

# 1816

Year: **1989**  
Level: First Year, Autumn Semester 1  
Unit: Foundation Studies  
Dates: May 8, 9, 12, 15\*, 16, 19, 22, 23, 26 \*Excursion to Wentworth Falls  
Duration: 9 days

## Origin

In February 1980 whilst listening to a series of recordings of Tchaikovsky's compositions I encountered 'Manfred' (Op 58) for the first time. The work was described as a 'Symphony after Byron's Poem.' I was sufficiently impressed by the music to seek out the source poem that inspired it, written by Byron in 1816. My intensive research of this poem then led to an ongoing interest in the history of the year 1816. I became intrigued by synchronic occurrences taking place in 1816, and adopted an inclusive methodology, compiling extensive lists of activities within the arts, both visual and performing art, as well as the literature of that time, later extending this to politics, science and religion, in fact anything I could find out that would furnish me with additional information. Since 1980 I have accumulated a considerable archive on the subject of 1816.

At the time of my initial interest in the 'Manfred' poem, I was regularly attending a Poetry Discussion Group. At one of these sessions I had the opportunity to lead a discussion on Byron's poems of 1816 and was surprised by the degree of hostility expressed in relation to them. They were treated disparagingly as 'romantically' outmoded and something of a retrograde choice, in comparison to the more challenging context of modern or contemporary poetry, more usually discussed. It struck me at the time that Byron's poems were being considered as little more than nineteenth century curiosities: as historically redundant relics, having little to contribute to the currency of our more sophisticated, less ingenuous 'post-romantic' age. In arguing the case for Byron's ongoing relevance I sustained a certain degree of ridicule for adopting what was seen as a reactionary position, in endorsing the value of such poetry.

I have always been, somewhat perversely, drawn towards those things considered obsolete and 'unfashionable', with an ongoing interest in what factors politically and culturally lead to a determination of something as being '*no longer relevant any more*'.

At the time of conceiving this project, I was noticing a distinct lack of interest amongst our students in the so-called historical past. History as a subject was quite literally being seen as passé, something that could be disregarded as largely irrelevant. Their preoccupation with novelty and new forms of art practice - quick to adopt innovative and experimental approaches, seemed to demand a dissociation from the perceived ties or limiting conditions of historical precedent in turning their backs on the past.

This perceived antipathy towards history appeared to reduce or diminish the capacity of the students to imaginatively inhabit previous eras in a meaningful way. There seemed to be a difficulty in 'entering' history, becoming 'entranced' by history, being able for example to have a sense of what it would be like to exist in 1816, to, as it were, imaginatively time-travel back into the past and walk around in there and then be able to creatively recount their experiences.

## Premise

In taking 1816 as a sample 'historical' test case to focus upon, this project was conceived to challenge students' assumptions about the value of adopting specific historical perspectives in relation to their art practice. What could come out of a project if sourced from such a period? and how might this altered perspective inform the contemporary setting of 1989.

As such the project initially engaged with how we interact with the notion of history, how we can imagine our way back into the past, how we go about conjuring a sense of history through reconstructing events and occurrences, as *if* we are able to inhabit in an imaginary sense their actuality, to recover the past back into the present, to re-present its passing as a *persisting* presence.

I encouraged a synchronic approach toward history, requiring that students familiarise themselves with the simultaneities and concordances of 1816. I issued a list of 160 of what could be considered (retrospectively) the most influential individuals alive at the time, regardless of age. A quarter at least of those on the list would have been considered unknown at the time, being in infancy, childhood or adolescence. The list comprised of a mixture of writers, artists, musicians, politicians, royalty, scientists and philosophers, listed from youngest: Anthony Trollope (1) to oldest: Daniel Boone (82). I suggested that these 160 individuals at the time collectively inhabited a *zeitgeist* common to the year 1816, and that any one of them could be researched as a means to 'tap' into that zeitgeist.

Another notion the project concerned itself with was the *programmatic*. The 'Manfred' symphony was deployed as the key referent and exemplar in relation to this notion, demonstrating how a pre-existing script such as Byron's narrative poem could be transmuted or reconstituted or recomposed into an altered temporal state as a poem reconfigured as music while retaining fidelity to the original script or programme. This provided an opportunity to discuss the issues arising in attempting to transpose writing and narrative into wordless music (and the comparable dilemma of imaging words: the vexed terrain of the illustration). The capacity of both music and image to invoke narrative programmatically could then be scrutinised.

