

# THE PRINCESS

DRAMATIZED BY L. MAY HAUGHWOUT

Edited by David Trutt

# THE PRINCESS

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON  
DRAMATIZED BY L. MAY HAUGHWOUT

DESIGNED FOR AMATEUR PRESENTATION, AND SPECIALLY  
ADAPTED TO COLLEGE AND SEMINARY  
ENTERTAINMENTS  
1891

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Laura May Haughwout of Baltimore, Maryland, had dramatized Tennyson's *The Princess* for amateur performance by college level students. Her approach is explained in the PREFACE written by her, shown on page 4.

In accordance with Tennyson's *The Princess*, the Prince remains unnamed in Haughwout's play. However, this editor will take the liberty of using Gilbert's well known "Hilarion" from his 1884 *Princess Ida* play.

The Prince's song on page 7, "Where is another sweet as my sweet" has been interpolated from the 1871 Tennyson / Arthur Sullivan collaboration *The Window Or, The Songs of the Wrens*.

Cyril's song on page 31, "The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I" has been interpolated from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

**Lines shown in bold** are taken directly from Tennyson's *The Princess*, or have been modified by Haughwout while maintaining the underlying thought. Haughwout was obviously very familiar with *The Princess*, since she takes lines from all over the poem and locates them in appropriate places in her play to maintain the story as told by Tennyson.

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When I first drew from "The Princess" the following play, I had no thought of ever publishing it, my sole aim being to increase the culture of my pupils, and at the same time to prepare a chaste entertainment for their friends. Since that time so many persons have appealed to me for copies of it, or for suggestions as to a classical entertainment that would not be beyond the capabilities of school-girls, nor the possibilities of an average chapel-stage, that I have decided to publish it, in the hope that other teachers and pupils may enjoy its interpretation as did I and mine.

I have not tried to embody all the gems of the poem in this mimic drama, for who could enter the "Valley of Diamonds" and hope to carry them all away? So reluctantly I passed many jewels of thought as I culled from the glittering array. Sorry indeed was I to leave out Psyche's "Maiden-babe," but any representation of that ideal of infant loveliness would be sheer burlesque. The camp, the battle, the wounding of the Prince and others, I felt were all too difficult for us to handle, so I took the liberty of introducing the denouement more abruptly than it is in the original poem.

Several of the interlude ballads are used as descriptive of time and transitions not otherwise expressed: as "The Cradle Song" to represent night; "Home they brought her warrior dead," to represent Ida's softening and repentance.

I must be pardoned for the origin of a character to whom Lord Tennyson has not been introduced; and yet if "Ipse" be carefully studied, perhaps he will be found to be "mine host" of the hostel, dressed up in finer plumes. History furnishes us many promotions not less startling.

Laura May Haughwout.

CHARACTERS.

PRINCESS IDA.

LADY PSYCHE, } Instructors in the  
LADY BLANCHE, } University.

MELISSA, daughter of Lady Blanche.

VIOLET, a pupil, daughter of Ipse.

PRINCE HILARION.

FLORIAN, his friend, and brother of Psyche.

CYRIL, friend to the Prince and Florian.

GAMA, King, and father to Ida.

IPSE, Nobleman in Gama's Court.

Pupils, Attendants, Courtiers, etc.

## SCENE I — A Grove.

*(Enter HILARION, FLORIAN, and CYRIL.)*FLO. How now, my Prince, will you not deign to speak?  
What anxious trouble sits upon your brow?CYR. We still would know your griefs as well as joys,  
But you deny us.HIL. My friends, for you  
Do of all others most deserve that name,  
I did intend to hide my thoughts from all;  
But since your eyes do penetrate my soul,  
Listen and I'll disclose to you my secret woe.  
**The Southern Princess—you have heard of her,  
To whom I was betrothed at eight years old?  
Although I ne'er have set my eye on her,  
She's been my one ideal. And still  
From time to time came murmurs of her beauty;  
And still I've worn her picture by my heart,  
And one dark tress; and all around them both  
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.**

HIL. **But now the days draw near that we should wed;  
My father sent ambassadors with furs,  
Jewels, gifts, to fetch her; these returned to-day,  
And brought as present a great labor of the loom,  
And therewithal, an answer vague as wind:  
They saw the King, her father; he took the gifts;  
He said there was a compact, that was true;  
But then she had a will; was he to blame?**

CYR. He surely is!

FLO. Audacity!

