

from the duty, always a hard one, of exposing the errors and the faults of those they love. After such exposure—and which at more length and with more specification will, I trust, be repeated in the hearing of the senate and the council—t cannot be said that I blindly rushed upon danger and ruin—if these await us—or weakly blundered upon a wider renown, if that, as I doubt not, is to be the event of the impending contest. I would neither gain nor lose, but as the effect of a wise calculation and a careful choice of means. Withhold not now your confidence, which before you have never refused me. Believe that now, as ever before, I discern with a clear eye the path which is to conduct us to a yet higher pitch of glory. I have long anticipated the emergency that has arisen. I was not so ignorant of the history and character of the Roman people, as to suppose that they would suffer an empire like this, founded, too, and governed by a woman, to divide long with them the homage of the world. With the death of the ignoble son of Valerian, I believed would close our undisputed reign over most of these eastern provinces. Had Claudius lived, good as he was, he was too Roman in his mould not to have done what Aurelian now attempts. I prepared then for the crisis which has come not till now. I am ready now. My armies are in complete discipline—the city itself so fortified with every art and muniment of war as safely to defy any power that any nation may array before its walls. But were this not so, did the embassy of Aurelian take us by surprise and unprepared, should a people that respects itself, and would win or keep the good opinion of mankind, tamely submit to requisitions like these? Are we to dismember our country at the behest of a stranger, of a foreigner, and a Roman? Do you feel that without a struggle first for freedom and independence, you could sink down into a mean tributary of all-engulfing Rome, and lose the name of Palmyrene? I see by the most expressive of all language, that you would rather die. Happy are you, my friends, that this is not your case—you are ready for the enemy—you shall not lose your name or your renown—and you shall not die. I and my brave soldiers will at a distance breast the coming storm—your ears shall not so much as hear its thunder—and at the worst, by the sacrifice of our lives, yours and your country's life shall be preserved.

I am advised to avert this evil by negotiation, by delay. Does any one believe that delay on our part will change the time-engendered character of Rome? If I cease to oppose, will Rome cease to be ambitious? Will fair words turn aside the fierce spirit of Aurelian from his settled purpose? Will he, so truly painted by the Roman Fiso, who looks to build an undying name, by bringing back the empire to the bounds that compassed it under the the great Antonines, let slip the glory for a few cities now in hand and others promised? or for the purple robe humbly pulled from our young Cæsars' shoulders? Believe it not. The storm that threatens might be so ward off perhaps for a day, a month, a year, a reign, but after that it would come, and, in all reasonable calculation, with tenfold fury. I would rather meet the danger at its first menace, and thereby keep both our good name (which otherwise should we not sully or lose) and find it less, too, than a few years more would make it.

I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved any thing great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen not only of Palmyra, but of the east. That I am; I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honourable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemys and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less. But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win. Rome has the west. Let Palmyra possess the east. Not that nature proscribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right—I would that the world were mine. I feel within the will and power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask nor fear the answer—whom have I wronged? what province have I oppressed? what city pillaged? what region drained with taxes? whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? whose honour have I wantonly assailed? whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trampled upon? I dwell where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is writ in your faces, that I reign not more over you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love. Suppose, now, my ambition add another province to our realm? Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market. This is no vain boasting—receive it not so, good friends—it is but truth. He who traduces himself sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law as well as he who hurts his neighbour. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it. But I have spoken, that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I am ambitious, that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too—you can bear me witness that I do—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, as honoured, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

We give yet another extract, descriptive of the Jews of that remote period, then as now wanderers without a nation or a country—but then as now believing with unabaken faith, that the day will come when Jerusalem shall be rebuilt, and their fathers' faith become a term of