<td>184</td>
<td>for blessed, r. blest.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>215</td>
<td>for founder, r. fo under.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X.</td>
<td>575</td>
<td>for loft, r. last.</td>
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Other literal Faults the Reader of himself may correct.

When this Poem had a new Title-Page added, in 1669, hundreds was printed in the Errata, instead of hundreds: in other respects the Table re-appears, without addition or alteration.

Of these Errata, that of with to in had been corrected in the sheet of the Copy before me, which has that Date. And it is right in my Copy also of 1667. Mr. Richardson observes the Change in this word, (Lib. III. v. 760.) with to in, as having been made already in five Copies which he had examined out of six.*

The Errata not inserted, and which fall under the general description of such as the Reader might easily correct, (which indeed is true of several in the Table,) are extremely few.

Four, however, if they had been observed, would have been in the Table.

Lib. I. 737. Herarchie, for Hierarchie.

II. 542. Oecalia, for Oechalia.
Lib. VII. 494. Needleft to thee repaed, for Needlefs to thee repeated. In all the three Copies of the first Edition: and the first of these Errata is in the second also. Mr. Richardson very truly observes this was an Erratum not likely to discover itself to the Ear.*

VIII. 632. make, for made. Thus in all three of the Copies of the first Edition: but right in the second.

The other, litteral and obviously corrected, Errata, are these:

Lib. III. 580. farry, for flarry. All three Copies.

594. which (in the beginning) for with.

VII. Heaven lie printed thus, divided: and so in that before me of 1668. Nearly, but still not completely, joined, in the Copy of 1669.

IX. 827. then, dropt and wanting in all the three Copies of the first. Right in the second Edition.

One particular more is proper to be mentioned: V. 257. begins a new Paragraph in my Copy of 1667, and in that of 1669, and has no Comma after cloud: but in that of 1668 it continues unbroken; and has a Comma after cloud. And so in the Edition of 1674†.

Numbers.

Lib. III. The Numbers to the Verses are wrong from 50 to 80, in the Copy which has 1667 for its Date: but corrected in the two Copies before me for 1668 and 1669; which must, therefore, contain sheets so far corrected in the Press, after discovery of the Error; or Cancels of some part of the Impression must have been made.

III. 530. The middle Figure is wanting in all three Copies: with this difference, that its space is left open in the two last.

III. 610. Misprinted for 600: and the following Numbers, to the end of that Book, wrong in all three: which makes also the Reference wrong in the Table of Errata.

IV. The Numbers wrong, 80 for 90; and so on to 110: except in the Copy of 1669.

IV. 760. Placed a line too high in all three: and so continued to the end of that Book.

* Notes and Observ. p. 96. † Vid. Richardson, p. cxxxii.
Lib. VII. 100. The number a line too high in all three.
1220. The last Number indistinct in the two last: and only a dot of part of it apparent in that of 1667.
IX. 230. Middle Number filled with a letter (g)—to mark (apparently) to the Printer the Number that remained to be inserted—in all three.

These are all that I have been able to find in the THREE COPIES: except what fall more properly under the VARIOUS READINGS.

Of the Errata in the Second Edition.

In the second Edition (1674) all the Errata in the Table to the first are corrected: except that, Lib. II. v. 414. of omitting the emphatic wee; this remaining spelt with the single e. The Errors also which have been here noticed, not in the Table, are corrected in that Edition of 1674. But an Erratum, (IX. 1019.) me for we, has been noticed by Mr. Richardson.* With regard to the two others, observed by him in the same page of his Preface, they are in the three COPIES of the FIRST EDITION, and not only in the second; and one of them belongs properly to the VARIOUS READINGS.

There is an Erratum (IX. 394.) and a remarkable Transposition (not remarkable however in almost any Edition where it might have been found, except such as thefe) occurs 1100, and the following line of the fame Book: of these too the VARIOUS READINGS are to give an Account: and of some others in the second, which feem to the Editor of the present Edition to be Errata. Such merely litteral, as may be discovered when the SECOND Edition may have been throughout as carefully revised as the FIRST has been, are intended to be hereafter mentioned.


The numbering of the Verses, one of the most easy points of Accuracy to an Author who enjoys his Sight, is one of the least practicable to an Author under the Calamity of MILTON; and for this reason (probably) he omitted it in the Second: for the rest, it seems almost impossible not to agree with

*P. cxxxv.
RICHARDSON: (in whose very words almost the present Editor had expressed himself, before he had seen them): * That "the Second agreeing so nearly with the First, and that having been so thoroughly sifted and corrected, we have reason to assure ourselves (especially if we take both these authentic Editions together,) that we are in possession of the genuine Work of the Author, as much as in any printed Book whatever." But I cannot, as he does, extend this to the Pointing: in which, though Milton has been less unfortunate than Shakespeare suffered his works to be, it appears to me impossible that either Edition can, in general, be taken as a Guide.

In the Reasons for "The Verse," there are the following Variations: of is omitted before Virgil, l. 3. in the Copy of 1669. Meeter is misspelt Meetet. Triveal, as it is misspelt in that of 1668, is right in the other. Troublesome is spelt with e final in 1669: and Rimeing without the e; which was, Rimeing: and, it seems, was so meant by Milton; to mark the first Syllable as long.