This allowed us to also look at how a composer such as Tchaikovsky, could take inspiration from a poem recovered from 1816 and translate it into the musical zeitgeist of 1885 and in so doing set up an oscillation between past and present (1816 – 1885). This could then generate a further ricochet from the project's present perspective (1989 – 1885 – 1816) and so on back to Goethe and a priori to the Faustian myth that informs the Byron poem.

I placed particular focus on the second movement (*vivace con spirito*) of the Manfred symphony corresponding with Act 2, Scene 2 of the poem, as it was set in the vicinity of a waterfall. This allowed for comparison with a direct encounter of an actual waterfall to be incorporated into the project with an excursion scheduled to visit Wentworth Falls.

### **Session 1**

An initial briefing of the historical context of the project, approaching history synchronically and strategies for recovering time. A large copper coin, a King George the Third Twopenny piece dated 1797, was circulated around the group for each to handle and prompted a discussion around the stories this coin carried of its circulation through time as it continually 'changed hands'. Who in 1816 may have handled it? having been by then already in circulation for almost twenty years, it could have passed through William Blake's pocket for example, or indeed Lord Byron's pocket. A Playbill of information was then issued. Students were asked to select one or more of the notable individuals listed as alive in 1816 and research what they were doing that year.

### **Playbill 1**

*The project sheet given to the students adopted the format of a folded (A5) music playbill of four pages. The front page had an image of a gothic woodblock print depicting a staged candle-lit setting of a study, with a somewhat troubled writer hand on head, writing with a quill at his desk, "burning the midnight oil", evoking the Byronic poet studiously at work. Above this image the title 1. "Lento Lugubre – Moderato con moto – Andante" a reference to the 1<sup>st</sup> movement of the Manfred Symphony, drawing attention to Manfred's lugubrious state of mind.*

*A quote from J.B.Beer on Coleridge, beneath the print alludes to the shuttlecock nature of language as the mysterious go-between, that acts to convert thoughts into things and things into thoughts. And how the mystery of perception is held and revealed within these language conversions.*

*Beneath this at the bottom of the page a brief extract from Lachlan Macquarie's journal describing his visit to Wentworth Falls in 1815.*

*Turning the page, at the top the title: '2. Vivace Con Spirito' (second movement of the Manfred symphony) and a further woodblock print of three mountain climbers roped together on a precarious ledge, high up on a cliff face, looking down. Beneath this a further quote from Lachlan Macquarie's journal.*

*On the next page the hand-written list of the 160 names in four columns, of individuals of note alive in 1816*

*On the back page an historic photo of the early 1900's of four climbers on a glacier, peering down into the yawning chasm of a ravine. Beneath this an extract from Byron's journal dated 23<sup>rd</sup>/ 24<sup>th</sup> September 1816, describing his experiences in the Swiss Alps.*

The references to the early history of mountain climbing drew attention to notions of exploration into uncharted territory. In 1816 there were still mountains yet to be 'conquered' and considerable scientific and geographic discoveries to be made, a lot of things still remained unknown.

The tyranny of distance, experienced in the early part of the nineteenth century, was elaborated upon in relation to the notion and currency of news with the considerable time delays between the occurrence of significant events in Europe and the report of their outcome in Australia, a delay of several months. For example news of the outcome of the significant Battle of Waterloo of June 1815 was not known in Australia until January 1816, some 7 months later. Photocopies of the Sydney Gazette from January 1816 announcing Wellington's victory were circulated. Students were asked to reconsider the way they thought about "News" the current immediacy of its dissemination and access and the impact of its relative absence from an early 19<sup>th</sup> Century perspective on its citizenry.

Students were asked to try and imaginatively inhabit a time when there was no electricity, no photography, when the primary vehicle of transportation was the horse and the sailing boat.

### **Session 2**

Focussed on the second movement of the Manfred symphony which was played through for the first time. The music was not identified and no information was given about it. A discussion of the cinematic potential of music, of the capacity of music to conjure pictures, arouse emotion, tell stories. The etymology of cinematography as the writing of movement: the movement of the movies and being moved.

A chalk board diagram was drawn out offering a syntactical analysis of the second movement, that attempted to analyse the musical structure into linked 'words' and 'phrases' that can cohere as a *stated* narrative of some kind, capable of elucidation.

After listening to the undisclosed movement students were asked to notate and record associations conjured by the music as text or diagrammatically. General discussion then explored these individual responses to see whether any commonality of deduction or interpretation took place and whether there was any direct correspondence with the episodic extract from the Manfred poem, enacted programmatically through the second movement.