HIL. **And maiden fancies; loved to live alone  
Among her women; certain would not wed.  
Inflamed with wrath, my father 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 sware  
That he would send a hundred thousand men  
And bring her in a whirlwind.  
"My father, let me go," I plead;  
"It cannot be but some gross error lies  
In this report, this answer of the King.  
Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen,  
May rue the bargain made." "No," roared  
My father, "you shall not; we ourself  
Will crush her maiden fancies dead  
In iron gauntlets!"  
I left his council, rose and passed the town;  
Found this still place, and plucked the likeness out.  
*(Takes a locket from the bosom.)*  
What are those fancies? Why breaks she her troth?  
Proud look those lips, and yet they're tender, too.  
The South wind, rushing thro' the trees,  
Seems ever saying, Follow, follow, thou shalt win!**

FLO. **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.**

HIL. The Lady Psyche, is 't you mean?

FLO. The same.

HIL. **Then ere the silver sickle of this month  
Becomes her golden shield, let's steal from here,  
Seek out the mother city and your sister,  
And try to win by love this haughty Princess.**

CYR. **Take me, too—take me with you! I'll serve you  
Well in any strait. I grate on rusty hinges here.**

HIL. Agreed, so you behave with courtly grace.

FLO. Remember not to swagger nor to swear.

(*Exeunt FLORIAN and CYRIL, laughing.*)

HIL (*sings*). Where is another sweet as my sweet,  
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?  
Fine little hands, fine little feet—  
Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? shall I go  
Ask her to marry me by and by?  
Somebody said that she'd say no;  
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if asked to her face?  
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?  
Go, little letter, apace, apace,  
Fly!

Fly to the light in the valley below,  
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:  
Somebody said that she'd say no;  
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

[From *The Window*]  
[words by Tennyson]  
[music by Sullivan]  
[1871]

## SCENE II — The Court of GAMA.

(Enter GAMA, IPSE, and attendants, FLORIAN, CYRIL, and HILARION.)

GAMA. Now, gentlemen, I bid you all be mirthful;  
Enjoy our ancient city and our games.  
And, my fair Prince, command whate'er you list  
For your delight and entertainment.

HIL. Gramercy, King,  
There is one only thing that will delight me,  
The only object I came hither for:  
It is to see your daughter, Princess Ida.

GAMA. **You do us, Prince, all honor.**  
**We remember love ourself 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**  
**The woman were an equal to the man.**  
**They harped on this; with this our banquets rang;**  
**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 rhymes**  
**And dismal lyrics, prophesying change**  
**Beyond all reason: these the women sang.**

GAMA. **And they that know such things—I sought but peace,  
 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. And I  
 (Pardon me for saying it) am 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.  
 (*Exit GAMA and train.*)**

FLO. This is worse, far worse, than I surmised!

CYR. And must this romance end in “wild-goose chase?”

HIL. If, then, she sees no men, wherefore these letters?

It is but paper worthless. Can we not enter  
 As artisans disguised, or else as servants?

I must behold this Princess face to face!

IPSE. The artisans and servants all are women!

**My daughters are her pupils, and they say  
 The land for miles around is tilled by women.**

ALL. By women?

IPSE. By women.

**The Princess passed me once. I heard her speak;  
 She scared me. Life! I never saw the like!  
 She looked—**

HIL. Oh, How?

IPSE. **As grand as doomsday and as grave.**

CYR. **Do you remember how we three presented maids  
 In masque and pageant at your father's court?  
 Why not as pupils enter, clad like girls?**

FLO. The very thing!  
 HIL. Bravo, Cyril! How glad I am you came;  
 You said you'd serve me well in any strait. (*To IPSE.*)  
 Can you not furnish us, my good old friend,  
 With toggery becoming this wild scheme?  
 IPSE. That I can, yes, indeed,—if I have gold,  
 For well I know the fashion of their gear.  
 HIL. Here's for your pains and also for your silence.  
 IPSE. But with which tutor do you wish to enter?  
 FLO. O'ername them.  
 IPSE. **There's the Lady Blanche; she has a vulture neck**  
 With eagle eyes and crooked, twitching mouth.  
 ALL. Not her! Not her! Who else?  
 IPSE. The Lady Psyche, she's the next in rank.  
 CYR. **And is she pretty?**  
 FLO. **And good-natured?**  
 IPSE. Both they say who know her; I ne'er saw her,  
 Nor do I wish to. Jove keep me clear of such women!  
 Her maidens all must wear a cap and gown  
 Of violet color, but **Lady Blanche's yellow,**  
**I believe they call it April daffodilly.**  
 CYR. The Lady Psyche. Her's we are!  
 FLO. Of course.  
 HIL. Agreed, we'll haste us to prepare.  
 (*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE III — Room in the University.