In the Argument.

B.I. 1668. chief - 1669. cheif
Council
Council

II.
shall

III.
Angel? plac’t here

V. l. 6. from the end.

evill Spirit
appearance
choyceft

VI. Powers.

| P. cxxxv, cxxxiv | perform |
It seems, from this, that only a certain Number of the Argument had been printed in 1668: as many as were expected to be wanted for the Sale of that year: and that afterwards a farther quantity was printed for 1669.

Those who perceive the scope of these Minutiae, will not think them insignificant.

OF THE TITLE PAGE.

That the Account of the Two First Editions may be more complete, these Notices of the Title Pages are added.

IN THE COPY OF 1667, thus:

Paradise Lost | A | POEM | written in | TEN BOOKS | By JOHN MILTON | Licensed and Entred according | to order, |

LONDON

Printed and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turk's Head in Bishop's-gate-street;

And Matthias Walker under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. 1667.

* The Bars mark the Lines by which the Title is divided.
IN THE COPY OF 1668.

"Written in" is altered to "IN." And the rest of the Page thus:

Printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson at the Bishop's Head in Duck-lane, H. Mortlack at the White Hart in Westminister Hall, M. Walker under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, and R. Boulter at the Turk's Head in Bishop's-gate-Street. 1668.

OF 1669.

The Title as in the Copy of the preceding year. And at the bottom:

Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by T. Holder at the Angel in Little Brittain. 1669.

In the Second Edition, the Title corresponds to that at the Head of the Page of the Edition now published: except that the Words "Paradise Lost," and "The Author," are not in Capitals. Then follows, in the remainder of the Title Page, thus:


Revised and Augmented by the same Author.

LONDON,

Printed by S. Simmons, next Door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate-street. 1674.

To the Copy of 1668, there is this Advertisement.

The Printer to the Reader.

Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desir'd it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not.

S. Simmons.
I have nothing farther to add, that may gratify the curious minuteness of Inquiry, with which we inspect whatever is related to an Object of our Esteem and Veneration. But as the Copies of the two authentic Editions must, in course, soon be very scarce, I was the less willing to omit these particulars.

C. L.

July 3, 1792.
[lix]

I have nothing further to add except my sincere compliments to the C.F. of the 51st Regiment, with which my name is associated, to the O.F. of the C.F. of the 51st, and to the C.F. of the 39th. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C.L.

July 1776.
THE Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grace indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter works: as have also long since our best English Tragedies: as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight: which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another; not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients, both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient Liberty recovered to Heroic Poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rimeing.

THE
This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject, Man's Disobedience, and the Loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: Then touches the prime Cause of his Fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his Side many Legions of Angels, was by the Command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which Action pass'd over, the Poem hasten into the midst of Things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a Place of utter Darkness, vilest called Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain Space recovers, as from Confusion; calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable Fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise:—thir Numbers; Army of Battel;—thir chief Leaders named, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his Speech; comforts them with Hope yet of regaining Heaven: but tells them lastly of a new World, and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven;—for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the Opinion of many Ancient Fathers.
Fathers.—To find out the Truth of this Prophecy, and what
to determine thereon, he refers to a full Council. What his
Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the Palace of Sa-
tan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers
there sit in Council.

OF THE SECOND BOOK.
The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be
to be hazarded for the Recovery of Heaven: Some advise it,
others dissuade. A third Proposal is preferr’d;—mentioned before
by Satan;—to search the Truth of that Prophecy or Tradition in
Heaven concerning another World, and another kind of Cre-
ture equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this Time
to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult
Search: Satan their Chief undertakes alone the Voyage; is bo-
nord and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake
them several Ways, and to several Employments, as their In-
clinations lead them, to entertain the Time till Satan return.
He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates: finds them shut; and
who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are
opened, and discover to him the great Gulph between Hell and
Heaven: with what difficulty he passes through, directed by
Chaos, the Power of that Place, to the fight of this new
World which he fought.

OF THE THIRD BOOK.
God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this World,
then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his
right Hand; foretells the Success of Satan in perverting Man-
kind: clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation,
having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of Grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own Malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the Manifestation of his gracious Purpose towards Man: but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man both offended the Majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to Death must die; unless some One can be found sufficient to answer for his Offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his Incarnation, pronounces his Exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this World's outermost Orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since call'd the Lymbo of Vanity: what Persons and Things fly up thither: thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by Stairs, and the Waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His Passage thence to the Orb of the Sun: he finds there Uriel, the Regent of that Orb: but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous Desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the Place of his Habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the Place where he must now attempt the bold Enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many Doubts with himself, and
many Passions;—Fear, Envy, and Despair:—but at length confirms himself in Evil, journeys on to Paradise;—whose outward Prospect and Situation is described;—overleaps the Bounds; fits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of Life, as highest in the Garden, to look about him. The Garden describ'd: Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his Wonder at their excellent Form and happy State; but with Resolution to work their Fall: overhears their Discourse; thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of Death; and therein intends to found his Temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their State by some other Means. Mean while Uriel, descending on a Sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in Charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the Deep, and passed at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious Gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere Morning.—

Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their Rest: Their Bower describ'd: their Evening Worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the Round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's Bower, lest the Evil Spirit should be there doing some Harm to Adam or Eve sleeping. There they find him, at the Ear of Eve, tempting her in a Dream; and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully Answers, prepares Resistance, but bind'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublsom Dream: be likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their Day Labours: Their Morning Hymn at the door of their Bower.
God, to render Man inexcusable, sends Raphael, to admonish him of his Obedience; of his free Estate; of his Enemy near at Hand; who he is, and why his Enemy; and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise: his Appearance describ'd; his coming discern'd by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his Bower: He goes out to meet him; brings him to his Lodge; entertains him with the choicest Fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve: Their Discourse at Table: Raphael performs his Message: minds Adam of his State and of his Enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that Enemy is, and how he came to be so:—beginning from his first Revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof:—how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him; persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council: invents devilish Engins; which in the second Day's Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up Mountains, overwhelm'd both the Force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third Day sends Messiah his Son; for whom he had reserv'd the Glory of that Victory: Hee, in the power of his Father coming to the Place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the Wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with Horror.
Horror and Confusion into the Place of Punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with Triumph to his Father.

OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this World was first created:—that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his Pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein.—Sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the Work of Creation in Six Days: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the Performance thereof, and his Resurrection into Heaven.

OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Adam then inquires concerning celestial Motions: is doubtfully answered; and exhorited to search rather Things more worthy of Knowledge: Adam assents: and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own Creation; his placing in Paradise: his Talk with God concerning Solitude and fit Society: his first Meeting and Nuptials with Eve: His Discourse with the Angel thereupon: who, after Admonitions repeated, departs.

OF THE NINTH BOOK.

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated Guile, returns as a Mist by Night into Paradise: enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to their Labours: which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart; Adam consents not; alleging the Danger,
left that Enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her, found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circum-
spect or firm enough, urges her going apart; the rather desirous
to make trial of her Strength: Adam at last yields: The Ser-
pent finds her alone: his subtle Approach,—first gazing, then
speaking,—with much Flattery extolling Eve above all other
Creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks
how he attained to human Speech and such Understanding not
till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree
in the Garden he attained both to Speech and Reason; till then
void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and
finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden. The Serpent,
now grown bolder, with many Wiles and Arguments induces
her at length to eat: Shee, pleased with the Taste, deliberates
a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not: at last,
brings him of the Fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat
thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, re-
solves, through vehemence of Love, to perish with her; and
extenuating the Trespass eats also of the Fruit. The Effects
thereof in them both: they seek to cover their Nakedness; then
fall to Variance and Accusation of one another.

OF THE TENTH BOOK.

Man's Transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise,
and return up to Heaven to approve their Vigilance: and are
approved; God declaring that the Entrance of Satan could not
be by them prevented. He sends bis Son to judge the Trans-
gressors: who descends, and gives Sentence accordingly; then in
Pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting
till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous Sympathy feeling the
Success of Satan in this new World, and the Sin by Man there
committed,
committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan thir Sire up to the Place of Man: to make Way the eaiser from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad High-way or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his Success, returning to Hell; thir mutual Gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium: in full Assembly relates with boasting his Success against Man; instead of Applause is entertained with a general His by all his Audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to Doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew Dust and bitter Ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death. God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all Things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several Alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen Condition, heavily bewails: rejects the Condolement of Eve;—she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways; which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be revenged on the Serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by Repentance and Supplication.

OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.
The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our First Parents, now repenting; and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise:—Sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things,—Michael’s coming down.
Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs:—he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him:—the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high hill: sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

Of the Twelfth Book.
Thence from the Flood* relates what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension; the State of the Church till his second Coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and comforted by these Relations and Promises, descends the Hill with Michael:—wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle Dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission.—Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their Stations to guard the Place.

In the Various Readings to this Edition, where the first only or the second is quoted at the bottom of the Page, the Reading in the Text is authorised by the other. Where neither is quoted, but an Orthography is adopted, such as is generally observed for Emphatic Pronouns in these two authentic Editions, and at the bottom of the Page it is only noticed that Analogy required thus, or that the word in such passage is necessarily emphatic, it is to be understood the usual difference of Orthography, which prevails generally in the first and second Editions with regard to such emphatic words, is not, in that instance, observed in either.

* Thus in 1668; when the Argument was added to the first Edition, and the 10th Book was what now composes the 11th and 12th. When it (as also the 7th) was divided into two, and the Argument prefixed to each Book, the 12th began thus, "The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate," &c.
Of the Rhythmical Effect of the Stops and Pauses in this Edition.

As we are now immediately proceeding to the Poem, I am induced to be more particular than hitherto on this: since I wish the method of pointing here adopted may be clearly explained; hoping it may be much subservient to giving the due effect to the admirable Composition and Harmony of its Numbers. And for this I am the more solicitous, as thinking that a great Critic, who united Taste, and Elegance, and Sensibility, with Accuracy and depth of Learning, is fully justified in observing, that "there is no kind or degree of Harmony, of which our Language is capable, which may not be found in numberless instances through Milton’s Writings; the excellency of whose ear seems to have been equal to his imagination and learning."

