

# VARIOUS

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**Various**  
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**Amusement, and**  
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**No. 403, December 5, 1829**

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**Fall of the Staubbath**



In the poet and the philosopher, the lover of the sublime, and the student of the beautiful in art—the contemplation of such a scene as this must awaken ecstatic feelings of admiration and awe. Its effect upon the mere man of the world, whose mind is clogged up with common-places of life, must be overwhelming as the torrent itself; perchance he soon recovers from the impression; but the lover of Nature, in her wonders, reads lessons of infinite wisdom, combined with all that is most fascinating to the mind of inquiring man. In the school of her philosophy, mountains, rivers, and falls not only astonish and delight him in their vast outlines and surfaces, but in their exhaustless varieties

and transformations, he enjoys old and new worlds of knowledge, apart from the proud histories of man, and the comparative insignificance of all that he has laboured to produce on the face of the globe.

Few have witnessed the *Staubbach*, or similar wonders without acknowledging the force of their impressions. This Fall is in the valley of Lauterbrun, the most picturesque district of Switzerland. Simond,<sup>1</sup> in describing its beauties, says, "we began to ascend the valley of Lauterbrun, by the side of its torrent (the Lutschine) among fragments of rocks, torn from the heights on both sides, and beautiful trees, shooting up with great luxuriance and in infinite variety; smooth pastures of the richest verdure, carpeted over every interval of plain ground; and the harmony of the sonorous cow-bell of the Alps, heard among the precipices above our heads and below us, told us we were not in a desert." "The ruins of the mineral world, apparently so durable, and yet in a state of incessant decomposition, form a striking contrast with the perennial youth of the vegetable world; each individual plant, so frail and perishable, while the species is eternal in the existing economy of nature. Imperceptible forests of timber scarcely tinge their inert masses of gneiss and granite, into which they anchor their roots; grappling with substances which, when struck with steel, tear up the tempered grain, and dash out the spark." This may be an enthusiastic, but is doubtless the faithful,

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<sup>1</sup> Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that country, in 1817, 1818, and 1819. By L. Simond, 2 vols. 8 vo. Second Edit. 1823 Murray.

impression of our tourist; and in descriptions of sublime nature, we should

Survey the whole; nor seek slight fault to find,  
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.

Each valley has its appropriate stream, proportioned to its length, and the number of lateral valleys opening into it. The boisterous Lutschine is the stream of Lauterbrun, and it carries to the Lake of Brientz scarcely less water than the Aar itself. About half way between Interlaken and Lauterbrun, is the junction of the two Lutschines, the black and the white, from the different substances with which they have been in contact.

Simond says, "after passing several falls of water, each of which we mistook for the Staubbach, we came at last to the house where we were to sleep. It had taken us three hours to come thus far; in twenty minutes more we reached the heap of rubbish accumulated by degrees at the foot of the Staubbach; its waters descending from the height of the Pletschberg, form in their course several mighty cataracts, and the last but one is said to be the finest; but is not readily accessible, nor seen at all from the valley. The fall of the Staubbach, about *eight hundred feet in height*, wholly detached from the rock, is reduced into vapour long before it reaches the ground; the water and the vapour undulating through the air with more grace and elegance than sublimity. While amusing ourselves with watching the singular

appearance of rockets of water shooting down into the dense cloud of vapour below, we were joined by some country girls, who gave us a concert of three voices, pitched excessively high, and more like the vibrations of metal or glass than the human voice, but in perfect harmony, and although painful in some degree, yet very fine. In winter an immense accumulation of ice takes place at the foot of the Fall, sometimes as much as three hundred feet broad, with two enormous icy stalactites hanging down over it. When heat returns, the falling waters hollow out cavernous channels through the mass, the effect of which is said to be very fine; this, no doubt, is the proper season to see the Staubbach to most advantage." Six or eight miles further, the valley ends in glaciers scarcely practicable for chamois hunters. About forty years since some miners who belonged to the Valais, and were at work at Lauterbrun, undertook to cross over to their own country, simply to hear mass on a Sunday. They traversed the level top of the glacier in three hours; then descended, amidst the greatest dangers, its broken slope into the Valais, and returned the day after by the same way; but no one else has since ventured on the dangerous enterprise.

Apart from the romantic attraction of the Fall, the broad-eaved chalet and its accessories form a truly interesting picture of village simplicity and repose. Here you are deemed rich with a capital of three hundred pounds. All that is not made in the country, or of its growth, is deemed luxury: a silver chain here as at Berne, is transmitted from mother to daughter.

Dwellings and barns covered with tiles, and windows with large panes of glass, give to the owner a reputation of wealth; and if the outside walls are adorned with paintings, and passages of Scripture are inscribed on the front of the house, the owner ranks at once among the aristocracy of the country. What an association of primitive happiness do these humble attributes and characteristics of Swiss scenery convey to the unambitious mind. Think of this, ye who regard palaces as symbols of true enjoyment! and ye who imprison yourselves in overgrown cities, and wear the silken fetters of wealth and pride!—an aristocrat of Lauterbrun eclipses all your splendour, and a poor Swiss cottager in his humble chalet, is richer than the wealthiest of you—for he is *content*.

