

in Canada had to be drawn from 60,000 population, while the English Colonists numbered 1,200,000.

In 1749 the Hon. Edward Cornwallis was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia by the English Crown and laid the foundation of the city of Halifax, and land was offered to emigrants to come and settle, so that the country might be held from the French.

The attempt of the French to confine the English to the east side of the Alleghanies by building forts on the Ohio and Mississippi resulted in 1754 in Gen. Braddock's expedition against Fort Du Quesne (now Pittsburg) with a force of 2,000 English regulars and Virginia militia under Washington. But the French Commandant made an ambush with 200 French and a band of Indians and completely routed and drove back Braddock's regulars, which were saved from utter destruction by the Virginians, who covered the retreat. The same year witnessed the seizure of the French at Annapolis by the English of Nova Scotia, and the entire expatriation of 3,000, who were turned adrift along the coasts from Maine to Georgia.

In 1756 the King of France sent out to Canada, as the Lieutenant-General, Louis Joseph de St. V6ran, Marquis de Montcalm, with command to hold the country to the last against the English. Although he never had more than 15,000 troops and Indians at any time under him and was frequently obliged to do with less than 5,000, yet, although opposed by armies of 50,000 veterans and militia of England and her Colonies, he maintained a firm front to the last. He captured Oswego in 1756, and established a fort at Ticonderoga which shut the English out from the Great Lakes. He overthrew the next year the important English fortress of William Henry. In 1758, owing to the stupidity of the English General, he arrested General Abercrombie at Carillon, who had 5,000 choice troops, and compelled him to retire beyond the waters of Lake Champlain. But in 1759 three English armies, from over the sea, united to regiments of provincials to Montreal and Quebec. Montcalm was killed in the battle of Quebec this year, and the next year the whole of Canada was conquered by the English, to whom it was ceded by the Treaty of Paris of 1763.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

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Gareth and Lynette.

THE story of Gareth and Lynette has always appealed to me as one of the best of Tennyson's idylls; indeed, I know of few romances of modern literature which have given me so much pleasure from their perusal. Although not so strong nor full of tragic depth as many others, there is in it a sweetness, a soft, diffused light, such as falls from the playful touch of a master artist, and a truth to the common impulses of life, though exhibited amid chivalrous and romantic environments. The strong roughness of the great epic, with its wide extremes of passion, and Turnerian landscapes, with its adequate record of the deeds of heroes and of kings—such is lacking here. But we have, as it were, snatched from that early and dim age of chivalry, a simple, sweet little idyll (a title applied to it more correctly than to the others), which, drawing its sweetness from the centuries, still is thrilling with life-emotions that are ours. However untrue to its past in form and setting it may be, by the truth to the present in its portrayal of character—the central fact—we know that it is true for all time. Bright with the glitter of youth and fair as the Springtime itself, such a picture seems to claim from us a place as a memory rather than as an imagined thing.

For such a reason, because of its naturalness and brightness, we would claim for this first of the *Idylls* a place higher than the critics have yet been willing to grant it. Stedman finds fault with the persistent mannerisms which make it for him more self-conscious and therefore less true. With all deference to so careful a critic, should we not defend the art of the poet here, in part at least, as essential to the fullest and best treatment of the theme? An idyll with so simple a content as this—and we shall see later how simple it is—must rely on the working of the emotions and impulses of its characters for the central interest, and the action that clears the way must be rapid. As such, therefore, it approaches in all particulars the lyric of the ballad type, and any beauty

which may belong to the long-tried artifices of this class of poetry can fitly be introduced into its parallel. If, by the use of such art, the poem loses in depth and sweep and grandeur, if it does not move along with the Homeric freedom, nor lend itself to the ocean flow of a Milton, nevertheless it gains in the heart of beauty all those vague suggestions of the sweetness of a lyric touch, and can attain to a finer and more intricate perfection.

What, then, is the art of which we speak? Stedman mentions three things, the terseness of some lines, the apparent word-searching, and the alliterative effects in which we seem to catch a slight echo of Swinburne's style. It is true that there are places where the use of artifice appears too plainly and abruptly. The first mentioned is the most apparent fault, and in some places is quite glaring. The poem is not perfect, and the critic has pointed out the weakest spot, but the defects are particular, not general. Remembering the defence for light artistic usages in this lightsome idyll of the lyric stamp, let us glance over the whole story for things more important than such details.

In the first place, notice what perfect symmetry there is in it all. The question as to how far it is allegory and how far a mere legend is difficult to determine, because the story of our lives and the story of the quest are almost entirely coincident. Only in life, full and complete, can we find such a circle with so even and unbroken line. And yet because the tale is so adaptable to allegory, we find a tendency to strain the comparison and symbolism to the utmost.

The first division of the poem is nothing more than the setting forth of the underlying conditions, the background, one might call it, of the story. It is like the first scene in "Julius Caesar," a prelude which places us back in that olden time so as to be less self-conscious when the main story is taken up. This introduction, over which we cannot linger, lasts until Lynette arrives at Arthur's court. Now we have the beginning of the central theme. Still the dialogue is used to let the heroine give us her own character as she chatters away to, teases, and annoys her knight. Now comes the true "quest," and here is the finely wrought symmetry.

There are four knights opposing Gareth. These are stationed, three at the three loops of a winding river, the other before the besieged castle. The first is dressed as the "Morning Star," the second as the "Noonday Sun," the third as the "Evening Star." The stream at the place where the first is stationed is narrow but swift; where the second guards, it is wide and shallow; where the third is waiting, it is slow and dark. Lynette sings just one wild little love-carol at the overthrow of the first; her song is filled out to three full strains when the second falls; it sinks again to the simpler notes (suggestive of a certain reason) at the defeat of the third. Such parallels might be continued but it suffices to refer again to the songs. Interwoven with the simple tale we see a tracery which ornaments while scarcely seen, and lends grace to the symmetrical arch of the day sustaining the finished structure.

The conflict with "Death" is the *finale* or closing piece to it all. Through the different incidents the interest has been waylaid and hindered here and there, but, after all, there comes a climax at the last. How well wrought out is the fantastic horror of the final conflict! Such appearances would cause the boldest of our modern hearts to quake, and we can scarcely conceive of the terror to the superstitious knight who lived in the time of the magic of Merlin. But the greatest outward danger has the least actual strength, and from under the impending shadow of Death flashes the sunlight of freedom, happiness and love.

Again, in a general way, let us look at the various motives of the story. There is an intermingling of love, duty, modesty, and desire for glory because of the good that it signifies. Impulses of such a nature carry the hero along or accompany him throughout; and nowhere can a more equal division of these qualities be found than here. It is true that duty is the great thing in Gareth's mind, but the outward circumstances, Lynette's teasing, her love-songs, the beauty of the forest-world, these are given an extra importance by the poet's art, so as to counteract on the bare, hard life which is governed by stern duty alone. The love for glory also is as much a foundation for this duty as loyalty to the king, and so we have a perfect balance of motives, which makes the whole beautiful from whatever standpoint the