The effect and duration of the Suspensive Pause, when alone, has been considered generally in the Preface; and where it is mentioned with the other Stops: but as its Use will be very frequent in the Poem; and, at the same time, it tends to illustrate the general principles of Measure and Rhythm, it may be proper to remark thus much additionally.

The effect of this, and of other Pauses, will be perhaps best understood by adverting to the general nature of Time and Quantity. A long Syllable being called a Time, as the stress of the Measure naturally falls upon it, a short one is considered as half a Time; these two combined constitute an Iambic, or Trochaic Foot; the regular Feet of our Heroic Verse: and two of these Feet compose a Measure, or poetical Bar: of which, in that species of Verse, there are regularly two and an half, or five Feet. This, if there were no surplus Quantity, Rest, interchange of equivalent Feet, or other liberty, would be measured thus: \( \frac{2}{3} - \frac{1}{2} - \frac{2}{3} - \frac{2}{3} - \frac{1}{2} \); or 7 Times and an half: and might be noted musically in triple time, of alternate Minims and Crotchets: and the whole equal to three Minims in a Bar, or a Semibreve and an half. Setting off the Crotchet as an unaccented Note, the Bar may be taken as commencing on the second Syllable: and thus, though in scanning

* Foster on Greek Accents, p. 67. † P. xv. xxxii.
the Measure be *Iambic*, the Rhythm and effect, if it were set to Music, would be more properly *Trochaic*: the long Time (which with us is generally on the accented Syllable) naturally leading and characterising the Measure.

Such will be the Measure, *Quantity*, and *Cadence* of the *Times* which pass in utterance, and of which seven and an half have been already observed to constitute the complete Measure of our *Heroic Verse*.

But, beside these, there will always be *Times* which are passed in silence: such as the necessary Grammatical *Stops*, and the *Pauses* of Cadence and Expression. These,—though not counted into the Measure of Scansion, which remains of five Feet,—enter into the Rhythm: and of course their proportions must be such, as either to enforce it or at least not to be generally inconsistent with it. *Time* in silence will be measured with relation to *Time* marked by the regular progress of appreciable Sound: *common*, where the sounds are of equal Ratios, commensurable by two; as the simplest common measurer, or its Multiples; *triple*, where the Times are in duplicate proportion *, as of three even Times, or of alternately successive in the *Ratio* of *two* to *one*; of which the latter is more properly and inconvertibly the triple. The *common* Stops are most usually and conveniently, by those who have attempted to ascertain their Measure, taken in the common duplicate proportion †; a *Comma* therefore may be regarded as an half *Time*, or equal to a short Syllable; a *Semicolon* a *Time*; a *Colon* two: and a *Period* four. \( \frac{1}{4}, 1, 2, 4 \). And thus there will be the Analogy of Proportion between the *Times* of the *Syllables* and the *Times* of the common *Stops*.

If then the Suspendive *Pause* be considered as prolonging the duration of these *Times* by one-third, a *Semicolon* will be \( \frac{1}{4} \), or a *Foot*; a *Colon* 3, or two Feet; and a *Period* 6 (when so stopped), or four Feet; equivalent to two Measures; and this will give the Analogy between the *Pause* and the Measure: the Suspendive *Pause* will consequently,—while it is essentially

* This was called *double* by the Antients, *triple* by the Moderns; for if the *Times* are as 2 to 1, the aggregate is divisible by 3.

† ROUSSEAU. DICT. de Mus.—TEMS MEASURE. MASON on ELOC. p. 19. 20. LOWTH'S GRAMM. p. 155. 172. conducive
conducive to Variety and expression,—support the *Rhythm*, and compensate its occasional interruptions.

And in this Passage,

---*So lovely seem'd*

That lant'rip ; and of pure, now purer air

Meets his approach ;

B. IV. 152.

the first Suspensive Pause marks a Cadence, in which there are two Times in utterance and three in silence; or a Measure and \( \frac{3}{4} \); to which the half Foot added, (though commencing a new Rhythmical Cadence) constitutes a second Measure—\( \frac{3}{4} \). At the next Suspensive Pause there is a Measure in utterance, and an half Measure in silence.

But if the Suspensive Pause support or restore the *Rhythm*, the Stops, according to this account of them, may be expected to interrupt it much oftener than it can be thus compensated, or than the Verse would endure, without breaking all Measure and Cadence, and rendering it, as it were, untuneable. To this possible objection, it may be a sufficient answer to recollect the Power of the *surd* Quantity of our Syllables; which when the difference of half a time would disagreeably break the Rhythm, (for not always such break in the strict Cadence is disagreeable or improper), will generally compensate the difference; or to consider, that if it does not, in any particular instance, then is the proper place for the *Rhythmical* intervention of the Suspensive Pause, if required.

