

REMARKS
AND
OBSERVATIONS

ON THE
PLAIN OF  PERSIA

MADE DURING AN EXCURSION
in JUNE, 1791.

BY *WILLIAM FRANCKLIN*, CAPTAIN IN THE
SERVICE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,

AND
AUTHOR OF A TOUR TO PERSIA, &c.

“ ————— juvat ire, & Dorica castra,

“ Desertósq; videre locos, littúsq; relictum.”

VIRG. *Æneid*, Lib. II. Lines 27 et seq.

L O N D O N:

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1800.



O THE REVEREND

WILLIAM VINCENT, D D

AND

HEAD MASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,

THE

Following Observations are inscribed as a Tribute of Gratitude, and as a Mark of Personal Respect, by his

most obedient, and

obliged Friend and Servant,

The AUTHOR.

LONDON,
March 24d, 1800.

P R E F A C E.



FROM the first publication of Mr. Chevalier's Description of the Plain of Troy to the present hour, few Englishmen of liberal education have visited the Levant without extending their tour to the Troad also, and examining the spot with that degree of anxious curiosity which is natural to all who have been acquainted with Homer in their youth.

Engaged as many of us may have been in the various pursuits of active life, which have diverted our attention from our classical acquirements, or Greek literature more especially, the name of Homer kindles again our passion for his writings and we hasten to the scene of the Iliad, with as much ardour as pilgrims once visited the Holy city, and the waters of Jordan.

Several

Several of these tours which have been published, and all the visitors of the spot with whom I have conversed, unite in bearing testimony to the general fidelity of Mr. Chevalier, and never have I heard it doubted by any one, but that the stream he has assumed is the true Scamander of Homer.

We may be severally mistaken, or have different opinions upon some inferior or subordinate points, but that the general view of the Plain of Troy in its actual state at the present hour, does closely correspond with all the leading circumstances detailed in the Iliad, cannot be questioned by any one that has visited the spot with Homer in his hand.

Such observations as I was enabled to make in a short tour of four days, I here offer to the public as they occurred to my mind and were noted in my journal. Some observations may have arisen since my return from reflection, reading, or conversation, but in my description of the country I have made it a rule to alter nothing in order to give things a better appearance than they had at the moment the ob-
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REMARKS
AND
OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
Plain of Troy.

Fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teuciorum!

14th June, 1799. **AT** 5, A.M. I embarked on board the
big Bon Pere, about 60 tons, in company with Mr. Hope, bound
for the Dardanelles, the Troad, and Smyrna.

At 11. The wind coming foul we came to anchor off Tophana.

15, 16. Wind bound.

17 at 6 P. M. we failed out of the harbour of Constantinople
with a fair wind.

18. The wind being from the southward, we made but little
way. The Island of Marmora or Proconesus was a head of us.

19. We passed the island of Marmora consisting of cragged
and rifted rocks, out of which the beautiful marble must have
been obtained, from which this Island had its name. At nine
o'clock at night a breeze sprung up, and in the morning of the
20th at day light we cast anchor at the mouth of the Dardanelles.

A

20th. We

20th. We went on shore and visited the English consul, Signior Tarragani, a Jew, he received us with much hospitality, and assisted us with every requisite for our journey to the Plain of Troy. Mr. Tarragani had a large family consisting of a son and six daughters, some of whom were married and had children, who all residing under the same roof, composed a family truly patriarchal. A striking similarity of features pervaded the whole, which I have before had occasion to observe as well in the East Indies as in Persia. Whilst at the house of the consul we were introduced to another Jewish gentleman, a Mr. Gormazina, son of the late French consul at the Dardanelles. This gentleman some years back had, at the instance of Count Choiseul, the French ambassador, been induced to visit the tomb of Achilles and dig there for relicks; with infinite labour he penetrated near the centre of the barrow, and at last found some curious remains, the principal of which were ashes, charcoal, and bones.

It is true that two urns were likewise said to be found and sent to Count Choiseul Gouffier, to which Mr. Chevalier,* perhaps out of too much respect to the Count, has assigned an importance greater than they deserve, though he speaks with caution. Now though an urn ought to be found, as urns, lacrymatories, &c. &c. are found in tumuli generally, yet the description of these two has naturally given rise to suspicion, and to say

* Description of the Plain of Troy, p. 153.

the least, they were possibly added to the inventory to enhance the value of the labour in opening the ground; if this was the object, Mr. Gormazina who was rather imposed upon himself, than desirous of imposing upon the count, was disappointed of his reward, part of the relicks still lay upon his hands, and Mr. Hope with a laudable zeal for the investigation of antiquity rewarded him more amply for the remains, than the Count for his more splendid portion of the ornaments; the bones, ashes, and fragments we saw, but it is necessary to attribute proof cautiously to such evidence, where the curiosity of the virtuoso gives a spur to the invention of the persons he employs.

We took our leave of the English consul, who was an agreeable man, he remembered to have seen Dr. Chandler whilst here about five and thirty years back, and reminded us of his having permitted the Doctor to take his wife's picture.

Before we returned on board, we visited the Asiatic castle of the Dardanelles and inspected the cannon of enormous caliber, which placed on beds without carriages, appear too unweildy to be of any effective service or indeed to be fired off more than once. We saw likewise the famous cannon of Sultan Amurath, or Morad the II. as mentioned by De Tott, and found him correct in this account, as I have frequently done in many others. The

Mr. Hope was so obliging as to offer me a small portion of these relicks, which I accepted, and shall keep with at least as much veneration as the earth of Mecca, or the Toolfi of Jagernaut.

diameter is sufficient to permit a man to sit in the inside, and the ball belonging to it is of the enormous weight of fifteen hundred pounds.

Having obtained a fermaun from the bashaw of the Dardanelles to the agha of Koum Kala, and the district of Troy, Mr. Hope engaged a janissary to accompany us who had been recommended to me at Constantinople, by Mr. Thornton, a gentleman whose urbanity of manners and classical taste, render his society equally agreeable and instructive.

The castles which defend the entrance of the Dardanelles are about a mile asunder, the current sets rapidly into the Egean sea, the sides of the hills are highly cultivated, and covered with rich verdure, and the whole scene is interesting.

In about two hours with a gentle breeze we reached the Rhætean promontory, and cast anchor at no great distance from the tomb of Ajax, having in view the Sigæan promontory at the distance of about four miles, the castle of Koum Kala, with a distant prospect of the islands of Imbros, Lemnos, and Samothrace.

Previous to our excursion we visited the tomb of Ajax, it is situated upon the Rhætean promontory, and commands a noble view of the Hellespont, the Egean sea, and great part of the Plain of Troy: the tumulus is of a circular form, surmounted at the top by a cone, its elevation may be about 60 feet from the level, though to the north east it is in a sloping direction, its western face is entirely

tirely laid open, and discovers the remains of some very rude and ancient masonry, with part of a wall running across the masses of earth, brick, stone, and lime with shells, appear extremely well consolidated, and are in all probability co-eval with the tumulus; others have however thought differently, and every one has a right to form his own judgment on the spot, but we must not omit to notice that though the Rhætan promontory, and the Sigæan, are the burying places of Ajax and Achilles; it does not appear that the Grecian army occupied the whole extent between the two promontories, that would have been too large to defend, and I should rather suppose from an inspection of the ground, that the Grecian camp, reached no further than the northern bank of the Simois, which falls into the Hellespont near the modern village of Koum Kala, about two miles and a half distant from the Sigæan promontory, indeed if the Greeks had occupied the whole space, here would have been no room for the Trojan auxiliaries, who it appears from the 10th book of Homer, were encamped on the sea shore. Whilst standing on the summit of this barrow, I could not but call to mind the indignation of Ajax, while contending for the armour of Achilles, and the beautiful lines of Ovid, imprinted on my memory in early youth. I looked back upon the Sigæan shore, and felt like him the indignation of a soldier, when I reflected that the prize of valour, was carried off by the eloquence of an orator

Confedere duceæ. & vulgi stante corona,
 Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax.
 Ut que erat impatiens iræ, *Sigæa torvo*
Littora respexit, classemque in littore vultu :
 Intendensque manus, Agimus, pro Jupiter, inquit,
 Ante rates causam, & mecum confertur Ulysses!
 At non Hectoris dubitavit cedere flammis:
 Quas ego sustinui; quas hac a classe fugavi.

or the still more interesting lamentations of the chorus in the Ajax of Sophocles.

