

VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF
LITERATURE,
AMUSEMENT, AND
INSTRUCTION. VOLUME
10, NO. 284, NOVEMBER
24, 1827

Various

**The Mirror of Literature,
Amusement, and Instruction. Volume
10, No. 284, November 24, 1827**

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The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction. Volume 10, No. 284, November 24, 1827 / Various — «Public Domain»,

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NAVARINO AND THE ISLAND OF SPHAGIA



As our victories, though managed by the hand, are achieved by the head, we feel little disposed to meddle with what Burke calls "the mystery of murder," or "the present perfection of gunnery, cannoneering, bombarding, and mining;" and inveterate as may be the weapon of the goose-quill, we trust our readers will not suspect us of any other policy than that of pleasing them, the *ne plus ultra* of all public servants. As our title implies, we are bound to present or reflect in our pages certain illustrations of popular topics, *veluti IN SPECULUM*; accordingly, we hope the accompanying *View and Plan of the Bay of Navarino* will be received in good season, *quod rerum est omnium primum*.

Thus far, the political or present interest attached to Navarino: with the recent event which has raised, or we may say resuscitated such interest, our readers have doubtless become familiar, and leaving the ephemeral glory to the *Sun* of all newspapers, and meaner "chronicles of the times," we shall proceed to the sober duty of describing the Bay of Navarino, as, it will be seen, a place of some interest in the annals of ancient as well as of modern warfare.

With our usual *literary honesty*, (we trust a characteristic of our whole conduct,) we have to acknowledge our obligations to the "Travels" of M. Pouqueville for the preceding view. "The port of Navarino, certainly one of the finest in the world," says Sir William Gell, in his interesting *Journey in the Morea*, "is formed by a deep indenture in the Morea, shut in by a long island, anciently called

Sphacteria, famous for the defeat and capture of the Spartans, in the Peloponnesian war, and yet exhibiting the vestige of walls, which may have served as their last refuge. This island has been separated into three or four parts by the violence of the waves, so that boats might pass from the open sea into the port in calm weather, by means of the channel so formed. On one of the portions is the tomb of a Turkish saint, or santon; and near the centre of the port is another very small island, or rock." The modern name of the island is *Sphagia*.

Navarino, called by the Turks *Avarin*, and the Greeks *Neo-Castron*, is the Pylos of the ancients, and the supposed birthplace of the venerable Nestor—standing upon a promontory at the foot of Mount Temathia, and overlooking the vast harbour of the same name as the town. It is surrounded only by a wall without a ditch; the height commanding the city is a little hexagonal, defended by five towers at the external angles, which, with the walls, were built by the Turks in 1572, but were never repaired till after the war with the Russians in 1770; the Turks having previously taken it from the Venetians in 1499. At the gate of the fortress is a miserable Greek village; and the walls of the castle itself are in a dismantled condition.

"The town within the wall," says Sir W. Gell, "is like all those in this part of the world, encumbered with the fallen ruins of former habitations. These have been generally constructed by the Turks, since the expulsion of the Venetians; for it appears, that till the long continued habit of possession had induced the Mahometans to live upon and cultivate their estates in the country, and the power of the Venetian republic had been consumed by a protracted peace, a law was enforced which compelled every Turk to have a habitation in some one of the fortresses of the country. But the habitations," says our traveller, "present generally an indiscriminate mass of ruins; they were originally erected in haste, and being often cemented with mud instead of mortar, the rains of autumn, penetrating between the outer and inner faces of the walls, swell the earth, and soon effect the ruin of the whole"—it must be confessed, but sorry structures for the *triple* fires of an enemy. Sir William, on his visit, found the commandant in a state of misery not exceeded by the lot of his meanest fellow-citizens, except that his robes were somewhat in better condition. He received him "very kindly in a dirty unfurnished apartment," into which he "climbed by a tottering ladder from a court strewn with ruins;" here he gave him "coffee," after which he took his leave. What would a first lord of the Admiralty say to such a reception? and it must have been somewhat uncourtly to our traveller.