(*Enter PRINCESS IDA, LADY BLANCHE, and all the pupils.*)

IDA. Glad morning to you, maidens mine.  
 ALL. Good morning, gracious Princess.  
 IDA (*reads*). “Three ladies of the Northern empire pray  
 Your Highness would enroll them with your own,  
 As Lady Psyche's pupils.”  
 Bid them enter.  
 (*Exit PORTRESS.*)

- IDA. **We built far off from men a fold for you,  
We stored it full of rich memorial,  
And fenced it round with gallant institutes  
And biting laws, to scare those beasts of prey.**  
Now these, the women of our neighbor land,  
Desiring higher lives, have come to us  
To beg the seeds of truth. We prosper well;  
**We plant a solid foot into the time,  
We'll mold a generation, strong to move,  
Of noble women, over all the orbs  
Between the northern and the southern morn.**  
*(Re-enter PORTRESS, with PRINCE HILARION, FLORIAN, and CYRIL  
in pupils' attire.)*  
**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 that circles round the grave,  
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.  
What! Are the ladies of your land so tall?**
- CYR. **We of the court.**
- IDA. **Of the court? Then ye know the Prince?**
- CYR. **The climax of his age! As tho' there were  
One rose in all the world, your Highness that,  
He worships your ideal.**
- IDA. **We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear  
This barren verbiage, current 'mong men  
Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.  
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem  
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;  
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,**

IDA. **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.  
The Lady Blanche will now our statutes read.**

*(LADY BLANCHE reads from a ponderous tome.)*

BLA. **To enter this our virgin university,  
You must with solemn oath subscribe yourself:  
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. *(The pupils give assent.)*  
Ye are green wood; see that ye warp not.**

IDA. **Look at our hall!  
Our statues! Not of those that men desire,  
Sleek odaliskes, and oracles of the 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 Artemesia strong in war;  
The Rhodope, that built the pyramid;  
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 through the sensuous organism  
That which is higher. Oh, lift your natures up;  
Embrace our aims; work out your freedom.  
Girls, knowledge is 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.  
To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue  
The fresh arrivals of the week before;  
For they press in from all the provinces  
And fill our hive. Leave us, you may go!  
*(Exeunt pupils. LADY BLANCHE remains with PRINCESS IDA. Tableau.)***

## SCENE IV — School-room.

*(Pupils all assembled. PRINCE HILARION, FLORIAN, and CYRIL in prominent place. Enter LADY PSYCHE.)*

FLO *(aside)*. **My sister!**

CYR *(aside)*. **Comely, too, by all that's fair!**

HIL *(aside)*. **O, hush! hush!**

*(LADY PSYCHE is seated and begins her lecture.)*

PSY. **The 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; and so this petty law,  
This puny force that makes of woman's self  
A lesser man, in mind and soul and strength,  
Dates vaguely back to earliest primal time,  
And calls its vaunted author, man himself.  
Yet deep within the deeper shades of thought  
Flash forth the deeds of nature's Amazons,  
Whose skill and courage golden legends tell,  
When first they wore the cestus and the shield;  
When Dian's arrows swift as wingèd light  
Did match their speed 'gainst Phœbus' airy flight,  
A bird's-eye view of this ungracious past  
So emblematic of this lesser age.  
*(For equal baseness lives in sleeker times  
With smoother men; the old leaven, leavens all.)*  
Millions of throats have bawled for *civil* rights,  
Adown the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines  
Of empire, and woman's state in each  
Was far from just.**



- PSY. **And not the least she who has left her place,  
And bowed her state for us, that we may grow  
To use and power on this oasis, lapped  
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight  
Of ancient influence and scorn. Methinks**  
I see, within the ripening years to come,  
A future fraught with equal rights for both;  
**Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,  
Two in the tangled business of the world,  
Two in the liberal offices of life,  
Two plummetts 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 beauteous earth  
Should bear a double growth of these rare souls.**  
*(Dismisses classes, except the new pupils, whom she beckons to her.  
They advance, first PRINCE HILARION, then CYRIL, then FLORIAN.  
She recognizes him.)*
- PSY. **My brother!**
- FLO. **My sister, well!**
- PSY. **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!!!**
- FLO. **No plot! No plot!**
- PSY. **Wretched boy,  
How saw you not the inscription on the gate,  
“LET NO MAN ENTER HERE ON PAIN OF DEATH!”**
- FLO. **And if I had, dear Psyche. who could think  
The softer Adams of your Academe,  
O sister, syrens tho’ they be, were such as  
Chanted on the blanching bones of men?**

