

**PARADISE LOST: OR, THE GREAT DRAGON
CAST OUT; BEING A FULL, TRUE, AND
PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT
AND DREADFUL BLOODLESS BATTLE THAT
WAS FOUGHT IN THE CELESTIAL REGIONS
ABOUT 6000 YEARS AGO**

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Paradise Lost: Or, the Great Dragon Cast Out; Being a Full, True, and Particular Account of the Great and Dreadful Bloodless Battle That Was Fought in the Celestial Regions About 6000 Years Ago by Lucian Redivivus

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LUCIAN REDIVIVUS

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By LUCIAN REDIVIVUS.

"Better to reign on earth than serve in heaven."

"Laugh at all things,
Great and small things." LORD BYRON.

"— L'univers perdu pour une pomme,
Et Dieu, pour le damner, créant le premier homme."

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PREFACE.

FROM the extraordinary celebrity of "Paradise Lost," we might be led to conclude that the greater the absurdity of anything, or the more silly and ridiculous it was, the more it was entitled to our admiration and respect — a conclusion we are, indeed, justified in forming, when we consider the very high estimation in which the lunatic ranting of the *divine* John about his "seven candlesticks" and the "scarlet w" is held, as well as the frothy twaddle of the great prophet Isaiah, who tramped about for three years with his "buttocks bare" to edify the rabble; * all of which are considered as effusions of the divine spirit, and the very quintessence of sublimity! And are not the frenzied spoutings of fanaticism received at the present day by the crack-skulled tribes of canting, snuffling, holy-gospel mongers with ecstasy, as the "pourings-out of divine grace," in their silly tracts of "Christ and a Crust," "Spiritual Syllabub for Sorrowful Sinners," "The Old One cast Overboard," &c. &c.? Who could desire a more convincing proof of the so-much-boasted "march of intellect" (crab fashion), than the Mawworm race exhibit with their Praise-God-barebone phizzes in every corner? †

* Did not Isaiah verify the text — "The prophet is a fool, and the spiritual man is mad"? — Hosea ix. 7.

† "If Democritus were alive now, and should but see the superstition of our age, our 'religious madness,' as Meteran calls it — *religiosam insaniam* — so many professed Christians, yet so few imitators of Christ; so much talk of religion, so little conscience; so many preachers, so little practice; such variety of sects," &c. — *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, i. 40.

The poem called "Paradise Lost, or the Fall of Man," the grand *faux pas* of our first parent (who seems to have been a mere Johnny Raw, and set up like a ninepin, only to be knocked down again by the devil, his maker's adversary), it appears, although so highly celebrated in the present *enlightened* age, was but little thought of at its first appearance. Waller, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, says, "Milton, the old blind schoolmaster, has lately written a poem on the Fall of Man, remarkable for nothing but its extreme length;" and Rymer, in writing to his friend, Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq., says, "I shall send you some reflections on that 'Paradise Lost' of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a poem" (which do not appear to have been committed to the press). Among the more modern critics, we may class Voltaire* and Lord Chesterfield,† and lastly Cobbett,‡ who pronounces it to be "barbarous trash, and outrageously offensive to reason and common sense; but (he observes) its being in such high estimation with the canting, psalm-singing tribes, it is considered necessary to turn up the white of the eyes whenever it is mentioned, or be denounced as a Goth,

' Whose jobbernot could never climb
To comprehend the true sublime.'

But although the poem was considered for a long time as an absurd rhapsody, and generally neglected as unworthy of notice, yet as the subject was religious, being founded on the *blessed* book, the language pompous and the style novel, the sable squad, who have keen noses, as well as hawk's eyes, to everything they can possibly profit by,§ perceived that it might

* See *Candide*, chap. xxv.

† *Letters*, 259.

‡ *Register*, xxxiv. 485.

§ Cobbett tells us that a hog can discover by smelling at the shell whether the nut is worth cracking; but that a parson beats him out and out as to perfection in the olfactory nerves wherever there is anything worth grubbing after.

be turned to good account by proper management, and accordingly set drunken Addison * to work, who, with the assistance of a parson, sent out in his heavy, dull, prosing *Spectators*, twelve labored numbers, to prove "Paradise Lost" was a *chef-d'œuvre*, the wonder of the world, and the very perfection of sublime poetry; since when, by continual puffing, it has been considered as a *vade-mecum*, and, next to the precious Jew-book, is held in the highest estimation by all the pious psalm-singing tribes of evangelical snufflers, of whom, although they prate so much about its excellence, not one in twenty ever read it, at least, not to comprehend it.

