

And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move,
10 Nor will it lessen from to-day;
But I'll have leave at times to play
As with the creature of my love;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
With so much hope for years to come,
15 That, howsoe'er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were thine.

* * *

67

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,⁶
There comes a glory on the walls;

5 Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
10 From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
15 And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

* * *

72

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,⁷
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar white,
And lash with storm the streaming pane?

5 Day, when my crown'd estate⁹ begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,⁸
Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendour of the sun;

10 Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the rose

happiness

6. The Severn, near which Hallam was buried at Clevedon.
7. It is 15 September 1834, the first anniversary of
Hallam's death.

8. I.e., the disastrous reversal of fortune brought about by
doom, in the form of Hallam's death.

Pull sideways, and the daisy close
 Her crimson fringes to the shower;
 Who might'st have heaved a windless flame
 Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd
 15 A chequer-work of beam and shade
 Along the hills, yet look'd the same.
 As wan, as chill, as wild as now;
 Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
 When the dark hand struck down thro' time,
 20 And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,
 Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
 Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
 And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
 And sow the sky with flying boughs,
 25 And up thy vault with roaring sound
 Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
 Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,⁹
 And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

* * *

78

Again at Christmas¹ did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 The silent snow possess'd the earth,
 And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:
 5 The yule-clog^o sparkled keen with frost, log
 No wing of wind the region swept,
 But over all things brooding slept
 The quiet sense of something lost.
 As in the winters left behind,
 10 Again our ancient games had place,
 The mimic picture's breathing grace,²
 And dance and song and hoodman-blind.^o blindman's bluff

Who show'd a token of distress?
 No single tear, no mark of pain:
 15 O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
 O grief, can grief be changed to less?
 O last regret, regret can die!
 No—mixt with all this mystic frame,
 Her^o deep relations are the same, sorrow's
 20 But with long use her tears are dry.

* * *

9. The dull sunset.

1. The second Christmas after Hallam's death.

2. Tableaux-vivants, an entertainment in which performers reenact a well-known work of art or historical event.

80

If any vague desire should rise,
 That holy Death ere Arthur died
 Had moved me kindly from his side,
 And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

5 Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
 The grief my loss in him had wrought,
 A grief as deep as life or thought,
 But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain;
 10 I hear the sentence that he speaks;
 He bears the burthen of the weeks
 But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free;
 And, influence rich to soothe and save,
 15 Unused example from the grave
 Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

* * *

86

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
 That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
 Of evening over brake and bloom
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare

5 The round of space, and rapt below
 Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
 And shadowing down the hornèd flood³
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
 10 The full new life that feeds thy breath
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
 On leagues of odour streaming far,
 15 To where in yonder orient star
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

* * *

89

Witch-elms that counterchange⁴ the floor
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
 And thou, with all thy breadth and height
 Of foliage, towering sycamore;

3. Between two promontories [Tennyson's note].

4. The shadows cast by the elm tree checkered the lawn.

5 How often, hither wandering down,
 My Arthur found your shadows fair,
 And shook to all the liberal air
 The dust and din and steam of town:

 He brought an eye for all he saw;
 10 He mixt in all our simple sports;
 They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
 And dusty purlieus of the law.⁵

 O joy to him in this retreat,
 Immantled in ambrosial dark,
 15 To drink the cooler air, and mark
 The landscape winking thro' the heat:

 O sound to rout the brood of cares,
 The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
 The gust that round the garden flew,
 20 And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

 O bliss, when all in circle drawn
 About him, heart and ear were fed
 To hear him, as he lay and read
 The Tuscan poets⁶ on the lawn:

 25 Or in the all-golden afternoon
 A guest, or happy sister, sung,
 Or here she brought the harp and flung
 A ballad to the brightening moon:

 Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
 30 Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
 And break the livelong summer day
 With banquet in the distant woods;

 Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
 Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
 35 Or touch'd the changes of the state,
 Or threaded some Socratic dream;

 But if I praised the busy town,
 He loved to rail against it still,
 For "ground in yonder social mill
 40 We rub each other's angles down,

 "And merge," he said, "in form and gloss
 The picturesque of man and man."
 We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,
 The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

5. Hallam had been a law student.

6. Petrarch and Dante.

45 Or cool'd within the glooming wave;
 And last, returning from afar,
 Before the crimson-circled star
 Had fall'n into her father's grave,
 And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
 50 We heard behind the woodbine veil
 The milk that bubbled in the pail,
 And buzzings of the honied hours.

