

Warwick.—'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King Henry.—Laud be to God ! Even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :—
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

In the vaults of the Abbey are contained the tombs of many of the kings and queens of England. In one of these lay for four hundred years the remains of Queen Katharine of Valois, wife of Henry V.—the "Bonny Kate" of Shakespeare. Though the daughter of a king and the mother of Henry VI., and grandmother of Henry VII., her remains were so exposed that Dean Stanley procured their re-interment. Of all her beauty and bravery naught was found but a handful of dust and some remnants of the cerecloth in which she was wrapped. The vault shown in the cut on page 488 shows another of these royal tombs with its silent sleepers in their narrow cells.

The Chapter House of the Abbey, a large and lofty octagonal room, from 1282 to 1547 was the Commons Chamber of England—the cradle of Constitutional Government, and the scene of some of the stormy conflicts by which were won the civil liberties we now enjoy.

From this chamber it is an easy transition to the New Palace of Westminster, where the great council of the nation is royally housed. The architecture is the finest civil Gothic in the world, a little overladen with ornament, perhaps, and already crumbling beneath the gnawing tooth of the great *Edax rerum*, but grander than aught else we ever saw. The picture on page 490 illustrates the ceremony which took place on the introduction of the Earl of Beaconsfield to this historic chamber, at the opening of Parliament in 1877. First came the pursuivant and heralds clad in cloth of gold. Then strode a tall figure in a scarlet cloak, tipped with ermine, and bearing aloft a jewelled sword. It was the great commoner, Benjamin Disraeli, who had conquered his way from obscurity to the proudest position a subject can hold. Then came his royal mistress whom he had served with such devotion. Motionless as a statue stood the great statesman while the Queen read her speech from the throne, and then, still holding his sword aloft, he marched out before her Majesty, glad, doubtless, that the pageant was over.