

**THE QUEEN OF  
SHEBA;  
HER LIFE AND TIMES**

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The Queen of Sheba; her life and times by Phinneas A. Crutch

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# THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

HER LIFE AND TIMES

BY

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*ILLUSTRATED*

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E. K. ...

To  
C. R. H.





## FOREWORD

Countless volumes, incunabula, brochures and miscellany, with which every student of history is intimately acquainted, have been issued concerning the more salient incidents of the life and reign of Balkis, Queen of Sheba.

One has only to speculate, as indeed one can scarcely abstain from doing in moments of fascinated leisure, upon this richly controversial subject, to call to mind at once such authoritative works as Professor Hornblower's *The Enigma of Sheba*, with its masterly discussions based on contemporary sources, in which he conclusively disposes of the distorted reports touching upon the Queen's accession; Gorton's *Secret Memoirs of the Court of Sheba*, which, in spite of a deplorable tendency on the author's part to accept canard for chronicle, nevertheless remains a monumental contribution of its kind to the bibliography of the period; Heimweh's scholarly monograph, *Zeitgenossen der Königin Balkis*, an admirable study of the social and literary movements of her time; and Gaston Poteau's delightful *Voyages de la Reine de Saba*, which needs no recommendation other than its own charm and whimsicality of comment, even in less purely Sheban circles of research.

If, at so late a date, one presumes to offer an



additional treatise supplementing the foregoing, chosen at random from amid the mass of printed material inspired by this extraordinary reign, it is from a conviction, fathered by hope, that a wider survey of the time than is set forth in any of the more specialized existing documents will be indulgently received—and particularly by that great reading body of the public which is ever more deeply concerned with the human frailties of a career than with its statecraft, more warmly stirred by a glimpse of unrecorded impulse than by the graven monuments of staid deliberation, more closely sympathetic to the personal record of advancing years than to the cold chronology of edicts.

It is in this spirit, therefore, a spirit of lenient toleration, of mild reserve in the face of temptatious criticism, of restrained veracity untouched by any gossipry, claver, or reportage, that one approaches the life and age of Balkis, Queen of Sheba—she who was born before her time and remained to outlive her day, in whom the East and the West were met and the lioness couchant with the ewe, whose way was paved with well-intentioned errancy, for whom no reticence was too forbidding, no curiosity too shameless, no new departure too



prodigal of candlelight. She, who was but a child, and yet who stood alone in the midst of bearded men, and, with many innocent questions, brought them to their separate ends.

*La petite Balkis*, as Gaston Poteau so quaintly puts it . . .

P. A. C.