

HQ
1733
A83p

A
A
0
0
0
9
8
3
1
5
4
6



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



اميرة اسرار
Pesse D. Amare

PROPHECY AND LAMENTATION ;

OR,

A VOICE FROM THE EAST.

AN

APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND,

ON THE REGENERATION OF THE EAST, AND THE ELEVATION OF
THEIR SEX TO THE RIGHTS AND DIGNITIES, OF WHICH
THEY HAVE BEEN SO LONG DEPRIVED BY
THEIR MAHOMMEDAN MASTERS ;

BY

THE BABYLONIAN PRINCESS,

أَمِيرَةَ عَبْدِ اللَّهِ أَسْمَرَ

MARIA THERESA D'ASMAR,

DAUGHTER OF EMIR ABDALLAH D'ASMAR.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF, AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO HER MAJESTY.

LONDON :

JOHN HATCHARD AND SON, PUBLISHERS,
187, PICCADILLY.

1845.

LONDON :
HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

HQ

1733

A83 p

Dedication.

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

VICTORIA,

QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND THE INDIES,

&c. &c. &c.

THE profound emotion that vibrates in my heart, for the gracious protection afforded me by your Majesty, it is much easier to feel than to express.

Had any doubts existed in my mind as to the success of the sacred task I have undertaken, "The Emancipation of the Women of the East," the sympathy of so

great a Queen would have dissipated them.

In the glorious cause of Asia—my beloved country!—the voice of truth and enthusiasm speaks thoughts that burn, and sink into the soul!

Oh may the cry of liberty be heard from Albion's shores, to rend the chains that bind my father-land!—where all the jarring interests of contending states—lawless ambition—the avarice of individuals—a false prophet, and a false faith, have blasted the blossoms of domestic joy.

Where the sword of despotism ever thirsts for the blood of the innocent—and where the name of “Christian” is a by-word and a reproach!

Oh—sacred land, once loveliest of all! may Albion's Queen thy just rights restore,

and pluck the wild flowers from thy roofless homes!

May the voice of the lone orphan of the Emir, who is come from the ruined halls of her fathers, now silent and deserted, sink deep into the hearts of the women of the West!

Let but Albion's Queen, and the fair daughters of her sea-girt Isle be with me, and the cry of liberty shall yet be heard to arouse each noble impulse of the heart;—let *them* come, with the sacred fire of true religion, to give strength and virtue to the freedom of the East, and despotism will hide its hydra head. The daughters of the harem will cease to weep, and the light of gladness and joy will shine from soul to soul!

Civilization, commerce, liberty, and the arts, flow like a mighty ocean from

Great Britain to the shores of my native country.

It was your Majesty's subjects who first opened the port of Suez to the commerce of the Indies—it is your Majesty's citizens who daily pass Mount Lebanon;—wherever we roam, the pilgrims of Albion are to be met with, diffusing benefits around by their example and industry!

Your Majesty's steamers were the first to float o'er the Euphrates and Tigris—proudly to brave the main from the borders of the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Persia. The flag of famed Britannia waves in every breeze, and by her powerful sway Asia shall be restored to liberty and happiness, for the intrepid energy, undismayed perseverance, holy enthusiasm, and moral force of the British character, surmount all difficulties!

The inspiring hope that your Majesty has kindled in my heart, affords a sweet consolation to my wounded spirit; and assures me, that the tree of life—of true religion, and of freedom, will, under the aid and wisdom of Divine Providence, be planted by your Majesty in my country,—that it will take root — flourish — and shelter beneath its wide-spread branches the lovely flowers of the East!

Ah! how many millions of Asiatic women are plunged in the depths of darkness—shrouded in ignorance by the customs of their country—bought and sold, as a mere article of furniture! Alas! what degradation of the Almighty's fairest gifts!—what strange perversion of pure Nature's laws!

Knowledge can ne'er reach them, for their dark rulers are jealous even of the day which lights them.

Come, then, ye highly favoured daughters of the West, and pluck the wreaths of ignorance from their brows, and the thorns of sorrow from their feet.

Let the voice of the Great Spirit of British Freedom be heard in the Land, and the fields of verdant hues, the groves, the valleys, the hills, and rocks sublime will echo the joyful sound.

Oh! thou mighty Queen that reigneth in glad palaces, ever surrounded by love and joy, remember, oh, remember the wronged women of the East — shut up within their living tombs, the Harems! hitherto surrounded by an impenetrable barrier raised by the united force of pride—vain ignorance—and selfishness—the absolute despotism of the master, over his slave!

The mind left fallow—and the soul untaught, they suffer wrongs as deadly

as humanity can inflict—wrongs which blight the mind, and wither the soul's energies. Within their living tombs the blessed light of Christianity ne'er penetrates—the sacred volume of the Gospel never glads the heart, *there* all the divine laws of equality—pure love—and mental wisdom are cast into the devouring furnace of despotic power.

Albion, blest land of Liberty! long may the sacred fire of wedded love burn brightly in thy palaces and cottages! Where e'er that holy flame burns pure, content and true affection dwell—*it* is the cheering light that alike illumines the splendid hall and humble cottage—it is the bright meteor of heaven that sheds the atmosphere of Paradise around where e'er it beams.

Mysterious Providence! that hath so long permitted to my sisters so sad a fate! Oh, let Albion's Queen and daughters be the divine instruments in thy hands to raise the fallen sisterhood of Asia.

Alone have I quitted the land of the Patriarchs.—Alone, have I abandoned the

tombs of my martyred sires.—Alone have I come to implore the protection of the first Queen in the world—the Queen of Liberty and Justice!—the Queen of England, in favour of a once noble and free people!

In the blessed name of true Religion—the Holy Religion of Christ—in the name of Nature's dearest, tenderest sympathies,—in the name of all that gives life a charm, and age a hope, to ask, implore, to urge your gracious Majesty to succour, and befriend my sisters of the East.

