

**EDNA; A TALE OF A
BABYLONIAN
CAPTIVITY**

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Edna; A Tale of a Babylonian Captivity by Julian St. Clare

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JULIAN ST. CLARE

**EDNA; A TALE OF A
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CAPTIVITY**

EDNA:

A Tale of

The Babylonian Captivity.

BY

JULIAN ST. CLARE.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept,
when we remembered Zion."



LONDON:

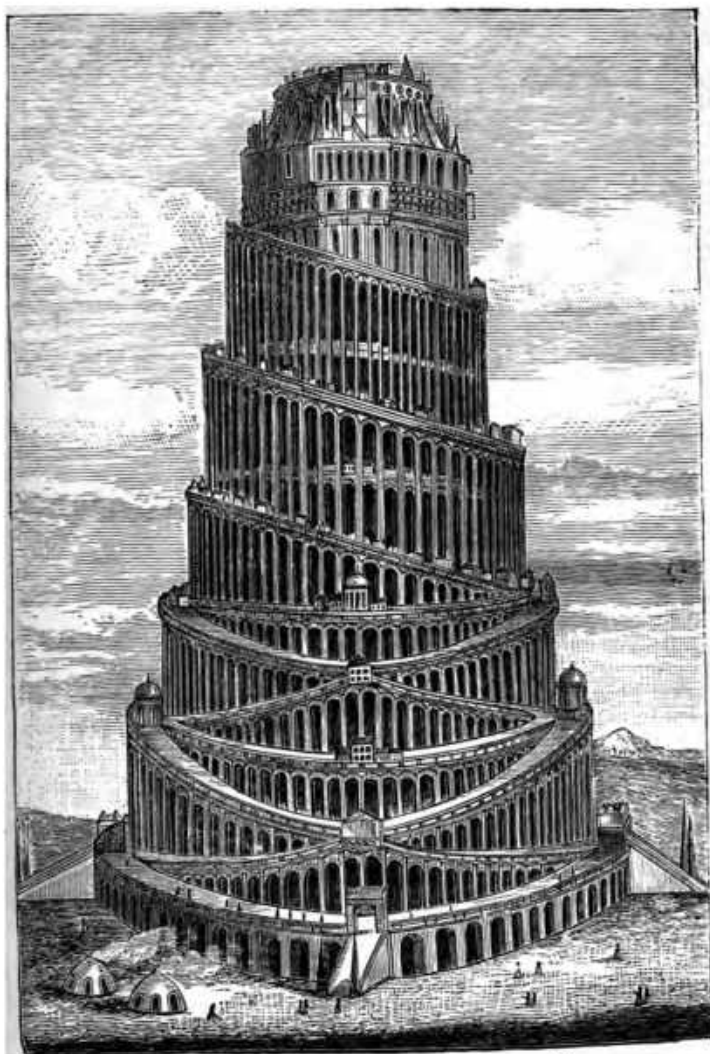
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THE TEMPLE OF BAAL: OR TOWER OF BABEL.

INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting to the public this slight sketch of a historical account of the times in which many great names of old-world fame flourished—contemporaries of the prophets—the author is only too conscious of its many defects.

Some there may be who will condemn any attempt to make use of sacred history as the foundation for a work of this description. To such the author would simply suggest that every period of the world's history is interesting from a purely worldly point of view. And as the revered men whose names are found in the sacred word, lived and moved among men as men—engaged in the same pursuits, afflicted with the same cares, subject to the same laws, and indeed—to borrow the words of a great authority—were men of like passions with ourselves, it cannot fail to be instructive to link them with the common every-day history of their times, especially as so great a portion of their life was occupied with the ordinary transactions and duties which made up the history of the era in which they flourished.

But before proceeding any farther, the author would warn the critical reader—if any such should

condescend to peruse these pages—that he has not attempted—nor, indeed, would it be possible for those much more learned in the history of ancient times than he pretends to be, to give, as if by rule and compass, every incident its exact position in point of place and time, claiming for himself that licence to interweave historical facts—or those which are generally accepted as such—with other matters of an entirely fictitious character, in any way he may himself deem necessary for the telling of the story.

If such a course is warrantable anywhere, in stories of Fiction and Fact, certainly it is in this one where so few authentic details can be gathered, and those, apparently, of so contradictory a character.

Considering, then, how very conflicting these various histories are, it may be deemed excusable for an author to use such licence with the different texts as may best help him in completing a possible and ideal whole.

This much, however, the author can conscientiously say—which the reader can readily prove for himself—that the leading historical facts related herein are in perfect accordance with the few fragmentary records available upon the subject.

If he has succeeded in picturing, as it were, upon the reader's imagination, a large, general, and comprehensive outline of that antique age, of which his story professes to give an account, and the great questions which swayed the minds of the various

peoples who lived in it, his work will not have been entirely a failure.

But his principal object—however feebly carried out—was to illustrate by the course of his story, the marvellous changes wrought upon the tyrannizing governments of the day, by the moving force of a steady, earnest hope, after liberty, which yearned within the breasts of the captive race.

Neither may the story prove altogether uninteresting at a time like the present, when the attention of the whole world is riveted upon the rich, fertile plains of the Mesopotamian Valley, in which its whole action is concentrated, and which ere long may again become the centre and battle-ground whereon shall finally be settled the dispute between misrule, anarchy, and oppression on the one side—and free, ennobling, and civilizing institutions on the other.

A destiny bright with the golden promises of an antique age—when Eden itself envied the fruitfulness and beauty of that now troubled region over which the Sultan reigns—holds out before the gaze of contending nations the prize which they shall win whose courage shall equal their desire in their efforts to obtain it.