THE PRINCESS

Tennyson
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Others to be announced.
ALFRED Tennyson.

[After a painting by G. F. Watts, R. A.]
The Princess
A Medley

By
Alfred Tennyson

EDITED
With Introduction, Analysis and Notes
BY
CHARLES W. KENT, M. A., Ph. D.
Linden Kent Memorial School of English Literature
University of Virginia

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by

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To

THE LITTLE AGLAÏA OF OUR HOME,

ELEANOR DOUGLAS KENT.
A FOREWORD.

It is not to the disadvantage of a text-book that it is the product of the class room, and, therefore, no excuse is needed for associating this book as closely as possible with the Spring Term of 1899-1900. Around the long table in my office a harmless warfare of spirited conversation was waged about every mooted point or doubtful interpretation in *The Princess*, while unsupported opinions were promptly challenged. It was no dissatisfaction with Cook's edition of *The Princess* that led to this book, but in this will be found incorporated much suggested by that, or rather by the discussion to which that gave rise. Other editions, notably Sherman's and Rolfe's, were not neglected, and many books of many kinds were consulted. Acknowledgment to these appears on almost every page. But if this edition has merits of analysis, argument, interpretation, and particularly of vitality and freshness, these are in large measure due to the intelligent, quick-witted, and unfettered young men whose interest and industry gave me constant pleasure and kept me constantly alert. I trust the book will

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recall to them, as to me, many invigorating and delightful hours. I am sure they will not begrudge the credit I give to one of their number, my assistant of this session, Mr. Carol M. Newman, who has followed this book from first inception to final proof. His careful and scholarly scrutiny has missed no page except this on which I publicly record my grateful indebtedness.

Charles W. Kent.

University of Virginia.
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INTRODUCTION.

Biographical Sketch.

At Somersby Rectory, in Lincolnshire, on August 6, 1809, was born to Rev. Dr. George Clayton Tennyson and Emily Fytche, his wife, their fourth son, christened Alfred.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England and prince among men, died at Aldworth, in Surrey, on October 6, 1892, and was buried with unusual honors in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Between these events, thus barely recorded, stretches the consistent life of the greatest English poet of the era closed yesterday (January 22, 1901) by the death of the illustrious Queen Victoria.

Given in his early childhood the environment of a cultivated and refined home and excellent educational opportunities provided and supervised by an intelligent and ambitious father, Alfred Tennyson made rapid progress at Cadney's village school, at Louth, and under tutors selected for his further preparation for Cambridge. His mental development was accompanied and fostered by his love of good reading, his desire to express himself in verse, and his distinct growth in the appreciation of natural scenery.

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His first poetic line, as Mrs. Ritchie claims, 'I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind,' suggests, perhaps by mere accident, his inclination to make use of nature's lights and sounds, and odors too, as the suggestive material of poetical illustration.

But there was one serious external obstacle to poetic ambition. We can hardly appreciate at this day the spell cast upon younger aspirants for poetic honors by the dazzling and overwhelming success of Byron, who seemed the very incarnation of poetic genius. His splendid achievements marked the limit beyond which no contemporary poet aspired to pass, and the loud acclaim of his greatness made the plaudits reserved for lesser men but feeble echoes. "Byron is dead," scratched on the soft sandstone of Holywell Glen, was not alone the mournful, but transient epitaph of one whose fame as a man and as a poet should both suffer partial eclipse, but it was also the emancipation of a repressed spirit from the thraldom of a great name and a greater influence.

Tennyson's poetic production begins with the volume published by his brother Charles and himself in 1827. They found in Louth a publisher to whom they willingly parted with their rights for £5 in money and £5 in books. His next volume was published in 1830, while he was a Cambridge student. He had matriculated at Cambridge in 1828, entering Trinity College. If he complained somewhat of the uncongenial exactions of Cambridge he was but following his famous predecessors Milton and Gray, who, like himself, re-
greeted their earlier views and acknowledged the substantial benefits they had received.

And surely the years were not lost that gave to the young poet the helpful friendship and intelligent admiration of such men as Lushington, Merivale, Alford, Spedding, Maurice, Milnes, Trench, and Arthur Henry Hallam. These were not all, for he was a member of the Apostles' Club, whose fame he increased and extended. This club, composed of young men of eminent talent, furnished delightful relief from the inflexible requirements of the curriculum, and afforded the inspiration and stimulus which Cambridge officially failed to supply.

Winning the Chancellor's Prize in 1829, he devoted himself more and more to writing poetry, which he printed in the undergraduate volume of 1830. At the request of his father, who was ailing, Alfred withdrew from Cambridge, about a month before the death (on March 16, 1831) of this trusted counsellor, and did not, therefore, procure a degree.

Of the Cambridge friendships none was so tenderly cherished or waxed so strong as that with Hallam. They had met in 1828, probably when both were under the tutorship of William Whewell, and had been friendly rivals for the Chancellor's Prize in 1829. They travelled together in the summer of 1830, and, after Tennyson left Cambridge, Hallam was a frequent visitor at Somersby Rectory, where he had found another and a more potent attraction in Emily Tennyson, the younger sister of his college friend. To her
he became engaged after procuring his degree in 1832. In this year Tennyson published *Poems*, a volume of one hundred and sixty-three pages, retaining many of the poems of his University period with about thirty written since his withdrawal. Offsetting his friends' triumphant welcome of this volume there was much adverse criticism of its contents. The poet was sensitive, but ready to learn. Ten years of silence was his answer to the critics' opinion of his poetry.

During these years of waiting he was enriching his life with friendships and associations, storing his mind with the world's best, and walking closely with nature. Above all he was unconsciously and beyond estimate developed by the discipline of a great sorrow. His beloved friend, Hallam, died in Vienna, on September 15, 1833. By degrees Tennyson's mind, sunk in abysmal grief, rose to the happy level of their old companionship, and thence followed him beyond the skies in its effort to solve man's deep and dominant problem of immortality. What of his friend's relation to the living, what of his present occupation, what of their reunion? These and a hundred other questions in their train crowded upon the poet's mind, and sought their answers in his growing elegy.

The silence of these ten years of studious waiting and painstaking composition, years so full of dejection, but so full also of that deeper training for his greater glory, was broken by the *Poems* of 1842. Of these two volumes the first contained mainly old poems altered or rewritten in the light of helpful criticism,
but the second was made up of new poems. With these volumes Tennyson's fame was assured, and it was competent for the illuminated youth of Oxford to defend the proposition that 'Alfred Tennyson is the greatest English poet of the age.' New editions of his poems were now annually demanded, and finally in 1845 the 'Author of Ulysses' was recognized by the government in a pension of £200.

In 1847 Tennyson published his first long poem, *The Princess, A Medley*, which is in this volume presented to the reader. To what is said elsewhere may be added here the thought that the true merit of this poem was obscured by the overshadowing excellence of his splendid elegy, *In Memoriam*, published in 1850, Tennyson's Golden Year, in which he became famous, was made Poet Laureate, and married Emily Sellwood.

After this running account of Tennyson's life through 1850, hence beyond the significant third edition of *The Princess*, a bare mention of some of the main events in his subsequent life must suffice. In 1855 appeared *Maud, a Monody*, always a favorite with its author, and in 1859 began a greater favorite with the inner circle of his admirers, *The Idylls of the King*. This epic, the realization of the unfulfilled plans of both Milton and Dryden, was not completed until 1885, ten years after he had entered upon his Dramatic Period, which lasted until his death. In all these years, however, had appeared many separate volumes, each bearing the title of some important poem. There came to him every honor that
individuals or organizations could confer. His government which had once honored him with a pension, and then with a Laureateship, had several times pressed upon him a Baronetcy, but not until 1884 did he yield to the wishes of Gladstone, ably supplemented by the persuasive reasoning of many of his near friends, and accept the Peerage.

Tennyson's time was divided between his homes at Aldworth and Farringford, and his life was lived amid all possible comforts, and, better still, in the affection of thousands near and far. Not until 1892 did his bodily failing give cause for anxiety, though he frequently longed for the 'quiet hereafter.' In the autumn of 1892 he was known to be declining, and towards the end of September his death seemed imminent. The medical bulletin published on October 7th gives the story of the end.

'The tendency to fatal syncope may be said to have really commenced about 10 A. M. on Wednesday, and on Thursday, October 6th, at 1:35 A. M., the great poet breathed his last. Nothing could have been more striking than the scene during the last few hours. On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, "drawing thicker breath," irresistibly brought to our minds his own Passing of Arthur.'

Thus closed the life of Alfred Tennyson. This new century we call ours will reckon among its most precious heritages the life and the work of this representative poet of the nineteenth century.
INTRODUCTION.

BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE AND POEMS OF TENNYSON.

1809, August 6th. Born at Somersby Rectory in Lincolnshire.
1814. His first poetic line: "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind."
1816. Sent to school in Louth.
1820. Removed from Louth.
1824. Carved on the soft sandstone "Byron is dead."
1825. In the previous year and this wrote much poetry.
1826. Poems by Two Brothers, by Charles and Alfred Tennyson, sold to a publisher, Jackson, of Louth.
1827. Poems by Two Brothers published.
1829, June 6th. Won the Chancellor's Prize for a poem on Timbuctoo.
1831. Tennyson's father died: Alfred left Cambridge: Hallam engaged to Emily.
1832. Poems by Alfred Tennyson, published by Moxon.
1833. Hallam died in Vienna on September 15th.
1834. Hallam buried at Clevedon: Tennyson in London writing poetry.
1835. With Fitzgerald at the Speddings': writing poetry.
1836-1841. Writing, travelling, in London, etc.
1841. Preparing volume of poems for publisher.
1842. Poems by Alfred Tennyson (2 vols.), published by Moxon.
1843-1846. Somewhat depressed physically, but interested in the editions of his poems.
1847. The Princess, A Medley, published by Moxon.
1848-1849. Busy with In Memoriam.
1850. *In Memoriam*: Married Emily Sellwood: Poet Laureate, November 19th.

1855. *Maud and Other Poems* appeared.

1859. *Idylls of the King* (not finished until 1885).

1864. *Enoch Arden and Other Poems*.


1875. *The Dramas* (not finished until 1892).

1880. *Ballads and Other Poems*.

1884. Gazetted Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford.

1885. *Tiresias and Other Poems*.

1886. *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, etc.

1889. *Demeter and Other Poems*.

1892. October 6th. Died at Aldworth.


*The Death of Ænone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems,* published October 28th.
A List of Serviceable Books for the Study of Tennyson.

1. 'Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son.'
2. 'Alfred Lord Tennyson.' Waugh.
3. 'Lord Tennyson.' Jennings.
4. 'Alfred Tennyson: His Life and Works.' Wace.
5. 'The Laureate's Country.' Church.
6. 'In Tennyson Land.' Walters.
7. 'Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life.' Brooke.
8. 'A Study of Tennyson's Works.' Tainsh.
9. 'The Poetry of Tennyson.' Van Dyke.
10. 'Lord Tennyson and the Bible.' Lester.
11. 'Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning.' Mrs. Ritchie.
12. 'Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators.' Layard.
14. 'Illustrations of Tennyson.' Churton Collins.
15. 'Victorian Poets.' Stedman.
16. 'English Literature of XIXth Century.' Saintsbury.
17. 'Study of The Princess.' Wallace.
18. 'Study of The Princess.' Dawson.
19. 'Tennyson's Poems.' Macmillan & Co.
The Princess, A Medley.

This poem was published in 1847. The second edition of 1848, which in other respects is the same as the first, has the addition of the following dedication:

To

Henry Lushington

This volume is inscribed by his friend,

A. Tennyson.

In 1850 the third edition appeared with many omissions, but with significant additions of six songs, and of certain lines rendered necessary by their insertion. The fourth edition of 1851 introduced the 'weird seizures' of the Prince, and the fifth of 1853 fixed the text as we now have it.

The poem was 'mostly written in Lincoln's Inn Fields' (Hallam Tennyson), and at a time when the poet was too young to have lost interest in the college reminiscences imbedded in this romantic story, and too old to count as trivial the serious problem he was studying, or its right or wrong solution, as of little consequence. The subject-matter of the poem he had discussed with Emily Sellwood as early as 1839, and his interest in the underlying problem dated perhaps from his reading of Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Woman. The poem was planned when a 'Woman's College' was in the air, and when
Tennyson is reported as saying that the two great social questions of England were 'the housing and education of the poor man before making him our master, and the higher education of woman.'

The analysis of the poem (p. 27) shows clearly the progress of the captivating story, and at the same time suggests the final triumph of the serious spirit over the prevailing humor of the early cantos. The poem is divided into Seven Parts, with a Prologue and Conclusion, and is broken by an Interlude that preserves the setting of the story, yet points the way to an earnest and satisfactory ending.

The cantos themselves fall into paragraphs marked by distinct unity, and closing generally with most artistic effects. The tedium of sustained blank verse is relieved not only by these paragraph pauses, but by the insertion within the cantos of songs essential to the story, and, therefore, in this edition called Plot-Songs. These are in varied metre. Furthermore, the reader's mind is relieved and enchanted by the little interpretative poems intercalated between the cantos themselves. These songs, singly commented upon in the Notes, may be here passed over with the general statement that in beauty, variety, and finish of form, and in artistic contrast with the body of the poem, they are unexcelled within or without this volume.

Tennyson's artistic use of rhyme, and his no less artistic skill in discarding it, are apparent in these lyrics, but attention is particularly directed here to his blank verse. To say that it is Miltonic may mean
to the reader nothing more than that, as Milton's, it is excellent. But it is Miltonic in its poetic vocabulary and its sonorous phrasal power. It is hardly too much to say that there is not a unique word or a peculiar use of a poetic word in *The Princess* that may not be found in Milton's poems. In freedom of metrical structure, it is no less Miltonic. Not only is there, as in all good blank verse, free use of elision, slurring, and contraction, but there is no hesitancy in employing the extra-metrical syllable where necessary. The verse pause is, as in Milton, varied at will, and for direct and clearly recognized effects substituted feet are used with complete disregard of that regular recurrence of accents erroneously considered the very essential of English verse. The most attractive quality of Tennyson's blank verse is its tone-color. Nowhere is he happier in the use of vowel or consonant sequences for artistic effects. Examples of this may so easily be given that a few citations must here suffice:

1. For "hollow oes and aes," Prl. 20; Pn. 24; I. 215; I. 39; II. 450-454; II. 433; III. 74; IV. 453, etc.
2. For top vowels, particularly i., IV. 82-83; I. 204-206; Prl. 238; III. 274, etc.
3. For abrupt effect of p, b, and d, Prl. 42; II. 232; V. 291; VII. 230; II. 150.
4. For union of sibilants and liquids, Prl. 86-8; VII. 48; I. 85-86.
5. For syzygy in m, VI. 174; IV. 416; VII. 205-7, etc.

These examples, not in themselves of much importance, are suggestive of further exercises.
A cursory reading of this poem for the first time may impress the reader with the feminine delicacy of the verse form, the incongruities of treatment, and particularly with the insignificance of subject-matter. A second careful reading will indicate that all incongruities and inconsistencies that may not be readily explained and resolved are themselves an integral part of the medley character of the poem. This second reading will establish the fact that the real subject-matter of the poem, the Woman Problem—not the Founding of the Academe—is not trivial, but essentially important, and that the solution of the vexed problem is in concurrence with the best thought of England and conservative America.

Another reading, perhaps this time a thoughtful study, of the poem will convince the reader that in artistic plan and final finish it is no whit inferior to Tennyson's other long poems. The poem may lack high truth and high seriousness, but it does not lack truth of practice and of principle, and its element of seriousness is pervasive, though not overburdening.
A Rosary of Tributes.

'It deeply presses on my reflection how much wiser a book is Tennyson's *Princess* than my *Quaternions*.'
—Sir William Rowan Hamilton.

'Not often has a lovelier story been recited.'
—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

'The poem of *The Princess*, as a work of art, is the most complete and satisfying of all Tennyson's works.'
—S. E. Dawson.

'How Mr. Tennyson can have attained the prodigal fullness of thought and imagery which distinguishes this poem, and especially the last canto, without his style ever becoming overloaded, seldom even confused, is perhaps one of the greatest marvels of the whole production.'
—Charles Kingsley.

*The Princess* is a masterpiece.'
—George Saintsbury.

'For my own part I confess to finding it, if not one of the poetically greatest, yet the most humanly complete of all the poet's works.'
—H. D. Traill.

'A dreamy story full of music and fuller still of rich and suggestive imagery.'
—Arthur Waugh.

'The most delightful of the larger poems.'
—Stopford Brooke.

'A work so exquisitely elaborated in point of style.'
—Churton Collins.
INTRODUCTION.

PERSONS.

I. Of the Introduction, Interlude, and Conclusion:
   Sir Walter Vivian—a broad-shouldered, genial Englishman, Patron of the Institute.
   Walter Vivian—Host of his college friends.
   Lilia Vivian—Walter’s sister, ‘half child, half woman.’
   Five Sons of Sir Walter—‘Head under head.’
   Aunt Elizabeth—Aunt of Walter and Lilia, ‘crammed with theories out of books.’
   The Poet—I, Binder of the ‘scattered scheme of seven.’
   Five College Friends of Walter and the Poet—One the son of a Tory member.
   Ladies visiting Vivian Place—From neighbor seats.
   Leaders of the Institute, men, women, and children.

   Reference is made to—
   Sir Ralph of Ascalon.
   Hugh of Agincourt.
   The ‘Miracle of Women.’

II. Of the Story:
   Ida—The Princess of the South.
   Psyche—The Princess’ half-self, sister of Florian: ‘a quick brunette of twenty summers.’
   Aglaia—Psyche’s babe, ‘a double April old.’
   Blanche—Author of the plan for the Academe.
   Melissa—Blanche’s daughter; a rosy blonde.
   Violet—The only student mentioned by name.
   Gama—Father of the Princess; a little dry old man.
   Arac—Ida’s brother; of giant mold.
   The Twins—Ida’s brothers.
   The Prince—Of the North.
   Florian—The Prince’s half-self.
   Cyril—“The incarnation of humorous common sense.”
   The Prince’s Father—Who ‘thought a king a king.’
Others playing parts are—
  Mine Host.
  Sentry.
  Herald.
  Knights.
  Squire.
  Ambassadors.
  Captain.
  Armies.
  Camp Followers.
  Barons.
  Lords.
  Stable Wench.
  Ostleress.
  Woman Poet.
  Daughters of the Plow.
  Fortress.
  Hostess.
  Female Proctors.
  Female Students.
  Doctors.
  Professors.

Reference is made to the ancestors and mother of the Princess; to the far-off grandsire and the mother of the Prince; to Florian's mother, and to the Court Doctor.
INTRODUCTION.

Analysis of 'The Princess.'

Subject: Woman's Higher Education.
Theme: 'For woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse.'
Classification: A Medley.

Division:
I. Prologue.
II. Story.
   Canto I.—The Intrusion.
      Intercalary Poem I.—The Reconciliation.
   Canto II.—The Detection.
      Intercalary Poem II.—The Lullaby.
   Canto III.—The Expedition.
      Intercalary Poem III.—The Echo Song.
   Canto IV.—The Expulsion.
      Plot Song I.—The Passion of Memory.
      Plot Song II.—The Lyric of Hope.
      Plot Song III.—The Careless Tavern Catch (unrecorded).
Interlude.
   • Intercalary Poem IV.—The Battle Call.
   Canto V.—The Combat.
      Intercalary Poem V.—The Consolation.
   Canto VI.—The Victory of Nature.
      Plot Song IV.—Exultation.
      Intercalary Poem VI.—Reluctant Surrender.
   Canto VII.—The Victory of Love.
      Plot Song V.—Heart Union.
      Plot Song VI.—The Lover's Appeal.
III. Conclusion.
[Upon the broad lawns of Sir Walter Vivian are gathered a thousand or more of the people amusing and entertaining themselves. As lookers-on are seven college friends, including Walter Vivian and 'I,' the author, with Aunt Elizabeth, Lilia and her friends. The conversation turns on the 'miracle of women' mentioned in the *Chronicle*, and leads to a challenge of to-day's womanhood. From this it drifts to college days and Christmas holidays, when for amusement the collegians told a 'tale from mouth to mouth.' This suggests a summer's tale, in which Lilia should be a Princess and each collegian in his turn a Prince.—Ed.]

Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people: thither flock'd at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half

1. Sir Walter Vivian.—The prototype of Sir Walter Vivian was not Sir John Simpson, who is identified with the production of *Maud*, but Edmund Henry Lushington of Park House. Tennyson was intimate with the three sons, Edmund, Henry, and Franklin. The marriage of Edmund and Cecilia Tennyson is celebrated in the epithalamium, the fitting close to *In Memoriam*. The second edition of *The Princess* was dedicated to Henry, for whose critical powers Tennyson had profound respect.

2. Lawns.—The park around Park House
The neighboring borough with their Institute
Of which he was the patron. I was there
From college, visiting the son—the son
A Walter too—with others of our set,
Five others: we were seven at Vivian-place.

And me that morning Walter showed the house,
Greek, set with busts: from vases in the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,
Grew side by side; and on the pavement lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together; celts and calumets,

5. Institute.—Maidstone Mechanics' Institute, of which
Mr. Lushington was presumably a patron.
8. A Walter too.—See note on i. Edmund Lushington's
son Edmund.
9. Seven.—This gives the cantos of the poem.
11. Set with busts.—The Greeks set their houses with
busts both for adornment and adoration.
14. Abbey-ruins.—Such ruins in Great Britain are
numerous. Recall Dryburgh Abbey where Scott is buried,
or Melrose Abbey, made famous by his description, etc.
15. Ammonites.—Fossil cephalopod mollusks of curved
or spiral shape, hence called *cornu Ammonis*, or the horn
of the god Ammon (Libyan Zeus), worshipped under the
form of a ram. First bones of Time.—Prehistoric bones.
17. Jumbled.—Note that place, time, customs, etc., are
jumbled in this 'Medley.' Celts.—Used to represent
weapons and implements employed by primitive and pre-
historic peoples. Calumets.—Indian pipes.
Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,
The cursed Malayan crease and battle-clubs
From the isles of palm: and higher on the walls,
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
His own forefathers' arms and armor hung.

And 'This,' he said, 'was Hugh's at Agincourt;
And that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon:
A good knight he! We keep a chronicle
With all about him'—which he brought, and I
Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt with knights,
Half-legend, half-historic, counts and kings
Who laid about them at their wills and died;
And mixed with these, a lady, one that armed
Her own fair head, and sallying thro' the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from her walls.

18. Claymore.—A Scotch Highland broadsword.
19. Sandal.—Sandalwood. Amber.—A light yellowish translucent resin. Rosaries.—A string of beads by which prayers are counted.
20. Note diminution of sound from deep $o$ to high $e$, representing diminishing size of included sphere.
21. Malayan crease (creese, Kris).—A dagger with a serpentine blade, making a jagged (or 'curved') wound.
22. Isles of palm.—South Sea Islands.
25. Agincourt.—Battle between English and French in 1415. See Shakespeare's Henry V, Act IV.
26. Ascalon.—Battle between Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin in 1192.
32. The armed woman suggests in part the theme of the poem.
'O miracle of women,' said the book,
'O noble heart who, being strait-besieged
By this wild king to force her to his wish,
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunned a soldier's death,
But now when all was lost, or seemed as lost—
Her stature more than mortal in the burst
Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire—
Brake with a blast of trumpets from the gate,
And, falling on them like a thunderbolt,
She trampled some beneath her horse's heels,
And some were whelmed with missiles of the wall,
And some were pushed with lances from the rock,
And part were drowned within the whirling brook:
O miracle of noble womanhood!'

So sang the gallant glorious chronicle;
And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out;' he said,
'To the Abbey; there is Aunt Elizabeth,
And sister Lilia with the rest.' We went
(I kept the book and had my finger in it)
Down thro' the park; strange was the sight to me;

35-49. Not in first edition. Added to suggest the heroine
and her heroic role.
36. Strait-besieged.—Narrowly or closely beset.
40. Mortal.—Human. Cf. Morte d'Arthur:
   'Larger than human on the frozen hills."
Cf. Princess, IV, 469; V, 336, 499, etc.
47. Cf. IV, 161 ff.
50. Rapt.—Note Tennyson's fondness for this word.
51-52. See list of personages. Note also argument of pro-
logue.
For all the sloping pasture murmured, sown
With happy faces and with holiday.
There moved the multitude, a thousand heads:
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One reared a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing, now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp; and somewhat lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials fired
A cannon; Echo answered in her sleep
From hollow fields; and here were telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislinked with shrieks and laughter; round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied,
And shook the lilies: perched about the knolls
A dozen angry models jetted steam;
A petty railway ran; a fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves

55. Sloping pastures.—Lawn; cf. 2.
59. Taught them with facts.—Knowles reports Tennyson as saying, 'Poetry is a great deal truer than fact.'
66. Echo.—Personified as usual in the Greek. She was a nymph residing near the Cephiussus. She pined for the beautiful youth Narcissus, until nothing was left of her save her voice.
And dropped a fairy parachute, and passed:
And there thro’ twenty posts of telegraph
They flashed a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations; so that sport
Went hand in hand with science; otherwhere
Pure sport; a herd of boys with clamor bowled
And stumped the wicket; babies rolled about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro’ light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up with ‘Soldier-laddie,’ and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.

Strange was the sight, and smacking of the time;
And long we gazed, but satiated at length
Came to the ruins. High-arched and ivy-clasped,

81-85. The ‘sports’ include cricket, lolling, dancing, and music.
82. Stumped the wicket.—A cricket term.
86-87. Note the prevalence of the s sound; the significance also of the br and m and l sounds.
86. ‘Soldier laddie.’—A popular Scotch song beginning:
   ‘My soger laddie is over the sea,
   And he will bring gold and siller to me.’
87. Ambrosial.—Heavenly. In Memoriam, LXXXVI, i.
Reference to Trinity College, Cambridge.
89. Smacking of the time.—This particular festival was probably in 1844.
Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,
Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave
The park, the crowd, the house; but all within
The sward was trim as any garden lawn:
And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends
From neighbor seats; and there was Ralph himself,
A broken statue propped against the wall,
As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport,
Half child half woman as she was, had wound
A scarf of orange around the stony helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior from his ivied nook
Glow like a sunbeam; near his tomb a feast
Shone, silver-set; about it lay the guests,
And there we joined them: then the maiden Aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from it preached
An universal culture for the crowd,
And all things great; but we, unworthy, told
Of college: he had climbed across the spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars,

92. Gothic.—Contrast this with the Greek architecture of the mansion. See 11.
93. Chasm.—(Made by) time and frost.
98. See 26.
102. Note the orange and rose colors in contrast with the stony helm of the broken statue.
105. Note the medley involved in feasting near the tombs.
109-110. As opposed to the doctrine of 'universal culture for the crowd,' the college men talk of pranks, thereby hinting at the story to follow.
And he had breathed the proctor’s dogs; and one
Discussed his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord;
And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
Veneered with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talked, above their heads I saw
The feudal warrior lady-clad; which brought
My book to mind; and opening this I read
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang
With tilt and tourney; then the tale of her
That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls,
And much I praised her nobleness, and ‘Where,’
Asked Walter, patting Lilia’s head (she lay
Beside him), ‘lives there such a woman now?’

