

## THE PRINCESS.

## The Story of Tennyson's Poem, The Princess.



IN a delightful spring holiday a philanthropic knight, Sir Walter Vivian by name, placed his English park and estate at the disposal of the people, that they might "wander at will o'er the meadows." The great mass of excursionists, let loose, indulged all their fancies. The city clerk reclined in the shade, on a fragrant knoll; some played tennis, others cricket, and in the distance a gathering of schoolboys, of all ages and sizes, could be seen scampering over the lawn in the game of fox and hounds. But our attention is drawn to a select party composed of Lilia Vivian, the knight's daughter, his son, Walter, Aunt Elizabeth, and one of Walter's college companions. Seated on the greensward, each expressed a desire to hear a story. Finally Walter was chosen, and, readily consenting, told the following tale which he and a number of fellow-students composed one Christmas night as they huddled about the hearth fire. In this story of the ways of a woman he had a pretty idea of teasing his sister, who was a firm believer in women's ability to cope with men. It is told in harmonious tetrameter, agreeably interrupted at times by a song from either of the ladies.

There was once a crown prince, noble of feature, and stately of frame, who had been, in early youth, betrothed to Ida, a princess of the kingdom to the south of his father's territory. When the time came that he should marry he was informed, by messages from her kingly father, that his daughter was of a haughty temperament, and refused to recognize the early engagement. He also stated that it was beyond his power to do aught to secure its fulfilment. The prince, who, from childhood, had revered a lock of her hair, and had treasured a picture of a baby-face, hid in curls, grew to love his little angel. With the recklessness of youth he decided to present himself to Ida in person. He stole away from his father's court, accompanied by his friends, Florian and Cyril. They journeyed to King Gama's capital, where disappointment met them. There they learned that the princess now directed a college for the cultivation of women, in a country castle, hitherto the royal summer resort. Conceiving some idea of her disposition, the prince saw no way of presenting his suit other than to enter her establishment disguised as