“ O Teucer haste,
 Prepare some hollow fols, for the remains
 Of Ajax: Raise him *there* a monument,
 By after ages ne’er to be forgotten.”*

Having ordered post horses over night, and made every preparation for our little tour, early in the morning Mr. Hope and myself, commenced our survey of the Plain of Troy, and Mount Ida; we set off from the tomb of Ajax, called by the natives *In Tepe*,† our round lay along the skirts of a range of hills, extending to the N. E. on gaining the summit of this ridge, we had an open-

* Francklin’s Sophocles, Ajax.

The reader will pardon this digression, in consideration that a military man, has more respect for an ancient warrior, than an orator, and that a son, may have a justifiable pride, in quoting the language of his father.

† I was not able to learn whether *In* was a significant term in the modern languages of the country, but should myself conjecture that *In* is *an Tepe*, the *one* tumulus in opposition to *ARO Tepe* at Sigæum.

ing

ing view of the Plain of Troy, with the barrow of Æsycetes, about nine miles distant, and the island of Tenedos to the southward.

Proceeding along the same range, and keeping the barrow of Æsycetes still in view, the country was rough and barren, but crowned with heath, shrubs, and wild lavender; in about half an hour we ascended the range of hills, which bound the valley of Thymbra, and at half past eight A. M. by a gentle descent, we came to the view of a temple, dedicated to Apollo, near the village Halilali, in the valley of Thymbra, about five miles distant from the tomb of Ajax. Whilst traversing the heights of the valley of Thymbra, our attention was naturally called to reflect on the ground we trod, as bearing the same appellation at this hour, by which it was known to Homer, and though I have learned since my return, that the existence of Troy itself is denied, I had at the moment no doubt upon my mind, but that as the name of Thimbreck and its position proved the geography of the Iliad to be just, it was an equal proof that Troy occupied the site allotted to it by the Poet. The rivers Æsopus, Rhodius, and Granicus, retained the names assigned to them by Homer, as long as they were mentioned by ancient geographers, and the towns of Abydus, Percotè, and Zolcia, are marked as distinctly in the march of Alexander, as in the page of the Iliad; could Homer be true in all the subordinate geography, and maintain a falsehood in regard to the capital alone? but there are no ruins, *etiam periere ruinæ*; this in the first place is a fact that I

am not convinced of, and of which I shall treat hereafter, and in the next, ruins are not necessary to prove the existence of any place. There are no ruins of the Ilium of Strabo, and yet his testimony with that of the Macedonians, Romans, Fimbria, Julius, and Augustus, is sufficient to prove that this Ilium as certainly existed as Rome itself, and if all the places round Troy continued to exist in the position Homer assigned to them, how could it be supposed that Troy was the only fiction? the continuance of the very name of Thimbrek is no more extraordinary than that of Mitilyn, Smyrna, Erekli, Stanchio, and a thousand others, which are still in being, corrupted indeed by time and the change of language, but still in being, and though we should build little upon the ruins found there to carry up its antiquity to the age of the Trojan war, they at least prove what is demanded for Troy itself, that there was a town in this spot, and Strabo has placed the temple of the Thymbrean Apollo where Homer places Thymbra. The remains of the temple of Apollo are still visible, consisting of various blocks of marble, capitals, and columns, pedestals, and broken shafts, strewing the ground to a considerable extent. Most of the pillars were of the Corinthian order and of the most exquisite Parian marble: in traversing over the site of the temple, I counted upwards of one hundred and fifty broken columns besides shafts and capitals, which announce the temple to have been a magnificent building, and to correspond with the appellation given to it by Virgil.

Da pro-

Da propriam Thymbrae domum.

underneath a small oak is a block of marble two feet in height and turned on its side, there is sculptured on it a car with horses, the feet and hinder part of which are still visible. In the car sits victory with wings, and over the head of the figure I, which is much mutilated, runs a cornice, by which it should seem that the whole piece had been designed to ornament the outside of a temple; the wing of the figure is still entire, the car is supported by two low wheels, the embossed work of which has perished; from the style of architecture as well as the design, I should suspect it to be of a date anterior to the temple, and that it belonged to a more ancient period, it is rude enough to attribute it to the age of Troy itself; there is likewise a pillar containing a Greek inscription, a copy of which was taken by Mr. Hope's painter.

From the centre of these ruins, the valley of Thymbra is extremely pleasant, and there is moreover a very fine view of the Plain of Troy, of both the promontories and the Egean sea.

After surveying these ruins, about half past ten we proceeded on through the Valley of Thymbra to visit other ruins in that neighbourhood, our route lay up the valley in a course nearly east, but over no regular road, more than a ³bridle way; the small stream of Thymbra called by the Turks *Thimbrek Sou*, was on our right and beyond it the valley was bounded by the range

of hills called by Homen, Callicolone, which form a part of Mount Ida. In assuming this name, I follow Mr. Chevalier, and his Callicolone is so truly consistent with the disposition of the country in the description of the Iliad, that there can be no doubt of his correctness, it is close to the Simois, for that river in a manner marks the foot of the hill by its course. (See T. 53.) *Ἀλλοτε παρ Σιβάεντι ὕδωρ ἐπὶ καλλικολώνῃ.* And the hill itself rises in such a manner as to form a seat for the Gods on the Trojan side, as from an amphitheatre to behold the combat. (T. 149.) Pococke has described several hills of this sort in Asia Minor, that have been completed with stone seats upon their declivity for this purpose, and imagination might easily do as much to form this into an amphitheatre for the Gods. A second consideration also arises from this proximity of the Simois to Callicolone, which is, that it as manifestly proves the Simois to be the eastern river, as the mention of the Scamander on the left of the Trojan line (A. 498.) proves that stream to be the western of the two. These circumstances so fully confirm the general system of Mr. Chevalier, that no one who has made his observations on the spot will easily be induced to call it in question.

The valley of Thymbrek, is here about two miles broad, richly cultivated and deserving the appellation of *εὐεωλὰς*, or fertile, and we passed through several pleasant meadows, in which were a number of willow and other trees. The road now began to narrow and we entered some inclosures of vineyards

vineyards and orchards, after passing these we turned to the southward and entered the bed of a large torrent thickly strewed with stones, and of considerable breadth, this torrent descends from the north east extremity of Mount Ida, and though now dry, its steep and high banks and stony bottom attested its power in the winter season. It was most probably one of those auxiliary streams which Homer has so correctly mentioned in his 21st Iliad to have been called for by Scamander when addressing his brother Simois to punish the temerity of Achilles.

————— Haste my Brother, flood,
And check this mortal that controls a God;
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilium tumble from her tow'ry height.
*Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy wentry store;
With broken Rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.*

POPE.—21st. Iliad—line 258.

We still continued our route along the bed of the torrent, and after a delightful ride of four miles, reached and reposed in a grove of stately fir trees at the upper extremity of the valley of Thymbra, and situated in a most romantic solitude. The centre of this grove was formerly a temple of superb and beautiful architecture of the Doric order, which appears from the numerous fragments of columns, capitals and pedestals of the finest Parian marble,

ble, I likewise picked up and brought away with me, a small block of very fine alabaſter.

We could not learn, by any lights we had with us what was the nature or deſign of this temple, but it was moſt probably dedicated to ſome ſylvan divinity; certainly no place could be ſelected or better calculated to excite devotion or produce tranquillity of mind. It is about one mile diſtant from the village of Thimbreck, and is called by the natives, THIMBRECK MUZARLICK; or, Cemetery of Thymbra.

After halting about two hours in this grove, we renewed our journey to the ſouth eaſt, until we found ourſelves entangled in the mountain, when tracing back our footſteps part of the way we came, and turning off at about half the diſtance, croſſed the range of the Callicolone hills in a direction due ſouth, and aſcended to the ſummit of one of the higheſt, from whence we had a magnificent view of five ſucceſſive tumuli, the Plain of Troy, the Hellespont, the Egean ſea, the tumulus of Œſyetes, and the iſland of Tenedos. We proceeded over this elevated ground, and a rugged uncultivated country, conſiſting alternately of hill and vale and anſwering perfectly Homer's deſcription of "the heights of Ida, many valed, and thickly covered with wood." At 5 P. M. we reached the village of Atch Keoi, about ſeven miles to the ſouthward of Thimbreck Muzarlick. On our approach to this village which ſtands on a commanding eminence, we had a fine view of the Plain of Troy beneath, rich and abundantly

bundantly fertile, with a distinct view of Bunarbashi on the opposite heights. In the village we saw two columns of grey granite of an order unknown and very ancient.

The houses in the Troad are built of mud walls with flat roofs and have a singular appearance, on some of these a number of storks had taken up their abode undisturbed by the proprietors, who have a great veneration for them. On one of these roofs in particular were nine birds, and Mr. Hope humourously observed to me there appeared more birds than men in the village, which certainly was not populous. Leaving *Atch Keoi*, we turned to the westward, and at about half a mile from the village, discovered a tumulus which I do not recollect to have heard mentioned by any former traveller; it bore the name of *Anai Tepe*, which in Turkish signifies the hill of stone, though no conjecture could be formed of its design, it being near three miles from Troy.

