DALMATIA

BY MAUDE M. HOLBACH

DALMATIA
THE LAND WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

PEASANTS IN THE MARKET AT SPALATO

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WITH UPWARDS OF 50 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. HOLBACH AND A MAP

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PREFACE

IN presenting this little work on Dalmatia to the public, I wish to express my gratitude to all those who have so kindly assisted me.

First of all, to His Excellency Count Johann Harrach, President of the Dalmatian Society in Vienna, who first suggested the idea of this book, and without whose encouragement and support it would never have been written. Secondly, to the Direction of the Southern Railways of Austria and the Austrian Lloyd and Hungarian Croatian Steamship Companies, who showed my husband and myself great courtesy.

Then to His Excellency Signor Nardelli, Governor of Dalmatia, who kindly furnished us with a general letter of introduction and commendation to the officials in the Slav language, which was of great assistance where neither German nor Italian was understood; to Count

Attems Heiligenkreuz, and to Baron Kalchberg, to whose enterprise the beautiful Imperial Hotel at Ragusa, where we spent so many happy days, owes its existence. We are especially indebted to Monsignor Bulic, the Conservator of Ancient Monuments in Dalmatia, who himself conducted us over the museum in Spalato and the buried city of Sálona, where we were privileged to partake of his hospitality in the unique house he has erected among the ruins.

Our warmest thanks are due also to his nephew, Professor Jelic of Zara, who presented me with his book on Spalato and Salona, to which I have several times referred in this volume, and gave up much of his valuable time to assisting us during our stay in Zara, in which city we met with great kindness also from Signor Perlini, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, who placed his carriage at our disposal and arranged our visit to Nona.

In Ragusa Baron Ghetaldi, the descendant of the famous Ragusan family whose members filled so many high offices of State, was most kind in giving me information which I could not otherwise have obtained, and I wish to express my appreciation of the courtesy of Count Gozzi

when I visited his lovely and historic home, and my regret that my visit was necessarily too short to see all the art treasures it holds.

We are also greatly indebted to Signor Topic, the British Consul on the island of Lissa, who welcomed us personally on our arrival there, and kindly arranged for his secretary, who proved a most efficient guide, to show us all of peculiar interest to English people that lovely Lissa contains. The fragrance of the flowers daily sent me from the Consul's beautiful gardens lingers still in my memory, as does that of the roses I carried away from Signor Depollo's equally lovely gardens on the neighbouring island of Curzola.

To him and to his family we wish to tender our most special thanks for their warm welcome and kind hospitality, and I ask him to communicate my gratitude also to the fathers of the Franciscan monastery of the Badia, whence he accompanied us, for their hospitality and great courtesy in bringing all their art treasures into the monastery garden, that my sex should not debar me from seeing them.

Our excursion into Herzegovina was made doubly pleasurable by the kindness extended

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to us by Lieutenant-Colonel Lilienhoff of the garrison at Trebinje, to whose charming wife I was indebted for the privilege of visiting a Turkish harem.

To Colonel Milutin Vukotic, Commander of the Military School at Cettinje and Aide de Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Montenegro, our thanks are due for the kind attention he paid us during our visit to his deeply interesting country.

Finally, I should like to express my indebtedness to Mr. Thomas Graham Jackson, R.A., for the great assistance his admirable work on Dalmatian architecture has been to me, and to thank all whom I have not mentioned by name for their welcome to their country.

I earnestly hope that this modest volume, which it has given me great pleasure to write and my husband to illustrate, may do its part in attracting the attention of my country people to the beauty and unique interest of the Kingdom of Dalmatia.

MAUDE M. HOLBACH.

ABBAZIA,
February 27th, 1907.

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DALMATIA

"Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DALMATIA is the land of the past and the land of the future! The land of past history, the land of future travel! Little by little globe-trotters and pleasure and health seekers, weary of more hackneyed paths, are becoming familiar with its island-studded coast, Roman remains, mediæval cities, and last, but not least, mediæval costumes; for the dress of the peasant to-day differs little, if at all, from that worn by his ancestors, when Ragusa was a powerful republic and the Dalmatian sailors formed the backbone of the navy of Venice. Nothing is more striking to Northern eyes than the riot of colour in the streets; the keynote is red—every Dalmatian wears a cap of this vivid hue—it may be a jaunty little affair with a tassel

over one ear, which fashion prevails in Northern Dalmatia, or a pork-pie shape corresponding in form to that worn by subjects of the Prince of Montenegro, which is the fashion of the Bocche di Cattaro, or it may be the crimson turban often seen in the streets of Ragusa. Blue and red mingle in the embroidered vests and jackets of the men; but red is specially favoured in the broad scarves twisted round their waists which hold their weapons, and the picturesque full cloaks, too, in which they wrap themselves when the Bora blows cold, are almost always of crimson. In such a garb the Dalmatians look more like stage brigands than peaceful subjects of the Austrian Empire!

They are a fine race of men, tall for the most part, with graceful athletic figures, and a natural dignity which sits well upon them. The women, too, are good to look upon when young; but hard work in the fields, which seems to fall mainly to their lot, ages them even more quickly than the women of other Southern lands.

The population of Dalmatia at the census of 1890 was 507,000 souls, of whom 417,000 are of Croatian, 90,000 of Servian stock, and 16,000

were returned as Italian, the rest being German-speaking Austrians, Hungarians, and Poles. Of these about 440,000 are Roman Catholics, and 87,000 belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, or rather to its Servian branch.

The mixture of races naturally does not make for unity; great jealousy exists between the Italian-speaking Dalmatians of Roman descent and the Slavs, and both are anxious to give the new-comer their version of things political—sometimes to his great amusement! It certainly must be a hard matter for the Austrian Government to satisfy both parties and offend neither.

You need only look at the map of Dalmatia—its long coastline and countless islands—to know that the harvest of the seas must employ the larger number of its inhabitants. The sardine fishing is the most important; it lasts from April to October, and is mainly carried on at night, the fish being attracted to the surface by means of a lamp fixed at the side of the boat so that the light is thrown upon the water.

Anchovies are also caught in large quantities, and both are salted and packed in barrels for

export; only on the islands of Lesina and Lissa are they packed in tin boxes as in France and on our Cornish coast of late years.

The tunny fisheries here, as on the Quarnero, are very profitable; in good years the catch is sometimes over two million pounds in weight, of which the greater part is despatched by steamers to Triest and Venice, and sold at a high price.

The famous Dalmatian sponge fisheries are almost entirely in the hands of the inhabitants of a village called Crappano, near Sebenico, who keep eighty to ninety boats employed from February till October. Besides the Dalmatian boats, the Italian chioggia frequents Dalmatian waters, and certainly adds much to their picturesqueness.

The Adria is extraordinarily rich in the number and variety of the fish found in its waters, no less than 300 different kinds are known, as compared with 216 off the English coast, and only 108 in the Baltic. Of the perch family the most important is the sea perch (*Perca labrax*), mentioned by Aristotle and Plinius as highly esteemed by the ancients. It is not infrequently two to three feet in

WINE BOATS ON THE ADRIA

length, and sometimes weighs as much as twenty pounds. Among the fish peculiar to this coast is the orada, which plays an important part in the hotel *menus*. The *Mullus barbatus* of the epicurean Romans, commonly known as red mullet, is also found in these waters, with its iridescent colouring, which is so beautiful that it is said the ancients kept it in basins of sea water beneath their tables, so that their guests might feast their eyes on the living fish before tasting its delicate flesh.

A book might well be written on the waters of the Adria and their inhabitants, among which the dolphin and the spermaceti whale are numbered; but in the limits of this unambitious little book, which aims only to sketch Dalmatia in outline, and give a hint of all that it offers to the traveller who is seeking for "fields afresh and pastures new," there is but little room for detail.

We must turn from the water to the land again, and see what other industries employ the inland folk and those of the coast not engaged in fishing.

At the first glance, save in some very

favoured spots such as the Riviera dei Castelli and Val di Breno near Ragusa and the smiling shores of the Bocche di Cattaro by Castelnuovo, Dalmatia appears on the whole such a stony barren land that it is difficult to believe its inhabitants can earn a livelihood from the fruits of the soil. Yet the Dalmatian wines are famous, especially those of Lissa and Brazza, the muscatel of Almissa and the maraschino of Zara and Sebenico. Maraschino liqueur, which is world famous, was regularly supplied to Queen Victoria direct from the distillery in Zara, and held in great esteem in the Royal household.

The failure of the vintage in France, some years ago, when the vines were attacked by the phylloxera, was the ill wind that blew good to Dalmatia; for the deficit of red wine was supplied from here, and gave a fillip to the wine trade of these countries of which the effect has been permanent.

It is mostly shipped from Spalato, though some goes direct from the less important ports of Brazza, Lissa, Curzola, and Sebenico. Dalmatia is said to furnish thirty per cent. of all the wines produced in the Austrian Empire.

Olive oil, which is another important article of export, comes chiefly from the south of the country; but almost every little farm has a few olive trees, and the country people regularly bring to the markets oil from their home presses.

Wheat, maize, and barley are grown; all the operations of ploughing, sowing, and harvesting being carried on in the most primitive way; a bare-legged girl urging on the lean oxen which draw the Virgilian plough is a common enough sight of the countryside, or a sower with a basket on his arm scattering grain by handfuls, some of which falls on stony ground and some on good, exactly as in the Bible parable.

Most of the fruits of Central Europe, in particular peaches, pears, and cherries, grow in Dalmatia, and are of excellent quality; almonds and figs are still more plentiful, and a quantity of both are exported.

Of late years some new industries have sprung up, of which the culture of the wild chrysanthemum for making insect powder is the most important. In May the hillsides, especially on the islands, are white with flowers, which look so beautiful that you regret to see

them prematurely mown down and converted into an article of mere utility.

Beekeeping is also coming to the fore, and the rosemary, which grows wild everywhere, is now used for the manufacture of essence of rosemary for export.

Lace-making, too, a very old house industry of the Dalmatian women, is being fostered by the school at Spalato, where the beautiful old patterns found in churches and monasteries throughout the country are copied and sometimes improved upon by clever designers and skilled workers. The fine examples of modern lace shown at the Dalmatian section of the Austrian Exhibition at Earl's Court, were from the school at Spalato, where visitors are always kindly welcomed and can watch the lace-makers at their work. Orders are received from all parts of the world, and a good many of the finest pieces have found their way to America; while Carmen Sylva—the Queen of Roumania—and the *élite* of the Austrian aristocracy have been among the purchasers.

In the islands, and especially on Lesina, delicate-looking lace with a satiny sheen to it is made from the fibres of the aloe, which grows

so abundantly everywhere in Dalmatia. At present this particular branch of lace-making is in its infancy, and I saw specimens only at Lesina.

The cloth of which the Dalmatians' dress is fashioned is very often of home manufacture, from the wool of his own sheep; so it is no uncommon sight to see the women standing in their house doors, or going about the streets distaff in hand.

One such old dame on the island of Lissa, which is visited so little that a camera is still regarded as something uncanny and photography as a species of witchcraft, was filled with vague alarm, when we expressed through a Dalmatian gentleman whom our Consul had courteously deputed to show us round, our desire to carry away a picture of her picturesque self. Having fortified herself with the sign of the cross, she yielded at last to his persuasions, but I am certain she lived for some time afterwards in fear of something terrible happening in consequence of her rashness.

Dalmatia claims the distinction of being the only country of Europe where the jackal still survives, and its home is the island of Curzola

and the neighbouring peninsula of Sabbioncella. Accounts of its origin differ, the most amusing told to us being that the first jackals on Curzola were brought by the Venetians to destroy the islanders' flocks and thus bring them into subjection. This was the story of an Anti-Italian Slav, and I think he firmly believed it; the animal is certainly indigenous, as it was also found formerly in the other parts of the country.

Chamois are plentiful in the wild Velebit mountains, which form the backbone of Northern Dalmatia, where eagles, vultures, and other birds of prey have their home in the inaccessible cliffs; but the country is not as a whole sufficiently wooded to give shelter to much wild life.

Of the traditional forests, which once covered the mountains and supplied wood for the navy of Venice, but very little is left; there were formerly whole tracts of country covered with dark stone-pines, but of these there are left only a few woods here and there such as on the isle of Lacroma and the peninsula of Lapad near Ragusa, and on some of the other islands, notably Curzola. The stone-pine, or *Pinus maritima*, is

such a lovely tree, very like the cedar in its growth, that its destruction is a great loss, and an effort is being made to cultivate it by new plantations.

Under the Austrian Government, especially of late years, Dalmatia has steadily increased in prosperity, and the opening up of the country to tourists will mean a fresh source of revenue and a gradual change from the mediævalism that prevails in many aspects of life to-day to the twentieth-century customs of Western Europe.

That change may be long in coming, but it will surely come, and therefore the Dalmatia of to-day, which is still that of many yesterdays, is the more precious to every student of mankind in its making as well as to the antiquarian and the artist.

To what this curious mixture of races may evolve under the influences of modern civilization is a problem of the future; but remembering that the Dalmatians of old were the best soldiers of the legions of the Cæsars, that in the Middle Ages they were the pick of the navy of Venice and formed the trusted body-guard of the Doge; remembering too the glorious

history of the republic of Ragusa, how her citizens excelled in diplomacy, in literature, and in science, as well as in commerce and in the more primitive art of war; and noting side by side with this the intelligence of the modern Dalmatian of Croatian or Slav race and the advance made in Slav literature since the revival of that language, together with the splendid physique of the people no whit inferior to that of their fighting forefathers, it seems not unreasonable to expect that under the Slav influence now undoubtedly paramount—except in Zara—fifty years hence "the forgotten country" will have regained her ancient prestige under the Romans and Venetians and materially advanced in prosperity if thereby lost in romance!

To-day Dalmatia dwells apart, in a borderland somewhat off the highway of the world's traffic, like a shadow left by the receding tide between the sea and shore, belonging more to the East than to the West—more to the past than to the present.

ZARA

ZARA—the Zadera of the ancients—is the portal by which you enter Dalmatia, after sailing many hours along a barren shore !

It looks across to the long low island of Ugljan on which a Venetian fort proudly rears its head ! In Zadera pulsed the luxurious life of ancient Rome even as at Salona, of which ruined city I will tell you more anon, in days before the Emperor Diocletian built his palace by the seashore at Spalato.

Where now the ancient Christian Church of St. Donato stands was the forum—centre of the city's life—and round about were noble temples dedicated to the gods and thronged with worshippers, and many stately homes of proud patricians. Broken fragments on which St. Donato rests, and two beautiful Corinthian columns, one of which still stands, they say, where the Roman builders reared it to the sky ; that is all except a few inscriptions to tell the

story of the first city which stood upon this site!

Byzantine Zara, mediæval Zara, replaced it in turn; and mediæval Zara has been wiped out by twentieth-century Zara you will say, when you first view it from the steamer's deck and your eye discovers nothing but a long line of modern buildings fronting the water-side, while your memory recalls the tale of how its mighty walls seen from the sea carried dismay to the stout hearts of the Crusaders.

The imposing esplanade is but the outer shell! Old Zara is within, old Zara with her narrow streets peopled with figures more than half Oriental—for here you have entered the borderland—the fringe of the Orient! So much less known than the East itself—the forgotten country where the Middle Ages linger and time has stood still!

This is no more Europe, no matter what the map may tell you! It is a *terra incognita* where, if you are not too luxurious a traveller, if you care sufficiently for that which is old-world and curious as well as often beautiful, to put up with some little inconvenience for the sake of seeing a strange world, you will find

MORLACCI WOMEN IN ZARA MARKET

much that will be familiar if you have travelled in Italy and in the East, and much that will delight you because you have met it nowhere else before.

Among the traveller's impressions there are always some that stand out vividly when others, even though more important, have grown dim. Among the first is my first sight of the market at Zara and of the Morlacchi, the peasants of Northern Dalmatia, who, seated on the ground in the fashion of the East, offered their eggs and vegetables for sale in the strangest tongue that ever assailed my ears. At the first glance they seemed to me more like North American Indians than any European race; authorities differ, however, concerning their origin, some holding that they are the descendants of Romans who fled before the Slavs to the mountains. Swarthy faces met my gaze, framed in white linen handkerchiefs, gold earrings sometimes visible beneath, sandaled feet (so I called them then, but later I learnt to use the native name "opanka," for their home-made shoes, formed of a single piece of leather turned up to form a pointed toe and laced across with string), abbreviated skirts, curiously worked aprons of

many colours, gaily embroidered leggings, worn alike by men and women, made up a costume picturesque and strange !

The dark and often grimy hands held out to offer me their wares were plentifully bedecked with rings of gold filigree. The men folk, too, were not behind in lending colour to the scene ! No dull drab tones for the Dalmatian, he leaves that to those who have made greater advances in civilization, and attires himself in scarlet and blue and silver—scarlet for his head covering, blue for his nether garments, and silver galore according to his wealth in the beautiful buttons which fasten his embroidered waistcoat. Certainly he does more to contribute to the brightness of the world than those who think themselves his betters and wear the dull livery of European uniformity.

I have another memory of the market at Zara ! It was my second visit to the capital of Dalmatia in the last days of May, and there was even more colour in the scene, for it was cherry-time. Such cherries in such profusion I had never seen before, and perhaps, unless some good fairy brings me back to Zara in the merry month of May, shall never see again.

Picturesquely shaped baskets of very large proportions were everywhere heaped with the lovely fruit—whitehearts, blackhearts, glowing in the sun! Vegetables, eggs, and home-made olive oil, accustomed objects of the market, were swamped by the mass of colour and faded into insignificance. It was a cherry market—a symphony in crimson!

Hard by the market stands one of those Roman pillars of which I told you that they are among the few relics of ancient Zadera; once, perhaps, forming part of a temple, this column served in Venetian time as a kind of pillory, where offenders against society were exposed to the public gaze and scorn, to which the chains still hanging from it bear witness.

Of the lordship of Venice you will find many tokens in Zara, over the city gates where the lion of St. Mark still watches (and look well at the Porta Marina, for you will not find its match even in Italy) and in the tower known as Bovo d'Antona, which is all that remains of the Venetian fortifications. It watches over one of the most picturesque bits in Zara, a tree-shaded space with the Cinque Pozzi (five fountains) erected by San Micheli in the

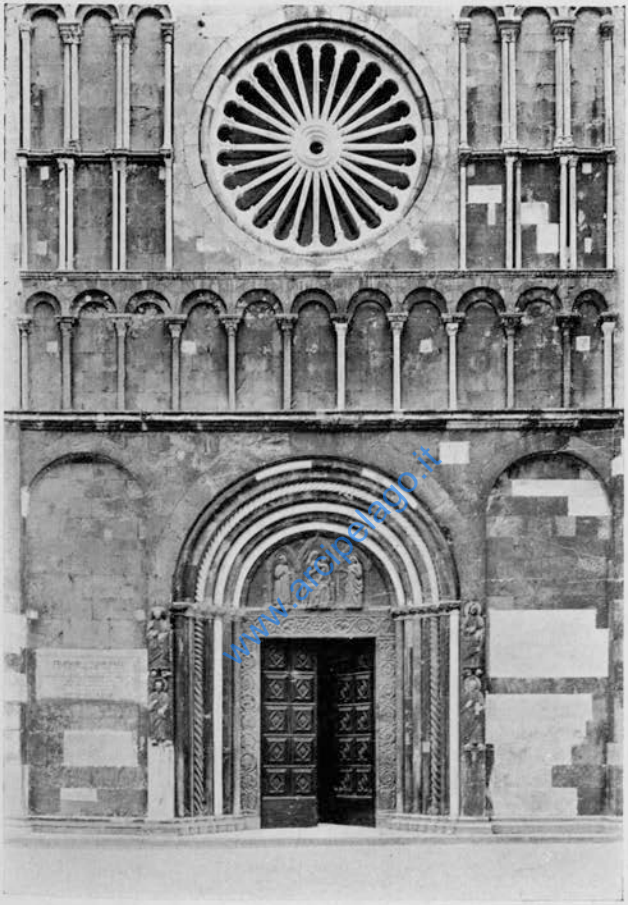
seventeenth century, where the townspeople still go to draw water and bear home the brimming vessels on their heads.

Zara is a city of churches which will well repay some study; according to Jackson, whose interesting book on Dalmatian architecture you will find a valuable companion everywhere in this country, it contains samples of every period from the eighth century and is "rich in buildings of earlier styles often disguised as hay-lofts." They are overlooked by most travellers who give little time to Zara, far less than it deserves. San Donato, a church no longer but a museum, valued at last according to its merit, was rescued from neglect and use as a military store and wine cellar, less than thirty years ago. It is one of the oldest churches in Austria, and a most interesting relic of early Christian work, erected in the ninth century by Bishop Donatus, who took the idea of circular buildings from the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, and to give it additional sanctity according to the ideas of that time, brought the relics of St. Anastasia to rest in his church which, first dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was afterwards called by his name.