### **Session 3**

Involved an initial brief lecture where I outlined what I described as the 'Propeller Principle' of history. This worked with the image of a rotating two bladed propeller which, in its revolution allowed the two blades, with each turn, to be either emergent or submerged, above or below the water line, visible or invisible. Using the standard binary pairings, the two blades could be used to position polarised opposites (classicism/romanticism, reason/faith, apollonian/dionysian etc.) A turn could thus literally be understood as a revolution ( a turning upside down, an upheaval) The French Revolution was used as an example of the blade turning, where the consequence saw the re-emergence of an irrational imperative: the Romantic impulse so pervasive in the historic period under investigation: the aftermath of the French Revolution.

A recording of the first movement of the Manfred Symphony was then played for the first time, without explanation, followed by the second movement, with which the students were now familiar from the previous session.

A second playbill was then issued which disclosed the source text for the second movement. (ie. Act 2 Scene 2 of Byron's Manfred)

### **Playbill 2**

*The front page had a printed copy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem 'Human Life: On the Denial of Immortality' written in 1816, a poem which wrestles with the existential dilemma of life's purpose or meaning in the absence of a God, a question which Manfred continually and disconcertingly reflects upon. Beneath this text was an archival photographic portrait of an ancient mountain climber (something of an ancient mariner in appearance).*

*The inside pages contained the printed extract of the Manfred poem (Act 2 Scene 2), plus a set of 52 words, many of which were descriptive of the property of water in motion as well as other kinds of actions or gestures. These words acted as prompts of equivalency to the rhythms and evocations suggested by the music's movement.*

*Also included was a printed extract from an article in the local paper about certain local aboriginal myths written by Dr.J.L.Kohen, describing malevolent creatures thought to inhabit terrain such as the Blue Mountains. These included Ghindaring, Gurungaty, Mumuga, Guba and Dthuwangong. These ominous and threatening characters were seen to operate as territorial guardians of various kinds, protective of the sanctity of certain sites.*

*On the back page was printed the opening stanza of Percy Shelley's 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty' written in 1816, this alludes to the mysterious disquieting presence of an unaccountable sublime power that subtends existence. Beneath this text was a vertiginous image of a print by Sidney Page (1893) depicting the struggle on the ledge of a sheer cliff at Reichenbach Falls, that led to the death of Sherlock Holmes*

To conclude, students were informed that an excursion had been scheduled for the next session that would require them to descend and re-ascend Wentworth Falls.

#### **Session 4**

##### **Wentworth Falls excursion**

The day was windswept and wet and the area was shrouded in thick mist an ideal atmosphere to experience the more ominously sublime aspect of the falls, with restricted visibility, the heightened dangers of slipperiness and the possibility of losing one's way in the swirling misty clouds. Students were asked to consider the experience of Lachlan Macquarie's first encounter of the 'cataract' of Wentworth Falls in 1815 and compare this with how Darwin in 1836 may have responded to the same sublime scene.

Students were encouraged to experience the descent with something of the trepidation and apprehension of entering haunted and dangerous terrain, with the prospect of encountering one of the malevolent mythic guardians of the falls. They were asked to imaginatively inhabit the realm where spirits could be invoked and materialise. (In parallel with the setting of Act 2 Scene 2 and in keeping with Shelley's poem).

#### **Session 5**

A transcript of Act 1 Scene 2 of Manfred was distributed to all students. Discussion continued around the difficulties of how to pictorially render a sense of story. The paintings of Caspar David Friedrich and Mary Shelley's 'Frankenstein' were both referenced in relation to this.

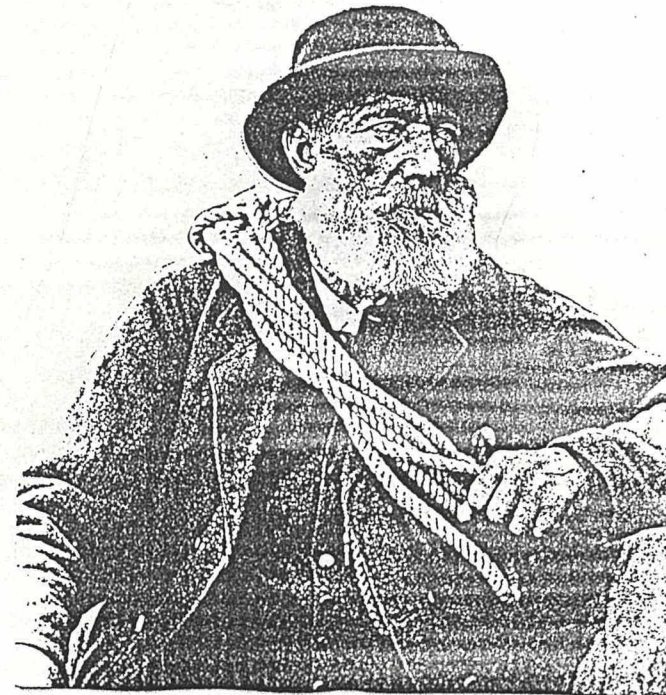
THE awful shadow of some unseen Power  
 Floats though unseen among us,—visiting  
 This various world with as inconstant wing  
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,—  
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
 It visits with inconstant glance  
 Each human heart and countenance;  
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,—  
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—  
 Like memory of music fled,—  
 Like aught that for its grace may be  
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.