Quick answered Lilia ‘There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down;
It is but bringing up; no more than that;

113. Breathed the proctor’s dogs.—By running, wearied
out the pursuing animals of the proctor.
115. Honeying.—Becoming sweet or pleasant. Has this a
personal reference?
117. Veneered.—Thinline covered over.
119. See Conclusion, 117.
120. See 53.
126. Walter’s challenge of womanhood.
You men have done it; how I hate you all!  
Ah, were I something great! I wish I were  
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,  
That love to keep us children! O I wish  
That I were some great princess, I would build  
Far off from men a college like a man's,  
And I would teach them all that men are taught;  
We are twice as quick!" And here she shook aside  
The hand that played the patron with her curls.

And one said smiling 'Pretty were the sight  
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt  
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.  
I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,  
But move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph  
Who shines so in the corner; yet I fear,  
If there were many Lilias in the brood,  
However deep you might embower the nest,  
Some boy would spy it.'


133. Love to keep us children.—This suggests Ida's chief grievance. Cf. I, 136, 140, etc.; II, 44.


138. Played the patron.—Caressed patronizingly. 125.

140. Flaunt.—Be glaring or gaudy.


144. Emperor-moths.—Noted for the brilliancy of their coloring.
At this upon the sward
She tapped her tiny silken-sandaled foot:
'That's your light way; but I would make it death
For any male thing but to peep at us.'

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laughed;
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she;
But Walter hailed a score of names upon her,
And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful Puss,'
And swore he longed at college—only longed,
All else was well—for she-society.
They boated and they cricketed; they talked
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics;
They lost their weeks; they vexed the souls of deans;
They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms:
But missed the mignonette of Vivian-place,

150-151. The death penalty for intrusion was adopted in the Academy. See II, 178.
156. Ogress.—A female demon given to devouring humans. This name is suggested by her breathing death against all intruding males.
158. She-society. Cf. 'she-world,' III, 147.
161. Lost their weeks.—Could not count certain weeks towards their degrees. At an English university residence for so many terms is required for a degree, and absence for a certain proportion of time debars that term from 'counting.'
163. Blossom—not the fruit.—That is enough time to 'count,' but not enough to be profitable.
164. Mignonette.—The name of this flower is the diminutive of mignon, delicate, graceful, etc.
The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke, 105
Part banter, part affection.

'True,' she said,
'We doubt not that. O yes, you missed us much.
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did.'

She held it out; and as a parrot turns
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye, 170
And takes a lady's finger with all care,
And bites it for true heart and not for harm,
So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shrieked
And wrung it. 'Doubt my word again!' he said.
'Come, listen! here is proof that you were missed:
We seven stayed at Christmas up to read;
And there we took one tutor as to read;
The hard-grained Muses of the cube and square
Were out of season; never man, I think,
So moldered in a sinecure as he;
For while our cloisters echoed frosty feet,
And our long walks were stripped as bare as brooms,
We did but talk you over, pledge you all

165. Hearth flower.—Cf. 'household flower,' V, 122.
172. True heart.—Affection.
176. Stayed up . . . to read.—Remained at the University to study.
177. As.—As if.
178. Mathematics. Was the periphrasis needed here?
180. Sinecure.—An office with emolument and no duties,
such as the tutor held.
182. Complete the construction of this line.
In wassail; often, like as many girls,
Sick for the hollies and the yews of home—
As many little trifling Lilias—played
Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,
And What's my thought? and When and Where and
And often told a tale from mouth to mouth,
As here at Christmas.'

She remembered that;
A pleasant game she thought; she liked it more
Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.
But these—what kind of tales did men tell men,
She wondered, by themselves?

A half-disdain
Perched on the pouted blossom of her lips;
And Walter nodded at me: 'He began,
The rest would follow, each in turn; and so
We forged a sevenfold story. Kind? what kind?
Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms,

184. WASSAIL.—Wes hal, be hale or well. In Memoriam, CV, 5.

185. Cf. In Memoriam, XXIX, 9; XXX, 2.

189. Note that this reveals the form of the present tale told
by the seven. Cf. 9, 178, 198, 221, etc., and Conclusion, 8.


196-198. Indicates the manner in which The Princess is
to be related. Cf. Interlude, 16, and Conclusion, 8.

199. CHIMERAS.—The Great Chimera was a fire-breathing
monster, part lion and goat in front, and dragon behind.
Hence any incongruous and absurd creation. SOLECISM.—
Something originating at Soli, not at Athens; hence an im-
propriety, something ridiculous.
Seven-headed monsters only made to kill
Time by the fire in winter.'

'Kill him now,
The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,'
Said Lilia; 'Why not now?' the maiden Aunt.
'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?
A tale for summer as befits the time,
And something it should be to suit the place,
Heroic—for a hero lies beneath—
Grave, solemn!'

Walter warped his mouth at this
To something so mock-solemm, that I laughed,
And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling mirth
An echo like a ghostly woodpecker
Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt
(A little sense of wrong had touched her face
With color) turned to me with 'As you will;

200. The purpose of the Christmas Story (*The Winter's Tale*, *cf. 231*) was to kill time. This 'summer's tale' is to be a heroic medley. See 205 ff.

204 ff. Cf. with this, Concl., 10-20, for the conflict in opinion between the men and the women as to what nature the story should have.

210. *Cf. V, 241; VII, 31; Madeline, 35; Elaine, 327*, etc.

211. This (*cf. 231*) figure in which the 'echo' of laughter is made to sound 'like a ghostly woodpecker' seems inexplicably incongruous.

214. Tennyson beyond doubt has in mind two of Shakespeare's plays, *Love's Labor's Lost*, as suggesting the scheme of his poem, and *The Winter's Tale*, as suggesting its form, a medley not preserving unity of place, time, or action. He seems to play upon the titles of two others, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*; or *What You Will*. 

...
Heroic if you will, or what you will,
Or be yourself your hero if you will.'

'Take Lilia, then, for heroine,' clamored he,
'And make her some great Princess, six feet high,
Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you
The Prince to win her!'

'Then follow me, the Prince,'
I answered; 'each be hero in his turn!
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream.
Heroic seems our Princess as required;
But something made to suit with time and place,
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all—
These were a medley! we should have him back
Who told the 'Winter's Tale' to do it for us.

218. Cf. V, 244 ff and 264; cf. 40.
222. Here, as in line 199 and elsewhere, the poet deprecates that kind of criticism that looks for incongruities, inconsistencies, etc. After all, it is a 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'
225-228. Have all these details been mentioned in the Prologue?
229. Had.—Would have, because they were signs of the black art.
230. Were.—Would be, if so mixed.
231. Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale; cf. 204.
No matter; we will say whatever comes.
And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
From time to time, some ballad or a song
To give us breathing-space."

So I began,
And the rest followed; and the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind;
And here I give the story and the songs.

232. The tale is to be an improvisation, but is afterwards
dressed up poetically. See Concl., 5.
238. Cf. Shelley's Letter to Maria Gisborne:

'The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill
The empty pauses of the blast.'

Cf. The Miller's Daughter, 122-'3.

"And in the pauses of the wind
Sometimes I heard you sing within."

233-238. This suggests only one part of the purpose in the
intercalary and plot songs to be discussed below.
I.

[THE VENTURE ON THE LIBERTIES.]

[The Prince, upon reaching man's estate, demands his bride betrothed to him as a child, but she refuses to wed. He wishes to go for her, but his request is refused, so with Cyril and Florian he steals away. They learn from Gama, father of the Princess, that she has founded near the borders of the Prince's prospective kingdom a university for women only. With his friends he determines to find her, and, disguising themselves as women, they seek enrollment as Lady Psyche's pupils.—Ev.]

A PRINCE I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,
For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

There lived an ancient legend in our house.
Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grandsire burnt
Because he cast no shadow, had foretold,

1. Waugh calls the prince Hilarion, but without good reason.
3. The prince was a blond; the princess a brunette. Cf. 38.
7-9. The prince who exemplified the truth of this prediction, and was, moreover, the subject of ‘weird seizures,’ undergoes a complete change (cf. VII, 327 ff) when the new dawn of Ida's love (her essential change) breaks.
Dying, that none of all our blood should know
The shadow from the substance, and that one
Should come to fight with shadows and to fall.

For so, my mother said, the story ran.
And, truly, waking dreams were, more or less,
An old and strange affection of the house.
Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven knows what:
On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
And while I walked and talked as heretofore,
I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.
Our great court-Galen poised his gilt-head cane,
And pawed his beard, and muttered 'catalepsy.'

My mother, pitying, made a thousand prayers;

14. Weird seizures.—Note the references and occurrences
and determine what they were, how induced, etc. Cf. In
Memoriam, XCV, 9. Cf. The Ancient Sage, 229-239. For
account of Tennyson's trances see Davidson's Prolegomena
to In Memoriam.

What is the artistic purpose of the 'weird seizures' intro-
duced in the fourth edition in 1851? 'His too emotional tem-
perament was intended from an artistic point of view to em-
251. This is Hallam Tennyson's explanation. If produced by
love's doubts they are cured by love's certainty.
18. The shadow of a dream. III, 172; Hamlet, II,
ii, 265.
19. Galen was a Greek physician (born Pergamus, A. D.
130), who attended Marcus Aurelius.
20. Catalepsy.—Was the Doctor right?
My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canonized by all that looked on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness;
But my good father thought a king a king;
He cared not for the affection of the house;
He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand
To lash offense, and with long arms and hands
Reached out, and picked offenders from the mass
For judgment.

Now it chanced that I had been,
While life was yet in bud and blade, betrothed
To one, a neighboring Princess; she to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
At eight years old; and still from time to time
Came murmurs of her beauty from the South,
And of her brethren, youths of puissance;
And still I wore her picture by my heart,

22. This description is supplemented in Canto VII, 298-308. Compare this with the description of the mother of the Princess.

25. Father.—Cf. IV, 387-397; V, 144-160, 342-350, 428-456; and contrast with the description of Gama.

33. Proxy-wedded to a bootless calf.—That is, espoused without her legal consent (V, 388-'9) by a certain ‘kind of ceremony’ (122-123). This precontract did not amount to marriage. The ceremony referred to by Gama, V, 122, and here recalled by the words ‘bootless calf’ (i. e., leg stript naked to the knee) is described in Bacon’s History of Henry VII. (See Spalding’s Edition, Vol. XI.)

35. Cf. IV, 411, 416, etc.
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm, as bees about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I should wed,
My father sent ambassadors with furs
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her; these brought back
A present, a great labor of the loom;
And therewithal an answer vague as wind;
Besides, they saw the king; he took the gifts;
He said there was a compact; that was true;
But then she had a will—was he to blame?
And maiden fancies; loved to live alone
Among her women; certain, would not wed.

That morning in the presence room I stood
With Cyril and with Florian, my two friends:

38. Cf. 3 and note.
41. Furs.—Not needed in the Princess' home, but characteristic of the North.
43. Labor of the loom. Cf. 'wonder of the loom,' (Homer's Iliad).
46. Compact.—Cf. 33.
47. Cf. V, 341. This is the essential characteristic of Ida.
48. Maiden fancies.—Does this refer to her whole plan to found an academy, etc.? Cf. 145 ff.
49. Certain would not wed.—This, taken in connection with V, 341, suggests that here, as in Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew, the contest is that of wills.
51. See the preliminary account of the personages in the poem.
The first, a gentleman of broken means
(His father's fault) but given to starts and bursts
Of revel; and the last, my other heart,
And almost my half-self,—for still we moved
Together, twinned as horse's ear and eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face
Grow long and troubled, like a rising moon,
Inflamed with wrath; he started on his feet,
Tore the king's letter, snowed it down, and rent
The wonder of the loom thro' warp and woof
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he swore
That he would send a hundred thousand men,
And bring her in a whirlwind; then he chewed
The thrice-turned cud of wrath, and cooked his spleen,
Communing with his captains of the war.

At last I spoke. 'My father, let me go.
It cannot be but some gross error lies
In this report, this answer of a king
Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable;
Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen,

53. For an illustration see the climax, IV, 137 ff.
56. Little can be said in praise of the artistic value of this figure.
61. Cf. note on 43.
62. What is the present form of this preterit?
64-65. Chewed the cud, etc.—This is symbolic. The figurative meaning is ruminate, meditate.
65. Cooked his spleen.—Kept his anger warm, nursed his wrath.
Whate’er my grief to find her less than fame,
May rue the bargain made.’ And Florian said:
‘I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence,
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles in that land;
Thro’ her this matter might be sifted clean.’
And Cyril whispered: ‘Take me with you too.’
Then, laughing, ‘What if these weird seizures come
Upon you in those lands, and no one near
To point you out the shadow from the truth?
Take me; I’ll serve you better in a strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here;’ but ‘No!’
Roared the rough king, ‘you shall not; we ourself
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead
In iron gauntlets; break the council up.’

But when the council broke, I rose and passed
Thro’ the wild woods that hung about the town;
Found a still place, and plucked her likeness out;

72. LESS THAN FAME (reports her). As a matter of fact
he found her far greater than fame. Cf. IV, 424 ff.
78. Is Florian’s reference to his sister’s fortune of any
significance in inducing Cyril to go? Cf. II, 100; 193.
85. I GRATE ON RUSTY HINGES.—I molder, I wear out,
etc.
87. MAIDEN FANCIES.—Cf. 48.
90. HUNG.—Frequently used in this sense.
91. Cf. 37.
Laid it on flowers, and watched it lying bathed
In the green gleam of dewy-tasseled trees:
What were those fancies? wherefore break her troth?
Proud looked the lips; but while I meditated
A wind arose and rushed upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a Voice
Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win.'

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield, I stole from court
With Cyril and with Florian, unperceived,
Cat-footed thro' the town, and half in dread
To hear my father's clamor at our backs,
With 'Ho!' from some bay-window shake the night;
But all was quiet; from the bastioned walls
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we dropped,
And flying reached the frontier; then we crossed
To a livelier land; and so by tilth and grange,

93. This suggests the season of the year. Cf. In Memoriam, LXXXVI, 2.
96-99. Collins finds in these lines a reminder of a quatrain from Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, II, 1, 156-159. Tennyson did not recall the lines. His own first poetic line was, 'I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind.'
100. Note the beauty of this expression for the change of the moon from first quarter to full.
And vines, and blowing bosks of wilderness,
We gained the mother-city thick with towers,
And in the imperial palace found the king.

His name was Gama; cracked and small his voice,
But bland the smile that, like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water, drove his cheek in lines;
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king. Three days he feasted us,
And on the fourth I spake of why we came,
And my betrothed. ‘You do us, Prince,’ he said,
Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,
‘All honor. We remember love ourselves
In our sweet youth; there did a compact pass
Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—
I think the year in which our olives failed.
I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,
With my full heart; but there were widows here,
Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;
They fed her theories, in and out of place
Maintaining that with equal husbandry

111. Mother-city.—Metropolis. In Memoriam, XCVIII, 21.
116. Without a star (as an insignia of rank).—Can it mean born without a favorable horoscope?
121. Ourselves.—Cf. 'yourself,' V, 198; II, 46.
124. The unkingslike character of the king may be seen in his associating the betrothal of his daughter with so prosaic an event as the failure of the olive crop.
129. Husbandry.—Taken in connection with marriage here discussed, is this a play on words?
The woman were an equal to the man.
They harped on this; with this our banquets rang;
Our dances broke and buzzed in knots of talk;
Nothing but this; my very ears were hot
To hear them; knowledge, so my daughter held,
Was all in all; they had but been, she thought,
As children; they must lose the child, assume
The woman; then, Sir, awful odes she wrote,
Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,
But all she is and does is awful; odes
About this losing of the child; and rimes
And dismal lyrics, prophesying change
Beyond all reason; these the women sang;
And they that know such things—I sought but peace;

130. The theme of the poem.

134. Knowledge, etc.—This, as Dawson says, is the central point of the Princess’ delusion. But Tennyson is not deceived. In In Memoriam, CXIV, 22-23 and elsewhere in the same poem he distinguishes between knowledge and wisdom. This distinction is emphasized by sage and poet.

136. They must lose the child, assume the woman. Cf. Prl., 133; VII, 268. Second delusion. Cf. 134. The high wisdom of preserving childhood as life matures is lost sight of. The lyrics to be introduced have to do with childhood, and the dominant presence of Aglaia, Lady Psyche’s child, keeps childhood in the reader’s mind. It is the child, too, that changes the Princess.

140. This suggests the proposed intercalary poem, ‘The Losing of the Child,’ which is replaced by the first intercalary poem describing the losing of a child by death. Cf. The dismal lyrics and rhymes mentioned with the beautiful rhymeless lyrics in this poem.
No critic I—would call them masterpieces:
They mastered me. At last she begged a boon,
A certain summer palace which I have
Hard by your father's frontier; I said no,
Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there,
All wild to found an University
For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more
We know not,—only this: they see no men,
Not even her brother Arac, nor the twins
Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her
As on a kind of paragon; and I
(Pardon me saying it) were much loth to breed
Dispute betwixt myself and mine, but since
(And I confess with right) you think me bound
In some sort, I can give you letters to her;
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance
Almost at naked nothing.'

Thus the king;
And I, tho' nettled that he seemed to slur
With garrulous ease and oily courtesies
Our formal compact, yet, not less (all frets

149. UNIVERSITY.—This suggests the close analogy between this poem and Love's Labor's Lost. An UNIVERSITY.—Change to present usage.
151. This is the third delusion.
152. Cf. 36; V, 245.
155. Me.—Should this be "my"?
163-'4. 'All impediments serving only to aggravate my impatience to meet my betrothed face to face.'—Wallace. Compare the following interpretation which is justified by the construction: All obstacles inflaming me with desire to find my bride.
But chafing me on fire to find my bride
Went forth again with both my friends. We rode
Many a long league back to the North. At last,
From hills that looked across a land of hope,
We dropped with evening on a rustic town
Set in a gleaming river’s crescent-curve,
Close at the boundary of the liberties;
There, entered an old hostel, called mine host
To council, plied him with his richest wines,
And showed the late-writ letters of the king.

He with a long low sibilation, stared
As blank as death in marble; then exclaimed,
Averring it was clear against all rules
For any man to go; but as his brain
Began to mellow, ‘If the king,’ he said,
‘Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?
The king would bear him out;’ and at the last—
The summer of the vine in all his veins—
‘No doubt that we might make it worth his while.
She once had past that way; he heard her speak;

170. Liberties. ‘Preserves’—territory within which the Princess and her company were at liberty to move.
175 ff. Trace the steps by which the host persuades himself to reveal what he knows.
181. Cf. ‘For now the wine made summer in his veins.’—
Marriage of Geraint, 398.
182-191. This is the garrulous and unrefined twaddle of a host half-seas over.
She scared him; life! he never saw the like;
She looked as grand as doomsday, and as grave;
And he, he reverenced his liege-lady there;
He always made a point to post with mares;
His daughter and his housemaid were the boys;
The land, he understood, for miles about
Was tilled by women; all the swine were sows,
And all the dogs'—

But while he jested thus,
A thought flashed thro' me which I clothed in act,
Remembering how we three presented Maid,
Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of feast,
In masque or pageant at my father's court.
We sent mine host to purchase female gear;
He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake
The midriff of despair with laughter, holp
To lace us up, till, each, in maiden plumes
We rustled. Him we gave a costly bribe
To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds,
And boldly ventured on the liberties.

193. This no doubt is suggested by college experiences. See Memoir, I, p. 48.

195. Masque or pageant.—Read a brief description of these.

196. Gear.—Cf. head gear, head dress.

198. The midriff of despair.—To young readers this will recall the picture of Santa Claus shaking with laughter like a bowl of jelly. Cf. Shakespeare's i Henry IV, iii, 3.

198. Holp.—Pronounced 'hope.' Used still by negroes

201. Guerdon.—To reward.

We followed up the river as we rode,
And rode till midnight, when the college lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in copse
And linden alley; then we past an arch,
Whereon a woman-statue rose with wings
From four winged horses dark against the stars;
And some inscription ran along the front,
But deep in shadow: further on we gained
A little street, half garden and half house;
But scarce could hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose;
And all about us pealed the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a sign,
By two sphere lamps blazoned like Heaven and Earth

207–208. Recalling Niké, the goddess of Victory.
209. For this inscription see II, 178.
211. What mental picture do you get of this street?
217. Note different verbs used to suggest the nightingale's song. See IV, 247; In Memoriam, LXXXVIII.
218. Rapt.—A favorite Tennysonian word. Cf. Prl., 50; IV, 162.
218. In no fear of traps.
219. Bust of Pallas.—Minerva (Athene), the Virgin Goddess. Even the statues of the Princess' University are all of females.
220–221. That is, celestial and terrestrial globes.
With constellation and with continent,
Above an entry; riding in, we called;
A plump-armed ostleress and a stable wench
Came running at the call, and helped us down.
Then stept a buxom hostess forth, and sailed,
Full-blown, before us into rooms which gave
Upon a pillared porch, the bases lost
In laurel; her we asked of that and this,
And who were tutors. 'Lady Blanche,' she said,
'And Lady Psyche.' 'Which was prettiest,
Best-natured?' 'Lady Psyche.' 'Hers are we,'
One voice, we cried; and I sat down and wrote,
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East:

'Three ladies of the Northern empire pray
Your Highness would enroll them with your own,
As Lady Psyche's pupils.'

This I sealed;
The seal was Cupid bent above a scroll,

224. Determine from 204, 212, etc., the time.
225. Buxom.—'Brisk and healthy with a dash of good humor.'—Stormonth.
227. The classic architecture noted Prl., 225; II, 8-14, etc.
228. In spite of the grammarian's inhibition, the poets frequently use the superlative when referring to two.
229-230. Picture to yourself this handwriting, and note that it is not only disguised, but feminine. Cf. Iliad, II, 147-'8.
232. Would.—Cf. 'will.' Note tense sequence.
233-240. The college seal. If you have any skill in drawing, make a sketch of this seal.
And o'er his head Uranian Venus hung,
And raised the blinding bandage from his eyes;
I gave the letter to be sent with dawn;
And then to bed, where half in doze I seemed
To float about a glimmering night, and watch
A full sea, glazed with muffled moonlight, swell
On some dark shore just seen that it was rich.

240. Note that in this poem the bandage over love's eyes is removed by love. Cf. V, 427; VII, 101, 143, etc.
244. 'Suggestion: The Sea one night at Torquay.'—Tennyson.
245. It is a pity that this first Canto should end with a line of questionable grammatical construction and of unclear interpretation.
[THE RECONCILIATION.]

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.
FIRST INTERCALARY POEM.

Tennyson in the third edition of *The Princess* published in 1850, his Golden Year in life and letters, added to the Prologue lines 233-238, in explanation of the intercalary songs, and then for the first time suggests two purposes of these songs: first, "to give us breathing space," and second, 'to relieve the rougher voices of men by the linnet songs of women.' These purposes are admirably served, for the necessary breaks between the cantos are thus beautifully filled and the reader's mind refreshed. But the poems are of value in at least two other respects. They relieve the reader's ear by the grateful change from the linked and almost monotonous sweetness of elaborately polished blank verse to the varied forms of perfectly finished lyrics. Better still, in a poem where the main problem is the escape from the dependence and thralldom of childhood, the losing of the child, these little poems keep before the reader the child-image and hint the child's omnipresent influence and power.

This poem, *Reconciliation*, points to the past since it is memory of the child long lost that brings together the parents in blissful union over the little grave. The form of the poem has undergone several important changes. It was originally three-quatrains—the fourth line of the first and third stanzas were later additions—with the same rhyme of second and fourth line in each stanza. The second stanza was omitted in the edition of 1851, but, for some reason, hardly artistic, was restored in 1853.
II.

[THE WOLVES WITHIN THE FOLD.]

Welcomed by the President, Princess Ida, they are sent to hear Lady Psyche's harangue on Woman's Position. She recognizes them and extorts their promise to leave; but while they are conversing, Melissa overhears them, but promises to keep the secret. The conference closes with Cyril's half avowal of love. These new students then surfeit themselves with lectures, attend dinner, where Blanche watches them furtively, and mingle with the six-hundred. The full day ends with the chapel services.—Ed.

At break of day the College Portress came; She brought us Academic silks, in hue The lilac, with a silken hood to each, And zoned with gold; and now when these were on, And we as rich as moths from dusk cocoons, She, courtseying her obeisance, let us know The Princess Ida waited. Out we paced, I first, and following thro' the porch that sang

3-4. LILAC AND GOLD.—Psyche's colors. It would be interesting to trace the color-scheme of this whole poem. ZONED. —Cf. Byron's Maid of Athens.


7. PACED.—Note the mincing step of man in woman's dress.

8. SANG.—Rustled, rang. Does the word seem the best?
All round with laurel, issued in a court
Compact of lucid marbles, bossed with lengths
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers.
The Muses and the Graces, grouped in threes,
Enringed a billowing fountain in the midst;
And here and there on lattice edges lay
Or book or lute; but hastily we passed,
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper sat,
With two tame leopards couched beside her throne,
All beauty compassed in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man’s earth; such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down


10 ff. The ‘medley’ is emphasized by the difficulty of fixing upon any locality as consistent with the poem. This picture is almost tropical.

13. Muses.—Calliope, Clio, Euterpe, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, Urania, and Thalia. Were these grouped in threes after any particular order? The Graces were Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia. Are the Muse Thalia and the Grace Thalia identical?

17. Hall.—For descriptions see 62, 71; 416; IV, 206; VI, 334, etc.

21. Begin here to collect details for a complete picture of the Princess’ appearance.
From over her arched brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet. She rose her height, and said:
'We give you welcome; not without redound
Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger; aftertime,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?'
'We of the court,' said Cyril. 'From the court'
She answered; 'then ye know the Prince?' and he:
'The climax of his age! as tho' there were
One rose in all the world, your highness that,
He worships your ideal.' She replied:
'We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;

31. Fame.—Cf. Shakespeare's Love's Labor's Lost, I, i, 2;
Milton's Lycidas, etc.
35. It is apparent from this question that the Princess has
neither lost interest in the outside world nor in the Prince
particularly.
38. Your ideal.—His ideal (conception) of you; cf. III,
193; IV, 130.
43. Love of knowledge and of power.—Fourth delusion.
In I, 134, there is no indication that the Princess admitted any
power save in knowledge; here she distinguishes between
them. In VII, 221, she learns that truth rather than power is
to be sought in knowledge.
Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,
We dream not of him; when we set our hand
To this great work, we purposed, with ourself
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks which make us toys of men, that so,
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our lords ally
Your fortunes justlier balanced, scale with scale.'

At those high words, we, conscious of ourselves,
Perused the matting; then an officer
Rose up, and read the statutes, such as these:
Not for three years to correspond with home;
Not for three years to cross the liberties;
Not for three years to speak with any men;

44. The child.—Cf. Prl. 133; I, 136. This is a grave
offense in the eyes of the Princess.
45. Hardly consistent with the interested question in line
35.
48. Cast and fling.—Throw away.
52. The desire for equality is the theme of the poem, as
suggested in I, 130. This desire is met in VII, 290 ff. Cf.
Eve's Third Temptation, Milton's Paradise Lost, IX, 820 ff.
56. The laws of the Princess' University are analogous to
those of the 'Academe' in Love's Labor's Lost, I, i, 33-48.

