

King Henry.—Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon !

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



OLD TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

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.

One of the most striking features of the great city is, of course, the storied Thames, the scene of many a stately historic pageant, and to-day the most crowded pathway of commerce in the world. Below London Bridge it is a perfect forest of masts, where ships from every port do congregate—from the petty Dutch trawler to