- PSY. **But you will find it otherwise. Indeed  
You jest: ill-jesting with edge-tools! My vow  
Binds me to speak, and oh, that iron will,  
That axe-like edge, unturnable, our Head,  
The Princess!**
- FLO. **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.***
- CYR. **Let me die, too,  
Having seen and heard the Lady Psyche.**
- HIL. **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.**
- PSY. **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.  
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.**
- HIL. **Yet pause, 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.**

- PSY. **Let the Princess judge  
Of that. Farewell, sir, farewell—and to you;  
I shudder at the sequel, but I go.**
- HIL. **Are you that Lady Psyche,  
The fifth in line from that old Florian,  
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall  
As he bestrode my grandsire, when he fell,  
And all else fled? We point to it, and say,  
The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold,  
But branches current yet in kindred veins.**
- FLO. **Are you that Psyche, 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?**
- CYR. **You are that Psyche for whom  
I would be that forever which I seem,  
Woman, if I might sit beside your feet  
And glean your scattered sapience.**
- HIL. **Are you that Lady Psyche, loyal heart,  
That on her bridal morn before she passed  
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.**
- FLO. **Are you that Psyche, loving heart, to whom,  
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn  
Came flying while you sat beside the well?**

- FLO. **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.  
You were that Psyche, and what are you now?**
- CYR. **You are that Psyche, the purest, sweetest—**
- PSY. **Out upon it! Peace! 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  
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.  
Oh, hard, when love and duty clash! I fear  
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.'**
- CYR. Sweet it is to do the thing one ought, when  
Bade by Lady Psyche; but sweeter far—
- FLO (*interrupting*). You are my sister Psyche, now you could  
Not slay me, nor your prince. But must we go?
- HIL. We must. She cannot further break her faith.  
Be comforted; what have you done but right?  
Yet can it be that I must lose my love?  
I promise truly for myself and these.
- PSY (*to FLORIAN*). **I knew you at the first: tho' you have grown,  
'I knew you at the first: though 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? (*They embrace.*)**

*(Enter MELISSA.)*

MEL. I brought a message here from Lady Blanche.

PSY. Ah! Melissa—you! You heard us?

MEL. Oh, pardon me! I heard, I could not help  
But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,  
Nor think I bear that heart within my breast,  
To give three gallant gentlemen to death.

PSY. I trust you, my Melissa, 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, and you my love.

MEL. Ah, fear me not, no—I would not tell,  
No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,  
No, not to answer, Lady, all those hard things  
That Sheba came to ask of Solomon.

PSY. Let it be so, and then we still may lead  
The new light up, and culminate in peace,  
For Solomon may come to Sheba yet.

CYR. My dearest Madam, he, the wisest man,  
Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls  
Of Lebanonian 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.

PSY. Thanks, 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.

*(Exeunt all.)*

*(Enter pupils. They chant, to soft music, the Cradle Song.)*

**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.**

SCENE V — A Corridor in the University.

*(Enter PRINCE HILARION, FLORIAN, and CYRIL.)*

- HIL. **Why, sirs, they do all this as well as we.**  
They dip in all the streams of known research;  
**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.**
- CYR. **They hunt old trails and ape the man quite well;  
But when did woman ever yet invent?**
- FLO. **Ungracious! truthful gallant! have you learnt  
No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talked  
Such trash that made me sick, and almost sad?**
- CYR. **Oh, trash, indeed, 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 brain-pan were an empty hull,  
And every Muse tumbled a science in.**

**CYR.** 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 oh,  
 With me, sir, entered in the bigger boy,  
 The Cupid blind 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?  
 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.  
 (*Enter MELISSA.*)

**MEL.** Oh, fly, good sirs; oh, fly, while yet you may!  
 My mother knows! my mother, Lady Blanche!

**HIL.** But how, sweet child, came she to know of us?

**MEL.** My fault, my fault! dear sir, and yet not mine;  
 Yet mine in part. Oh, 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;  
 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,  
 My secret, seemed to stir within my breast;

MEL. 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 marvellously modest maiden, you!  
 Men! girls like men! very like men indeed!”  
 My mother went revolving on the words—  
 Then came these dreadful words out one by one,  
 “Why—these—*are*—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.  
 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.