# PSALMODY

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In my paper of the 22nd of August, on this subject, I promised to resume it on my next coming to London, which has been retarded by several causes.

In visiting the Churches of All Souls, and Trinity, the psalmody is by no means to be praised. It is chiefly by the charity children, the singing (or rather noise) is in their usual way, and which will go on to the end of time, unless by the permission of the clergy, some intelligent instructors are allowed to lead as in the Chapel of St. James, near Mornington Place, in the Hampstead Road. The author of the paper on Music, in your publication of the 6th of September, very fairly puts the question, "Why are not the English a musical people?" and he shows many of the interrupting causes. It may happen, however, that by cultivating psalmody in our churches and chapels, considerable progress may be made. The young will be instructed, and the more advanced will *attend*, and we know the power of *attention* (the only quality in which Sir Isaac Newton could be persuaded to believe he had any one advantage in intellect over his fellow men.)

It is much to be regretted that the poetry in which our

Episcopal Psalms and Hymns are sung, is confined to the versions of Sternhold and Hopkins, and of Tate and Brady. The poetry of Sternhold and Hopkins is in general uncouth with some few exceptions. Tate and Brady have made their versification somewhat more congenial with the modern improvements of our language; but each confines himself to the very literal language of the Old Testament; Sternhold and Hopkins in this respect have the advantage of their successors, Tate and Brady; for the translations of Sternhold and Hopkins are nearer to the original Hebrew.

The main object of my hope is, that the version of the Psalms now in use may be altered, or rather improved, in such a manner as to manifest their prophetic and typical relation to Christianity, to which in their present form so little reference is to be perceived by those "who should read as they run." A change or improvement in this respect would give a more enlivening interest in Psalmody. Dr. Watts has done this with great truth and effect, and the singing in the churches and chapels in which his version is in whole or in part introduced, proceeds with a more Christian spirit: and a vast improvement has sprung from this source, in the sacred music of those churches and chapels.

To illustrate this part of my paper, let me refer to the version employed in several of the new churches, and to the version of Dr. Watts, in the spiritual interpretation of the 4th Psalm. In the version first referred to, the words are—

The place of ancient sacrifice  
Let *righteousness* supply,  
And let your hope securely fix'd  
On Him alone rely.

Now in this version it naturally occurs to inquire *what righteousness?* The high churchman will content himself that it is a literal translation; but the way-faring man sees nothing of the atoning righteousness of Christ in this translation; but which according to the 11th article of the Church of England, he reasonably looks for. Even the Unitarians refer to this and other parts of our translation of the Hebrew Psalms, as a justification of THEIR main principle of the unity alone in the godhead.

Dr. Watts, a genuine Christian, believing in the union of the Father, Son, and Spirit, and manifesting this pure faith to the end of a well-spent life, gives the Christian meaning of this righteousness, in his version of the 4th Psalm:

Know that the Lord divides his Saints  
From all the tribes of men beside,  
He hears the cry of penitents  
For the dear sake of Christ who died.

Here the true typical and prophetic meaning of the Old Testament is given.

The version used by the English church in the 5th Psalm is subject to the same observation as on the 4th.

The church version is

Thou in the morn shall hear my voice  
And with the dawn of day,  
To thee devoutly I look up,  
To thee devoutly pray.

Dr. Watts, who gives the Christian meaning of this Psalm, translates or paraphrases thus truly:—

Lord in the morning thou shall hear  
My voice ascending high,  
To thee will I direct my pray'r,  
To thee lift up mine eye.  
Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
*To plead for all his Saints,*  
Presenting at his father's throne,  
Our songs and our complaints.

Psalmody, or the singing of sacred music, conducted by such a gracious and animated sense of the revealed word of God, must naturally be performed, as it must be ardently felt, in a different spirit—and this truth we perceive daily verified; but while a considerable portion of our clergy not only are strict in confining the singing to the last *version*, or to parts of Sternhold, and even prescribe the very dull old *tunes* to be made use of, improvement in church music is not to be expected. I have before me a list of tunes, to which the organists of our churches and episcopal

chapels are limited in their playing; and, what is singular, three of the chief clergymen of the churches confess they literally have no ear for music, and are utter strangers to what an *octave* means, and yet their *authority* decides.

It is not intended to enter into any polemical discussion, as controversy is not necessary to the improvement of psalmody; but less than has been stated would not have shown the advantage to be acquired by the use of a more Christian sense to those who rely on Christ as their Redeemer. We know, from experience, how agreeable it is to the mind and senses to hear the praises to the Almighty sung by the proper rules of harmony, and with what spiritual animation the upright and sincere youth of both sexes unite in this delightful service.