It is mentioned in the Emperor Constantine's writings of the tenth century, but there is no record of the exact date of its building. Professor Smirich explained to us, that a huge marble block with an inscription, which was deciphered as early as the fifteenth century, for long misled antiquarians into taking the whole building for classical work and part of a Roman temple; but this theory was done away with in 1877, when excavations led to a very unlooked-for discovery; nothing less than that the early Christians, in their fanatical hatred of everything beautiful that had been pagan, took for the foundation of their church broken columns and capitals of noble buildings instead of common building stone. The removal of the church pavement laid these bare. After a thousand years they have come again to the light of day; the marble block, which alone had been visible before this discovery, being too large to be hidden from sight beneath the pavement, was used in the building.

A mark upon the inside walls shows the level of the early Christian pavement, and the ground you stand upon to-day is the pavement of the old Roman street.

The many treasures San Donato holds have come from far and near and are of many periods ; coins of the Greek Illyrian time, fragments of a Roman triumphal arch which once stood in Zara, dainty ornaments which adorned the women of that far-off day ! Many of these things were found in Nona, which place, now a deserted village, but a seaport of importance at the time of the Trajan wars, you will visit by-and-by. But before you leave St. Donato I want you to ascend to its upper story, set apart by the early Christians for the women of the congregation, and reached in those days by a separate entrance, because here best you see the rude construction of the walls ; perhaps purposely left in so rough a state to show contempt for the finished workmanship of the pagan temples by workmen whose frame of mind was akin to that of the reformers, who at a later period of Church history, hid many a beautiful fresco under a coat of whitewash, mistaking narrow-minded asceticism for religion. The Duomo, which is said to have the finest façade in Dalmatia, was erected in the thirteenth century on the site of an earlier basilica, of which only some columns remain. In the



FACADE OF DUOMO AT ZARA

interior the most interesting features are the magnificent baldacchino and choir stalls, the latter bearing some likeness to those of King's College and Wimborne Abbey. The remains of St. Anastasia, which were removed from St. Donato, now rest in the chapel which bears her name, and Bambelli's painting, representing the saint's martyrdom, is over the altar beneath which rest the relics of St. Grisogono, the patron saint of Zara.

The charming Campanile, so like that of Arbe, which is one of the beauties of Zara from the distance, was completed not so very many years ago from Mr. Jackson's designs, a graceful compliment to the distinguished Englishman who has done so much to make Dalmatian architecture known to us.

This tower was commenced by the Venetian Archbishop Valaresso after the style of the Campanile of his birthplace, but never completed. His pastoral staff is shown in the treasury of the Duomo. It is of most exquisite workmanship and of very curious design. In the centre of the crook are the figures of a bishop, probably meant for Valaresso, and the Virgin Mary. Like that of Ragusa, this

treasury is rich in reliquaries containing arms or legs of saints, and one is said to contain a finger of St. John the Baptist.

The crypt below the apse of the Duomo is very interesting to students of architecture, part of it, if not all, being of the date of the Byzantine basilica. In the front of the altar is a curiously carved figure of St. Anastasia between two trees.

St. Grisogono, the patron saint of Zara, has a church dedicated to him which once belonged to an ancient abbey—existing, as documents prove, at least as early as the tenth century: the present church was probably rebuilt by Archbishop Lampridio in 1175, though as in the case of many Dalmatian churches authorities differ on the point, and Professor Eitelberger places it as late as the fifteenth century. The exterior of the east end, with its three apses and little gallery formed by arches resting on slender columns, is beautiful enough to strike the eye, even of any one not versed in church architecture, and bears comparison with anything in Italy. At St. Simeon's, another of the famous churches of Zara, is a marvellous silver-gilt sarcophagus said to contain the body of the

Simeon of the Presentation in the Temple, and held in highest honour by the inhabitants of Zara. It was given to the church by Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who, according to a quaint legend, stole a finger of the saint and hid it in her bosom, which it caused to mortify. The Queen in her terror quickly restored it to its proper owner, and presented him with an ark of silver for his future resting-place to show her penitence.

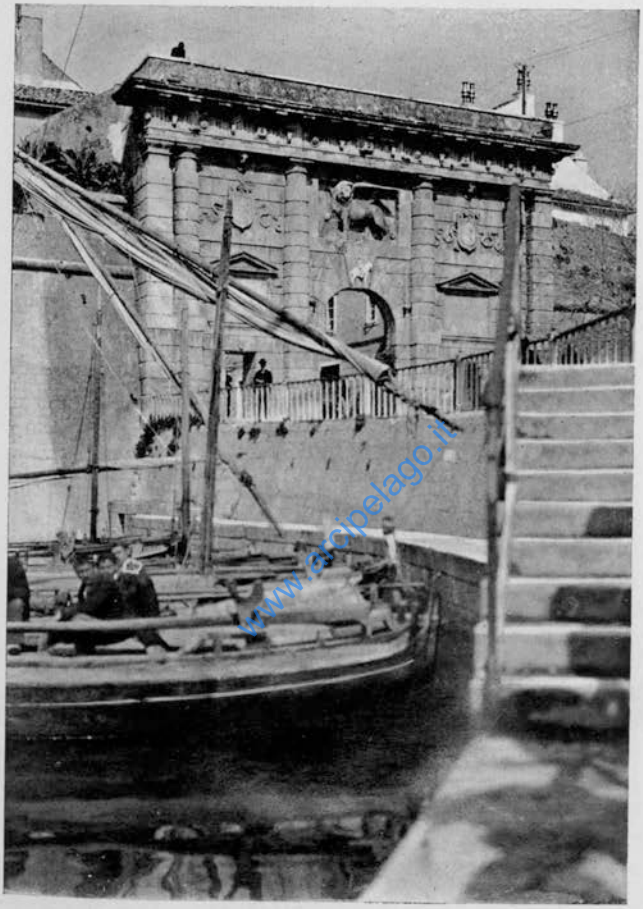
To turn to facts. An inscription on the back of the sarcophagus records that it was finished in 1380. It is embossed with figures of Simeon and of the King and Queen of Hungary entering Zara, as well as with scenes representing the miracles wrought by the relics. Nor has it lost its ancient fame in this respect, for to-day pilgrims come from far to visit St. Simeon's shrine.

One of the loveliest campaniles in Zara, if not in all Dalmatia, is that erected by King Coloman of Hungary to commemorate his triumphal entry into the city in 1105; it forms part of the Convent of St. Maria, in which his deserted wife later hid herself and her sorrows, and rises very picturesquely from

one corner of a forecourt. We passed beneath its shadow to a room outside the convent proper, where, thanks to the good offices of Professor Jelic, we were shown the antique lace for which the convent is famous. I was permitted to handle it as much as I pleased, but was watched very carefully by two bright eyes behind a grating all the time. Many of the designs are Byzantine—a style which lingered longer in Dalmatia than elsewhere and of which the influence is felt even to-day.

Besides the lace, some magnificent altar-cloths were brought for our inspection, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with figures worked upon them very curiously, by cunning fingers of those bygone ages. And then we went on to the Franciscan convent to see the beautiful Gothic carvings of the choir stalls, which old records state were made at Venice for the convent in the year 1395. On one of them St. Francis, who, according to tradition, visited Zara and founded this convent himself, is represented receiving the stigmata.

Nowhere in all Zara did I love to linger better than by the Porta Marina, where the quaint boats of the islanders land their fish and



PORTA MARINI ZARA

vegetables for the morning market. Sometimes you see a procession of boats bringing all the able-bodied inhabitants of an entire island on a pilgrimage; and with banners flying, preceded by their priests, they pass in under the Venetian lion to pray at the shrine of St. Grisogono. Such scenes are not infrequent in this primitive land, for when rain falls overmuch or is altogether lacking, when sickness is prevalent or harvest threatens to be scanty, there is one simple remedy, to pray to the saint!

ROUND ABOUT ZARA

ONE grey March morning when the clouds were low on the Velebit mountains, and the Bora's sting was in the air, we started for Nona, the ancient capital and crowning place of the Kings of Croatia, in the only private carriage Zara possesses, lent us by the courtesy of Signor Perlini. We had sought for a cab and met with pitying smiles, for Zara knows not their use or necessity—a good boat for the sea, a horse or a sure-footed ass for the land, are her means of locomotion; then came the kindly offer of Zara's prominent citizen and our grateful acceptance.

We started full of eager curiosity, for this was our first glimpse of the country around Zara. Our road lay through a barren, stony land; to the left we kept the sea in sight, to the right the wild dark mountains frowned upon us.

Here and there were women tending sheep

and lambs—the latter no bigger than good-sized cats—who greeted us in the Slav tongue; for though Zara is the most thoroughly Italian of any Dalmatian city, and the musical language of Dante prevails within its walls, the people of the surrounding country are pure Slavs.

Human habitations are few, and the landscape to-day is as savage as old chroniclers say the Croatians themselves were of yore. Little wonder they were driven to robbery and pillage, for this stony land could yield but scant sustenance. Rocks alternated with sage bush, sage bush with rocks, and the Bora sweeps mercilessly across the wilderness, laden with the icy breath of the snows of the Velebit through the winter and spring months ; while under the fierce heat of the summer sun, the stony land lies parched and arid and shadeless.

Near to the old Croatian town the ground becomes swampy, and the district has always had so ill a repute for malaria, that the bishops of Nona in the Middle Ages were allowed to live in Zara during the worst part of the year. Yet strangely enough a flourishing Roman colony existed here in Trajan's time, when Änona (later corrupted to Nona) was one

of the important seaports of Liburnia. Doubtless under the Romans, as on the Campagna, the fever was kept at bay and the place rendered comparatively healthy by an elaborate system of drainage, which fell into disuse in the semi-barbarism of the Middle Ages. How the Croats withstood the ravages of the malaria is a mystery, but as the royal acts of the Croatian Kings were sometimes dated from Novigrad and Belgrade (Zara Vecchia) as well as Nona, they may have migrated in the summer to these healthier towns.

Yet this lonely fever-stricken region is not without a weird attraction. Its salt marshes are the haunt of numerous wild-fowl—glorious sky effects are often mirrored in the lake-like sea by which slumbers this city of ghosts, itself but a ghost of the past! Roman galleys may be lying beneath that still water, of the time of the Trajan wars. You have but to dig deep enough to find Roman remains in any garden, though coins and jewellery have been taken away wholesale to the museum in San Donato at Zara. An antique Roman capital is lying in the street, and report says that marble statues have at times been found, which is, of course, most

likely ; but they too have found a resting-place in some museum or private collection, and Nona knows them no more.

The site of a Roman arena was pointed out to us : here somewhere in the first century the plaudits of the crowd rang out where now all is silence !

Of the dominion of the Croats far more remains. The tiny church of St. Croce, the Cathedral of Byzantine times, dates from the ninth century, and is said to be the smallest cathedral in the world. Here, tradition says, the kings were crowned, but it is so very small that only a few persons beside the monarch and bishop and priests can have taken part in the ceremony. The building is very simple, and roughly constructed in the form of a Greek cross ; the most remarkable thing about it is the door lintel carved with Byzantine designs, on which Professor Eitelberger made out the name of the Zupan (count) in whose time it was built, and so arrived at its date. Santa Croce was too small for the growing importance of the bishopric of Nona in the Middle Ages, and yielded its place to the present Duomo ; it has long been disused for service, and is partly in

ruins, but is a most interesting relic of Croatian Nona.

The foundation of the bishopric of Nona dates back to the second century, when the first bishop, St. Anselmo, with his sister, St. Marcella, according to the legend, introduced Christianity into pagan Nona. Their heads are preserved in costly silver gilt reliquaries of elaborate workmanship, on which seemingly somewhat inappropriately hunting scenes are represented. Other precious cases in the treasury are said to contain the feet of St. Anselmo.

The Duomo opens into an older church dedicated to the Madonna, who is held in especial reverence here, and once a year in May a remarkable procession takes place, of which her miracle-working statue is the central figure. This is followed by native dances worth going far to see, which evidently had their origin in some pagan festival, and were adapted by the early Christians of Nona to their new religion. Nona sees few strangers, and has never felt the want of an inn, but the podesta most kindly gave us the use of the best room in his house to dispose of the lunch we had brought from

Zara, and bade us farewell on our departure with true Dalmatian courtesy.

We paused on the bridge which spans the water before the gates, to look back on mournful little Nona, and tried to conjure up a vision of her former glory ; but this time imagination failed—the difference between the past and the present was too great to be bridged by fancy. So we turned away a little sadly, musing on the perishableness of the empires men build, and set our faces as the shadows lengthened towards more cheerful Zara.

You look across, as I have already said, from Zara to the castle-crowned island of Ugljan, and towards sunset, when the Venetian castle on the highest peak is silhouetted against a sky of rose and gold, the view is strikingly beautiful. The castle constantly tempts you to try to visit it, but the distance is deceptive. To reach the island by rowing boat takes fully an hour, and from the shore to the top of St. Michel's fully as long again, by rough pebbly paths that fatigue you more to traverse than would double the distance if the path were good.

But the view repays : you see the whole island most curiously shaped about twelve miles

in length by two or three in width ; and, across the water, Zara, with its church-towers and shipping, and beyond—the mountains still snow-clad in the spring, while to the west are other islands ; just the tops of submerged mountains many of them, rising out of the sea, while others are but specks on the horizon !

The ancient fortress was erected in the time of the famous Doge Dandolo, after that black deed of the Crusaders, the sacking of a Christian city, to overawe ruined Zara and stop the piracies of those of her people who tried to avenge themselves by making raids in the Venetian shipping. In the midst of the ruins there is a little church where a service is still held once a year ; this church is said to have formed part of a Benedictine monastery of the Middle Ages, and you cannot help wondering that the monks should have chosen so exposed and inconvenient a situation.

The people of Ugljan to-day are among the most industrious and prosperous of the islanders. Hardly a foot of ground is wasted, and here are grown the greater part of the vegetables sold daily at Zara. The women, especially, seem to have constitutions of iron, for they till the fields,

and their brawny arms often row the boats to market. Even the stones that the soil yields so abundantly are utilized—they, too, go to Zara, where kukljca stone (Kukljca is the unpronouncable name of a certain district on Ugljan) is extensively used for building.

If you are interested in the tragic story of Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, there is one more excursion you must make from Zara! It is to the castle of Novigrad, where she met her mysterious death, some say by being thrown over the battlements, and where her daughter Maria, who afterwards married the Duke of Brandenburg, was imprisoned with her, and narrowly escaped sharing the same fate.

It is a somewhat wearisome journey to reach Novigrad, four hours' driving each way over stony roads that shake your spine and try your horses, but if you would learn to know Dalmatia intimately you will think little of such drawbacks.

At first you follow the great post road to Obrovazzo through the barren Karst. At the village of Ploca is the first watch-tower—the outpost of the Venetians when they lived in hourly fear of the Turk! But further on

barrenness gives way to vegetation; you pass houses shaded by olives and fig trees, sheep graze by the wayside and wild flowers blossom in springtime, but the peculiar charm is that you are approaching ever nearer to the mountains whose grey lava walls shimmer like silver in the sun's rays.

At Smiljau, which bore the brunt of much fighting in the Turkish wars, the road divides and the worst one goes to Novigrad. Our first view of the fortress is from above. It lies on a little bay with the town clustering round, and our driver points out the tower in which the two queens languished in their long-ago captivity.

Beyond the town lies the sea of Novigrad, looking like an inland lake, but joined to the Adriatic by a narrow fjord-like channel; this inland lake is famed for its tunny fisheries, which employ a great part of the inhabitants. The fishing lasts from the commencement of the warm weather to the fifth of October, when the nets are cast in the sea for the winter. As in the case of the pilchard fisheries of Cornwall, watchmen on the heights above give signal of the approach of the shoal, and sometimes as

many as six hundred fish are captured at once, each weighing from thirty to forty pounds. Such rich harvest of the sea yields abundant profit, which is divided into twenty-one parts, of which five go to the owners of the net, eleven to the fishers, one to the church, and the rest to the watchmen and helpers.

From Novigrad it is well worth while to take the steamer up the river Zrmanja to Obrovazzo.

The Zrmanja is remarkable for its winding course through a wild cañon. On either side the rocks rise to a height of five or six hundred feet, often taking most fantastic forms, here and there crowned by the ruins of a mediæval castle ; their reddish colouring is an agreeable change from the universal grey of the Dalmatian mountains, and contrasts charmingly with the green of the trees and shrubs which have found a foothold in the crevices of the rocks.

At one point rocks form a natural arch, at another you can spy an eagle's nest on the summit of an inaccessible cliff ! Grand as this scenery is, it is quite a relief to pass from the narrow gorge through which the river runs into the open country again on reaching Obrovazzo.

This is only a village of five or six hundred inhabitants, but the ruins of the old castle destroyed by the Venetians, in 1647, show that it had a most important past, and it promises to have a future, for here begins the mountain road over the Velebit mountains into Croatia, and all the wine brought by ship from the islands is carried that way, while the wood from the forests inland is brought to Obrovazzo for shipment.

There is something strangely alluring about that road winding up into the wilderness. It was finished in 1832, but few are the travellers who have passed over it. For tourists the Velebit is still a *terra incognita*, and likely to remain so on account of the lack of hotel accommodation everywhere in Dalmatia, outside the towns ; but the courtesy of the officials makes it comparatively easy to find private lodgings, which indeed the podesta of Obrovazzo offered to secure for us had we wished to sleep there. At Podprag, on the Velebit road, about ten miles distant from Obrovazzo, there is a house with beds for travellers and accommodation for their carriages, and higher still, there are the shepherds' Alpine huts, inhabited only

in summer, when the cows are driven to the high pastures; for in spite of the southern latitude, the cold in the Velebit is intense during the winter.

At an elevation of about two thousand feet the subtropical vegetation of the shores of the Adriatic is exchanged for that of more Northern climes; wild thyme scents the air, and such old friends as the wild rose of our English hedgerows and the orchis of our meadows grow round about Podprag, which is two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level.

From here the road winds up another seven hundred feet to its highest point, which is at the same time the frontier of Croatia.

The highest peak of the Velebit in Dalmatian territory is a mountain of about five thousand feet.

The people of this mountain region are a hardy primitive folk, inured from childhood to support life on most frugal diet and go scantily clad in all weathers. The boys learn to be herdsmen as soon as they reach their teens, and as they so early earn their own living they also marry at a very early age. No such monetary considerations as debar more civilized people

from marriage count with the Morlacchi ; a wife indeed among the Dalmatian peasantry is a useful beast of burden, and they have no concern as to furnishing the home, for their needs are little more than those of their horses and cattle ; but for all that they have, in common with all Southern people, an inborn love of dancing and music. The national instrument is the gusla, which gives forth sounds more weird than musical, but the native dances which take place at markets and on certain festivals are very picturesque and interesting, and worth going a long way to see, being a survival of ancient custom probably unique in Europe.

SEBENICO AND THE KRKA

THE express steamers take only four and a half hours to reach Sebenico from Zara. It is a lovely sail within the shelter of the islands, with ever-changing views of the majestic Velebit mountains.

You pass within sight of Zara Vecchia, the ancient Belgrade, with its memories of King Coloman's wonderful wedding feast at his meeting here with his Norman bride, when the guests were lodged in tents and huts made of green boughs outside the walls, there being no room for them all in the city.

Here, too, this strenuous prince was crowned King of Dalmatia and Croatia in 1102, and here the refugees from Zara fled when the Crusaders sacked their city a hundred years later.

The Zara Vecchia of to-day is but a village; it never recovered from the blow dealt it by the Venetians in the twelfth century, when its

people scattered—the bishop and priests fleeing to Scardona, the nobles and a large number of the people to Sebenico, which perhaps accounts for the great number of noble families whose arms adorn the homes of that city! We skirt the eastern shore of the Isle of Mortar, lying so near to the mainland that it is connected with it by a movable bridge which opens to allow the passage of ships. To the south-west of the island is a miniature archipelago of thirty to forty rocky islets, mostly uninhabited. A cruel coast this in stormy weather, or when the treacherous fog hides its dangers; but in sunshine and calm weather how exquisite these isles, just rising from the sea and mirrored in its depths!

Nature has hidden away the magnificent land-locked harbour of Sebenico so securely that it would be hard for an enemy to find the way in. There is but one entrance, through a winding channel, guarded by the old Venetian fort of St. Nicolo, built by Sanmicheli in 1546, and held of such importance by the Republic that the commander was forbidden to leave it on pain of death.

The winged lion above the gateway was

placed there by the Austrian Emperor to replace the original, which the French, under Napoleon (anxious always to wipe out the sign-manual of Venice), had thrown into the sea.

