

**PARADISE
RESTORED: A POEM**

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Paradise restored: a poem by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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PARADISE RESTORED:

A

POEM.



" ———— THE ONE GREATER MAN
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly Muse!" MILTON.



CINCINNATI:

PRINTED BY R. P. DONOGH, MAIN STREET,

1844.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE First Book proposes, first, the subject of the whole Poem, which then regularly commences in the nine hundred and ninety-ninth year of the Millennium or Paradise. The Serpent and his crew are described in their prison. What remains of the book is argumentative; showing, from the broken dominion of man—from the bliss of Eden destroyed—from Eve seduced—from the miseries and death of mankind—from the state of immortality without death, which Adam might have enjoyed—from the sufferings of Christ—from the captivity of Jerusalem—from the corruptions introduced into the church—from the fact that the earth would never be restored to peace and happiness, while Satan roamed at large in it—and, finally, from all the incalculable mischief which, first, last, and in the midst, he had done in the earth—that he deserves the punishment here said to be inflicted.

When the earth had filled up the measure of its iniquities, Michael, the Archangel, is sent to restore Eden and Paradise. He binds Satan. The Battle described.—With the fall of the Enemy into the pit, the book concludes, but Paradise is not described though it commences immediately.

PARADISE RESTORED.

BOOK I.

CELESTIAL POW'R ! descend from heav'n, and bring
The truths immortal and the facts I sing !
The Grecian fables and the Roman gods,
I leave impalpable in dark abodes.
The mount Aonian, the Parnassades,
The fount of Helicon, th' umbrageous trees,
The mystic oracles renown'd of yore,
By fabling Poets sung, delight no more.
Another Muse, far other theme be mine;
I mix with mortal deeds the pow'rs divine.
I sing the end of present things, and find
A blissful age propinquant for mankind.
I soar in regions where the prophets shine,
Tracts unexplor'd by poet or divine.
I sing the end of ages, and the rise
Of new and wonderful to mortal eyes;
Of what remains of earth to be explor'd,
How Paradise was lost and how restor'd:
How Satan, bound in his infernal den,
Disturbs no more the peaceful tribes of men;
And how the rising glories flow along—
A theme divine !—immortal be the song !

Upon that Mount where God's Messiah shone,
In heav'nly light, to Peter, James, and John,
Who saw his metamorphose, and his reign
Triumphant come when he should come again,
I stand; nor cunning fables hence devise,
But see the glories of his kingdom rise;

See him transform'd; extatically see
 What is the grandeur of his majesty,
 And what the mountain-sheen of his great reign shall be:
 In radiant light, read his credentials clear,
 And cry, "'Tis good, O Master, to be here!"
 Behold, upon the deep prophetic scroll
 The lights of fact in tides of glory roll!
 Hail, son of Amoz! Hail, ye band of Seers,
 Who taught of yore the joys of coming years!
 In figures, numbers, was your doctrine taught?
 'Tis all confirm'd by what Messiah wrought.
 Vail'd in the drap'ry of similitudes,
 If still your moral hides, and still eludes
 Ev'n your own grasp; 'tis here that moral pure,
 Denuded shines, more tangible, "more sure."
 Did you behold the coming of the day
 That bore the mass of human guilt away?
 That day is past, and witnesses decide
 That living glory to the Crucified.
 If, piercing the dark vail of future times
 Ye sung of other themes, of other climes;
 Of Jews rejected, and of Gentiles claim'd,
 Of Gentiles new-created and new nam'd;
 Of that great Spirit who inspired your songs
 To tell of firey days and firey tongues;
 Of heav'nly tidings to perverse mankind,
 How favor triumph'd and how justice shin'd;
 How churches in all continents should rise
 To hold a population for the skies;
 From the high regions of the upper air,
 (There was his seat, he revell'd regent there,)
 How hell-wards flung, swift-prone, the devil fell,
 And wrath pursu'd him to the deeps of hell;
 And how, at last, the dread, immortal King,
 From heav'n should come to earth, and with him bring
 His hosts of saints and angels, smiting down
 Each impious head that dar'd to wear a crown—
 Hurl lords and nobles, princes, potentates,
 Republics, monarchies, and trait'rous States
 To flaming ruin headlong! and should build

A mighty monarchy with justice fill'd,
And fill'd with life's and joy's own sweet renown,
And wear, himself, the universal crown:
Know, then, ye Seers! from Tabor's prospect mount
The length'ning series of the facts I count;
In vision apostolic see them pass,
And paint their glowing image on the place!
Prophetic truth is apostolic act,
The theory is that, but this the fact;
Why, mortals, then, your road to glory miss,
While that is true, and now confirm'd by this?