1. "That is, to live and study here three years."
2. "As, not to see a woman in that term."
3. "And one day in a week to touch no food,
   And but one meal on every day beside."
4. "And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
   And not be seen to wink of all the day."
And many more, which hastily subscribed,  
We entered on the boards; and ‘Now,’ she cried,  
‘Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall!  
Our statues!—not of those that men desire,  
Sleek odalisques, or oracles of mode,  
Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she  
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she  
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,  
The Carian Artemisia strong in war,  
The Rhodope that built the pyramid,  

60. Entered on the boards.—This is presumably a technical phrase for registered as students, matriculated.  
62. ‘The statues are there of eight of the most eminent women of antiquity, representing respectively legislative sagacity, political enterprise, military prowess, architectural skill, physical courage, intellectual culture, imperial ambition, and wifely devotion.’—Wallace.  
63. Odalisques.—Female slaves of a harem. Oracles of Mode.—Patterns of fashion.  
64. She.—Egeria, who was supposed to have instructed Numa, a Sabine King of Rome. Cf. Palace of Art; Byron’s Childe Harold, IV, CXV–CXIX.  
66. Foundress.—Semiramis, wife of King Ninus, and queen of Assyria, famed for her military prowess. She was queen of Babylonia when Pyramus wooed Thisbe. Cf. Shakespeare’s Midsummer Night’s Dream, III, i, 1-104, and V, i, 128 ff., etc.  
68. Rhodope.—“It has been shown by Bunsen and others that ‘the Rhodope that built the pyramid’ was Nitocris, the beautiful Egyptian queen, who was the heroine of so many legends.” (Wharton, Sappho, p. 6.) Cf. Landor’s Æsop and Rhodope in the Imaginary Conversations.
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows
Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and lose
Convention, since to look on noble forms
Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism
That which is higher. O lift your natures up;
Embrace our aims; work out your freedom. Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble. Leave us; you may go;
To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue

69. Clelia.—One of the virgin hostages given to Porsena. Because of her gallantry she was released. The Romans erected a statue to her. Cornelia.—To her a statue was erected with the inscription, 'Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi.' Palmyrene.—Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, was defeated by Aurelian.

71. Agrippina.—Granddaughter of Augustus and wife of Germanicus. Noted for her culture and her household devotion.

71-74. Cf. Prov. xiii, 20; Acts iv, 3; Romans xii, 2.
72-74. Cf. Shelley; Prince Athanase, II, i, 15: 'The mind becomes that which it contemplates.' Cf. Romans xii, 2; 2 Cor. iii, 18.
75-76. Cf. V, 409, 413.
78-79. Is this a catalogue of feminine vices?
81. Harangue.—Is this intended to suggest the incoherent character of female thought and expression? Substitute another word.
The fresh arrivals of the week before;
For they press in from all the provinces,
And fill the hive.'

She spoke, and bowing waved
Dismissal; back again we crossed the court
To Lady Psyche's. As we entered in,
There sat along the forms, like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils; she herself
Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,
A quick brunette, well-molded, falcon-eyed,
And on the hither side, or so she looked,
Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,
In shining draperies, headed like a star,
Her maiden babe, a double April old,
Aglaia slept. We sat; the Lady glanced;
Then Florian—but no livelier than the dame

84. Hive.—Cf. IV, 514.
87. Forms.—Benches. Doves.—Cf. IV, 150.
90. Note the exquisite school-room furniture. To begin
with, a satin-wood desk.
91. Contrast this picture with that of Lady Blanche, 424.
92. Hither side.—Less than twenty years old. Her age
given by summers, the child's by springs (95). Cf. Ida's age,
VI, 234.
94. Shining draperies.—VI, 118.
96. Aglaïa.—Named after one of the Graces, 13.
97-98. In classic Mythology it is Midas' hairdresser who
digs a hole in the ground and confides to it the secret that
his master has ass's ears, but Tennyson follows the Chaucer
version in the Wife of Bath's Tale.
That whispered 'Asses' ears' among the sedge—
'My sister.' 'Comely, too, by all that's fair,'
Said Cyril. 'O hush, hush!' and she began.

'This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets; then the monster, then the man;
Tattooed or woaded, winter-clad in skins,
Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
As yet we find in barbarous isles,—and here
Among the lowest.'

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious past;
Glanced at the legendary Amazon

101. This nebular hypothesis, hinted at by the ancients,
was first set forth by Laplace, about the beginning of the
nineteenth century. Cf. Tennyson's references to it, IV, 1,
*In Memoriam*, LXXXIX, 12; CXVIII, 3.
the order of creation with Genesis i; Milton's *Paradise Lost*,
VII, 242, 547.

101. Compare with Prior's *Alma*, I, 369, 378. This speech
of Lady Psyche's, on Woman's State, deals with Hypothesis,
Tradition, History, and Prophecy, as related to woman.

105. Woaded.—Dyed with woad, a plant from which a blue
coloring matter was extracted.

106. From the Prime.—Originally. Cf. *In Memoriam*,
XLIII; LVI.

110. Amazon.—One of the Asiatic tribe of female war-
riors. Frequent references in Shakespeare; *King John*, V,
ii; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, ii; 1 *Henry VI*, i, 4.
Read some description of these warriors.
As emblematic of a nobler age;
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire, and the woman's state in each,
How far from just; till, warming with her theme,
She fulminated out her scorn of laws Salique,
And little-footed China; touched on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry,
When some respect, however slight, was paid
To woman—superstition all awry;
However, then commenced the dawn; a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert

112. Lycian custom.—The Lycians reckoned ancestry entirely by the maternal line. Does 'appraised' equal 'praised'?  
113. Lar and Lucumo, i.e., Lord and Prince.  
118-119. Mahomet.—With much contempt. Why? Because he once denied that women had souls, or because he supposed hell chiefly peopled with women, or because of his sensual conception of heaven?  
121. This phrase should stand grammatically next to 'respect,' and thus explain its nature.  
125. Tribute to Ida.  
None lordlier than themselves but that which made
Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught;
Let them not fear. Some said their heads were less;
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size;
Besides, the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more, was more.
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field; some ages had been lost;
But woman ripened earlier, and her life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scattered stars, yet since in truth
The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
With woman. And in arts of government
Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace

128. That which.—Him who, i.e., God. Is the form intended to hint at Psyche's belief in a creative force rather than a creating Person?
129. Order of superiority not of creation.
130. Reproductive rather than original. 367; Prl., 136.
143. Note this poetic variation of 'horny-handed sons of toil.'
144. Do these three measure Tennyson's conception of man's greatness? See Palace of Art.
146. Elizabeth.—The Virgin Queen (1558-1603).
147. Joan.—Cf. Schiller, Lamartine, DeQuincey, etc.
Sappho and others, vied with any man:
And, last not least, she who had left her place,
And bowed her state to them, that they might grow
To use and power on this oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.

At last

She rose upon a wind of prophecy,
Dilating on the future: 'Everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropped for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind;
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more;
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.'

She ended here, and beckoned us; the rest
Parted; and, glowing full-faced welcome, she

148. Sappho.—'The Poetess.' She seems to have been a
favorite of Tennyson. Cf. Leonine Elegiacs, 13; Eleanore,
127, 141, etc.
149. Ida is put in this same class of heroines.
150. Bowed her state, i. e., stooped to conquer.
164. Cf. Prl., 132, III, 256; VII, 159. Cf. also The Poet; The Poet's Mind, etc.
166. Full-faced welcome.—Because they were new pupils
Began to address us, and was moving on
In gratulation, till, as when a boat
Tacks, and the slackened sail flaps, all her voice
Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she cried,
‘My brother!’ ‘Well, my sister.’ ‘O,’ she said,
‘What do you here? and in this dress? and these?
Why, who are these? a wolf within the fold!
A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!
A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!’
‘No plot, no plot,’ he answered. ‘Wretched boy,
How saw you not the inscription on the gate,
LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF DEATH’?
‘And if I had,’ he answered, ‘who could think
The softer Adams of your Academe,
O sister, Sirens tho’ they be, were such
As chanted on the blanching bones of men?’
‘But you will find it otherwise,’ she said.

or because she recognized them? If she recognized them,
did she break down in her attempt to conceal the fact?
171. Is this her first recognition of her brother, or her first
confession of it?
178. Cf. Dante’s Inferno. ‘All hope abandon, ye who enter
here.’
179. He had not read it because of darkness. I, 209.
180. Shakespeare’s Love’s Labor’s Lost, I, 1, 13. Name
borrowed from Plato’s school at Athens. Softer Adams,
i. e., effeminate men; points to inferiority and false con-
ception of themselves.
181. Sirens.—Muses who, by their sweet singing, enticed
sea-farers to destruction, IV, 44-48; Odyssey, XII; Moore’s
Song of the Sirens; Rossetti’s Sea Spell; Heine’s Lorelei, etc.
'You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! My vow
Binds me to speak, and O that iron will,
That axe-like edge unturnable, our Head,
The Princess.' 'Well then, Psyche, take my life,
And nail me like a weasel on a grange
For warning; bury me beside the gate,
And cut this epitaph above my bones:
Here lies a brother by a sister slain,
All for the common good of womankind.'
'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'having seen
And heard the Lady Psyche.'

I struck in:
'Albeit so masked, Madam, I love the truth;
Receive it; and in me behold the Prince
Your countryman, affianced years ago
To the Lady Ida; here, for here she was,
And thus (what other way was left?) I came.'
'O Sir, O Prince, I have no country, none;
If any, this; but none. Whate'er I was
Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.

184. Ill jesting with edge-tools.—Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune, II, 2. What is the origin of this proverb?
185. Iron will.—Characterization of Ida, I, 47; VI, 102, etc.
193. An echo of the Nunc Dimittis. Cyril first introduces himself to Lady Psyche by subtle flattery.
195. In spite of my enacted falsehood I love the truth.
198-199. The prince's comment on her exclamation 'a plot,' 175.
Affianced, Sir? Love-whispers may not breathe
Within this vestal limit, and how should I,
Who am not mine, say, live? The thunderbolt
Hangs silent; but prepare; I speak; it falls.'
'Yet pause,' I said: 'for that inscription there,
I think no more of deadly lurks therein
Than in a clapper clapping in a garth,
To scare the fowl from fruit; if more there be,
If more and acted on, what follows? war;
Your own work marred; for this your Academe,
Whichever side be victor, in the halloo
Will topple to the trumpet down, and pass
With all fair theories only made to gild
A stormless summer.' 'Let the Princess judge
Of that,' she said; 'farewell, Sir—and to you.
I shudder at the sequel, but I go.'

'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I rejoined,
'The fifth in line from that old Florian—
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall
(The gaunt old Baron with his beetle brow

204. Vestal limits.—Territory consecrated to hearts free
from all thoughts of earthly love.
207. For, i. c., as for.
209. Garth.—Garden.
214. Unsubstantially built this Academe will totter and fall
222. Beetle brow.—Having prominent or projecting
brows.
Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)
As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he fell,
And all else fled? we point to it, and we say,
The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold,
But branches current yet in kindred veins.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian added; 'she
With whom I sang about the morning hills,
Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly,
And snared the squirrel of the glen? are you
That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing brow,
To smooth my pillow, mix the foaming draught
Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read
My sickness down to happy dreams? are you
That brother-sister Psyche, both in one?
You were that Psyche, but what are you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said, 'for whom
I would be that for ever which I seem,

223. Sun-shaded. This may mean browned or burnt by exposure to the sun, but it would seem naturally to mean protected from the sun (not by the uplifted hand, as Wallace suggests), but by the helmet.

224. Bestrode (for defense).—Cf. Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, V, i, 192; *Henry IV*, V, i, 122, etc.

227. Current.—This might mean 'at present.' It probably means, however, 'running.'

229. Morning hills. Cf. Ænone, 46; Shakespeare's *Henry V*, IV, ii, 40; *Taming of the Shrew*, II, i, 174, etc.

Woman, if I might sit beside your feet,
And glean your scattered sapience."

Then once more,

'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I began,
'That on her bridal morn, before she past
From all her old companions, when the king
Kissed her pale cheek, declared that ancient ties
Would still be dear beyond the southern hills;
That were there any of our people there
In want or peril, there was one to hear
And help them? Look! for such are these and I.'

'Are you that Psyche,' Florian asked, 'to whom,
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn
Came flying while you sat beside the well?
The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,
And sobbed, and you sobbed with it, and the blood
Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept.
That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you wept.
O by the bright head of my little niece,
You were that Psyche, and what are you now?'

'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said again,

240. Woman.—This word is not vocative, but is the complement of 'I seem.'

241. Sapience is wisdom, but does Cyril mean to limit her wisdom to disconnected and incoherent gleanings?


254. Sobbed.—This recalls 'the sobbing deer' of Shakespeare's As You Like It, II, i, 66, and reminds the reader of the sympathy of melancholy Jacques.

255. Kirtle.—Short skirt.
'The mother of the sweetest little maid
That ever crowed for kisses.'

'Out upon it!'
She answered, 'peace! and why should I not play
The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
Him you call great; he for the common weal,
The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child, if good need were,
Slew both his sons; and I, shall I, on whom
The secular emancipation turns
Of half this world, be swerved from right to save
A prince, a brother? A little will I yield;
Best so, perchance, for us, and well for you.
O hard, when love and duty clash! I fear

260. Cyril is an adept in insinuating flattery. By every speech he ingratiates himself with Psyche.

263. Spartan Mother.—She gave her seven sons to the cause of Sparta, and, though they perished, shouted 'Victory!'
This may have no more specific reference than to deal with emotions as Spartans were taught to do, namely, sacrifice them.

264. Lucius Junius Brutus.—The Roman father who had his own sons executed for violation of law. For an illustration of stern and uncompromising justice she refers to a man. Are there any other masculine illustrations?

266. Fading . . . mortal.—These suggest transiency.

269. Secular.—In contrast with above, suggests permanency for ages. Lat. seculum. In Memoriam, XLI, 6; LXXVI, 2.

271. There is a striking omission of a third, neither prince nor brother, but lover.

My conscience will not count me fleckless; yet—
Hear my conditions: promise (otherwise
You perish), as you came, to slip away
To-day, to-morrow, soon; it shall be said,
These women were too barbarous, would not learn;
They fled, who might have shamed us; promise, all.'

What could we else? we promised each; and she,
Like some wild creature newly-caged, commenced
A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused
By Florian; holding out her lily arms
Took both his hands, and smiling faintly said:
'I knew you at the first; tho' you have grown,
You scarce have altered; I am sad and glad
To see you, Florian. I give thee to death,
My brother! it was duty spoke, not I.
My needful seeming harshness, pardon it.
Our mother, is she well?'

With that she kissed
His forehead, then, a moment after, clung
About him, and betwixt them blossomed up
From out a common vein of memory

285. *Cf.* 166 and 171.
289. **Seeming harshness.**—That is, not harshness, though before the others it was *needful* that it should *seem* so.
292-293. **Blossomed** , , , from a *vein.*—Is this a mixed metaphor?
Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,
And far allusion, till the gracious dews
Began to glisten and to fall: and while
They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice:
‘I brought a message here from Lady Blanche.’
Back started she, and turning round we saw
The Lady Blanche’s daughter where she stood,
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly
(HER mother’s color), with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes
As bottom agates, seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.
So stood that same fair creature at the door.
Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah—Melissa—you!
You heard us?' and Melissa, 'O pardon me,
I heard, I could not help it, did not wish:
But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,
Nor think I bear that heart within my breast,
To give three gallant gentlemen to death.'
'I trust you,' said the other, 'for we two
Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine:
But yet your mother's jealous temperament—
Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove
The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear
This whole foundation ruin, and I lose
My honor, these their lives.' 'Ah, fear me not,'
Replied Melissa; 'no—I would not tell,
No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,
No, not to answer, Madam, all those hard things
That Sheba came to ask of Solomon.'

313. Melissa is evidently romantic and sentimental. Her
interest in this convent-system is not instinctive, but derived
by compulsion from Lady Blanche. Hence the revolt is
easy.

316. The figure is classic. Catullus, LXII, 49, 56; Ovid,
Amor, II, XVI. Cf. also Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's
Dream, III, ii, 201; IV, i, 48; Comedy of Errors, II, ii,
176.

319. Danaïd.—The Danaïds murdered their husbands on
their wedding nights, and were compelled as punishment to
pour water into vessels full of holes. This figure is too aca-
demic to be in any wise colloquial.

323. Aspasia.—The companion of Pericles, noted for her

325. Sheba.—Queen of Sheba. 1 Kings x; 2 Chronicles
'Be it so,' the other, 'that we still may lead
The new light up, and culminate in peace;
For Solomon may come to Sheba yet.'
Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the wisest man
Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls
Of Lebanese cedar: nor should you
(Tho', Madam, you should answer, we would ask)
Less welcome find among us, if you came
Among us, debtors for our lives to you,
Myself for something more.' He said not what;
But 'Thanks,' she answered; 'go; we have been too long
Together; keep your hoods about the face;
They do so that affect abstraction here.
Speak little; mix not with the rest; and hold
Your promise; all, I trust, may yet be well.'

ix. For the use of Sheba, or Saba, as the name of the Queen, see Henry VIII, V, v.

327. The new light.—'New lights' was technically used to characterize religious seceders who claimed to have more and better light on religious questions. The new light here is the advanced view as to woman's sphere and power.

328. Psyche's aim is not equality, but superiority.

329. For the Bible story read i Kings v, 10.

332. This parenthesis seems to mean this: Though, madam, you, a woman (Sheba), should answer the questions that we men (Solomons) would ask; that is, should the Solomons ask questions and the Shebas answer them?

335. Lady Psyche readily understood the 'something more' he would not in the presence of others declare.
We turned to go, but Cyril took the child,
And held her round the knees against his waist,
And blew the swoln cheek of a trumpeter,
While Psyche watched them, smiling, and the child
Pushed her flat hand against his face and laughed;
And thus our conference closed.

And then we strolled
For half the day thro' stately theatres
Benched crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard
The grave Professor. On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration; followed then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thundrous epic lilted out

341. Cyril's adroit attack upon Lady Psyche's affection is continued. Through the child he will yet win the mother's love, 260; V, 102; VII, 68, etc.
345. Explain the use of flat.
347. A memory of Cambridge?
349. The grave Professor.—Is this language conventional, satirical, or sincere? Lecture slate.—That is, blackboards. Is this technical or poetic?
349-363. This description of the educational processes is perhaps a commentary on the curriculum of girls' schools. Geometry: 350. Classic Poems, Epics, Elegies and Odes: ff. 352. Government, history, psychology, ethics, physiology, geology, astronomy, ornithology, ichthyology, conchology, botany, electricity, chemistry—and all the rest: 358-362. This is a formidable array!
353. Note the contrast between 'thundrous' and 'lilted out' (i. e., 'declaimed in a feminine voice,'—Hallam Tennyson).
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever; then we dipped in all
That treats of whatsoever is: the State;
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame; the rock,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest;
And whatsoever can be taught and known;
Till, like three horses that have broken fence
And glutted all night long breast-deep in corn,
We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke:
‘Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as we.’
‘They hunt old trails,’ said Cyril, ‘very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?’
‘Ungracious!’ answered Florian; ‘have you learnt
No more from Psyche’s lecture, you that talked
The trash that made me sick, and almost sad?’

354. The lecturers on poetry seem to wear Psyche’s colors, 3, etc. Were Blanche’s disciples given to mathematics, etc.?
355. Jewels five-words-long.—These are heroic lines, i.e., iambic lines of five bars.
360. Cf. III, 289. Their knowledge here was limited.
366. Knowledge.—Knowledge is power is Ida’s dogma, so acquisition, not assimilation, is the ideal. Multiply facts.
367. Woman’s reproductive faculty is here put in contrast with her inventive.
369. Do you admit the proposition implied in this rhetorical question?
372. Cf. 192; also 238, 329.
'O trash,' he said, 'but with a kernel in it.
Should I not call her wise, who made me wise?
And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash,
Than if my brainpan were an empty hull,
And every Muse tumbled a science in.
A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,
And round these halls a thousand baby loves
Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts,
Whence follows many a vacant pang; but O
With me, Sir, entered in the bigger boy,
The Head of all the golden-shafted firm,
The long-limbed lad that had a Psyche too;
He cleft me thro' the stomacher. And now
What think you of it, Florian? do I chase
The substance or the shadow? will it hold?

377. As illustrated by the methods of this University see 349-363.
378. Cf. 448. Which is intended to represent the attendance?
379. This seems to denote the faintest intimation of unawakened love.
382. Bigger boy.—Cupid himself, the chief of all the retinue having golden arrows. The prosaic word 'firm' is in Cyril's character.
384. The story of Cupid and Psyche may be found in Moore's *The Earthly Paradise*, Harvey's *Cupid and Psyche*, Keats' *Ode to Psyche*, etc. The story is first found in the writings of Apuleius.
385. Stomacher.—Is this an article of man's clothing? Cyril rather prefers the slangy tone.
I have no sorcerer's malison on me,
No ghostly hauntings like His Highness. I
Flatter myself that always everywhere
I know the substance when I see it. Well,
Are castles shadows? Three of them? Is she,
The sweet proprietress, a shadow? If not,
Shall those three castles patch my tattered coat?
For dear are those three castles to my wants,
And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,
And two dear things are one of double worth;
And much I might have said, but that my zone
Unmanned me; then the Doctors! O to hear
The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty plants
Imbibing! once or twice I thought to roar,
To break my chain, to shake my mane; but thou
Modulate me, soul of mincing mimicry!
Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat;

388. Malison.—Compare the similarly formed antonym benison. Malison is not an unusual word in old ballads.


391-397. Cyril’s account of his love for Florian’s sister is not creditable to his heart, since it is confessedly mercenary, bent on substantial gain; or creditable to his taste, since his avowal of his cupidity is to Florian himself.


398. Zone.—Cf. 4.

401. Cyril did not preserve this ‘modulation.’ Cf. IV, 137.

403. Cf. As You Like It, I, iii, 117. Shakespeare often clothes women with men’s garb and manners. Note Tennyson’s attempt to do the reverse.

404. Bassoon.—This is a reed instrument of guttural timbre, cf. IV, 74.
Abase those eyes that ever loved to meet
Star-sisters answering under crescent brows;
Abate the stride which speaks of man, and loose
A flying charm of blushes o'er this cheek,
Where they like swallows coming out of time
Will wonder why they came; but hark the bell
For dinner, let us go!

And in we streamed
Among the columns, pacing staid and still
By twos and threes, till all from end to end
With beauties every shade of brown and fair,
In colors gayer than the morning mist,
The long hall glittered like a bed of flowers.
How might a man not wander from his wits
Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own
Intent on her who, rapt in glorious dreams.
The second-sight of some Astræan age,
Sat compassed with Professors; they, the while,
Discussed a doubt and tossed it to and fro;
A clamor thickened, mixed with inmost terms

409. THEY refers to 'blushes.' The simile, 'like . . . time,' should be set off with commas.
410. Cyril seems to be mundane as well as mercenary.
415. Colors.—Principally violet and golden, 3, 4; and yellow, 303.
419. Her.—Ida, 18 ff.
420. Astræan.—Astraea, goddess of innocence and purity, who abandoned the world in the Age of Iron. Her return with a Golden Age was predicted. Virgil, Eclogue, IV, 6. Milton's Hymn on the Nativity. Pope's Messiah, etc.
Of art and science; Lady Blanche alone,
Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments,
With all her autumn tresses falsely brown,
Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
In act to spring.

At last a solemn grace
Concluded, and we sought the gardens; there
One walked reciting by herself, and one
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smoothed a petted peacock down with that.
Some to a low song oared a shallop by,
Or under arches of the marble bridge
Hung, shadowed from the heat; some hid and sought
In the orange thickets; others tossed a ball
Above the fountain-jets, and back again
With laughter; others lay about the lawns—
Of the older sort—and murmured that their May

425-428. Contrast Lady Blanche in form, features, dress,
age, manners, and spirit with Lady Psyche, 91 ff.
428. Is the grace after, rather than before, meals an Eng-
lish custom?
431. As.—As if. Pretense of study. 338.
432. Peacock.—Is this the only male thing within the
liberties? Is he tolerated because of his feminine vanity of
splendid colors?
433. Oared.—IV, 165. Would 'rowed' suggest too much
effort?
434. Another reminder of the Cam and the poet's univer-
sity days.
436. Orange.—Another hint as to the southern locality of
this Academe.
439. Nature will assert itself. 35; 287; 313; I, 2.
439 ff. The spirit of discontent has already entered.
Was passing; what was learning unto them? 440
They wished to marry; they could rule a house;
Men hated learned women;—but we three
Sat muffled like the Fates; and often came
Melissa, hitting all we saw with shafts
Of gentle satire, kin to charity,
That harmed not. Then day drooped; the chapel bells
Called us; we left the walks; we mixed with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven
A blessing on her labors for the world. 455

443. Muffled.—337 ff. Atropos was the only 'muffled' Fate. The others were Clotho and Lachesis.
448. Purest white.—In white surplices. 'They were in white at chapel, as we Cantabs were at our Trinity College Chapel in Cambridge.'—Tennyson to Rolfe.
450. For the music of the lines, cf. In Memoriam, LXXXVII, 2.
454. Did the 'new light' (327) demand a new ritual and new hymns or were those generally used repudiated because they were man-made? Woman's religious instinct prevails, no matter what her vagaries.
[THE LULLABY.]

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

This second intercalary poem—The Lullaby—suggests perhaps the sense of fancied security and safety from all intrusion into which this Academe is lulled. It points more directly to the present. The child is not only the reconciling medium of differences between father and mother, man and woman, it is also the unifying power of the family. The happiness of the mother, the hope of the father is in the child. The child image is still kept before us; for it is the child that will soften Ida's heart and solve her problems. This poem was probably suggested by Theocritus XXIV, 7-9, and its present form was chosen by Mrs. Tennyson, who, because of its song-like quality, preferred it to the poem given in The Memoir of Tennyson, I, 255.
III.

[THE RIDE TO THE NORTH.]

[After much difficulty in dressing themselves in woman's garb, they are standing near the fountain when Melissa tells them that Blanche has learned the truth that they are men. Melissa bids them flee. Florian shows signs of falling in love with Melissa, while the Prince defends Ida. Cyril recounts how, by the appeal to her ambition, he has temporarily pacified Blanche. A message comes that the Prince will ride to the north on a scientific expedition. On the way the Prince (unrecognized) speaks of his love, and the Princess tells of her plans and purposes.—Ed.]

Morn in the white wake of the morning star Came furrowing all the orient into gold. We rose, and each by other dressed with care, Descended to the court, that lay three parts In shadow, but the Muses' heads were touched, Above the darkness, from their native East.

There, while we stood beside the fount, and watched Or seemed to watch the dancing bubble, approached

1-2. These beautiful lines need no explanation; they simply need realization. Venus precedes the Sun, who fills the East with rolling ridges of gold. Some day find the lines reproduced in the heavens.

Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of sleep,
Or grief, and glowing round her dewy eyes
The circled Iris of a night of tears;
And 'Fly,' she cried, 'O fly, while yet you may!
My mother knows;' and when I asked her 'How?'
'My fault,' she wept, 'my fault! and yet not mine;
Yet mine in part. O hear me, pardon me.
My mother, 't is her wont from night to night
To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
She says the Princess should have been the Head,
Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms;
And so it was agreed when first they came;
But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,
And she the left, or not or seldom used;
Hers more than half the students, all the love.
And so last night she fell to canvass you:
*Her* countrywomen! she did not envy her.
"Who ever saw such wild barbarians?
Girls?—more like men!" and at these words the snake,

9. **Tinged with wan.**—Pale. The derivation of 'wan' is
typical peculiar (see Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*), but
Tennyson is using it with exactness. Cf. Milton's *Paradise
Lost*, X, 1009, 'dyed with pale.'

11. **Iris**—The rainbow. This word, suggested in connec-
tion with eyes by the technical name for a part of the eye,
conveys the idea of variegated color rather than that of dark-
ness induced by weeping. The word is not suggestive.

21-23. Note Lady Blanche's jealousy. This, rather than
her convictions as to the usefulness of the Academe, will

26. **Barbarians.**—II, 278; IV, 516.

27. She had watched them to good purpose. II, 33, 427.
My secret, seemed to stir within my breast;
And oh, Sirs, could I help it? but my cheek
Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye
To fix and make me hotter, till she laughed:
"O marvelously modest maiden, you!
Men! girls like men! why, if they had been men
You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus
For wholesale comment."
Pardon, I am shamed
That I must needs repeat for my excuse
What looks so little graceful; "Men" (for still
My mother went revolving on the word),
"And so they are,—very like men indeed,
And with that woman closeted for hours!"
Then came these dreadful words out one by one,
"Why—these—arch—men;" I shuddered; "and you
know it."
"O ask me nothing," I said; "And she knows too,
And she conceals it." So my mother clutched
The truth at once, but with no word from me;

30. II, 427. The sharpness and shrewdness of the preying
animal is in her jealousy.
32-42. The steps by which Blanche reaches certainty in
her suspicion might be compared with those by which
Othello reaches assurance, or Leontes in The Winter's Tale
is confirmed in his jealousy.
34. In Rubric.—In red (blushes), as in old books, initials
and significant words were sometimes printed.
42. This discovery is the dynamic point of this Canto, as
Lady Psyche's was of the second and Ida's of the fourth. I
shuddered is parenthetic and might be so written.
44. Clutched.—This seems to indicate a bird of prey.
And now thus early risen she goes to inform
The Princess; Lady Psyche will be crushed;
But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly;
But heal me with your pardon ere you go.'

'What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?' said Cyril: 'Pale one, blush again; than wear
Those lilies, better blush our lives away.
Yet let us breathe for one hour more in Heaven,' He added, 'lest some classic angel speak
In scorn of us, "They mounted, Ganymedes,
To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn."
But I will melt this marble into wax
To yield us farther furlough;' and he went.

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought
He scarce would prosper. 'Tell us,' Florian asked,
'How grew this feud betwixt the right and left.'
'O long ago,' she said, 'betwixt these two
Division smolders hidden; 'tis my mother
Too jealous, often fretful as the wind
Pent in a crevice; much I bear with her;
I never knew my father, but she says

49. Heal.—Make whole, restore.
55. Ganymede was carried up by an eagle; Vulcan was
cast from Olympus. Cf. for Ganymede, Palace of Art; Mil-
ton's Paradise Regained, II, 353, etc. For Vulcan, cf. Mil-
ton's Paradise Lost, I, 740-6.
57. Cyril's boast to overcome Blanche's hardness is made
good, 140-151.
61. Cf. 19, 141.
(God help her) she was wedded to a fool;  
And still she railed against the state of things.  
She had the care of Lady Ida's youth,  
And from the Queen's decease she brought her up.  
But when your sister came she won the heart  
Of Ida; they were still together, grew  
(For so they said themselves) inosculated;  
Consonant chords that shiver to one note;  
One mind in all things; yet my mother still  
Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,  
And angled with them for her pupils' love;  
She calls her plagiarist; I know not what;  
But I must go; I dare not tarry,' and light  
As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled.  

Then murmured Florian, gazing after her,  
'An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.  
If I could love, why this were she; how pretty

68. Still.—Continually. Cf. 72; I, 56.  
69. Cf. VI, 217 ff.  
72. Does Melissa, a young girl, thus speak of the haughty head of this great institution?  
73. Inosculated.—To run together by kisses; united by affection.  
74. Consonant chords.—Two lives so alike that they respond identically to the same impression, just as two consonant chords will vibrate to a given note.  
78. Plagiarist.—A kidnapper, particularly of literary wares.  
82. Florian falls in love with less precipitancy, and is abashed by his feeling. Cf. Cyril, 51-53.
Her blushing was, and how she blushed again,
As if to close with Cyril's random wish;
Not like your Princess cram'd with erring pride,
Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow.'

'The crane,' I said, 'may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I,
An eagle, clang an eagle to the sphere.
My princess, O my princess!—True, she errs,
But in her own grand way; being herself
Three times more noble than threescore of men,
She sees herself in every woman else;
And so she wears her error like a crown
To blind the truth and me; for her, and her,

86-87. Florian's view of Ida as full of erring pride and of Psyche as merely a dependent of Ida's is not complimentary to either.
88-89. Are these lines to be construed as of personal reference? Psyche and Cyril do not lack words; Florian and Melissa are somewhat 'turtle-doveish;' but the Prince and the Princess are eagles bent on high flight.
90. Clang.—Celebrate with clangor (Century Dictionary). Did Tennyson create this meaning for the word by his use of it in this poem? Cf. IV, 415; cf. also Paradise Lost, XI, 835, 'sea-mew's clang.' Sphere.—The overarching heavens.
94. The Prince thinks her chief error is in her misjudgment of other women when she thinks them equal to herself.
96. For her, and her.—Lady Psyche and Melissa, the loves of Cyril and Florian; or Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche, the right and left of Ida? Probably the latter.
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix
The nectar; but—ah she!—whene’er she moves
The Samian Hebe rises, and she speaks
A Memnon smitten with the morning sun.’

So saying, from the court we paced, and gained
The terrace ranged along the Northern front,
And leaning there on those balusters, high
Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale
That, blown about the foliage underneath,
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came
Cyril, and yawning, ‘O hard task,’ he cried,
‘No fighting shadows here! I forced a way
Thro’ solid opposition, crabbed and gnarled.
Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump

97. Hebe.—The cupbearer of the gods.
99. Samian Here.—Hera (Juno) of Samos.
100. Memnon.—Killed by Achilles. His statue near
Thebes was said to emit a musical note when struck by the
rising sun.
103. Is this pronunciation of ‘balusters’ correct?
104. Empurpled.—’Blue in the distance’ (Wallace); VI,
179. In Memoriam, XXXVIII, 3. See also VII, 187. Cham-
paign. Cf. campaign. Campagna; flat, open country.
106. Cf. V, 13, etc.
109. That is, in trying to overcome Lady Blanche. Cf.
57, 151.
111. Prime.—Primeval. A Miltonic use.
111–112. This euphemistic periphrasis for street paving
is in keeping with Tennyson’s over-elaborate poetizing of the
unpoetical.
A league of street in summer solstice down,  
Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman.  
I knocked and, bidden, entered; found her there  
At point to move, and settled in her eyes  
The green malignant light of coming storm.

Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oiled  
As man's could be; yet maiden-meek I prayed  
Concealment; she demanded who we were,  
And why we came? I fabled nothing fair,

But, your example pilot, told her all.  
Up went the hushed amaze of hand and eye.  
But when I dwelt upon your old affiance,  
She answered sharply that I talked astray.

I urged the fierce inscription on the gate,  
And our three lives. True—we had limed ourselves  
With open eyes, and we must take the chance.  
But such extremes, I told her, well might harm

115. At point to move.—The more usual form is 'on the point,' or 'at the point.' Cf. Lat. *In eo est*, and Ger. *Auf dem Punkt*.


121-149. Cyril tries frankness, love-story, danger, pity, policy, maternal love, terror, and ambition, and succeeds by this last. Cf. The arguments and appeals by which Psyche is won, II, 195 ff.


L. of C.
The woman's cause. "Not more than now," she said, 
"So puddled as it is with favoritism."
I tried the mother's heart. Shame might befall
Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew;
Her answer was "Leave me to deal with that."
I spoke of war to come, and many deaths,
And she replied, her duty was to speak,
And duty duty, clear of consequences.
I grew discouraged, Sir; but since I knew
No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years,
I recommenced: "Decide not ere you pause.
I find you here but in the second place,
Some say the third—the authentic foundress you.
I offer boldly—we will seat you highest;
Wink at our advent; help my prince to gain
His rightful bride, and here I promise you
Some palace in our land, where you shall reign
The head and heart of all our fair she-world,
And your great name flow on with broadening time

130. Puddled.—Is the idea, muddied, hence befouled? Cf.
Shakespeare’s Othello, III, IV, 148.
133. Cf. IV, 347.
142. Foundress.—This word rather than founder is de-
liberately used by Cyril to emphasize sex.
144. Advent.—This form of the word is usually reserved
for a higher purpose.
147. Head and heart.—The man and woman in one, 18;
V, 439. She-world.—Compare 'she-society,' Prl. 158.
For ever.” Well, she balanced this a little,  
And told me she would answer us to-day,  
Meantime be mute; thus much, nor more, I gained.’

He ceasing, came a message from the Head.  
‘That afternoon the Princess rode to take  
The dip of certain strata to the North.  
Would we go with her? we should find the land  
Worth seeing; and the river made a fall  
Out yonder;’ then she pointed on to where  
A double hill ran up his furrowy forks  
Beyond the thick-leaved platans of the vale.

Agreed to, this, the day fled on thro’ all  
Its range of duties to the appointed hour.  
Then summoned to the porch we went. She stood  
Among her maidens, higher by the head,  
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one  
Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he rolled  
And pawed about her sandal. I drew near;

154. To the North depends on ‘rode.’ The collocation is unhappy. This expedition for geological exploration brings to the fore the attention given to the sciences least suited to feminine prosecution.

158. Furrowy Forks.—Forks with furrows (i.e., ravines) in the sides.
159. Thick-leaved Platans.—Collins traces this to Moschus.
I gazed. On a sudden my strange seizure came
Upon me, the weird vision of our house;
The Princess Ida seemed a hollow show,
Her gay-furred cats a painted fantasy,
Her college and her maidens empty masks,
And I myself the shadow of a dream;
For all things were and were not. Yet I felt
My heart beat thick with passion and with awe;
Then from my breast the involuntary sigh
Brake, as she smote me with the light of eyes
That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook
My pulses, till to horse we got, and so
Went forth in long retinue, following up
The river as it narrowed to the hills.

167. Cf. I, 14; 81.
168. The ‘weird seizure,’ first mentioned in Canto I (14) and there explained by the Court Galen (81) as ‘catalepsy,’ is perhaps akin to the singular state described in In Memoriam, XCV, 9. This condition is here caused by intense gazing, but perhaps is nothing more than ‘love passion,’ as Cook suggests. (Cook’s edition of The Princess.) Tennyson’s own account of the state into which he could bring himself at will is in point. See Rolfe’s In Memoriam, p. 194.
172. Cf. I, 18; V, 466. Such expressions, as well as ‘were and were not,’ etc., point to the unrealities of the poem.
174–178. These lines indicate that his ‘weird seizure’ was hardly more than a poetic and romantic transport of love.
176. Brake.—Tennyson often prefers the archaic and poetic form rather than the form ordinarily sanctioned.
179. Retinue.—Cf. Baluster. Tennyson’s liberties with prosaic forms is hardly as daring as his liberties with accepted accents.
I rode beside her, and to me she said:
'O friend, we trust that you esteemed us not
Too harsh to your companion yestermorn;
Unwillingly we spake.' 'No—not to her,
I answered, 'but to one of whom we spake
Your Highness might have seemed the thing you say.'
'Again?' she cried, 'are you ambassadresses
From him to me? We give you, being strange,
A license; speak, and let the topic die.'

I stammered that I knew him—could have wished—
'Our king expects—was there no precontract?
There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem
All he prefigured, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but longed
To follow; surely, if Your Highness keep
Your purport, you will shock him even to death,
Or baser courses, children of despair.'

182. Cyril.—Cf. II, 39. There is no elective affinity between the Princess and Cyril; cf. IV, 144.
186. The thing you say.—That is, too harsh.
187. Again—Cf. II, 35. It was the Princess who first introduced the Prince as a subject of inquiry, as it is the Princess, whose curiosity gives a new pupil license to speak freely of him.
194. Note the Song of the Swallow, IV, 75 ff. Cf. also I, 35 ff, 96 ff.
195. These words and others do not impress the Princess with the manliness and masculine strength of her longing lover. To compare him with a girl (202) is to insult the girls of her institution; therefore she compares him with girls as they used to be, childish and sentimental; cf. VII, 227.
'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not read—no books?
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor deals in that
Which men delight in, martial exercise?'
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl,
As girls were once,—as we ourself have been;
We had our dreams; perhaps he mixed with them;
We touch on our dead self, nor shun to do it,
Being other—since we learnt our meaning here:
To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man.'

She paused, and added with a haughtier smile,
'And as to precontracts, we move, my friend,
At no man's beck, but know ourself—and thee,

197. Baser courses.—Worse than death. Cf. 'Better not be at all than not be noble,'—II, 79.
207-208. This is an excellent statement of the purpose of the Princess in establishing her Academe. Compare the splendid solution of this problem in VII, 239-345.
210. Cf. 191; I, 31, 122; V, 388, etc.
211. Thee.—In apposition with this pronoun stands 'Vashti,' the proud Oriental queen, who knew how to maintain her own equality and independence. Cf. Esther, I. This apostrophe is the Princess' appeal for sympathy and support in her similar problem.
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summoned out
She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms.

'Alas, your Highness breathes full East,' I said,
'On that which leans to you. I know the Prince,
I prize his truth: and then how vast a work
To assail this gray preëminence of man!
You grant me license; might I use it? Think;
Ere half be done perchance your life may fail;
Then comes the feeble heiress of your plan,
And takes and ruins all; and thus your pains
May only make that footprint upon sand
Which old-recurring waves of prejudice
Resmooth to nothing: might I dread that you,

215. **FULL EAST.**—This Eastern allusion is disheartening
to an aspiring lover, and breathes defiance like a keen east

217. Here begins the Prince's love-assault upon the
Princess. Psyche had been won by a brother's appeal and
by unacknowledged love for a bold, frank wooer: Blanche
succumbed to the arguments of power and ambition; but
the Princess yields nothing, except a confession of her sacri-
fice and her love for children. The Prince makes these
points: (1) Owing to the shortness of life her work will be
left unfinished; (2) the work will then be of no avail; (3)
er her life will be vain; (4) she will lose in this experiment,
'love, children, happiness.'

For her altered view, cf. VII, 282 ff.

223. Cf. *The Psalm of Life* by Longfellow. Did Tenny-
son, here or elsewhere, owe anything to this poet?
With only fame for spouse and your great deeds,
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss,
Meanwhile, what every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness?'

And she exclaimed,
'Peace, you young savage of the Northern wild!
What tho' your Prince's love were like a God's,
Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?
You are bold indeed; we are not talked to thus;
Yet will we say for children, would they grew
Like field-flowers everywhere! we like them well;
But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.
Children—that men may pluck them from our hearts,

226. Fame is usually personified as of what sex?
228-9. The Prince's conception of woman's due is more limited than that he finally utters. Cf. VII, 239 ff.
232. The Princess then admits that her conduct in relinquishing her 'due' (228-9) was 'flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.'—Shakespeare's Love's Labor's Lost, IV, iii, 293.
234-240. The Princess can surrender love and happiness of 'woman's due,' but her mind clings to the thought—children. It is a child, Psyche's Aglaia, that will open Ida's heart to all other natural impressions. (V, 427).
236. Children die, but their power does not. Cf. 'The Reconciliation Song' after Canto I.
237. Babble.—The Princess does not hesitate to decry the argument of this young 'savage.'
237. Find illustrations of this truth.
Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves—
O—children—there is nothing upon earth
More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err! Nor would we work for fame;
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of Great,
Who learns the one pou sto whence after-hands
May move the world, tho' she herself effect
But little; wherefore up and act, nor shrink
For fear our solid aim be dissipated
By frail successors. Would, indeed, we had been,
In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
Of giants living each a thousand years,
That we might see our own work out, and watch
The sandy footprint harden into stone.'

I answered nothing, doubtful in myself
If that strange Poet-princess, with her grand
Imaginations, might at all be won.
And she broke out, interpreting my thoughts:

245. To whom in English History has this epithet of
‘Great’ been applied, and why?
246. Pou Sto.—‘Give me where I may stand, and I will
move the world.’ This was what Archimedes said when
speaking of the power of the lever. Cf. In Memoriam,
CXIII.
251. Flies.—This suggests the ephemeral character of
254. Cf. 223.
257. This grand poetic imagination is not out of keeping
with her potent will, heretofore noted.
'No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you;  
We are used to that; for women, up till this  
Cramped under worse than South-sea-isle taboo,  
Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far  
In high desire, they know not, cannot guess  
How much their welfare is a passion to us.  
If we could give them surer, quicker proof—  
O if our end were less achievable  
By slow approaches than by single act  
Of immolation, any phase of death,  
We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,

259. Cf. 230. The Princess does not desire the silence  
she enjoined.  
259-271. This passage is conclusive as to the seriousness  
and sincerity of Ida's sacrifice. She is not a Lady Blanche  
swayed by ambition nor a Psyche caught by fancy and senti-  
ment.

260. We are used to that.—Namely to be misjudged by  
other women, who question her sincerity.  
261. South-Sea-Isle taboo.—The taboo, denoted by a  
mark, was a prohibition or ban under which property of the  
South Sea Islanders was placed. It transferred owner-  
ship from the rightful owner to the priesthood. It suggests  
here that woman's independence had been surrendered to  
man.

262. Gynæceum.—The rear of the house reserved for  
women. Here probably a school for girls corresponding  
to the Gymnasium—a school for boys (in fact, though not  
in etymology).

269. Read the story of Publius Decius Mus, a hero of the  
269. Cf. II, 268. These women are fond of recalling the  
heroic deeds of men.
Or down the fiery gulf, as talk of it,  
To compass our dear sisters' liberties.'

She bowed as if to veil a noble tear;  
And up we came to where the river sloped  
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks  
A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,  
And danced the color, and, below, stuck out  
The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roared  
Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,  
'As these rude bones to us, are we to her  
That will be.' 'Dare we dream of that,' I asked,  
'Which wrought us, as the workman and his work,  
That practice betters?' 'How,' she cried, 'you love  
The metaphysics! Read and earn our prize,  
A golden brooch; beneath an emerald plane

270. Recall the legend of Marcus Curtius (c. B. C. 362).  
Are these three references the only ones to men?  
274. Listen to the explosive splash of falling water.  
275. THE COLOR.—The rainbow framed in the spray. Cf.  
Palace of Art, 35-6, 43.  
276. Cf. Prl. 15.  
277. Prophecy as to the improvements of the race, or  
specifically of woman.  
279. THAT . . . WHICH.—The creative force, or better,  
the Creator; cf. II, 128.  
280. Tennyson raises the question here as to whether there  
can be a progressive God; that is, a God who improves upon  
his own work by practice; and hence whether the human  
race may be different and far greater in the future. Cf. Passing of Arthur.  
His answer to his question seems to be in  
'progressive interpretation.' 309 ff.  
284. This design is characteristically feminine. Cf. The  
College Seal, I, 238.
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died
Of hemlock; our device; wrought to the life;
She rapt upon her subject, he on her:
For there are schools for all.' 'And yet,' I said,
'Methinks I have not found among them all
One anatomic.' 'Nay, we thought of that,'
She answered, 'but it pleased us not; in truth
We shudder but to dream our maids should ape
Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,
And cram him with the fragments of the grave,
Or in the dark dissolving human heart,
And holy secrets of this microcosm,
Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,


288. Schools.—Departments, courses. This terminology is still preserved at the University of Virginia and institutions established under her influence.

290. This omission, not noted before, seems rather inartistically mentioned to give the Princess an opportunity for a disquisition on vivisection.

293. Carve the living hound.—This protest against vivisection is not merely a woman's; it is Tennyson's; cf. In the Children's Hospital.

294. Can this refer to inoculating in modern bacteriological laboratories, or does it merely refer to feeding the dog on the cadaver?

295. Dissolving.—The choice of the word here relieves the loathsomeness of the thought.

296. Microcosm.—The little world (man) as opposed to Macrocosm (the great world outside of him.)

297. Tennyson seems to have had a laudable loathing of the 'coarse red' surgeons who can 'break their jests on the dead.'
Encarnalize their spirits; yet we know
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs;
Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,
Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,
For many weary moons before we came,
This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself
Would tend upon you. To your question now,
Which touches on the workman and his work.

'Let there be light, and there was light;’ 't is so;
For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once,
The birth of light; but we that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession; thus

298. Encarnalize.—Convert spirits into flesh, the
heavenly and divine into the earthly. Is this a Tennysonian
contribution to our language?

299. Hangs.—It is in abeyance. These women, though
certain of many things, leave some problems to be solved
later.

300. Cf. VI, 279; VII, 76 ff.
301. Cf. 281.
302. Cf. Genesis i, 3; cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, VII,
242 ff.

306-314. This should be studied in connection with 280 ff. This
universal present of the Creator, which in our part
knowledge becomes a phantom of succession in past, present,
and future, gives to creation the appearance of progression,
while, in truth, the progression is only in our interpretation.
Cf. *In Memoriam*, CXXXVIII.

310. Cf. I Cor. xiii; 12.
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;
But in the shadow will we work, and mold
The woman to the fuller day.

She spake

With kindled eyes; we rode a league beyond,
And, o'er a bridge of pinewood crossing, came
On flowery levels underneath the crag,
Full of all beauty. 'O how sweet,' I said,
(For I was half-oblivious of my mask),
'To linger here with one that loved us.' 'Yea,'
She answered, 'or with fair philosophies
That lift the fancy; for indeed these fields
Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns,
Where paced the Demigods of old, and saw
The soft white vapor streak the crowned towers
Built to the sun;' then, turning to her maids,
'Pitch our pavilion here upon the sward;
Lay out the viands.' At the word, they raised
A tent of satin, elaborately wrought
With fair Corinna's triumph; here she stood,

320. Half-oblivious, etc.—Near to falling out of the character he was playing.
322-3. As her fancy had just been elevated into the highest realm by metaphysics.
324. Elysian lawns.—Islands of the Blest; cf. Lang's Fortunate Islands.
325. Demigods.—Titans.
331. Corinna's Triumph.—The embroidery represents the victory of Corinna, the woman conqueror, over Pindar, himself the 'victor of ten-thousand hymns.' (See Gilder-sleeve's Pindar, p. X.)
Engirt with many a florid maiden-cheek,
The woman-conqueror; woman-conquered there
The bearded victor of ten-thousand hymns,
And all the men mourned at his side; but we
Set forth to climb; then, climbing, Cyril kept
With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I
With mine affianced. Many a little hand
Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag; and then we turned, we wound
About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the sun
Grew broader toward his death, and fell, and all
The rosy heights came out above the lawns.

340. Tennyson can hardly be thinking of our athletic
English cousins. The spirit of poetry is strong upon him.

343. Stony.—Double sense. Hard, names of rocks.

344-5. This catalogue of names calls for your dictionary, but for no technical explanation.

346. See how fact and mythology are here blended. The Canto covers a full day. Can the time of each Canto be ascertained?
[THE ECHO-SONG.]
The splendor falls on castle walls
   And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
   And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
   And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
   The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
   They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
   And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

As the first intercalary poems have referred to the unifying power of the child in the past and present, so this poem points forward through child and grandchild to remote descendants. The echoes of the bugle faint as they reach greater distance, but our echoes grow with increasing generations. Not in the achievements of one generation, as the Princess in her plan logically presumes, but in successive generations of growth is the problem of woman's increased power solved. 'Other men labor, and we enter into their labors,' that from the point to which they have brought the world we may move forward. Of the form of the poem—a perfect masterpiece of the poet's art—too much could not be said, and little need be said at all, for it commends itself to the ear rightly attuned.

[ 114 ]
IV.

[THE CAMP AND THE CASTAWAYS.]

[In the camp, after the day's work, a song is called for. First Violet sings of the storied past, and the Prince 'apes their treble' in a mere love song. The Princess demands a song of their country, and Cyril responds with a tavern catch unmeet for ladies. There is a shrieck and a disorderly flight, in which the Princess loses her head and falls into a stream. The Prince rescues her. The ladies—except Psyche, who flees, followed by Cyril—reach the College, and Florian and the Prince are arrested and brought before the Princess. Blanche, the affluent orator, is too ardent in her prosecution, and is summarily dismissed, but Psyche's child is kept. Letters come telling of the siege of her palace by the Prince's father, who holds Gama as hostage. She addresses the brawlers, returns bitter thanks to her rescuer, and orders the men thrust out.—Ed.]

'There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound,'
Said Ida; 'let us down and rest;' and we
Down from the lean and wrinkled precipices,
By every coppice-feathered chasm and cleft,

Dropt through the ambrosial gloom to where below
No bigger than a glow-worm shone the tent,
Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she leaned on me,
Descending; once or twice she lent her hand,
And blissful palpitations in the blood,
Stirring a sudden transport, rose and fell.

But when we planted level feet, and dipped
Beneath the satin dome and entered in,
There leaning deep in broidered down we sank
Our elbows; on a tripod in the midst
A fragrant flame rose, and before us glowed
Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.

Then she, 'Let some one sing to us; lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music;' and a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang:


17. Cf. Prl. 106. The punctuation compels the interpretation of gold as gold-set, that is, with golden dishes. If the comma after wine were omitted, the gold would naturally refer to the color of the wine. The earlier reading was:

'Fruit, viand, blossom, and amber wine and gold.'

19. Fledged.—Winged, but fledged does not primarily suggest winged. A maid.—Violet; cf. VI, 298.
'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, 
Tears from the depth of some divine despair 
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, 
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields, 
And thinking of the days that are no more.

'TFresh as the first beam glittering on a sail 
That brings our friends up from the underworld; 
Sad as the last which reddens over one 
That sinks with all we love below the verge; 
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns 
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds 
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes 
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square; 
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

'Dear as remembered kisses after death, 
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned 
On lips that are for others; deep as love, 
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret; 
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.'