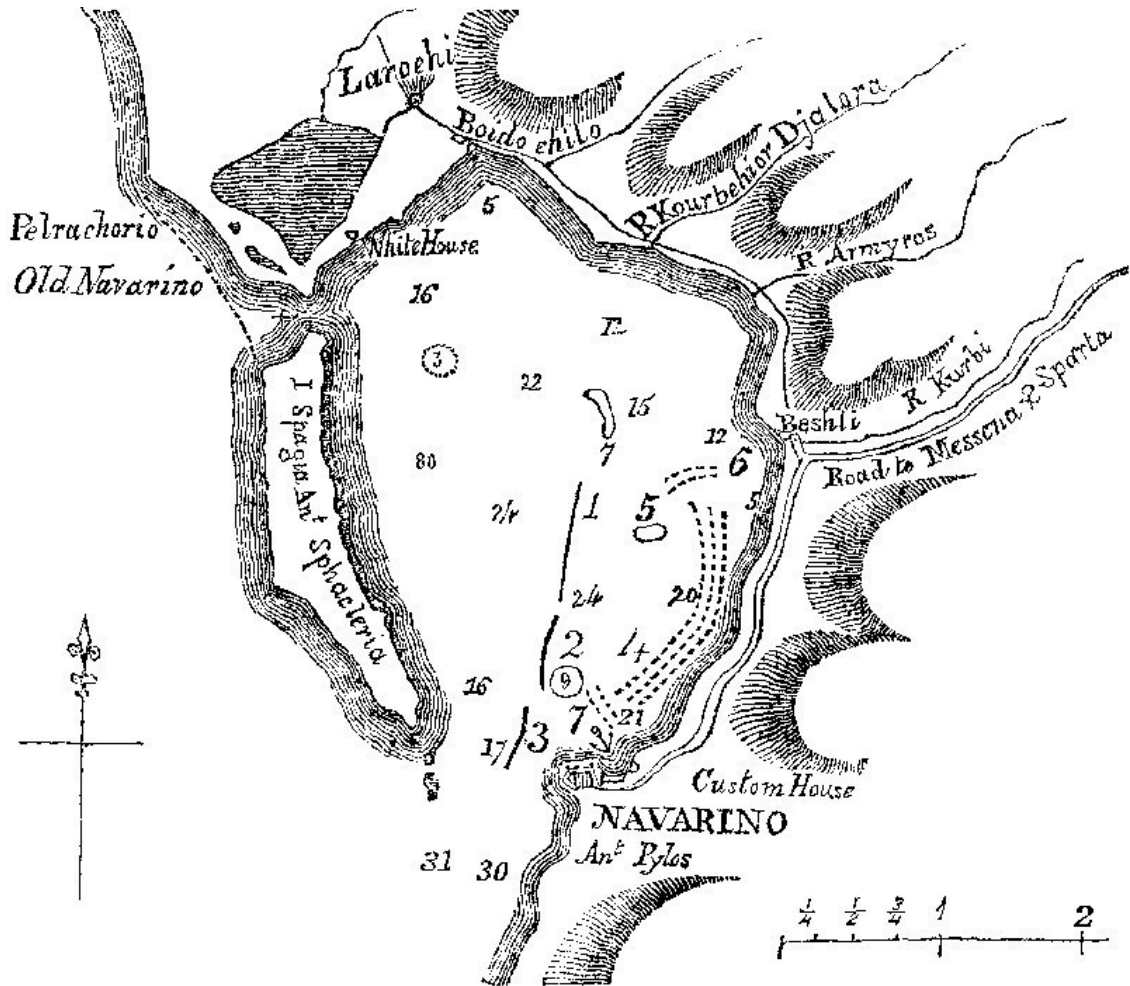
The soil about Navarino is of a red colour, and is remarkable for the production of an infinite quantity of squills, which are used in medicine. The rocks, which show themselves in every direction through a scanty but rich soil, are limestone, and present a general appearance of unproductiveness round the castle of Navarino; and the absence of trees is ill compensated by the profusion of sage, brooms, cistus, and other shrubs which start from the innumerable cavities of the limestone.

The remains of Navarino Vecchio, or ancient Navarino, consist in a fort or castle of mean construction, covering the summit of a hill sloping quickly to the south, but falling in abrupt precipices to the north and east. The town was built on the southern declivity, and was surrounded by a wall, which, allowing for the natural irregularities of the soil, represented a triangle, with the castle at the apex or summit—a form observable in many of the ancient cities of Greece.

The foundation of the walls throughout the whole circuit remains entire; but the fortifications were never of any consequence, though they present a picturesque group of turrets and battlements from below, and must have been very imposing from the sea,—an effect which those of the modern city have recently failed to produce. From the top is an extensive view over the island of Sphacteria, the port, with the town of Navarino to the south, and a considerable tract of the territory anciently called Messenia on the east, with the conic hill, which, though some miles from the shore, is used as a landmark to point out the entrance of the port. Mr. Purdy, in his *New Sailing Directory for the Mediterranean Sea*, says, "from the sea, a frigate might, in two or three hours, batter down the walls (of Navarino); the artillery of the place (in 1825) consisted of forty pieces of cannon; the greater part in the fort, eight on the battery at the entrance of the harbour, and a few in some of the towers

along the city." It should be added that the port is said to be capable of containing 2,000 sail; and the population of the town is about 3,000, the most of whom are Turks.