* * *

93

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
 No spirit ever brake the band
 That stays him from the native land
 Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?⁷
 5 No visual shade of some one lost,
 But he, the Spirit himself, may come
 Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
 Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.
 O, therefore from thy sightless^o range
 10 With gods in un conjectured bliss,
 O, from the distance of the abyss
 Of tenfold-complicated change,
 Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
 The wish too strong for words to name;
 15 That in this blindness of the frame
 My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

invisible

94

How pure at heart and sound in head,
 With what divine affections bold
 Should be the man whose thought would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead.
 5 In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.
 They haunt the silence of the breast,
 10 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest:
 But when the heart is full of din,
 And doubt beside the portal waits,
 15 They can but listen at the gates,
 And hear the household jar within.

7. Flesh; in other words, when he was alive.

- By night we linger'd on the lawn,
 For underfoot the herb was dry;
 And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
 The silvery haze of summer drawn;
- 5 And calm that let the tapers burn
 Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
 The brook alone far-off was heard,
 And on the board the fluttering urn:⁸
- 10 And bats went round in fragrant skies,
 And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes^o *moths*
 That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;
- 15 While now we sang old songs that peal'd
 From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
 The white kine^o glimmer'd, and the trees *cows*
 Laid their dark arms about the field.
- But when those others, one by one,
 Withdrew themselves from me and night,
 And in the house light after light
 20 Went out, and I was all alone,
- A hunger seized my heart; I read
 Of that glad year which once had been,
 In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
 The noble letters of the dead:
- 25 And strangely on the silence broke
 The silent-speaking words, and strange
 Was love's dumb cry defying change
 To test his worth; and strangely spoke
- 30 The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
 On doubts that drive the coward back,
 And keen thro' wordy snares to track
 Suggestion to her inmost cell.
- So word by word, and line by line,
 The dead man touch'd me from the past.
 35 And all at once it seem'd at last
 The living soul⁹ was flash'd on mine,
- And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
 About empyreal heights of thought,
 And came on that which is, and caught
 40 The deep pulsations of the world,

8. Hot-water urn for making tea or coffee, heated by a fluttering flame.

9. "His living soul" in the first edition; the next line

originally read "And mine in his was wound." Tennyson said that the first version "troubled me, as perhaps giving a wrong impression."

Aeonian music¹ measuring out
 The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
 The blows of Death. At length my trance—
 Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.²

45 Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
 In matter-moulded forms of speech,
 Or ev'n for intellect to reach
 Thro' memory that which I became:
 Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
 50 The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
 The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field:
 And suck'd from out the distant gloom
 A breeze began to tremble o'er
 55 The large leaves of the sycamore,
 And fluctuate all the still perfume,
 And gathering freshlier overhead,
 Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
 The heavy-folded rose, and flung
 60 The lilies to and fro, and said
 "The dawn, the dawn," and died away;
 And East and West, without a breath,
 Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
 To broaden into boundless day.

96

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
 Are tender over drowning flies,
 You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

5 I know not: one³ indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true:
 Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
 10 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.
 He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 15 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them: thus he came at length

1. The music of the aeons.

2. The trance came to an end in a moment of critical doubt, but the doubt was dispelled by the glory of the

dawn of the "boundless day" [Tennyson's note].

3. Arthur Hallam.

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3. Arthur Hallam.

To find a stronger faith his own;
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 20 And dwells not in the light alone,
 But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,⁴
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
 Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

* * *

99

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,⁵
 So loud with voices of the birds,
 So thick with lowings of the herds,
 Day, when I lost the flower of men;
 5 Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
 On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
 By meadows breathing of the past,
 And woodlands holy to the dead;
 Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
 10 A song that slights the coming care,⁶
 And Autumn laying here and there
 A fiery finger on the leaves;
 Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
 To myriads on the genial earth,
 15 Memories of bridal, or of birth,
 And unto myriads more, of death.
 O wheresoever those⁷ may be,
 Betwixt the slumber of the poles,⁸
 To-day they count as kindred souls;
 20 They know me not, but mourn with me.