It would be sheer waste of Nature's gifts if this wonderful harbour were not used for purposes of defence; so Sebenico is one of the naval stations of Austria, and has also its training-school for cadets. In time of war it would no doubt form the naval base from which the Austrian battleships and cruisers could suddenly appear and pounce upon their foe, or make daring sallies across the Adriatic, with always a secure haven to return to where no enemy could follow without annihilation.

Sebenico rises from the sea and climbs the mountain-side, a picturesque medley of harmonious form and colour; dominated by the ancient castle, fringed with the masts and lateen sails of fishing-boats along the water-side, glorified by its unique cathedral rising in the midst.

A writer on the churches of Dalmatia * who visited the city in the sixties, has described its cathedral as "one of the noblest, most

* Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A.

striking, most simple, most Christian of all churches, and, from an exclusively architectural point of view, the most interesting church in Dalmatia."

Its builders built it for eternity, and decreed that nothing so perishable as timber or common as brick should enter into its composition ; so here you see the only cathedral of Europe built wholly of marble and stone.

The most striking feature is the waggon roof, which forms both roof and ceiling ; no tiles outside to hide the stonework any more than wood within. Its form is that of a cross, the crossing crowned by the dome so dear to builders of the time of the Renaissance.

But its foundations and the lower story, as well as the great doorway, date from the earlier period of graceful Italian Gothic, so the date of the erection would be written in its stones, even if no documents existed to tell the story. After the first cathedral was damaged by fire, in the June of 1332, the bishop and nobles had to consider the question of restoring and enlarging the old edifice, or building a new one, and the Venetian count laid a tax on the vineyards to raise the necessary funds for the

WEST DOORWAY OF THE DUOMO AT SEBENICO

work ; but either the harvests were bad, or other reasons were found for delay, and it was not till a hundred years later that the work was actually begun, the architect being a Venetian named Antonio, who, however, for some reason, gave dissatisfaction, and was sent away some ten years later ; grieving, no doubt, to leave the beautiful creation of his brain to be brought to completion by others.

If you want to see for yourself the date of the earliest portion of the building, you must look on a pier of the west front where the arms of the Venetian count appear who ruled in Sebenico from 1430 to 1432.

Antonio's "Lion doorway" will surely claim your attention, with the dignified beasts guarding the entrance, and the very unflattering representations of our first parents above. The master's chisel better understood the fashioning of twisted columns and delicate foliage than the human form, and the carving around this doorway is beautiful, though perhaps you may prefer that of the great west door, which is more elaborate still.

After Antonio came Giorgio Orsini, to complete the work the former had begun. His

contract with the authorities still exists, and has been published in a little book on the history of the cathedral. Though a Dalmatian, he had imbibed the new ideas of church architecture during his studies in Italy, and so the Gothic of the earlier portion of the building gave way to the Renaissance.

As in the case of many another church, want of money stayed the completion of Sebenico's cathedral for something like twenty years, during which its second architect worked elsewhere in Italy and at Ragusa and Spalato (where you will later on see an altar of his in the cathedral). Hence, though called back to Sebenico in 1470, when an energetic bishop had raised funds to go on with the work on the cathedral, he never saw his masterpiece complete.

The waggon roof, most authorities consider, was Giorgio's conception ; but when he died, in 1475, the cathedral was roofless. It was not completed and consecrated till April, 1555.

If the exterior of the cathedral is impressive, still more so the interior with its noble span—details are lost in the general effect of strength and simplicity.

In contrast to this is the marvellous elaboration of the little Baptistery, which is a bewildering mass of richest carving, in a style of mixed Renaissance and Italian Gothic, as if Giorgio wished it to be typical of the blending of the two periods in the main building.

Just across the piazza from the Duomo is an old Venetian loggia, which must have been building during the years which saw the completion of the cathedral, for it bears the date 1552. Fallen now from its former estate, the lower story does service as the town *café*.

There is much that is Venetian in Sebenico, and little to remind you of the Croat settlers or the time of Hungarian rule, though we know that Sebenico was the shuttlecock tossed to and fro between Hungary and Venice till its final surrender to the Republic in 1412. It was doubtless due to the years of peace and prosperity that followed that men found means and leisure to commence the Duomo, which is their pride to-day. The wisdom of the Venetian too saw the necessity of other buildings than this house of prayer and peace; they were awake to the growing power of the Turk, and fortified Sebenico with strong walls and towers, which

were tried and not found wanting in 1647, when the armies of the Crescent were repulsed by the people of Sebenico, under the leadership of Freiherr Martin von Degenfeld, after whom the ruined fort Baron was named.

The fortified Venetian castle of St. Giovanni, which crowns the rock above the city, though valueless for purposes of defence in these days of modern armaments, still looks imposing, and the view from this height over the grey old town with its glorious Duomo and narrow winding streets, over the blue water and the masts and sails of ships, is worthy to compare with any on this romantic coast.

You cannot leave Sebenico without visiting the falls of the Krka river, which rises at Knin and mingles its waters with those of the land-locked harbour.

The Krka is one of those peculiar rivers of Dalmatia which suddenly issues in great volume from a rocky cavern after an unknown subterranean course. To follow all its windings from Knin to Scardona and the sea, and visit all seven of its magnificent falls, would be very interesting; but to do this you must be prepared to sacrifice your comfort for some days,

for it will be long before the interior of Dalmatia awakes to the fact that clean beds and decent food are necessaries, not luxuries, from the Englishman's point of view. So unless you are a hardened traveller, inured to discomfort, you will do well to content yourself with a visit to the first falls above Scardona, which are truly magnificent, and the more impressive because of the arid wilderness you pass through to reach their fairy beauty. They may be reached by carriage from Sebenico, or by boat up the river in favourable weather, which latter way is far the most romantic, especially if you can so time your visit as to return by moonlight, for under its softening influence the rocky banks of the Krka, bare and forbidding by day, are invested with a magic charm.

The driving-road passes through a typical Dalmatian landscape—a country that grows stones and little else, with here and there a solitary dwelling or hut, and here and there a few hardy sheep picking up a precarious living! Its chief interest lies in the groups of peasants you will meet on their way to or from the town—brilliant dashes of colour in the grey uniformity of the landscape, semi-barbarous

in their mingling of rags and silver ornaments, wholly picturesque, of another world than ours, another period than the twentieth century.

Some of them we persuaded, with the help of smiles and "soldi," to stop within range of the camera, in spite of our ignorance of the Slav language. The head of the household often rides in state to market on his hard-worked ass, with his willing wife trudging behind, herself, poor thing, little better than a beast of burden. It seems as if the Oriental contempt of woman had left its mark in the land the Turk overran, and the Christian ideal of woman's dignity had never been restored among this nominally Christian people, whose religion, like that of all primitive folk, is a curious mixture of faith and superstition.

From the stony wilderness above, the road to the waterfalls suddenly descends in zigzag windings to the level of the stream, and the green islands and willow-fringed banks of the river come upon you like a benediction, infinitely soothing and refreshing, to eyes blinded by the dust and dazzle of the sun-scorched treeless way.

You have something of the feeling of the traveller who sights an oasis in the Sahara when you first catch sight, as we did one hot day in May, of the waters of the Krka at the lower fall.

Beside the chief fall, which cannot be much less than three hundred feet in width, and precipitates itself over a series of terraces to the rapids below, there are innumerable small cascades of exquisite beauty, playing in and out between the moss-grown rocks and trees and verdure, which, ever watered by the spray of the cascade, lasts all the summer through.

The waters are not idle; they turn many mills, and supply Sebenico with electricity, so that her poorest citizens can have a light of five-candle power for a sum equal to five shillings a year. But their utility has not as yet detracted from their beauty, which exceeds that of the far-famed falls of the Rhine, to which they have been likened. Sometimes molten silver, sometimes shimmering with all the colours of the rainbow which bends over them, then breaking into foam which rivals the whiteness of Alpine snows, day after day, year after year, seldom visited by those who can

appreciate their magical beauty, the waters of the Krka leap and foam and sparkle in the sun, hurrying from the mountains onward to the sea.

A few miles above the last fall, where the river widens to a lake girt by mountains, is an idyllic island, on which a Franciscan monastery has stood since the fifteenth century, and, wonderful to relate, preserved the treasures of its valuable library through all the troublous times of Turkish invasion and constant fear of fire and sword.

You can read there to-day the letter addressed by the Venetian general Foscolo to the Father Superior, bearing the date of March 2, 1648, in which the latter is advised that Knin and Drnis have fallen into the infidel's hands, and warned to seek safety with the brothers in flight.

Side by side with this is a formidable-looking parchment, fully a yard in length, bearing the signature of one of the Sultans, and bound in green, the sacred colour of the prophets, and a collection of some hundred Turkish letters of less importance.

Among the monks' greatest treasures is an

illuminated manuscript of the year 1541; and they show you a very curious history of the Southern Slavs, which goes back to the astonishing date of B.C. 2048, and traces their descent from Japheth, the son of Noah. It was written by one of the Franciscan Fathers, by name Gaepar Vingalic, who died at the monastery in 1781. In the church is a remarkable painting of Saint Francis of Assisi by an unknown artist.

Visovac is not the only monastery on the Krka. Nearer to Knin is the Greek convent of St. Arcangelo, which has suffered still more from the Turks than its Roman neighbour, but has still some treasures in its library which were doubtless carried off by the monks when the buildings were destroyed and brought back in times of peace. Their special pride is in a copy of the Gospels richly bound in gold, as there is said to be only one other like it in the world.

Though the foundation of the monastery is very remote, the present buildings are not older than the eighteenth century, but the creeper-clad walls and cloistered courtyard shaded by trees are very picturesque, and the position of

the convent most romantic on the banks of the winding river.

Those who have visited all the falls of the Krka give the palm to the fourth—called in Slavish Manojlovac, as the largest, highest, and most beautiful. Its setting adds to its charm. Above the fall is a deep green lake framed in by rocks and fed by many silver rills, beyond rises Monte Promina, and still further in the blue distance a mountain chain is visible, while bold rocks rise in the foreground.

The deep ravine through which the river rushes at Manojlovac is one of the most magnificent scenes in its whole glorious and impetuous course, though at another point a human interest is added to the grandeur of nature, by two mediæval castles perched upon its opposite banks.

Europe may be challenged to find a river so unique as the Krka, producing falls so numerous and so magnificent; its present inaccessibility for the greater part of its course adds the last touch of romance.

SPALATO

THE dawn of the fourth century witnessed the building by the sea-shore, a few miles from the busy prosperous city of Salona, of one of the giant edifices of the world ; to receive in his retirement an Emperor, weary of empire, who yet desired to surround himself in his declining days with all the splendour of pomp and circumstance of the Roman court he left behind.

So ships from afar brought to the port of Salona all manner of costly freight, and workmen swarmed like ants, hastening to accomplish the imperial will and raise a palace worthy of Diocletian.

They built it with a view to defence in troublous times, never far off in the Dalmatia of those days, somewhat in the form of a Roman camp—that is, in a quadrangle, with towers at the four corners. But towards the sea it had an open cloistered walk, where its imperial owner

could take the air and look across the waters of the Adriatic ; watching the Roman galleys pass to the neighbouring port of Salona, with news of the world he had left.

Many have wondered that Diocletian chose to return to the country where his father had been a slave ; it may be it pleased him to contrast the heights to which he had risen with his parent's humble state, just as it pleases men of to-day who have attained by their own endeavours to riches and honour from lowly beginnings to revisit the scenes of their birth. He lived nine years to enjoy his magnificent creation, and those were the years which witnessed the overthrow of paganism, and the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to the despised faith of the followers of the Nazarene. But Diocletian remained to the end faithful to his old gods—witness the temples he raised to Jupiter and Esculapius, now the cathedral and baptistery, though there are those who say the former was not a temple at all, but built by the Emperor for his own burial-place. Robert Adam, who visited Dalmatia in the eighteenth century, and published a book on the "Ruins of the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato," which is still the standard

ORANGE BOATS AT SPALATO

authority, gives the measurement of the sea front as 514 feet, and the two sides 698 feet, but the fact that some three thousand human beings live within its walls to-day gives a better idea of its colossal size than any other figures. Not even Rome herself can show a like example of a monument of antiquity adapted to the needs of modern times, and containing within its ancient walls a busy hive of human bees. For the palace of Diocletian is no more a palace, but the heart of the city! And how this came about is part of the story of Roman Salona, for it was when she lay desolate, ravaged by the Avars in 639, that her homeless people, who had first fled to the islands, bethought themselves of the security offered by the strong walls of Diocletian's palace, and repaired thither and built a new town within its precincts.

If you walk to-day along the quay or old Riva, with its picturesque orange-boats from the opposite shores of the Adriatic, and look up above the shops and *cafés* of the basement, you will see a long line of noble Doric half-columns which formed Diocletian's cryptoporticus. There were originally fifty-two, but only thirty-eight can now be made out, and the intervening

spaces are filled in with masonry, the walls of the mean houses crowded between them. Above is more masonry, part Roman, part mediæval, but pierced with little modern windows with bright green shutters, in curious contrast to the ancient stonework below.

The whole of this south front of the palace was devoted to the Imperial apartments. It had a water-gate where Diocletian could embark or disembark, just as the three other sides of the palace had their great gateways towards the land. That on the north side, known as the Porta Aurea (Golden Gate), admitted to a street which divided that portion of the buildings behind the Imperial apartments into two quarters, east and west ; a cross street running from the Porta Nova to the Porta Argentea separated north from south, and passed through the court before the Imperial apartments, which is to-day the piazza of the Duomo. One quarter of the palace is said to have been devoted to the use of Diocla, Diocletian's mother, but this is only conjecture, and a large portion of the building was of course occupied by the officers of the household and servants.

The Porta Aurea, which was the principal

PORTA AUREA, DIOCLETIAN'S PALACE, SPALATO

entrance and the one by which Diocletian always entered from Salona, is in excellent preservation to-day, and one of the most picturesque bits in the city.

Of the Porta Argentea, otherwise called the Silver Door, but little remains; the west or Iron Door is still in good preservation, though encroached upon by the surrounding houses; above the gateway is a cross with the Greek initials T.C. X.C.

The peristyle of the palace has on each side seven Corinthian arches resting on mighty columns; to the south steps ascend to what was the portico of the vestibule which opened (according to Adam's plan, made on the spot from the ruins that remained, and supplemented by his own conclusions) into a magnificent hall or atrium, with side aisles like a church, out of which again the private apartments of Diocletian opened.

The ancient temples, now, as I before mentioned, converted into the Duomo and Baptistery, are on each side of the peristyle, and were formerly enclosed by courts of their own. Before the Duomo, where the portico once stood, a mediæval campanile rises, which has for so

many years been hidden in scaffolding that Spalato has almost forgotten what it looks like without it. As this unsightly excrescence hid it from my sight, I must fall back for its description on a writer in the sixties, the Rev. J. M. Neale, who waxes enthusiastic over it. He says, "The campanile, of one hundred and seventy-three feet in height, is one of the noblest erections of the kind that I ever yet saw. . . . No words can give an idea of the exquisite system of panel shafting from apex to lowest stage; the shafts, usually speaking circular, with square base and Corinthianizing caps. . . . A good many of the shafts and capitals used came from the ruins of Salona, the bishopric, to the destruction of which Spalato succeeded."

Next year, if all is well, the restorations will be complete, and the campanile will blossom forth in all its pristine beauty, the crowning glory of the city.

Whether originally tomb-house, or temple of Jupiter, the Duomo is, after the Pantheon at Rome, the best preserved and most interesting example of a Roman temple in existence. Externally it is octagon in form, but the interior forms a circle; eight lofty Corinthian columns

of granite rise around it, and above their capitals another series of slender columns of porphyry meet the domed roof, whose capitals were all renewed in the last restorations to the great loss of the antiquarian, who is by no means compensated by finding the originals in the museum. The dome is built of brick, covered with red tiles, which some authorities say must have been put on later, as it was very unusual for the Romans to finish their buildings in this way; but according to Professor Bulic, the Conservator of Ancient Monuments, who has closely examined it, the brickwork is too rough ever to have been visible externally, and some of the tiles bear the mark of a maker of Salona, and cannot therefore be later than the seventh century.

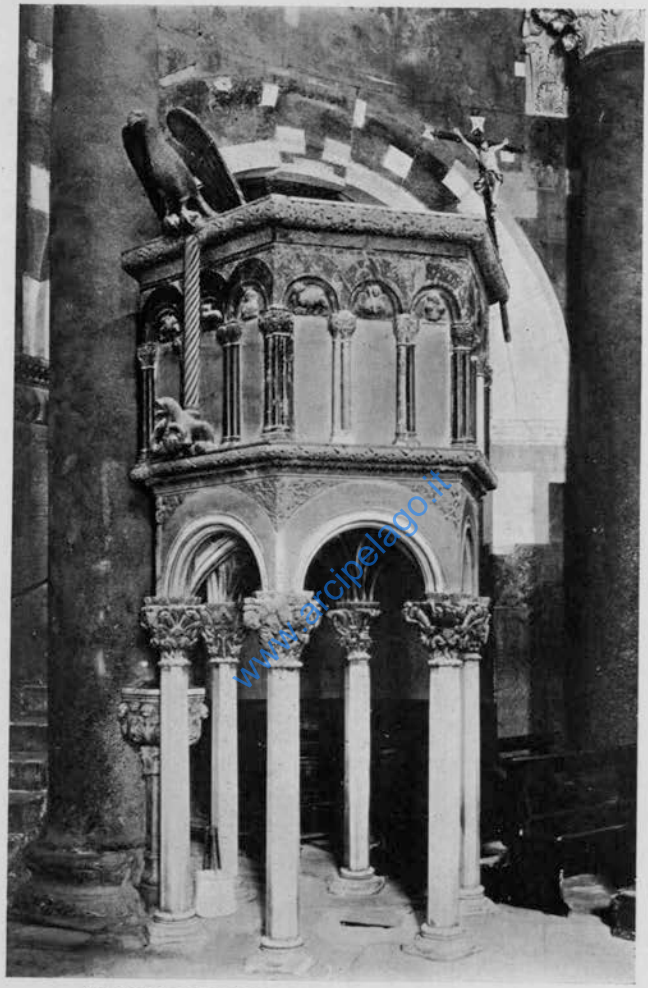
A remarkable feature of the interior of the Duomo is the frieze, on which are depicted in relief hunting scenes, in which Cupids on foot, on horseback, or driving chariots, are mixed up with stags and wild animals. This frieze is a perpetual reminder of the pagan origin of the Duomo, and contrasts curiously with the little Gothic chapels on either side of the high altar, which are dedicated to St. Doimo and St.

Anastasio respectively, and both of fifteenth-century work, though not that of the same sculptor.

The pulpit will at once attract your attention, for it is beautiful alike in form and colouring, fashioned of marble and limestone of varying tints. It rests on six octagonal columns, whose quaintly carved capitals are a study in themselves, and have been highly praised by Mr. Jackson,* who says he knows nothing in Romanesque art to surpass them. He places the date of the pulpit in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, as also that of the famous carved doors, now, alas! lying in the Baptistery awaiting restoration, from which ordeal let us hope they will emerge safely, for their carvings are truly marvellous. Each door is divided into fourteen panels, each representing some incident in the life of our Lord, and they are said to be among the earliest and best examples of mediæval woodwork in existence.

An old MS., which has been translated by Professor Eitelberger, gives the information that the doors were the work of a certain Andrea Guvina, and completed in 1214. They

* "Dalmatia: The Quarnero and Istria," vol. ii. p. 44.



ROMANESQUE PULPIT IN THE DUOMO AT SPALATO

were originally painted and gilded, and here and there a touch of colour or glimpse of gold suggests their former glory, though to my thinking they are more attractive in the natural tints of the wood than they could ever have been in fresh paint and gilt, or will be if the restorer repaints them. The little figures are exceedingly quaint, and the scroll designs which separate the panels are most graceful.

Similar carving is found in the choir-stalls, which are therefore generally believed to be the work of the same master. Their lattice-work panels give them a distinctive character suggestive of the East. The choir was built by the famous Archbishop Mark Antony de Dominis, sometime Master of the Savoy and Dean of Windsor, whose sad story I must tell you now, in case you do not know it, for it has an interest for every Englishman, and still more for every English Churchman.

De Dominis the visionary, the philosopher, the man of science, the reformer, versatile, brilliant, rash, unwise, had the misfortune to live before the times were ripe for such as he.

His character is fascinating, whichever way you look at it, so long as you look fairly,

though, like that of many another great man, his memory still suffers from the malice of his enemies.