The form was like the rest, circular, but flat at the top; the river Simois ran to the south west. We then descended into the valley and crossed the Simois by a ford. The river was here sufficiently broad to be respectable, and we were surprized to find so much water in it, after we had read Mr. Dallaway's account, though in the middle of summer (21st June) it was at least two hundred and fifty yards in breadth, its current rapid, though muddy, and its bed on either side extended to above half a mile.

After passing the river, we soon came in sight of the village of Bunarbashi, and ascending the heights of Troy, took up our quarters

quarters in the house of the *Agha, and possibly on the site of the palace of old Priam, having accomplished this day a pleasant, and to us, highly interesting journey, by a circuitous route of about twenty British miles.

The modern village of Bunarbashi, and site of ancient Troy, is situated on an eminence at the upper part of the plain, and rises gradually from the sources of the Scamander, at the distance of half a mile. If a traveller be desirous of viewing to advantage, the situation of ancient Troy, he will place himself midway, betwixt the springs, and the city, and near to where formerly stood the Scaean gate. The city of Troy, appears to have been bounded on the east and south, by Mount Ida, and north and west, by the Simois, and the plain. From behind the village of Bunarbashi the hills rise gradually, and at the distance of two miles from the agha's house are terminated by the lofty stations of the tomb of Hector, and other high ground.

It is here that the appellation of *Ιλιον ηνεμόεσσαν*, or *wind swept Ilium*, occurs to the mind of the spectator in full force and when the Levanters blow, the flurries coming over the broken ridges of Ida, must here be experienced in their utmost violence. Placed on this eminence, it requires no great stretch of imagination, to bring in review, the transactions of the war, and the fate of Ilium, as sung by the divine bard.

The several barrows are all in view, all in the positions they

* A Turkish deputy who acts under the Pasha of the district.

ought to occupy, and as they impressed on my own mind with so full a conviction, as not to leave the smallest doubt remaining, but that I stood on the very site of Troy, or near it, so I cannot think it possible, that any one can personally view, the evidence afforded by the disposition of the country round, and these monuments in particular, without complete satisfaction in his mind, that Homer described this scene from characters that are indelible. Barrows it is true are common to other countries, but that we should have a rising ground for the position of the city, a plain suited to the conflicts of the armies, sweeping down to the Hellespont, two rivers, one on each side this plain, joining at no great distance from the sea, added to the different barrows, all in the very places where they ought to be, cannot be the effect of chance, and are circumstances so various, that no country could produce them all, unless it were the very spot designed. Had I ever been so sceptical, (and doubts I certainly had,) I could not see two barrows one large, and one smaller at Sigæum, without confessing that such they ought to be according to the Iliad, and such their place. I could not see the Rhœteum marked by another barrow, without reflecting that Ajax was encamped on the left of the line, and that on the left he ought to have been buried. I could not view the barrow of Æsyetes, marked out by Strabo, and fixed at the most advantageous point for reconnoitring, without recalling the assignment made of it by Homer to this purpose: but above all this, when I saw the barrow of Hector at the back of Troy, still marked

marked by the pile of stones, which Homer allots to this, and this only, I could not help thanking Mr. Morrit for pointing out this peculiarity to my notice, and I must add my testimony to his, that such is the fact, the stones are piled as his drawing represents them, and their appearance is not exaggerated. Now that all these circumstances should be united in the space of a few miles by accident, and that they should all correspond with Homer, is beyond the power of calculation, if the fact were not true; no other spot in the world could be accommodated to the description, or answer to the particulars required, and if this spot does answer with so much precision, both generally and specially, here and no where else must we look for Troy.

I viewed ~~the~~ tomb of Hector, not without reflection on the honours paid to an hero, at his funeral obsequies, by the people he had defended, and the army he had commanded: I viewed the memorial raised over his remains, not only as an incitement to valour, but as a tribute of gratitude, as perpetual as the existence of the ground it stands on; and I reverted from these testimonies of his glory, to the character of the man. In spite of the gallantry of the Grecian heroes, the fire of Diomed, or the direful vengeance of Achilles, who is there that does not join with Troy, in lamenting the death of the brave and amiable Hector? there is something so mild, so liberal, and gentle in the manners of this chief, that a reader is always more interested in his fate, than that of any other personage in the Iliad, and after his death we find the sorrow universal. The
grief

grief of a mother, a wife, or a father, is natural and expected, but there is something so interesting, in the sorrow expressed by *Helen*, (the dreadful cause of the war,) after the return of the dead body of Hector, that I cannot resist transcribing it, as equally striking for the delineation of character, as for the delicacy and beauty of the sentiment.

Viewing the corpse, *Helen* thus pours forth her lamentations.

- “ Ah dearer far than all my brothers else
- “ Of Priam’s house, for being Paris’ spouse
- “ Who brought me (wou’d I first had died) to Troy,
- “ I call thy brothers mine ; since forth I came
- “ From Sparta, it is now the twentieth year ;
- “ Yet never heard I one hard speech from thee
- “ Or taunt morose, but if it ever chanc’d
- “ That of thy father’s house, female or male
- “ Blamed me, and even if herself the Queen,
- “ For in the King whate’er befel I found
- “ Always a father, *thou hast interposed*
- “ *Thy gentle temper, and thy gentle speech*
- “ *To sooth them* ; therefore, with the same sad drops
- “ Thy fate, O Hector, and my own I weep,
- “ For other friend within the ample bounds
- “ Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear
- “ Kind word again, with horror view’d by all.”

24th Book, page 666. COWPER.

As the barrow of this hero, ought to differ from all the others in the Troad, from the very circumstance noticed in Homer.

ΑΥΤΑΡ ὕπερθε
 ΠΥΚΝΟΪΣΙΝ ΛΑΪΕΣΣΙ ΚΑΤΕΣΤΟΡΕΣΑΝ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΪΙ.

Λ. 797.

so was I happy to find, that the ravages of curiosity or avarice, had not deprived it of the characteristic which is peculiar to it; it has been opened in several places, particularly on the north side, next the *Simois*, which runs at the foot of the hill, in a winding direction, and is lost among the mountains behind.

Book 24, Iliad.

- " All then their mules and oxen to the wains
- " Join speedily, and under Ilium's walls
- " Assemble numerous; nine whole days they toiled
- " Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth,
- " Bright morn with light for human kind arose,
- " Then bearing noble Hector forth, with tears
- " Shed copious, on the summit of the pile
- " They placed him, and the fuel fired beneath:
- " But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn
- " Reddened the east, then thronging forth all Troy
- " Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around,
- " The whole vast multitude conven'd; with wine
- " They quench'd the pile throughout, leaving no part
- " Unvisited on which the fire had seized.
- " His brothers next collected, and his friends
- " His white bones mourning and with tears profuse
- " Wet'ring their cheeks, then in a golden urn
- " They plac'd them, which with mantles soft they veil'd
- " Mæonian hue'd and delving buried it,
- " **AND OVERSPREAD WITH STONES, THE SPOT ADUST;**"

Adjoining

Adjoining to the tomb of Hector, is another barrow of a smaller size, coeval perhaps, and formed of accumulated earth, but no stones; it is supposed to be that of Priam, but as we have no certain account of the funeral of the venerable king, we cannot identify it like that of his son.

A mile distant from this, and upon a corresponding hill to the southward, is another tumulus, called by the natives *Upsun Tepe*, which compleats the *fourth* tumulus between that and the village of *Atch Keoi*, and not *three*, as has been represented through mistake; it is not impossible but the last barrow may be that of Paris, as we learn from Aristotle that he was buried *near** Troy, before the capture of that city.

At no great distance from the tomb of Hector, (which it overlooks) is the Acropolis, the Περγᾶμος ἄχρη the *Arx Alta*, or lofty citadel of Priam, which so long bid defiance to the united efforts of Greece, and which was at last subdued by stratagem. No situation could be better selected than this for the defence and security of Troy, it is as Mr. Morrit most correctly remarks, "a pointed and high hill rising to the south east of Troy, "terminated on three sides by high rocks, and the Simois rolls at "the foot of these under a row of equally stupendous precipices

* Paris was not buried in Troy, neither do I think Hector was, though Chevalier is of a different opinion, if *within* the walls, why ask leave of the Greeks to bury him? the tumulus which I have here ascribed to Paris, is out of the city.

