

**KENILWORTH. ABRIDGED
FOR THE USE OF
SCHOOLS. WITH NOTES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649621569

Kenilworth. Abridged for the Use of Schools. With Notes by Sir Walter Scott

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

SIR WALTER SCOTT

**KENILWORTH. ABRIDGED
FOR THE USE OF
SCHOOLS. WITH NOTES**



The gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot.

KENILWORTH

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

ABRIDGED

For the Use of Schools

WITH NOTES



W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

1886

2543 f. 2.



Edinburgh:
Printed by W. & R. Chambers.



KENILWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE village of Cumnor, situated within three or four miles of Oxford, boasted, during the eighteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an excellent inn of the old stamp, conducted, or rather ruled, by Giles Gosling. This innkeeper was a man of a goodly person, and fifty years of age and upwards.

Two days had passed, since a strange gentleman had arrived, and taken up his abode at the inn. He was a man aged betwixt twenty-five and thirty, rather above the middle size, dressed with plainness and decency, yet bearing an air of ease, which almost amounted to dignity, and which led one to think that his dress was rather beneath his rank. His countenance was reserved and thoughtful, with dark hair and dark eyes. The busy curiosity of the little village had been employed to discover his name and quality, as well as his business at Cumnor; but nothing had transpired on either subject which could lead to its gratification. Giles Gosling, a steady friend to Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion, was at one time inclined to suspect him of being a Jesuit. But it was scarce possible to retain such an opinion of a guest who gave so little trouble, paid his reckoning so

regularly, and who proposed, as it seemed, to make a considerable stay at the bonny Black Bear.

Honest Giles, therefore, with all comely courtesy besought the stranger to honour with his attention the supper which he was giving to his nephew, in honour of his return, and, as he verily hoped, of his reformation. Michael Lambourne had long ago been tapster's boy in his uncle's inn, and, growing to be a wild youth, had gone abroad as a soldier in search of adventure.

'And now, sir,' said the landlord, 'by what name shall I present my worshipful guest to the company?'

'Well, mine host,' replied the stranger, 'you may call me Tressilian.'

'Tressilian?' answered my host of the Bear, 'a worthy name; and, as I think, of Cornish lineage; for what says the south proverb:

By Pol, Tre, and Pen,
You may know the Cornish men.

Shall I say the worthy Mr Tressilian of Cornwall?'

'Say no more than I have given you warrant for, mine host, and so shall you be sure you speak no more than is true. A man may have one of those honourable prefixes to his name, yet be born far from St Michael's Mount.'

Mine host pushed his curiosity no farther, but presented Mr Tressilian to his nephew's company, who, after exchange of salutations, and drinking to the health of their new companion, pursued the conversation in which he found them engaged.

'I need hardly inquire,' said Michael Lambourne, 'after Tony Foster.'

'Which Tony Foster mean you?' said the innkeeper.

'Why, he they called Tony Fire-the-Fagot, because he brought a light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when the wind blew out Jack Thong's torch, and no man else would give him light for love or money.'

'Tony Foster lives and thrives,' said the host. 'But, kinsman, I would advise you not to call him Tony Fire-the-Fagot.'

'How! is he grown ashamed of it?' said Lambourne;

'why, he was wont to boast of it, and say he liked as well to see a roasted heretic as a roasted ox.'

'Ay, but kinsman, that was in Mary's time,' replied the landlord, 'when Tony's father was steward here to the Abbot of Abingdon. But since that, Tony married a Puritan wife, and is as good a Protestant as the best.'

'And looks grave, and holds his head high, and scorns his old companions,' said the mercer.

'Then he hath prospered, I warrant him,' said Lambourne.

'Prospered!' said the mercer; 'why, you remember Cumnor Place, the old mansion-house beside the churchyard?'

'By the same token, I robbed the orchard three times—what of that? It was the old Abbot's residence when there was plague or sickness at Abingdon.'

'Ay,' said the host, 'but that has been long over; and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and lives there by some grant from a great courtier, who had the church-lands from the crown; and there he dwells, and has as little to do with any poor wight in Cumnor, as if he were himself a belted knight.'

'Nay,' said one of the company, 'it is not altogether pride in Tony neither—there is a fair lady in the case, and Tony will scarce let the light of day look on her.'

'How!' said Tressilian, who now for the first time interfered in their conversation, 'did ye not say this Foster was married?'

'Married he was, and a cat-and-dog life his wife led with Tony, as men said. But she is dead, rest be with her, and Tony has but a simple maiden of a daughter; so it is thought he means to wed this stranger that men talk so much about.'

'And why so? I mean, why do they talk much about her?' said Tressilian.

'Why, I know not,' answered the host, 'except that men say she is as beautiful as an angel, and no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is kept so closely mew'd up. For my part, I never saw her—you have, I think, Master Goldthred?'

'That I have, old boy,' said the mercer. 'Look you, when I was riding hither from Abingdon.'

'May I ask her appearance, sir?' said Tressilian.

'Oh, sir,' replied Master Goldthred, 'I promise you, she was in gentlewoman's attire—a very quaint and pleasing dress, that might have served the Queen herself.'

'I will go up to the Hall to-morrow,' said Lambourne, 'and force Tony Foster to introduce me to his fair guest.'

'My kinsman,' said Gosling, 'let such ventures alone. I assure you, Master Foster hath interest enough to lay you up at the castle of Oxford, or to get your legs made acquainted with the town-stocks.'

'I value Tony Foster's wrath no more than a shelled peacock,' said Lambourne, 'and I will visit him, be he willing or no!'

'I would gladly accompany you on the adventure,' said Tressilian.

'In what would that advantage you, sir?' answered Lambourne.

'In nothing, sir,' said Tressilian, 'unless to mark the skill and valour with which you conduct yourself. I am a traveller, who seeks, as the knights of yore did, after strange adventures and feats of arms.'

'Nay, if it pleasures you to see a trout tickled,' answered Lambourne, 'I care not how many witness my skill.'

The eight'-eenth year, &c. Queen Elizabeth reigned from 1558 to 1603.

stump, sort, kind.

a good'-ly per'-son, a stout and fine-looking appearance.

re-served', without openness, showing prudence.

tran'-spired, become known, happened.

Jes'-u-it, one of the society of Jesus, a Roman Catholic association, much feared by the Protestants in the reign of Elizabeth, as its members were supposed to be continually plotting against the public liberty.

rock'-on'-ing, bill, cost of lodgings, &c. tap'-ster, one who taps or draws off ale from the cask.

war'-ship'-ful, worthy of honour.

of Corn'-ish lin'-e-age, belonging by birth to Cornwall.

pro'-verb, an old and often-repeated saying.

Pol... Tre... Pen, the first syllables of a great many Cornish names.

St Mi'-chael's Mount, a lofty and rocky islet in Mount's Bay, Cornwall.

rag'-ot, a bundle of sticks gathered for a fire.

Lat'-i-mar and Bid'-ley, two Protestant bishops, celebrated for their learning and virtue, who were burned together for their religion at Oxford in 1555.

her'-e-tic, one whose religious beliefs are contrary to the doctrines of the church.

Mar'-y's time. Queen Mary, sister of Elizabeth, reigned from 1553