His strong Churchmanship was partly hereditary, partly the result of his education under the Jesuits. The noble family of De Dominis of Arbe, whose ancient palace still stands there to-day, had given many sons to the Church, of whom three became bishops : so the boy Mark Antony was early marked out for a career in which he would have the advantage of influence.

But in spite of the stories told of his wild youth and dismissal from the Jesuit College, he grew to manhood with the inconvenient possession in those times of an over-sensitive conscience.

Whatever he may have been as a boy, we find him later at Padua, a grave, learned Professor of Philosophy, studying among other things the colours of the rainbow, which had till then baffled all men of learning, and giving to the world the first explanation of this wonder of nature. Then we find him Bishop of Segna, the most turbulent diocese of Dalmatia, charged with the task that had baffled the Venetians, the putting down of wholesale piracy on that

coast. Probably his strict discipline and rigid notions of duty suited him better for that post than for the dizzy height to which fate and his own ambition later raised him as Archbishop of Spalato and Primate of all Dalmatia. It was not till he ascended to the archbishop's throne that the troubles began, which, after thirteen years of striving after an unattainable ideal, drove him, disappointed in Rome, defeated in his efforts at reform, to seek in the Church of England that which he had failed to find in his own.

The troubles began in the very first year of his archbishopric, with the energetic primate's determination to preach every day during Lent; a custom of the early Church which had been allowed to lapse, and no one but himself in his diocese seemed to wish restored. In the quarrel with the Bishop of Trau he certainly had right on his side, yet the Pope decided against him and suspended him from his office. Perhaps this enforced leisure was the beginning of his study of the papal claims which he turned to in the bitterness of his spirit, and which resulted in the enormous book, "De Republicâ Ecclesiasticâ," which he published when in England,

two years after resigning his see. This book was read and commented on in all countries, and gave great satisfaction to English Churchmen. He had the courage of his convictions, and made no secret of his gradual change towards Rome, even while still Archbishop, so it is little wonder that it became the common talk that the primate was guilty of heresy.

In the introduction to his great book, which is supposed to have been written some years before he left Spalato, he says: "When the troubles occasioned me by my suffragans, and much more the excessive power of the Roman Court, threw every metropolitical right into confusion, I found it necessary to investigate the root and origin of all ecclesiastical degrees, powers, offices, and dignities, and especially of the Papacy . . . The sacred and ancient Canons, the orthodox councils, the discipline of the Fathers, the former customs of the Church, all passed in review before me. I found in these that for which I was looking. . . . It was once an article of faith that the Universal Church, scattered throughout the world, is that Catholic Church of Christ to which Christ Himself has promised His perpetual presence, and which

Paul calls the pillar and ground of the truth. Our present Romans have contracted this article so that by the Catholic Church they understand the Roman Court, and in that, or rather in the Pope alone, the whole Spirit of Christ resides."

Of course, thinking thus he could not do otherwise than resign his see, and then came the journey to England with the British chaplain at Venice, who, as well as our ambassador, had received him very kindly when, finding his position in Spalato intolerable, he journeyed to that city.

In England the Archbishop was received with open arms, and at once identified himself with the English Church. He might have ended his days in peace if temporal honour and sufficient of this world's goods to make life pleasant had sufficed him : he was presented to the King, who, in addition to the honourable offices of Master of the Savoy and Dean of Windsor, gave him a rich Church living in Berkshire.

But here the late Archbishop's troublesome conscience came in again, he found abuses in the Church of England as well as in that of Rome—the Church of his dreams was not on earth.

Some have thought his ambition was to reform both and reconcile them to one another. He applied for leave to return to Italy, which, of course, gave great offence to King James and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his departure from our shores was a sad contrast to his arrival. His indecision had estranged every one from him, both early friends of the Church of Rome and later friends of the Church of England. He was grateful for a kindly reception by the Pope, which was more than he had expected, but which had to be paid for by recantation; but even this did not save him from the Inquisition. When Pope Gregory died, his successor, Urban VIII., withdrew his protection from the poor old man, who was thrown into the Castle of St. Angelo and died there.

It is not to the credit of any one concerned that the body of De Dominis was burnt as that of a heretic, and shows that the hatred of his enemies followed him beyond the grave; but those were times, alas! when the bitterest of all foes were those who differed in religion—the greatest of all sins to worship otherwise than as your forefathers.

It is a sad story, and if you have once heard

DOOR OF BAPTISTRY, SPALATO

it and listened with sympathizing ears, you are haunted with the thought of poor De Dominis when you stand within his cathedral at Spalato.

The interior of the Baptistery remains much as it was in Diocletian's time, and is one of the best existing examples of a Roman temple. It is a simple square building, measuring only sixteen feet by twenty-seven and a half, with a stone waggon roof that may have suggested that at Sebenico. I was told that three huge curved stones form the span of the vaulting.

The font which is all that shows the present uses of the temple, is in the form of a Greek cross and dates from the fourteenth century.

The great doorway, of very massive proportions and elaborately carved, is the most striking feature of the building. Before it once stood a portico long since vanished, and it is said that a court with trees surrounded each temple when Diocletian worshipped the gods of old Rome within their walls.

Oldest of all the ancient monuments of Spalato is the red granite sphinx before the Duomo, which once rested by the waters of the Nile. Former visitors of Spalato speak of a splendid Roman sarcophagus which stood

before the Baptistery, but its former place knows it no more, and I recognized it in the museum.

The archæological museum should more properly be at Salona, for here is writ in stone the story of that unfortunate city—so written, thanks to the loving labour of Monsignor Bulic, the Conservator of Ancient Monuments, that all who will may read.* The richest and most important collection is that of the inscriptions, from which much has been learnt of ancient Salona. There are altogether in the museum no less than two thousand, some wholly decipherable, others fragmentary ; of different periods ; some are dedicated to the gods of ancient Rome, some to the Roman emperors, but only one, strange to say, has reference to Diocletian. Many refer to the athletic feats, arts, combats of gladiators, and municipal and social life of the last days of Salona. There are an immense number of inscriptions on early Christian tombstones, brought from the cemeteries, which throw light on the first centuries of Christianity.

The museum seems at first a bewildering

* "Guida di Spalato e Salona," by Professor D. L. Jelic.

medley of antique busts, vases, funereal urns, carved sarcophagi, vases of terra-cotta and glass, antique jewellery, and everything imaginable for use and ornament. But a little study, and a visit to Salona, where all these things were found, even without the advantage that was mine of the invaluable guidance of Monsignor Bulic, who lives close by the museum that is the scene of his labours, will enable you to discern the uses of them, and with their help to picture something of the people who fashioned and used them.

In the first room at the museum are some remarkable sarcophagi, on one of which, in splendid preservation, the legend of Phædra and Hippolytus is represented in bas relief. A second, which stood till within recent years before the Baptistery, has a representation of the story of Meleager hunting the Calydonian boar, but none compares in interest to that known as the sarcophagus of the Good Shepherd, which was discovered, in 1871, about a hundred yards to the north of the city walls of Salona, and underneath that the Hippolytus and Phædra sarcophagus. Both, of course, were bought for the museum from the peasants in whose

ground they were discovered. The French writer, Dumont, was the first to publish an account of them ; since then much has been written, and many theories started to account for the figures on the sarcophagus of the Good Shepherd. Since 1874 excavations have been made at the place where they were found which are still going on, with the result that one of the largest known cemeteries of the early Christians has come to light underneath the great basilica. It is said to have been laid out at the introduction of Christianity to Salona, when, according to the legend, St. Paul and Timothy visited Dalmatia and made many converts to the faith.

The sarcophagus of the Good Shepherd, which takes its name from the central figure, is the tomb of a man and woman who were early converts to the faith, and its style, according to Professor Jelic, who has described it at great length in his book "Das Cœmeterium von Manastirine," is mixed Greek and Roman ; it is the only known Christian sarcophagus on which the life-size figures of man and wife recline, though this was a favourite device of pagan times. The heads unfortunately have

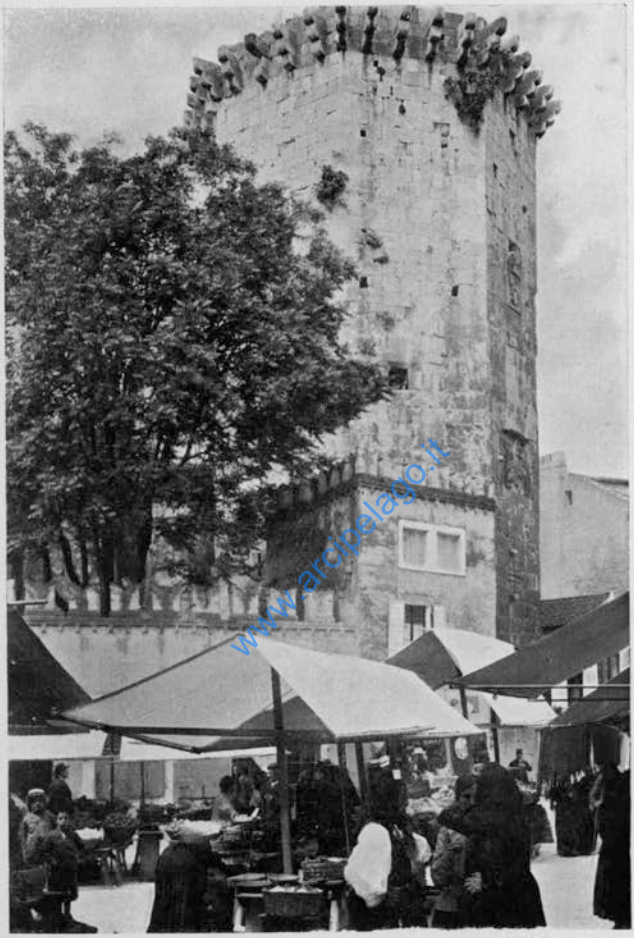
been knocked off, but the bas reliefs on the sides are in excellent preservation, though the hands that carved them have been dust for sixteen centuries and the sarcophagus has lain buried in the ground for at least twelve hundred years. On the front, which is divided into three partitions by twisted Corinthian columns, an immense number of figures are represented in relief. The Good Shepherd, in a niche in the centre, carries a lamb on his shoulders, and others on each side look up to him for protection, behind them trees give the effect of a pastoral landscape. In the wider spaces to right and left are carved larger figures, a man to the right, a woman with a baby in her arms to the left. These Professor Jelic thinks represent the inmates of the tomb, and the smaller figures clustering round, their children and grandchildren; though others have said the smaller figures are too numerous to support this theory, and that the man and his wife were evidently Christian teachers, and the smaller figures represented those of all ages, from bearded men to little children, whom they brought to the faith.

The sarcophagus is, on the whole, in excellent

preservation, but, like many of the others found at Salona, there is a hole at one end made by the Avars at the destruction of the city in the hope of finding treasure buried with the deceased.

The oldest of all things in the museum is a headless sphinx, the companion to the one which still stands before the Duomo, but of black marble instead of red. Its history has been traced back to the time of an Egyptian king who lived fifteen hundred years before Christ.

It is a relief to turn from these relics of antiquity, these hoary stones that, for all their wondrous interest, are a little bit depressing, and make you feel yourself so small and slight a thing in the history of the ages, to the busy streets of Spalato, with their crowds of gaily dressed peasants, and to the sunny fruit market beneath the Venetian tower where the country folk display their wares and the most delightful feast of colour is spread for your eyes. Gold of oranges, red of cherries, green of vegetables galore! And the costumes alike of those who buy and sell are not those surely of the prosaic twentieth century, but of the time when the old



VENETIAN TOWER FROM MARKET (SPALATO)

tower above was a strong fort, strongly guarded by the soldiers of the great republic. One or two of them, to the mingled pride and consternation of the wearers and the intense delight of the crowd of fully one hundred persons which flocked around, are represented in these pages, immortalized by the camera, but alas, not the colours, which gave more than half the charm! The crimson turbans of the men, their twisted waist scarves of many hues, their sleeveless jackets of crimson cloth adorned with embroidery or silver buttons, suggest a scene on the stage, and the dress of their womenkind is not a whit less picturesque and gay; varying according to the different villages or districts round Spalato from which they came.

The townspeople, alas! at all events, those of the upper classes, have adjured the national costumes for the fashions of Vienna, and as we sat outside the *café* of the hotel on the evening of our arrival and watched the fashionable world of Spalato promenading in the square to listen to the band the scene was very un-Dalmatian and typical of Austria proper, though so far away. But to our joy we found next day

the officers and smart ladies were but few in number and inconspicuous among the populace, and that the middle-class townsman still clings fondly to his red Dalmatian cap, even though he combines it with an ordinary tweed suit, so the promenade along the Riva between the many *cafés* and the sea when all Spalato takes the air is a study in scarlet.

You cannot visit Spalato without wishing to ascend the wooded heights of Monte Marjan, which rises to the west of the town, and promises even from the distance to command exquisite views over sea and land—a promise that is more than fulfilled when you stand upon the summit. Though little over five hundred feet in height, this hill is so uniquely situated at the end of the peninsula on which Spalato is built that it overlooks to the west the city with Diocletian's palace, to the north-west the lonely shore of the Gulf of Salona, with the ruins of the buried city, to the north and north-east the romantic Riviera of the Seven Castles, while to the east the Isle of Bua, lying opposite to Trau, stretches out to meet it, and southward are the blue waters of the Adriatic, with their distant isles, and here and there the sails of

fishing-boats or the faint line of smoke of a distant steamer.

The summit of Marjan can easily be reached in an hour from the centre of Spalato, by good walkers; but the way is too beautiful to be hurried over. Far better is it to devote a day to its exploration, and dream some hours away when the sun is fierce at noon, in the shade of its thick woods. The sulphur springs on the way are worth noticing, and you must turn aside to see the Campo Santo of Spalato, where white oleanders blossom among the pines and cypresses and scent the air. No fairer God's-acre could well be found than this, and from the little temple at the crossing of the ways which separate the churchyard of the rich, with its costly monuments, from the churchyard of the poor, with its rows of simple wooden crosses, there is a glorious view.

This separation of rich and poor, of capital and labour, though sanctioned by custom, is surely unseemly. Why should they not lie all together in their last long sleep? After leaving the churchyard the way leads along the southern slopes of Marjan, where the vegetation is far more varied and luxurious than on the north,

and spring flowers blossom in midwinter! Here, indeed, is one of Nature's health resorts, where many invalids might come if there were but houses to lodge them.

Among the plants and flowers peculiar to the shores of the Mediterranean an Englishman finds an old friend—the mistletoe of our Christmas merrymakings—and a botanist's heart is rejoiced by the variety of the flora.

The heights of Marjan are crowned by the pilgrimage chapel of Bethlehem, and still higher the tiny hermitage chapel of San Girolamo stands on a natural terrace, watched over by a mighty cypress tree, while all round is a perfect riot of semi-tropical vegetation. The rock cells, once inhabited by the monks, are not far distant from the chapel, and the view from the point over the sea southwards is sublime. You see the islands of Brazzo and Solta, and in clear weather even as far as Lesina and Lissa, forty miles away. The monks who dwelt here must have found some compensation for the world they had turned their backs on in the exquisite surroundings of their hermitage if they were lovers of nature; that they had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, in spite of the asceticism

of their lives, is shown by their choice of sites for their monasteries, which are almost invariably in idyllic surroundings.

The Franciscan convent of Madonna della Paludi, also within a walk of Spalato, is another example of this. It is on rising ground, evidently selected for the delightful view it commands, and has a lovely garden full of subtropical plants.

Some remarkable choir-books are shown by the monks, hand-painted with the juices extracted from plants, the work of one of their order who lived in the seventeenth century; but the greatest curiosity here is a picture over the side altar of Mahomet holding a scroll, and around him men of letters who have written in his praise. Jackson relates that this picture more than once saved the monastery from destruction by the Turks.

IN SALONA

TO appreciate Salona you must go there in the proper spirit, knowing something at least of the story of the destruction of Roman Salonæ and of its palmy days in the preceding centuries. You must remember that the sea, which has since receded, once washed the city wall; that it was a naval station with its harbour full of the imperial galleys; that double walls with many towers surrounded it, and were battered in many a siege before at last it fell before the Avar hordes, and lay waste and desolate.

You must go prepared to dismiss your carriage, if you have driven from Spalato, and spend half a day at least dreaming among the ruins. You can go back in the train, if you will, in the late evening, and if your visit should be in the month of May or June, the spell of Salona will grow upon you as the twilight deepens; you will hear the nightingales pouring out a flood of melody into the silence, and

maybe you will see fireflies flitting among the ruins.

The superstitious natives fear Salona by night. They believe that the ghosts of the old Romans walk among the tombs, perhaps that the shades of the barbarous Avars also revisit the scene, and gloat over the destruction they wrought; but I saw nothing more alarming than a few sheep, whose white forms certainly did look ghostly on first approach, when I traversed the buried city by the aid of a lantern. It is true that Monsignor Bulic was of the party, and it may be the ghosts respect his intrepid spirit, for he has his house, where we had just partaken of his hospitality, literally among the tombs. And a very unique house it is, built of stones hewn centuries ago by Roman workmen for far other use! We supped in a room decorated and furnished in the style common in the first Christian era, but with additions in the shape of sepulchral urns standing all round the room, and stone benches formed of slabs, which once covered sarcophagi, resting on broken fragments and capitals of columns. The stone table off which we ate was supported by two finely carved capitals from some church or public

building of ancient Salonæ. A smaller capital placed upon it supported the candlestick. The paintings on the ceiling brought to my mind the rude designs on the walls of the catacombs at Rome—birds and fishes are depicted, together with wreaths of vines interspersed with vases, presumably full of the juice of the grape, all grouped around the central figure of the Good Shepherd. Pagan and Christian influences seem to have mingled in the mind of the designer of this original ceiling from which this was copied.

A notable feature of this notable house is the inscriptions. On the doorstep is written "Salve"; over the entrance—

"Ex eventibus Pax."

On the wall of the room—

I.H.S. Xre. REX RECUM DNE-DOMINANTIUM
SINOCULITVI APERTI-DIE-AC-NOTE
SUPER DOMUMISTAM CLEMENTER.

(Translation of Latin inscription: I.H.S. Christ, King of Kings, Lord of Lords. To whom day and night are open without darkness. Look mercifully upon this house.)

It was my privilege to spend a long quiet day in this quaint room on another occasion;

ROOM IN EARLY CHRISTIAN STYLE (PROFESSOR BULIC'S HOUSE)

PROFESSOR BULIC'S HOUSE AMONG THE RUINS AT SALONA

while my husband, full of photographic enthusiasm, braved the tropical sun to procure pictures of the exterior of the house, and the ruins of the basilica and amphitheatre; for the courtesy of Monsignor Bulic placed his house at our disposal whenever we wished to visit Salona in his absence.

In what strong relief that day stands out in my memory, a day of the "simple life" lived in the home of a scholar and antiquarian, whose remarkable personality is impressed upon his dwelling, even though he may be absent pushing his labours at Spalato. I wandered up to his study where so much of his wonderful work has been done, and looked reverently about me, but though a well-stored library on the history of Salona lay upon the bookshelves, and I had the owner's permission to use it, I had no desire for the dry facts of history, but preferred to let my imagination wander back into the past.

I am sure that if Salona could rise again by the stroke of a magician's wand, as it was on the day of its destruction, its streets full of busy life, Monsignor Bulic would walk among the people as one of themselves, as much, if

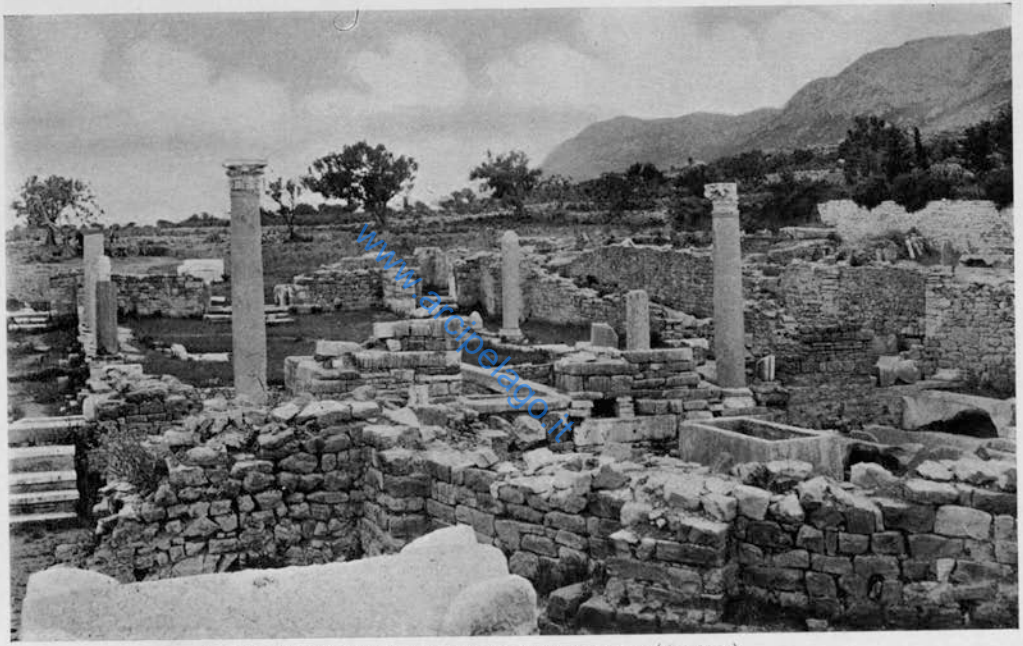
the great basilica and early Christian burial-place within and around it will ever be associated with his name.