The generous sympathy I have hitherto received from your Majesty, assures me of the future—and thus protected beneath the shadow of Britannia's sceptre I fear no evil. Gratitude now occupies my heart—and the lone daughter of the Patriarchs of Chaldea now joyfully and confidingly

resigns herself and noble cause at the feet of the illustrious Queen of England,—who has so graciously deigned to accept this tribute of the gratitude, and high consideration felt in the heart of her most admiring and devoted Servant,

MARIA THERESA D'ASMAR,

DAUGHTER OF THE EMIR ABDALLAH.

PROPHECY AND LAMENTATION,

OR,

A VOICE FROM THE EAST,

&c.

INVOCATION.

GOD, the Almighty Sovereign of the universe!
who hath given me a heart to love Thee—a
mind to contemplate and adore the wonders of
thy mighty creation, and the celestial glory of
thy majesty—all hail!—My heart and mind are
all thine!

Glory to Thee—wisdom supreme and infinite!
that made light to spring from the bosom of dark-
ness! that made the firmament, and the waves

of the ocean beneath, to reflect the stars on high! that made the night! and suspended in the blue vault of heaven the silvery moon, whose pale and melancholy light softens the gloom of darkness!

All hail! Divine Creator of the universe! that hath launched me into the eternity of life with a ray of thine intelligence! Divine Creator! who for impenetrable and mysterious reasons, hath permitted the monster of ignorance and fanaticism to extinguish the light of the East—my Country!

Hail glorious God! thou who keepeth the universe in harmony; thou, who from the heaven of heavens ordains that each celestial orb revolve in glorious and magnificent order around thy throne; oh! render tranquillity to my Country—to the Land of the Patriarchs!

Fill up the measure of thy beneficence—reunite her divided and unhappy people. Cast down the sword of the homicide from out the hands of her warriors! Give peace to Asia! Asia now barren, deserted, and weighed down beneath the scourge of despotism. Give unto her new life, and with that life, restore her ancient and once flourishing fertility! And we, Almighty Benefactor, we will aid thy bounteous designs by cultivating peace and civilization. We will not cease to observe and obey thy holy word, and daily to offer up new tribute of gratitude and praise!—Hail! hail! all hail!

I have traversed the vast deserts,—I have traversed the regions of Lebanon,—I have passed the stormy and tumultuous seas,—I have traversed Europe to call the women of the West to succour their sisters of the East; for at the voice of the women of the West the spirit of the ancient warriors of my country will revive, as when resplendent with purple and fine gold—yea! and if need be, at their voice, the swords and lances of the avengers of the Son of God, will shine as the stars of heaven; will rise, numerous as the white waves of the ocean which roll on the far-stretched shores of the grand Atlantic! The children of the destroying prophet shall fall like the dead leaves in autumn,—and, at the rising of the sun, their vanquished leaders be no more!

Arise, then, women of Nineveh,—of Babylon and Palmyra—yea, ye who added lustre to the fame of Ninus, Odenath, and Niacon, hover

around the champions of our liberties, and restore us the honour due to our injured sex! Come ye shades of departed greatness, reanimate our fallen energies, to rebuild the ruined altars of our fathers!

Compatriots! abjure your errors, give the true hand of amity to the fair daughters of Albion, and God will be with you—will blot out your iniquities from beneath his malediction!

Women of the East and of the West, the oppressors will tremble at your approach, as did Belshazzar in the presence of the Prophet of Chaldea, and of the wise and learned men of Babylon, when he saw the mysterious and prophetic hand-writing on the walls of the Hall of Festivity!

Yes! there are still happy days in store for my beloved Asia! The venomous poison of the serpent which stung her is well nigh exhausted. Arise, then, my sisters, achieve the conquest of our rights, broken and trampled down in our vast and extensive portion of the world! if an

arrow pierce our bosoms, glorious will be our death,—for the Parthian who shall hurl the dart, will do so in his flight!

'Tis ours—the privilege to guide the armies of the powerful Christian who will upraise the broken walls of our palaces,—rebuild our fire-consumed cities, and wash out the life-blood stains which flowed from the devoted hearts of our young warriors, when the victorious infidel mowed them down as the wild grass!

Barbarians! they proclaimed to all the earth, perpetual desolation unto Asia! as if our sacred temples could be doomed by mortal, to be o'er-grown by noxious plants and briars throughout eternity? To be the dark retreat of serpents and hyænas? as if the hungry vulture, and low eagle, should alone be seen to perch upon our battlements, and hover o'er the summit of our pyramids?

No—no! after the bloody mission of the sword, that sword so long unsheathed, the holy

men of religion will come to unfetter the slaves attached to the chariots of the conquerors.

Religion! holy flame of heaven! that giveth true and steadfast principles of action—that cometh with sweet healing on its wings,—inspiring sentiments of peaceful harmony and love! Yes! 'tis religion must regenerate those sweet and lovely flowers of humanity, which then, like the stars in the firmament of night, shall shed a heavenly influence o'er the darkness of the Harem.

The sacred word of Christ shall upraise the sublime column of Truth in face of day,—to enlighten, to guide, to save,—more glorious and universal far, than the vast asylum of St. Benedict for those suffering souls, who hope thereby to be restored unto the realms of light!

In one century Mahomet overspread, subdued—even fair Persia inaccessible to the Roman Legions, — Palestine, — Egypt, — the Libyan Desert,—Africa, and even a part of Europe.

Will not, then, the spirit of Christ, which sheddeth the perfect principle of harmony and of order, which animated and inspired the holy saints of old to teach us the pure light of truth and hope of immortality—yea, will not His unbounded power reconquer, and make fair an empire which succumbed to brutal force?

Futile, indeed, were the vain efforts of the combatants to retain possession of the Holy City—alas! no human power was able to resist the fatal and overwhelming tide which flowed against Judea!

