

shore. Her father, who could relent to no other being, never faltered in his tenderness, but the subject dearest to her heart was one forbidden between them, and her's was not of a nature to seek outside sympathy or consolation. And her cheek grew paler day by day, and her step less elastic and her blithe laugh rarer, till even old Michael could not but note the change, and made some despairing effort to tempt his darling to better cheer. He would have her go into society and take girlish pleasure in the pastimes of her coevals, while suspense was making her heart sick, and terror was chilling the blood within her veins. And to gratify him, she would go patiently and even smilingly, and would pass hours of torture in companionship that knew no such cares, but that ever carried itself more gaily for her bright presence in its gatherings. To return, wearied and worn and despairing, to pour out her soul in wild agony of prayer, and then to listen shudderingly to the night wind among the chimnies, and count the maddening cathedral chimes floating plaintively down towards the moaning sea.

It was the vigil of St. John the Baptist, and eighty sail of ships lay at anchor in the Cove, under the protecting batteries of their convoy for the morrow. Had Garrett but waited he would, as it proved, have lost no time, and would at least have secured safety. Alice knew nothing of his delays; but she felt instinctively that he had been rash, and there was a gloomy presentiment of nameless evil heavy that night upon her spirit. St. John's Eve is a gay festival in the South, and, circling the city far as the eye could reach on every side, blazed the red beacon fires. Every hill-top was aglow with flame, and the broad breast of the river flung it flickeringly back in answering merriment. Alice had walked down with some girl friends past the Cathedral and the Castle, to see the huge bon-fire by the Treaty Stone, and was returning about ten, when she saw her father walking slowly in advance, and deep in conversation with a stranger. Pressing on to overtake him, she caught a sentence of the latter's:

"But, I tell you I have seen Lynch myself, and there's no doubt of it. The *Bordelaise* was six times her strength, and it was madness to fight her. And if he is not killed, he is a prisoner to the end of the war, and ruined besides, for he had put everything he had in the world into either vessel or cargo."

Alice listened with a sickening apprehension, powerless to speak, and with an intensity that made each low sound a torture of noise. Her father's voice sounded strangely unreal as he said:

"I am sorry for the lad; headstrong as he always was. He was honest and bold as long as I knew him, and I once loved him well enough. But that's past and gone, and I have no business interest of any kind in the capture. How was it Lynch escaped?"

"The *Borneo* was light, and well to windward when the Frenchman came down. And what with Fitzgerald's showing fight, and night coming on, and Marioncourt's greediness for the richer prize, Lynch slipped away in the confusion. But not till he had seen the *Thetis* crippled helplessly, and the privateer ranging up to board."

Alice walked on as one in sleep, with face deadly

white, and lips that refused to utter. Old Creagh burst into an unreasoning passion.

"Lynch, then, left the boy to do the fighting for the two, while he sneaked home to tell the story. I wonder he dare show himself in town. "Poor Garrett" he went on softly, "poor Alice," my darling, how shall I tell her of it all?"

They had reached the old merchant's door, before there was another word spoken. Turning there Michael saw his daughter's ghostly presence at his side, with horror shining in her great dark eyes and frozen into her stark limbs. His arm was round her only in time, and the next moment she had sunk down heavily in his embrace, her bright young head bowed pitifully on his arm.

Hastily dismissing his companion for the nearest medical assistance, the father carried her lovingly within, and laid her on her bed to the wild consternation of her old nurse Kathleen, who shrieked aloud that her darling was dead, and cursed her master for having killed her.

Alice came to slowly and painfully, and the doctor shook his head when he saw her, and ordered rest and calm, and opiates, and knowing nothing of his patient's awful shock, looked wiser even than could be expected. While all night long, her father sat by her pillow, and patiently held in his the little feeble hand that had no strength to thank him by its pressure.

(To be continued.)

THE SEPULCHRE OF SOLOMON, KING OF ISRAEL.

BY DNALIO.



View of Neby Daud from the S. E.

The first object that meets the eye of a traveller approaching Jerusalem from the Southward, is a lofty minaret rising from the midst of the group of irregular buildings on the southern brow of Mount Zion, known as Neby Daud.

The principal building of this group, is the Cœnaculum, which stands immediately over the vault, said to be the sepulchre of Solon on, King of Israel, and of David his father.

The Cœnaculum and the adjoining buildings were formerly a Franciscan Convent, and the Order had its chief seat there from 1313 to 1561, at which date they were finally expelled under the following circumstances, which furnish a remarkable instance of religious intolerance, and of its well merited punishment.

A Constantinople Jew of great wealth and influence, whilst visiting Jerusalem, begged permission of the Latin superior, to pray at the Tomb of David, but his request was insolently refused. The Jew said he would be revenged, and on returning to Constantinople, rebuked the Grand Vizier, for allowing the tomb of one of the great Prophets of Islam to remain in the hands of infidels.