

tions from this last poem. The Princess was first published in 1847. The text was submitted to a reconstructive and polishing process in the editions of 1848, 1850, 1851, and 1853, when it reached its permanent form. The poet's delicate sense of proportion and balance as well as deftness and Horatian vigor of expression are sharply revealed in the process. In the edition of 1850:

"His name was Cama; cracked and small his voice,
But bland the smile that pucker'd up his cheeks."

In that of 1851:

"His name was Gama; cracked and small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a *wrinkling wind
On glassy water drove his cheeks in lines."

The following is a noteworthy and suggestive instance of successive changes. In the editions of 1847 and 1848:

"Down from the bastion'd walls we dropt by night,
And flying reach'd the frontier."

In the edition of 1850:

"Down from the bastioned wall, suspense by night,
Like threaded spiders, from a balk, we dropt,
And flying reach'd the frontier."

In the edition of 1851:

—"from the bastioned walls
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we dropt,
And flying reach'd the frontier."

There are many striking and beautiful lines omitted from the poem after the editions of 1847 and 1848. The reason for these omissions can be found only in Tennyson's increasing responsiveness to organic symmetry and co-action of minutest parts. The following italicized lines are examples of such omissions:

*Compare Shelley's *Prince Athanase*:

—"but o'er the visage wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere
Of dark emotion, a swift shadow ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,
Glassy and dark."

There is another very beautiful passage in the Princess which was certainly suggested by lines of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*:

"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.'"

The Princess.

"A wind arose among the pines; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
Were heard: Oh, follow, follow, follow me!"

Prometheus Unbound