21. Tears, Idle Tears.—Plot Song I—'Passion of the Past.' 'The passion of the past, the abiding in the transient, was expressed in 'Tears, Idle Tears,' which was written in the yellowing autumn tide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories.'—Tennyson. See Memoir, I, p. 253. Cf. Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey; cf. Charles Tennyson's Time and Twilight for the same 'dämonisch feeling.' 'Few know that it is a blank verse lyric,' is Tennyson's comment on its form; but all who have read it know its subtle and seductive charm. 'The days that are no more' recurs not alone as a poetic repetend, but as an echo from that past of unfulfilled love.
She ended with such passion that the tear
She sang of shook and fell, an erring pearl
Lost in her bosom; but with some disdain
Answered the Princess, 'If indeed there haunt
About the moldered lodges of the Past
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men,
Well needs it we should cram our ears with wool
And so pace by; but thine are fancies hatched
In silken-folded idleness; nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
But trim our sails, and let old bygones be,
While down the streams that float us each and all
To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,
Throne after throne, and molten on the waste
Becomes a cloud; for all things serve their time
Toward that great year of equal mights and rights;
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end
Found golden; let the past be past; let be
Their canceled Babels; tho' the rough kex break

45. Lodges.—Habitations.
47. Cf. The story of Ulysses, Odyssey, Book XII.
48. Pace—Cf. II, 412; III, 325, etc. It seems to have the wrong connotation here.
48-62. The Princess has broken with the hoary past and turns toward the future with its promises of better things.
56. Great year.—Cf. Tennyson's Morte d'Arthur; Locksley Hall; In Memoriam. 'Epithalamium,' last quatrain. Cf. I, 130; VII, 283, etc.
58. Found golden.—Cf. VII.
Kex, hemlock.
The starred mosaic, and the beard-blown goat
Hang on the shaft, and the wild fig-tree split
Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear
A trumpet in the distance pealing news
Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow; then to me,
'Know you no song of your own land,' she said,
'Not such as moans about the retrospect,
But deals with the other distance, and the hues
Of promise; not a death's-head at the wine?'

Then I remembered one myself had made,
What time I watched the swallow winging south
From mine own land, part made long since, and part
Now while I sang; and maidenlike as far
As I could ape their treble, did I sing:

60. The beard blown goat.—Tennyson's explanation of this line is 'And surely the "beard-blown" goat involves a sense of the wind blowing the beard on the height of the ruined pillar.' If this is clear to the reader, it is well!

61-62. Wild fig tree.—Caprificus was noted for its power of rending rock.

64. Burns.—Glistens, glows, shines. For a similar thought, cf. Gray, The Bard, XX; Lowell, Above and Below, etc.

68. A song of promise pointing to the future is here suggested.

71. What time.—Paradise Lost, I, 36, etc.; cf. III, 194, and In Memoriam, XLVIII for 'swallow-flights of song.'
'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee. 75

'O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North. 80

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died. 85

'Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

'O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

'O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South. 95

75. The Swallow Song. Plot Song II. A Love Song of Hope (Future). There is a peculiar fascination about this poem of rhymeless, isometric phrases. Stedman (p. 220, Victorian Poets) finds its model in the Third and Eleventh Idyls of Theocritus. This poem shows the poet's power of observation.

79. Cf. Lanier, Psalm of the West.

93. Variation of 'life is short, but art is long.'
'O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.'

I ceased, and all the ladies, each at each,
Like the Ithacensian suitors in old time,
Stared with great eyes, and laughed with alien lips,
And knew not what they meant; for still my voice
Rang false; but smiling, 'Not for thee,' she said,
'O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
Shall burst her veil; marsh-divers, rather, maid,
Shall croak thee sister or the meadow-crake
Grate her harsh kindred in the grass; and this
A mere love-poem! O for such, my friend,
We hold them slight; they mind us of the time
When we made bricks in Egypt. Knaves are men,

100. ITHACENSIAN SUITORS.—Penelope, the true wife of
Ulysses, was wooed during his absence by a hundred suitors.
When Ulysses returns disguised they laugh, but their laugher
is as with 'other men's jaws,' Odyssey, XX, 347, that is,
constrained, unnatural, 'with alien lips.'

104. BULBUL.—Nightingale. The Princess can be sarcastic. Gulistan is the rose-garden.

105. SHALL BURST HER VEIL.—Does this refer to any story
of a rose unfolding to the nightingale's passionate singing?

106-7. MEADOW-CRAKE.—Says Wood, 'The cry of the
corn-crake may be exactly imitated by drawing a quill or a
piece of stick over the large teeth of a comb, or by rubbing
together two jagged strips of bone.' (Quoted from Cook,
who quotes Dawson.) This also explains 'GRATE.' Cf.
'clang,' III, 90.

110. The period of bondage. Exodus, i, 8-14; Genesis, v,
7-9.
That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,
And dress the victim to the offering up.
And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,
And play the slave to gain the tyranny.
Poor soul! I had a maid of honor once;
She wept her true eyes blind for such a one,
A rogue of canzonets and serenades.
I loved her. Peace be with her. She is dead.
So they blaspheme the muse! But great is song
Used to great ends; ourself have often tried
Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have dashed
The passion of the prophetess; for song
Is duer unto freedom, force, and growth
Of spirit, than to junketing and love.
Love is it? Would this same mock-love, and this
Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter bats,
Till all men grew to rate us at our worth,
Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes

121. Valkyrian.—Warlike. The Valkyries, warlike virgins, were sent to select and convey those destined for Walhalla. Cf. VI, 17-42.
124. Junket.—To feast on sweetmeats, etc.
126. Mock-Hymen.—Hymen was a beautiful youth who presided over wedding feasts. Mock-Hymen is, then, mock-marriage; that is, union without true congeniality, etc.

128-130. Refers to misconceptions of women as vassals, children incomplete in themselves and belonging to man.
To be dandled, no, but living wills, and sphered
Whole in ourselves, and owed to none. Enough!
But now, to leaven play with profit, you,
Know you no song, the true growth of your soil,
That gives the manners of your countrywomen?

She spoke and turned her sumptuous head, with eyes
Of shining expectation fixed on mine.
Then while I dragged my brains for such a song,
Cyril, with whom the bell-mouthed glass had wrought,
Or mastered by the sense of sport, began
To troll a careless, careless tavern-catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded at him,
I frowning; Psyche flushed and wanned and shook;

129. Cf. I, 47; II, 185; V, 340; VI, 102; VII, 287; In Memoriam, CXXXI. Sphered whole.—Complete. Owed.—Belonging, responsible, to none.

132. She had asked the Prince for a National Song of Progress, and had got a love song. Now she asks for a Folk-Song, a Ballad of the Soil, and gets from Cyril an earthly tavern-catch.

137. Bell-mouthed glass.—Wine glass; Cf. 17.

138. Cf. 231.

139. This tavern-catch, which is unmeet for ladies, and therefore unmeet to print, represents the Third Plot Song. It does not refer to the passion of the past or the hope of the future, but is inspired by a present sense of frolic or by an irresistible rebellion against this unnatural and uncongenial ideality. This is a brusque touch of rough realism.

140. Cf. Shakespeare's Tempest, II, ii, 48-56, for these names that do not breathe respect for womanhood.
The lilylike Melissa drooped her brows;
‘Forbear,’ the Princess cried; ‘Forbear, Sir,’ I;
And heated thro’ and thro’ with wrath and love,
I smote him on the breast; he started up;
There rose a shriek as of a city sacked;
Melissa clamored, ‘Flee the death;’ ‘To horse,’
Said Ida; ‘home! to horse!’ and fled, as flies
A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk,
When some one batters at the dovecote-doors,
Disorderly the women. Alone I stood
With Florian, cursing Cyril, vexed at heart,
In the pavilion; there like parting hopes
I heard them passing from me; hoof by hoof,
And every hoof a knell to my desires,
Clanged on the bridge; and then another shriek,
‘The Head, the Head, the Princess, O the Head!’
For blind with rage she missed the plank, and rolled
In the river. Out I sprang from glow to gloom;

144. This Sir is the disclosure direct. Now their sex is known to all, and all the consequences of their rash intrusion must follow or be averted.
148. Flee the death, due to such intruders.
149-152. Rearrange this inverted sentence so as to show the grammatical relation of the words.
158. Cf. III, 18; II, 186.
159. Blind with rage.—Ida’s passion is in keeping with her will and her imagination.
159-160. This event relieves the actors, the reader, and the situation and prepares for much that is to follow.
160. From glow (of tripod flame) to gloom (of night and distress).
There whirled her white robe like a blossomed branch
Rapt to the horrible fall; a glance I gave,
No more; but woman-vested as I was
Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I caught her; then
Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left
The weight of all the hopes of half the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain. A tree
Was half-disrooted from his place, and stooped
To drench his dark locks in the gurgling wave
Mid-channel. Right on this we drove and caught,
And grasping down the boughs I gained the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmeringly grouped
In the hollow bank. One reaching forward drew
My burthen from mine arms; they cried, 'She lives:'
They bore her back into the tent; but I,
So much a kind of shame within me wrought,
Not yet endured to meet her opening eyes,
Nor found my friends; but pushed alone on foot
(For since her horse was lost I left her mine)
Across the woods, and less from Indian craft

162. Rapt.—Caught, hurried by the rapids. Compare other uses of the word.
166. All the hopes of half the world.—Note the Prince's burden. Cf. II, 270.
167. This is metrical onomatopoeia.
170. Does this scene suggest Ophelia's death? Hamlet, IV, vii, 166.
180. Indian craft.—Wood craft, knowledge of nature.
Than beelike instinct hiveward, found at length
The garden portals. Two great statues, Art
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were valves
Of open-work in which the hunter rued
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his brows
Had sprouted, and the branches thereupon
Spread out at top, and grimly spiked the gates.

A little space was left between the horns,
Thro' which I clambered o'er at top with pain,
Dropped on the sward, and up the linden walks,
And, tossed on thoughts that changed from hue to hue,
Now poring on the glowworm, now the star,
I paced the terrace, till the Bear had wheeled
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.

A step
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form

181. Cf. II, 84.
183. Caryatids.—Women of Caryae. The columns of support in Grecian architecture were frequently representations of women generally with full draperies.
184. Valves.—Double doors; here gates.
185. The Hunter.—Actaeon was turned into a stag for intruding upon Diana and her nymphs at bath. The punishment for intrusion is here turned to good artistic effect, and made to serve also as a warning.
194. Paced.—Tennyson's favorite verb of motion. Cf. 48: II, 412; III, 325, etc.
Than female, moving thro' the uncertain gloom,
Disturbed me with the doubt 'If this were she?'
But it was Florian. 'Hist, O hist,' he said,
'They seek us; out so late is out of rules.
Moreover, "Seize the strangers" is the cry.
How came you here?' I told him: 'I,' said he,
'Last of the train, a moral leper, I,
To whom none spake, half-sick at heart, returned.
Arriving all confused among the rest,
With hooded brows I crept into the hall,
And, couched behind a Judith, underneath
The head of Holofernes peeped and saw.
Girl after girl was called to trial; each
Disclaimed all knowledge of us; last of all,
Melissa; trust me, Sir, I pitied her.
She, questioned if she knew us men, at first
Was silent; closer pressed, denied it not;
And then, demanded if her mother knew,
Or Psyche, she affirmed not, or denied;

203. Moral leper.—Outcast.
207. For the story of Judith and Holofernes, see the
Apocrypha. See also Cook's edition and translation of the
old English poem, Judith.
209. Trial, before the Princess (216), who on horseback
(179) had reached the Academe before the Prince on foot
(178).
212. Us men—That is, knew us to be men.
214. Questioned, pressed, demanded, are used absolutely
instead of clauses. Demanded—when it was demand'ed of
her.
From whence the Royal mind, familiar with her, 
Easily gathered either guilt. She sent 
For Psyche, but she was not there; she called 
For Psyche’s child to cast it from the doors; 
She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to face; 
And I slipped out; but whither will you now? 
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are fled; 
What if together? That were not so well. 
Would rather we had never come! I dread 
His wildness, and the chances of the dark.’

‘And yet,’ I said, ‘you wrong him more than I 
That struck him; this is proper to the clown— 
Tho’ smocked, or furred and purpled, still the clown— 
To harm the thing that trusts him, and to shame 
That which he says he loves; for Cyril, howe’er 
He deal in frolic, as to-night—the song 
Might have been worse, and sinned in grosser lips 
Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold 
These flashes on the surface are not he.

217. Either guilt.—The guilt of either, rather of each. 
219. The Princess is not only irascible and violent (159), but vindictive also. 
223–224. Florian is inclined to suspect Cyril’s honesty and sincerity here as before. His suspicion is rebuked by the Prince. 
227. Clown.—This word does not seem strong enough. It is boor, knave. 
231. Frolic.—This gives the tone of his transient mood as set over against his permanent temperament, his true char-acter, 235.
He has a solid base of temperament;
But as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchored to the bottom, such is he.'

Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near
Two proctors leapt upon us, crying, 'Names,'
He, standing still, was clutched; but I began
To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind
And double in and out the boles, and race
By all the fountains; fleet I was of foot;
Before me showered the rose in flakes; behind
I heard the puffed pursuer; at mine ear
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,
And secret laughter tickled all my soul.
At last I hooked my ankle in a vine
That clasped the feet of a Mnemosyne,
And falling on my face was caught and known.

236. This beautiful simile, which Collins says the poet owed to Wordsworth (Excursion V), Tennyson says, was suggested to him by the action of lilies in his own pond on a gusty day.

239-241. These lines recall no doubt a Cambridge scene.

242. Thrid.—Thread; cf. Dream of Fair Women, 'Thrid-ning the sombre boscage of the wood.' Cf. also Dryden—'one thrids the brake.' Murky-circled.—Encircled by fragrance, etc.

243. Boles.—Trunks or bodies of trees.


247. Cf. In Memoriam, LXXXVIII.

250. Mnemosyne.—Memory, the mother of the Muses, whose statues were in the court, II, 13.
They haled us to the Princess, where she sat
High in the hall; above her drooped a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm. A handmaid on each side
Bowed toward her, combing out her long black hair
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plow, stronger than men,
Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind,
and rain
And labor. Each was like a Druid rock;
Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and wailed about with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing clove
An advent to the throne; and there beside,
Half-naked as if caught at once from bed
And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay

259. Daughters of the plow.—Cf. ‘sons of toil,’ ‘sons of the glebe.’ This imposing bodyguard introduces the element of force.
260. Blowzed.—Glowing with redness.
261. Druid rock.—As for example Kit’s Coty House (near Vivian Place). This stone formation was known from Saxon times, and is supposed to have suggested to Tennyson this figure.
263. Wailed about with mews.—Surrounded by crying sea-mews, or gulls.
The lily-shining child; and on the left,
Bowed on her palms and folded up from wrong,
Her round white shoulder shaken with her sobs,
Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche erect
Stood up and spake, an affluent orator.

'It was not thus, O Princess, in old days;
You prized my counsel, lived upon my lips;
I led you then to all the Castalies;
I fed you with the milk of every Muse;
I loved you like this kneeler, and you me
Your second mother; those were gracious times.

268. The lily-shining child, like Cordelia in Shakespeare's King Lear, may not be present in many scenes, but is, nevertheless, a pivotal character around which the others turn. Cf. II, 96; VI, 176, etc.

271. For details of the description of Melissa, cf. 143; II, 301; III, 79; VII, 41 ff, etc.

271-339. This address should be compared with Psyche's lecture (II, 101 ff). Blanche appeals to the memory of olden days (I, 127; III, 69-70), and then jealousy recounts how Psyche had grown as she declined in favor. She had remained chiefly because of her selfish ambition to share the Princess' glory. Her jealousy of Lady Psyche leads her to false suspicions (296) of the Princess. She then contrasts Psyche's guilt with her watchfulness, and claims that she broke her oath for the public good. She attributes the detection of these wolves to her prudent delay, and boldly asserts that she is essential to the Princess' plan.

275. Castalies.—Castaly was a fountain of Parnassus. Its waters inspired with the gift of poetry. The Castalies seems to suggest various sources of inspiration.

277. Kneeler.—Melissa. 271.
Then came your new friend; you began to change—
I saw it and grieved—to slacken and to cool;
Till taken with her seeming openness
You turned your warmer currents all to her;
To me you froze; this was my need for all.
Yet I bore up, in part from ancient love,
And partly that I hoped to win you back,
And partly conscious of my own deserts,
And partly that you were my civil head,
And chiefly you were born for something great,
In which I might your fellow-worker be,
When time should serve; and thus a noble scheme
Grew up from seed we two long since had sown;
In us true growth, in her a Jonah's gourd,
Up in one night and due to sudden sun.
We took this palace; but even from the first
You stood in your own light and darkened mine.
What student came but that you planed her path
To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,
A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,
I your old friend and tried, she new in all?
But still her lists were swelled and mine were lean;

280. Cf. Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, IV, ii, 20, for similar description of cooling friendship.
285-287. Note parallelism. For other examples, cf. Prl. 44-47; II, 56-58, etc.
Yet I bore up in hope she would be known.
Then came these wolves; they knew her; they endured,
Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,
To tell her what they were, and she to hear;
And me none told; not less to an eye like mine,
A lidless watcher of the public weal,
Last night their mask was patent, and my foot
Was to you; but I thought again; I feared
To meet a cold "We thank you, we shall hear of it
From Lady Psyche;" you had gone to her,
She told, perforce; and winning easy grace,
No doubt, for slight delay, remained among us
In our young nursery still unknown, the stem
Less grain than touchwood, while my honest heat
Were all miscounted as malignant haste
To push my rival out of place and power.
But public use required she should be known;
And since my oath was ta'en for public use,

302. Endured.—Remained.
305. Cf. II, 427; III, 30, 115; VI, 310, etc.
306. Lidless.—With eyes never closed.
308. I thought again.—The real cause of her delay may be found in Cyril's pleading; cf. III, 118-151.
310-311. If you had gone to her, she would have told you, perforce.
313-314. The stem less grain than touchwood.—That is, in stem (or character) less grain (true fibre, acting on principle) than touchwood (inflammable material, acting by impulse). For grain, cf. V, 517; VI, 34.
318. Public use.—For the weal of this College. Each of these leaders claims to sacrifice personal to public good.
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.
I spoke not then at first, but watched them well,
Saw that they kept apart, no mischief done;
And yet this day (tho' you should hate me for it)
I came to tell you; found that you had gone,
Ridden to the hills, she likewise; now I thought,
That surely she will speak; if not, then I;
Did she? These monsters blazoned what they were,
According to the coarseness of their kind,
For thus I hear; and known at last (my work)
And full of cowardice and guilty shame—
I grant in her some sense of shame—she flies;
And I remain on whom to wreak your rage,
I, that have lent my life to build up yours,
I that have wasted here health, wealth, and time,
And talent, I—you know it—I will not boast;
Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,
Divorced from my experience, will be chaff
For every gust of chance, and men will say
We did not know the real light, but chased
The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread.'

She ceased; the Princess answered coldly, 'Good;
Your oath is broken; we dismiss you; go.

326. Cf. IV, 139.
328. Why does Lady Blanche claim credit for the supposed disclosure of Lady Psyche's true character?
335. This challenge is accepted with splendid dignity in 341.
339. Will o' the Wisp.
341. Cf. 319 and 335.
For this lost lamb (she pointed to the child),
Our mind is changed; we take it to ourself.'

Thereat the Lady stretched a vulture throat,
And shot from crooked lips a haggard smile.

'The plan was mine. I built the nest,' she said,
'To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!' and stooped to updrag
Melissa; she, half on her mother propped,
Half-drooping from her, turned her face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,
Which melted Florian's fancy as she hung,
A Niobean daughter, one arm out,
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven; and while
We gazed upon her came a little stir
About the doors, and on a sudden rushed
Among us, out of breath, as one pursued,
A woman-post in flying raiment. Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalked her face, and winged
Her transit to the throne, whereby she fell
Delivering sealed dispatches, which the Head
Took half-amazed, and in her lion's mood
Tore open, silent we with blind surmise
Regarding while she read, till over brow
And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful bloom
As of some fire against a stormy cloud,
When the wild peasant rights himself, the rick
Flames, and his anger reddens in the heavens;
For anger most it seemed, while now her breast,
Beaten with some great passion at her heart,
Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard
In the dead hush the papers that she held

352. Niobean.—Read the story of Niobe. Landor's Niobe; Frederic Tennyson's Niobe, etc.
358. Chalked.—Cf. III, 9, and note.
366. Rick burning as a means of righting wrongs, real or fancied, was not unusual in the days preceding the Reform Movement (1832). Cf. To Mary Boyle.
369. Is the great passion here used synonymously with anger, rather as inclusive of it, or is it used technically, la grande passion? Cf. VII, 222.
Rustle; at once the lost lamb at her feet
Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam;
The plaintive cry jarred on her ire; she crushed
The scrolls together, made a sudden turn
As if to speak, but, utterance failing her,
She whirled them on to me, as who should say
'Read,' and I read—two letters—one her sire's.

'Fair daughter, when we sent the Prince your way
We knew not your ungracious laws, which learnt,
We, conscious of what temper you are built,
Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell
Into his father's hands, who has this night,
You lying close upon his territory,
Slipped round and in the dark invested you;
And here he keeps me hostage for his son.'

The second was my father's, running thus:
'You have our son; touch not a hair of his head;
Render him up unscathed; give him your hand;
Cleave to your contract; tho' indeed we hear
You hold the woman is the better man—
A rampant heresy, such as if it spread

372. The figure of line 342 is repeated and sustained.
375. Is the selection of the word 'scrolls' intended to hint at an early date for the events?
377. WHIRLED.—The royal Princess may be petulant as well as angry. As who.—As one who, etc.
384. The Prince and the Princess were not so far apart in their respective kingdoms.
390. CLEAVE.—Cf. 264.
THE PRINCESS:  [Canto IV

Would make all women kick against their lords
Thro' all the world, and which might well deserve
That we this night should pluck your palace down;
And we will do it, unless you send us back
Our son, on the instant, whole.'

So far I read;
And then stood up and spoke impetuously.

'O not to pry and peer on your reserve,
But led by golden wishes and a hope
The child of regal compact, did I break
Your precinct; not a scourer of your sex
But venerator, zealous it should be
All that it might be; hear me, for I bear,
Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er your wrongs,
From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a life
Less mine than yours; my nurse would tell me of you;
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,
Vague brightness; when a boy you stooped to me
From all high places, lived in all fair lights,
Came in long breezes rapt from inmost south

391. Ida had claimed nothing but equality.
400. A comma after 'hope' is expected.
405. Whatso'er your wrongs.—This is not the object of bear as at first reading it seems, but an elliptical dependent clause.
406. The Prince is a blonde.
411. Rapt.—Snatched; cf. IV, 162.
And blown to inmost north; at eve and dawn
With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;
The leader wildswan in among the stars
Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of glowworm light
The mellow breaker murmured Ida. Now,
Because I would have reached you, had you been
Sphered up with Cassiopēia, or the enthroned
Persephonē in Hades, now at length,
Those winters of abeyance all worn out,
A man I came to see you; but, indeed,
Not in this frequence can I lend full tongue,
O noble Ida, to those thoughts that wait
On you, their centre; let me say but this,
That many a famous man and woman, town
And landskip, have I heard of, after seen
The dwarfs of presage; tho' when known, there grew
Another kind of beauty in detail
Made them worth knowing; but in you I found

415. CLANG.—Cf. III, 90, and note. GLOWWORM.—Phosphorescent.

418. Cassiopeia, the wife of Cepheus, king of the Ethiopians. The constellation named after her is in accordance with the tradition that she was placed in the heavens, but so near the North Pole that a part of the time her head was downward that she might learn humility.

419. Persephone.—(Proserpina) was the wife of Hades, who ruled in Hades.


426. LANDSKIP.—Landscape; cf. Milton's L'Allegro, I, 70.

427. DWARFS OF PRESAGE.—That is, far less than they promised to be. Cf. I, 72.
My boyish dream involved and dazzled down
And mastered, while that after-beauty makes
Such head from act to act, from hour to hour,
Within me, that except you slay me here,
According to your bitter statute-book,
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say
The seal does music; who desire you more
Than growing boys their manhood; dying lips,
With many thousand matters left to do,
The breath of life; O more than poor men wealth
Than sick men health—yours, yours, not mine—but half
Without you; with you, whole; and of those halves
You worthiest; and howe'er you block and bar
Your heart with system out from mine, I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die;
Yet that I came not all unauthorized,
Behold your father's letter.'

On one knee
Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught, and dashed

---

430. Dazzled down.—His dream was thrown into insignificance by the dazzling reality.
431. Cf. 428.
436. Is this well authenticated?
440. Cf. VII, 284. (I am) yours, etc.
443. System.—Cf. VI, 178.
448. This letter is not that of 379, but of I, 158, 173.
Unopened at her feet; a tide of fierce
Invective seemed to wait behind her lips,
As waits a river level with the dam,
Ready to burst and flood the world with foam;
And so she would have spoken, but there rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gathered together; from the illumined hall
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
All open-mouthed, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamor grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,
And worse-confounded; high above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

456. From 195, 200, 383, 543 determine the hour and compare I, 204. These girls were losing beauty sleep in imitating men's habits of turning night into day.
458. They were in low necked dresses. Cf. 43, 270, 364, etc. Herded ewes; cf. VI, 69.
465. Cared not.—This is not the first note of discontent we have heard.
466. Cf. 59 and note. Cf. also Paradise Lost, XII, 51 ff. and II, 996.
Not peace she looked, the Head; but rising up
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fixed like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
Dash themselves dead. She stretched her arms and called
Across the tumult, and the tumult fell.

'What fear ye, brawlers? am not I your Head?
On me, me, me, the storm first breaks; I dare
All these male thunderbolts; what is it ye fear?
Peace! there are those to avenge us, and they come;
If not,—myself were like enough, O girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,

469 ff. This passage was classed by Tennyson among his finest blank verse
470. Is deep an adjective of color or opulence?
472. A favorite figure. Cf. Enoch Arden; Longfellow's Lighthouse, etc.
473. Has Tennyson any particular lighthouse in mind? CRIMSON-ROLLING refers to a revolving light, perhaps alternating white and crimson.
476. Cf. The 'peace, be still' of Christ; Mark iv, 39.
479. Cf. II, 205.
480. The Princess trusts now to male defenders. Cf. V, 281-285. If the comma before and is omitted, as in most editions, the and is simply the copulative conjunction. If it is inserted, then and suggests an, the conditional form, and implies doubt in the mind of the Princess.
482. MAIDEN.—This may mean first, or maiden speech, or it may mean for the rights of maids, which was the purpose of the Academe.
And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,  
Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,  
Die; yet I blame you not so much for fear;  
Six thousand years of fear have made you that  
From which I would redeem you; but for those  
That stir this hubbub—you and you—I know  
Your faces there in the crowd—to-morrow morn  
We hold a great convention; then shall they  
That love their voices more than duty, learn  
With whom they deal, dismissed in shame to live  
No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,  
Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,  
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,  
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,  
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,  
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,  
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,  
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.'

She, ending, waved her hands; thereat the crowd  
Muttering, dissolved; then with a smile that looked

483. Cf. Prl. 40. This line suggests Joan of Arc.  
485. Psyche would sacrifice her child (II, 267); Ida, herself.  
486. That.—For the connotation of this word cf. Prl. 127; II, 107 ff; 136, etc.  
493-500. Woman's status. This is an ex parte description drawn in wrath.  
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
When all the glens are drowned in azure gloom
Of thunder-shower, she floated to us and said:

'You have done well, and like a gentleman,
And like a prince; you have our thanks for all;
And you look well too in your woman's dress;
Well have you done, and like a gentleman.
You saved our life; we owe you bitter thanks;
Better have died and spilt our bones in the flood—
Then men had said—but now—What hinders me
To take such bloody vengeance on you both?—
Yet since our father—Wasps in our good hive,
You would-be quenchers of the light to be,
Barbarians, grosser than your native bears—
O would I had his sceptre for one hour!