## HUMAN LIFE

## ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY

IF dead, we cease to be; if total gloom  
 Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare  
 As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,  
 Whose sound and motion not alone declare,  
 But are their whole of being! If the breath  
 Be Life itself, and not its task and tent,  
 If even a soul like Milton's can know death;  
 O Man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,  
 Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!  
 Surplus of Nature's dread activity,  
 Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,  
 Retreating slow, with meditative pause,  
 She formed with restless hands unconsciously.  
 Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!  
 If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,  
 Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,  
 The counter-weights!—Thy laughter and thy tears  
 Mean but themselves, each fittest to create  
 And to repay the other! Why rejoices  
 Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?  
 Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood?  
 Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,  
 Image of Image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf,  
 That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?  
 Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold  
 These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?  
 Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!  
 Thou hast no reason why! Thou canst have none;  
 Thy being's being is contradiction.



SCENE II.—A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.  
It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch  
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,  
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes  
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;  
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,  
And with the Spirit of the place divide  
The homage of these waters.—I will call  
her.  
[MANFRED takes some of the water into  
the palm of his hand, and flings it into  
the air, muttering the adjuration. After  
a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises  
beneath the arch of the sunbow of the  
torrent.  
Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
The charms of earth's least mortal daugh-  
ters grow  
To an unearthly stature, in an essence  
Of purer elements; while the hues of  
youth,  
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's  
heart,  
Or the rose tints, which summer's twi-  
light leaves  
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth embracing with her  
heaven,  
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
The beauties of the sunbow which bends  
o'er thee.  
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,  
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
Which of itself shows immortality,  
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son  
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers per-  
mit  
At times to commune with them—if that he  
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,  
And gaze on thee a moment.  
Witch.  
I know thee, and the powers which give  
thee power;  
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,  
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,  
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.  
I have expected this—what wouldst thou  
with me?  
Man. To look upon thy beauty—  
nothing further.

[ACT II  
The face of the earth hath madden'd me,  
and I  
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce—  
To the abodes of those who govern her—  
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought  
From them what they could not bestow,  
and now  
I search no further.  
Witch. What could be the quest  
Which is not in the power of the most  
powerful.  
The rulers of the invisible? A boon:  
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.  
Witch. I know not that; let thy lips  
utter it.  
Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis  
but the same;  
My pang shall find a voice. From my  
youth upwards  
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,  
Nor look'd upon the earth with human  
eyes;  
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,  
The aim of their existence was not mine;  
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my  
powers,  
Made me a stranger; though I wore the  
form,  
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,  
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded  
me  
Was there but one who—but of her anon.  
I said with men, and with the thoughts of  
men,  
I held but slight communion; but instead,  
My joy was in the wilderness,—to breathe  
The difficult air of the ice'd mountain's top,  
Where the birds dare not build, nor in-  
sect's wing  
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge  
into the torrent, and to roll along  
On the swift whirl of the new breaking  
wave  
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.  
In these my early strength exulted; or  
To follow through the night the moving  
moon,  
The stars and their development; or catch  
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew  
dim;  
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,  
While Autumn winds were at their evening  
song.  
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;  
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—  
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,  
I felt myself degraded back to them,  
And was all clay again. And then I dived,  
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of  
death,  
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew  
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and  
heap'd up dust,

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TUMBLING	HURLING	ROLLING	DROPPING
SLIDING	DRIPPING	PRESSING	DRAWING
SWIALING	RUNNING	PUFFING	FALLING
STIRRING	TRICKLING	BUBBLING	RISING
SLIPPING	SKIDDING	SKIPPING	WHIRLING
FALLING	HOVERING	BOUNDING	TAILING
STREAMING	DARTING	RUBBING	STIRRING
DREAMING	WHIRLING	STROKING	SWITCHING
SPLASHING	SPINNING	STRUMMING	STUMBLING
RIPPLING	FLITTING	BOWING	SWIMMING
PADDLING	FLEETING	BLOWING	SKIATING
WAVING	STAIKING	PLUCKING	BUMBLING
QUARLING	HITTING	PLOPPING	DRAIBLING