“ on the opposite side.” But the advantages of the Acropolis are not perceived sufficiently on the approach from Bunarbashi, for this purpose it is necessary to make a detour round the hill to the north east, and to take your station in a corn field on the banks of the Simois, near the foot of the rock; there you may perceive a tremendous precipice, rising abruptly to the height of four hundred feet, at the bottom of which runs the Simois, whose stream is rapid and the bed thickly strewn with stones. A fortress built in modern times on this rock, would doubtless be extremely formidable, what then must it have been in a rude and early age, when the art of war was in its infancy and tactics altogether unknown?

After inspecting the position of the Acropolis, what can be more satisfactory than again recurring to Homer, and fixing its situation *beyond all doubt*. In the 8th book of the *Odyssey* we find a circumstantial detail of the consultations among the Trojan chiefs respecting the fate of the *Epean* horse, the cause of all their woe, it is given by Demodocus the bard, who sings the fall of Troy divine, to the wanderer Ulysses then unknown.

“ Already in the horse concealed his band
 “ Around, Ulysses sat, for Ilium’s sons
 “ Themselves had drawn it to the citadel,
 “ And there the mischief stood, then strife arose
 “ Among the Trojans compassing the horse;

“ And

" And threefold was the doubt,* whether to cleave
 " The hollow trunk afunder, or, *up drawn*
 " Aloft, to cast it headlong from the rocks ;*
 " Or to permit th' enormous image kept,
 " Entire to stand an offering to the Gods.

COWPER.

Exclusive of the Acropolis we learn that there were other buildings and temples erected on the summit of this hill, particularly one to Jupiter, and another to Minerva, to whose shrine the Trojan matrons went in procession at the instance of Hector, when the army was hard pressed by the enemy as may be seen in the 6th Iliad.

The extent of the ground on the top of the hill justifies the supposition. Mr. Hope and myself having with considerable difficulty scrambled up that part of the steep which faces the north east; on our reaching the summit found a prodigious quantity both of stone and fine Parian marble scattered over a large space, and in one particular spot we traced what appeared to have been the site of a temple† in form of an oblong square,

I shall

* That is, to the extreme edge of the precipice where the reader will perceive the fate that awaited it.

† Not to speak too positively, I submit the whole of this conjecture to the candour of the reader, and the examination of future travellers; but if this hill should be finally determined to be the citadel, I must affirm that there are ruins of Troy, however common the opinion may be, that *even the ruins have perished*. I can find no town in later ages between this hill to the junction of the two rivers, but the modern Ilium of Strabo, and if the ancient Ilium or Troy must be in the plain, το παλιον πεπολιτο πολιν. If so

I think

I shall conclude the account of the Acropolis by hazarding a conjecture not entirely inapplicable to the subject, as it regards the difference of the Acropolis from the other parts of the city. In many parts of Asia, but particularly in the East Indies, it is customary to have the town or city divided into two parts, the one of which the citadel (if the situation of the country will admit of it) is always built upon a hill, or on the highest ground they can select, the other or lower town, which contains the greater part of the inhabitants, is called the ΠΕΤΤΑΗ, and considered in the light of an outwork; it is very consonant to reason therefore to allow the possibility of Patroclus's attempt *upon the outer wall of the city*, which was below on the plain, or at least upon a sloping acclivity; those who have seen the hill forts of Mysore, and many parts of the Dekkan, and will compare them with the Acropolis of Troy, may easily account for the labour of a ten years siege, or allow the appellation of the epithet of walls built by the gods themselves, not to have been exaggerated.

The idea entertained by many persons that there are no re-

I think I should say that these are the remains of Dardania, prior to Ilium and Troy, in the *Ἰνναπία* of Ida, but as far as a private opinion is of weight, I am inclined to think, that the conjecture I have adopted, reconciles both assertions of Homer; that the city or pettah was in the plain, and that the citadel was on a precipice, very lofty and exposed to all the winds and storms that burst on Ida. This the language of the poet in different places requires, and this we obtain by placing the city on the ground that rises to Bunarbashi, or by extending it to the Plain.

mains

mains of a city on the site of Troy, or that the ruins themselves have perished is not altogether well founded; on the contrary about the Acropolis, and the environs of the city, they certainly are to be found; at Bunarbashi in the *Aga's* house and in the village below, are many large blocks of marble, columns of red and grey granite, and capitals of columns, one of which we found in the stable of the *Aga's* court yard, it appeared to have formed part of a pillar of a temple of Jupiter, from the device of an *eagle* which it contained, and may have been brought hither from some of the temples in the neighbourhood, as its capital which is Ionick precludes us from assigning it to remote antiquity. But on the hill of Bunarbashi is an immense block of very coarse marble, with some devices rudely executed, particularly the head of a cypress tree, it looks as if it had belonged to a fountain and is rude enough for any age.

In a cottage near the sources of Scamander, we found a piece of marble about two feet high, no doubt of great antiquity, it had the figure of a warrior, well executed in *alto relievo*; of this figure Mr. Hope's painter took a drawing, and we regretted much that its size prevented our getting it on board our ship. On surveying the ground, many other circumstances occurred to prove the former existence of a city, and if so, certainly that of Troy: with respect to the size of it, many authors and travellers have differed, but acknowledging the probability of its having occupied the space allotted to it in the subjoined map, I should not think

think it could contain less than forty or fifty thousand* inhabitants, either citizens or allies, and indeed less could not be given to the capital of a prince, who contended for ten years against the united force of Greece, and who had either in alliance or subjection† the whole of Asia Minor. If however the very great length of time which has elapsed since the Trojan war be considered, and the numerous changes that have happened in much less time in various parts of the globe, (in some cities even to utter annihilation,) be taken into the scale, our surprize and admiration will be excited not that we have not more, but that so much is still pre-

* If with Thucydides we estimate the Greek army at an hundred and twenty thousand men, the Trojans, according to Homer's estimate of one to ten, would amount to twelve thousand citizens in arms, besides the other native inhabitants, and we ought certainly to estimate the allies at far more than double that number.

† The kingdom of Priam according to Homer, extended along the coast from the greater Phrygia to Lesbos. (Ω. 543) inland it is undefined, it seems to have risen from some tribe of plunderers inhabiting the highlands of Ida, which first built Dardania, (τ. 216.) on the skirts of the mountains, and afterwards as they acquired power, approached the coast, and built Troy on the plain, thus Dardania is the city of Dardanius, Ilios as Homer uses it, the city of Ilus. Troie (Τρῳή) the city of Tros. (τ. 230) all built by the respective sovereigns. Plunderers of this sort still infest Ida, and the Asiatic Olympus, and if Asia were again without a great imperial power like that of the Othman's, any one of these tribes might extend its influence from the heights to the plain.

At the present day in some parts of Rometia and Bulgaria the roads are infested by troops of banditti, who defy the Turkish government, some of these we passed through during the journey of the late military mission to Turkey, but seeing us well prepared and numerous, they did not think proper to attack us. Their recesses are in mount Hæmus, and though when taken the punishment is instant and terrible, yet it does not deter them from the commission of similar enormities. They lately plundered the princess of Walachia, and detained her and her suite for several days.

served.

served. If Troy could survive the ravages of Greece in the hour of victory, and incensed by the vexatious delays of so long a siege, and the blood of so many thousands of her sons, it is still more extraordinary that any remains should have survived the direful effects of Turkish rapine, and bigotted superstition.

Bis vetus eversum est Argivis Iliön armis,
 Bis nova victores Græcia luget avos;
 Maxima Trojanos retulit cum Roma nepotes
 Atque iterum imperium cum modo Turcus habet.
 SCALIGER.

Having resolved to explore Mount Ida, and ascend to Gargarus, its summit, or rather the highest of its hills, we set off on the 22d about five in the morning. We crossed the Simois at a ford about two miles from the village, and by an easterly course proceeded to the foot of Gargarus, about a mile distant from the ford; on reaching the mountain we found it much steeper than we imagined, and its height from the level of the plain may be something more than two miles, the first part of which was by a moderate ascent, but the latter rugged and difficult of access. It is divided into three parts or halting places, the intermediate spaces being covered with low oak and other trees. After having arrived at the summit, you discover what had not been visible from the plain below, an ample platform or table-land of a circular form and 460 feet in circumference, and where no doubt

flood the fane and altar of Jupiter the Deliverer. On casting the eye around from this summit, the view is magnificent and extensive, to the right are seen the highlands over the Dardanelles and commencement of the Hellespont; on the left, the island and castle of Tenedos; In the plain below, every circumstance as described by Homer is minutely recognized; the city and towers of Ilium below our feet, the sources of Scamander, the rich and fertile plain of Troy watered by the Simois and the Scamander whose sight is obscured by its deep and sedgy banks, the barrow of Æsytetes, the Sigæan and Rhœtean promontories, and the situation of the Grecian fleet, present a succession of pleasing and interesting objects, while the picture is bounded with a double view of the Hellespont and Ægean sea, and the islands of Lemnos, Imbros, and Samothracia. In short nothing is wanting to complete the scene, and the enthusiasm of the moment is perhaps excusable when the exulting traveller shall exclaim, "Troy exists."