503–505. Find this picture in nature some day.

505. Floated.—Note this verb of motion. Cf. VI, 73. Cf. also his favorite verb, pace.

506–527. The mood of the Princess here is predominantly that of fierce wrath, but it seems to be varied by genuine, but bitter gratitude and distinct sarcasm.

506. This is probably ironical.


510. This is enforced gratitude. Cf. V, 397.

511. Does the Princess' wrath lead her into confusion of speech? To 'spill bones' is not a usual phrase.

514. Cf. II, 84.

516. Native bears.—Does this mean bears of the north, i. e., Polar bears? Barbarians, monsters and other epithets are frequent.

517. This refers to her father. 514.
You that have dared to break our bound, and gulled
Our servants, wronged and lied and thwarted us—
I wed with thee! I bound by precontract
Your bride, your bondslave! not tho' all the gold
That veins the world were packed to make your crown,
And every spoken tongue should lord you. Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us;
I trample on your offers and on you;
Begone! we will not look upon you more.
Here, push them out at gates.'

In wrath she spake.
Then those eight mighty daughters of the plow
Bent their broad faces toward us, and addressed
Their motion; twice I sought to plead my cause,
But on my shoulder hung their heavy hands,
The weight of destiny; so from her face
They pushed us, down the steps, and thro' the court,
And with grim laughter thrust us out at gates.

We crossed the street, and gained a petty mound
Beyond it, whence we saw the lights and heard

519. Cf. I, 178; I, 235, etc.
522. With this oath, compare Canto VII.
523. Lord.—That is, proclaim you lord. The phrasing is biblical.
527. This climax of a tornado of wrath throws doubt on the sincerity of her gratitude; cf. VI, 92.
532. Cf. 166.
535. Cf. I, 211.
The voices murmuring. While I listened, came
On a sudden the weird seizure and the doubt;
I seemed to move among a world of ghosts;
The Princess with her monstrous woman-guard,
The jest and earnest working side by side,
The cataract and the tumult and the kings
Were shadows; and the long fantastic night
With all its doings had and had not been,
And all things were and were not.

This went by
As strangely as it came, and on my spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy;
Not long; I shook it off; for spite of doubts
And sudden ghostly shadowings, I was one
To whom the touch of all mischance but came
As night to him that sitting on a hill
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun
Set into sunrise; then we moved away.

538. This 'weird seizure' follows upon the full confession
of his own overwhelming devotion and her wrathful scorn
of his love, its avowal, and himself. It is not the result of
intent gazing as in III, 166, but of intent listening. Artisti-
cally this seizure between the unreal and the real, the were
and the were not, the jest and seriousness, is significant. It
is the dividing line between the comedy and the tragedy of
the poem.

547. The outcome of the last seizure (III, 166) was pas-
sion. The outcome of this is gentle melancholy. Is the
Prince changing? The Prince's mood is now hopeful.
INTERLUDE.

[The Battle Call sung by Lilia is the harbinger of the stirring events of the next two Cantos. But she wishes not only a fight, but in the end that her heroine may be 'good and great.' This desire finds its full satisfaction in Canto VII, as she herself in the Conclusion testifies.—Ed.]

[The Battle Call.]

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands;
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

So Lilia sang; we thought her half-possessed,
She struck such warbling fury thro' the words;

The wife and weans nerve the warrior to battle. This intercalary poem is The Battle Call, fitly placed here since the medley now changes from jest to earnestness. Lilia's heroism is kindled, and she urges 'some grand fight' to make all 'great and good.' There are other forms of this poem, but its present form, a double quatrains of alternate rhyme is the most acceptable. Note that the child's influence is not lost from sight.

9. Lilia.—She is the only one of the 'ladies' (Prl. 233) mentioned by name, as singing some 'ballad or song.'
10. Cf. IV, 41. The tone of this Tennysonian music is martial and passionate.
And, after feigning pique at what she called
The raillery, or grotesque, or false sublime—
Like one that wishes at a dance to change
The music—clapped her hands and cried for war,
Or some grand fight to kill and make an end;
And he that next inherited the tale
Half turning to the broken statue, said,
'Sir Ralph has got your colors; if I prove
Your knight, and fight your battle, what for me?'
It chanced, her empty glove upon the tomb
Lay by her, like a model of her hand.
She took it and she flung it. 'Fight,' she said,
'And make us all we would be, great and good.'
He knightlike in his cap instead of casque,
A cap of Tyrol borrowed from the hall,
Arranged the favor, and assumed the Prince.

13. The purpose of this interlude is to mark the change in
the 'medley's' progress.
16. The seven Cantos are told by the 'seven' (Prl. 131) at
Vivian Place. Cf. Concl. 8. The fifth narrator takes up the
story.
23. Lilia's ideal was Greatness (Prl. 131), now she adds
Goodness too. This is analogous to Ida's growth in aim.
23. Lilia's injunction indicates the further development of
the poem and its satisfactory outcome. Cf. VII.
V.

[THE FOUGHTEN FIELD.]

[The Prince and Florian are admitted to camp, where Cyril tells of finding Psyche, who now bemoans her lost babe, and promises much on its return. Gama is released, but is told that he must fulfil the compact or stand war. The parley is continued between the Prince and Arac. The Prince refuses to surrender his compact, and a tourney, with fifty on a side and Ida as the prize, is agreed on. The battle described and the Prince's fall.—Ed.]

Now, scarce three paces measured from the mound, We stumbled on a stationary voice, And 'Stand, who goes?' 'Two from the palace,' I. 'The second two; they wait,' he said; 'pass on; His Highness wakes;' and one that clashed in arms, By glimmering lanes and walls of canvas led, Threading the soldier-city, till we heard The drowsy folds of our great ensign shake From blazoned lions o'er the imperial tent Whispers of war.

1. MOUND.—Cf. IV, 535.
2. STATIONARY.—The voice of one stationed, a sentinel.
4. THE SECOND TWO.—Cf. IV, 222.
9. Is there a clue to nationality in the 'blazoned lions?' Cf. British ensign.
Entering, the sudden light
Dazed me half-blind; I stood and seemed to hear,
As in a poplar grove when a light wind wakes
A lisping of the innumerous leaf and dies,
Each hissing in his neighbor’s ear; and then
A strangled titter, out of which there brake
On all sides, clamoring etiquette to death,
Unmeasured mirth; while now the two old kings
Began to wag their baldness up and down,
The fresh young captains flashed their glittering teeth,
The huge bush-bearded Barons heaved and blew,
And slain with laughter rolled the gilded Squire.

At length my Sire, his rough cheek wet with tears,
Panted from weary sides, ‘King, you are free!
We did but keep you surety for our son,
If this be he,—or a draggled mawkin, thou,
That tends her bristled grunters in the sludge:’

12. Cf. I, 96; Swinburne’s Song in Atalanta in Calydon.
16. Clamoring. . . . to death.—Destroying all etiquette by clamor.
17. This seems to emphasize the irony of IV, 508.
20. Bush-bearded Barons.—They seem to be Teutons.
21. Slain.—This hyperbole is too strong. Gilded Squire.
The knight’s attendant in glittering array.
22. How completely ludicrous the Prince in woman’s garb was is best described in this effect on the rough king.
25. Mawkin.—Malkin—menial servant; here a swineherd.
26. Bristled Grunters in the Sludge.—Prosaically, pigs in the mire.
For I was drenched with ooze, and torn with briers,  
More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath,  
And all one rag; disprinced from head to heel.  
Then some one sent beneath his vaulted palm  
A whispered jest to some one near him, 'Look,  
He has been among his shadows.' 'Satan take  
The old women and their shadows! (thus the King  
Roared) make yourself a man to fight with men.  
Go; Cyril told us all.'

As boys that slink  
From ferule and the trespass-chiding eye,  
Away we stole, and transient in a trice  
From what was left of faded woman-slough  
To sheathing splendors and the golden scale  
Of harness, issued in the sun, that now  
Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the Earth,  
And hit the Northern hills. Here Cyril met us,  
A little shy at first, but by and by  
We twain, with mutual pardon asked and given  
For stroke and song, resoldered peace, whereon  
Followed his tale. Amazed he fled away  
Thro' the dark land, and later in the night  
Had come on Psyche weeping: 'Then we fell

29. Disprinced.—Unprincd. This is a Miltonic analogy.  
32. Cf. I, 14, etc.  
37. Transient.—Passing, changing, etc.  
38. Woman-slough (sluf).—Covering, dress; cf. St.  
Simeon Stylites. Cf. also Shakespeare's 2 Henry VI, III, i,  
229.  
44. Cf. IV, 145, for the occasion of the 'mutual pardon.'
Into your father’s hand, and there she lies,  
But will not speak, nor stir.’

He showed a tent

A stone-shot off; we entered in, and there
Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,
Pitiful sight, wrapped in a soldier’s cloak,
Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
And pushed by rude hands from its pedestal,
All her fair length upon the ground she lay;
And at her head a follower of the camp,
A charred and wrinkled piece of womanhood,
Sat watching like a watcher by the dead.

Then Florian knelt, and ‘Come,’ he whispered to her,
‘Lift up your head, sweet sister; lie not thus.  
What have you done but right? you could not slay
Me, nor your prince; look up; be comforted;
Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
When fallen in darker ways.’ And likewise I:
‘Be comforted; have I not lost her too,
In whose least act abides the nameless charm
That none has else for me?’ She heard, she moved,
She moaned, a folded voice; and up she sat,

50. See next intercalary poem, second stanza, fourth line, etc.

58. See next intercalary poem, last stanza.

65. Fallen.—Cf. Use in Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, etc.

69. Folded voice.—Does this mean bent back upon itself, or from within folds of drapery? In either case it is muffled.
And raised the cloak from brows as pale and smooth
As those that mourn half-shrouded over death
In deathless marble. 'Her,' she said, 'my friend—
Parted from her—betrayed her cause and mine—
Where shall I breathe? Why kept ye not your faith?
O base and bad! What comfort? none for me!'
To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Yet I pray
Take comfort; live, dear lady, for your child!'
At which she lifted up her voice and cried:

'Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say
"The child is hers"—for every little fault,
"The child is hers;" and they will beat my girl
Remembering her mother; O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life

71. This recalls an Italian Campo Santo with its marble figures of the living posed over the marble images of the dead.
77. Cyril may sometimes be tactless, but he has learned Psyche's nature. Compare next poem, last stanza.
79-102. This lament when compared with Constance's Lament in King John, Wordsworth's Affliction of Margaret, and others is not worthy of the highest commendation. We are not here swept away by any motherly passion.
81. Cf. IV, 343, note.
With some cold reverence worse than were she dead,
Ill mother that I was to leave her there,
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all;
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaïa, my one child;
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her;
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me
Who gave me back my child? ’Be comforted,’
Said Cyril, ‘you shall have it;’ but again
She veiled her brows, and prone she sank, and so,
Like tender things that being caught feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirred.

By this a murmur ran
Thro’ all the camp, and inward raced the scouts
With rumor of Prince Arac hard at hand.
We left her by the woman, and without
Found the gray kings at parle; and ‘Look you,’ cried

101. The challenge which Cyril accepts. Cf. VI, 171; VII, 68.

108. Cf. IV, 480.

The parley is as to war. The Prince’s father favored war; the Prince opposes it, and Gama sides with the Prince; but Arac later (287) forces the issue, and it is war.
My father, 'that our compact be fulfilled;
You have spoilt this child; she laughs at you and
man;
She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him;
But red-faced war has rods of steel and fire;
She yields, or war.'

Then Gama turned to me:

'Ve fear, indeed, you spent a stormy time
With our strange girl; and yet they say that still
You love her. Give us, then, your mind at large;
How say you, war or not?'

'Not war, if possible,
O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse of war,
The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,
The smoldering homestead, and the household flower
Torn from the lintel—all the common wrong—
A smoke go up, thro' which I loom to her
Three times a monster; now she lightens scorn
At him that mars her plan, but then would hate
(And every voice she talked with ratify it,
And every face she looked on justify it)
The general foe. More soluble is this knot
By gentleness than war. I want her love.
What were I nigher this altho' we dashed

114. Red-faced.—This epithet suggests bloodiness.
122. Cf. Prl. 164. Is this, however, figurative?
124. Loom.—Appear enlarged.
125. Lightens.—Fulmines, which is much used by Milton.
129. Do we solve knots? But the Prince is no purist in language.
Your cities into shards with catapults?  
She would not love;—or brought her chained, a slave,  
The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord?  
Not ever would she love; but brooding turn  
The book of scorn, till all my flitting chance  
Were caught within the record of her wrongs,  
And crushed to death; and rather, Sire, than this  
I would the old God of war himself were dead,  
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,  
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,  
Or like an old-world mammoth bulked in ice,  
Not to be molten out.'

And roughly spake

My father, 'Tut, you know them not, the girls.
Boy, when I hear you prate I almost think
That idiot legend credible. Look you, Sir!
Man is the hunter; woman is his game;
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins;
They love us for it, and we ride them down.

132. Shards.—Fragments.
134. Suggests the affected songs of the Seventeenth Century Court poets to their mistresses' eyebrows.
139. A pagan god (Mars) is written with a capital, while the appellations of the Deity are not always so honored.
141. Have you seen these on our coast?
142. Bulked.—Cf. 'sphered,' IV, 418.
144. You know them not, the girls.—Collate the views of woman held by the various persons of this poem.
148. This line suggests deer, but the next his more usual comparison with wild cats, tigers, etc.
Wheedling and siding with them! Out! for shame!
Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them
As he that does the thing they dare not do,
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes
With the air of the trumpet round him, and leaps in
Among the women, snares them by the score
Flattered and flustered, wins, tho' dashed with death
He reddens what he kisses; thus I won
Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,
Worth winning; but this firebrand—gentleness
To such as her! If Cyril spake her true,
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
To trip a tigress with a gossamer,
Were wisdom to it.'

'Yea, but, Sire,' I cried,
'Wild natures need wise curbs. The soldier? No:
What dares not Ida do that she should prize
The soldier? I beheld her, when she rose
The yesternight and storming in extremes,
Stood for her cause, and flung defiance down
Gagelike to man, and had not shunned the death,
No, not the soldier's; yet I hold her, king,
True woman; but you clash them all in one,

157. Dashed with death.—Cf. 'bespattered with blood.'
—Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, III, i. 206.
162. Cherry net.—A net to protect trees from birds.
168. Cf. IV, 469 ff.
172. True woman.—That is, at heart womanly in spite of her man-like actions. Clash ... in one.—Force them all in the same class.
That have as many differences as we.
The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm; one loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
And some unworthily; their sinless faith,
A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,
Glorifying clown and satyr; whence they need
More breadth of culture; is not Ida right?
They worth it? truer to the law within?
Severer in the logic of a life?
Twice as magnetic to sweet influences
Of earth and heaven? And she of whom you speak,
My mother, looks as whole as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves; I say,
Not like the piebald miscellany, man,
Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual mire,
But whole and one; and take them all-in-all,
Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,

177. Their sinless faith (is like) a maiden moon, etc.
180. The Prince expresses his views more fully in VII, 239 ff.
186. The artist produces his best work in his best mood.
190. PIEBALD.—Diversified, variegated, lacking unity, etc.
193. This opinion of woman is amplified in Canto VII, but this opinion of man seems to have been the outcome of an ardent defense of the other sex.
As truthful, much that Ida claims as right
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly theirs
As dues of Nature. To our point: not war;
Lest I lose all.'

‘Nay, nay, you spake but sense,'
Said Gama. 'We remember love ourself
In our sweet youth; we did not rate him then
This red-hot iron to be shaped with blows.
You talk almost like Ida; *she* can talk;
And there is something in it, as you say;
But you talk kindlier; we esteem you for it.—
He seems a gracious and a gallant Prince,
I would he had our daughter; for the rest,
Our own detention, why, the causes weighed,
Fatherly fears—you used us courteously—
We would do much to gratify your Prince—
We pardon it; and for your ingress here
Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair land,
You did but come as goblins in the night,
Nor in the furrow broke the plowman's head,
Nor burnt the grange, nor bussed the milking-maid,
Nor robbed the farmer of his bowl of cream;
But let your Prince (our royal word upon it,
He comes back safe) ride with us to our lines,

201. This line is the testimony of a third party to the interesting fact that the Prince and the Princess are converging in views.

And speak with Arac; Arac's word is thrice
As ours with Ida; something may be done—
I know not what—and ours shall see us friends.
You likewise, our late guests, if so you will,
Follow us; who knows? we four may build some plan
Foursquare to opposition.'

Here he reached
White hands of farewell to my sire, who growled
An answer which, half-muffled in his beard,
Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Then rode we with the old king across the lawns
Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings of Spring
In every bole, a song on every spray
Of birds that piped their Valentines, and woke
Desire in me to infuse my tale of love
In the old king's ears, who promised help, and oozed
All o'er with honeyed answer as we rode;
And blossom-fragrant slipped the heavy dews

217. Arac.—Cf. 108, I, 152, etc.
221. We four.—Gama, the Prince, Cyril, and Florian.
222. Foursquare.—This term is biblical. Exodus xxvii. 1.
Cf. also Ode to Wellington.
227. Cf. Talking Oak, 84, 173. The age of a tree is conjectured from the rings on the trunk (bole). These were a thousand (indefinite) years old.
229. Valentines.—Love songs, but with no hint of time (February 14th).
231. Gama is belittled in every description of him.
Gathered by night and peace, with each light air
On our mailed heads; but other thoughts than peace
Burnt in us when we saw the embattled squares
And squadrons of the Prince, trampling the flowers
With clamor; for among them rose a cry
As if to greet the king: they made a halt;
The horses yelled; they clashed their arms; the
drum
Beat; merrily-blowing shrilled the martial fife;
And in the blast and bray of the long horn
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner. Anon to meet us lightly pranced
Three captains out; nor ever had I seen
Such thews of men; the midmost and the highest
Was Arac; all about his motion clung
The shadow of his sister, as the beam
Of the East, that played upon them, made them glance
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone,
That glitter burnished by the frosty dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,

237. This Prince is Arac.
237-244. Study these sounds and their vocal designations.
Onomatopoeia.
240. Yelled.—Is this a good descriptive word here?
246. Thews of men.—Men of thews, i.e., of muscle.
247. Ida was a feminine reflection of this gigantic brother.
250. Airy Giant's zone.—Orion's belt.
252. Sirius.—The summer star, the star of the dog-days,
the dog-star with its fiery red, but varying color. Cf. Iliad,
V, 4-6.
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, washed with morning, as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I heard War-music, felt the blind wild-beast of force, Whose home is in the sinews of a man, Stir in me as to strike; then took the king His three broad sons; with now a wandering hand And now a pointed finger, told them all; A common light of smiles at our disguise Broke from their lips, and ere the windy jest Had labored down within his ample lungs, The genial giant, Arac, rolled himself Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words.

‘Our land invaded, ’sdeath! and he himself Your captive, yet my father wills not war; And ’sdeath! myself, what care I, war or no? But then this question of your troth remains; And there’s a downright honest meaning in her; She flies too high, she flies too high! and yet She asked but space and fair-play for her scheme; She pressed and pressed it on me—I myself, What know I of these things? but, life and soul!

256. Wild beast of force. Cf. In Memoriam, CXVIII.
259. Gama gesticulates like a true Southerner.
262. Windy.—Wordy, costing much breath.
266. ’Sdeath.—God’s death. A Shakespearian oath.
269. Your troth.—Does this refer to the plighted troth between the Prince and the Princess, or to Gama’s promise to let her try her experiment?
I thought her half-right talking of her wrongs; I say she flies too high; 'sdeath! what of that? I take her for the flower of womankind, And so I often told her, right or wrong, And, Prince, she can be sweet to those she loves, And, right or wrong, I care not; this is all, I stand upon her side; she made me swear it—'Sdeath—and with solemn rites by candle-light—Swear by St. something—I forget her name—Her that talked down the fifty wisest men; She was a princess too; and so I swore. Come, this is all; she will not; waive your claim; If not, the foughten field—what else?—at once Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's will.'

I lagged in answer, loth to render up My precontract, and loth by brainless war To cleft the rift of difference deeper yet; Till one of those two brothers, half aside And fingering at the hair about his lip, To prick us on to combat 'Like to like! The woman's garment hid the woman's heart.'

A taunt that clenched his purpose like a blow!

275. Arac is much of the Prince's opinion. 277. Cf. Prl. 48. 283. St. something.—Catherine of Alexandria. 287. Foughten field.—Field of battle. Cf. Shakespeare's Henry V, IV, vi, 18; The Coming of Arthur, 134. 293. This indicates his immature youth. 295. This insult rather than the merit of the cause is made the occasion of war.
For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-scoff,
And sharp I answered, touched upon the point
Where idle boys are cowards to their shame,
'Decide it here: why not? we are three to three.' 300

Then spake the third, 'But three to three? no more?
No more, and in our noble sister's cause?
More, more, for honor; every captain waits
Hungry for honor, angry for his king.
More, more, some fifty on a side, that each
May breathe himself, and quick! by overthrow
Of these or those, the question settled die.'
'Yea,' answered I, 'for this wild wreath of air,
This flake of rainbow flying on the highest
Foam of men's deeds—this honor, if ye will.
It needs must be for honor if at all;
Since, what decision? if we fail, we fail,
And if we win, we fail; she would not keep
Her compact.' 'Sdeath! but we will send to her,'
Said Arac, 'worthy reasons why she should
Bide by this issue; let our missive thro',
And you shall have her answer by the word.'

207. Cyril's hot-headedness had caused detection, and now it hurried on contention.
208. POINT.—That is, honor. For honor's sake thoughtless men do acts of moral cowardice that bring them shame.
312. Cf. 290 'brainless.'
317. Cf. 361 ff.
‘Boys!' shrieked the old king, but vainlier than a hen
To her false daughters in the pool; for none
Regarded; neither seemed there more to say;
Back rode we to my father’s camp, and found
He thrice had sent a herald to the gates,
To learn if Ida yet would cede our claim,
Or by denial flush her babbling wells
With her own people’s life; three times he went;
The first he blew and blew, but none appeared;
He battered at the doors; none came; the next,
An awful voice within had warned him thence;
The third, and those eight daughters of the plow
Came sallying through the gates, and caught his hair,
And so belabored him on rib and cheek
They made him wild; not less one glance he caught
Thro’ open doors of Ida stationed there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho’ compassed by two armies and the noise
Of arms; and standing like a stately pine
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and right and left,
Sucked from the dark heart of the long hills, roll

319. Ducklings.
323. Cf. 286. The issue is joined.
333. The answer to 323.
336. Cf. IV, 472, and note.
The torrents, dashed to the vale; and yet her will
Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was pledged
To fight in tourney for my bride, he clashed
His iron palms together with a cry;
Himself would tilt it out among the lads;
But overborne by all his bearded lords
With reasons drawn from age and state, perforce
He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce demur;
And many a bold knight started up in heat,
And sware to combat for my claim till death.

All on this side the palace ran the field
Flat to the garden-wall; and likewise here,
Above the garden's glowing blossom-belts,
A columned entry shone, and marble stairs,
And great bronze valves embossed with Tomyris
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
But now fast barred; so here upon the flat
All that long morn the lists were hammered up,
And all that morn the heralds to and fro,
With message and defiance, went and came;

343. CLASHED.—Cf. 240, 172.
351. It suggests the tourney field below Stirling Castle.
355. TOMYRIS.—The Queen who had the head of Cyrus
the Great dipped in a 'skin filled with blood. Cf. Shakespeare,
1 Henry VI, II, iii, 5, 6.
Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,
But shaken here and there, and rolling words
Oration-like. I kised it, and I read.

'O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation, when we heard
Of those that iron-cramped their women's feet;
Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;
Of living hearts that crack within the fire
Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those,—
Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
Made for all noble motion; and I saw
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times
With smoother men; the old leaven leavened all;

361. Royal.—Does this refer to the handwriting?
363. Cf. 317.
364. Arac.
364–379. This is Ida's arraignment of man and her defense
of her cause.
367–368. Russia.
369 ff. Hindoo.
371. All prophetic pity.—Overwhelmed by pity in anticipa-
tion of the fate of their daughters should they remain
unmarried.
375. Sleeker times.—That is, more polished times; per-
haps the nineteenth century.
376. Old leaven.—Woman's inferiority.
Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
No woman named; therefore I set my face
Against all men, and lived but for mine own.
Far off from men I built a fold for them;
I stored it full of rich memorial;
I fenced it round with gallant institutes,
And biting laws to scare the beasts of prey,
And prospered; till a rout of saucy boys
Brake on us at our books, and marred our peace,
Masked like our maids, blustering I know not what
Of insolence and love, some pretext held
Of baby troth, invalid, since my will
Sealed not the bond—the striplings!—for their
sport!—
I tamed my leopards; shall I not tame these?
Or you or I? for since you think me touched
In honor—what, I would not aught of false—
Is not our cause pure? and whereas I know
Your prowess, Arac, and what mother's blood
You draw from, fight; you failing, I abide
What end soever; fail you will not. Still,

380. Note frequent reference to sheep. This suggests need of leadership.
381. Statues of women, etc.
384.—ROUT.—Company, etc. Cf. Prl. 148.
392. To what does the Princess refer as false?
394. It is evident that the Princess and her brother are the heirs of their mother.
Take not his life; he risked it for my own;
His mother lives; yet whatsoe'er you do,
Fight, and fight well; strike and strike home. O dear
Brothers, the woman's Angel guards you, you
The sole men to be mingled with our cause,
The sole men we shall prize in the aftertime,
Your very armor hallowed, and your statues
Reared, sung to, when, this gad-fly brushed aside,
We plant a solid foot into the Time,
And mold a generation strong to move
With claim on claim from right to right, till she
Whose name is yoked with children's, know herself;
And Knowledge in our own land make her free,
And, ever following those two crowned twins,
Commerce and conquest, shower the fiery grain
Of freedom broadcast over all that orbs
Between the Northern and the Southern morn.'

397. Cf. IV, 510, for her bitter gratitude.
398. Lives.—Yet the tense in I, 11, and VII, 298, implies
the contrary. Is the Princess mistaken?
400. The woman's Angel.—That is, the guardian angel of
woman.
401. Cf. II, 32.
406. How possible? Cf. II, 50; 164, etc.
407. She.—Woman, the sex.
409. Cf. John viii, 32. This is the motto of the University
of Virginia, but Truth and Knowledge are not one. This is
the Princess' mistake.
411. A little bit of English life and ideal is obvious here.
Fiery.—That is, inflaming, inciting, inspiring.
Then came a postscript dashed across the rest:
'See that there be no traitors in your camp;
We seem a nest of traitors—none to trust
Since our arms failed—this Egypt-plague of men!
Almost our maids were better at their homes,
Than thus man-girdled here; indeed, I think
Our chiefest comfort is the little child
Of one unworthy mother; which she left;
She shall not have it back; the child shall grow
To prize the authentic mother of her mind.
I took it for an hour in mine own bed
This morning; there the tender orphan hands
Felt at my heart, and seemed to charm from thence
The wrath I nursed against the world; farewell.'

I ceased; he said, 'Stubborn, but she may sit
Upon a king's right hand in thunderstorms,

414. True to her womanly nature she puts her most important declarations in a postscript, written, too, across the letter.