CYR. What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?  
 Pale floret, blush again; than ever wear  
 Those lilies, better blush our lives away.  
 Yet let us breathe for one hour more in heaven,  
 For fear some classic angel speak of us:  
 “They mounted, as flushed Ganymedes, too high,  
 And tumbled, Vulcans, on the second morn.”  
 But I will melt this marble into wax  
 To yield us farther furlough.

*(Exit CYRIL.)*

FLO. Now tell us  
 How grew this feud betwixt the right and left?

MEL. Oh, long ago, I cannot tell how long,  
 Division smouldered hidden; ’t is 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  
 (God help her!) she was wedded to a fool;  
 And so, no doubt, that makes her what she is.  
 She had the care of Lady Ida’s youth,  
 And from the Queen’s decease she brought her up.

- MEL. **But when your sister came, she won the heart  
Of Ida: they still together, grew  
(For so they said themselves) inosculated,  
One mind in all thing. Yet my mother still  
Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,  
And angled with them for her pupil's love;  
She calls her plagiarist; I know not what.  
But I must go: I dare not tarry. Adieu.  
(Exit MELISSA.)**
- FLO. **An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.  
If I could love, why this were she. How pretty  
Her blushing was, and how she blushed again,  
As if to close with Cyril's random wish!  
Not like your Princess, crammed with erring pride,  
Nor like poor Psyche, whom she drags in tow.**
- HIL. **The crane may chatter, Florian, 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,  
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix  
The nectar; but she—ah, whene'er she moves  
The Samian Herè rises, and she speaks  
A Memnon smitten with the morning sun!  
(Enter CYRIL.)**
- CYR. **No fighting shadows here! I forced a way  
Through solid opposition, crabbed and gnarled.  
Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump  
A league of street in summer solstice down,  
Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman.**

**CYR.** 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  
 The women'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  
 Forever." Well, she balanced this a little,  
 And told me she would answer us to-day.  
 Meantime, be mute: thus much, nor more I gained.

*(Enter VIOLET.)*

VIO. **The Princess goes this afternoon to take  
The dip of certain strata to the north;  
Will you go with her? She says the land you'll  
Find worth seeing,** and she desires that you  
Accompany her. I hope you'll come.

*(Exeunt all. Enter LADY BLANCHE, who is soliloquizing.)*

BLA. Was ever outrage more complete and despicable,  
To enter here disguised as our sex!  
And 'mongst our maids to mingle carelessly!  
But now they're in my talons. I may save,  
Or I may torture—which were best? To me  
The Princess has of late most haughty grown,  
Whilst to that wily Psyche, gracious ever;  
She trusts her, favors her, and loves her.  
What would she do if she but knew the truth,  
That Psyche, her loved Psyche, is a traitor  
In league with men! O snake! O serpent-dove!  
I'll tell the Princess now—but soft—Melissa—  
Must I sacrifice my daughter? He said  
A Northern college they'd on me bestow,  
Where I might be the head and only master.  
And Psyche: shall I shield her in her baseness?  
No, no, no, no! I'll go to Ida straight,  
Away with every sentiment but hate!  
*(Exit LADY BLANCHE.)*

SCENE VI — On the Geological Expedition.

*(Enter PRINCE HILARION and PRINCESS IDA.)*

IDA. **O friend, we trust that you esteemed us not  
Too harsh to your companion yestermorn;  
Unwillingly we spake.**

HIL. **No, not to her,  
My schoolmate, but to one of whom we spake** [Prince Hilarion]  
**Your Highness might have seemed the thing you say.**

- IDA. Again of him? Are you ambassadress  
From him to me? We give you, being strange,  
A license: speak and let the topic die.
- HIL. I know him, Lady dear, and 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 e'en to death,  
Or baser courses, children of despair.
- IDA. Poor boy, poor boy! 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.  
(Pause.)  
And as to precontracts, my friend, we move  
At no man's beck, but know ourself and thee,  
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summoned out  
She kept her state, and left the drunken king  
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms.
- HIL. Alas! your Highness breathes full Eastern queen,  
On that which bows to you. I know the Prince,  
I prize his truth; and then how vast a work  
To assail this gray pre-eminence of man!  
You grant me license; may I use it? think;  
Ere half be done, perchance your life may fail;  
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.