To the curious *dilettanti* in dates, &c. (such as our friend *P.T.W.* &c.) the following almost coinciding circumstances may not prove uninteresting:—The recent engagement took place on the anniversary of the memorable battle of Salamis, 480 B.C. when the invading army of Xerxes was defeated by the Greeks; and on which day Euripides, the Greek tragic poet, was born: Nestor is said to have been born at Navarino, as we have already mentioned: and, lastly, the attack, of which the subjoined plan is illustrative, was made on the eve of the anniversary of the glorious battle of Trafalgar, in which victory the vice-admiral of Navarino, then captain of the Orient, was engaged.



REFERENCES.

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|---|--|
| <p>1. The English Squadron.
 2. French Squadron.
 3. Russian Squadron.
 4. The combined Turko-Egyptian Fleet.</p> | <p>5 The boat sent by the "Dartmouth" to one of the Turkish Fire Ships, in which Lieutenant G. W. H. F. Fitzroy was killed.
 6 and 7 Turkish Fire ships.</p> |
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- The other figures denote the depth of water in English fathoms.

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SEASONABLE RELICS

PART OF AN ANCIENT SONG

The following is part of an old song which I have faithfully copied; it was, I am told, sung at Wakes in the north of England, and also previous to Christmas: from the appearance, little doubt is left as to its being of northern composition.

I have seen in former volumes of the MIRROR, specimens of two ancient ballads, and as they are a curiosity, I have sent mine as being, I think, equally so. There is an old ballad which I have met with and purchased, entitled "The Outlandish Knight," but it is certainly greatly altered, though the tale is preserved.

This ean night, this ean night,
Every night and awle,
Fire and fleet,¹ and candle lyght,
And Chryst receyve thy sawle.

When those from hence dost passe awaye,
Every night and awle,
To whinnye moore thou com'st at last,
And Chryste receyve thy sawle.

If ever thou gav'st either hosen or shune,
Every night and awle,
Sit thee down and put them on,
And Chryst receyve thy sawle.

But if hosen and shune thou never gav'st nean,
Every night and awle,
The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare beane,
And Chryst receyve thy sawle.

From whynne moore then thou may'st passe,
Every night and awle,
To brigge of dread thou com'st at last,
And Christ receyve thy sawle.

From brigge of dread that thou may'st passe,
Every night and awle,
To purgatory fire thou com'st at last,
And Chryst receyve thy sawle.

If e'er thou gav'st either meate or drinke,
Every night and awle,
The fire shall never make thee shrynke,

¹ Fleet from the Saxon flere, is cremon lactu, hence we have flett or flit, milk.

And Chryst receyve thy sawle.

But yf meate and drinke thou never gav'st neane,
Every night and awle,
The fire shall burn thee to the bare beane,
And Chryst receyve thy sawle.

The next I give you is an extract from the Court Rolls of the Borough of Hales Owen, of the

Custom of Bride Ale

"A payne ys made that no person or persons that shall brewe any weddyn ale to sell, shall not brewe aboue twelve stryke of mault at the most, and that the said persons so marryed shall not keep nor haue above eyght messe of persons at hys dinner within the burrowe, and before hys brydall daye he shall keep no unlawfull games in hys house nor out of hys house on payne of 20s."

Besides "Bride Ale," there was the Church Ales, and Easter Ales, Whitsuntide Ales, and a quantity of others which we have no accounts of. I conclude this short notice with the hope of soon supplying you with a fund of information against Christmas.

W.H.H.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF HELEN

Princess Helen was born of an egg,
And scarcely ten years had gone by,
When Theseus beginning to beg,
Decoyed the young chicken to fly.
When Tyndarus heard the disaster,
He crackled and thunder'd like Etna,
So out gallop'd Pollux and Castor,
And caught her a furlong from Gretna.
Singing rattledum, Greek Romanorum,
And hey classicality row.
Singing birchery, floggera, borum,
And folderol whack rowdy dow.

The newspapers puffed her each day,
Till the princes of Greece came to woo her,
Then coaxing the rest to give way,
She took Menalaus unto her,
So said they, "though we grieve to resign,
Yet if ever you're put to a shift,
Let your majesty drop us a line,
And we'll all of us lend you a lift.
With our rattledum, &c."

Menelaus was happy to win her.
But she soon found a cure for his passion,
By hobbing or nobbing at dinner,
With Paris, a Trojan of fashion.
This chap was a slyish young dog,
The most jessamy fellow in life,
For he drank Menalaus' grog,
And d—me made off with his wife.
Singing rattledum, &c.

The princes were sent for, who swore
They would punish this finikin boy;
So Achilles and two or three more,
Undertook the destruction of Troy.
But Achilles grew quite ungentleel,
And prevented their stirring a peg,
Till Paris let fly at his heel,
And he found himself laid by the leg.
With his rattledum, &c.

The Grecians demolish'd the city,
And then (as the poets have told)

Dame Helen might still be called pretty,
Though very near sixty years old.
Menelaus, when madam was found,
Took her snugly away in his chaise,
So Troy being burnt to the ground,
Why the story goes off with a blaze.
And a rattledum, &c.