But a new era, a new-born generation appeareth in the land—illustrious—edifying—who in the silent study of religion will raise new and sublime monuments of sacred thought.

Eighteen centuries have passed—what hath man done? henceforth, fair Christians, 'tis for us to be the saviours of Asia—at this moment she is encircled by a thousand Christian vessels—

ready to change her dying winding sheet for the bright robe of righteousness, and to eclipse for ever the dominion of the Saracens.

The first step is already made—the progress of Christianity is silently gliding into the empire of the Caliph, and it finds even now a Protector seated on the very throne of Mahomet.

God of Heaven! protect the unfortunate daughter of the Patriarchs of Chaldea, in this her holy crusade!

Oh! give her but one atom of that sacred, powerful persuasion which in former ages staggered the unbeliever,—staggered even those, who in the first ebullition of their frenzy caused the downfall of Syria, and laid Palestine at the feet of the conqueror!

Oh! give her but a spark of that Divine eloquence to agitate the soul, but not o'erthrow it—to alarm, but not to wither!—to penetrate, but not to lacerate! Her mission is not to condemn, to lacerate, or to wither. No! but to dive into the hidden recesses of the heart, and to

unroll the secret folds wherein the passions lie concealed; to the end of obtaining new and eternal life!

Father of Mercies! Graciously direct my energies to expose the evils and calamities which have laid waste my unhappy country,—and accord me the power to make known the remedy to heal and save her!

What country ever had so many disasters to repair? so many wounds to heal? hatreds to extinguish? and divided interests to conciliate?

What though the study of modern constitutions may show us, that those who liberally occupy themselves in morals, literature, and the sciences, are for the most part excluded from the government of public affairs, doth that prevent exalted spirits from devoting their time, influence, and wealth, to philosophy, religion, science, and to the noble cause of ameliorating the condition of their fellow creatures? No! and the words, writings, and example of such men are productive of the most important and durable influence.

The fruit of study, the results of observation,

are they lost because woman hath no voice in the tribune of her country? No! doth she not possess the power to concentrate all the divine energies of the soul for the advancement and happiness of mankind, by giving her support and influence to the precious light of truth alone!

Revolutions! Grand, gigantic! whose resistless sway hath changed the whole face of the globe; to whom are we indebted for these changes? To woman! to her unseen, often unknown, but deep and certain influence. Let woman, then, implore the light of heaven to guide her silent bias!

Hath not the Almighty ruler of events, ordained in his unerring wisdom, that the illustrious sceptre of great and powerful Britain, with India, and her countless millions,—the sceptres, too, of bright Hispania and of Lusitania,—should at this eventful period of the world be centred in the hands of three young Queens? O! like the radiant day-star of the East, which guided the watchful shepherds to

Messiah's birth-place, may they illumine the benighted people of my unhappy country, by rendering assistance to one of their own sex in so glorious a cause!

The Almighty, in his heavenly munificence, was pleased to create a world surpassing other worlds, more lovely and superb than those revolving mid the vast infinity of space!

One chosen land therein he blessed beyond all others! on which the heavenly treasures of his grace he shed. O privileged! O sacred land! wherein events the most miraculous took place; where men, the most illustrious, have succeeded each other from age to age!

This favoured region, blessed land, is Asia! —Asia, in which he who dispersed the bright worlds in space, who groups the stars in heaven, hath suspended his golden and eternal lamp of light!

The East! fair country of fertility! of innumerable souls! phenomenon of greatness! whence the effulgent and immortal light of truth burst

forth to illumine and dispel the mists of ignorance which for so many ages had been coiling round the fane of pure religion!

The birth place, too, of science! arts! of literature! of commerce! and whence, I demand, could this life-springing essence emanate? but from this all creating region of vitality? where the Supreme Intelligence hath everywhere engraven his magnificent and gorgeous emblems!

Where else will you find nature so active? the waves of light so pure? vegetation so luxuriant? or colours so brilliant and gay? Sublime harmony of creation!

Oh my country! never, perhaps, shall I see thee more! never repose my wearied head beneath the tent paternal! ne'er traverse more those regions wild! those vast and arid deserts! boundless plains! the grandeur of whose wide expanse no pen can paint! none! 'tis in the rapt sublimity of thought which cometh o'er the immortal soul, and lifts it up to heaven!

Renounce thee? No! though thrice twelve

years had rolled since last I saw thee! Land of my nativity!

Can I abandon the blessed hope of rescuing Chaldea and Jerusalem? Can Memphis have disappeared for ever? proud Babylon? incomparable Palmyra? and all those mighty cities? which, alas, consumed each other by the strife for power!

Ruins vast and holy! I am indeed transplanted far beyond thy walls of desolation! but even here, reposed within the bosom of proud Europe, surrounded by the alluring charms of high refinement and politeness, can memory forget the heavenly gifts which the Creator in his munificence bestowed upon the children of the Sun? Can memory forget those children's woes?

But how, alas! shall I, lone daughter of the Desert, resist the mandate of omnipotent displeasure, which, like an avalanche, hath fallen on the erring cities of my nation, and left them desolate?

I look around; sublime and solitary ruins alone remain of all those vast and splendid temples, noble palaces, and glorious works of art, no longer recognisable! but still the wonder, pride, and admiration of the world!

Alas! when art or science now appears within our smitten land, 'tis as the rose which blossoms 'mid the tombs!

I have contemplated those lovely palms which still wave their lofty and majestic heads on the mountains of fair Eden, but the daughters of Tudor are no more; the Sacred harmony of the Prince of Song hath ceased to be heard in the land.

Sweet poesy and the celestial harmony of past ages have fled to the palace whence they came, to heaven! in vain your thirsty soul will ask, in vain implore; the harps have ceased their melody!

All, all, alas! hath disappeared, and soon none will remain to weep or rejoice in the valleys of Syria!