- IDA. **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 wild-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  
 Forever, blessing those that look on them.  
 Children—that men may pluck them from our hearts,  
 Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves—  
 Oh, children! There is nothing upon earth  
 More miserable than she that has a son  
 And sees him err. Nor would we work for fame;  
 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 footprints harden into stone.**  
 Here we will stay until the others come,  
 I have in talk grown much diversified.  
 (*IDA seats herself on a bank.*  
*HILARION looks in the direction from which they came.*)
- HIL. They come, O Princess, round the river's curve,  
 The Lady Psyche leads my sister near;  
 And now the rest do follow them in train.  
 (*Waves a signal.*)  
 They see my signal and approach us fast,  
 This way, you laggards! day is on the wane.  
 (*HILARION'S shout startles IDA.*)
- IDA. Have all your Northern maids such lusty lungs?  
 If so, Borea's breath doth much invigorate.  
 Or are you stronger in physique than most?
- HIL. I—oh, I am stronger far—I and my  
 Mates here with me. No doubt we seem to you  
 A kind of monster; we are used to that.

*(Enter PSYCHE and CYRIL, FLORIAN and MELISSA,  
and all the pupils following. All seat themselves.)*

- IDA. **You see the bones of some vast bulk, that lived,  
And roared, and died, before man came at all.  
As these rude bones to us, are we to her  
Who comes hereafter, heiress of our age!**
- HIL. **Dare we dream of that which wrought us,  
As the workman and his work, that practice betters?**
- IDA. **We'll answer that anon: I see you love  
The metaphysics! Read and earn our prize,  
A golden brooch: beneath an emerald plane  
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died  
Of hemlock; our device, wrought to the life;  
For there are schools for all and every line.**
- HIL. **And yet, methinks, I have not found among  
Them all, one anatomic.**
- IDA. **Nay, we thought of that,  
Believe me, but it pleased us not; in truth,  
We shudder but to dream our maids should ape  
Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,  
Or in the dark, dissolving human heart,  
And holy secrets of this microcosm,  
Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,  
Encarnalize their spirits. Yet we know  
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs.  
Howbeit ourself, forseeing 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.**

IDA, **Let there be light, and there was light; 'tis 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  
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;  
But in the shadow we will work, and mold  
The woman to the fuller, brighter day.**

HIL. **O how sweet 'twould be  
To linger here with one who loved us best!**

IDA. **Say rather, girl, 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 crownèd towers  
Built to the sun. The bugle song begin.**

*(Pupils all recite together.)*

**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 melt on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.**

- IDA. **There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,  
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.  
Let Violet sing to us some tender song,  
Lightlier move the minutes fledged with music.**  
(VIOLET *sings* "*Tears, idle tears.*")
- VIO. **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.**  
**Fresh 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!**
- IDA. **If indeed there haunt  
About the mouldered 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 by-gones be,  
While down the streams that float us each and all  
To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,  
Throne after throne: for all things serve their time  
Toward that great year of equal might and rights.**

(IDA to HILARION.)

IDA. **Know you no song of your own land, the North,  
Not such as moans about the retrospect,  
But deals with other distance, and the hues  
Of promise; not a death's-head at the wine.**

HIL. **I now remember one myself did make,  
What time I watched the swallow winging south  
From mine own land. Shall I sing it?**

IDA. We'll hear.

(HILARION sings "*O Swallow, Swallow!*")

HIL. **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.**

**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.**

**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!**

**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.**

**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.**

IDA. A mere love-poem! Oh, for such, my friend,  
 We hold them slight; they mind us of the time  
 When we made bricks in Egypt. Knaves are men,  
 That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,  
 That 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.  
 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  
 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 country-women?

(CYRIL sings. [*From Shakespeare's "The Tempest"*])

CYR. The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
 The gunner and his mate,  
 Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
 But none of us cared for Kate.

IDA. **Forbear!**

HIL. **Forbear, sir!**

MEL. **Flee the death!**

PSY. Fly! fly!

(*All the pupils shriek "Home! Fly! Away!"*)

(*Enter LADY BLANCHE, who addresses PRINCESS IDA.*)

BLA. Aha! That brazen song is flourish to  
 A most disgraceful sequel. For, Ida,  
 Know you've harbored here a vixen trait'ress!

