

tions, however, were speedily annihilated by intelligence which arrived from Chandara. The sudden death of Ibrahim called Osmyn to the Ottoman throne. Fired with the zeal of a young proselyte, grand designs came crowding to his heart for the advancement of Christianity in the East, nor in such a cause did the timid Jacqueline fear danger. Young and enthusiastic, both confidently expected the realization of their projects in the promulgation of the true religion throughout the realm which owned their sovereignty; and, with these hopes and determinations, they withdrew from Venice, where their marriage could not have taken place without such publicity as would have inevitably ruined their prospects. The blessing of a priest sanctioned their union in one of those sweet isles which smile, like fairy gardens, on the Adriatic sea; and full of hope and love, they pursued their blissful voyage to Istamboul.

Hours of rapturous felicity, too exquisite, too bright to last! Sailing upon the Bosphorus, the gorgeous city, with mosque and minaret, tower and dome, rising in the midst of myrtle groves and tufted orange trees, burst upon their admiring eyes. They felt as if destined to bestow the only blessing denied to the happy soil, and their hearts beat high with pious exultation.—Chandara, the still beautiful Georgian, rushed into the embrace of her son, but coldly received his fair companion. Osmyn's dream of bliss was disturbed by the painful discovery, that his mother, whom he had fondly hoped would aid him in his endeavours, was unworthy of his confidence. Ibrahim had been murdered, and the guilt of this outrage was fastened on the proud Sultana. The necessity of dissembling his feelings, and of outwardly conforming to a religion which he held in detestation, was irksome to him; yet, aware that it was only by observing the utmost caution that he could ever hope to succeed in his designs, he submitted to many painful duties. Still his evident departure from long established customs gave offence. Murmurs and whispers of discontent reached the ear of Chandara; she saw her son tottering on a throne which she had secured for him by the commission of a deadly crime. To the influence