When we were upon this spot, we had Homer and the work of Morritt in our hands, we examined the poet by the comment, and could not refrain from giving our testimony to the fidelity of both. Gargarus is a summit that not only overlooks all that Homer assigns to the prospect, but is really the highest point of the whole ridge, and commands a view to the north and south west, and when we figured to our imagination, Jupiter sitting here, and Neptune watching his motions from the heights of Samothrace, with the Plain of Troy between them, we felt from
the

the sublimity of the poet, the superiority of their rank, as clearly as the subordinate situation of the other deities, when one party sat on Callicolone, and the other on the retrenchment of Hercules to contemplate the re-appearance of Achilles in the field. I have heard since my return, that Mr. Morritt's assumption of this height for the Gargarus of the poet, has been doubted, and that his measures from Lectum have been supposed to be erroneously taken from the distance between Lectum and the city of Gargarus rather than the mount. This is a question I cannot enter into, but Homer describes Gargarus as the highest point of Ida, and such was the summit on which we stood; the view we had to the west was also correspondent with the description of the poet, and the view we took to the north was across the Hellespont into Thrace, and might well be extended to the Glactophagi, Hippemolgi and Tartar tribes (in that age) on the Danube, if we had had the same powers of vision as the deity is endowed with in the poem.

One doubt I must confess arose in our mind, which was that we could not trace the Scamander from its source, but the reason of this will appear in the following pages, when we shall be on the banks of the stream itself.

To confirm the topographical correctness of Homer, I shall produce two instances the first from the 14th Iliad, and the second from the 8th Iliad, in regard to the direction of Lemnos from Ida, which place the father of the gods on his own

proper Gargarus, and may tend to corroborate the imperfect description, which I have above attempted. First, as to the course of *Juno and Sleep*,

“ Together forth they went, Lemnos they left
 “ And Imbros city of Thrace, and in dark clouds
 “ Mantled, with gliding car swam though the air
 “ To *Ida's Mount*, with rilling waters veined,
 “ Parent of savage beasts; at *Lestos* first
 “ They quitted Ocean, over passing high
 “ The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods
 “ Their spiry summits waved.”*

COWPER.

In the energetic but simple language of Homer, I shall now place Jupiter on his fane on the summit of Gargarus.

“ To spring fed *Ida*, mother of wild beasts
 “ He came, *where stands in Gargarus his shrine*,
 “ Arriving loosed his courfers, and around
 “ Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,
 “ Sat on the mountains head, *in his own might*
 “ *Exulting with the towers of Ilium all*
 “ *Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.*”

COWPER—Book 8, line 190.

* Mr. Morritt in his admirable vindication of Homer says, “ on the 6th of November 1794, I arrived from Lesbos at the southern part of *Ida*, in company with other Englishmen. We landed about twenty miles below *Lectum*, now cape *Baba* in the *Sinus Adramettus*. The mountains rise gradually from the promontory of *Lectum* in long ridges, which unite on the right in a high summit the ancient *Gargarus*.” *Is not this the course of Juno?*

Though

Though not entirely applicable to the present subject, I cannot refrain from giving another passage which I found in the *Iliad*, and which I suspect our own great poet to have had in view when he wrote his *Paradise Lost*. It relates to the arts made use of by Juno to deceive the vigilance of the father of the gods, and permit her favorite Greeks to obtain some advantage. Being on the summit of Ida, I could not conceive a better opportunity for inserting it.

“ Beneath them earth
 “ With sudden herbage, teem'd, at once upsprung
 “ The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,
 “ And the crisp hyacinth with clust'ring bells;
 “ Thick was their growth, and high above the ground
 “ Upbore them; on that flowery couch they lay,
 “ Invested with a golden cloud that shed
 “ Bright dew drops all around.”

COWPER—Bock 14, line 372.

Among the many excellencies observed in Homer, his epithets are not the least to be admired. His πολυπίδακος "Ιδης spring fed Ida, is particularly apposite; during our tour of two days from entering the Callicolone or chain of hills that constitute Mount Ida, until we passed Troy to the south west, we found among the hills the beds of several torrents, but there are still many more, as the Granicus, Æsepus, Rhodius, and other rivers, which all take their rise either from Mount Ida, or the hills behind it.

From

From the torrents which come down from Ida, and join the waters of the Simois, it must be a formidable stream in the winter season ; the chain of mountains composing Ida, are not in general remarkably high, but are abundantly well furnished with wood, which supplies the Troad with fuel, as in former times. This chain which commences from the province of Mysia to the north, is continued in a direction south and south westerly, until it is terminated by the promontory of Lectum in the Egean sea and from its many feet or projecting points, has been compared to the *Scolopendra* ; or, hairy worm, called centipes,* most of the hills have fragments of stone and rock, but on Gargarus is found a vast quantity of marble, or rather of rock, marble, veined.

In the neighbourhood of *Alexandria Troas*, are quarries of very fine granite, from which most of the relicks found in the *Troad* have been produced. After an intellectual feast of three hours, we quitted with regret the interesting prospect, and returned to Bunarbashi.

DESCENDING from the heights of Gargarus, a traveller is naturally led to visit and examine the sources of the famed Scamander or Xanthus of Homer ; At the foot of the hill, on which stood the

* It is remarkable that Homer uses the term Πίδης, which possibly supplied the geographers with the idea of the Scolopendra.

Acropolis about two miles distant and near the modern village of Bunarbashi, under the shade of some willows rises the hot or first source of Scamander; the approach to it is by a road paved with large stones, and appears very ancient.

The fountain is about eight feet broad, the water beautifully clear and limpid, strongly marking the ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ of Homer, rising from a bed of the finest sand imaginable; large slabs of Parian marble have been thrown across the mouth or cistern, in which as in times of old, the dames of Troy are still accustomed to wash their garments, and bleach them on the neighbouring bank of beautiful verdure.

At no great distance from the first, is the second or cold spring, much broader but shallow, it rises from the foot of a low hill, covered entirely with rocks, from which the water gushes through numberless crevices, bubbling and trilling in pleasing murmurs.

By the modern Turks the Scamander is here termed, *Kirk Geous Sou*; or, the river with forty eyes, evidently from the gushing out of its waters as above described.

In the neighbourhood is found a very great quantity of marble but of inferior quality, of which no doubt were made those canals so particularly described by Homer, but which at present do not exist, though at both the fountains the Turkish women still wash their garments and perform ablutions. At this present time (June) both the springs were perfectly cold, but we
were

were assured by the natives that the water of the first was in the winter months always hot and emitted a steam, but that the second was always cold, both in winter and summer: an assertion which we find corroborated by the successive testimonies of various travellers, but particularly Chevalier, Morritt, Dallaway. But Homer must now as in other instances appear himself, and describe the *characteristics* of these celebrated fountains which a lapse of three thousand years have not been able to obliterate; it is thus the poet when verging to the conclusion of the Iliad and the fate of Hector, describes the sources of the Scamander.

Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground,
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
 With exhalations steaming to the skies,
 That the green banks in summer's heat, o'erflows
 Like chrystal clear, and cold as winter snows;
 Each gushing fount, a marble cistern fills
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
 Where Trojan dames, (e're yet alarmed by Greece,)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

POPE—Book 22, line 195.

In the neighbourhood of these springs the country is uncommonly beautiful, many of the inhabitants have, built their cottages on the banks of the river, which flows in a clear perennial stream

stream through gardens laid out in pleasant walks, and arbours covered with grape vines; plantations of walnut, poplar, and sycamores are also seen, and an abundant variety of fruit trees, render these gardens a most charming retreat from the heats of summer. The banks of the Scamander being deeply embowered with sedge, and marsh-mallows, conceal the water from the sight.

At a cottage near the second source, is to be seen a block of marble, about three feet in height, on which is sculptured in *relievo* the figure of a warrior, well executed. Near Troy though so early in the season as the twenty third of June, the harvest was nearly gathered in, and what appears to Europeans extremely singular, the female reapers, wore straw hats to defend their faces from the sun.