Take, then, O mortal! the prophetic torch,
And on thy way in the thick darkness march;
Its flame is kindled by the Pow'r Divine,
And facts evangel give it pow'r to shine.
If weak thy faith, or evanid thine eye,
Then cry for help if thou have pow'r to cry,
Or groan, or toil! With darkness is thy war
Till he appear, "the Bright and Morning Star."
'Tis come! 'tis come! Sweet Paradise appears!
Coruscant blushes flash around the spheres,
"And Earth holds jubilee a thousand years!"

Thus from the Mount I see the day begin
That ends of earth th' oppression, war, and sin.
Millennium, hail! O, let thy glories roll
From sea to rolling sea, from pole to pole!
Peace be thy glory! love his reign extend,
And at the sceptre of Immanuel bend
All knees of earth! The happy millions throng
To hymn their King, and glory fills their song.
"Now are the kingdoms of this world," they sing,
"Become the kingdoms of our Lord the King:
Hail! hallelujah!"—Thus they joyful sung,
And, "hallelujah," the long echo rung.

Enough, celestial pow'r! Not here the Muse
Th' augmenting glories of that Age pursues,
But while its spreading grandeur mounts along,
Elsewhere directs the poet and the song.
The blissful Age to man in mercy sent
First she defends by fact and argument.

For full nine hundred years and ninety-nine,
 Since he was bound by chain and key divine,
 While Paradise in all its glory shone,
 The Serpent and his crew lay overthrown,
 In darkest regions of the vast abyss,
 And prison'd, vile outcasts from the coasts of bliss!
 Darker and darker still that pris'n became,
 Hotter and hotter still that urgent flame;
 Keener and keener still th' undying worm,
 Fiercer and fiercer still th' eternal storm.
 Whate'er of pain the devil had known before
 While roaming earth, is deem'd as pain no more.
 The vengeance once he felt when near the place
 Where Jesus suffer'd, was a day of grace.
 Deeper and deeper still th' Infernal falls,
 Nor finds the bottom of those dismal walls :
 Heavier and heavier still his chains appear,
 And ninefold thunder bursts upon his ear :
 Storms of dread vengeance from th' eternal throne
 Meet other storms with equal vengeance blown
 From every point, and form a centre there,
 Of outrage wild, and infinite despair !
 Companions of his fall, aerial thrones,
 Sink as he sinks, and hiss infernal groans :
 One sinks another by his lawless deeds,
 And brings compound damnation on their heads.
 Think not their fate unjust, unwise the plan :
 The foes of God are all the foes of man,
 And ever have been since the world began.
 To clear the sentence from the charge of ill,
 Reason and fact may serve us if you will.
 Why did perverse mankind become perverse?
 The Serpent made the treason and the curse;
 And if he suffer the augmented pain,
 It is but justice in respect to man :
 Justice demands whatever ills men do,
 That he who makes them sin should suffer too.
 The soul of man was formed for wholesome laws :
 "Pride was not made for man," but virtue was.

Call we for facts, for dark and bloody deeds
At which the heart of pliant Mercy bleeds?
Then hear we Justice how she mourns and pleads.
If she demand the spoiler of our race
Be long confin'd in his condignest place,
It is the voice of Justice and of grace.
Then hear we Justice how she mourns, and pleads
For wrath eternal on the murd'rer's deeds.

What hours of bliss the first of monarchs saw,
When all creation, by th' eternal law,
A vast dominion, in subjection lay,
And own'd submissive his imperial sway!
If high in air he glance observant eyes
And see the tow'ring eagle in the skies,
'Tis at his will the lordly bird descends,
And on his hands th' aerial journey ends.
'Tis at his call the tenants of the groves,
Circling in choirs, chant carols to their loves.
If by the forest side the monarch stood
And call'd the bestial army from the wood;
The bestial army at his call appears,
Submitting crouchant, and confess their fears;
Or gambols huge, or freaks fantastic play,
Till by their lord dismiss'd and sent away.
The king of beasts, by fresh primeval law,
Dandled the laughing kid in bloodless paw,
While lambs and wolves, hyenas and the deer,
The lazy porker and the shaggy bear,
In all extremes of nature meet and play,
Or while in sleep the happy hours away.
When huge behemoth in the midst appears,
Twirls his proboscis, or commands his ears,
Shows his long tusks and his half-reasoning eye,
Think you the lesser tribes take fright and fly?
E'en to those tusks whole tribes of monkeys cling:
Upon his back the bounding tigers spring;
Or if at last the load be overgrown,
His lithe proboscis gently puts them down.
The stags, the elks, the sacred unicorns,
Whose heads support whole groves of branching horns,