SCENE II

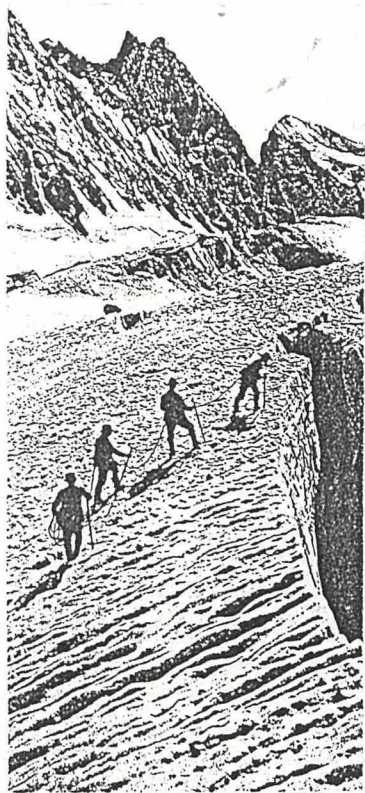
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I  
pass'd  
The nights of years in sciences untaught,  
Save in the old time; and with time and  
toil,  
And terrible ordeal, and such penance  
As in itself hath power upon the air,  
And spirits that do compass air and earth,  
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made  
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,  
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and  
He who from out their fountain dwellings  
raised  
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,  
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge  
grew  
The thirst of knowledge, and the power  
and joy  
Of this most bright intelligence, until—  
Witch. Proceed.  
Man. Oh! I but thus prolong'd  
my words,  
Boasting these idle attributes, because  
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—  
But to my task. I have not named to thee  
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or  
being,  
With whom I wore the chain of human  
ties;  
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me;  
Yet there was one—  
Witch. Spare not thyself—proceed.  
Man. She was like me in lineaments;  
her eyes,  
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone  
Even of her voice, they said were like to  
mine;  
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty:  
She had the same lone thoughts and  
wanderings.  
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a  
mind  
To comprehend the universe: nor these  
Alone, but with them gentler powers than  
mine,  
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had  
not;  
And tenderness—but that I had for her;  
Humility—and that I never had.  
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her  
own—  
I loved her, and destroy'd her!  
Witch. With thy heart,  
Man. Not with my hand, but hand,  
which broke her heart;  
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have  
shed  
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood  
was shed;  
I saw—and could not stanch it.  
Witch. And for this—  
A being of the race thou dost despise,  
The order, which thine own would rise  
above,

MANFRED

Mingling with us and ours,—thou dost  
forego  
The gifts of our great knowledge, and  
shrink'st back  
To recreate mortality—Away!  
Man. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since  
that hour—  
But words are breath—look on me in my  
sleep.  
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by  
me!  
My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the Furies;—I have  
gnash'd  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then curs'd myself till sunset;—I have  
pray'd  
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.  
I have affronted death—but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things pass'd harmless; the cold  
hand  
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back.  
Back by a single hair, which would not  
break.  
In fantasy, imagination, all  
The affluence of my soul—which one day  
was  
A Circus in creation—I plunged deep,  
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me  
back  
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.  
I plunged amidst mankind—Forged ul-  
ness  
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,  
And that I have to learn; my sciences,  
My long-pursued and superhuman art,  
Is mortal here: I dwell in my despair—  
And live—and live for ever.  
Witch. It may be  
That I can aid thee.  
Man. To do this thy power  
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with  
them.  
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—  
With any torture—so it be the last.  
Witch. That is not in my province;  
but if thou  
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do  
My bidding, it may help thee to thy  
wishes.  
Man. I will not swear—Obey! and  
whom? the spirits  
Whose presence I command, and be the  
slave  
Of those who served me—Never!  
Witch. Is this all?  
Ha! thou no gentler answer!—Yet be-  
think thee,  
And pause ere thou rejectest.  
Man. I have said it.  
Witch. Enough! I may retire then—say!  
Man. Retire!  
[The WITCH disappears.]