"Rien," says the Cardinal de Retz, "ne persuade tant les gens qui ont peu de sens que ce qu'ils n'entendent pas:" i. e., Nothing convinces a fool so much as that which he cannot comprehend, which, however paradoxical it may sound, is forcibly illustrated by fanatics in their different superstitions. What unprejudiced person could discover merit in a nonsensical farrago, in which the devil is the hero, who assumes the beautiful form of a boa constrictor † (for it could hardly be supposed to be one of the little reptiles that crawl about our hedges), to confab with a naked woman, and cajole her to eat an apple, and which has given rise to a superstition that for thousands of years has led countless millions of two-legged animals (styling themselves rational) by the snout, which, from its extreme ridiculousness, the devil tells his comrogues

* Horace Walpole says Addison, when he was dying, sent for the young Lord Warwick, to convince him in what peace a Christian could die. "Unluckily," says Mr. W., "he died of brandy — nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin." (*Walpole's Correspond.*, vol. ii. 98.) He is considered by Gibbon as a bigot. See *Decline*, vol. ix. 118, marginal note, and Ensor on Reform, p. 42. That Addison was excessively credulous as to ghosts, is evident by many places in his *Spectators*, among his other prosing trash about Moll White and Sir Roger de Coverley, &c., which, although favorably received in his own time, are frequently consigned to the chandlers' shops at the present day for waste paper.

† Clarke's Review, 74 and 5.

in hell, will cause them to chuckle with laughter when he relates it.*

But however merry the devils may make themselves with this childish story about Eve's eating of an apple, it is no matter of giggling or merriment with us, who are, in consequence of her disobedience, bundled neck and crop into the dark hole, where "there is a light always burning."

"The tales of the nursery," says Mr. Taylor, "the lullabies that put children to sleep, and the bugaboos that frighten them into good behavior and submission, are the same from one end of the world to the other, because man's childish nature is the same." † This the parson is well aware of, and hence his repeated injunction to coddle-headed parents to "train up a child in the way he should go;" ‡ that is, keeping him as ignorant as possible (ignorance being the mother of devotion), by drugging him well with chart-in-heaven, ghosts, devils, and hell-fire; that when adult he may remain insensible to the rapacity of those who are filling his skull with this sort of rubbish and moonshine, in return for the emptying of his pocket, the grand and only object of the locust race. Hence the great care taken, when the babes are five or six feet high, to drench them (to compare the soul doctors with those of the body) with "*three spoonfuls of the mixture as before,*" regularly from week to week, by a spiritual Jack-in-a-box; with the additional stimulants of syrup of salvation, and paradise lollipops, or sweet sippets of soul-savingness, administered by the same quack, which, occasionally gulped down, § act as

* Paradise Lost.

† Devil's Pulpit.

‡ "And fed," says apostate Mouthey, "with the milk of sound doctrine; all governments not founded on religion (superstition) are placed on sand banks."

§ In Spain the "body and blood" is concentrated in a wafer, which is called *his Majesty*, and is placed on the tongue of the dying person; but for fear it should not be all swallowed (as a single particle

specifics, and insure a seat in the front boxes up stairs, or at least a snug berth for snoozing cosingly in Abraham's bosom.

In this deplorable, and "*never-enough-to-be-lamented*,"* history of the *fall of man*, we find that *Mister Adam* was menaced with death if he transgressed,† yet he lived to the great age of nine hundred and thirty years, though Paul tells Titus that God cannot lie ‡ (which looks, however, very much like what children call a *Terriddle*). But may we not express our surprise that he was not threatened with punishment after death if he disobeyed, as that might have had more effect, and have nullified his lady's coaxing (supposing he could have been made to believe he should come to life again after he was dead), and prevented the downfall of himself and his wife, or, to speak more properly, his mistress, dragging us at their heels, without any fault on our part, into everlasting perdition?

Robinson Crusoe's man Friday asks his master, "Why Gornamity no kill devil?" But what would the poor savage have said if his master had told him that God himself created the devil, knowing at the time, from his attribute of prescience, that he would rebel, and become his eternal and unconquerable enemy and tormentor — that he would ruin his intended creation, and bring poor Adam and all his posterity into hell, and continue snapping his black fingers "forever and ever" §

left in the mouth prevents its efficacy), the priest stands by with a glass of water, and asks if his Majesty has gone down? "Ha pasado su magestad?" If not, he is washed down. — See the excellent *Letters of Doblado*.

* Slang of the most fashionable journals.

† "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." — Gen. ii. 17.

‡ "Which God that cannot lie," &c. (Paul to Titus).

§ What sense is there in this ridiculous tautology in our devotional mummy? Are there two *evers*?