BLA. 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: these were gracious times.  
 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 meed 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.  
 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?  
 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.  
 Last night their mask was patent, and my foot  
 Was to you; but I thought again. I fear'd  
 To meet a cold “We thank you, we shall hear of it  
 From Lady Psyche.” Till now I held peace;  
 But public use requires she should be known;  
 And since I took my oath for public use,  
 I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.

BLA. 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,  
 Walked to the hills, she likewise. Now, I thought,  
 Surely she'll confess it; if not, then I.  
 Did she? These monsters blazoned what they are,  
 According to the coarseness of their kind;  
 For thus I heard, who came in search for you.  
 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.

IDA. Good:  
 Your oath is broken: we dismiss you: go.

BLA. The plan was mine, the plan was mine! I built  
 The nest—what for? to hatch the cuckoo? (*To MELISSA.*) Rise!

(*Enter POSTWOMAN who gives two letters to IDA.*  
*She reads aloud the first letter, from KING GAME.*)

IDA. “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  
 Slipt round and in the dark invested you,  
 And here he keeps me hostage for his son.”

[Letter from  
 King Gama.]

(*IDA then reads aloud the second letter, from HILARION'S Father.*)

IDA. **“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,  
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.”**

[Letter from  
Hilarion’s  
Father]

HIL. **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 scorner of your sex,  
But venerator. Hear me, for I bear,  
Tho’ man, yet human, a life, from childhood,  
Less mine than yours. My nurse would tell me of you;  
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon’s  
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  
And blown to inmost north; at eve and dawn  
With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;  
The mellow breaker murmured Ida. Now,  
Because I would have reached you, had you been  
Sphered up with Cassiopeia, or the enthroned  
Persephone in Hades, now, at length,  
A man I came to see you. In you I find  
My boyish dream involved and dazzled down  
And mastered, 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,  
The breath of life; oh, 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. Despair shall never daunt me.  
Yet that I came not all unauthorized,  
Behold your father’s letter.**

- IDA. **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.  
Had I my father's sceptre for one hour!  
You that have dared to break our bound, and gulled  
Our servants, wronged and lied and thwarted us—  
Barbarians, grosser than your native bears—  
*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.  
*(Some of the stronger pupils push them out, the others shriek.*  
PRINCE HILARION *tries in vain to speak.*  
PRINCESS IDA *addresses the maidens.*)**
- IDA. **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't 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,  
And, clad in iron, burst the ranks of war;  
Or, falling, promartyr 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.**

IDA. **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.**

*(Re-enter LADY BLANCHE and pupils. A fierce battle is raging between soldiers of the Northern and Southern kingdoms. They all announce:)*

ALL. **The Prince is slain! The Prince is slain!**

IDA. **Our enemies have fallen!**

ALL. **Have fallen!**

IDA. **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.  
Our enemies have fallen!**

ALL. **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.**

BLA. **Our enemies have fallen!**

ALL. **Have fallen.**

BLA. **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.**

IDA. **Our enemies have fallen, but this shall grow  
A night of summer from the heat, a breadth  
Of autumn, dropping fruits of power; and, rolled  
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.**

*(LADY PSYCHE comes forward.)*

PSY. **We two were friends. I go to mine own land  
Forever; 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.**

*(PRINCESS IDA, gazing on the ground, speaks not.*

*Soft prelude to "Home they brought her warrior dead.")*

*(ALL chant to the music.)*

**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 stept,**

**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."**

- IDA. **Psyche, come to me, embrace me; come  
Quick, while I melt; make reconciliation sure  
With one that cannot keep her mind an hour!  
Kiss and be friends like children being chid!  
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 all these we embrace you yet once more  
With all forgiveness, all oblivion,  
And trust, not love, you less. I cannot keep  
My heart an eddy from the brawling hour;  
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!**
- BLA. **Ay, so? Indeed? Amazed am I to hear  
Your Highness; but your Highness breaks with ease  
The law your Highness did not make: 't was 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.**
- IDA. **We brook no further insult, but are gone.**  
(*Enter HILARION, GAMA, FLORIAN, CYRIL, IPSE.*)
- ALL. **The Prince! He lives! He lives!**  
(*PRINCE HILARION kneels to PRINCESS IDA.*)
- HIL. **If you be what I think you, my sweet dream,  
I do but ask you to fulfil yourself;  
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I go.**
- IDA. **Ah, fool, I made myself a queen of farce!  
When comes another such? never, I think,  
Till the sun drop dead from the signs.**