Man. [alone]. We are the fools of time  
and terror: Days  
Steal on us, and steal from us; yet we live,  
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.  
In all the days of this detested yoke—  
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,  
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick  
with pain,  
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—  
In all the days of past and future, for  
In life there is no present, we can number  
How few—how less than few—wherein  
the soul  
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws  
back  
As from a stream in winter, though the  
chill  
Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
Still in my science—I can call the dead,  
And ask them what it is we dread to be:  
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,  
And that is nothing. If they answer  
not—  
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag  
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew  
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping  
spirit  
An answer and his destiny—he slew  
That which he loved, unknowing what he  
slew.  
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in  
aid  
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused  
The Arcadian Evocators to compel  
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,  
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied  
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.  
If I had never lived, that which I love  
Had still been living; had I never loved,  
That which I love would still be beautiful,  
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?  
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—  
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.  
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—  
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:  
Until this hour I never shrink to gaze  
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,  
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my  
heart.  
But I can act even what I most abhor,  
And champion human fears.—The night  
approaches. [Exit.]

The Darkinung people had a mythic  
malevolent creature resembling a man  
whose body had a red glow like  
burning coals, who had his abode in  
rocky places on the sides and tops of  
mountains. Fathers used to warn their  
sons to keep away from such spots.  
His name was *Glindaring*, and his  
image was marked upon the ground at  
initiation ceremonies.  
This story may have been told to keep  
young boys from the mountains where  
initiations were held.  
*Gurungaty* is the name of an aquatic  
monster among the Thurrawal and  
Gundungurra tribes. He resides in  
deep waterholes, and would drown and  
eat strange Aborigines, but would not  
harm his own people.  
He usually climbed a tree near the water,  
from which he kept watch. If he saw a  
stranger approaching, he slid down  
and dived into the water, without  
making a splash or leaving any ripples.  
As soon as the individual drank, he  
was caught by *gurungaty*.  
*Mumuga* is another monster of the  
Thurrawal, possessing great strength  
and residing in caves in mountainous  
country.  
He has very short arms and legs, with  
hair all over his body but none on his  
head. He cannot run very fast, but  
when he is pursuing an Aborigine, he  
produces a terrible smell as he runs,  
and the abominable smell overcomes  
the individual so that he is easily  
captured.  
But if the person who is attacked has a  
fire stick in his hand, the stink of  
*mumuga* has no effect upon him.  
The Burragorang band of the  
Gundungurra tribe believed that *guba*  
lived among the mountains.  
He is supposed to be a wild hairy man  
with feet turned backwards, and to  
have a tail about 9m long, by which he  
would hang in the highest tree, in  
readiness to seize any of the aborigines  
as they passed.  
They had another superstition about a  
spirit they called *dhuwangong*, who  
lived among the rocks, had enormous  
wings, with which he extinguished  
their camp fires, killed them and then  
ate their lives.  
The Dhurug also believed in a bird called  
the *duwan*, which was said to be a  
messenger which brought bad news.  
It has red eyes and a piercing cry, and is  
probably the white-winged chough.



(Maiden) Glaciers—torrents—one of these torrents *nine hundred feet* in height of visible descent—lodge at the Curate's—set out to see the Valley—heard an Avalanche fall—like thunder—saw Glacier—enormous—Storm came on—thunder—lightning—hail—all in perfection—and beautiful—I was on horseback—Guide wanted to carry my cane—I was going to give it him when I recollected that it was a Swordstick and I thought that the lightning might be attracted towards him—kept it myself—a good deal encumbered with it & my cloak—as it was too heavy for a whip—and the horse was stupid—& stood still every other peal. Got in—not very wet—the Cloak being staunch—H. wet through—H. took refuge in cottage—sent man—umbrella—& cloak (from the Curate's when I arrived—) after him.—Swiss Curate's house—very good indeed—much better than most English Vicarages—it is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of—the torrent is in shape curving over the rock—like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind—such as it might be conceived would be that of the "pale horse" on which *Death* is mounted in the Apocalypse.—It is neither mist nor water but a something between both—its immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave—a curve—a spreading here—a condensation there—wonderful—& indescribable.—I think upon the whole—that this day has been better than any of this present excursion.—

Sept. 23d.

Before ascending the mountain—went to the torrent (7 in the morning) again—the Sun upon it forming a *rainbow* of the lower part of all colours—but principally purple and gold—the bow moving as you move—I never saw anything like this—it is only in the Sunshine.—Ascended the Wengren [sic] Mountain.—at noon reached a valley near the summit—left the horses—took off my coat & went to the summit—7000 feet (English feet) above the level of the sea—and about 5000 above the valley we left in the morning—on one side our view comprized the *Yung frau* with all her glaciers—then the *Dent d'Argent*—shining like truth—then the *little Giant* (the *Kleiner Eiger*) & the great Giant (the *Grosser Eiger*) and last not least—the *Wetterhorn*.—The height of the *Yung frau* is 13000 feet above the sea—and 11000 above the valley—she is the highest of this range,—heard the