During our stay at Bunarbashi, and indeed throughout the Troad, we were received with great politeness and hospitality. In the country, the Turks seem to have forgotten that supercilious air of pride and hauteur, which prevails among their brethren at the capital; all here seemed desirous of giving us a kind reception and accommodation, the hospitable Aga of the district was himself at Constantinople, but the attention paid to us by his family, gave no cause to regret his absence, to whose profuse liberality, in a constant and ample supply of provisions, there seemed to be no bounds.

It was here for the first time, we had an opportunity of observing the carts of the *Troad*, which forcibly reminded us of the *war chariots of Homer*, both in their appearance, and construction.

Dr. Chandler, whose interesting travels in Asia Minor, afford a rich fund of entertainment, both for the antiquarian and man of observation, thus describes them.

Standing on the Sigæan promontory, now cape *Yeni Cheir Janissary, which overlooks the Plain of Troy, the Dr. remarks, “ a long train of low carriages resembling ancient cars, were then coming as it were in procession, from Mount Ida, each was wreathed round with wicker work, had two low wheels, and conveyed a nodding load of green wood, which was drawn through the dusty plain by yoked oxen or buffaloes, with a slow and solemn pace, and with an ugly creaking noise.” Do we not in this description, recal our ideas to the Grecian followers of the camp bringing in wood from Mount Ida for the funeral of Patroclus?

“ But Agamemnon as the rites demand
 “ With mules and waggons sends a chosen band,
 “ To load the timber and the pile to rear,
 “ A charge consign’d to faithful Merion’s care,
 “ With proper instruments they take the road
 “ Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load :
 “ *First march the heavy mules, securely slow,*
 “ *O’er hills, o’er dales, o’er crags, o’er rocks they go,*
 “ *Jumping high o’er the shrubs of the rough ground,*
 “ *Rattle the clatt’ring cars, and the shak’t axes bound.*”

POPE’S Iliad.—Book 23, line 134, et Seq.

* The new village. It is remarkable that Strabo has a *new town* also in this neighbourhood, though I think not in the same place.

After

After an accurate and pleasing survey of Troy and its environs, we determined to trace the course of Scamander, from its fountains near the city, until its junction with the *Simois* and final discharge into the Hellespont.

We left Bunarbashi at four o'clock, on the afternoon of the twenty third, taking our departure from the *cold* or second spring; our route lay along the skirts of a hill, to the south west, at which time the river was clear and limped, and in a direction tolerably strait; on reaching the level plain, it began to meander until we lost sight of it, amidst the sedges, low rushes, marsh-mallow, and tamarisk, that covered its banks.

We could now satisfactorily account for our not having seen the Scamander, even from the heights of Gargarus, and which Mr. Hope and myself, had remarked with no small degree of astonishment, it being generally imagined that both rivers were to be seen, and so when the country was in high culture and full of people they probably were, and this we also observed that wherever we could obtain a sight of the water, the stream was still limpid, pure, and comparatively deep, running in a channel from twelve to twenty feet wide, till we lost it in a morass.

The reason was now apparrent, why we did not see it from Gargarus, as the brakes and trees, with which its banks were entirely overhung, permitted only an accidental view. We continued our ride over the plain, the whole face of which appeared one entire field of cultivation, it was a perfect level, and I should judge

judge the extent, to be about nine miles in length, from Troy to the sea, and from three to four miles in breadth; we kept the Simois on our right, from a mile and half to two miles distant. Whilst traversing the plain, once the theatre of so many great and interesting actions of the war, the mind of an observant traveller will naturally be impressed with sensations of enthusiasm; and if the glow of patriotism is expected to be felt in the field of Marathon, or the spirit of devotion can be raised by the venerable ruins of Iona, surely some small portion of enthusiasm is excusable, in him who visits the land of Homer.

“ ——— *Videbat uti bellantes Pergama circum*

“ *Hæc fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juventus*

“ *Hæc Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.*

For myself I could not pass over this classic ground without feeling a sincere ardour, even with a mind hurt by recent untoward circumstances, which had occurred in the various and capricious turns of my life and perhaps fortunes. After proceeding about four miles from the springs, the face of the plain becomes marshy and overgrown with rushes, and is almost a morass.

We had now lost sight of the Scamander altogether, until we reached the side of a hill, near the village of Erkes Keoi, where we saw it again, flowing in an artificial canal made or opened again about sixty years since, by the famous *Hassan Basha Ghazi*, the lord high admiral of Turkey; this canal into which
the

the Scamander has been diverted, commences near the village of Erkekeoi, and after traversing a direction due south, it turns a mill and is discharged into the Egean sea, about three miles distant. The water of the canal is equally clear with that of the native stream itself. In the plain below the village we crossed over a bridge, or rather causeway which had been made across the Scamander, occasioned by the overspreading of the river that now had lost itself in a morass, though its ancient bed was visible: sending on our servants and baggage into the Chiftelick, we made an excursion from this place to visit the tomb of Ælyetes, situated three miles to the south east of Erkekeoi. This tumulus is on a level in a valley, at the foot of a ridge of hills connected with Mount Ida, and is a monument of the highest antiquity in the Troad, having been erected previous to the war; it is called by the Turks Udjuk Tepe, or the *chimney hill*. It is an immense mound of earth closely beaten, and rises from the level of the plain, to the height of an hundred and thirty feet, with a circumference of twelve hundred.

From this spot Polites one of the sons of Priam, (whose story is so pathetically described in the 2nd Æneid,) was detached in order to reconnoitre the position of the Grecian camp, and to observe the movements of the army; certainly no spot could have been selected more appropriate, as it not only commands a perfect view of the Plain of Troy in every direction, but has
likewise

likewise an admirable look out into the Ægean sea, immediately over against the island of Tenedos.

- “ But various Iris, Jove’s commands to bear
 “ Speeds on the wings of wind through liquid air,
 “ In Priam’s porch the Trojan chiefs she found,
 “ The old consulting, and the youth around ;
 “ *Polite’s shape the monarch’s son she chose*
 “ *Who from Æsyetes’ tomb observed the foes,*
 “ *High on the mound, from whence in prospect lay,*
 “ *The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.*

POPE’S Iliad.

This tomb we had kept in view, during the whole of our tour, it had been to us a guide, an indelible land mark in ascertaining the different positions in the Troad.* It is visible from Gargarus, from the Rhætean and Sigæan promontories, from Thymbrek, and Bunarbashi, and has a view itself over the whole plain, as well towards the Hellespont, as the Ægean sea, and is

* The same observation may apply to the island of *Tenedos*, which is equally conspicuous from *Troy* and its environs.

- “ Est in conspectu *Tenedos*, notissima fama
 “ *Isula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant.*”

VIRG. *Æneid*, Lib. II.

It has however in one respect survived the kingdom of Priam, and at the present day, produces some of the best wine in the Archipelago.

in fact the very point where a picket would now be placed, if it were necessary to give a signal to the city of what was passing on the plain. Strabo p 599, mentions that the barrow allotted to Æsyetes lay on the road leading to Alexandria Troas, which accords with the observation of all our modern travellers, but he has a measure of five stadia, which it is difficult to ascertain : it rises however out of the plain, like a truncated cone, and is more peculiarly adapted to the circumstances required, than any other barrow in the whole country.

The setting sun warned us to descend from the summit, and repair to our quarters at Erkeffekeoi; on our return we passed two other tumuli situated on the sea shore; one of which was called by the natives, Beshek Tepe, the name of the other we could not learn, though some have supposed these two have contained the remains of Peneleus and Protefilaus. We slept that night at the chiftelick, or country house of Hassan Basha, and on the 24th in the morning, inspired with the hope of finding the Scamander, or at least its bed which we had lost on the preceding day we proceeded to our enquiry; about half a mile north of the village we fell in with the bed, and presently after with the river itself, which had very little water in it. By inspection of the map of the Troad as given by Mr. Morrith in his admirable defence of Homer, I have to observe, that though correct in other respects, he certainly failed in the instance of tracing the course of Scamander. He proceeded in a direction north and
by

by east, and continued his route, over what he calls *Pala Scamander*, and looked no further for the bed of the river. If Mr. Morritt has followed Chevalier in the construction of his map, they are certainly both in an error, as I shall proceed to shew in the map subjoined which was made by Mr. Hope on the spot after prosecuting our search for the Scamander with successful diligence. From the place above mentioned, we followed the river, in a course north by west for about two miles, its banks as in the upper part of the plain were overgrown with marsh myrtles, tamarisks, and the country on both sides a morass, which in the winter season must be impassable, and which Mr. Chevalier or or Morritt could not have penetrated: the bed of the river was frequently dry, yet still retained its original character, the breadth being from twelve to twenty feet; whilst mentioning the breadth of the river at this part of the plain I conceive a passage from Homer will serve still further to illustrate the accuracy of the poet's general description; it relates to the contest of the river Scamander with Achilles, whilst that hero was committing such terrible devastation among the flying Trojans; that the present actual situation of the bed of the river should coincide in so exact a manner is really surprising, but the fact is certain.

