

ed arms, and pallid cheek, in an attitude of terror and supplication. He moves forward and addresses her in a low stern voice.)

Woman! what dost thou here?

COUNTESS, *(in a voice of agony, and sinking on her knees.)*

Ernest!

COUNT, *(with increased sternness,)*

Ay! once I answer'd to that wretched name, They call me now, *Avenger!* Come, I'll teach Those pretty lips to babble that harsh word, For they were wont to make the harshest, music.

COUNTESS, *(shrinking from him with terror,)*

Mercy! I pray.

COUNT, *(mockingly.)*

Ay, thou shalt have it, Thou wilt own it such,—one fond embrace—ha! Thou used not to shrink thus from my arms, But royal paramours make dainty lips.

(He laughs wildly.)

COUNTLESS.

Ah, spare me! pity me!

I do not say forgive,—God only can Have mercy on my sins.

COUNT.

Ay, they are great, See what they've made of me! A frenzied wretch, Intent on one wild hope, one desperate wish,— 'Tis now fulfilled—and thus thy guilt I cancel;— Thus! and thus!

(As he speaks he throws his arm around her—and plunges a dagger repeatedly to her heart. She utters a faint shriek and falls lifeless upon his shoulder. He rises with her in his arms, and rushing out into the moonlight, stands gazing on her face, then wildly speaks.)

COUNT.

'Tis done! that devilish deed, And I'm avenged! How fair she looks! how pale! How beautiful! But for one damning thought I'd kiss those lips—they are too fragrant now, For the foul worm to banquet on. But yet It must be so,—come then, fair one, and false, I'll lay thee gently on thy bridal bed,— Long hath it stood lonely and tenantless, Screen'd by its velvet pall—there sweetly sleep;— I'll to the Duke again, and bear with me This reeking blade—one service hath it done, But e'er I sheathe it, France shall mourn her king. *(Exit, bearing off the body of the Countess)*

END OF THIRD AND LAST ACT.

LOVER'S QUARRELS.

No love is so sweet as that which follows ill-humour, as we press sweet oil out of the bitter olive.

ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

OF the government and manners of the Arabians before the time of Mahomet, we have few and imperfect accounts; but from the remotest ages, they led the same unsettled and predatory life which they do at this day, dispersed in hordes, and dwelling under tents. It was not to those wild and wandering tribes that the superb Palmyra owed its rise and grandeur, though situated in the midst of their deserts, where it is now beheld in its melancholy beauty and ruined splendour, like an enchanted island in the midst of an ocean of sands. The merchants who trafficked between India and Europe, by the only route then known, first colonized this singular spot, which afforded them a convenient resting-place, and even in the days of Solomon it was the emporium for the gems and gold, the ivory, gums, spices, and silks of the far eastern countries, which thus found their way to the remotest parts of Europe. The Palmyrenes were, therefore, a mixed race—their origin, and many of their customs, were Egyptian; their love of luxury and their manners were derived from Persia; their language, literature, and architecture were Greek.

Thus, like Venice and Genoa, in more modern times, Palmyra owed its splendour to the opulence and public spirit of its merchants; but its chief fame and historical interest it owes to the genius and heroism of a woman.

Septimia Zenobia, for such is her classical appellation, was the daughter of an Arab chief, Amrou, the son of Dharb, the son of Hassan. Of her first husband we have no account: she was left a widow at a very early age, and married, secondly, Odenathus, chief of several of the tribes of the desert, near Palmyra, and a prince of extraordinary valour, and boundless ambition. Odenathus was the ally of the Romans in their wars against Sapor, (or, more properly, Shah Poor,) king of Persia: he gained several splendid victories over that powerful monarch, and twice pursued his armies even to the gates of Ctesiphon, (or Isaphan) his capital. Odenathus was as fond of the chase as of war, and in all his military and hunting expeditions he was accompanied by his wife Zenobia, a circumstance which the Roman historians record with astonishment and admiration, as contrary to their manners, but which was the general custom of the Arab women of that time. Zenobia not only excelled her countrywomen in the qualities for which they were all remarkable—in courage, prudence, and fortitude, in patience of fatigue, and activity of mind and body—she also possessed a more enlarged understanding; her views were more enlightened, her habits more intellectual. The successes of Odenathus were partly attributed to her, and they were always considered as reigning jointly. She was also eminently beautiful—with the oriental eyes and complexion, teeth like pearls, and a voice of uncommon power and sweetness.