The dotted Pause ... and the Breaks, single or double, like discretionary rests in Music, are not estimated either in the Measure or the Rhythm: which is resumed after them with more advantageous effect, from being thus seasonably, and with due cause, interrupted. The impression is not only energetic at the instant, when the Rhythm is thus broken: but by awakening the attention, it causes the sentiment of the general Cadence, when re-continued, to be more clear and vivid. *

If the Observance of these Pauses be thought to be difficult, there may be some who, at the same time, may think the difficulty worthy to be encountered. An approximation, at least, is no very arduous effort: but a

* Vid. YOUNG on *Rhythmical Cadence*, p. 70, 71. ED. PHIL. TRANS. II. very
very small part of what is conquered by Proficients in Music in their earliest youth. It is no formidable exertion to take an interval of silence, which shall be less than a Semicolon, and greater than a Comma: since between these, in good Reading,—and especially of such a Poem,—the difference, in Time as well as Inflexion, is very sensible indeed: and so in proportion of the rest. And even those who should totally disregard the Suspensive and other Pauses, will, I hope, generally find the common Stops more clear, and better suited to Expression and Cadence, in this, than in the former Editions. At least, no attention has been spared that they might be so.

Of Rhythm.

Having said thus much of Time, or Quantity in its constituent Parts, and Measure, or the result of their determinate Arrangement, and the Notation of these, I shall conclude with an Idea of Rhythm: of that Harmony of Numbers by which the whole Poem is animated; and without which, the Spirit of its sublimest Energies would, comparatively, be dormant.

The Rhythm, then, of Language, is a proportionate combination of Sounds, having an appreciable Time and Measure, pleasing and expressive.—The word pleasing is here taken in its utmost extent: and every Variety of the pathetic, every the strongest Movement of terrific Sublimity is considered as a different Modification of those pure and elevated Pleasures, which Poetic Numbers, associated with suitable Images and Sentiments, convey.

If it were not that the Rhythm of the Language is one of the last of its excellencies which discloses itself to Foreigners, it would have been inconceivable that Isaac Vossius should have published, in 1673, at Oxford, his elegantly composed Essay upon Rhythm; the year before the second Edition of the Paradise Lost: in which he has asserted, in well turned Latin, that modern Nations have no Rhythm. This was indeed complaining, as in Chalcedon, when Byzantium surrounded him in all her glory; or like one who should have imagined himself in the Tents and Wains of Scythia, in the midst of the Temples and Portico’s of Athens; or on Salisbury Plain, when in St. Paul’s.
THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Of Man's First Disobedience, and the Fruit Of that forbidden Tree, whose mortal Taste, Brought Death into the World, and all our Woe, With Loss of Eden, till one greater Man Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, Sing heav'ny Muse, that on the secret Top Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed, In the Beginning, how the Heav'ns and Earth Rose out of Chaos:—or if Sion Hill Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd Fast by the oracle of God, I thence Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song, That with no middle flight intends to soar.
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Waft present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like fat'ft brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'ft it pregnant: what in mee is dark
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justifie the ways of God to men.

Say first,—for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell,—say first, what cause
Mov'd our Grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From thir Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, Lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that soul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent:—hee it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankinde, what time his Pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,

Ver. 31. their, 1st. edit.—33. sowl, 1st edit.—34. be, 1st and 2d edit. but
the analogy of spelling, where the pronoun is emphatic, in this Poem, decides
for the double e. So mee, ver. 22.
If he oppos’d; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais’d impious War in Heav’n and battle proud
With vain attempt.—Him the Almighty Power
Hurl’d headlong flaming from th’ ethereal skie,
With hideous ruine and combustion, down
To bottomless perdution; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defie th’ Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, hee with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish’t, rolling in the fierie gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Referv’d him to more wrauth: for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness’d huge affliction and dismay
Mix’d with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as Angels kenn, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam’d: yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv’d only to discover sights of woe.
Regions of sorrow; doleful shades, where Peace
And Rest can never dwell; Hope never comes
That comes to all; but Torture without end

Ver. 51. bee, required by analogy.

Still
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd!
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious: here thir pris'n ordain'd.
In utter darkness; and thir portion set.
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th'utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns;—and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Böelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

If thou beest hee...but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright!—If hee whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joyn'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ru'in:—into what pit thou seeest
From what highth fall'n: so much the stronger prov'd
Hee with his thunder; and till then who knew

Ver. 71. their, 1st and 2d edit. 84. 87. 93. He, 1st and 2d edit. But the analogy is preferred, which prevails throughout after the latter end of this Book. And to 102. 113. and 143.
The force of those dire arms?—Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang’d in outward lustre, that fix’d mind,
And high disdain, from sense of injur’d merit,
That with the Mightiest rais’d me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm’d,
That durst dislike his reign; and mee preferring,
His utmost pow’r with adverse pow’r oppos’d
In dubious battel on the plains of Heav’n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th’ unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage, never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from mee. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his pow’r,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire!—that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall: since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc’t,
We may, with more successful hope, resolve.