My eyes are veiled by the mist of tears, for the barbarians have covered the country of the Lord with mourning, and the trembling light of the lamp of Jerusalem will soon cease to illumine the Christian of the Desert, unless some mighty power stretch forth its hand to feed the source!

Ask for Jesus of Nazareth? Alas! no voice replieth unto your voice, save that of the lone echo 'mid the ruins of his Temples. Oh, my sacred Country! thou art indeed but as a tomb!

Thy glory—once encircled by the halo of righteousness—hath fled far from thee. 'Tis the thunder of Mahomed which now roars around the hill of Sion, where kneeling may be seen the false ministers of God! The scattered Christians can no longer meet to hear the Word within their sacred precincts, for the Rock of Sinai is now invoked by the adorers of Baal!

The virgins of Salem can no longer sing or weep at liberty; their brilliant tears suspended 'neath the silken lashes of their eyes, hang as the glittering dew-drops on the petals of the lily!

But, courage, O lone daughter of the Desert! if the harp of David is no more, the soul-inspiring spirit of his muse still lives—will live for ever!

Then string your golden harps, fair daughters of the East, and sing your plaintive strains in presence of the world!

Recount the frightful sufferings and calamities of thy oppressed and wandering people, less favoured than the wolves—deprived as they have often been of a wild cave for shelter!

Awake, Great Women of the East, awake! O, come forth from your tombs, Zenobia! Semiramis! Esther! and Cleopatra! Yea, all ye noble and illustrious spirits of the past; the time hath come when Asia shall withdraw the veil that hath hidden her face for ages; as the young daughter of the East, when she enters into the Zezena of the harem!

Arise, then, ye Niobes of the Desert! ye have sufficiently wept o'er the ruins of Asia, Assyria,

and Mesopotamia ! The prophecies of Isaiah, the son of Amos, are fulfilled. The desolation of Babylon—the confusion of Egypt—of her ancient Princes of Tyre—Jerusalem—and of Nineveh, been accomplished !

Nothing more remaineth to destroy !

With difficulty the spot is now recognised, where once arose those high, gigantic walls, stupendous as the mountains!—those proud unnumbered towers—those hundred gates of bronze!—those lovely gardens, hanging in the air!—fair realms of Paradise? Alas! the destroying Angel passed o'er, and all hath disappeared !

“ But the joyful flourishing of Christ's kingdom, it shall blossom abundantly and rejoice, even with joy and gladness. The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it—the excellency of Carmel and of Sharon: they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God !”

“ Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; and

the ransomed of the Lord shall return to Sion with song and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The time of rejoicing is at hand, and Lebanon prepares herself for triumph!

The eyes of the infidel are opened to the light of God, and their ears hear the truth of Christianity, even within the walls of Constantinople!

The lone exiles shall return to their loved country, singing the praises of the Lord, who hath wrought the resurrection of the East.

Isaiah, in his prophecy, hath said: "I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians, and they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbours, city against city, and kingdom against kingdom."

"And the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof; and I will destroy the council thereof; and the Egyptians will I give over into the hands of a cruel Lord, and a fierce King shall rule over them, saith the Lord—the Lord of Hosts.

"The waters shall fail from the sea, and the

rivers shall be wasted and dried up. And they shall turn the river far away, and the brooks of defence shall be emptied and dried up; the reeds and flags shall wither;" and "Babylon,—the glory of the kingdom—the beauty of Chaldea's excellence—it shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah."

"It shall not be inhabited nor dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there, neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell therein."

The denunciations of the immortal Prophet are accomplished.

"And now it shall come to pass, that from one moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, all flesh shall come to worship before me, saith the Lord."

Egypt beneath the protecting sceptre of the Pasha revives again.

Science and art now raise their drooping heads, and the benign influence and sympathy

of their charms is felt throughout the land of Mizraim, the son of Ham, and the grandson of Noah.

The curse and scourge of war is broken—it is fallen—and for ever—nor can it rise up more.

Fathers will no longer draw their swords against their children, nor children against their fathers.

Neighbours will no longer wage war against their neighbours, for the whole nation feels the genial influence of a rising empire.

Each day sees weakened the arbitrary rule of despotism, which in former ages governed each act of social order.

The profound wisdom of those mighty men, who caused the erection of Alexandria and the Catacombs, of Labyrinth, of Obelisk and Pyramid, now eloquent in ruins! will soon awaken in the souls of their descendants, and the fair land of the East shall laugh in the renovated fertility of its natural luxuriance.

The King—the herald of this resurrection, wide

spreads his sceptre, firm, just, protective over the land where he hath broken the iron rule of despotism.

Instead of raising up this hideous giant which hath so long oppressed and crushed my country, the admiring world sees Ali Pasha open the portals of his empire to admit the rush of vast intelligence and knowledge which now o'erspreads the globe! Yes! rapidly she plies her barks along the Persian Gulf to India; and the ancient names of the oppressors of the East serve but to ornament the prows of her huge steamers as they pass along the Tigris, Nile, Euphrates, the seas of the Levant, the bright and lovely Mediterranean, unto the wide oceans of the world!

In half a century more, the caravans of pilgrims will glide like the Sirocco o'er the gloomy sea of sand from Jerusalem to Diabekir, from Constantinople to the Gulf of Persia.

The chariots, urged along by the impetus of fire, will traverse the Isthmus to the astonishing eyes of the wondering population of the East; and Asia, in a few years, will possess a communication rapid as the fire of heaven, with Africa and Europe.

The time is fast approaching when the religion of the Lord—that holy, pure religion which proclaims the nobleness of science, inspires the soul to dedicate its powers for the amelioration of its fellows, and engenders peace, hope, love, charity, and good will unto all men, will achieve the emancipation of the ignorant!

Selfishness shall become ashamed, and industry like a giant shall march onward with rapid strides to the glorious future.

Woman shall take her place in social life—concord shall reign in families—equity and justice in governments—and the pure religion of Christ Jesus shall conduct us to a glorious hereafter!