- HIL. Blame not thyself too much, my queen, 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  
 The woman's cause is man's.  
 For woman is not undeveloped man,  
 But diverse. Could we make her as the man,  
 Sweet Love were 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,  
 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.  
 Forgive me, sweet; I waste my heart in signs:  
 Indeed I love thee; come, yield thyself up;  
 My hopes and thine are one.
- IDA. Never, Prince; you cannot love me!
- HIL. I love thee dearer for thy faults, my bride,  
 My wife, my life! Oh, we will walk this world,  
 Yoked in all exercise of noble ends.  
 Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

*(Tableau—CURTAIN.)*

To costume the characters of *The Princess* as usually represented in illustrations, would, no doubt, give the best effects, and I would suggest the cuts found in Rolfe's edition of *The Princess* as very pretty, easy to obtain, and to copy. But if the cast is all girls, the antique Roman or Grecian costumes will be more becoming. Nor are they out of harmony with the climate, at least, of Gama's kingdom, as we read: "The year in which our olives failed;" and, elsewhere, "All about us pealed the nightingale." The Grecian dress is so perfectly adapted to the aesthetic gymnastics, that this, too, is an added word in its favor.

Prince Hilarion, Florian, and Cyril, in the first two scenes, being from a "Northern empire," should be dressed cavalier style. This effect may be prettily simulated by short divided skirts, satin coats with puffed sleeves, long cloak falling from the shoulders, full lace ruffles at throat and wrist, sword and belt, jaunty hat with long plume. The colors should be rich and prettily contrasted.

For Princess Ida I would suggest white and gold; for Lady Blanche, dark red; for Lady Psyche, pale pink or green. All the pupils, including Melissa and Violet, wear white cheese-cloth or crazy-cloth slips with golden girdles. For the girdles use either theatrical braid, or yellow satin ribbon an inch wide. Carry it around the waist and over both shoulders, thus crossing front and back. Lady Blanche's class color is "April daffodilly" or yellow, and Lady Psyche's, "violet," so half the pupils have yellow cheese-cloth drapery over the slip, and the other half violet. The hair is worn Grecian knot, with two bands of white. As Hilarion, Florian, and Cyril all join Lady Psyche's class, they wear the dress of "Violets" after they enter the univeristy.

The "love-song" introduced at the close of Scene II is not an interlude of *The Princess*, but is one of Tennyson's sweetest lyrics, and is beautifully adapted to music by Arthur Sullivan.

At the opening of Scene III have the one class come in and exercise for a time, and then the other (have about sixteen pupils in all, eight in each class); then have them all come on together and perform marching figures. This juncture gives an opportunity to introduce all the Delsarte and aesthetic culture work desired. At the close of their exercises have them draw up in regular lines on each side of stage, Lady Blanche and Princess Ida occupying the centre. When the "strangers" enter, they stand before Princess Ida while she addresses them.

In Scene IV all the pupils are seated, the "Yellows" on one side of stage and the "Violets" on the other. During Lady Psyche's lecture introduce some nonsensical by-play on the part of the strangers and the pupils. At the close of this scene, when the pupils re-enter and chant the "Sweet and Low" cradle-song, the idea is to represent night. J. Barnby has composed a pretty air to these words, and, if practicable, have the pupils sing instead of chant.

In Scene VI, when the pupils enter, they seat themselves in comfortable and picturesque groups, the leading characters prominent, of course. The "Bugle Song" is recited in concert without any change of the positions. Prepare this very carefully, representing the bugle notes and echo. Allow a few sweet voices to carry the echo, while the others go on with the words softly. If possible, have Violet accompany her song "Tears, idle tears," on the guitar or mandolin. She steps to the front of stage while singing, as does also Prince Hilarion when he sings "O Swallow, Swallow." Cowen has written very pretty music to these words. If the string accompaniment is impracticable, accompany them on the piano, below the stage, in front. Cyril's song is not from Tennyson, but Shakespeare. This seemed more like "A tavern catch of Moll and Meg" than any other of which I know.

"Our enemies have fallen" must be declaimed in bold, heroic style, Lady Blanche leading. "Home they bought her warrior dead," by Lindsay, is very pretty; the pupils softly chant or sing this while Ida and Psyche carry on the pantomime of sorrow, relenting, and forgiveness, Lady Blanche jealously watching.

It is useless to give further directions, as the motive and action of the plot are so perfectly portrayed in Tennyson's complete *Princess*. The poem must be carefully studied as to the minutiae, and a true representation depends on each character being understood in all the situations as presented by Tennyson.