Ver. 111. vide note on ver. 84, &c.
| 130 | To wage by force or guile, eternal war,  
     | Irreconcileable to our grand foe;  
     | Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy,  
     | Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heav’n.  
     | So spake th’ apostate Angel, though in pain;  
     | Vaunting aloud, but rack’d with deep despare;  
     | And him thus answer’d soon his bold Compeer.  
     | O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,  
     | That led th’ imbatel’d Seraphim to warr  
     | Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
     | Fearless, endanger’d Heav’n’s perpetual King  
     | And put to proof his high supremacy,  
     | Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate.  
     | Too well I see and rue the dire event;  
     | That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
     | Hath lost us Heav’n, and all this mighty host  
     | In horrible destruction laid thus low;—  
     | As far as Gods and heav’ly essences  
     | Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
     | Invincible, and vigor soon returns,  
     | Though all our glory’ extinct, and happy state  
     | Here swallow’d up in endless misery.  
     | But what if hee our Conquerour, (whom I now  
     | Of force believe almighty, since no less  
     | Than such could have o’er-pow’r’d such force as ours),  
     | Have left us this our spirit and strength entire  
     | Strongly to suffer and support our pains:  

Ver. 143. the analogy here again demands the emphatic ee.
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls,
By right of warr, whate’er his business be;
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep!—
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish’d, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereeto with speedy words th’ Arch-Fiend reply’d.

Fall’n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As be’ing the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil:
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from thir destin’d aim.
But see, the angry Victor hath recall’d
His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heav’n: the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, oreblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heav’n receiv’d us falling: and the Thunder,
Wing’d with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps
Book 1. *Paradise Lost.*

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th’occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Cas’d, pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend,
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest;—if any rest can harbour there;—
And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult, how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity:
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz’d: his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floting many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
*Titanian* or *Earth-born,* that war’d on *Jove:*
*Briareos* or *Typhon,* whom the den
By ancient *Tarsus* held; or that sea-beast
*Leviathan,* which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him, haply, slumb’ring on the *Norway* foam.

The
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while Night
Invests the sea, and wished Morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head; but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs:
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he fought
Evil to others; and enrag'd might feel
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy, shown
On Man by him seduc't; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driv'n backward, slope thir pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire:
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force

Ver. 213. their 1st Edit.
<table>
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| Of subterranean wind transports a hill
| Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shattered side
| Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
| And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
| Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
| And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
| With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
| Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next Mate:
| Both glorying to have 'scap'd the *Stygian* flood
| As Gods, and by thir own recover'd strength,
| Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
| Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,—
| Said then the lost Arch-Angel,—this the feat
| That we must change for Heav'n;—this mournful
| gloom
| For that celestial light?...Be't so, since hee
| Who now is Sovran can dispose, and bid
| What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
| Whom Reas' on hath equal'd, Force hath made supream
| Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
| Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
| Infernal World;—and thou, profoundest Hell
| Receive thy new Possessor: one who brings
| A mind not to be chang'd by place or time;
| The mind is its own place, and in itself
| Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
| What matter where, if I be still the same,

Ver. 245. *be*, 1st Edit.

And
And what I should be; all but less than hee
Whom thunder hath made greater?—Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty liath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure:—and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion: or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could foil'd,
If once they hear that voyce,—th' liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd,—in all assaults
Thir surest signal,—they will soon resume
New courage, and revive; though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere'while, aounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't, when the superior Fiend

Ver. 267. their, 1st and 2d Edit. 274. 278. their, 1st Edit.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tr>
<td>290</td>
<td>Was moving tow'ard the shore; his pond'rous shield, Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb Through Optic Glass the Tuscan artist views. At evening from the top of Fesolé, Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe. His spear, to equal which the tallest pine Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast Of some great amminal, were but a wand, He walk't with, to support uneasy steps Over the burning marle,—not like those steps On Heaven's azure,—and the torrid clime Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire: Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd His Legions, Angel forms, who lay intranc't Thick as autumnal leaves that throw the brooks In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades High over-arch't, imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge As afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast; whose waves overthrew Busiris and his Memphian chivalrie, While with persidious hatred they pursu'd. The sojourners of Gofben, who beheld From the safe shore their floating carkafes.</td>
<td></td>
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Ver. 310. *their*, 1st Edit.: And
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.—
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded.—Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can see
Eternal Spirits; or have ye choos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue;—for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulfe.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.
They heard, and were abash't, and up they sprung
Upon the wing: as when men wont to watch,
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to thir General's voice they soon obey'd;

Ver. 337. their, 1st Edit.
Innumerable. — As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud,
Of Locus's, warping on the eastern wind,
That ore the realm of impious Pharaoh hung,
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-lifted spear
Of thir great Sultan waving to direct
Thir course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian bands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The Heads and Leaders thither haste, where stood
Thir great Commander; Godlike shapes, and forms
Excelling human: princely Dignities;
And Powers that earst in Heav'n sat on thrones;
Though of thir names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd
By thir Rebellion from the Book of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names: till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forfake
God thir Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muse, thir Names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the flumber, on that fiery couch,
At thir great emper'or's call, as next in worth
Came, singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek thir prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Thir altars by his altar,—Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round;—and durst abide
JEHOVAH thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself thir shrines,—
And with cursed things

Ver. 369. 376. 382. their, 1st Ed.—383. 384. thir, 2d Ed.; but in the first
of the two lines the emphasis seems necessary.
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd;
And with thir darkness durft affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parent's tears;
Though for the noyse of drums and timbrels loud
Thir Children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon: Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple' of God
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley' of Hinnom;—Tophet thence
And black Gebenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleâl to th' Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim, on thir march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he inlarg'd
Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove

Ver. 391. 395. 413: their, 1st Edit.
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth; those male
These feminine;—for Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not ti’d or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbersome flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens’t, bright or obscure;
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Thir living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beastial Gods; for which thir heads as low
Bow’d down in Battel, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Asforeth, whom the Phænicians call
Aslarte, Queen of Heav’n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian virgins paid thir vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th’ offensive mountain, built

Ver. 425. 430. their, 1st Edit.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Book 1.</th>
<th><em>Paradise Lost.</em></th>
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| 450 By that uxorious King, whose heart, though large, Beguil’d by fair idolatressses, fell To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind, Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur’d The *Syrian* damfels to lament his fate In amorous ditties all a summer’s day, While smooth *Adonis* from his native rock Ran purple to the sea, suppos’d with blood Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the love-tale Infected *Sion’s* daughters with like heat; Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch *Ezekiel* saw, when by the vision led His eye survey’d the dark idolatries Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one Who mourn’d in earnest, when the captive Ark Maim’d his brute image, head and hands lopt off In his own temple, on the gruscel edge Where he fell flat, and sham’d his worshippers: *Dagon* his name, sea monster, upward man And downward fish: yet had his temple high Rear’d in *Azotus*, dreaded through the coast Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*, And *Accaron* and *Gaza’s* frontier bounds. Him follow’d *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertile banks Of *Abbana* and *Pharpar*, lucid streams. 470 Hee also’ against the house of God was bold: A Léper once he lost, and gain’d a King; *Abaz*
Abax his sottish conqu’ror, whom he drew
God’s altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquish’t. After these appear’d
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries, abus’d
Fanatic Egypt and her Priests, to seek
Thir wand’ring Gods disguis’d in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel ’scape
Th’ infection, when thir borrow’d gold compos’d
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel King
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox:—
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass’d
From Egypt marching, equal’d with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smok’d; yet who more oft than hee
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli’s sons, who fill’d
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noyse

Ver. 483. thir, 2d Edit.
Of ri'ot, ascends above thir loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: And when Night
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the Streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos’d a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown’d.
Th’ Ionian Gods, of Javan’s issue; held
Gods, yet confess’d later than Heav’n and Earth,
Thir boasted parents: Titan, Heav’n’s first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis’d
By younger Saturn; hee from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea’s son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign’d: these first in Creet
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus, rul’d the middle air,
Their highest Heav’n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Dorian land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th’ Hesperian fields,
And o’er the Celtic roam’d the utmost iles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp: yet such, wherein appear’d
Obscure some glimps of joy;—to have found thir Chief

Ver. 505. When hospitable dores yielded their matrons, 1st Edit.—517. thir,
2d Edit.: but I do not alter, as perhaps it is distinguished as being here emphatic.

Not
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself;—which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but hee, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Thir fainted courage, and dispell'd thir fears.

Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour clam'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign: which full high advanc'd
Shone, like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gemms and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing martial sounds;
At which the universal Host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient Colors waving: with them rose
A Forrest huge of spears: and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ferried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect Phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais’d
To highth of noblest temper Hero’s old
Arming to battel; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath’d, firm and unmov’d
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;—
Nor wanting pow’r to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt, and fear, and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Mov’d on in silence to soft pipes, that charm’d
Thir painful steps o’er the burnt soyle: and now
Advanc’t in view they stand;—a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazling arms, in guise
Of Warriers old with order’d spear and shield;—
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
Had to impose: Hee through the armed files
Darts his experienc’d eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; thir order due;
Thir visages and stature as of Gods;
Thir number laft he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard’ning in his strength
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as nam’d with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr’d-on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th’ heroic race were join’d
That fought at Theb’s and Ilium, on each side
Mix’d
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; — and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's Son
Begirt with Britifh and Armoric Knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Asframont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shote,
When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Thir dread Commander: hee above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood, like a Tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of Glory obscur'd: — as when the Sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal mitfy air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the Moon
In dim eclips disaftrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench't; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under browes
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye; but cast

Ver. 589. Analogy requires the emphatic bee, though not in the 1st or 2d Edit.
| Signs of **remorse** and **passion**, to behold  |
| The fellows of his crime,—the followers rather,—  |
| (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn’d  |
| For ever now to have thir lot in pain;  |
| Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc’d  |
| Of Heav’n, and from eternal splendors flung  |
| For his revolt, yet faithful!—how they stood,  |
| Thir glory wither’d: as when Heaven’s fire  |
| Hath scath’d the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  |
| With singed top thir stately growth, though bare,  |
| Stands, on the blasted heath. He now prepar’d  |
| To speak; whereat thir doubled ranks they bend  |
| From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  |
| With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.  |
| Thrice he essay’d, and thrice in spite of scorn  |
| Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  |
| Words interwove with sighs found out thir way.  |
| O Myriads of immortal Spi’rits, O Powers  |
| Matchless, but with th’ Almighty,...and that strife  |
| Was not inglorious, though th’ event was dire,—  |
| As this place testifies, and this dire change  |
| Hateful to utter:—but what pow’r of mind,  |
| Forseeing or presaging, from the depth  |
| Of knowledge past or present, could have fear’d,  |
| How such united force of Gods, how such  |
| As stood like these, could ever know repulse?—  |
| For who can yet believe, though after losi,  |

*Ver. 608. 614. 616. 621. *there*, 1st Edit.*

**That**
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav’n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-rais’d, and repose on thir native seat?