I know it hath been written that, “Edom shall be a desolation;” that “Every one that goeth by her shall be astonished.”

That “Damascus shall wax feeble, anguish and sorrow overtake her.”

That “the city of price shall not be one of joy—that her young men shall fall in her streets, and all the men of war shall be cut off.”

Concerning Kedar, too, and the kingdoms of Harom, which Nebuchadnezzar King of Babylon shall smite; thus saith the Lord, "Arise ye, go up to Kedar, and spoil the men of the East." The Idomites are indeed dispersed on every side; their women, old men, and their children are destroyed!

Edom is no more! the shadow of darkness hath passed o'er the land, and not a vestige now remains of all that once was there!

Amid her vast and lonely plains of sand,—her barren, sterile mountains,—the eye now roams in melancholy sadness—no living object cheers the sight,—for there is no life there!

Beneath a burning and devouring sun,—a parched and sultry sky,—where no oasis glads the eye, but all is arid, bare—no soft, refreshing breeze from distant glades e'er wafts its cool, reviving zephyrs, to invigorate the weary pilgrim of the desert!

No grass—no flowers—skeletons—and bones blanched 'neath the ardent rays of the hot sun, and scattered o'er these regions of Death's empire—alone tell of the past!

Damascus,—perhaps the most ancient city of the world,—and which could send twenty thousand men to the assistance of Hadadezer, the king of Zobah.

Damascus!—thou that caused such vast disquietude to Israel,—whom, but for the miraculous interposition of the Almighty, thou wouldst have conquered,—thou—thou thyself was vanquished by the armies of Pileser, king of Assyria!—and thy kings?—appeareth on the earth no more!

Damascus! crushed, and feeble hath remained, according as the holy prophet hath foretold.

But the sacred fire of Christian intelligence shall restore it—Damascus shall be made to float o'er the gulf of desolation, as a sure bark on the waves of a calm ocean!

When the Lord shall illumine the bright torches of art and science in Assyria, civilization and liberty will come,—flying on angels' wings,—and the spirit of Christianity and love, encircled by the halo of righteousness, shall replace the demon of discord and of darkness!

Instead of the noise of war, and fearful cries

of men hurling their fellow mortals to destruction and to death,—the groans of warriors and of victims sinking into the yawning grave;—there shall be heard the songs of joy and plenty, calling the glad people to civilization and happiness!

The descendants of the sons of Ishmael await but the arrival of the children of the West, to restore the riches of their ancient cities — to establish brotherly love, and just equality in fair Arabia, which for so many centuries hath been separated from the rest of the world!

Arabia!—thou who in former times so gloriously and unaided sustained the conflict of dire war, against the Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, when they poured their hordes of mercenaries o'er the land of thy Arcadian bowers, to rob thee of thy liberty and fame!—how nobly didst thou act!—how faithfully thou hast preserved the purity and sincerity of thy manners.

Yes—from the most distant date of time—when thy merchants sold their incense and their perfumes in the port of Mirza, in the province of Tamer, even until now!

Oh! never forget the mighty power, the wisdom and heroic valour, these people have evinced.

Think—O ye, whose thousand superb vessels come to the port of Suez—ye who send your thundering cannon on the plains of Egypt—that these Ishmaelites and Kaderini, Nabathians and Hagarini, preceded you a thousand years ago—before Mahomet and his Caliphs revolutionized religion, politics, and despoiled our cities.

The Lord of Hosts hath spoken it—the East shall be raised up—yea, soon shall rise high, as the sacred Scriptures have foretold—those holy writings! whose sublime grandeur and simplicity surpasseth the famed eloquence of Greece and Rome.

Yes! the East shall be raised up in all her native majesty and beauty! Soon as the new light of heaven shall rise, its lustrous beams shall sparkle as a thousand fires, and the glorious rays its bright effulgence sheddeth, shall dazzle and astonish, while it enlightens.

Nathan, whose prophetic spirit saw afar the downfall of proud Nineveh, shall come again and sing of victory and resurrection to a people so long cursed for their sins!

And Jeremiah too, whose deep eloquence wept o'er the misfortunes of his people, shall come to chant the praises of the Lord who hath redeemed the fallen.

How enviable the task, to restore the spirit of the Orientals to its original brightness!

Once become the children of the Lord, and the high intelligence of their nature will assert her rights, and lead them to the path whence they have strayed,—to the pure springs of science,—to the native source of knowledge—for it is well known that Asia in ancient times dived deeper into nature's hidden mysteries than even the learned men of Europe in these days.

Think not the superstitions of the East have always been!—do not the learned doctors of the West daily discover that what are termed “new Sciences and Arts,” are but Phenomena of Nature

that have existed from Antiquity,—were known unto the learned men of old,—but have lain dormant for a lapse of time, for faith among the multitude was wanting;—false creeds and errors blended by degrees their subtle arts entwined around the fount of pure,—of Nature's truths—'till the fair Fane within was scarcely visible!

Darkness and light have each their reign of power!—in every land, day dawns—and night succeeds,—but the pure flame of heaven burns still unchanged!

'Tis man—frail man who wavers—he who wanders—strays from the light of nature, and of God!

Oh! what were we, could man have quenched the holy rays of light for ever? But no!—God's punishments are chastened by his mercy—we value not the glorious gift of light which burst forth in the East,—did the Almighty quench it? dim it?—No! He but withdrew it to the western shores—there to enlighten;—warm,—engender faith—hope—love—charity and peace—good-will and fellowship unto all the world!

Come then, fair sisters of the West, trim your bright lamps from heaven's own holy source. The light must be refined,—ethereal—pure,—to lighten up the darkness of the East!

The voice of inspiration must return to Asia from lips that know no guile,—the halo of consistency and truth must shed their glory round!

