

passed, when the lovely girl, knowing her friend was shortly to return to Europe, with many tears implored his counsel as to an offer she had had from an officer of high rank, in her own caste, to marry her; pleased with the honourable establishment that offered itself for the acceptance of his mistress, he advised her to consent to it, and the marriage took place. Zeida lived with her husband in a remote part of the city; from prudential motives all former intercourse ceased; and from the different modes of life between Asiatics and Europeans nothing was heard of her for many months.

In the warm nights preceding the rainy season the youth slept upon a sofa on the flat roof of the durbar, to which there was also an ascent by an outer flight of steps from the garden. While reposing there on one of those delightful moon-light nights, known only between the tropics, and seemingly in a dream, he thought something gently pressed his heart, and caused a peculiar glow, accompanied by a spicy odour: under this sensation he awoke, and beheld a female reclining over him in a graceful attitude. Her personal charms, costly jewels, and elegant attire, were discernible through a semi-transparent veil. Her left hand held a box of perfumed ointment, with which her right was softly anointing his bosom nearest the region of the heart. He remained some moments in astonishment, but the lovely stranger, throwing aside her veil, discovered Zeida, decked with every charm that youth and beauty could assume on such an interesting visit. The ointment she was using was one of reputed magical potency, and its grateful scent was principally derived from the odour of the *Polianthes tuberosa*, a flower of the most exquisite fragrance, which it emits chiefly in the night, and thence has received the name