420. Child.—The true heroine of the poem, since all else bends to the power of the child.

422. Cf. IV, 342, and note.

423. Authentic mother of her mind, versus the mother of her body. Mental versus physical maternity; cf. III, 228.

425–427. This is the dynamic point of the poem. Here Ida's nature changes, and from this time, when she bids farewell to her wrath against the world, she also welcomes manifestations of love for herself.

428. He.—The Prince's father, who had listened to the letter read aloud.
And breed up warriors! See now—tho' yourself
Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to sloughs
That swallow common sense—the spindling king,
This Gama, swamped in lazy tolerance.
When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up,
And topples down the scales; but this is fixed
As are the roots of earth and base of all:
Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword and for the needle she;
Man with the head and woman with the heart;
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion. Look you! the gray mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
Shrinks in his arm-chair, while the fires of hell
Mix with his hearth; but you—she's yet a colt—
Take, break her; strongly groomed and straitly curbed,

431. Cf. IV, 338. Is this his father's explanation of the weird seizures?
433. Gama is no master in his own household. He is overpowered by his own children.
434 ff. The king's opinion of woman is that of the typical Englishman. 453-454. The old king's solution of the problem is direct and matter of fact, but it has many advocates. Cf. VII, 248, and In Memoriam, XL, 4.
440. Cf. Genesis iii, 16; Ephesians v, 12; Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida, I, iii, 85 ff; Milton's Paradise Lost, IV, 440 ff.
441. Gray mare.—Cf. the proverb: 'The gray mare is the better horse.'
443. Goodman.—Husband, but used in disparagement.
She might not rank with those detestable
That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl
Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street.
They say she's comely; there's the fairer chance;
I like her none the less for rating at her!
Besides, the woman wed is not as we,
But suffers change of frame. A lusty brace
Of twins may weed her of her folly. Boy,
The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.'

Thus the hard old king.
I took my leave, for it was nearly noon;
I pored upon her letter which I held,
And on the little clause, 'Take not his life,'
I mused on that wild morning in the woods,
And on the 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win,'
I thought on all the wrathful king had said,
And how the strange betrothment was to end;
Then I remembered that burnt sorcerer's curse
That one should fight with shadows and should fall,
And like a flash the weird affection came:
King, camp, and college turned to hollow shows;
I seemed to move in old memorial tilts,

447. Detestable.—Mothers is understood.
449. Cf. the street-cries of vegetable venders.
460. Cf. 397.
466. Cf. III, 167, etc.
469. Cf. I, 17; IV, 539.
And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,
To dream myself the shadow of a dream;
And ere I woke it was the point of noon;
The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed
We entered in, and waited, fifty there
Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared
At the barrier like a wild horn in a land
Of echoes, and a moment, and once more
The trumpet, and again; at which the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In conflict, with the crash of shivering points,
And thunder. Yet it seemed a dream I dreamed
Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks; part reeled, but kept their seats;
Part rolled on the earth, and rose again, and drew;
Part stumbled, mixed with floundering horses. Down
From those two bulks at Arac’s side, and down
From Arac’s arm as from a giant’s flail,
The large blows rained, as here and everywhere

472. Lists.—Cf. 358.
473. Fifty.—Cf. 305.
474. This description of a tourney is splendid in fire, vividness, and rapidity of movement.
475. Cf. Alpine Horn; cf. also hints to the Bugle Song.
478. Bare . . . on.—Advanced, carried forward.
481. The Prince confuses even truth and dreams. Is he still in a trance?
He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,
And all the plain,—brand, mace, and shaft, and shield—
Shocked, like an iron-clanging anvil banged
With hammers; till I thought, 'Can this be he
From Gama’s dwarfish loins? if this be so,
The mother makes us most'—and in my dream
I glanced aside, and saw the palace-front
Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes,
And highest, among the statues, statue-like,
Between a cymbaled Miriam and a Jael,
With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,
A single band of gold about her hair,
Like a Saint's glory up in heaven; but she
No saint—inexorable—no tenderness—
Too hard, too cruel: yet she sees me fight,
Yea, let her see me fall! With that I drave
Among the thickest and bore down a Prince,
And Cyril one. Yea, let me make my dream
All that I would. But that large-molded man,

491.—Mellay.—Mélée.
493. Note the metrical and verbal effect.
496. The accepted view of cross inheritance.
500.—Cf. Exodus xv, 20; Judges iv. 17.
503. Saint's glory.—Halo. Cf. the golden fillet often worn by Greeks.
505. Note change of tense for vivid realism of her presence as a witness.
506. Drave.—This form is archaic.
507-508. Arac's brothers are thus disposed of.
His visage all agrin as at a wake,
Made at me thro' the press, and, staggering back
With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman, came
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flaying the roofs and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champaign till it strikes
On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks, and
splits,
And twists the grain with such a roar that Earth
Reels, and the herdsman cry; for everything
Gave way before him; only Florian, he
That loved me closer than his own right eye,
Thrust in between; but Arac rode him down;
And Cyril, seeing it, pushed against the Prince,
With Psyche's color round his helmet; tough,
Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms;
But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that smote
And threw him; last I spurred; I felt my veins
Stretch with fierce heat; a moment hand to hand,
And sword to sword, and horse to horse we hung;

510. This suggestion of mirth in the presence of death is
of a piece with the medley nature of this fight, but it is also
in keeping with Arac's character. Cf. 264.
511. Staggering is an active verb.
513. This is a vivid picture of a cyclone. Collins calls at-
tention to Lucan's similar description, Pharsalia, I, 152-158.
Where, from books or experience, did Tennyson get these
details?
Till I struck out and shouted; the blade glanced, I did but shear a feather, and dream and truth
Floved from me; darkness closed me; and I fell.

530. His seizures (mental) and his half-dream, half-truth state now gave way to unconsciousness caused by a wound as of death. Cf. VI, 10, 92, etc.
[CONSOLATION.]

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
‘She must weep or she will die.’

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stepped,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee;
Like summer tempest came her tears—
‘Sweet my child, I live for thee.’

In this poem the wean nerves the widow after the warrior’s death. (Cf. Poem, p. 147.) Here is the baby’s magic in consolation. The poem follows immediately upon the Prince’s supposed death wound. The warrior has fallen, and widowed Ida has already been softened by the warmth of Psyche’s child. The verses are not descriptive of Canto V, but suggest several of its scenes. Cf. 50, 58, 77, 79, 531; VI, 177.

This elegy is very simple in form, but none the less effective in its dynamic climax. The sources are perhaps First Lay of Gudrun; The Lay of the Last Minstrel (I, 9); Darwin’s Loves of the Plants, III, 269-326.

[ 177 ]
VI.

[TRIUMPH AND FORGIVENESS.]

[Ida exults over her fallen enemies and rushes to the field to tender her services as nurse to those who have championed her cause. She finds the Prince apparently dead, but when she knows him alive begs to be suffered to nurse him too. This request is refused when she seems so hard to Psyche, but, after their reconciliation, is granted and the doors of the Academe are thrown wide to receive all the wounded.—Ed.]

My dream had never died, or lived again.
As in some mystic middle state I lay;
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard;
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I speak as having seen.

For so it seemed, or so they said to me,
That all things grew more tragic and more strange;

2. Another member of the seven takes up the tale, but in the character of the Prince. The new narrator must explain his knowledge of what happened during this unconscious state. This he does as follows: The Prince falls wounded and unconscious, yet he tells what happens immediately after his fall and later. His ability to do this is due to the fact (1) that his dream (Canto V.) had never ceased; or (2) that his dream at once revived (began again); or (3) that he lay in some middle state; or (4) that he is telling what he had heard so often that he seemed to recollect it himself.
That when our side was vanquished, and my cause
For ever lost there went up a great cry,
'The Prince is slain!' My father heard, and ran
In on the lists, and there unlaced my casque
And groveled on my body, and after him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaïa.

But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm; there on the roofs
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she sang.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen; the seed,
The little seed they laughed at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms, and rushes to the sun.

12. GROVELED.—Is this a felicitous word?
13. Psyche's cause was bound up with the Prince's, hence she thinks Aglaïa permanently lost. Cf. V, 101, 103.
15. BABE IN ARM.—Cf. Palace of Art. What is the usual expression?
16. Cf. Deborah; Judges iv, 4; V, l. ff.; cf. IV, 121; V, 500.

17-42. Ida's Exultation—Plot Song IV—This Song of Triumph, a Valkyrian hymn into which Ida dashes the passion of the prophetess (cf. IV, 121, 122), is in her original manner before the wrath she nursed against the world had been charmed from her breast. (Cf. V, 425, 426.) This return to her fiery mood is natural under the excitement of battle, but almost immediately (cf. 56) her new-found tenderness reasserts itself.

This poem, Cook suggests, makes use of Psalm, xcii; Hosea, xiv; Psalm, lxxx, and Jeremiah, xlvi. For a similar
"Our enemies have fallen, have fallen; they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears; they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand;
They marked it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fallen themselves.  

"Our enemies have fallen, have fallen; they came,
The woodmen with their axes: "lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men."

"Our enemies have fallen, have fallen; they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shattered to the shoulder blade.

"Our enemies have fallen, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breath
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power; and rolled

figure compare Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, V, v, 53, 56. The main hint is, however, found in Deborah's song in Judges, v. It is a rhymless, rhapsodical war lyric of exultation, but it is at the same time an allegorical picture, present and prophetic, of woman's cause.

21. To the sun.—This is a phrase of direction and height.
25. Red cross.—The master woodman's sign for the tree's destruction.
34. Truly said of Ida and her womanly type, truly said too of the inherent nature of her cause.
38. A night of Summer from the heat.—Protected from the heat throughout a summer night. Does this mean in obscurity, unobserved?
39. Autumn.—The ripening time (of her cause).
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.'

‘And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken; fear we not
To break them more, in their behoof whose arms
Championed our cause and won it with a day
Blanched in our annals, and perpetual feast,
When dames and heroines of the golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,
To rain an April of ovation round
Their statues, borne aloft, the three; but come,
We will be liberal, since our rights are won.
Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind,
Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer these

40. **Time.**—Cf. II, 356; IV, 496; VII, 90, 271.
41. **Fangs.**—The stem suggests seizing, grasping. Here
it is the clutching roots of this symbolic tree.
42. Cf. *In Memoriam*, II.
47. **Blanched.**—Variant for whitened, meaning made gra-
Cf. the expression, a “red-letter day.”
50. April is the rainy month. “To rain an April” is a
figure of intensity.
52. **Won,** but lost in the winning, for Love against whom
enmity was sworn is by this liberality ‘made Victor.’ Cf. V,
395; VII, 5 ff.
53. **Mankind.**—Of the kind like man; that is, of masamu-
line sex and nature. Cf. Shakespeare’s *Timon of Athens IV,*
III, 490, 491.
54. **Ill.**—Cf. V, 90.
The brethren of our blood and cause, that there
Lie bruised and maimed, the tender ministries
Of female hands and hospitality.'

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms,
Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led
A hundred maids in train across the park.
Some cowled, and some bare-headed, on they came,
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest; by them went
The enamored air sighing, and on their curls
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell,
And over them the tremulous isles of light
Slided, they moving under shade; but Blanche
At distance followed; so they came; anon
Thro' open field into the lists they wound
Timorously; and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the sun,
And followed up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,

58. Cf. 15.
61. Cowled.—With heads covered. No suggestion here
of their office as Sisters of Mercy.
This is a favorite figure with Tennyson, who says: "They
are 'isles of light, spots of sunshine coming through the
leaves, and seeming to slide from one to the other as the pro-
cession of girls moves under shade.'"—Letter to Dawson.
Does tremulous suggest merely motion or also apprehension?
69-70. This masculine figure brings out the force and
virility of Ida as opposed to the others of her fold. Cf. V,
380.
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay; there stayed;
Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—and pressed
Their hands, and called them dear deliverers,
And happy warriors, and immortal names;
And said, 'You shall not lie in the tents, but here,
And nursed by those for whom you fought and served
With female hands and hospitality.'

Then, whether moved by this—or was it chance?—
She passed my way. Up started from my side
The old lion, glaring with his whelpless eye,
Silent; but when she saw me lying stark,
Dishelmed and mute, and motionlessly pale,
Cold even to her, she sighed; and when she saw
The haggard father's face and reverend beard
Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the blood
Of his own son, shuddered, a twitch of pain
Tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead passed
A shadow, and her hue changed, and she said:
'He saved my life; my brother slew him for it.'

73. Floated.—This is Ida's gait. IV, 505. It was also Dalila's in Samson Agonistes, 1072.
80. Repeated from 57.
81. Give your answer to the question.
83. The Prince, then, was his father's only child? The expression is not happy.
84. Stark.—Stiff (in death).
86. Cold even to her.—Her supreme test of his life.
88. Grisly twine.—Coarse, greyish thread.
89. The Princess relenting.
92. This seems to border on remorse. Cf. V, 397.
No more; at which the king in bitter scorn
Drew from my neck the painting and the tress,
And held them up; she saw them, and a day
Rose from the distance on her memory,
When the good Queen, her mother, shore the tress
With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche;
And then once more she looked at my pale face;
Till, understanding all the foolish work
Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,
Her iron will was broken in her mind;
Her noble heart was molten in her breast;
She bowed, she set the child on the earth; she laid
A feeling finger on my brows, and presently
‘O Sire,’ she said, ‘he lives; he is not dead;
O let me have him with my brethren here
In our own palace; we will tend on him
Like one of these; if so, by any means,
To lighten this great clog of thanks, that make
Our progress falter to the woman’s goal.’

97. The Princess’ mother, then, favored the Prince’s suit.

Cf. V, 530.
98. Cf. 222.
101. Fancy.—Her chimerical scheme.
102. Iron will.—II, 185; V, 340. This is a dynamic point in the poem.
106. This touch that calls to life prefigures another touch (VII, 143) that brings a new life to Ida. Cf. also Inter-
110. Gratitude was bitter (IV, 510), now it is burdensome.
111. Make . . . falter.—Impedes.
She said; but at the happy word 'He lives,'  
My father stooped, re-fathered o'er my wounds.  
So those two foes, above my fallen life,  
With brow to brow like night and evening, mixed  
Their dark and gray; while Psyche ever stole  
A little nearer, till the babe that by us,  
Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden brede,  
Lay like a new-fallen meteor on the grass,  
Uncared for, spied its mother, and began  
A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance  
Its body, and reach its fatling innocent arms  
And lazy lingering fingers. She the appeal  
Brooked not, but clamoring out, 'Mine—mine—not yours,  
It is not yours, but mine; give me the child!'  
Ceased all on tremble; piteous was the cry;  
So stood the unhappy mother open-mouthed,  
And turned each face her way; wan was her cheek  
With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn,  
Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,  
And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half

118. Brede.—Embroidery.
119. Cf. IV, 267.
121. Blind.—What does this signify?
122. Fatling.—Diminutive, small and fat. As an adjective this seems to be a Tennysonian coinage. (See Century Dictionary.)
124. Brooked not.—That is, could not withstand.
129. Hollow.—Belongs to cheek, as 'red' in 130, to eye.
The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst
The laces toward her babe; but she nor cared
Nor knew it, clamoring on, till Ida heard,
Looked up, and rising slowly from me, stood
Erect and silent, striking with her glance
The mother, me, the child; but he that lay
Beside us, Cyril, battered as he was,
Trailed himself up on one knee; then he drew
Her robe to meet his lips, and down she looked
At the armed man sideways, pitying, as it seemed,
Or self-involved; but when she learnt his face,
Remembering his ill-omened song, arose
Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew
Tall as a figure lengthened on the sand
When the tide ebbs in sunshine; and he said:

'O fair and strong and terrible! Lioness
That with your long locks play the Lion's mane!—
But Love and Nature, these are two more terrible
And stronger. See, your foot is on our necks,
We vanquished, you the Victor of your will.

142. Self-involved.—That is, self-absorbed.
143. Cf. IV, 139.
also Prl. 218. What is the Prince's height? See II, 33. This
is the last reference to the manly height of the Princess.
Hereafter she is drawn with emphasis on her womanly attributes.
149-150. This is the key to the poem. Love and Nature
will ever triumph over Knowledge, Power, Will, Whimsical
Plan, etc.
151. Of.—That is, in accordance with, etc.
What would you more? Give her the child! remain
Orbed in your isolation; he is dead,
Or all as dead; henceforth we let you be;
Win you the hearts of women; and beware
Lest, where you seek the common love of these,
The common hate with the revolving wheel
Should drag you down, and some great Nemesis
Break from a darkened future, crowned with fire,
And tread you out for ever; but howsoe'er
Fixed in yourself, never in your own arms
To hold your own, deny not hers to her;
Give her the child! O if, I say, you keep
One pulse that beats true woman, if you loved
The breast that fed or arm that dandled you,
Or own one port of sense not flint to prayer,
Give her the child! or if you scorn to lay it,
Yourself, in hands so lately clasped with yours,
Or speak to her, your dearest—her one fault
The tenderness, not yours, that could not kill—
Give me it: I will give it her.'

153. Orbed.—Cf. 'sphered,' etc., IV, 129, 130.
157. Discontent was observed before. Cf. II, 439.
158. Nemesis.—Goddess of Retribution.
166. Port.—Porta—gate, opening, avenue. Cf. Shakes-pear's II. Henry IV, IV, v, 23, 24, etc.
171. This intercession on the part of Cyril is perhaps not entirely unselfish. He, no doubt, remembers her promise of reward (V, 101).
He said;
At first her eye with slow dilation rolled
Dry flame, she listening; after sank and sank,
And, into mournful twilight mellowing, dwelt
Full on the child; she took it: 'Pretty bud!
Lily of the vale! half opened bell of the woods!
Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a world
Of traitorous friend and broken system made
No purple in the distance, mystery,—
Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell;
These men are hard upon us as of old,
We two must part; and yet how fain was I
To dream thy cause embraced in mine, to think
I might be something to thee, when I felt
Thy helpless warmth about my barren breast
In the dead prime! but may thy mother prove
As true to thee as false, false, false to me!

175. Cf. V, 97.
177. Cf. IV, 343 ff.
179. Purple in the distance.—In Memoriam, XXXI, 3; XXXVIII, 1. 'Prospect and horizon.'
180. Wedded love.
183. The woman's cause embraces the child's, therefore no solution of the woman problem is final that does not take account of children. This is distinctly Tennyson's view.
186. Dead prime.—Cf. II, 106; In Memoriam, XLIII, 4. Perhaps this refers, first to the hour before dawn when vitality is low (cf. V, 425); but its further reference is to the unfruitful spring of life.
187. Isn't the accusation too absolute?
And, if thou needs must bear the yoke, I wish it Gentle as freedom'—here she kissed it; then—
'All good go with thee! take it, Sir,' and so
Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed hands,
Who turned half-round to Psyche, as she sprang
To meet it with an eye that swum in thanks;
Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugged and never hugged it close enough,
And in her hunger mouthed and mumbled it,
And hid her bosom with it; after that
Put on more calm, and added suppliantly:

'We two were friends: I go to mine own land
For ever; find some other; as for me,
I scarce am fit for your great plans; yet speak to me;
Say one soft word and let me part forgiven.'

'But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child.
Then Arac: 'Ida—'sdeath! you blame the man;
You wrong yourselves—the woman is so hard
Upon the woman. Come, a grace to me!
I am your warrior; I and mine have fought
Your battle; kiss her; take her hand, she weeps;
'Sdeath! I would sooner fight thrice o'er than see it.'

201. Because of too much heart.
205. Cf. 'Man's inhumanity to man,' Burns' Man Was Made to Mourn, 7, as the generic expression.
206. Grace.—Favor.
209. Arac's heart is more tender than Ida's, because he has not learned to be unnatural,
But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground;
And reddening in the furrows of his chin,
And moved beyond his custom, Gama said:

'I've heard that there is iron in the blood,
And I believe it. Not one word? not one?
Whence drew you this steel temper? not from me,
Not from your mother, now a saint with saints.
She said you had a heart—I heard her say it—
"Our Ida has a heart—" just ere she died—
"But see that some one with authority
Be near her still;" and I—I sought for one—
All people said she had authority—
The Lady Blanche; much profit! Not one word;
No! tho' your father sues; see how you stand
Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good knights maimed,
I trust that there is no one hurt to death,
For your wild whim; and was it then for this,
Was it for this we gave our palace up,
Where we withdrew from summer heats and state,
And had our wine and chess beneath the planes,
And many a pleasant hour with her that's gone,

213. Cf. 34.
215. The iron and steel indicate the metallic hardness of Ida's acquired nature.
218-19. Ida's mother did not, as so many others, misjudge her.
229. Planes.—Cf. III, 159.
Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?
Speak to her, I say; is this not she of whom,
When first she came, all flushed you said to me
Now had you got a friend of your own age,
Now could you share your thought; now should men
see
Two women faster welded in one love
Than pairs of wedlock; she you walked with, she
You talked with, whole nights long, up in the tower,
Of sine and arc, spheroid and azimuth,
And right ascension, Heaven knows what; and now
A word, but one, one little kindly word,
Not one to spare her? out upon you, flint!
You love nor her, nor me, nor any; nay,
You shame your mother’s judgment too. Not one?
You will not? well—no heart have you, or such
As fancies, like the vermin in a nut,
Have fretted all to dust and bitterness.’
So said the small king, moved beyond his wont.

But Ida stood, nor spoke, drained of her force
By many a varying influence and so long.
Down thro’ her limbs a drooping languor wept;

231. Was Ida always a self-willed, troublesome child?
238–240. This is a reminder of Milton’s Il Penseroso, 85 ff. These are technical astronomical terms.
251. There is weeping in her manner, though not in her eyes.
Her head a little bent; and on her mouth
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
In a still water; then brake out my sire,
Lifting his grim head from my wounds: 'O you, 255
Woman, whom we thought woman even now,
And were half fooled to let you tend our son,
Because he might have wished it—but we see
The accomplice of your madness unforgiven,
And think that you might mix his draught with death, 260
When your skies change again; the rougher hand
Is safer; on to the tents; take up the Prince.'

He rose, and while each ear was pricked to attend
A tempest, thro' the cloud that dimmed her broke
A genial warmth and light once more, and shone 265
Thro' glittering drops on her sad friend.

'Come hither,
O Psyche,' she cried out, 'embrace me, come,
Quick while I melt; make reconcilement sure
With one that cannot keep her mind an hour;
Come to the hollow heart they slander so!
Kiss and be friends, like children being chid!

256. Cf. 115.
261. The old King charges her with fickleness. Cf. 269.
266. Cf. 251.
269. The charge of 261 confessed.
270. Hollow.—Empty because lacking in wedded-love, child-love, and friend-love; or does she mean they slander her heart by calling it hollow; that is, without natural feeling? See 245.
I seem no more; I want forgiveness too;
I should have had to do with none but maids,
That have no links with men. Ah, false but dear,
Dear traitor, too much loved, why?—why?—Yet see,
Before these kings we embrace you yet once more
With all forgiveness, all oblivion,
And trust, not love, you less.

And now, O Sire,
Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon him,
Like mine own brother. For my debt to him,
This nightmare weight of gratitude, I know it;
Taunt me no more; yourself and yours shall have
Free adit; we will scatter all our maids
Till happier times each to her proper hearth;

272. The Obvious interpretation of this line is: I seem no more than a child, and, child-like, I want forgiveness; but there are two other interpretations worth considering: (1) I seem no more; that is, I no longer pretend to be your enemy and to believe you false. I want your forgiveness for my seeming hardness and injustice. (2) I seem no more; that is, I am done with these unreal and chimerical fancies, these fine-spun theories with their inherent unnaturalness, and for my vagary, which I here renounce, I want forgiveness too.

278. Cf. 262 and 267. And now (causal, not temporal) that I have shown my forgiving spirit, grant me your son. The moving cause of her reconciliation with Psyche is interest in the Prince.

279. Ida is not usually suppliant.

281. Cf. 110.


284. Proper.—Cf. In Memoriam, XXVI, 4. But they did
What use to keep them here—now? grant my prayer.
Help, father, brother, help; speak to the king;
Thaw this male nature to some touch of that
Which kills me with myself, and drags me down
From my fixed height to mob me up with all
The soft and milky rabble of womankind,
Poor weakling even as they are.'

Passionate tears Followed; the king replied not; Cyril said:
'Your brother, Lady,—Florian,—ask for him
Of your great Head—for he is wounded too—
That you may tend upon him with the Prince.'

'Ay so,' said Ida with a bitter smile,
'Our laws are broken; let him enter too.'
Then Violet, she that sang the mournful song,
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,
Petitioned too for him. 'Ay so,' she said,
'I stagger in the stream; I cannot keep
My heart an eddy from the brawling hour;
We break our laws with ease, but let it be.'

not all go (VII, 5, etc.), because they had found a more satisfactory mission. Cf. 360.

287. That.—Namely, womanly nature. Is this the renunciation of her plan suggested, perhaps, in 272?
290. Milky.—Not only white, but weak and effeminate.
Cf. Shelley's Cenci II, 1; Shakespeare's Timon of Athens III, i, 57.
291. Cf. with 251 and 266 for progression in tenderness.
298. Cf. IV, 19.
'Ay so?' said Blanche: 'Amazed am I to hear Your Highness; but Your Highness breaks with ease The law Your Highness did not make; 'twas I. I had been wedded wife, I knew mankind, And blocked them out; but these men came to woo Your Highness—verily I think to win.'

So she, and turned askance a wintry eye; But Ida, with a voice that like a bell Tolled by an earthquake in a trembling tower, Rang ruin, answered full of grief and scorn.

'Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all; Not only he, but by my mother's soul, Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe, Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls flit, Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,

300. But unhappily married ("wedded to a fool," III, 67), therefore she did not know fairly the sex.
309. Blanche's judgment is better far than her heart.
310. Wintry.—Cold, unsympathetic.
311. Whence this picture? There echoes through all the remainder of the poem this bell-like announcement of the downfall of her large but wrongly-designed plan.
314. Blanche was singularly fatal in driving the Princess to prompt and far-reaching decisions. Cf. IV, 343, etc. Is this mere feminine perversity, or does Ida, with woman's intuition, know Blanche wrong, and therefore, whatever she opposes, right?
318. Psyche had compromised with her duty because of love for her brother, though she perhaps had Cyril in mind; Blanche had faltered in her duty because of ambition, though
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,
But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
We brook no further insult, but are gone.'

She turned; the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation; but the Prince
Her brother came; the king her father charmed
Her wounded soul with words; nor did mine own
Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare
Straight to the doors; to them the doors gave way
Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shrieked
The virgin marble under iron heels;
And on they moved and gained the hall, and there
Rested; but great the crush was, and each base,

She claims that it was because of her fear of being misunderstood; and now Ida, who is overcome by love, would persuade herself that she is the victim of treachery.

321. Likes.—Cf. this dismissal with IV, 343.

In the first two editions there follows a number of lines, including these:

'Go, help the half-brained dwarf Society,
To find low motives unto noble deeds,
To fix all doubt upon the darker side.'

330-331. Is this what Ruskin calls the 'pathetic fallacy,' and in this case is it justifiable? Ruskin's Modern Painters, III.