The Asiatics then will bend the knee before the holy altars of their fathers—again become the first men in the world;—seas—mountains—oceans—nothing shall divide the sacred bonds of amity and love. Peace shall reign paramount, and the only strife—be that of kindness!

The children of the Desert must be won, their spirits yield not to constraint or force—assuage their weary pilgrimage with draught from the deep wells of truth and knowledge—and what more speaking to the heart—sublime?—majestic?—simple?—than the grand truths contained in Holy Writ?—Its mildness is adapted to sympathise with,—to win their souls.

The purity of its moral accords with the unsophisticated simplicity of their habits,—and the sublime elevation of its maxims will meet a responding chord in the dignified minds of the unconquered sons of the Desert.—Unconquered! —Yes by man—yet will they bend to the pure eloquence of Christian Truths.

That eloquence divine!—that moral power! adapted for the happiness of man, both here and hereafter. Yes, it shall reign triumphant!

Hushed be the strife of party,—the intrigues of courts,—all popular excitements cease. That eloquence divine needs not your aid! Ye work by passion,—ye excite the frailties of man's nature to obtain your ends,—but Christianity subdues the rising waves of discord, softens the obdurate heart, and leads it on to heaven!

Let but the Orientals *feel* the charm, and they will quickly sacrifice each selfish interest on the altar of their faith.

The name of “Mahomet,” for a time, will

sound in the mosques of my country, but Christ will reign in the hearts of her people.

Unfold to them the Holy Spirit of the Scriptures,—sow but a grain of that high moral sense which it inspires, and which is felt amid each nation of your empire,—let it but take root in the hearts of a few, and the sublime feeling will, like the electricity of heaven, vibrate to the million.

But seek not to arouse their passions—dive not too deeply into mysteries—lest they fall back upon their ancient magic, and mingle falsehood with the light of truth!

But seek to show, by practical simplicity and virtue, the harmonious laws of Christianity;—and all the divers faiths of Eastern creeds will fade, as do the stars of night before the orb of day!

The Orientals are, by nature, predisposed to melancholy,—at the same time they are bold and daring.

Melancholy leads us to meditate on the past,

—it is the feeling of the Asiatics. A daring spirit, on the contrary, looks boldly forward,—it seeks to raise man to his just position.

These sentiments, so varying in their nature, are nevertheless most closely blended in the Eastern character,—but 'tis the last must claim our culture most.

It is for you, oh! daughters of Europe, to proclaim and teach the religion of Christ to your suffering sisters of the East.

At your approach pride and ignorance shall abase the head,—at your approach the harem walls shall fall.

'Tis for you to show the riches of that mine whose treasures are inexhaustible.

Who are more worthy? who more capable than you, daughters of Albion? You who have been nourished from your tenderest infancy by the sweet bread of mercy and of grace! who from your earliest childhood have been taught the very parables which Christ himself made use of to instruct his disciples.

Daughters of Albion! you are full of that poetic ardour; sacred fire with which the holy writings of the Word abound! Yes, you will save them,—they will hear and listen, will follow in the noble and the virtuous path in which your faith will lead them.

Then will you explain the grandeur of Omnipotence,—which disposeth all things! which regulates,—decrees,—and it is done!

Vain man, when Heaven wills it, thy direst malice even shall be turned to mercy.

Then, too, will you show the just and liberal governments of the West, where intellect and reason do combine, guided by moral discipline, towards harmony.

Albion—fair Albion! break the bonds of ignorance and slavery, forged by the sultans to enchain our sex!

Our souls are strong—they have been tempered in the furnace of adversity.

Our sacred rights invincible—eternal! while

our oppressing rulers and their minions are weighed down beneath the curse of God!

“They have not known the Lord.”

The Almighty, who hath placed on high that glorious orb of heaven, whose golden rays of light descend on earth, more brilliant than the varied hues of diamond or sapphire, hath left the noble task of emancipation unto those who feel the sacred fire to act within their souls.

O, do not hesitate to undertake a mission so sublime,—so productive in its fruits of happiness and virtue.

We have before us millions of our fellow-creatures living in vile slavery, who are objects of trade and dishonour, who know not the sacred word of Christ. Come, then, and proclaim the equal rights of humanity in a country where man takes for his companion—a slave! In a country where woman is esteemed for her beauty only!

Marriage, such as it exists in the East, is perhaps the greatest, the most serious, the one grand

obstacle to the progressive amelioration of this people.

The man who *buys* a woman is *reduced* to think alone—she is his slave, his prisoner—what sympathy between them? None!

The voluntary principle—that charm which sheds a magic o'er the simplest act of free affection—it exists not there. 'Tis an exotic of the Western shores, and blooms not in the East. Sweet plant of Paradise that survived the Fall!

Can legislation flourish where the laws are so opposed to nature and to justice? A social state of government to flourish, must be based upon the equitable rights of all!

When the iron reign of brutal force shall cease—when the holy flag of Jesus is displayed—those children of the Desert will cast off their errors from them, as the lion of the forest shakes the dew-drops from his mane!

The temple of the prophet of Mecca already totters—it is rent on every side—and what is

more, each effort made to preserve its crumbling structure, seems but to hasten the hour of its downfall.

Read ye the signs of heaven, and obey the call.

The Chinese have practised more subtlety in their usages and customs towards women. They have indeed accorded them the name of liberty—but by the mutilation of their feet, compel them to retirement—a mutilation, too, of voluntary infliction. O, frail, confiding woman! to what arts and flattery art thou a victim! with what ingenious skill man blinds, and chains thee too!

But the Oriental, alas! enjoys even less social rights than any other woman. Her reasoning powers having been left uncultivated for centuries, she is, of course, of no use in improving and advancing the social order of the community.

Having no idea of laws, liberty, or equality, she can feel no just resentment at the injustice

and corruption to which she has so long been subjected.

Knowledge and science can only flourish in the soil of liberty and reciprocity,—and woman, if she lose her mental powers, is soon despised,—and degenerates to a mere machine!

