

y were at this con-
 igh broke in upon
 stance by means of
 whom they had

their entrance; and,
 ss of the intricate
 But Varney was
 ead of expressing
 d done, seemed to
 inting out to them
 countess, while at
 n to show that he
 . The despairing
 the mangled and
 ad lately been so
 ch, that Raleigh
 removed from the
 self assumed the
 ne.

amination, made
 the crime or of its
 for his frankness,
 e confessed could
 by suspicion, yet
 been sufficient to
 onfidence, and to
 of ambition. 'I
 on the remainder
 or will I so die,
 day to the vulgar

prehended he had
 he was carefully
 ch such could be
 like some of the
 about his person
 poison, prepared
 enetrius Alasco.
 a over-night, he
 in his cell; nor
 much agony, his
 in death, the
 sarcasm which
 l. 'The wicked
 o bonds in his

wickedness was
 e was deserted
 ; for, in the
 Lady Dudley's
 ended to hear
 her supernatural
 of time, Janet,
 er, became the
 perty, and con-
 Wayland, now a
 holding a place
 t was after they
 ears, that their
 some researches
 secret passage,
 , opening from
 ley's Chamber,
 hich they found
 ty of gold, and
 e it. The fate
 ifest. He had
 forgetting the
 ng barred from

escape, by the means he had used for preserva-
 tion of that gold for which he had sold his
 salvation, he had there perished miserably.
 Unquestionably the groans and screams heard
 by the domestics were not entirely imaginary,
 but were those of this wretch, who, in his
 agony, was crying for relief and succour.

The news of the countess's dreadful fate put a
 sudden period to the pleasures of Kenilworth.
 Leicester retired from court, and for a consider-
 able time abandoned himself to his remorse.
 But as Varney in his last declaration had been
 studious to spare the character of his patron, the
 earl was the object rather of compassion than
 resentment. The queen at length recalled him
 to court; he was once more distinguished as a
 statesman and favourite, and the rest of his
 career is well known to history. But there was
 something retributive in his death, if, according
 to an account very generally received, it took
 place from his swallowing a draught of poison
 which was designed by him for another person.*

* Note L. Death of the Earl of Leicester.

Sir Hugh Robsart died very soon after his
 daughter, having settled his estate on Tressilian.
 But neither the prospect of rural independence,
 nor the promises of favour which Elizabeth held
 out to induce him to follow the court, could
 remove his profound melancholy. Wherever he
 went, he seemed to see before him the disfigured
 corpse of the early and only object of his affec-
 tion. At length, having made provision for the
 maintenance of the old friends and old servants
 who formed Sir Hugh's family at Lidecote Hall,
 he himself embarked with his friend Raleigh for
 the Virginia expedition, and, young in years but
 old in grief, died before his day in that foreign
 land. Of inferior persons it is only necessary
 to say, that Blount's wit grew brighter as his
 yellow roses faded; that, doing his part as a
 brave commander in the wars, he was much
 more in his element than during the short
 period of his following the court; and that
 Flibbertigibbet's acute genius raised him to
 favour and distinction, in the employment both
 of Burleigh and Walsingham.

NOTES TO KENILWORTH.

NOTE A, p. 178.—TITLE OF KENILWORTH.

[Lockhart informs us that 'Sir Walter wished to call his
 novel, like the ballad, *Cumnor Hall*, but, in deference to
 his publisher's (Constable's) wishes, substituted the present
 title.' The fascination he had for this ballad is referred to
 by his old schoolfellow Mr. Irving, who says, 'After the
 labours of the day were over, we often walked in the
Meadows (a public park in Edinburgh, intersected by
 formal rows of old trees), especially in the moonlight nights,
 and Scott seemed never weary of repeating the first stanza,
 "The dew of summer night did fall."

When speaking of the *Waverley Novels*, Mr. Lockhart
 declares that 'Kenilworth was one of the most successful
 of them all at the time of publication; and it continues,
 and, I doubt not, will ever continue, to be placed in the
 very highest rank of prose fiction. The rich variety of
 character, and scenery, and incident, in this novel, has
 never indeed been surpassed; nor, with the one exception
 of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, has Scott bequeathed us a
 deeper and more affecting tragedy than that of Amy
 Robsart.']

NOTE B, p. 192.—FOSTER, LAMBOURNE, AND THE BLACK
BEAR.

If faith is to be put in epitaphs, Anthony Foster was
 something the very reverse of the character represented in
 the novel. Ashmole gives this description of his tomb. I
 copy from the *Antiquities of Berkshire*, vol. i. p. 143.

In the north wall of the chapel at Cumnor Church is a
 monument of grey marble, whereon, in brass plates, are
 engraved a man in armour, and his wife in the habit of
 her times, both kneeling before a fald-stool, together with
 the figures of three sons kneeling behind their mother.
 Under the figure of the man is this inscription:

ANTONIUS FORSTER, generis generosa propago,
 Cumnera Dominus, Bercheriensis erat.
 Armiger, Armigero prognatus patre Ricardo,
 Qui quondam Iphithæ Salopiensis erat.
 Quatuor ex isto fluxerunt stemmate nati,
 Ex isto Antonius stemmate quartus erat.
 Mente sagax, animo precellens, corpore promptus,
 Eloquiis dulcis, ore disertus erat.
 In factis probitas; fuit in sermone venustus,
 In vultu gravitas, religione fides,
 In patriam pietas, in egenos grata voluntas,
 Accedunt reliquis annumeranda bonis.
 Si quod cuncta fepit, rapuit non omnia Lethum,
 Si quod Mors rapuit, vivida fama dedit.

* These verses following are writ at length, two by two,
 in praise of him:—

Agulte resonans Cithare pretendere chordas
 Novit, et Aonia concerpuisse Lyra.
 Gaudebat terre teneras defigere plantas;
 Et mira pulchras construere arte domos
 Composita variis lingua formare loquelas
 Ductus, et edocta scribere multa manu.

The arms over it thus:

Quart. $\begin{cases} 1. 3 \text{ Hunter's Horns pointed.} \\ 11. 3 \text{ Pinions with their points upwards.} \end{cases}$

'The crest is a *Stag couchant*, vulnèrated through the
 neck by a broad arrow; on his side is a *Martlett* for a
 difference.'

From this monumental inscription it appears that Anthony
 Foster, instead of being a vulgar, low-bred, puritanical
 churl, was in fact a gentleman of birth and consideration,
 distinguished for his skill in the arts of music and horti-
 culture, as also in languages. In so far, therefore, the
 Anthony Foster of the romance has nothing but the name
 in common with the real individual. But notwithstanding
 the charity, benevolence, and religious faith imputed by
 the monument of grey marble to its tenant, tradition, as