332. Hall.—Cf. II, 17, 61, 416; IV, 253, 456.
To left and right, of those tall columns, drowned
In silken fluctuation and the swarm
Of female whisperers; at the further end
Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats
Close by her, like supporters on a shield,
Bow-backed with fear; but in the centre stood
The common men with rolling eyes; amazed
They glared upon the women, and aghast
The women stared at these, all silent, save
When armor clashed or jingled; while the day,
Descending, struck athwart the hall, and shot
A flying splendor out of brass and steel,
That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,
Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame;
And now and then an echo started up,
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died
Of fright in far apartments.

Then the voice
Of Ida sounded issuing ordinance;

334. Those tall columns.—Cf. II, 412.
335. Fluctuation.—Waves, folds, etc.
337. Two great cats.—Cf. II, 17; III, 165, 170.
347-348. Angry Pallas and wrathful Dian.—The narrator attributes emotion to these deities who find their precincts invaded. Cf. I, 219.
352. Ordinance.—Orders, decree. Cf. Tennyson To J. S.

'God's ordinance
Of death is blown in every wind.'
And me they bore up the broad stairs, and thro'
The long-laid galleries, past a hundred doors,
To one deep chamber shut from sound, and due
To languid limbs and sickness; left me in it;
And others otherwhere they laid; and all
That afternoon a sound arose of hoof
And chariot, many a maiden passing home
Till happier times; but some were left of those
Held sagest; and the great lords out and in,
From those two hosts that lay beside the walls,
Walked at their will; and everything was changed.

355. Due.—Owed, suited.
361. Sagest.—Wisest and most prudent, but cf. VII, 69 ff.
Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea;
   The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answered thee?
   Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
   Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream, and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main;
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
   Ask me no more.

Tennyson’s skill in drawing matchless music out of monosyllables is nowhere better illustrated than in this splendid song. The metrical scheme, the rhyme order, and the refrain are all exceedingly artistic. But the poem’s higher art-value is in its beautiful unfolding of Ida’s love story. In the first stanza is recognized the law that—

‘Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another’s being mingle.’
—Shelley, ‘Love’s Philosophy.’

But while this union is obvious, she would not be pressed to an answer. She cannot love one in desperate sickness, so her thoughts run, yet something like love yearns to save his life. But there is no running counter to the fates; as well strive against the stream. (Shakespeare, Venus and Adonis.) Therefore she yields herself to the large unfolding love. Cf. VII, 345.
VII.

[THE CARNIVAL OF LOVE.]

[The violated sanctuary is now a hospital, and the maidens nurses. A sad happiness in these ministries of love prevails. Florian and Melissa are united in heart and work. Psyche yields her love to Cyril when Ida's silence gives consent, and Ida nurses the Prince. Through interest and tenderness she learns to love. There follows a noble wooing, which finds its reward in her confident trust.—Ed.]

So was their sanctuary violated,  
So their fair college turned to hospital;  
At first with all confusion; by and by  
Sweet order lived again, with other laws;  
A kindlier influence reigned; and everywhere  
Low voices, with the ministering hand,  
Hung round the sick; the maidens came, they talked,  
They sang, they read; till she not fair began  
To gather light, and she that was, became  
Her former beauty treble; and to and fro

1. Cf. VI, 43.
4. Order lived again.—(1) The order of law; then (2) confusion of readjustment to new conditions; and (3) the order of love, the true fulfilling of law.
8-10. A pleasing poetic illustration of the homely proverb: "Pretty is as pretty does."
With books, with flowers, with angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame.
Old studies failed; seldom she spoke; but oft
Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours
On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men
Darkening her female field; void was her use,
And she as one that climbs a peak to gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great black cloud
Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night,
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And suck the blinding splendor from the sand,
And quenching lake by lake and tarn by tarn

12. Native.—This suggests woman's nature, which has heretofore been repressed.
15. Her pride is wounded, but it still lives.
17. Clomb.—Note form for climbed.
18. Leaguer.—The beleaguering army still awaits the Prince's fate.
19. Void was her use.—Cf. Aylmer's Field; cf. Shakespeare's Othello, III, iii, 357.
20-26. This beautiful picture has its original in a storm seen from Snowdon in Wales. The counterpart (V. 338 ff.) might have been seen from the vale below; cf. Collin's assertion that it is taken from Iliad, IV, 275. Cf. In Memoriam, XV.
Expunge the world; so fared she gazing there;
So blackened all her world in secret, blank
And waste it seemed and vain; till down she came,
And found fair peace once more among the sick.

And twilight dawned; and morn by morn the lark
Shot up and shrilled in flickering gyres, but I
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life;
And twilight gloomed; and broader-grown the bowers
Drew the great night into themselves, and Heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell; but I,
Deeper than those weird doubts could reach me, lay
Quite sundered from the moving Universe,
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the hand
That nursed me, more than infants in their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian; with her oft
Melissa came; for Blanche had gone, but left
Her child among us, willing she should keep

29. Ida finds fair peace in action. This thought is frequent in Tennyson; cf. The Lady of Shalott, the theme of which seems to be: Life wearies of shadows and longs for realities, though they cost life; The Palace of Art, in which the 'make me a cottage in the vale' indicates companionship and sympathy with the lowly. Cf. Ulysses, The Golden Year, etc.

33. Gloomed.—Turned to dark. Cf. Ulysses, 45. Broader-grown.—This is a shadow effect.
36. That is, unconscious, yet he knows and relates what happened. Cf. VI, 1, 5.
Court-favor; here and there the small bright head,
A light of healing, glanced about the couch,
Or thro' the parted silks the tender face
Peeped, shining in upon the wounded man
With blush and smile, a medicine in themselves
To wile the length from languorous hours, and draw
The sting from pain; nor seemed it strange that soon
He rose up whole, and those fair charities
Joined at her side; nor stranger seemed that hearts
So gentle, so employed, should close in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Less prosperously the second suit obtained
At first with Psyche. Not tho' Blanche had sworn
That after that dark night among the fields
She needs must wed him for her own good name;
Not tho' he built upon the babe restored;
Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but feared
To incense the head once more; till on a day
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind

43. Blanche's ambition for Melissa. See Note, IV, 346.
44. Cf. II, 302.
51. JOINED.—Shared, took part in.
55. The first match of the hospital.
62. Fear prevails over all. Ida's power has not vanished.
Cf. VI, 182, 278.
Seen but of Psyche; on her foot she hung
A moment, and she heard, at which her face
A little flushed, and she passed on; but each
Assumed from thence a half-consent involved
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at peace.

Nor only these; Love in the sacred halls
Held carnival at will, and flying struck
With showers of random sweet on maid and man.
Nor did her father cease to press my claim,
Nor did mine own, now reconciled; nor yet
Did those twin brothers, risen again and whole;
Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat;
Then came a change; for sometimes I would catch
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it hard,
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek,
‘You are not Ida;’ clasp it once again,
And call her Ida, tho’ I knew her not,
And call her sweet, as if in irony,

71. Random sweet.—Cf. the confetti of carnival.
78. Gripe.—A favorite word with poets; cf. Spenser, Shakespeare, Pope, Browning, and others.
81-85. This use of repetition for the opening of consecutive lines is not infrequent. Cf. 91-97; Prl. 45-47; II, 56-58; IV, 285-288, etc.
82-83. The medley continues.
And call her hard and cold, which seemed a truth;
And still she feared that I should lose my mind,
And often she believed that I should die;
Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary noons,
And watches in the dark, when clocks
Throbbed thunder thro’ the palace floors, or called
On flying Time from all their silver tongues—
And out of memories of her kindlier days,
And sidelong glances at my father’s grief
And at the happy lovers heart in heart—
And out of hauntings of my spoken love,
And lonely listenings to my muttered dream,
And often feeling of the helpless hands,
And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek—
From all, a closer interest flourished up,
Tenderness touch by touch; and last, to these,
Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gathered color day by day.

86. *Frustation.*—Defeat, disappointment, vanity. The Princess’ care of the Prince seems vain.
91. *Kindlier.*—Not only more gentle, but more according to her kind or nature.
98. Gratitude, bitter, then burdensome, then clogging; next, closer interest; tenderness; and finally, love. This is a natural progression.
103. The paragraph that tells of her growth in love is followed by his recovery.
Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death
For weakness; it was evening; silent light
Slept on the painted walls, wherein were wrought
Two grand designs; for on one side arose
The women up in wild revolt, and stormed
At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they crammed
The forum, and half-crushed among the rest
A dwarf-like Cato cowered. On the other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind,
A train of dames; by axe and eagle sat,
With all their foreheads drawn in Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins,
The fierce triumvirs; and before them paused
Hortensia pleading; angry was her face.

I saw the forms; I knew not where I was;
They did but look like hollow shows; nor more

104. Sane.—(1) In body, convalescent, (2) in mind, becoming free from doubts and weird seizures. Cf. 327.

109. Oppian Law.—Cf. Livy, XXXIV. This sumptuary law prohibited women from wearing gay-colored dresses and much jewelry. Titanic.—This epithet refers to the representation, not to the women themselves; Cato is represented as dwarf-like for contrast.

111. Cowered.—A poetical, rather than a real picture.

112. Hortensia.—Daughter of the orator Hortensius and herself something of a speaker.


119. Cf. III, 169; V, 467, etc.
Sweet Ida; palm to palm she sat; the dew
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
And rounder seemed; I moved; I sighed; a touch
Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand;
Then all for languor and self-pity ran
Mine down my face, and with what life I had,
And like a flower that cannot all unfold,
So drenched it is with tempest, to the sun,
Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her
Fixed my faint eyes, and uttered whisperingly:

‘If you be what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself;
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing; only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.’

I could no more, but lay like one in trance,
That hears his burial talked of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She turned; she paused;
She stooped; and out of languor leapt a cry;
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death;
And I believed that in the living world

120. Cf. II, 295.
121. Cf. 8–10 for another example of the beautifying effect of womanly deeds.
131. FULFIL.—That is, become real.
141. Cf. note on 98.
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame; and all
Her falser self slipped from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mold that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love;
And down the streaming crystal dropped; and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they decked her out
For worship without end; nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee! But mute she glided forth,
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,
Filled thro' and thro' with Love, a happy sleep.

143. Cf. Locksley Hall, 38; Cf. also Stephen Phillips' Paolo and Francesco, p. 110.

'And in that kiss our souls
Together flashed, and now they are one flame
Which nothing can put out, nothing divide.'

147. Woman.—This only and without the desire to be something else. This is a dynamic point in the poem.

148. This picture of Aphrodite adds nothing of value to the picture of Ida, and distracts the mind. We are interested in Ida, the lovely woman, not in myths and poet's fancies; but the poet saves himself from the penalty of a needless digression by the skill with which he gets back to his main thought.

154. Mine.—Namely, worship.

155. Thee.—For the first time, but from now on. Cf. Tennyson's use of this form in his letters of affection.

157. Out of this happy, natural sleep he comes restored.
Deep in the night I woke; she, near me, held
A volume of the Poets of her land;
There to herself, all in low tones, she read.

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font;
The fire-fly wakens; waken thou with me.

'Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

'Now lies the Earth all Danaé to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

'Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

159. Poets of her land.—Cf. II, 164. The poem is Grecian; is the country Greece?

160. Heart-Union—Plot Song V—This 'palace-song of love,' which lends itself to contrast with the peasant song below, is an appropriate expression of Ida's longing for a vital union of hearts. Its exact fitness as a morning song to waken her lover from his dream of night into the bright dawn of the new day (325) is no less obvious than its artistic revelation of the transformed Princess. Note the studied avoidance of rhyme but the use of verbal repetition.


167. All Danaé to the stars.—"Open to their light, falling upon her in a golden shower, like that in which Jupiter came down to visit Danaé. (Rolfe.)

‘Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.’

I heard her turn the page; she found a small
Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she read:

‘Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down

177. The Lover’s Appeal—Plot Song VI—Stedman (Victorian Poets, 228) considers this ‘Sweet Idyl,’ suggested by the Eleventh Idyl of Theocritus (20–79), ‘so far as objective beauty and finish are concerned, the nonpareil of the whole poem.’ It is in beautiful contrast with Ida’s song of Heart-Union. This appeal of the shepherd lover to his maid so far above him rightly represents the appeal of the Prince, whose humility is increasing, to Ida, who in her lofty stateliness and passionless intellectuality, had seemed so far aloof. ‘Come down from the cold, barren heights of death and isolation into the vale of life abundant’ is the poem’s recurring theme.

179. The rarified air of isolation. Cf. The Lady of Shalott, etc.

182. Cook thinks this refers to the ‘Aiguilles’ of the Alps and cites, for this Alpine scenery, Byron’s Manfred I, ii, and Coleridge’s Hymn Before Sunrise.

And find him; by the happy threshold he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropped upon the firths of ice
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone; and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air;
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I,
Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound,

188. Cf. Theocritus *Idyl* I, and *Song of Solomon.*
189. *With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns.* According to Rolfe the poet approved the interpretation
that Morning walks in the mountains here, as “o’er the dew
of yon high eastern hill” in *Hamlet* (I, i, 67); and Death is
her companion, because life has no home on these “Alpine
summits cold,” or must face Death in attempting to scale
them.’ *Silver Horns*—Silberhorn—a spur of the Jungfrau.
191—193. According to Bayard Taylor this is a picture of
the Mer de Glace. Why not Grindelwald, which is nearer
the Jungfrau? *Firth.* (An arm of the sea), etc. Cf. *frith,*
*In Memoriam* (Conclusion 29).
198. *Water-smoke.*—This recalls Staubbach, also near the
201. The nature of this lyric alone justifies such a eu-
phemism for ‘smoke.’
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet:
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

So she low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay
Listening; then looked. Pale was the perfect face;
The bosom with long sighs labored; and meek
Seemed the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes;
And the voice trembled, and the hand. She said Brokenly, that she knew it, she had failed
In sweet humility; had failed in all;
That all her labor was but as a block
Left in the quarry; but she still were loth,
She still were loth to yield herself to one
That wholly scorned to help their equal rights
Against the sons of men and barbarous laws.
She prayed me not to judge their cause from her
That wronged it, sought far less for truth than power
In knowledge; something wild within her breast,

205–207. Read these lines over several times for their vocal beauty.
208. Cf. 6.
214. The confession of her last fault—pride. Cf. 15.
218. She clings to her creed of 'equal rights' (I, 130; IV, 56), and would not have it 'wholly scorned,' nor would the Prince or the Poet. Cf. 239 ff.; Concl. 74.
221. This 'truth in knowledge' is the dramatic antithesis of I, 134–6; II, 43. This is Ida's mistake. Cf. note on V, 409.
A greater than all knowledge, beat her down.
And she had nursed me there from week to week;
Much had she learnt in little time. In part
It was ill counsel had misled the girl
To vex true hearts; yet was she but a girl—
'Ah, fool, and made myself a Queen of farce!
When comes another such? never, I think,
Till the sun drop, dead, from the signs.'

Her voice
Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,
And her great heart thro' all the faultful Past
Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break;
Till notice of a change in the dark world
Was lisped about the acacias, and a bird,
That early woke to feed her little ones,
Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light;
She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

'Blame not thyself too much,' I said, 'nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know

226. Ill counsel.—Blanche's; cf. VI, 306, etc.
228. The reader will hardly endorse the Princess' self-condemnation.
229. Signs.—Of the Zodiac.
235 ff. This beautiful description of the dawning day is a fitting prelude to the full flush of day-light thrown in the next lines upon the 'woman-question.'
240. Cf. 219.
The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free;
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? But work no more alone!
Our place is much; as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all

243. The woman's cause is man's.—It is also the child's. Cf. VI, 183. There is no such thing as woman's rights that isolate her. Cf. 218.

245. Cf. In Memoriam, XLIV; Lethe, forgetfulness of the past with its injustices, etc.

246. Shining steps.—Cf. In Memoriam, LV, 15, 16.

248. Cf. In Memoriam, XL, 4. Does planet mean the younger generation, as Dawson thinks? In line 78, Conclusion, Tennyson says, "This fine old world of ours is but a child." This fair young planet, which, like a child, is to be trained, rests in the hands of woman, and under that other guiding hand (Concl. 79) must through her be transformed into a statelier Eden (277).

251. Our place (position and influence) is much.—Let Princes and Princesses set the example.

252. Them both.—Both man and woman.

254. Cf. Prl. 127-8; II, 47-54. Catalogue some of these 'parasitic forms.'

255. Burgeon.—Blossom, put forth. Cf. In Memoriam, CXV.
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love was slain; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
275
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world’s great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!’
Sighing she spoke: ‘I fear
280
They will not.’
‘Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfils
285
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,

274. **Self-reverent.**—Cf. *Ænone*, 142.
278. **Bridals.**—Marriages. Cf. *Geraint and Enid*.
279. Cf. *In Memoriam*, “Epithalamium,” 32, etc.
281-289. “It was no mere dramatic sentiment, but one of my father’s strongest convictions of the true relation between man and woman which impelled him to write” (these lines). *Memoir* I, 249; but, according to line 291, the thought is first woman’s. Type.—Give a type or example.
282. **Watchword . . . equal.**—Rather catchword falsely used to bring in discord. A womanly woman and a princely man have no quarrel as to equal rights.
284. **Half itself.**—Here the high-born poet and Franklin, the philosopher of the commonplace, are agreed.
The single pure and perfect animal.
The two-celled heart beating, with one full stroke, Life.

And again sighing she spoke: 'A dream
That once was mine! what woman taught you this?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman; he that doth not lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipped with crime;
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipped
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread; and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he

288. Animal.—That is, living creature. Tennyson's "man-woman" in Christ, the union of tenderness and strength. Memoir, I, 326, n.
298. The Prince's mother. Is it also the poet's mother?
301. Cf. Wordsworth's 'She Was a Phantom of Delight.'
307. Cf. Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, V, i, 58, 65; Twelfth Night, III, i, 115; As You Like It, II, vii, 6.
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'

'But I,'

Said Ida, tremulously; 'so all unlike—
It seems you love to cheat yourself with words;
This mother is your model. I have heard
Of your strange doubts; they well might be; I seem
A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince;
You cannot love me.'

'Nay, but thee,' I said,
'From yearlong poring on thy pictured eyes,
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw
Thee, woman, thro' the crust of iron moods
That masked thee from men's reverence up, and forced
Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood; now,
Given back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee,
Indeed I love; the new day comes, the light
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
Lived over; lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows; the change,

309. Cf. I, 22; V, 159, 184, 398.
312. Total depravity is impossible to the son of such a
mother.
318. But thee.—None other than thee.
319. Cf. I, 37, etc.
321. From previous notes collate them.
323. On.—Into.
326. The Prince identifies his new life with the new day.
CANTO VII] A MEDLEY. 219

This truthful change in thee has killed it. Dear, Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine, Like yonder morning on the blind half-world; Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows; In that fine air I tremble, all the past Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this Is morn to more, and all the rich to-come Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland, reels Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me, I waste my heart in signs; let be. My bride, My wife, my life. O we will walk this world, Yoked in all exercise of noble end, And so thro' those dark gates across the wild

329. Has the Princess changed more than the Prince?
331. BLIND.—That is, dark. But the masculine half-world is blind too to the light of such natures as Ida's.
332. FEAR.—Has she shown any signs of fear? First, that her cause was misunderstood (220); second, that the ideal state the Prince pictures may not be realized (280); third, that she will be measured by his mother, and hence be unloved (315). To all these the Prince says, 'Fear not.'
335. MORN TO MORE.—But the opening of the brighter day. TO COME.—Cf. 'To . . . be,' 273.
337. WEEDS.—Formerly written 'flowers.' Taylor praises the word 'flowers,' and another critic the courage in writing weeds, because it was true. But may not weeds suggest the relative worthlessness of all the fancies, chimeras, false conceptions and plans that are destroyed in order that this vision of a 'rich to . . . come' may appear?
340. Purpose of life.
341. DARK GATES.—Namely, graves. ACROSS THE WILD.—Namely, eternity.
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come, Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one; Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself; Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.'

344. ACCOMPLISH.—Fill out, complete.
345. Be dependent. Submit to authority (VI, 219), but unlike that to which she was formerly entrusted, for this is the confidence of love.
CONCLUSION.

[The finished form of the random scheme is here artistically explained. Then follows a contrast between France and England, a tribute to the type of Englishman revealed in Sir Walter, a final picture of the Abbey company, and the return home.—Ed.]

So closed our tale, of which I give you all
The random scheme as wildly as it rose;
The words are mostly mine; for when we ceased
There came a minute's pause, and Walter said,
'I wish she had not yielded!' then to me,
'What if you dressed it up poetically!'
So prayed the men, the women; I gave assent;

1. For the complete setting of the poem the conclusion here rounds out what is suggested or left unfinished in the Prologue. The plan was preserved, but the form was revised by the author, hence the uniformity of style.

In place of the first thirty-two lines stood in the first edition the following:

'Here closed our compound story, which at first
Had only meant to banter little maids
With mock heroics and with parody:
But slipt in some strange way, worst with burlesque,
From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic, and with less and less of jest
To such a serious end, that Lilia fixt.'—

5. Cf. Prl. 126, 147.
Yet how to bind the scattered scheme of seven
Together in one sheaf? What style could suit?
The men required that I should give throughout
The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque
With which we bantered little Lilia first;
The women—and perhaps they felt their power,
For something in the ballads which they sang,
Or in their silent influence as they sat,
Had ever seemed to wrestle with burlesque,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn close—
They hated banter, wished for something real,
A gallant fight, a noble princess—why
Not make her true-heroic, true-sublime?
Or all, they said, as earnest as the close?
Which yet with such a framework scarce could be.
Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,
Btwixt the mockers and the realists;
And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

8. Scattered scheme of seven.—Prl. 222.
14. Cf. the intercalary poems.
16. Wrestle with burlesque.—Thereby increasing the medley, since the narrators were at first jesting and the audience serious.
24. Realists.—Those who wished for something real. 18.
27. The mockers wished the line thus realists thus |; but he moved in the diagonal equidistant from both.
But Lilia pleased me, for she took no part
In our dispute; the sequel of the tale
Had touched her; and she sat, she plucked the grass,
She flung it from her, thinking; last, she fixed
A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,
'You—tell us what we are;' who might have told,
For she was crammed with theories out of books,
But that there rose a shout; the gates were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarming now,
To take their leave, about the garden rails.

So I and some went out to these; we climbed
The slope to Vivian Place, and turning saw
The happy valleys, half in light, and half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace;
Gray halls alone among their massive groves;
Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic tower
Half-lost in belt of hop and breadths of wheat;
The shimmering glimpses of a stream; the seas;

30. Cf. Interlude, 23; Lilia had her wish.
35. Sherman thinks this jocular, Cook calls it sarcasm; but it is also truth that the bookish theories of which Ida was the exponent and the maiden aunt perhaps the advocate had been dispelled by touching life at first hand.
37. Crowd.—How completely the reader has forgot the people (Prl. 3) during the telling of this story. It is then of absorbing interest.
40. Prl. 54.
42. Far-shadowing.—Filling themselves with long shadows from the low sun in the west.
A red sail, or a white; and far beyond,
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of France.

'Look there, a garden!' said my college friend,
The Tory member's elder son, 'and there!
God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled—
Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd—
But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden heat,
The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,
The king is scared, the soldier will not fight,
The little boys begin to shoot and stab,
A kingdom topples over with a shriek
Like an old woman, and down rolls the world.

49. There.—In merry England, and there (50), France.
49-71. This paragraph was inserted in 1850, after the
revolution of 1848. This is one of many paragraphs in
which Tennyson expresses his antipathy to France and 'the
red fool-fury of the Seine.' For a discussion of this see
Stopford Brooke, Tennyson, p. 31 ff.
56. Love Thou Thy Land, You Ask Me Why, and others,
show his confidence in English development.
57. Civic.—Cf. In Memoriam, CIX, 4; CXXVII.
58. Yonder.—Across the Straits of Dover. Cf. Shake-
speare's Merchant of Venice, II, viii, 28.
58-70. This is a Tory Englishman's view of the irrita-
bility of the Celtic nation.
In mock heroics stranger than our own;
Revolts, republics, revolutions, most
No graver than a schoolboys' barring out;
Too comic for the solemn things they are,
Too solemn for the comic touches in them,
Like our wild Princess with as wise a dream
As some of theirs; God bless the narrow seas!
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad.'

'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves are full
Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth;
For me the genial day, the happy crowd,
The sport half-science, fill me with a faith.
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs; there is a hand that guides.'

64. Facts in France form more of a 'medley' than an Englishman's 'mock-heroics,' such as *The Princess*.

66. BARRING OUT, of the teacher by his scholars.

67-68. Might not these lines be used as a comment on this whole poem of *The Princess*?

73. Wildest dreams, such as Ida's; such, too, as the French harbored in their revolution. Did not England learn from these revolutions of France how to protect herself?

76. HALF-SCIENCE.—Cf. Prl. 58 ff. FAITH.—Note this abiding faith held throughout the Tennyson poems.


79. THERE IS A HAND THAT GUIDES.—Cf. Browning's Spring Song from *Pippa Passes*. This is the essential article of Tennyson's creed.
In such discourse we gained the garden rails, And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood, Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks, Among six boys, head under head, and looked No little lily-handed Baronet he, A great broad-shouldered genial Englishman, A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep, A raiser of huge melons and of pine, A patron of some thirty charities, A pamphleteer on guano and on grain, A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none; Fair-haired and redder than a windy morn; Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those That stood the nearest—now addressed to speech—Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year To follow; a shout rose again, and made The long line of the approaching rookery swerve From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang

82. Tower.—A circular mass. Holly-oaks.—Same as holly-hocks.
84. Lily-handed Baronet.—Like Gama of the poem, V, 223.
87. Pine.—Pineapples. He is a fruit fancier.
90. Quarter-sessions chairman.—Presiding officer of a magistrate's court, meeting quarterly to hear trivial causes.
93. Addressed.—May refer to Sir Walter or to 'those nearest.' It seems to mean, ready, prepared for.
Beyond the bourn of sunset; O, a shout
More joyful than the city-roar that hails
Premier or king!—Why should not these great Sirs
Give up their parks some dozen times a year
To let the people breathe?—So thrice they cried,
I likewise, and in groups they streamed away.

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on,
So much the gathering darkness charmed; we sat
But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,
Perchance upon the future man; the walls
Blackened about us, bats wheeled, and owls whooped,
And gradually the powers of the night,
That range above the region of the wind,
Deepening the courts of twilight, broke them up
Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

Last little Lilia, rising quietly,

100. Bourn.—Cf. Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, I, iii, 79.
104. The hearty three cheers.
113. Broke them up.— Destroyed the courts of twilight; that is, twilight itself.
115. Heaven of Heavens.—I Kings viii, 27, etc. Cf. *Mariana in the South*; cf. 'beyond the bourn of sunset,' 100; 'across the wild,' VII, 341.
116. Lilia, 'half child half woman' (Prl. 101) had provoked this story, and she had also decked the statue of a man in woman's ornaments. Lilia, still recalling the child
Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph
From those rich silks, and home well-pleased we went.

and the woman, joint heroines of the poem, removes the fantastic colors from the dark, broken statue—and the medley is past.

118. Home well-pleased we went.—The poet's comment on the satisfaction of the little Abbey company is the final comment on the poem's reception by its thousands of readers. The critics may have found this fault or that, and missed this or that merit, but the readers who have surrendered themselves to the poet's mood have been 'well-pleased.'