Oh! my fair sisters of the East, what spell hath power to raise you from the degradation of your wretchedness? Religion answers, Truth. Quit, then, the paths of darkness and corruption, and enter the bright realms of hope and peace!

Antiquity hath left us many a name exalted by the greatness of the deeds done by its noble owner,—names which have lived for centuries, and will live for ages more,—while virtue can appreciate—while the world exists,—but the celestial brightness of Christianity will shine throughout eternity!

Then arm yourselves with courage, and sing unto the Lord.

For He will remember His mercy and truth,
and all the ends of the world shall see the salva-
tion of our God!

To the East, then! Come, it is the will of
heaven.

I need not tell to you, fair sisters of the West, that it was one from amongst us who first promulgated the words of the Lord amid the Franks when they established themselves in Gaul.

It was a woman, too, who achieved the destruction of the power of the Mussulman in Spain—it was a woman who, by her judgment and presence of mind, saved Peter the Great when surrounded by an immense and formidable army on the borders of the Pruth—it was a woman who, in former times, humbled the pride of the Sublime Porte, and who added to her empire the territories of Georgia and Taurida; who advanced the civilization of rude Russia by her wisdom, and the renown of whose mighty name resounded throughout the earth.

When woman fills not her appropriate place in the social chain of life, it is because the brutal force of despotism hath enslaved her;—and man, who thus hath outraged woman's rights, must answer for it to his Maker.

My country! Oh, fair Asia; how art thou fallen!

Thy rulers and thy soldiers devour all! all is destroyed and withered! nor in the place of what hath been uprooted, is there aught planted for thy prosperity!

Man lives beneath the despotism which menaces his head, and the spoliation of his home. All is corruption around, and obscurity beyond—his only hope glimmers in the West—a hope that from that star of liberty may shine a bright resplendent ray to dissipate the darkness of the East!

The oppressed and persecuted Christian

fathers look upon their children but as victims surrounded by the destroyer, who cannot escape the fatal rod ready to fall on their devoted heads;—and thus they cease to attach themselves either to their rulers or their country. The East hath been forsaken and cast off! All that was righteous hath been destroyed!

But the moment, I repeat, is come, when the Supreme Being, who looketh down from heaven upon the unhappy and oppressed, will send a soothing consolation to his followers!

The task may be difficult, but the mission is grand and glorious; and what will not example and enthusiastic zeal achieve?

Oh! if you hesitate, or doubt the power of woman to accomplish deeds of magnitude, think what the Orientals of your sex *have* done!

Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, the wife of Menas, General of the armies of King Ninus, became the wife of her Sovereign, and followed him at the head of his legions.

The King dead, Semiramis succeeded him,

instructing her son Ninus by example. Placing herself at the head of her troops, this great woman extended her conquests as far as Ethiopia on the one side, and the Indies on the other.

Semiramis was Queen, at a time when the empire of Assyria was in its full glory.

After having subdued Libya, Media, and Egypt, where she carried on the war in person against King Strabobatus, she returned, and built a magnificent tomb to the memory of Ninus.

She converted the mountain of Bagestone into statues; while beneath her vigorous sway hills were lowered, and great roads made throughout her empire. Semiramis compelled the Euphrates to keep within its bounds; and by immense and stupendous dykes she arrested the frequent inundations of that rapid and desolating torrent, which so often overspread her country.

I know, that it is said, that this extraordinary woman tarnished the glory of her fame; but I am not one of those who can admit the charge. How is it possible to suppose, that so much greatness, magnanimity, and nobleness of soul as existed in the mind of this Queen, could be united

unto base and cruel passions? Meanness could surely not exist, in a soul capable of such glorious conceptions and achievements! What! Semiramis destroy the chosen sharers of her confidence, and then, upraise high monuments of glory to their memory? She, who had levelled mountains? stemmed the tide of desolating rivers? and to the utility of her works, added embellishments to gladden the eye, and refresh the mind?

Alas! all that is bright and glorious hath been slandered! In all ages, and in every clime, envy hath cast the venom of her malice around the deeds of greatness!

Had Semiramis but lived in these our days, would not the stupendous grandeur of her soul have compassed arts and sciences from every nation, and caused the mental riches of the world to flow unto her empire—to fertilize—to flourish!

Will you then be contented to remain inferior and in arrear of one who guided warriors to conquest and to victory, made peace and war with nations at her will, and governed kingdoms with discretion! Ye, too, who have the light of heaven to guide you!

Great was the life of Semiramis! great her works; yet was she but endowed with the power to build, subdue—to conquer—to create—the power of conservation was not hers—nor hath it been as yet bestowed on mortal!—Weakness was in their strength!—Thus, all the greatness of antiquity hath passed away! and why? It lived beneath the deadening rule of despotism—that Saturn who devoureth all his children!

Memory glides o'er the scenes of my youth, when alone, sitting on the broken columns of the Temple of Belus, I felt the secret, silent voice of wisdom, which inspired me with the ardent desire, the burning thirst, to search for its waters, and to drink of its fountains, that my soul might be instructed, and expand like the bright flowers of the East!

How many mysteries might I then have penetrated, and perhaps unravelled, had I but known the value of these ruins! Thought tried indeed, but erringly, to withdraw the veil. I sighed for knowledge, and the power to roam, forgetting at the moment, that to sigh or wish, was treason 'gainst the oppressors of my country, whose victims are not permitted even to think!

Alas! the sad remembrance! it recalls the days of my poor martyred father—brothers—uncles.—Peace be to their honoured shades!—their blessed remains!

Their lovely daughter will not see the land of her nativity, and their holy tombs, until the

blessed day when she shall go there to display aloft the crown of immortality, and to sing the resurrection of the Lord !

