

of Jacqueline she attributed his estrangement from Oriental manners, and her fate was instantly decided.

Inhabiting a superb suit of apartments, where the fervid heat of the climate was cooled by the fresh breeze from the river, admitted through shades kept constantly dripping with rose-water; surrounded by pomp and splendour, and her every wish anticipated, Jacqueline languished and drooped. Imagining that the gushing fragrance of those clustering flowers whose perfume she loved to inhale, might have formed a deleterious atmosphere to one so delicate, the heliotropes, the Persian lilacs and hyacinths, together with all the breathing sweets of blooming myriads, were withdrawn, and scentless blossoms alone permitted to deck her chamber. But the precaution was vain. The resplendent light of day now became too powerful for her weak frame, and a soft twilight was shed, during the blazing hours of meridian heat, through the still open lattices. Osmyn, half-distracted by his fears, hung in speechless anguish over the silken couch whereon the pale and wasted form of his beloved reclined. No entreaties could lure him from the spot; and the stern Chandara, perceiving that the means which she employed worked too slowly for her purpose, increased the deadly draught; and, devoured by an insatiable thirst, the lovely victim eagerly drained the poisoned chalice. Even by the faint uncertain light which rendered every surrounding object dim and indistinct, Osmyn saw the lily fairness of that angelic countenance, which he watched with such fond solicitude, change to a livid hue. Jacqueline lay a corpse before him! The frightful truth struck upon his soul; he knew that she was murdered, and by whom. He called vehemently for lights; but, ere the attentive slaves had yielded their prompt obedience, he was stretched in happy oblivion on the floor; and, before he had recovered to a sense of his wretchedness, the lifeless form of Jacqueline was hurried to the grave. Osmyn awoke to fruitless rage, to hopeless misery. Breathing vengeance, he resolved upon the sacrifice of the cruel destroyer of his happiness; but the bitter reflection, that his powerless arm might destroy the living but could not