HORSE-CHESTNUTS

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In a recent number there was a notice of the uses of the *Esculus Hippocastaneus*, or horse chestnuts; but a very important one was omitted, namely, its substitution occasionally for Peruvian bark in cases of intermittent fever. This disorder, known better by the name of ague, had been formerly epidemic in Ireland, where the humidity of the atmosphere is continually increased by the exhalation of the lochs and bogs with which the country abounds. In consequence, however, of the formation of the Grand and Royal Canals, and the drainage of the waters in their vicinity, the tendency to this disease was greatly lessened; and about twenty years ago the disorder was so rare in Dublin and the neighbourhood, that the medical students often complained that they graduated without ever having an opportunity of seeing in the hospitals a single case of this once almost universal disorder. In consequence, however, of the extreme wetness of one summer and autumn, agues again resumed their ascendancy, and the hospitals and dispensaries became crowded with intermittent patients, and all the bark of the druggists and apothecaries was put into requisition; but to the surprise and disappointment of all the medical men, this infallible specific was altogether inert and powerless, and after repeated trials and disappointments, it was abandoned as useless. It was now a matter of importance to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary failure, whether it arose from the altered character of the complaint, or from the deteriorated quality of the medicine; and it was found to be the latter. In consequence of the long cessation of intermittent fever, bark had been little used or called for, and the stock had remained so long on hand, that it had become effete and worthless. It was necessary then to try some substitute. Quassia-wood, the acorus calamus, and other bitters and aromatics, were tried; but that which seemed to succeed best was the bark and kernel of the horse-chestnut. The nut was moderately dried in a stove, so as to be capable of being powdered, and in that state was exhibited in substance with cayenne pepper and other aromatics. The bark was taken in infusions and decoctions with quassia, and the effects were sometimes very decided and satisfactory, forming a providential substitute for the only kind of bark then to be procured in Ireland.

W.

SONNET

(For the Mirror.)

Say what repays the gamester's nightly toil,
Can hell itself more hideous woes impart?
Can glitt'ring heaps of ill-begotten spoil,
Appease the cravings of his callous heart?
For this alone he severs every tie,
For this he marks unmov'd the orphan's tear,
E'en nature's charms, a smile from beauty's eye
No longer can his blasted prospects cheer.
But now prevails the dice's rattling sound,
The loud blaspheming oath, and cry of woe,
From tables set with spectre forms around,
Hurrying with frantic haste, th' expected throw!
Than this no greater foe to man remains
This is the mightiest triumph Satan gains!

E.L.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS

(For the Mirror.)

Horace.—Ode xxx.—B. 1

TO VENUS

He invokes her to be present at Glycera's private sacrifice

Venus! leave thy loved isle,
And on Glycera's altar smile;
Breathing perfumes hail the day,
Haste thee, Venus! haste away.
Bring with thee the am'rous boy;
The loose-rob'd Graces crown our joy!
Youth swell thy train, who owes to thee
Her charms, and winged Mercury!

ODE xxvi.—B. 3

TO THE SAME

He renounces Love

Not without renown was I,
In the ranks of gallantry.
Now, when Love no more will call,
To battle; on this sacred wall,
Venus, where her statue stands,
To hang my arms, and lute commands;
Here the bright torch to hang, and bars,
Which wag'd so oft loud midnight wars.
But, O blessed Cyprian queen!
Blest in Memphian bow'rs serene,
Raise high the lash, and Chloe's be,
All e'er proud Chloe dealt to me!

W.P.

Arcana of Science

Smoke of Lamps

A recent number of Gill's "Technical Repository," contains a simple mode of consuming the smoke that ascends from the burner of an argand lamp. It consists of a thin concave of copper, fixed by three wires, at about an inch above the chimney-glass of the lamp, yet capable of being taken off at pleasure. The gaseous carbonaceous matter which occasionally escapes from the top of lamps, is thus arrested beneath the concave cap, and subsequently consumed by the heat of the flame, instead of passing off into the room, in the form of smoke or smut on the ceiling and walls.

[The "Technical Repository," may have the credit of introducing this contrivance to the British public; but it is somewhat curious that it had not been previously adopted, since scores of lamps thus provided, are to be seen in the cafés and restaurateurs of Paris. *Apropos*, the French oil burns equal in brightness to our best gas, and as we are informed, this purity is obtained by filtration through charcoal.—ED.]

Caddis Worms

The transformation of the deserted cases of numberless minute insects into a constituent part of a solid rock, first formed at the bottom of a lake, then constituting the sides of deep valleys, and the tabular summits of lofty hills, is a phenomenon as striking as the vast reefs of coral constructed by the labours of minute polyps. We remember to have seen such *caddis-worms*

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