Zenobia ! Queen of Palmyra, descendant of the renowned Hassan, King of all the southern part of Mesopotamia—Zenobia, who governed most of the Oriental Provinces of the Roman Empire—from the death of Odenath to the day of her captivity—when Palmyra was the capital of the East, from the Euphrates to the borders of the Mediterranean—from the Desert of Arabia to the centre of Asia Minor,—Zenobia commands the admiration of posterity through the interest with which she invested her character in the eyes of her contemporaries.

Aurelius when addressing the Senate of Rome thus writes,—“Those who cast shame on me for having conquered a woman, know not that this woman is Zenobia!—I have sat on the ruins of her Palaces, have drank the waters of the Aurelian fountain, where the Arabs of the Wilderness still come to appease their burning

thirst; I have reposed beneath the shadow of those high gigantic columns which rise in lofty grandeur to the skies.—There have I listened to the moaning winds sighing amid her now deserted — ruined halls, — whose melancholy sounds so mournfully bewail the time of her past glory,—and I recalled to mind those golden days when fair Zenobia was the Eastern Star; and when her splendid city, now laid waste, was crowded with rich inhabitants, who came from all parts of the world, to gaze and to admire!

Where are they now? where all those works of greatness? Engulfed within the dark abyss of time!

Zenobia!—O contemplate the greatness of this woman!—who, at the head of her armies conquered nations, gave battle to the “invincible” heroes of proud Rome,—who built Zenobia on the borders of the Euphrates, the columns of whose palaces were as high as that erected to the Hero of Trafalgar, and which would claim the homage of all Europe could they but be transplanted unto Albion’s shores,—whose life was divided between combating the

enemies of her country, receiving lessons on civilization, and governing a vast Empire between the application of political sciences and those of the fine Arts whereby to advance and beautify the lovely Palmyra, so soon, alas, to be laid waste and desolate by the wandering Arabs of the Desert—the Roman Legions—the Persians—Armenians—and the devastating Saracen!—Yes, it shall be proclaimed, Zenobia triumphed—by her wisdom, prudence, courage, and the greatness of her genius.—Honour and Glory to this Eastern woman! beautiful and valorous! respected for dignity and virtue! without a parallel! She had been perfect, had she been a Christian!

I might recount of Esther too, the daughter of Abegad.—Of those fair stars who governed the Roman Empire, surrounded by a vicious and corrupt Court, yet remained spotless! Of all those glorious daughters of the East! but why enumerate the proofs of female heroism?—If the women of my country are now machines, 'tis to despotism that we owe the destruction of our natural energies! — for wherever woman is

placed high in the ladder of social life, there doth she bloom and flourish ;—there do the pure devoted feelings of the heart attach themselves ; —there do the mental energies expand towards perfection !—for Nature hath given unto woman organs the most delicate and refined,—and imagination the most pure and brilliant, whereby to organize, arrange, and harmonize the grand whole.

'Tis true, man hath more strength,—more power to enforce his purpose,—and let it but be used in pure accordance with the Messiah's doctrines, and the influence of woman will then be felt and cherished as the best boon of Heaven.

Is not the greatest kingdom of the earth the most flourishing, powerful, and liberal,—the kingdom that hath broken the chains of slavery, and will be the first to give liberty to commerce, —is it not governed by a Christian queen ?—an honour to her sex, and the bright crown she wears !—shadowing her people's rights beneath the mantle of purity and truth,—whose vigorous

hand gives strength unto the weak, and who never lifts her sword, but in a just and righteous cause,—honoured, thrice honoured, and thrice blessed, is the land that owns her sway!

Oh! my beloved sisters of the East, how are ye fallen! how slavery hath dimmed the bright gems of Heaven!—but Albion's daughters from the Western Isle will come to aid you, wrapt in the glorious robe of Christianity.

The valleys of Sion shall again echo the joyful sounds of the harp and tabor, and the imprisoned daughters of the harem,

Like Albion's fair daughters, happy and free,
Shall chant again their holy melody!
Blithe as the birds that pour their morning lay,
Pure as the dew-drop sparkling on the spray.

The power of Mahomet is melting, and passing away before the Sun of Righteousness!—the children of the fertile plains of Asia, numerous as the leaves of the forest when summer is in its richest verdure, shall, at the approach of the Christian Aurora, again crowd

unto the banks of Jordan—the gazelle shall bound along the little hills of Judah.

The turf shall again become green, and flowers shall cover the tombs of our fathers!

The day of desolation hath passed away!

The day of glory hath commenced!

The time marked out by the Omnipotent for the holy mission is at length arrived!

Come, then, let us unite, and in the fields of the East celebrate the triumph of the Lord!

Let us thank God for the privilege—and for the liberty which he rendereth to his people!

Glory, joy, and happiness will crown the day, when the banner of Christianity is unfurled!

The time approaches when the dew of resurrection shall wet the front of the Arab, who, silently extended on the sand by the side of his tent, shall arise, and come forth from the shadow of darkness, and of error,—and like one who hath burst his bonds, shall cry with a loud and joyful voice,—

“Oh Liberty, Virtue, and true Religion, ye are come to glad the lone Arab of the Desert, and he will become the child of God—yea,—of the God of the Christians!—Glory—honour—and praise—hallelujah on hallelujah, be unto the Lord for ever and ever.”

THE END.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LD-URL

JUL 29 1971

JUL 15 1971

REC'D LD-URL

MAR 13 1974

LD URL

APR 25 1974

RETURNED TO UCSB I.E.E.

REC'D LD-URL

APR 29 1974

APR 26 1974

QL OCT 05 1987

OCT 23 1987

ORION

LD/URL MAY 31 '89

REC'D LD-URL MAY 9 1989

QL JAN 21 1992

JAN 21 1992

REC'D LD-URL

4 WK DEC 14 1992

NOV 20 1992

NON-RENEWABLE

JUN 07 1993

REC'D URL CIRC

DUE 2 WKS FROM DATE RECEIVED

SULLIVAN
JUL 19 1993

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 983 154 6

1733
A83p