“ On the border stood

“ A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;

“ He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;

“ The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,

“ Heaving

" Heaving the bank, and undermining all ;
 " Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
 " Of the thick foliage. The large trunk displayed,
 " Bridg'd the rough flood across : The hero stay'd
 " On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,
 " Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.

POPE'S Iliad.—Book 21st.

I cannot help introducing in this place, a most ingenious
 remark of Mr. Blackwell, in his enquiry into the life and writings
 of Homer about forty years since, and from which it would ap-
 pear he had actually visited the spot, for, if we except the wild fig
 tree and the tomb of Dardanus, we shall observe the Plain of
 Troy, as it exists at the present day : speaking of Homer's geo-
 graphical accuracy, he observes, " The first which presents itself,
 " is, that he must have been acquainted with the field of action,
 " the Plain of Troy. It was this enabled him to describe it so
 " minutely ; and gives it that air of veracity it bears from those
 " natural incidents he has thrown into his narration. He had
 " them, not by reading or speculation, but from the places them-
 " selves, and the prospects that arise from the culture and dispo-
 " sition of the grounds. Who but the man that had viewed the
 " *bendings of the coast*, and every corner of the fields, could
 " have described or feigned the genuine marks of it: the tomb
 " of Dardanus, the springs of Scamander, the banks of Simois,
 " the beach tree, with many other circumstances, that distinguish
 " the environs, and enrich his landscape ?

We now lost sight of the bed again for a short time, but on searching perceived it had sunk into a marshy ground to the north east, though our guides informed us we should fall in within another branch more to the westward: we crossed over the morafs, and proceeding north and by west, again discovered the river about a mile distant from whence it disappeared, the bed lies in the same state as before. Future travellers may recognize the spot, by observing and ascending a small round hill as marked in the map, which places the sea to the westward and at the foot of which the river runs; here the Scamander is as broad as many parts of the Simois, and might well have answered to the appellation given by Homer, of *βαθυδινήεις* deep and full of eddies, or *ἐπ' ἡιοεῖσι Σκαμανδρῶ*, the Scamander with a broad margin.

From this eminence we beheld the Simois about a mile distant approaching to its junction with the Scamander, the stream broad and rapid; our satisfaction at this discovery was enhanced by the pleasing and honest recollection, that we had attained a point given up by other travellers, who supposed the Scamander did not exist beyond the canal of Hassan Basha, which Mr. Morritt calls the *Amnis Navigabilis* of Pliny, or perhaps deceived by their guides,* or reports of the country people, took the matter for granted. Having thus fallen in again with our river, we determined not to quit it, and continued our course along its

* I am the more inclined to suppose the latter to have been the case, as we found much difficulty in persuading our guides to accompany us, who persisted in assuring us the river was lost.

banks for about half a mile, when we were again for a few moments *at fault*, but soon perceiving the bed, our never failing guide, we rode into it, and with the exception of a very few yards after tracing it about three quarters of a mile further in a direction north and by east, we at length reached its junction with the Simois, broad and flowing rapidly about two miles distant from the Sigean promontory, and five from the village of Erkeffu Keoi in the direction we had followed;* the test of their junction to a future traveller will be a small stone bridge over the bed of the Scamander, twenty yards from its junction and which obliged us to ride out of the bed and in again at the opposite side. It is matter worthy of remark, that this famous river should still as in the days of Homer have two names: at its source as I have above remarked, it is called *Kirk Gequs Su*, or the river with forty eyes, but on its junction with the Simois, which is called by the Turks *Chai Sou*, the united streams receive the appellation of *Mendrus*. Aware of the fascinating attractions of etymology in the investigation of a name, I should hesitate in combining the ancient and modern names at this distance of time, yet the application is so unstrained and the familiarity so evident, that I think the modern name; *Mendrus*, Scamander, or *Scamandros*, amounts to an almost irrefragable document of its having triumphed over time, and of hav-

It is necessary to remark in this place, that the subjoined map was made from an *eye view*, and not from actual measurement: my fellow traveller Mr. Hope very obligingly favoured me with it, in order to illustrate my own ideas on the subject.

ing established the accuracy of Homer.* From hence the Scamander in a course nearly north, flows in a broad and rapid stream along the plain, skirts the western flank of the village of *Koum Kala*, and is finally discharged into the Hellespont about two miles from its junction.

At the mouth of the Scamander is a very considerable bar of sand, which prevents access to vessels of large burthen, but we were assured by the natives, that in the winter season the torrents from *Ida* coming down with violence, discharge an immense body of fresh water into the sea, the effect of which is perceived a great way off.

Having thus brought the Scamander from its source, under the walls of *Troy* to its junction with the *Simois*, and final discharge into the Hellespont after a circuitous course of twelve miles, I shall make a few observations on the nature of the soil of the *Troad*. At *Bunarbasli* the Turkish signification of which is the spring or fountain head, the soil is rich and soft and the earth remarkably fine, lower down, fat and greasy, in the centre of the plain the earth of the corn fields was of a reddish brown, at the lowest part near the junction of the rivers, the soil was of the richest black mould

* *Isk*, *Esik*, *Usk*, are terms for rivers in almost every region of the world. Bruce found the name in *Abyssinia*, and there is an *Iski* in *Kerman*, as well as an *Isca*, *Esik*, and *Usk* in *England* and *Scotland*, and if it were allowable to follow an etymology so general, I should say *Isca-Mendrus* was the Scamander, or river *Mendrus*.

and answered forcibly to the epithet so frequently applied by Homer of Τροίη ἐριβώλας. *The fertile Trojan plain.*

Throughout the Troad we had occasion to remark that a couple of buffaloes or oxen were sufficient to draw the plough with ease, whereas in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, it took twelve or sometimes fourteen, this can be accounted for only by the nature of the soil, *there* it is a hard and stiff clay, that of the Troad soft and rich mould, the plain was covered with numerous herds of cattle, horses, oxen and buffaloes.*

On quitting the river, we proceeded to the famous Sigæan promontory now cape Janissary, where are to be seen, the celebrated Sigæan inscriptions and other costly marbles which have been accurately copied by Chishull, Dr. Chandler, and other travellers. Quitting the site of the ancient Sigæum, now a Greek village, we proceeded along the promontory on the shores of the Hellespont, at this place fully entitled to the appellation of broad and spacious.

At the swell of the promontory and just as it begins to rise, is the barrow of Achilles, conspicuous for its size and elevation, afar off at sea, it is a vast mound of earth, heaped up in the form of a cone, the elevation of its eastern aspect is about one hundred and twenty feet, and the circumference six hundred, the earth

* The uncommon luxuriance of the harvest in the neighbourhood of Troy, induced me to gather some of the wheat with my own hands, which I brought to England, and presented to Governor Hailings. The ear is remarkably fine, and the stalk long and bearded similar to that of Rohilcund in the East Indies.

has been uncommonly well beaten, and bids fair to remain as free from the ravages of time, as it has already done, the summit of the cone has been smoothed off, and contains a small mud building erected by a Mahometan Dervish, who by a whimsical singularity of disposition, has converted the tomb of Achilles, into a repository for his own ashes, and those of his brethren, two other Mussulmans already repose in the cemetery of Achilles. This barrow as has been already remark'd, was opened a few years since, by Signor Gormazino at the instance of Count Choiseul Goufier.

However other persons may have thought upon the subject of the reliëts found in this barrow, I shall with deference presume to submit my own opinion, as it arose whilst standing on the spot which inclines to credit their being the ashes of Achilles and Patroclus, and for this reason, that if the position of the tumulus be established as I conceive it to be beyond all doubt by the testimony of Homer himself, why may we not attach equal credit to the discoveries made in it?

The funeral of Achilles is detailed by Homer in so circumstantial a manner, and contains moreover so curious a picture of the rites of antiquity, that I shall beg leave to produce it as an additional instance of the accuracy of the great poet, whose works afforded us so much amusement, in our progress through the Troad.

