

ended the last line of all she raised her voice in a sort of beseeching way which was very touching. Lord Esme stood at the door of the cabin, himself unperceived by Asellya, whose back was turned to him, and something very like a tear trembled in his eyes as she concluded. She had a lovely voice, soft and sympathetic to a degree, and she had been very well taught. There was a silence when she finished, more eloquent than words, for the melody was strangely beautiful and melancholy, and it touched every heart—for were they not on the sea, and did they not all know its infinite sadness?

The regatta was over, and the whole party came ashore. Mr. Pentreath having invited them cordially up to Klymiarven to tea and supper, ostensibly to see the fireworks.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### LORDS AND LADIES.

Klymiarven, which is Cornish for "the dove-cote," stands just over the Castle Cove, above one hundred feet above the sea and near the entrance of the harbor. The situation is most romantic. The cliff rises abruptly at the back of the house to the height of about sixty feet, and the hill slopes gradually behind it to another hundred feet or more, the summit being crowned by an old beacon tower mentioned in deeds of the twelfth century. It stands, in fact, in a kind of cleft in the rock, and the sea roars below, with a white, churning foam, when the wind is from the south-west, in the Castle Cove.

The garden is small, but the view up and down the harbor, hemmed in as it is by great hills, is simply lovely.

Mr. Pentreath had procured a quantity of Roman candles, rockets, serpents, and blue lights, and fire balloons, and the gentlemen amused themselves with letting them off as the evening closed in. The men-of-war also were illuminated and fired a salute. Then they had a very merry supper, and afterwards some one pro-

posed they should go into the lower garden, across the road, and down to the old ruined fort, which was built in the reign of Edward III. to guard the harbor, but which was dismantled at the time of the Commonwealth.

It was bright moonlight, and the party descended by some jagged steps roughly made in the two or three lofty terraced garden plots which were on the side of the cliffs, gradually sloping down to the water's edge.

It was very steep, and the ladies required each a cavalier at hand, for a single false step and they would have been precipitated into the sea.

Diggory Wroath hovered about Asellya, but somehow Lord Esme seemed to be beforehand, and Dr. Penhaligon, who looked disappointed, paired off with Miss Pentreath.

Having descended a hundred feet, or more, they had to make their way along the edge of the cliff till they came to the Castle wall, where they had to stoop very low and get under a very low-arched doorway, and then they were within what was once the fort which guarded the port of St. Mervin. Dr. Penhaligon pointed out that it was originally four stories high, and showed the ancient staircase, which boys sometimes clambered up, at the imminent peril of their lives, and explored.

"Now, Lord Esme, are you game to go up?" said Diggory.

"Why not? Who's afraid?"

"That's what you said when you were initiated," said Diggory, *sotto voce*.

Miss Pentreath and the other ladies said it was very foolish, and they should all go away if they attempted to go up.

Lord Esme hesitated, but seeing, by a look from his companion, that he evidently thought he dare not climb, he suddenly turned to Asellya, and said, "Do you remember that story of Sir Walter Raleigh, or the Earl of Leicester, or Essex, or one of those fellows, who wrote with a diamond on a glass—