For mee, be witness all the Host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunn’d
By mee, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav’n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute;
Consent or custome; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal’d,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok’t: our better part remains,
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What Force effected not: that he no less
At length, from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rise
There went a fame in Heav’n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favour, equal to the sons of Heav’n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps

Ver. 634. thir, 2d Edit.—635, 637. me, 1st Edit.—637. be. On the strength of the analogical principle, I once had determined for the double ce here: but neither the 1st or 2d Edit, have it. And it is better not; since the emphasis is on mee, in the same line, and it is so spelt in the 2d. He is then halfily slid over, and the emphasis is on reign. This is truly characteristic, and has great force of numbers and of expression.—647. be, 1st and 2d Edit.

Our
Our first eruption;—thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal Pit shall never hold
Celestial Spi’rts in bondage, nor th’Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts of
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair’d;
For who can think submission? Warr then, Warr,
Open or understood, must be resolv’d.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin’d Hell: highly they rag’d to
Against the High’eft, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash’d on thir sounding shields; the din of war, as of
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch’d fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf: undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing’d with speed,
A numerous Brigad hasten’d: as when bands
Of Pioners with spade and pickax arm’d
Forerun the royal Camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected Spi’rit that fell:
From Heav’n;—for e’en in Heav’n his looks and
thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more

Ver. 668. tbir, 2d Edit.

The
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trod'n gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else, enjoy'd
In vision beatific; by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of thir mother Earth
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian Kings,
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art, are easily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kinde, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mold, and from the boyling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an Organ, from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the Earth, a Fabric huge
Rose, like an Exhalation,—with the sound
Of dulcet Symphonies and Voices sweet,—
Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid
With golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with boastly sculptures graven:
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not Babilon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis thir Gods, or seat
Thir kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending Pile
Stood fix'd her lately hight: and strait the dores,
Opening thir bracen foulds, discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by suttle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light.
As from a sky. The hafty Multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the Work some praise,
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tow'red structure high,

Ver. 717—722. Bentley gives these lines, beginning with not and ending with luxurie, to his ready Receiver, the ideal Editor. One shoul'd hardly be sorry if the Poem fairly were without them; but we must not shake the whole to free ourselves from inequalities, incident to the greatest genius.
Paradise Lost.

Where scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
And, fat as Princes, whom the supreme, King
Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchie, the Orders bright.

Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him, Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o're the crystal battlements:—from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling Star,
On Lemnos th' Aegean ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for hee with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged Haralds, by command
Of sov'ran Pow'r, with awful Ceremony

Ver. 735. I have dele'd the accent on supreme, which I do not believe to have been meant by MILTON. What I think on this verse and its pronunciation is too long for a Note here: but may be explained if ever I publish my Letters upon Rhythm; written to a Clergyman in this neighbourhood, who unites to much professional learning, the knowledge and the rarely cultivated feeling, though in a musical age, of "the secret power, of Harmony in Tones and Numbers hid." At present, I shall say only, that I have marked the suspensive pause on the first and last tempi, which sets them off, like the unaccented note in the beginning of an Air, detached from the Bar, and compensated at the end of the phrase or cadence. And those who have considered this subject, or attended to Steele's Proodia Rationalis, or Mitford on the Harmony of Language (for thus I venture to name the Author of that valuable Essay), will judge what the Pronunciation was meant to be by the Poet.—747. 1st and 2d Edit.
And Trumpet's found, throughout the Host proclame
A solemn Council; forthwith to be held
At Pantheon; the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers:—thir Summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came;
Attended: all access was throng'd; the Gates
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or carreer with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Brush't with the hiss of ruffling wings. As Bees
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of thir straw-built Cittadel,
New rubb'd with baulme, expatiate and confer
Thir slate affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd, and were straiten'd:—till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd

Ver. 760. Hundredts. Thus the Orthography is marked, corrected from
bundreds; in the Errata of 1668; and in the 2d Edit. it is carefully observed.

Ver. 763. Here again Bentley summons his Phantom, the Editor, to take
away four lines; which have strong evidence of Milton, though the paren-
thetic comparison breaks the description more than we can willingly admit.
In bigness to surpass Earth’s Giant Sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmy race
Beyond the Indian mount: or faerie Elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course;—they on thir mirth and dance
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spi’rits to smallest forms
Reduc’d thir shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court.—But far within,
And in thir own dimensions, like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave, sat:
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full.—After short silence then,
And summons read, the great Consul begun.

Ver. 786. Carr. This reading of Bentley I was almost tempted to insert.
But I think it against the rules of critical probability to suppose the word in
the Text could have taken its place.

The End of the First Book.
In progress to bring to the notice of the
now late and lamented Mr. W. G. Sewell, in whom the
thoughts were formed. I had the honour to receive
beyond the power of men or action of any power
of the United States. Some portion of the latter text
of President, and that of the present President and that of the
February, 1846. The great country peculiarity of
the Grand and Fellow of the Royal Academy, and in which some
features of the public were drawn up in the form of
the late Mr. W. G. Sewell.