Avalanches falling every five minutes nearly—as if God was pelting the Devil down from Heaven with snow balls—from where we stood on the *Wengren* [sic] Alp—we had all these in view on one side—on the other the clouds rose from the opposite valley curling up perpendicular precipices—like the foam of the Ocean of Hell during a Springtide—it was white & sulphery—and immeasurably deep in appearance—the side we ascended was (of course) not of so precipitous a nature—but on arriving at the summit we looked down the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud—dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular);—staid a quarter of an hour—began to descend—quite clear from cloud on that side of the mountain—in passing the masses of snow—I made a snowball & pelted H. with it—got down to our horses again—eat something—remounted—heard the Avalanches still—came to a morass—H. dismounted—H. got well over—I tried to pass my horse over—the horse sunk up [to] the chin—& of course he & I were in the mud together—bemired all over—but not hurt—laughed & rode on.—Arrived at the *Grindenwald*—dined—mounted again & rode to the higher Glacier—twilight—but distinct—very fine Glacier—like a *frozen hurricane*—Starlight—beautiful—but a devil of a path—never mind—got safe in—a little lightning—but the whole of the day as fine in point of weather—as the day on which *Paradise* was made.—Passed *whole woods of withered pines*—all withered—trunks stripped & barkless—branches lifeless—done by a single winter—their appearance reminded me of me & my family.—

Sept. 24th.

Set out at seven—up at five—passed the black Glacier—the Mountain *Wetterhorn* on the right—crossed the *Scheideck* mountain—came to the *Rose Glacier*—said to be the largest & finest in Switzerland.—I think the *Bossons Glacier* at *Chamouni*—as fine—H. does not—came to the *Reichenback* waterfall—two hundred feet high—halted to rest the horses—arrived in the valley of *Oberhasli*—rain came on—drenched a little—only 4 hours rain however in 8 days—came to *Lake of Brientz*—then to town of *Brientz*—changed—H. hurt his head against door.—In the evening four Swiss Peasant Girls of *Oberhasli* came & sang the airs of their country—two of the voices beautiful—

## 1. LENTO LUGUBRE - MODERATO CON MOTO - ANDANTE



"THROUGHOUT A LONG LIFE HE NEVER LOST HIS SENSE OF WONDER AT THE EXTRAORDINARY PROCESSES BY WHICH THOUGHTS COULD TURN INTO THINGS AND THINGS INTO THOUGHTS, AND AT THE PART PLAYED BY LANGUAGE IN THIS PROCESS. SUCH PREOCCUPATIONS LED HIM CONTINUALLY TO THE VERY BORDER OF LANGUAGE, THE POINT WHERE IT MERGES WITH THE MYSTERY OF PERCEPTUAL PROCESS ITSELF."

28 APRIL 1815

"ON THE LEFT WE PASSED A VERY EXTENSIVE DEEP ROMANTIC GLEN FULL OF VERY PICTURESQUE & WILD SCENERY."

## 2. VIVACE CON SPIRITO



17 MAY 1815

"AT HALF PAST 8 O'CLOCK MRS. M & MYSELF HERE QUITTED THE CARRIAGE & MOUNTED OUR HORSES FOR THE PURPOSE OF VIEWING AND EXPLORING THE BEAUTIES OF THE GRAND & SUBLIME SCENERY OF THIS TABLE MOUNTAIN & OF THE PRINCE REGENT'S GLEN WHICH PRESENTS A VARIETY OF SUBLIME & GRAND OBJECTS. THERE IS ONE WATERFALL AT LEAST 1000 FEET IN HEIGHT TO BE SEEN HERE IN AWFUL GRANDEUR"