The first tomb erected here was that of a wealthy Christian named Ulpius, who lived in the first century, and set apart a portion of his estate, apparently the stoniest and least useful for cultivation, for his family burial-place, and that of his friends and fellow-believers.

Traces of his dwelling remain in two ancient presses, one of wine, the other for oil, which are really very little different in form to those in use in Dalmatia to-day.

In this private cemetery many of the martyrs were buried, who sealed their faith with their blood in the succeeding centuries, and near their shrines (for the piety of their fellow-believers had raised sacred chapels over their graves) other Christians desired to lie. So the cemetery grew in size and beauty till the invasion of the barbarian Goths and Huns laid it waste in the fifth century.

It was restored a little later, and a basilica built over the graves of the martyrs for their greater protection; but this early building, probably damaged by another invasion of the



EARLY CHRISTIAN CEMETERY OF MANASTIRINE (SALONA)

Goths, was replaced in the sixth century under the Emperor Justinian, by the great basilica, of which we see the ruins to-day.

The cathedral church of Salona had a nave with two side aisles, the eastern end finished with an apse with seats for the bishop and clergy; the pavement was of mosaic, the walls covered with finest marble. The roof was supported on monolith granite columns, of which many still stand, and are visible from afar, while others lie prone upon the grass among the graves, with which the subterranean portion of the church was crammed. Nearly all the stone vaults have holes made by the Goths or Avars in the hope of finding treasure buried with the deceased; some are wholly broken open, and others can be entered by raising a sliding stone at one end.

And all this strange scene of destruction and desolation is framed in by the sweetest, most smiling landscape: hills on one side, the blue waters of the Gulf of Salona sparkling in the sunshine at a little distance on the other. Wild flowers bloom among the tombs, vineyards and mulberry groves are round about. Dark-eyed, dark-haired

peasant children play among the ruins, or search diligently for the oft-found coins and broken bits of Roman glass and crockery which they sell readily to strangers as mementos of Salona. On my first visit with Monsignor Bulic, I was greatly interested to see him looking over the finds brought by the owners of the land for his inspection—coins for the most part, sometimes articles of jewellery or precious stones which had become detached from their setting. He selects only the finest specimens for the museum; the rest the peasants no doubt easily dispose of to tourists during the travelling season.

After the great basilica, the most interesting ruins in Salona are those of the Baptistery, which is in octagonal form with a fine mosaic pavement, where baptism by immersion was practised; of the "Basilica Urbana" (a church of the first century with some well-preserved mosaic pavements), close by it, and of the amphitheatre a little larger than that of Pompeii; remains of seats are to be traced around it, and pipes have been discovered underground which brought water into the arena. The amphitheatre is magnificently situated on high ground, from which

BASILICA URBANA, SALONA

the whole of the lovely Riviera della Castella is visible as far as Trau, as well as the opposite island of Bua and the inland sea of Salona.

Of the city walls little is left; but this little shows that they were broken and repaired in many a siege. We know that the city was walled in the second century B.C., from inscriptions which relate that the Roman armies stormed the town during the great rebellion, while others tell that later on the people of Salona fought bravely for Cæsar against Pompey's General Octavius. The outline of one of the fortified towers can be made out not far from the Porta Suburbia and the Porta Cæsaræ, by which Diocletian entered and left the city for his palace by the sea. While it was building, he dwelt at Salona from A.D. 305 to A.D. 313, and those were the days in which life grew more and more luxurious in the provincial city of the Roman empire. The aftermath came when the effete, pleasure-loving people, utterly unable to withstand the onslaught of the Avars a few centuries later, fled before the foe; most unworthy descendants of their sterner forefathers, whom Cæsar had specially honoured for their bravery in his cause.

When you lift your eyes from Salona to the Mosor mountains, which shelter it from the north, they are irresistibly drawn to the fortress-crowned rock and village of Clissa, and you will be well repaid if you proceed thither either on foot or by carriage along the new road, which ascends by easy windings through lovely scenery. As you mount, the fig and pomegranate trees, together with the grey olives, are left behind with the green valley of the Jader and exchanged for the flowers and plants of Central Europe; the wild roses and honeysuckle of our northern clime greet you like old friends, and the air grows fresher and keener.

If you were charmed with picturesque Clissa from below, what will you say of the ravishing views on the road which change from minute to minute? Below, the fertile plain and the Adriatic with its islands; above, the stern mountains and Clissa, even more romantic on near approach than when seen from afar, its castle surmounting a pyramidical rock, its white houses built in terraces below which green vineyards slope to the plain.

Clissa is a town of great antiquity, and on account of its strategical position, once of great

importance. Porphyrogenitus speaks of a fortress named Clissa. During seven centuries of Croatian dominion, "Klis" was of sufficient consequence for its possession to be frequently disputed.

In the fifteenth century it was taken by the Venetians, and a little later gave refuge to the Uscocs, who had fled from Bosnia before the Turks, and made it their headquarters under the protection of the Hungarian count. From Clissa they made such fierce raids into Turkish territory as led to the taking of the fortress by their enemies in reprisal and the murder of the Hungarian governor.

Clissa was taken by the Venetians in 1648, and remained subject to the republic till its fall and the annexation of Dalmatia by the French at the beginning of the last century.

It is of interest to English people that, in the war of 1813, Admiral Host forced the French commander of the fortress to capitulate. Of all the varied fortunes of the old fortress, there is but little trace to-day. You will be wise to content yourself with a view of the exterior, for inside there is nothing of interest unless it be the old walls which sheltered the

fierce Uscocs. But the views from the height are superb and very varied, for here is the borderland between the coast with its luxuriant southern vegetation and the less fertile country of the interior, where the laborious peasants wrest a scanty living from a stony soil.

THE RIVIERA OF THE SEVEN CASTLES AND TRAU

THERE is no more smiling scenery in all Dalmatia, than that along the shores of the Riviera dei Castelli, which lies between Salona and Trau, and it is not strange that in the Middle Ages, the vineyards and olive groves of this fruitful land, excited the cupidity of the then all-conquering Turk, and made the fortified castles, which have given their name to this part of the coast, necessary for its protection.

These feudal strongholds were originally thirteen in number, but only seven remain to-day; of which some date from the fourteenth others from the fifteenth century, when the land with certain feudal rights over the peasantry was given by the Venetian Senate to such nobles as were able to build and maintain a castle at their own cost. A few still belong to the old families, and one or two are used as

summer residences by wealthy burghers of Spalato. A German writer of rather more than a generation ago, described the life in the castles as still retaining in his time many of its feudal features, and specially mentions the charming national dress worn by the women of these noble families ; I am afraid they have since succumbed to the fascinations of the fashions of Vienna, which prevail among the upper classes of Spalato and leave the picturesque costumes to the peasantry, who, in this part, thanks to the fertility of the soil, are exceedingly well-to-do : but as I was not fortunate enough to come into personal contact with any of the castle dwellers at home, I cannot speak with authority ; it may be they revert to their national dress when the Spalato season is over, and cling to the old custom still within the old walls.

Each castle forms the centre round which a pretty little village is grouped, usually smothered in foliage of peaches, figs, and pomegranate trees, which flourish here exceedingly. Early vegetables form one of the peasants' most profitable crops, for, thanks to the sheltering mountains, the Bora cannot touch the tender plants, and

roses blossom in the gardens, and purple crocuses star the green grass under the fruit trees, all the winter through.

The very nakedness of the wild Kosjak mountains, which rise like a wall to the north, adds the charm of contrast to the scene, and the grey of the bare rocks serves as a foil to the vivid green and blue of land and sea. On the mountain slopes, some crumbling walls, hardly distinguishable from their surroundings, were pointed out to me as the ruins of the old Croatian capital of Bihac, and it is said that a very early Christian church stood close to Castlenuovo where the Council of Salona met in the ninth century.

The road between Salona and Trau is very lovely, sometimes passing through vineyards and olive groves, sometimes between hedges of giant aloes, which stretch their curious blossoms high overhead: but always disclosing new beauties at every turn.

The approach to Trau from the sea is not less beautiful as the steamer passes through the narrow channel, spanned by a bridge between the Island of Bua and the mainland, and you come in sight of the old Venetian custom house

on the water front, and a picturesque ruined tower ascribed to Sanmicheli.

But it is the Duomo which is Trau's glory—the Duomo which was nearly three hundred years in building, and looks as if it might last for eternity !

The earliest church which stood upon this site was destroyed by the Saracens in the twelfth century, and the first stones of the present cathedral were laid at the beginning of the thirteenth ; but, as in the case of the Duomo of Sebenico, want of funds hindered the work, and it was in 1600 that it was completed by the erection of the campanile.

The west doorway, said by a great authority on the architecture of Dalmatia, to be unsurpassed in Romanesque or Gothic art, is quite bewilderingly beautiful in its intricacy of detail, and alone worth coming far to see.

This glorious portal is entered through an imposing Galilee porch, as if the architect had held it fitting that such a gem of art should be approached through an antechamber and sheltered from the ravages of the elements.

The door symbolizes the Old and New Testaments, and on either side are rudely

executed figures of our first parents similar to those at Curzola. Eve stands on a lioness with a lamb in its clutches, Adam on a lion holding some other beast.

If you look closely at the sculptured figures in the west doorway, you will notice that in the representations of local history the men are wearing the turban, though this was executed before the Turkish conquest; from which it has been argued that this Dalmatian head-dress is of great antiquity.

The Duomo of Trau has another doorway which would be noticeable if it did not suffer by comparison—it is the south entrance, in the same round-arched style as the famous west door.

The dimly lit interior of the cathedral is very impressive, and you must not fail to notice the beautiful choir-stalls of Venetian workmanship of the fifteenth century, nor to visit the waggon-vaulted chapel of St. Giovanni Orsini, the first bishop and patron saint of Trau, about whom you will hear many delightful legends. The best known relates that when the Venetians sacked the city, in 1171, they opened the marble sarcophagus containing the bones of the

saint hoping to find treasure, and failing to remove a ring, which miraculously adhered to St. Giovanni's finger, solved the difficulty by tearing off the arm, which they carried to Venice, and there, having some pricks of conscience perhaps, preserved it in the Church of St. Giovanni de Rialto. Thus far is probably fact, but the people of Trau go on to tell you that after three years' absence the arm returned home, "flying through the air," and was found resting on the shrine containing the holy body from which it had been so rudely parted!

There is a bush growing out of the wall above the city gate which partly hides the sculptured lion, and this the people say was miraculously planted, and is to-day sustained by the saint so that they may not be reminded of the Venetian conquest.

No doubt the fact that the first bishop of Trau was a man of science and an astronomer who must have done many things in his lifetime that surprised his contemporaries, partly accounts for his reputation as a miracle worker after death. He was not a Dalmatian by birth, but a member of the noble patrician family of

A GATE OF TRAU WITH CAMPANILE IN BACKGROUND

Orsini whose name is still one of the proudest in the eternal city.

But in telling you of the saint I have wandered away from the Duomo without having said anything of the treasures contained in the sacristy.

If you are an art lover, your eye will fasten at once on the exquisite *armadio*, or wardrobe, of carved and inlaid walnut! It is Venetian work of the sixteenth century, and cost at that time only one hundred and twenty-five ducats! But what would it not fetch if it could be bought to-day!

There is in the treasury a very quaintly shaped ewer of silver gilt, highly praised by Jackson, of which he gives a sketch in his book; also a lovely ivory triptyche, a red velvet mitre sewn with pearls, said to have been made from the coronation mantle of the Hungarian King Bela IV., presented by him to the city of Trau, out of gratitude for the hospitality he received when he fled before the Turks in 1242; and among other antique embroideries a fifteenth-century stole, with representations of Our Lord and the twelve apostles.

Certainly the treasury of the Duomo at Trau

ranks high among the church treasuries of Dalmatia, a land singularly rich in churches and monasteries, which pride themselves on their possession of priceless plate and mediæval church vestments of great value. And no one who cares for such things should miss visiting the sacristy, which makes a picture in itself, apart from the interest of the treasury, which is shown to visitors without any of the formalities in force at Ragusa.

Trau is fortunate in having its own especial historian, Giovanni Lucius, who wrote a book on the history of Croatia and Dalmatia in the sixteenth century that made him famous far beyond the limits of his own country, but naturally devoted himself specially to the story of his birthplace.

He starts by telling you that Tragurian, as Trau was called under the Romans, had its origin in a settlement of Greek colonists from the islands; and *à propos* of this there is a stone still to be seen in the courtyard of the monastery of St. Nicolo with a Greek inscription which dates from the third century B.C. Roman remains, however, are not visible above ground, probably because the limited

room the island affords obliged the citizens to erect new houses when necessary on the same spot. But it is long since Trau had any new buildings, nor is it likely that the old Venetian architecture will be replaced for centuries to come; the masons who fashioned the houses of the citizens, as well as the churches and public buildings, seem to have built not for time, but for eternity, and to have been equally concerned for the solidity and the beauty of their work: so in Trau to-day you see a perfect example of a Dalmatian city of the Venetian period, and Venetian Gothic windows, carved stone balustrades and balconies meet your delightful gaze at every turn, and quaint courtyards tempt you to enter them and admire some lovely bit of architecture hidden from the street.

Of life under the rule of the Lion an interesting glimpse is given in the statutes of Trau drawn up in 1303, where doctors in the pay of the State are forbidden to leave the city without an order from the Count or governor on penalty of a money fine, and the punishment for theft is fixed at the loss of one or both eyes, if the value of the goods stolen should not exceed

twenty-five lire ; * whoso appropriated to himself more than that amount suffered death !

You wonder, do you not, if very many blind persons went about the streets of Trau, or if their honesty compared favourably with that of our own day ?

The summary justice of the period was carried out in the open piazza at a spot beside the loggia, where the Count and nobles assembled to try the accused.

It needs but a little imagination to conjure up the scene of execution, for the background is unchanged. The campanile still soars upwards opposite the seat of justice, as if pointing to a judgment seat where justice can never err. Many a condemned man must have looked his last here on God's house on earth, and been reminded in his dying moments of a higher tribunal more merciful than that of Venice !

The figures, too, of the curious crowd looking on would be those of to-day ; the common people of Trau have not changed their dress any more than their houses. But the loggia is empty—that is, tenanted only by the sculptured

* A lire of that period was of the value of about *2d.* in our money.

THE LOGGIA, TRAU

lion upon the wall above the great stone table! Beside the loggia is the little basilica of St. Barbara, dating from the eighth century, one of the thirty-two churches Trau formerly possessed, of which the greater number are in ruins or converted to other uses; but even so some are well worth visiting.

In St. Dominics, which is still in use, there is a famous painting by Palma the younger, and an interesting marble sarcophagus where some old noble of Trau lies sleeping.

From the narrow streets of the mediæval town you pass under the Porta Marina, where the old iron doors still hang on their hinges, to the picturesque water front, but you must pause a moment to look up at the lion, because he is not as others—his book is closed. The legend says it once was open, but shut on the fall of Venice. Then, for a last look at old-world Trau, stand a while on the bridge which links it to the isle of Bua, and if the sun is setting in the west, behind the towers of the old Venetian castle by the sea, and the campanile is silhouetted, too, against the sunset glow, you will carry away one of the fairest pictures in Dalmatia stored in your memory.

RAGUSA

RAGUSA is a dream city by the sea. Picture to yourself one of the walled Etruscan towns of Northern Italy, only with more massive, sterner walls and towers, and set it down by the laughing waters of the blue Adriatic; add palms and flowering aloes of giant size growing wild wherever they can gain a foothold in the rocks right down to the edge of the sea, together with cacti and oleanders of every shade from purest white to deepest crimson; people it with figures more than half Oriental, with knives stuck in their belts, and cloaks rivalling in colour the crimson of the oleander blossoms, and you have Ragusa, the proud little republic of yore which never yielded even to the might of Venice in the zenith of her power, the half-Eastern, half-Western, yet unspoilt Ragusa of to-day!

Would you know something of the tale those frowning bastions have to tell? Then come

with me a little while into the "storied past," far back before the days when our King Richard the Lion-hearted landed on the fair little island of Lacroma, which lies off the mainland to the south, and founded the monastery which still exists to-day, though perhaps not a stone of the original walls is standing.

But first let me tell you that the Ragusans are "citizens of no mean city," little as we in our northern land know about them. They can boast of something more than Rome or Naples, Venice or Constantinople! This tiny Republican city stood firm as the rock it is built on, an outpost of Western civilization and culture, holding aloft the banner of the Cross, while all around and past it in the Middle Ages swept the conquering armies of the Crescent.

Bosnia, Herzegovina, Servia, Hungary bowed before them; like a sea they swept up to the very walls of Vienna, but no Moslem hordes ever entered the gates of Ragusa. Within her cloisters the convent bells have sounded daily without intermission since first they hung in their flower-like campaniles and called to prayer.

In the days of Rome's glory, when the Imperial city was the mistress of the world, a

Roman castle stood upon this rock, and down by the shore was a fishing-village—a mere handful of huts secure in the protection of the castle above them.

One day there came to the castle for refuge men of another race, with a tale of wasted homes and murdered kindred, bearing with them in some cases a few treasures or household goods saved from destruction, but most escaping only with their lives. They were Greeks from Epidaurus, which occupied the site where Ragusa Vecchia stands to-day; their little territory had been ravaged by the barbarian Slavs and Avars, who about that time overran Istria and Dalmatia, and reached to the very gates of Constantinople. The poor refugees sought safety on the rocky castle-crowned peninsula; they begged the protection of the garrison, and were not refused, and when the immediate danger was over they decided to remain, and founded a city beneath the castle walls.

There were good workmen among them and skilful artificers, for being Greeks they excelled in the arts of peace; so the fishermen's huts were replaced by the new town of Ragusium,

A STREET IN RAGUSA

which was raised to the dignity of a republic by the charter of their civic freedom the Greeks brought with them, and enjoyed more independence than the republics of the Middle Ages.

Two hundred years later—that is, early in the tenth century — you might have heard Slavish and Latin spoken had you walked in the streets of Ragusa, just as you heard Slavish and Italian to-day; for as times of peace followed times of war, the Greek and Roman inhabitants of Ragusium intermarried with the surrounding Slavs, and so a mixed race sprang up—a people apart from the rest of Dalmatia, who loved to call themselves the Ragusan nation, and are so designated in old official documents relating to diplomatic negotiations of that time.

The Ragusans ever excelled in diplomacy, or they would not have preserved their liberties intact through the centuries. They were far-sighted enough to make a treaty with the Orient to secure trade privileges before the rest of Europe recognized the growing power of the Turk or the value of the Levant trade. They made firm and often powerful friends by

giving the shelter of their strong city to neighbouring rulers in time of war when the tide of battle turned against them, and they prided themselves on giving up no refugee to his enemies, even though they themselves should suffer in his defence!

This chivalrous conduct won the respect and even admiration of their enemies. A sultan of the fourteenth century, Mural II., at the time when Ragusa succoured refugees from Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Albania, flying before his armies, paid the little state, which might so easily thereby have drawn his vengeance on its own head, the tribute of saying, "So hospitable a state can never fall!"

No doubt the religious character which Ragusa always bore had much to do both with her humanity and culture in days when hospitality and chivalry were religious virtues, and the Church the centre of learning. It is the proud boast of the Ragusans that they abolished the slave trade in the fifteenth century, and that a hospital where the sick were tended by Sisters of Mercy existed in the Middle Ages. There are those who have charged them with siding with the strongest because of their many

changes of protectorate. Twice they allied themselves with the Byzantine Empire, and twice with the Republic of Venice, whose rulers, however, they always so mistrusted that they gave a little strip of territory on each side of their city to the Turks to act as a buffer state against the powerful Republic. From the fourteenth to the fifteenth century they were under the protection of Hungary, and when that country and all the surrounding lands came under the banner of the Crescent, Ragusa preserved her independence, and was allowed to stand—a little Christian island in the surrounding sea of Mahommedanism—by paying yearly tribute to the Sultan, thanks to her foresight in imitating the policy of the unjust steward, and making to herself friends of "the mammons of unrighteousness." Under Osman's protection her trade with the Levant became so important that Ragusan merchants were to be found in every large Turkish town, and Ragusan ships in every Turkish port.