In the 24th book of the *Odyssëe*, the shade of Agamemnon addresses that of Achilles in the following manner :

“ Full

"•Full seventeen days, we day and night deplor'd
 " Thy death, both Gods in Heav'n and men below,
 " But on the eighteenth day we gave thy corse
 " Its burning, and fat sheep around thee slew
 " Numerous, with many a pastured ox moon horn'd ;
 " We burn'd thee cloath'd in vesture of the Gods,
 " With honey and with oil feeding the flames •
 " Abundant, while Achaia's heroes arm'd
 " Both horse and foot encompassing the pile
 " Clash'd on their shields and deaf'ning was the din.
 " But when the fires of Vulcan had at length
 " Consum'd thee, at the dawn we stored thy bones
 " In unguent and in undiluted wine,
 " For Thetis gave to us a golden vase
 " Twin eared, which she profess'd to have received
 " From Bacchus, work divine of Vulcan's hand ;
 " Within that vase, Achilles ! treasured lie,
 " Thine and the bones of thy departed friend
 " Patroclus, but a separate urn we gave
 " To those of brave Antilochus, who most
 " Of all thy friends at Ilium, shared thy love
 " And thy respect, thy friend Patroclus slain.
 " *Around both urns we placed a noble pile,*
 " *We warriors of the sacred Argive race,*
 " *On a tall promontory shooting far*
 " *Into the spacious Hellespont, that all*
 " *Who live and who shall yet be born may view,*
 " *Thy record even from the distant wave.**

* Ἀμφ' αὐτοῖσι δ'έπειτα μέγαν καὶ ἀμυμονα Τύμβον
 Χευαμέν Ἀργείων ἱερὸς ἐλρατὸς αἰχμητῶν

Ἀκὴ ἐπὶ προχούσῃ ἐπὶ πλατείᾳ Ἑλλησποντῷ.
 Σὺς κεν, ἡλεφανῆς ἐκ ποντοῖν ἀνδράσιν εἴη
 Τὸς οἱ ἔτι γεγάασι καὶ οἱ μετόπισθεν ἔσονται.

Odyfsey, Ω. 80.

Here then, at the distance of three thousand years, we have a detail so circumstantial, such a coincidence of facts, and so analogous with the recent discoveries, that it must surely amount to conviction: not an item in the above lines but in some shape or other tends to corroborate and identify the tomb of Achilles, the funeral pile, the respect of the army, the vase, the separation of the ashes of Achilles and Patroclus from those of Antilochus, and lastly the *record* in the erection of a noble pile, still speaking in indelible characters, altogether form a chain of minute circumstances, which are in my opinion irrefragable, and I must confess I do not envy the feelings of him who is not convinced.

At no great distance from the tomb of Achilles, is that of his friend Patroclus on the beach, it is situated in the inclosure of a vineyard on the plain, circular in form, low and flat at the top, it might naturally be supposed that the barrow of a person so highly esteemed and so much beloved as Patroclus was by Achilles, would have been of a larger size, but for this we must recur to Homer, who will solve the difficulty. 1st. He was buried*

* Of both these barrows a very accurate view has been taken by Mr. Hope's painter, which it is to be hoped that Gentleman will publish when he returns to England from his interesting journey.

on the plain, or level of the sea shore, *ἐπ' ἀκτῆς* as appears from the 23d Iliad, after collecting a sufficient quantity of wood from Mount Ida, the people returned to the sea side, and there

“ Each man his log
 “ For so the armour bearer of the king
 “ Of Crete, Meriones had them enjoin'd
 “ Bore after them, and each his burthen cast
 “ Down on the beach regular.”

— And again in the same book, after the corpse was burnt

“ Designing next the compass of the tomb,
 “ They mark'd its boundary with stones, then filled
 “ The wide inclosure *hastily* with earth,
 “ And having heaped it to its height return'd.”

COWPER's Iliad.

The present appearance of this tumulus, exhibits every mark of an hasty erection and unfinished rites. We know from Homer that Achilles had always designed that after death, his own ashes should be mingled with those of Patroclus, therefore there was no occasion for making the tumulus so extensive at that time, because says he in the same book, “ afterwards the Greeks who
 “ shall be left in the ships after my death shall construct one
 “ broader and loftier.”

In Ψ 245, He says

Τὺμβον δ' οὐ μάλα πολλὸν ἐγὼ πονεῖσθαι ἀνωγα
 Ἀλλ' ἐπιειχέα τοῖον, ὅς ἐστι.

G

“ there

- " There let him rest, with decent honor laid,
 " Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade ;
 " Meantime erect the tomb, with pious hands,
 " A COMMON STRUCTURE on the humble sands.
 " Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise
 " And late posterity record our praise."

POPE's Iliad, Book 23, line 304.

How striking then does this passage assimilate with the present appearance of both tombs, the one lofty and compleat stretching out from a tall promontory far into the spacious Hellespont, the other low and humble, down on the beach in an unfinished state. Before I conclude these slight remarks upon the Troad, it will be necessary and an act of justice to bear testimony to the excellent work of Mr. Morritt, and to his general accuracy, though he has in one or two points been erroneous, which I attribute to his leaning upon Chevalier, but his ingenious conjectures, as well as spirited and manly arguments in his controversy with Mr. Bryant, will ever place him in the light of one of the ablest vindicators of Homer, and defenders of the existence of Troy.

From the Sigæan promontory we proceeded to Koum Cala, or castle on the sand, a fortress erected by the Turks to defend the entrance of the Hellespont, with a corresponding one on the opposite shore. This place I take to have been the station of the Grecian fleet, it is about two miles and a half from the Sigæan promontory, the sweep of the shore resembles a bow. Not far distant from the village is the Scamander,

der, the north bank of which was most probably the station of Ajax as the Sigæan promontory was that of Achilles, composing the right and left wings of the Grecian army; this place will allow ample room both for the troops and tents, and would, I doubt not, at the present day be selected as a place of debarkation, were the subjugation of the Troad intended.

From Koum Cala we crossed the Scamander or Simois, and coasting along the shores of the Hellespont at length reached *The In Tepe*, or tomb of Ajax, the place from whence we set out, having thus concluded a most agreeable tour of four days, in which we had traversed about forty miles, and surveyed the Troad with tolerable accuracy, *studio minuente laborem*, the pleasure of which excursion was only alloyed by the reflection that it could not be of a longer continuance.

But before I close my work, I ought to add a few remarks upon the several tours, in which others as well as myself have been engaged; the first is, that though we travel in the East with sufficient regularity to calculate distances, which cannot be far from the truth, still I by no means pretend to assert that our estimation is equal to actual measurement; for this purpose indeed more time is requisite, than I could spare at the moment when I visited the Troad, but I understand this has been done by Mr. Hawkins, whose researches I hope will be given to the public, and to whose accuracy I shall most cheerfully submit such observations as occurred to myself in my hasty

excursion ; we are all misled by imagination as well as the eye, and may all have incurred errors, which nothing but an actual survey can correct.

Another defect is obvious, which is, that we have none of us viewed the Troad in the winter when the Simois would undoubtedly have a very different appearance ; and when the Scamander, though a perennial stream, might shew itself to more advantage. A stream confessedly diverted into a different channel for two thousand years, cannot be judged by the present remains of its channel, which has been choaking, and in a course of obliteration for the same period : from the bed as we viewed it in some parts, I should judge that it might fully have answered every attribute assigned to it by Homer, but it can never be seen again in its natural state, unless the canal were closed, the channel cleared, and the stream restored to its original bed, all this would hardly be effected in any country, *but in Turkey it is impossible* ; all that I pretend to assert is, that I am perfectly convinced it has been diverted, and that it did originally join the Simois, on this head my conviction is as perfect as that of Mr. Chevalier or Mr. Morritt.

A third fact necessary to be known, can only be ascertained by a visit in the winter, which is, the distinction between the two springs, at the head of the Scamander ; the inhabitants certainly confirmed to us, the same assertion they had made to Mr. Morritt, and Mr. Chevalier, but the testimony of an European, who had
seen

seen one spring reeking, and the other not, who had ascertained the difference of heat between the two, would be more satisfactory than any testimony upon report. I do not question the fact, for the report was constant, still as a report it cannot have the weight of ocular demonstration.

But above all it is still necessary for some well informed traveller, to examine on the spot all the circumstances which occur in the poems of Homer, to point out the true position of the city itself, and this should be done, not by a cursory survey as ours necessarily was, but by a residence of some days at Bunarbashi; on this subject there still remains much for examination, for though the fountains of the Scamander, and the high ground to south east do sufficiently lead us to general conclusions, it is highly possible that the eye of a judicious observer would trace out something more specifically true than has hitherto been obtained; but for this purpose more time is certainly requisite than it was possible for us to bestow upon the discovery.

I now submit these remarks to the candour of the reader, who will, I trust, so far allow the motive for publication, as he feels the necessity of comparing evidence to arrive at truth.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

- Page 7, Line 18, *for* Æsopus, *read* Æsepus.
9, — 4, *after figure*, *dele* I.
17, — 18, *for* mind, *read* minds.
30, — 15, *for* intellectual, *read* intellectual.
51, — 4, *for* place, *read* space.