

joyed more and more frequently the large hospitalities of Strathfieldsaye, and whenever he saw me, the great soldier, then grown old, and very white-haired and pale, with his head much bent to one side, and speaking with a loud, strident voice, always singled me out, and addressed me with an interest and kindness that I felt was accorded to me not for my own sake, but for the sake of the gentle Duchess long since passed away.

By-and-by his son, the present Duke, married the present Duchess, then the lovely Lady Douro, who quite engrossed him. She was, in truth, the daughter of his affection, and there was ever a charming mixture of paternal pride

and chivalric admiration in his bearing towards her. At Strathfieldsaye they were always to be seen side by side, either in her pony-carriage, driven by herself, or on horseback. No meet of the hounds within any possible distance took place without the presence of that aged hero and that young and queenly beauty.

The Duke died at Walmer, on his soldier's bed, an exact duplicate of the shabby iron sofa at Strathfieldsaye. His early and industrious habits never varied until the hour when he lay down on his hard little couch, never to rise again, and passed away without pain or struggle, in his sleep.

BEOWULF.

From Cox's Romances of the Middle Ages.

[There can hardly be a more striking contrast than that between the German tales which have appeared among our selections and "Beowulf." The German tales are a characteristic product of the most refined civilization; "Beowulf" is an equally characteristic product of the rudest antiquity. Anglo-Saxon scholars are pretty well agreed that "Beowulf" belongs to the period before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, and that it was probably brought over by the race from Germany to England. Sleswig is the probable scene of the tale.

The following version of the tale is taken from "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," by Mr. G. W. Cox and Mr. E. H. Jones. Mr. Cox is well known as the author of an *ingenious* work on Aryan mythology, in which he endeavours with great learning and ingenuity to prove that all the myths of the Aryan race, including the Iliad and the romance of King Arthur, are simply different versions of the same story, and that this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world and the course of the day and year! In the introduction to his present work he refers to Beowulf in illustration of the myths relating to "the ship or barge of the dead, which, while it carries the dead to their last home, also tells the story of their lives or proclaims their wrongs." "A clearer light," he says, "is thrown on the nature of this ship in the story of Scéf, the father of Scyld, in the myth of Beowulf. Here Scéf, whose name tells its own tale, comes, as he goes, in a ship, with a sheaf of corn at his head; and when his work among men is done, he bids his people lay him in the ship, and in the ship he is laid accordingly, with the goodliest weapons and the most costly of ornaments, and with all things which may gladden his heart in the phantom land. Here we have in its fairer colours the picture which in many lands and ages has been realized in terrible completeness. In all these instances we see the expression of the ancient and universal animistic conviction which ascribed to the dead all the feelings and wants of the living, and which led men to slay beasts to furnish them with food, and to slaughter their wives or comrades, that they might journey to their new home with a goodly retinue. For the ideal of the ship itself we must look elsewhere. All these vessels move of their own will, and though without oar, or rudder, or sail, or rigging, they never fail to reach the port for which they are making. They belong, in short, to that goodly fleet in which the ships may assume all shapes and sizes, so that the bark which can bear all the Æsir may be folded up like a napkin. The child who is asked where he has seen such ships will assuredly say, 'In the sky;' and when this answer is given the old animism, which, as Mr. Tylor well says, is the ultimate source of human fancy, explains everything in the myths related of these mysterious barks, which grow big and become small again at their pleasure, which gleam with gold and purple and crimson, or sail on in sombre and gloomy majesty, which leave neither mountain nor field nor glen unvisited, and