On the surface, therefore, the charge of "time serving" seems not to be without ground; but to be just to the Republic one must consider her position. A little frontier

State exciting the cupidity of her enemies and even of her professed friends, by her unique position at the end of the long archipelago of the Illyrian Isles and the beginning of the open sea, with no other port all the way to Corfu, as well as by her wealth. Her first duty was to her citizens, and her only chance of preserving their freedom and ancient rights an alliance with a strong power.

As the balance of power shifted, Ragusa had to shift too. When she discovered that her "protector" was plotting against her liberties, as was the case with Venice at least once, she withdrew her allegiance and sought an ally elsewhere.

The advantages she thus gained were not used selfishly, but freely shared with others; during the period of her alliance with Turkey, she formed the most eastward bulwark of Christendom, and was able to afford protection to the Christians in the surrounding Turkish lands.

Not without personal bravery, as well as diplomacy, did Ragusa maintain her independence. The town was invested by the Saracens from Sicily in the ninth century, and suffered

all the horrors of a siege of that time; but the valiant Ragusans held out for fifteen months. They would probably not have yielded as long as a man was left within the walls; but the allied fleets of the Doge and the Byzantine Emperor came to their assistance and drove the foe back to Bari.

In the twelfth century the Ragusans fought bravely for the Greeks against the Venetians; they readily sent their battleships at all times to the assistance of their friends, among whom were the Spaniards; and, it is said, Ragusan ships sailed with the Spanish Armada. If so, this was fully avenged on our side during the Napoleonic wars, for a member of the oldest patrician family of Ragusa, the Baron Ghetaldi, whose ancestor was rector of Ragusa at the time of the great earthquake, has assured me that we coolly took away his forefathers' ships among others during that period, and thereby dealt a blow at Ragusan trade, from which it never recovered.

It is true we had the excuse that the French flag waved over the citadel beside the Ragusan; but that was the misfortune, not the fault, of the poor citizens, who suffered for the sins of

others in a quarrel not their own. They were, indeed, "between the devil and the deep sea," and had been forced to open these gates to the French general to save their town from destruction. By this they drew on themselves the vengeance of the Russians, to whose help came gladly the then fierce Montenegrins from their mountains, glad of a chance to loot and plunder. Together they burnt the beautiful country houses of the wealthy Ragusan merchants without the walls, and laid waste their pleasant gardens and olive groves. The traces of this wholesale destruction exist to-day in many ruins in the environs of Ragusa, for, alas! with the shipping went the wealth of the town, her ruined nobles and wealthy citizens could not rebuild their homes. So, often in your walks around Ragusa you see a stately doorway with armorial bearings, leading to a wilderness where broken parapets and fountains, maybe a sundial, show what was once a fair garden; and in this wilderness four roofless walls, more or less hidden by a tangle of flowers and climbing plants, for Dame Nature in this land of prodigal vegetation kindly seeks to hide the sad traces of man's destruction.

Sit down in some such garden-wilderness, and picture to yourself what Ragusa was in the zenith of her power, when this was the home of one of her merchant princes, whose ships traded to all lands, whose hospitality was a byword! Picture her busy streets with their forty thousand inhabitants, her harbour filled with shipping, recall her centuries of noble history, and you will not wonder that her patrician families tell you to-day they are Ragusans, not Austrians. You will almost believe what is commonly said, that some of them glory in the fact that they are dying out—too proud to live under foreign rule. Go from these ruins to the little noble churchyard on the lonely promontory of Lapad, where only patricians sleep their last, and every tombstone bears a name famed in Ragusan history. Then say, did not this grand little State deserve a better fate than to be wiped out with a stroke of Napoleon's pen? Was it not base ingratitude to a city that had suffered in his cause to take away her freedom—extreme arrogance for the usurper to declare that the Republic of Ragusa had ceased to exist?

I have told you now a little of the Ragusa of the past!—sufficient, I hope, to awaken your

interest in the Ragusa of the present—that far-away point of Austrian territory which in common with all Dalmatian towns is far more akin to Italy than to its present rulers!

I take it for granted, my reader, that you love beauty and reverence antiquity, that for you old palaces and churches tell again their story of the past; for if such be not the case, it will but weary you to visit Ragusa with me in mind, just as it would bore you to walk its quiet streets and miss the gaiety and bustle of life's great centres if you were actually landed there to-day.

I hope, too, that though you have an interest in art and history, and perhaps a smattering of archæology, you are not learned in any of them, for if so I fear to be your guide! I have but a little knowledge and a great interest in all these things! The world is so wide, its interests so manifold, I hover like the bee from flower to flower, but unlike that industrious insect, find it hard to settle down to extracting all the honey in any one pursuit.

So, with this warning, if you will still come with me, let us pass together under the massive ivy-clad archway of the Porta Pile, one of the

FIFTEENTH CENTURY FOUNTAIN NEAR PORTA PILE, RAGUSA

two entrances to the city ; but pause a moment to look up at its frowning bastions and ancient watch-tower. It is all just as it was in the Middle Ages, excepting that the bridge before the portal has replaced the old drawbridge !

Through this gateway passes all day long a stream of life, peasants from the surrounding mountain valleys so picturesquely clad that I must draw your attention more closely to them. When you see a man in a red cap or turban, a gold-embroidered vest and short red jacket, with full blue knickers and Turkish-looking shoes, you will know that this gorgeous individual hails from the Breno valley, and his womenkind are just as delightful, with their gay-hued 'kerchiefs quaintly folded round their heads, so that the ends hang down behind, their finely pleated full skirts edged with a gay-coloured border, and worn short to show the white stockings beneath. Their bodices are adorned with ornaments of fine gold filigree. On Sundays, when the ladies have no market baskets to carry, you will find them promenading with fans, after the manner of the Spanish women they are said to resemble.

The women of the valley of Canale are good to know by their white pleated caps; if you are acquainted with the head-dress of the peasants of the Roman Campagna, the likeness to the latter will strike you at once; but if you can peep under the head-covering of the Canalese, you will find a quaint little round cap, not unlike that of the women of Herzegovina. The latter are the most un-European-looking figures imaginable, with their white veils surmounted by the tiny caps, the latter always adorned on Sundays and *fêtes* with flowers, and the veils fastened by silver pins joined by chains. They have white garments of coarse linen, and curiously woven aprons of many colours. This Oriental-looking garb suits their dark-haired Slavish type. The men of Herzegovina wear the Turkish fez, but are less often seen in the streets of Ragusa than the women.

You cannot hope to master all the intricacies of the various costumes, which differ for married and unmarried women as well as according to the station of the individual, unless you spend months in studying them, and even then when you have learnt to discriminate

HERZEGOVINIANS SEEN IN RAGUSA

between the more common ones, strangers from the surrounding peoples, from Bosnia, Montenegro, and Albania, will come into Ragusa and puzzle you.

It is best just to revel in the wealth of colour, to feast your eyes upon it as a memory that will be precious when you return to the sombre black-coated throngs of great cities! You might well spend hours at this portal watching the procession of passers-by, among whom the dark figures of the priests, the white robes of the Benedictine monks, and the brown habits of the Franciscan friars are frequent; but I want you to follow me through the winding way within the walls to the Franciscan Monastery with its ancient pharmacy, the third oldest in Europe, dating from A.D. 1307. Many a collector of old pottery has looked with envy at its precious vases, which held the herbs and simples of the monks from earliest times; museums have offered large sums for them, but, to the honour of the Franciscans be it said, they will not let them go. It is remarkable that they survived the great fire following the terrible earthquake of 1667, by which the valuable library and church treasures were

destroyed. The cloisters are delightful with their octagonal shaped pillars and capitals carved in representations of curious beasts, and do not fail to notice the ancient sarcophagus of the family Gozzi, whose lowly estate of Canosa, with its giant plane trees, you will visit from Ragusa.

On my last visit to the cloisters, dark red roses bloomed in the little garden by the statue of St. Francis, and mingled their breath with that of the orange blossom, which covered the great tree in one corner of the cloisters. Tradition says that the first monastery, which stood outside the walls, was founded by the saint himself, that the monks were driven thence in time of war to one of the neighbouring isles, and finally settled in their present home early in the fourteenth century, where they amassed great treasures. To-day there is little of interest in the interior of the church, imagination must help us to picture how it looked when the high altar was of silver, adorned with many statues of that precious metal, and priceless pictures hung upon the walls. It is only one of many places in which we are reminded that the glory of Ragusa is departed.

COURT OF THE OLD PHARMACY OF FRANCISCAN MONASTERY IN RAGUSA

OLD POTTERY IN SAN FRANCISCAN PHARMACY, RAGUSA

Perhaps you will hardly believe this as you stand at one end of the Stradone—at once the Corso and High Street of Ragusa—it looks so bright and gay with its picturesquely clad populace, its goldsmiths' and silversmiths' shops, where are fashioned the filigree ornaments, often very beautiful and costly, which the peasants wear, the rich display of Oriental wares, carpets and embroideries hung outside the shops of Albanese and Herzegovina merchants—the wide, clean, attractive street does not suggest a city whose life is past, for this is the newest of the streets of Ragusa, rebuilt after the great earthquake of 1667, in which no less than four thousand persons perished, among them so many nobles of Ragusa's "Golden Book," that afterwards burghers had to be admitted to the Government. You must go to the side streets to look for palaces, that are palaces no more, with balconies overhanging the narrow streets whence ladies fluttered handkerchiefs or rained flowers on their favoured knights, in olden days, bidding them "God speed" when they went forth to battle or "welcome" on their return from the fray.

In the Middle Ages a canal of sea water ran

where we stand to-day, cutting the city in two, and isolating the castle on an island for purpose of defence—later this was filled up, and the nobles and wealthy burghers who survived the earthquake rebuilt their homes on either side of the Stradone and made it the pleasant place it is to-day.

The most interesting building in the Corso is the Dogana, which played a great part in the life of the Republic, for it was not only the custom house, as it still is, but also the ancient mint; in the upper rooms the nobles of Ragusa met for social gatherings, and two distinguished literary societies assembled, whose fame has gone far beyond Dalmatia, that of the Concordi, which concerned itself principally with Italian literature and the Academy of the Oziosi, which founded the Slav theatre, of which Guinio Palmotta (Palmotic in the Slav language) was the moving spirit.

"Here must often have been seen the mathematicians Ghetaldi and Boscovich, whose European reputation reflected such honour on their country, Elio Lampridio, Cerva, the poet laureate, Archbishop Beccatello, the correspondent of our English Cardinal Pole and the

S. DOORWAY FRANCISCAN CHURCH, RAGUSA

friend of Michelangelo Buonarroti, who addressed to him a sonnet and the other illustrious Ragusans who earned for their little republic the title of the Dalmatian Athens." *

Not alone though for its memories is the Dogana of interest, but also for the beauty of the building, with its charming loggia and Venetian Gothic windows, which, though of many periods, makes a delightful whole.

It faces the piazza, which is the heart of Ragusa's life to-day, just as it was when the banner of the Republic still waved from its flagstaff and the bell in the Campanile summoned the citizens to the palace of the Rector. Here the townspeople and country-folk entering the city through the Porta Ploce, beneath the clock-tower which overshadows the Dogana, come together to gossip and bargain, and some, it seems, judging by the picturesque reposeful figures on the stone steps, to idle away the sunny hours.

The clock-tower, alas! is doomed; it may be it exists no more, for the edict for its destruction had gone forth when I left Ragusa † on

* Jackson's "Dalmatia," vol. ii. p. 362.

† May, 1906.

account of its leaning from the perpendicular, the result of an earthquake shock some years ago. The Austrian Government, taking warning from the fall of the Campanile in Venice, decided that it was a menace to public safety; but intended to rebuild it with the old stones as before; for without the "Torre d'Orologio," where the quaint bronze figures used to strike the hours, Ragusa would not be herself.

Hard by the clock-tower is a lovely fountain of Onofrio de la Cava, where the women of Ragusa come to fill their drinking vessels, and pigeons flutter round just as they do in the great piazza before St. Mark's at Venice; and still a little further is the jewel among Ragusa's buildings—her crowning architectural glory, the Rector's palace.

Those are to be envied who come here without knowing what awaits them; so that this lovely poem in stone bursts unexpectedly upon their vision, startling them into sudden realization of the manner of men who dwelt there and raised this glorious pile to be the centre-stone of their civic life. The building has had many vicissitudes since the castle which once stood here was removed to make way for the first

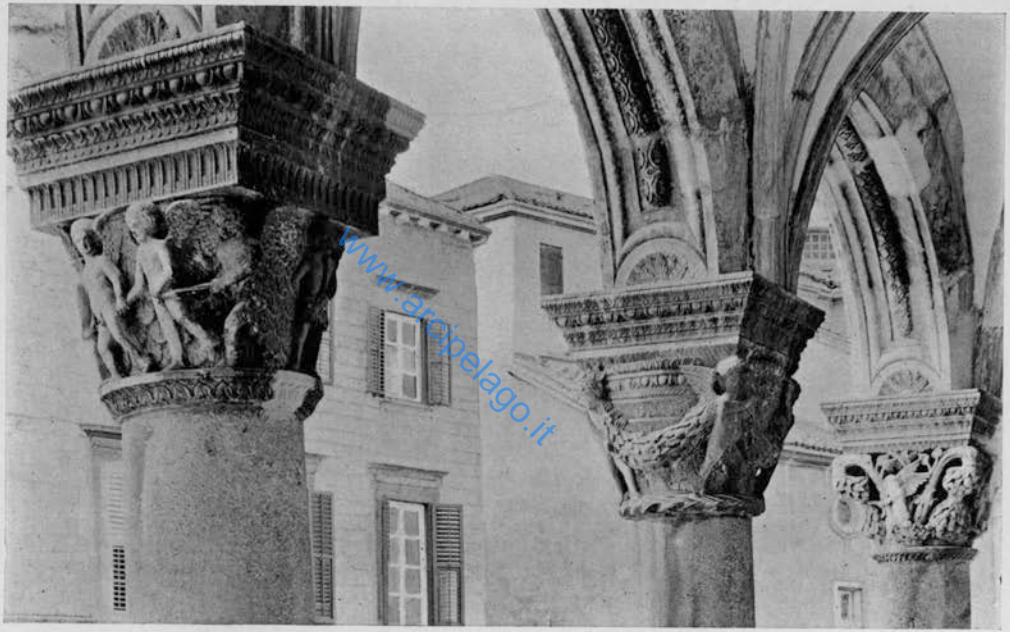
A STREET SCENE IN RAGUSA

palace in 1388. This, however, was destroyed by fire shortly afterwards, for which the Ragusans had to thank their own folly in the proximity of a powder magazine which exploded; but they rose to the occasion, and determined to rebuild it with greater magnificence. Onofrio, the Neapolitan, was the architect to whom the task was entrusted, and some of his work remains (how much is a point on which authorities differ); but the second palace shared the fate of the first, and fell a victim to the flames. For the rebuilding this time, an architect was taken whose tastes inclined not to the Gothic, like Onofrio's, but to the Renaissance, none other but Michelozzo, the pupil of Donatello, and designer of the Palazzo Riccardi at Florence; but he was assisted by a Dalmatian, Giorgio Orsini, who is said to have finished the work alone. Without going too deeply into the question of which portions of the building belong to 1435 or which to the later period, it is interesting to notice that the famous Æsculapius capital, one of seven in the Loggia, is described by a fifteenth-century writer, De Diversis, who had been an eye-witness of the first fire, and so is undoubtedly Onofrio's work. The columns

on which the capitals rest, he says, were brought by sea from Curzola, and the figures of Æsculapius were carved upon one of them at the suggestion of Nicolo de Laziri the poet, because the patron of the healing art was a native of Ragusa. An epitaph to him was also carved upon the wall.

Most authorities agree that four of the capitals, including the Æsculapius one, are of Onofrio's work, and the other three later and inferior.

It is marvellous that the great earthquake of April 6, 1667, which destroyed the Duomo of that time and buried five thousand citizens in the ruins did not cause more damage to the palace, and that so much of the early work has survived fire and earthquake. The doorway leading from the loggia to the interior, for instance, with its exquisite carvings, is said to be Onofrio's, and the walls of the loggia, if not the whole portico, as well as the lovely Venetian Gothic windows; though it is said they were loosened by the shock, and the stones taken out and reset. Perhaps the most ancient piece of work in the whole palace is the Byzantine knocker on one of the great doors in the form of a lion's head, of which no one seems to know the date.



CAPITALS OF THE LOGGIA, RECTOR'S PALACE, RAGUSA

But, after all, to the unlearned it is not the details of a building that impress, but the whole!

I cannot bring before you the beauty of the Rector's palace by telling you of dates, nor of architectural periods.

I want you rather to imagine you are standing with me before a building that recalls just a little, on a smaller scale, the Palace of the Doge at Venice—a building that in its noble proportions expresses the dignity of the noble Republic that gave it birth. That you see the sunshine gilding its carven stone, throwing into strong relief the perfect symmetry of its gleaming pillars against the dark shadow of the arches. Nay! Carry your imagination yet a little further if you can, till you see the marble benches occupied by the Rector, and the Great Council in their magnificent robes of office, and the piazza before the palace thronged with a great multitude—a glowing mass of colour in the southern sun. Then you will divine, perhaps, far off and dimly, something of the poetry and romance that clings around the Rector's palace.

Alas, that Richard Cœur de Lion's Duomo,

with its rich mosaics, priceless carvings, reredos, and figures of the Virgin of solid silver, perished in the earthquake of 1667.

According to the old chroniclers, it must have been the most magnificent building of its period in Dalmatia. Something of its outward form we know from the little model of Ragusa in the hand of the statue of St. Biagio, the patron saint of the city, whose skull is preserved in a marvellous inlaid casket in the treasury, of which I will tell you more when we come thither, for it is quite unique.

St. Biagio, sometimes called St. Blaise, an Asiatic bishop, replaced St. Sergius as protector of the city in the tenth century owing to the following incident.

A pilgrim had come to Ragusa from Armenia bearing with him the saint's head; there the bishop appeared to him in a dream, telling him to warn the inhabitants of an impending attack by the Venetians; the Ragusans who, through the timely warning, were able to save their city, in gratitude appointed St. Biagio their patron, and have rendered him great honour ever since.

The present cathedral was built in the seventeenth century. Its most striking feature is a

COURT OF THE RECTOR'S PALACE (RAGUSA)

fine cupola, which adds beauty to the town from afar, and though some authorities have said it is architecturally worthless, as a comparatively modern building, it is, at least, pleasing to the eye of the uninitiated. Over the high altar is a picture of the Ascension, attributed to Titian, and a Madonna is shown as Rafael's, but may be a copy. Here, too, is an Ecce Homo of Andrea del Sarto, and an interesting early Flemish triptych in the style of Memling, which accompanied the Ragusan ambassadors (who alone had the privilege of hearing Mass in Turkey) on their journeys in the Orient.

The bishop's throne, too, is worth noticing, for it was once the Rector's, and was brought from the palace; and there is a Byzantine lectern bearing the eagle of the eastern Roman Empire.

To see the famous treasury, permission has to be obtained beforehand, but it is now fortunately easily accorded on certain days; far different was it formerly when you had to gaze through iron bars at the treasures in their niches afar off. But even to-day opening the treasury is not without ceremony; no less than three keys are necessary to unlock the ponderous

iron door which closes the treasure chamber. One is in the keeping of the bishop, one of the Commune, and one of the treasurers of the church, and their representatives have to be present. The different relics in their jewelled caskets are shown one by one by a priest who stands behind a dividing bar like an altar rail; he kindly allowed us to handle them, and most carefully explained something of the history and value of each one.

I have told you already of the enamelled casket containing the skull of St. Biagio, long said to be made out of the Byzantine imperial crown of the twelfth century and priceless in value; but this theory has been dissipated by Mr. Jackson, who had opportunities for studying it closely, and discovered when drawing from its designs that some little lines of twisted gold which look at first sight like a part of the pattern are in reality the date 1694.

From this he argues that in its present form it is only a little over two hundred years old, but that the Byzantine work upon it is part of an older casket of the date usually attributed to it! Others since Mr. Jackson's discovery have thought that 1694 may be the date at which it

was repaired after being damaged by the earthquake which buried all the church treasures in the ruins! But whatever be its age and history, the casket is of exquisite workmanship, lovely alike in colouring and design.