* * *

104

The time draws near the birth of Christ;⁹
 The moon is hid, the night is still;
 A single church below the hill
 Is pealing, folded in the mist.
 5 A single peal of bells below,
 That wakens at this hour of rest
 A single murmur in the breast,
 That these are not the bells I know.

4. In Exodus (19.16) God speaks to Moses after sending a dark cloud of smoke to cloak Mount Sinai.

5. It is now 15 September 1835, the second anniversary of Hallam's death.

6. The approach of winter.

7. The "myriads" who have memories of death.

8. The ends of the axis of the earth, which move so slowly that they seem not to move, but slumber [Tennyson's note].

9. It is now the third Christmas since Hallam's death.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
 10 In lands where not a memory strays,
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,
 But all is new unhallow'd ground.

105

To-night ungather'd let us leave
 This laurel, let this holly stand:
 We live within the stranger's land,¹
 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

5 Our father's dust is left alone
 And silent under other snows:
 There in due time the woodbine blows,
 The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse
 10 The genial hour with mask and mime;
 For change of place, like growth of time,
 Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
 By which our lives are chiefly proved,
 15 A little spare the night I loved,
 And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
 Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm;
 For who would keep an ancient form
 20 Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
 Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;
 No dance, no motion, save alone
 What lightens in the lucid east

25 Of rising worlds^o by yonder wood. stars
 Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
 Run out your measured arcs, and lead
 The closing cycle rich in good.

106

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

5 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:

1. The Tennyson family have moved away from their old home in Lincolnshire and can no longer bring themselves to observe their former festive customs, such as gathering holly for Christmas or dancing and drinking hot punch (the "bowl of wassail" in line 18).

The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

10 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

15 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

20 Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

25 Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

30 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

107

It is the day when he was born,²
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

5 The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

10 And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides^o and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

grinds

2. Hallam's birthday was 1 February 1811.

Together, in the drifts, that pass
 To darken on the rolling brine
 15 That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
 Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
 To make a solid core of heat;
 Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
 20 Of all things ev'n as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
 With books and music, surely we
 Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
 And sing the songs he loved to hear.

108

I will not shut me from my kind,
 And, lest I stiffen into stone,
 I will not eat my heart alone,
 Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

5 What profit lies in barren faith,
 And vacant yearning, tho' with might
 To scale the heaven's highest height,
 Or dive below the wells of Death?

10 What find I in the highest place,
 But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
 And on the depths of death there swims
 The reflex of a human face.³

I'll rather take what fruit may be
 Of sorrow under human skies:
 15 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
 Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

* * *

115

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick⁴
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

5 Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

10 Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,

3. The reflection of his own face.

4. Hawthorn hedges are budding; the "flowering squares"

in the next line are fields.

And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea;
 Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 15 The happy birds, that change their sky
 To build and brood; that live their lives
 From land to land; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 20 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

* * *

117

O days and hours, your work is this
 To hold me from my proper place,
 A little while from his embrace,
 For fuller gain of after bliss:
 5 That out of distance might ensue
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
 And unto meeting when we meet,
 Delight a hundredfold accrue,
 For every grain of sand that runs,⁵
 10 And every span of shade⁶ that steals,
 And every kiss of toothed wheels,⁷
 And all the courses of the suns.

118

Contemplate all this work of Time,
 The giant labouring in his youth;
 Nor dream of human love and truth,
 As dying Nature's earth and lime;
 5 But trust that those we call the dead
 Are breathers of an ampler day
 For ever nobler ends. They^o say,
 The solid earth whereon we tread
 In tracts of fluent heat began,
 10 And grew to seeming-random forms,
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
 Till at the last arose the man;
 Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
 The herald of a higher race,
 15 And of himself in higher place,
 If so he type⁸ this work of time

scientists

5. Through an hourglass.

6. On a sundial.

7. In the works of a clock.

8. Typifies or prefigures.

Within himself, from more to more;
 Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
 Like glories, move his course, and show
 20 That life is not as idle ore,
 But iron dug from central gloom,
 And heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom
 25 To shape and use. Arise and fly
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
 Move upward, working out the beast,
 And let the ape and tiger die.

