

"That Babington should have represented his friend in this conspicuous station, may be a proof of their intimacy, rather than of his rank among the conspirators. They might naturally be represented side by side, since it is thus that they have been oftenest seen.—Who so inseparable as Babington and Tichbourne?"

"Who then so certainly a leader in this vile plot as the friend of him who contrived it?" responded Walsingham. "They were inseparable in their flight, also. My Lord, your own words condemn him; besides," with a gesture towards the picture, "he cannot clear himself from his testimony."

"My Lords," interposed Tichbourne, with calm dignity, "it were useless to enter into a discourse of the matter that hath been revealed to you. I had a friend, a dear friend, of whom I made no small account, and friendship hath brought me to this issue. That he told me the whole matter I cannot deny, but I denied to be a dealer in it; yet I was silent, and so consented, I know that by the law I am guilty, and by my own conscience also, which hath laid on me a punishment far heavier than I can receive at your hands. I have looked for some favour, that the remainder of my life might compensate for my former guilt, but having failed in this, I ask nothing more on earth."

Though deeply moved by the simple dignity of this address, the judges proceeded, after briefly conferring together, to pronounce on Tichbourne the same sentence that had been already passed upon Babington and his other associates. He was remanded to the Tower for an interval of three days, and then he, with Babington and Savage, was to undergo the fearful penalty, which adding disgrace to the suffering of a violent death, commanded them "to be hung, and afterwards embowelled, and their severed limbs to be set on the city walls, a warning to traitors."

What will not love endure? Agnes controlled the anguish of her despair, that she might not unnerve her husband's fortitude, and during those three days, into which were crowded years of agony, she was his ministering angel. Even on the scaffold she stood beside him in a love stronger than death. Touched with unwonted compassion by her presence, as he approached Tichbourne, the hangman's hand trembled, and he so ill performed his office, that when the allotted period had expired, and he was taken down to suffer the second part of the dreadful sentence, Tichbourne yet lived.—During those terrible moments, Agnes had

knelt on the scaffold, her face shrouded in her hands, in the bewildered unconsciousness of an agony too strong for the human heart.—But when the hush of the breathless multitude was broken, and the cry "he lives!" was repeated by a thousand voices, a wild gleam of hope broke through her despair, and flinging herself beside him, she received his head on her bosom. She heard only that strange cry, "he lives!" she saw only his faint eyes slowly kindling with life, and looking up to hers with a loving gaze; and a vision of future years of happiness flashed upon her soul. She heeded not the preparations going on around her, till the attendants attempted to lift her away.—Then as she looked up and saw the sword gleam in the hand of the advancing executioner, the fearful truth was at once revealed—her husband lived only to pass a second time through the agony of dying. The fierce tide of misery that had rolled away so tumultuously, swept back over her heart, and she dropped upon the scaffold, like a bird shot on the wing. At that moment the sword pierced her husband's breast, and while malice impotently defaced the unconscious clay, far away from ignominy and sorrow, two loving spirits sprang forth together upon their unknown flight.



NETLEY ABBEY.—These ruins of ecclesiastical magnificence are situated at the distance of three miles from Southampton, to the south east, on the declivity of a hill, gently rising from the water, but so encompassed with trees as to be entirely secluded from view till a very near approach. Towards the end of the 16th century, it became the property of the Marquis of Huntingdon, and has since reverted through several families to Sir Nathaniel Holland, bart., who obtained it by marriage with the widow of the late N. Dance, Esq. The demolition of the abbey church began about the time that it was in the possession of the Marquis of Huntingdon, who converted the nave into a kitchen and offices. Sir Bartlet Lucy, or the Marquis, sold the materials of the whole structure to Mr. Walter Taylor, a builder, of Southampton, for the purpose of removing them for the erection of houses, in divers places. It is related that an accident befel Mr. Taylor, apparently in consequence of this purchase, which led to his death. After Mr. Taylor had made his contract, some of his friends observed, in conversation, that they would never be concerned in the demolition of holy and consecrated places. These words impressed his memory so strong-