Besides the skull of St. Biagio, his hand and foot are here preserved, the first enclosed in a hollow hand of gold of more than life size, worked with enamel and set with precious stones, the second in a covering of gold filigree. Another curiosity of the Ragusan treasury is a silver ewer and basin ornamented with sea creatures and plants which are found in the neighbourhood of Ragusa; so marvellously life-like that the creeping things almost seem to move as you watch them. The story is that this remarkable set was intended for a gift to the Hungarian king Mathias Corvinus from the Republic, and was so curiously ornamented to represent the maritime town, but the king died before the arrival of the ambassadors, and they therefore brought back the basin and ewer to Ragusa. This account is hardly borne out by the workmanship of the pieces; however, experts differ, some saying they are Ragusan work of the fifteenth century, and others that

the mark they bear is that of a Nuremberg silversmith who lived two centuries later.

These are but the most notable of the church treasures. I was shown so many in so short a time that bewilderment was the result. The leg and arm cases of silver are very numerous, and once a year they are all carried in procession round the town. If Ragusa had nothing of interest beside her famous treasury, art lovers would still count it worth the long journey to see.

When your brain is weary from overmuch sightseeing, I know no place so restful to turn into as the cloisters of some old monastery. So from the treasury, I went for refreshment to the Dominican cloisters, and thither I want to take you now. With the cloisters in the Franciscan monastery I have already made you acquainted, and I know not which I prefer. The Dominican cloisters have a Venetian well, and a tracery above the arches is in the style of the Venetian Gothic. On one side is a little balcony, on which occasionally a white-robed monk appears, while others come now and then for water to the well—the sunshine throwing into strong relief their white draperies against

IN THE CLOISTERS OF THE DOMINICAN MONASTERY (RAGUSA)

the dark green foliage of the orange trees which grow in the court. The old grey walls shut out all the noises of the town beyond them, though this is one of its busiest quarters by the Porta Ploce, and the silence is only broken by the buzzing of bees amongst the flowers and the chime of the convent bells.

When you have rested sufficiently in this retreat, you must visit the church, which has suffered from restoration as well as from fire and earthquake, if only to see the paintings of Ragusa's greatest artist, Nicolo Ragusano, who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, and whose work you will meet elsewhere in Ragusa. On the left of the high altar is St. Blasius holding the model of Ragusa in his hand, with the Virgin and Child, St. Paul, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Augustine. In the other painting of Nicolo, St. Nicolas—his own special patron and that of the Slavs—is represented with other saints. All the faces in these paintings are most expressive—the style that of the Italian School some fifty years before Nicolo's time, which shows that the arts in Dalmatia did not keep pace with the opposite shores of the Adriatic.

The Dominican monks' greatest treasure is a veritable Titian, in which the Magdalen is represented with St. Biagio; it was the gift of a certain Count Pozza, who is shown kneeling in one corner, and evidently painted specially for this church.

Before leaving you must notice the great Byzantine crucifix before the altar, which was placed there during the awful plague of 1348 to stay its ravages.

In the sacristy sleep many patricians and famous men of Ragusa beneath the ancient pavement, which is composed of well-worn grave-stones, and here is another painting of Nicolo Ragusano's over the altar. The Dominicans have always been famed for their learning, and were the proud possessors of the first printing press in Dalmatia. Their library is still famous, though it has suffered by fire, for its hand-illuminated manuscripts and old Slavish works. But they could fight as well as work, and were in the days of the Republic entrusted with the defence of Porta Ploce, as the Franciscans with that of Porta Pile, and every noble with that of his own particular tower in the city walls.

CITY WALLS OF RAGUSA WITH MINCETA TOWER

You must make the circuit of the city upon those walls to realize how well-nigh impregnable were those ancient fortifications before the days of modern armaments, and the danger to which this far outpost of Western civilization was exposed to make them necessary. To stand upon the walls by moonlight looking over the sleeping city and to see the dark towers guarding its repose, is to imagine that the armies of Mahomet may be now creeping up to them, and almost to listen for the watchman's alarm and the call to arms! Then you turn your eyes seawards to the wooded isle of Lacroma, dark against the shining water, and imagination carries you yet further back into the centuries! The sea is no more shining—but dark with storm—the sounds of waves thundering on the rocks is in your ears, and in the midst you see a ship, helpless in the trough of the sea, carried ever nearer and nearer to destruction on the cruel rocks—the forms of men are clinging to the masts, they have come from the Holy Land, where they vanquished the Turk, only to be in turn vanquished by the sea, and one of them is the lion-hearted king of England! There is a crash and the cry of strong men in despair, and

then no ship, but only a dark hulk and floating spars and human forms battling with the waves, some of which sink beneath while others reach the shore !

You have seen the shipwreck of the vessel which carried our King Richard and his soldiers of the Cross, and one of those who reached the shore was a monarch, who afterwards built the monastery on Lacroma and the first cathedral of Ragusa in token of gratitude for his deliverance.

But now the vision fades—the sea is smooth again, the moon shines in a cloudless sky, and you go home to rest, and dream perhaps again of Ragusa's stirring past.

ROUND ABOUT RAGUSA

YOU can spend weeks at Ragusa and find new walks every day! You will climb maybe to where twelve hundred feet and more above the city walls Monte Sergio crowned by the Fort Imperial watches over Ragusa: the upward way is toilsome, but it repays!

From this dizzy height the mediæval city lies like a toy town far beneath. Seawards on a clear day all the islands of the South Dalmatian archipelago are visible; landwards are the wild highlands of Herzegovina.

But most enchanting of all the walks around Ragusa are those on the peninsula called Lapad—all but an island in form—which lies between the Bay of Gravosa, where the steamer lands you for Ragusa, and that of Dance. Some one has said, that if the Roman poet, who sang so sweetly of Sermioni on Lake Garda, had seen Lapad, he would have found it worthier of his lyre.

No poet that I know of has written of Lapad, but a little bit of its exquisite beauty transferred to canvas by a master hand hung this year on the Royal Academy walls.

It may be, in the future, artists will discover it and make it the fashion, but I think not, for lovely Lapad lies too far from the world's highways for its solitudes to be easily invaded. Long may it rest wrapped in its ancient peace!

Thanks to the new road made by the generosity of Prince Lichtenstein, the peninsula can now be visited by carriage, but the drive, beautiful as it is, gives but a glimpse of the whole. If you would see all of beauty that Lapad can offer, you must follow the footpaths which intersect the pine forest in all directions; you must visit the garden wildernesses surrounding the ruined villas which have lain waste since the dark days of 1806; you must see the yet inhabited idyllic homes on Lapad of a few remaining nobles of Ragusa, such as the Villas Bravacic and Gondola; and you must climb at sunset to the hermit chapel of San Biagio, or better still, through dark pine woods, which open now and then to give you a glimpse of the blue water far below, ascend to the summit

of Monte Petka. The sunsets here are glorious ; the whole coast is visible from Punta d'Ostro to Stagno, and after a fine day, coast, islands, rocks, and sea are bathed in golden light, which changes, as the sun dips to the horizon, to every delicate gradation of rainbow colouring, while here and there on the headlands dark pines and cypress trees are sharply silhouetted against the light.

But in my admiration for Lapad, I must not withhold a meed of praise from other lovely spots where it is due! I have in mind a little lonely chapel by the seashore, which is a picture ready made for an artist's brush; and I should be no good guide did I not take you to the ruined convent of San Giacomo.

Like Cannosa to the north of Ragusa, San Giacomo to the south, owing to its sheltered position, is a garden paradise.

Here grows the locust tree, here flowering aloes rear their giant blooms upward to the sky, here oleanders shower their pink blossoms over the old grey walls, and ivy wraps them lovingly around, while palms wave over them. Dark cypress trees mingled with gnarled olives rise behind the convent, and still higher the

mountains form a sheltering wall. Below, the rocks clothed with all manner of creepers and flowering shrubs, slope to the sea beneath, and over the blue water your eye travels to the fairy isle of Lacroma!

You will not be content with having seen lovely Lacroma from across the water. You will most assuredly want to visit the convent which was once the home of the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and after him of his equally unfortunate nephew, Prince Rudolf, and to walk in the lovely though now neglected gardens full of such sad memories of their past possessors.

It is easy to wax superstitious about Lacroma, to think that its possession brings ill luck, when you muse on the untimely fate that has overtaken two of its owners, and, perhaps, it was with some such feeling that the Emperor Francis Joseph gave it back to the Church. The monastery of the Middle Ages had fallen into disuse, and lay in ruins before it was rebuilt for a residence of the house of Hapsburg, but now once more the convent bell rings out across the water, and dark-robed monks are the only occupants of the princely pleasure-house.

In any less favoured clime the woods of

ilex, which cover the island, might be gloomy; but here their shade is grateful, and the paths which intersect them are singularly charming. Nature is prodigal on Lacroma, and many flowers and plants grow wild which are the pampered darlings of our greenhouses at home. There is hardly any time of year, except it be when the earth lies parched and panting under the midsummer sun, that you will not find a profusion of blossoms on this favoured isle; roses run riot among the palms and aloes, myrtle and rosemary and the heavy fragrance of the oleander scent the air even in mid-winter.

From the enchanting gardens it is but a few steps to where the waves dash upon the rocks with a noise like thunder, which echoes in the caves beneath. There is a spot upon the north side, where the cliff descends precipitously to the sea, that has tragic memories, for this, according to tradition, was the Tarpeian rock of Ragusa, where criminals guilty of treason or sacrilege were thrown into the sea.

It is worth while to tell your boatman to row you leisurely round the island before you leave it; to pass under the natural arch and see the great grotto, a curious hollow made in the

cliffs by the action of the waves; to land in the little bays and examine the many beautiful and curious shells to be found there, among them the lovely pearly shell the Italians have christened by the quaint name of St. Peter's ear. Or you may dismiss your boatman with orders to return some hours later, and explore the island in leisurely fashion, visiting the dismantled fort erected by the French, from which there is a lovely view, and the white cross which recalls the loss of an Austrian man-of-war in 1859. You may, if you will, return by a little steam-launch which plies between Lacroma and the mainland, but this way is not so restful, and gives you little time to feast your eyes on the walls and towers of Ragusa, which make such a wonderful picture from the sea.

There is another garden within half a day's excursion from Ragusa, which surpasses in beauty even that of Lacroma, and must on no account be missed by garden lovers. It is part of the old domain of Count Gozze at Cannosa, to which I have already alluded, and can be reached either by driving or by steam-launch, which latter way we chose to see the coast.

GIANT PLANE TREES AT CANOSA

Count Gozze's charming villa stands on a height above the sea, and from the primitive landing-stage by a delightful path between laurel and bay trees, olives, and pomegranates, we climbed up to it to present our letter of introduction; but the Count was not at home, so through the delicious gardens of his sylvan retreat we made our way to see the great sight of Cannosa, the giant plane trees, which have stood here from times so far back that there seems to be no record of their age.

The mightiness of the larger tree is something stupendous. The trunk is twenty-five paces round above the roots where it emerges from the ground; the branches spread out horizontally for thirty to forty paces and then bend upwards, and the whole space shaded by the trees is large enough for a ballroom, being something like sixty-five paces across. Little tables for refreshments are spread in the shade, and the human beings who sit there eating and drinking look like midgets beside the giants, so out of all proportion are they to the ordinary comparative dimensions of men and trees.

I noticed a marble tablet recording the visit of the Austrian Emperor to Cannosa in 1875,

and the admiration he expressed for these monarchs among trees, and in Count Gozze's garden I was shown a chestnut on the trunk of which the Emperor Maximilian carved his initials and those of his wife, when he was still archduke, and had his home on Lacroma.

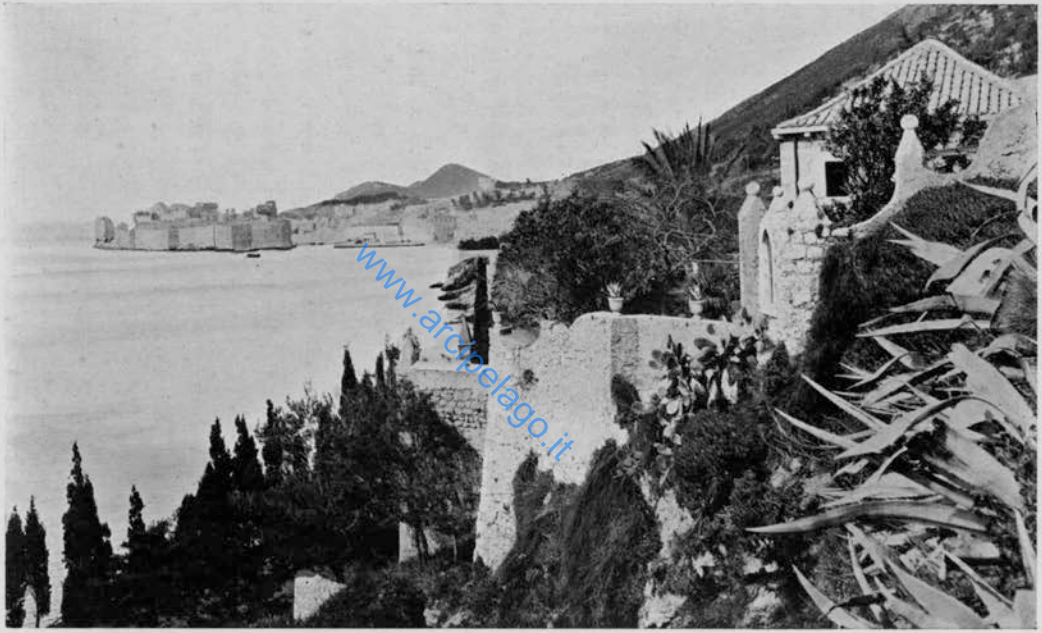
Many have been the visitors to Cannosa, from the days of Ragusa's glory when more than one Gozze was Rector of the Republic, and in the heats of midsummer the Senate assembled in this garden. The house, too, is a museum full of all things, rich and rare, to rejoice the heart of an antiquarian. We had a glimpse of its treasures, for its kindly courteous owner returned just before our departure, but it was only a glimpse, for the steam-launch was waiting, and we were unable to accept the cordial invitation we received to pay another visit to this lovely spot. Long there lingered in my memory a picture of a long low house on a sunny terrace watched over by an ancient ilex tree which has stood here for six centuries, of hedges of flowering cactus, of golden oranges against a deep blue sky, of spotless magnolia blossoms shining out against their dark foliage; all this with scent of violets in the air, humming of insects, and the gentle

murmur of the waves below, rises before me at the name of Cannosa.

The excursion to the source of the Ombla river is sometimes combined with a visit to the great trees by energetic people, who have the whole day to devote to it, as the mouth of the Ombla is passed soon after leaving Gravosa. It may be that some minds are capable of receiving and retaining many impressions in a short space of time, and giving a just measure of appreciation to all; but personally I prefer to let one picture sink into my memory before I replace it by another, just as I find a painting gains infinitely by being seen in a room to itself instead of a crowded gallery. Acting on this principle of seeing leisurely one thing at a time, we went another day by carriage to the Ombla. It is a charming drive through beautiful Gravosa, where some ruined villas recall the destruction wrought by the Montenegrins and Russians in the last century, and along the banks of the river to its source, which is one of Nature's curiosities rather than Nature's beauties, though the scene is majestic. The river rushes forth from beneath a mighty wall of rock, no stripling, like other rivers at their

source, but full grown, perhaps eighty feet or more in breadth. Like many streams of the Karst, it has doubtless had its course underground long before emerging into the light of day. It precipitates itself over a weir and broadens into a sheet of calm still water with reed-fringed banks, and then flows onward to the sea some four miles distant. A remarkable feature of this river is its very short course. I found the stream in the Val di Breno—which is of the same nature, but less in volume—more picturesque as in its short course it forms some little islands and miniature waterfalls. It is what artists would call a paintable river, with tree-shaded banks; the bit by the beautiful old moss-grown mill calls aloud for some one to immortalize it on canvas. Our camera recorded what it could of this delightful stream, but the colours, alas! are lacking which lent half the charm.

The inhabitants of the Val di Breno are very prosperous, for there are few valleys of Dalmatia so fertile. They are, too, well-favoured people, and the women in particular are noted for their beauty, set off by their charming costume, which I mentioned as often seen in the streets of Ragusa.



RAGUSA FROM THE COAST ROAD TO S. GIACOMO

The valley is reached by a coast road of surpassing beauty. We drove back towards sunset, and saw before us the mediæval walls and towers of Ragusa first bathed in rosy light, then silhouetted against a glowing sky, and Lacroma a dark spot upon a shining sea! Very often I took this road, or one beneath it, leading in the same direction to the ruined monastery of St. Giacomo at the sunset hour, and watched from among the palms and flowering aloes which fringe the way the pageant of sky and sea.

At Ragusa you are close to the border of Herzegovina, and a drive of a few hours takes you to Trebinje within the Orient.

We started betimes on this excursion before the freshness of early morning had vanished under the sun's rays; following the coast road and leaving the idyllic Breno valley, clad in its May verdure far below, we ascended gradually into the barren Karst, where from the highest point of the road we could feast our eyes on the wonderful views extending to the sea on one side, and to the highlands of Montenegro on the other.

Fleecy clouds drifting overhead in the

summer sky cast purple shadows on the blue mountains, and in the distance the snow still lying on the highest peaks caught the sun's rays and glistened like silver.

It is but a very little while, as the history of nations is counted, since Herzegovina passed from Moslem rule, and the Turkish forts along the road to Trebinje are left just as they were during the hundreds of years of Ottoman dominion, but now occupied by Austrian troops.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the mountain pass leading to Trebinje bristles with forts new and old, some protected by wire entanglements, such as were used for the block-houses during the Boer war. One such beside the road we greatly desired to photograph, but as the sentry seemed to be casting a suspicious eye on our party, we thought it discreet to leave it till our return journey, and first ask our friend, Lieut.-Colonel Lilienhoff of the Trebinje garrison—with whom we were lunching—if we could take a picture of the fort with impunity. Alas! his answer was a very decided negative, so, though strongly tempted to try a snapshot on the quiet, we refrained. Cameras, indeed, are

regarded with great suspicion at Trebinje, even though used for the innocent purpose of taking pictures of the bazaars and native costumes, and no one is allowed to carry one without permission from the Commandant, though it must be admitted this is readily and courteously accorded.

The old town remains Turkish to all intents and purposes to-day, but by its side a modern quarter has sprung up since the Austrian occupation, which boasts an hotel and very European-looking houses and shops. The Turkish cemetery by a radical change has become the town park, where the little fashionable world of Trebinje, consisting of the officers and their wives, saunters under the trees, and discusses the gossip of the garrison and the news of the greater world from which they feel themselves so far away.

Under the present Government energetic measures are being taken to improve the surroundings of the town by planting the lower slopes of the barren mountains with trees, and tobacco is largely cultivated. Vineyards, too, are to be seen, and occasional patches of corn, but the torrid heat of summer and the lack of

water place great difficulties in the way of cultivation, and the young plantations have to be watered by the soldiers as a military duty.

Even Turkish Trebinje has gained in cleanliness by coming into touch with European standards, but its picturesqueness remains.

Our visit was on a Friday, and as we sauntered down the main street all the male population were engaged in ablutions preparatory to visiting the mosques. The feet-washing was a wonderfully simple performance. A little water poured over each foot sufficed, and it was then stuck up against the house wall to drain and dry in the sun. This accomplished, began the long procession to the mosque of men of all ages, from hoary-headed grandfathers to mere boys.

At noon came the call of the muezzin from the minaret—half-prayer, half-chant, not wholly unmusical, and altogether melancholy—

"Allah is good, and Mahomet is His prophet."

We had been warned of the dire penalties awaiting the stranger who pollutes a mosque with his presence at the hour of prayer, but my husband entered without opposition, and I

witnessed the genuflexions and final prostrations of the men in a small mosque, which is partly open to the street, quite plainly from without.

But my most interesting experience in Oriental Trebinje was a visit paid with the wife of Colonel Lilienhoff to the harem of an influential Turk who had shortly before taken to himself a wife. The bride, whose social importance may be gauged by the fact that she travelled by special train from her father's house at Sarajevo to Trebinje on her wedding-day, was a girl of perhaps sixteen, gorgeous in yellow flowered satin, made with the traditional full trousers that I hear the women in the harems of Constantinople are now rejecting in favour of Paris fashions. She wore a quantity of jewellery, including a necklace of heavy gold coins, which must have been uncomfortably weighty, and similar coins were suspended from her tiny cap, sewn all over with seed pearls, of all of which trinkets we expressed our admiration. She may have been happy, but her sad little painted face and lack-lustre eyes did not bespeak it, and her beauty did not certainly come up to what I had been led to expect in the veiled women.