119

Doors, where my heart was used to beat
 So quickly, not as one that weeps
 I come once more;⁹ the city sleeps;
 I smell the meadow in the street;
 5 I hear a chirp of birds; I see
 Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
 A light-blue lane of early dawn,
 And think of early days and thee,
 And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
 10 And bright the friendship of thine eye;
 And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
 I take the pressure of thine hand.

120

I trust I have not wasted breath:
 I think we are not wholly brain,
 Magnetic mockeries;⁹ not in vain,
 Like Paul with beasts,¹ I fought with Death;
 5 Not only cunning casts in clay:
 Let Science prove we are, and then
 What matters Science unto men,
 At least to me? I would not stay.
 Let him, the wiser man who springs
 10 Hereafter, up from childhood shape
 His action like the greater ape,²
 But I was *born* to other things.

* * *

automatons

9. Tennyson has returned to Hallam's house in London; see Section 7, page 1265.

1. St. Paul said: "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the

dead rise not" (1 Corinthians 15:32).

2. Spoken ironically against mere materialism, not against evolution [Tennyson's note].

123

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
 O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
 There where the long street roars, hath been
 The stillness of the central sea.

5 The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing stands;
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
 10 And dream my dream, and hold it true;
 For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

124

That which we dare invoke to bless;
 Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
 He, They, One, All; within, without;
 The Power in darkness whom we guess;

5 I found Him not in world or sun,
 Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;³
 Nor thro' the questions men may try,
 The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
 10 I heard a voice "believe no more"
 And heard an ever-breaking shore
 That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part,
 15 And like a man in wrath the heart
 Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
 But that blind clamour made me wise;
 Then was I as a child that cries,
 20 But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
 What is, and no man understands;
 And out of darkness came the hands
 That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

* * *

3. Tennyson rejects the argument that God's existence can be inferred from Nature—i.e., that the design of the universe is so orderly and complex that there must have been a designer.

130

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

5 What art thou then? I cannot guess;
 But tho' I seem in star and flower
 To feel thee some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less:

10 My love involves the love before;
 My love is vaster passion now;
 Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
 I seem to love thee more and more.

15 Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
 I have thee still, and I rejoice;
 I prosper, circled with thy voice;
 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

131

O living will⁴ that shalt endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,⁵
 Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

5 That we may lift from out of dust
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
 To one that with us works, and trust,

10 With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved
 Until we close with all we loved,
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.

* * *

from *Epilogue*⁶

110 And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
 Till over down and over dale
 All night the shining vapour sail
 And pass the silent-lighted town,

4. That which we know as Free-will in man [Tennyson's note].

5. "And did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ" (1 Corinthians 10:4).

6. The *Epilogue* opens with a description of the marriage of Cecilia Tennyson, the poet's sister, to Edmund

Lushington on 10 October 1842. Tennyson said *In Memoriam* "begins with a funeral and ends with a marriage—begins with death and ends in promise of a new life—a sort of Divine Comedy, cheerful at the close." The last nine stanzas take place after the wedding is over, as the poet, leaving the reception, looks out over the darkened countryside.

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
 And catch at every mountain head,
 115 And o'er the friths^o that branch and spread *estuaries*
 Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;
 And touch with shade the bridal doors,
 With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
 And breaking let the splendour fall
 120 To spangle all the happy shores
 By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
 And, star and system rolling past,
 A soul shall draw from out the vast
 And strike his being into bounds,⁷
 125 And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
 Result in man, be born and think,
 And act and love, a closer link
 Betwixt us and the crowning race
 Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
 130 On knowledge; under whose command
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
 Is Nature like an open book;
 No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and did,
 135 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
 Of what in them is flower and fruit;
 Whereof the man, that with me trod
 This planet, was a noble type
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,
 140 That friend of mine who lives in God,
 That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.
 1833-1850 1850

The Charge of the Light Brigade¹

1

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death

7. The poet anticipates the conception of a child, who will pass through various stages of embryonic development to "result in man" (line 126). His development will correspond to the stages of human evolution, perhaps even looking forward to the emergence of a higher form of life, of which Hallam was a precursor, "a noble type" (line 138).

1. In 1854, during the Crimean War, a misunderstood order caused a brigade of 600 British cavalry to make a foolhardy charge upon the batteries of Russian artillery at Balaclava, near Sebastopol. More than 400 soldiers were killed.