With these views, I respectfully submit to the clergymen of the new churches to pursue the course which receives such universal approbation in St. James's Chapel, Mornington-place, Hampstead-road. The simplicity and effect must be strong motives to excite their attention, and I hope to witness its adoption.

*CHRISTIANUS.*

# THE THIEF

(For the Mirror.)

I tell with equal truth and grief,  
That little C—'s an arrant thief,  
Before the urchin well could go,  
She stole the whiteness of the snow.  
And more—that whiteness to adorn,  
She snatch'd the blushes of the morn;  
Stole all the softness aether pours  
On primrose buds in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles,  
She stole the Graces' winning smiles;  
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,  
To plant a star in either eye;  
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,  
And suck'd the cow's ambrosial breath;  
The cherry steep'd in morning dew  
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store  
To which in time she added more;  
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen

Her air and love-commanding mien;  
Stole *Juno's* dignity, and stole  
From *Pallas* sense, to charm the soul;  
She sung—amaz'd the Sirens heard  
And to assert their voice appear'd.

She play'd, the Muses from their hill,  
Marvell'd who thus had stole their skill;  
*Apollo's* wit was next her prey,  
Her next the beam that lights the day;  
While *Jove* her pilferings to crown,  
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;  
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,  
And t'other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid, if lovers are thy care,  
Revenge thy vot'ry on this fair;  
Do justice on her stolen charms,  
And let her prison be—my arms.

*W.H.H.*

# SHAKSPEARE

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In the Drama entitled *Shakspeare's Early Days*, the compliment which the poet is made to pay the queen: "That as at her birth she wept when all around was joy, so at her death she will smile while all around is grief," has been admired by the critics. In this jewel-stealing age, it is but just to restore the little brilliant to its owner. The following lines are in Sir William Jones's *Life*, translated by him from one of the Eastern poets, and are so exquisitely beautiful that I think they will be acceptable to some of your fair readers for their albums.

*T.B.*

## TO AN INFANT

On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd.  
So live, that sinking to thy last long sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee—weep.

# THE RUINED WELL

(For the Mirror.)

The form of ages long gone by  
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,  
And wake the soul to musings high!

*J.T. WALTER.*

Where are the lights that shone of yore  
Around this haunted spring?  
Do they upon some distant shore  
Their holy lustre fling?  
It was not thus when pilgrims came  
To hymn beneath the night,  
And dimly gleam'd the censor's flame  
When stars and streams were bright.

What art thou—since five hundred years  
Have o'er thy waters roll'd;  
Since clouds have wept their crystal tears  
From skies of beaming gold?  
Thy rills receive the tint of heaven,  
Which erst illum'd thy shrine;

And sweetest birds their songs have given,  
For music more divine.

Beside thee hath the maiden kept  
Her vigils pale and lone;  
While darkly have her ringlets swept  
The chapel's sculptur'd stone;  
And when the vesper-hymn was sung  
Around the warrior's bier,  
With cross and banner o'er him hung,  
What splendour crown'd thee here!

But a cloud has fall'n upon thy fame!  
The woodman laves his brow,  
Where shrouded monks and vestals came  
With many a sacred vow;  
And bluely gleams thy sainted spring  
Beneath the sunny tree;  
Then let no heart its sadness bring,  
*When Nature is with thee.*

*REGINALD AUGUSTINE.*

A Siamese Chief hearing an Englishman expatiate upon the magnitude of our navy, and afterwards that England was at peace, coolly observed, "If you are at peace with all the world, why do you keep up so great a navy?"

# THE SKETCH-BOOK

## WRECK ON A CORAL REEF

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I take the liberty of transmitting you an authentic, though somewhat concise, narrative of the loss of the Hon. Company's regular ship, "Cabalva," (on the Cargados, Carajos, in the Indian Seas, in latitude  $16^{\circ} 45$  s.) in July, 1818, no detailed account having hitherto appeared. The following was written by one of the surviving officers, in a letter to a friend.

*A CONSTANT READER.*

The Hon. Company's ship, Cabalva, having struck on the Owers, in the English Channel, and from that circumstance, proving leaky, and manifesting great weakness in her frame, it was thought advisable to bear up for Bombay in order to dock the ship. Meeting with a severe gale of wind off the Cape, (in which we made twenty inches of water per hour,) we parted from our consort, and shaped a course for Bombay; but on the 7th of July, between four and five A.M. (the weather dark and cloudy) the ship going seven or eight knots, an alarm was given of breakers

on the larboard bow; the helm was instantly put hard-a-port, and the head sheets let go; but before it could have the desired effect, she struck; the shock was so violent, that every person was instantly on deck, with horror and amazement depicted on their countenances. An effort was made to get the ship off, but it was immediately seen that all endeavours to save her must be useless; she soon became fixed, and the sea broke over her with tremendous force; stove in her weather side, making a clear passage—washed through the hatchways, tearing up the decks, and all that opposed its violence.

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