1 ANTHONY TROLLOPE	19 FRANZ SCHUBERT	35 ADALBERT CHAMISSO	49 MARIE EDGEWORTH
2 SHERIDAN LE FANU	19 GAETANO DONIZETTI	35 ANTON DIABELLI	49 BENJAMIN CONSTANT
2 MIKHAIL LERMONTOV	19 PAUL DELAROCHE	35 WILLIAM WESTALL	49 JON GLOVER
3 RICHARD WAGNER	20 JEAN COROT	36 JEAN AUGUSTE INGRES	50 THOMAS MALTHUS
3 GIOVANNI VERDI	20 ANTOINE-LOUIS BARYE	37 JOHN GALT	52 ANN RADCLIFFE
4 IVAN GONCHAROV	21 WILLIAM WENTWORTH	37 WASHINGTON ALLSTON	52 SAMUEL MARSDEN
4 CHARLES DICKENS	21 JOHN KEATS	38 JOHANN HUMMEL	53 WILLIAM COBBETT
5 WILLIAM THACKERY	21 THOMAS CARLYLE	38 WILLIAM HAZLITT	54 HENRY BATHURST
5 HARRIET BEECHER STOWE	24 GIOACCHINO ROSSINI	38 HUMPHRY DAVY	54 KING GEORGE IV
5 THEODORE GAUTIER	24 PERCY SHELLEY	39 ALEXANDER I	55 LACHLAN MACQUARIE
5 FRANZ LIST	25 GIACOMO MEYERBEER	39 FRANCIS GREENWAY	56 MARY BECKFORD
6 ELIZABETH GASKELL	25 THEODORE GÉRICHAULT	39 OTTO RUNGE	56 EMPEROR CHIA-CH'ING
6 ROBERT SCHUMANN	26 JOHN AUSTIN	40 JOHN CONSTABLE	56 LUIGI CHERUBINI
6 FREDERIC CHOPIN	26 JOHN GIBSON	41 'MONK' LEWIS	56 CLAUDE SAINT-SIMON
7 NICOLAI GOGOL	27 GEORGE BYRON	41 JANE AUSTEN	56 HOKUSAI
7 EDGAR ALLAN POE	27 FENIMORE COOPER	41 FRIEDRICH SCELLING	57 WILLIAM WILBERFORCE
7 ABRAHAM LINCOLN	27 JOHN MARTIN	41 JOSEPH MALLARD TURNER	58 JAMES MONROE
7 FELIX MENDELSSOHN	28 ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER	42 WILLIAM LAWSON	58 HENRY RAEBURN
7 CHARLES DARWIN	29 MARY MITFORD	42 JOSEPH LYCETT	59 THOMAS TELFORD
8 HONORE DAUMIER	29 WILLIAM ETTY	42 CASPAR FRIEDRICH	59 ANTONIO CANOVA
11 SAMUEL PALMER	30 CARL MARIA WEBER	43 JAMES MILL	59 WILLIAM BLAKE
11 HANS ANDERSEN	30 BENJAMIN HAYDON	44 SAMUEL COLERIDGE	60 WILLIAM GODWIN
12 LUDWIG FEUERBACH	31 THOMAS DE QUINCEY	45 GREGORY BLAKLAND	60 JOHN MACADAM
12 GEORGES SAND	31 THOMAS PEACOCK	45 WALTER SCOTT	60 THOMAS ROWLANDSON
12 NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE	31 ALESSANDRO MANZONI	45 EMPEROR KOKAKU	61 LOUIS XVIII
12 BENJAMIN DISRAELI	31 JACOB-WILHELM GRIMM	45 ROBERT OWEN	61 JOHN FLAXMAN
13 PROSPEA MÉRIMÉE	31 MAHMUD II	45 ANTOINE GROS	63 THOMAS BEWICK
13 GEORGE BORROW	31 WILLIAM LAMB	46 LUDWIG BEETHOVEN	66 ANTONIO SALIERI
13 HECTOR BERLIOZ	31 DAVID WILKIE	46 WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	67 JOHANN GÖTTE
13 RALPH EMEASON	32 LEIGH HUNT	46 FRIEDRICH WILHELM IV	68 JEREMY BENTHAM
14 VICTOR HUGO	32 LOUIS SPOHR	46 SIR ROBERT JENKINSON	68 HUGH BRACKENRIDGE
14 ALEXANDER DUMAS	32 FERNANDO VII	46 GEORGE HEGEL	68 JACQUES LOUIS DAVID
14 EDWIN LANDSEER	32 PETER DE WINT	46 JOHN LEWIN	70 FRANCISCO GOYA
15 VINCENZO BELLINI	33 STENDHAL	47 ROBERT CASTLEREAGH	73 THOMAS JEFFERSON
16 RICHARD BONINGTON	33 WASHINGTON IRVING	47 NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	73 JOSEPH BANKS
17 HONORE BALZAC	34 CHARLES MATURIN	47 DUKE OF WELLINGTON	74 POPE PIUS VII
17 ALEXANDER PUSHKIN	34 NICCOLO PAGANINI	47 JAMES WARD	75 HENRY FUSELI
18 AUGUSTE COMTE	34 JOHN FIELD	47 THOMAS LAWRENCE	78 GEORGE III
18 EUGENE DELACROIX	34 DANIEL AUBER	48 EMPEROR FRANZ I	78 BENJAMIN WEST
19 MARY SHELLEY	34 JOHN SELL COTMAN	48 JOHN CROME	82 DANIEL BOONE