In this house the customs of East and West met, for the apartment in which we were received contained some stiff-backed continental chairs, which were offered to us as the seats of honour, as well as the usual divans. Conversation was difficult, as our hostess spoke only Servian, and her lord and master had to act as interpreter. His views seemed remarkably liberal for an Oriental, as he told us he would not personally object to his wives going unveiled in the street, but in such a little place as Trebinje such a proceeding would be considered scandalous, though in Constantinople opinion inclined to greater freedom for women. We made our adieux after imbibing the sweetest of lemonade and some thimblefuls of black coffee, and when the doors closed behind us I thanked God that, being born a woman, I did not first see the light in the Orient.

IN THE BOCCHE DI CATTARO

WHEN you enter the Bocche, you will fancy that a Norwegian fjord somehow lost its way at the creation of the world and strayed into Southern waters. The narrow entrance between the threatening forts—where the waves lash themselves in fury on the cruel rocks—gives no hint of the extent of the lake-like sea within this forbidding portal, nor of the smiling beauty of its green banks. From Punta d'Ostra, the extreme end of the long narrow strip of land which forms a natural breakwater on which the lighthouse stands, to Cattaro, the most important place on the Bocche, is a distance of twelve miles as the crow flies; but the distance by steamer, which has to follow the windings of the fjord, is nearly double, and even then you will not explore the innermost recesses of the four bays into which this inland sea divides itself.

To do this you must take one of the small

local steamers which ply between the various little towns and villages on the Bocche, or hire a boat manned by stalwart rowers, if the times of the steamers do not suit.

The first stopping-place of the express boats is Castelnuovo, a most enchanting spot, which for picturesqueness and sheer beauty it would be hard to beat on the shores of the Adriatic. Mediæval fortifications and walls showing the rents made by siege and earthquake, are girt about with greenest of woods and overgrown with luxuriant creepers and flowering plants.

The old Turkish forts, grey as the rocks they are built on, are reflected in the mirrorlike water beneath. A little to the north is Fort Spagnuolo, with its towers silhouetted against the sky, on a commanding height. It has its name from the tradition that the Spaniards built it; but an Arabic inscription on the door of the fortress ascribes it to the Turks in 1548, and other inscriptions relating to the times of Ottoman dominion are to be seen on one of the town gates and an ancient well.

The history of the Bocche is that of much fighting; for centuries the Venetians contended

OLD TURKISH FORTS AT CASTLENUOVO

here with the Turk. It seems to be the fate of this lovely land to be never far from war's alarms, for to-day its hillsides bristle with forts, and your harmless camera is "taboo" as soon as your steamer sights Punta d'Ostra and as long as you remain in the Bocche, whether on board or ashore.

Trusting that our letter from the Governor of Dalmatia, instructing all officials to assist us, would be sufficient to make an exception in our favour, we went boldly forth one morning at Cattaro with the camera well in evidence, and took some pictures under the very noses of the military; only on our return to the steamer on which we had slept on our way further south, were we warned by the ship's officers that we had narrowly escaped being put under lock and key, from which the civil authorities could only have rescued us after many formalities. On this, we called on the commander of the garrison, showing our introductions; but he, though courteous, was adamant, and the camera had to go to bed.

Another person in authority, whom we met subsequently, however, at Castelnuovo, seemed to read his instructions differently, for he not

only gave us permission to photograph anything (except modern forts) in and around that place, but told us, with a twinkle in his eye, that a sergeant had come to him a few days previously bursting with importance for instructions to arrest our humble selves (who had been loitering in a suspicious manner upon the quay with the little black box that caused all the trouble), and he had told the over-zealous soldier to look the other way!

But I have wandered far away from the history of the Bocche, which goes back to the days when the Illyrian Queen Teuta fled from her capital at Scutari to these shores before the avenging Roman armies, after she had put Cæsar's envoys to death. Sixty years later, B.C. 168, the last King of Illyria was carried prisoner to Rome, and the Bocche became part of the Roman province of Prævalitana. Some few antiquities found at Cattaro seem to show that the town of Ascrivium occupied that site. At the partition of the Roman Empire, Southern Dalmatia became subject to Constantinople, was conquered by the Goths early in the sixth century, but recovered by the Emperor Justinian in 527.

THE HARBOUR OF CASTLENUOVO (BOCCHI DI CATTARO

In the tenth century the Bocche, together with Servia and Montenegro and the country round the Lake of Scutari, formed the kingdom of Dioclea under the protection of the Byzantine Empire. The province of that name to-day is so called from the ruins of the ancient capital on the shores of the Lake of Scutari, where many Roman coins (now in the possession of the Prince of Montenegro) have been found. In 1173 a certain Stephan Nemanja took Cattaro, fortified it, and built himself a palace within the walls. His son and successor founded the Greek bishopric of Dioclea, or, as it was later called, Zeta.

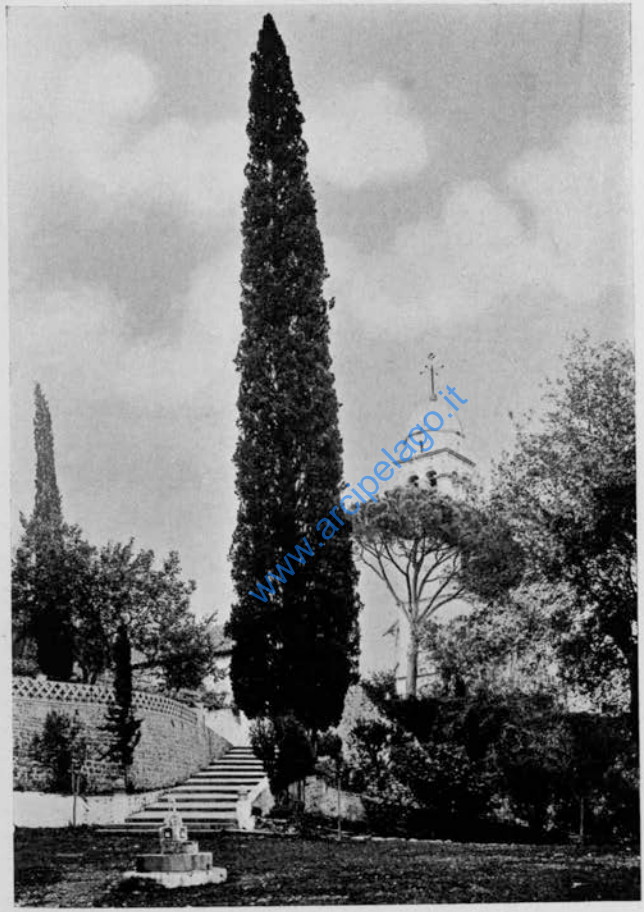
In 1370 the republic of Cattaro asked for the protection of King Ludwig of Hungary against the Venetians; but, in spite of this, their town was besieged and captured by the armies of the Republic a few years later,—a picture of which siege still hangs in the Doge's Palace at Venice. The Hungarians, however, recovered, but were not able to hold Cattaro, and ceded it to the Bosnian King Tvrtko, who already had possessed himself of the north of the Bocche, and founded Castelnuovo.

Like the Ragusans, the nobles of Cattaro

vicissitudes of this land-locked sea, and the blood of many nations shed upon its shores, I will go back to sweet, smiling Castelnuovo, and thence to one of the most beautiful and historically interesting monasteries in Dalmatia, that of Savina, the summer residence of the Greek Orthodox Bishop of Cattaro, which was founded in the eleventh century, and received the monks which fled from Trebinje at the time of the Moslem conquest, after which Savina became the head of the Metropolitanate.

The convent, backed by lofty mountains, is built upon a wooded height, which slopes abruptly to the sea. A broad flight of mossy stone steps leads up to it, and at their foot a magnificent cypress, truly a monarch among trees, stands sentinel. It is a perfect picture at any time, and when the Feast of the Assumption is celebrated here on August 27, and the dark figures of the bearded monks descend in solemn procession with their sacred banners unfurled and the white-robed acolytes going before, the scene with such a background is one to linger long in the memory.

But not alone for the unrivalled beauty of its surroundings is Savina worth a visit. Art



AT THE CONVENT OF SAVINA

lovers would go far alone to see the silver plate of pure Slavonic workmanship brought by the refugee monks from Trebinje.

There is a curious piece of plate, with divisions to hold oil, wine, grain, and bread, the emblems of plenty, which is used on certain great feasts of the Church. A crystal cross set in silver gilt is said to have belonged to St. Sava (the Servian saint of royal lineage, who exchanged his throne for a monk's cell), and there is a copy of the Gospels with inscriptions in Illyric on its silver cover.

After leaving Castelnuovo the steamer, on its way to Cattaro, passes through a comparatively narrow channel, which opens into the Bay of Teodo, the largest of the divisions of the Bocche. To the south of the bay are three small islands, which, like our own Iona, were seats of learning and culture, little havens of peace and refuge in troublous times from very early ages. The convent of Prevlaka, on one of them, was once the residence of the Metropolitan of Zeta.

The Bay of Teodo is almost closed to the north, so narrow is the opening through which you pass into the innermost part of the Bocche,

that in the frequent wars of the Middle Ages a chain was fastened from shore to shore, to prevent an enemy's ships from entering, and from this it still has its name of the Canale delle Catene (the Channel of the Chain).

It is as you approach Cattaro that the scenery becomes more and more reminiscent of Norway, sterner and wilder ; the mountain-sides on the east rise like a wall of rock, but on the western shore little white houses and villages shine out from a background of greenest verdure. The village of Dobrota, a little before you come to Cattaro, was formerly inhabited by old sailors, whose houses, filled with treasures brought from all over the world, tempted the lawless mountaineers to plunder, hence the owners made loopholes in the walls through which to shoot at the robbers, which may still be seen to-day. Perzagno opposite had a great trade with Venice, and the fine church, which is still unfinished, had its origin in those prosperous days.

The first sight of Cattaro from the water is very impressive—its fortified walls, zigzagging up to the frowning fortress on a mighty rock above the town, kindle the imagination no

less than another zigzag line of white behind it, winding like a thread up the "black mountains" of Montenegro. It is the new road made by the Austrian Government, which leads to the heart of that romantic land where the mountaineers contended for centuries with their hereditary enemy, the Turk. Cattaro has been the site of a Roman Catholic bishopric since the sixth century, and the Greek Orthodox bishop has also a residence here. It is a military station of considerable importance, from which all the movements on the Bocche are directed. The presence of the officers adds animation to the streets of the little town, and the scene in the gardens of the *café* on the promenade by the waterside is a very gay one on summer evenings, when the band plays, and the townspeople take their supper or drink Dalmatian wine at the little tables beneath the trees. The harbour is frequently enlivened by the presence of English or American yachts, and sometimes the large yachting steamers call and land their passengers for a day or longer to explore the town or drive to Cettinje, as their individual taste may direct. Of "sights" there are few, as the repeated earthquakes of the

sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries destroyed many of the old buildings, and left of Roman Ascrivium only a reminder in a stone altar and the statues, which are to be seen in the principal square just within the picturesque Porta Marina.

The Duomo is chiefly remarkable for the picturesque background of rocky mountains which seem to rise abruptly behind it. The first building which stood here was erected to receive the remains of St. Trifon, in 809. Tradition says that the saint's bones were bought from Venetian merchants, whom a storm had driven into the bay, and the men of Cattaro seized the opportunity to acquire a patron saint, the indispensable requisite for a self-respecting community of that period.

Without interruption since the dedication of the cathedral, the festival of St. Trifon has been celebrated with much solemnity and great popular rejoicings on the third of February of each year, except during the time of French rule, when it was forbidden. To-day, however, only those take part in the processions who still possess their old costumes and arms.

The twenty-fifth of January is another festival

in Cattaro, when the Montenegrin Saint Osanna is venerated by the Greek Church, and many subjects of the neighbouring principality make a pilgrimage to the shrine.

The Montenegrin market, where the picturesque mountaineers offer for sale such dainties as smoked mutton and goat-flesh, as well as vegetables from the fertile district round Scutari, interested me greatly, and I longed for an artist's brush to reproduce the splendid figures of the men in colour, but was sorry to see that these noble-looking individuals left the hard work of carrying their produce to market to the overworked, prematurely aged women, whose existence seems to be little different to that of a beast of burden.

Before leaving Cattaro I was determined to ascend to the little chapel of Maria delle Salute above the town, or, if permission could be obtained, still higher to the Fort of St. Giovanni. This, the guide-book said, was not allowed, but our experience proved the contrary, for the courteous commandant of the garrison accorded it to us at once, and, armed with his signed order, we set out.

At the postern-gate at the foot of the rock

on which the fortress stands we were challenged by the watch, who kept their rifles pointed in our direction till our pass was examined by their officer, and the word of command given to lower them from this threatening attitude; a gentle reminder that every stranger at this eastern outpost of the Austrian Empire is regarded as a possible foe till he proves himself a friend. Within the precincts of the fort we were given a soldier as guide, and commenced our ascent, the view of the town beneath and the blue waters of the gulf growing more strikingly beautiful at every turn of the winding way. At the little chapel of Maria delle Salute we stopped to admire the glorious view over land and sea, the masses of delicate mauve iris growing out of the rock, and the pretty little lizards darting hither and thither.

The ascent to the fortress is fatiguing, and the distance much greater than appears from below, but the little effort it involves is well repaid when you arrive at the highest point. Here, again, on entering the fortress we looked down the barrels of loaded rifles, and this delicate attention was repeated when we left. But apart from this little ceremony, which we

could well have dispensed with, and which no doubt is an order from headquarters which has to be rigidly carried out, we met with great courtesy from the garrison, and I must note that our soldier-guide absolutely refused to receive a "tip" for his services.

Just behind the fortress, but far below it, is the boundary between Dalmatia and Montenegro, and a miserable hovel was pointed out to us almost within stone's throw as the first house in the principality. The fortress commands for many miles the new road to Cettinje, but one cannot but think in time of war it would be by the almost inaccessible footpaths and mule-tracks that the mountaineers would pour down to Cattaro; their national dress, the creamy coat of undyed wool and the brownish plaid, likewise of home manufacture, is so exactly the colouring of the rocks that it would render them practically invisible.

There is one lovely spot upon the Bocche seldom visited which I mentioned as the ghost of its former self—this is Perasto, at the foot of Mount Cassone, with its ruined monastery and palaces, of which we were told that one was recently sold for the equivalent in Austrian

money of £50. So are the mighty fallen! We visited Perasto from Zelenika, and devoted a day to the excursion, going by carriage to a point opposite the town, to which we crossed by rowing-boat, and returned by local steamer. No one seems to know much of the history of the place, except that its seafarers were famed throughout the Bocche, and the wealth those ruined marble palaces represented was amassed in commerce, as was that of Venice. In the church is still a banner which recalls Perasto's proudest memory. It was taken from the Turks, who, over six thousand strong, attacked the town in the seventeenth century, and were repulsed by its brave defenders. Beneath the altar is the standard presented by the Doge, and buried there on the fall of the Republic.

On our homeward way we were enchanted by the picturesque aspect of the two islets which rise from the waters of the Bocche between Perasto and the opposite shore. On one of these, our boatmen told us, once stood the oldest Benedictine abbey in Dalmatia, from which it is still named St. Giorgio. The abbey perished like so many others when the Bocche was swept by Turkish fire and sword, and only some grey

walls still remain ; but on the other islet there is a little church which is visited by pilgrims from near and far, and crowded with the votive offerings of sailors escaped from shipwreck. It is dedicated to the Madonna, from the legend that she appeared upon this islet to a sailor when it was but a bare rock appearing above the waves. The ground the church stands upon was brought year by year by the people of Perasto, who discharged boatloads of stones and earth on the rock till it became the little island of to-day, with room for the church and a surrounding space of greensward. A picturesque procession of boats visits the island once a year on the anniversary of Our Lady's appearance to the sailor, which, according to the story, was July 22, 1452.

We left the Bocche with sincere regret, for it was looking its loveliest in the last days of April, with all the fresh green out like an English June. Nowhere else in Dalmatia did we see the woodlands of Northern lands.

Ragusa with its palms and giant aloes, and all the riotous vegetation of the South, is connected with Zelenika, near Castelnuovo, by railway, and only a few hours distant ; but

what a difference is there in the landscape! It is like going from the French Riviera to the English countryside. All the tender plants and trees of Ragusa will flourish on the Bocche if planted, but they are not indigenous. The climate, too, is more like that of England than that of the rest of Dalmatia; the rainfall is much greater, with the natural consequence that here is a verdure not found elsewhere on this coast, and grateful to English eyes.

CATTARO TO CETTINJE

IT would be unpardonable to visit Cattaro, on the border of the Land of the Black Mountain, and not penetrate into the heart of that wild little country whose war annals Mr. Gladstone said, "exceed in glory all the war annals of the world"; when its tiny capital Cettinje, thanks to that magnificent new road made by the Austrian Government in the seventies, with the consent of the Prince of Montenegro, is within six hours' drive through some of the most striking scenery in the world.

The making of the road symbolized a new era in the history of the principality; for centuries the mountaineers relied for safety on the inaccessibility of their little capital, and the fact that they have made it easy for the stranger to enter their gates, by themselves continuing the road from the Austrian frontier to Cettinje, is a great step towards civilization, and may be taken as a sign of the passing of the old *régime*.

Not that the Montenegrins of to-day have abated one jot in their devotion to their fatherland—they are ready to defend it with their life, blood if need be; so dear to their hearts are their forbidding mountains that every son of the soil who has been absent for any length of time falls on his face to kiss it when his feet touch the stone which marks the boundary of his Prince's dominions. It is the savagery that has died out, the spirit which counted victory by the number of Turks' heads brought home from a successful foray to adorn the battlements of the palace, and which refused to come into contact with the world beyond the Black Mountains.

Looking at these splendid people, however, it is hard to believe that their forefathers can have been as bloodthirsty as some historians would have us believe,—there is absolutely no trace of savagery in the features of these dignified, noble-looking men. If their ancestors committed excesses in their perpetual warfare with the Turk, it surely must have been because to them it was a holy war of righteous vengeance, and as such carried on with the fanatic zeal which emulated the Crusaders. It is equally impossible to believe that the national type has

DULCIGNO

wholly altered in less than a hundred years, or that the forefathers of these men delighted in bloodshed from mere savagery.

The principality of Montenegro has been called "a kingdom founded and maintained solely on physical valour;" and such it truly is. Since the conquest of the old Servian kingdom by the Turks, when a mere handful of Servians sought safety in the Black Mountains, and there founded an independent state, it has owed its very existence to the heroic courage and constant vigilance of its citizen army, in which every Montenegrin, including old men and mere boys, is enrolled. Not till the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 was its independence formally recognized by the Powers. It has now two ports, Antivari and Dulcigno, for which last it has to thank Mr. Gladstone. It is a sign of the times—the ending of the perpetual feud with the Turk—that the Prince of Montenegro's yacht, often seen in the Bocche di Cattaro, was presented to him by the Sultan.

The long line of the Prince-Bishops or Vladikas of Montenegro came to an end when Daniolo II., the predecessor of the present Prince Nicola, ascended the throne just before attaining

his majority (at which age, according to old custom, he ought to have been consecrated bishop), and had the courage to own that he felt no vocation for the life of a priest. This progressive prince, having sounded the Emperors of Russia and France personally on the subject, and obtained their support and that of Austria, took matters into his own hands by marrying the daughter of a rich Austrian merchant, quite, as it seems, to the satisfaction of his people, who no doubt thought what their Prince did must be right, so close is the bond that has always united the head of the State with his people in Montenegro.

Nor is this less the case to-day. Prince Nicola is the father and friend of his subjects, no less than their ruler, and even the meanest peasant can have access to him if he has a grievance or wrong to be redressed. Probably at no other court in the world are prince and people so closely in touch.

This, then, is the entrancingly interesting little principality to which the winding road from Cattaro leads up. And what views spread before you as you mount, leaving the green valley and the blue waters of the gulf below!

SCENE ON THE WAY TO CETTINJE

Like all mountain roads, this ascends in zigzags cut in the face of the rock, and sometimes the mountain slopes beneath are so precipitous that it seems as though you could drop a stone into the sea, thousands of feet below. But at first the ascent is gentle till reaching the fort on the height of Gorazda, at which point you overlook the Gulf of Cattaro as far as Monte Cassone. Further on, by a turn in the winding road, the Bay of Teodo comes in sight. Still further it follows the north side of Gorazdo, and you look down to the luxuriant Mediterranean vegetation that clothes the shores of the gulf and up to the savage barrenness of the mountains above. Little by little the panorama of the Bocche unfolds itself, until at last the Bay of Topla, on which Castelnuovo stands, is visible before crossing the frontier.

On reaching the plateau of Krstac there is a glorious view towards the Lake of Scutari, and the effect of the wild mountain ranges one behind another is indescribably grand. From here the road continues through a barren rocky region, where here and there the stones have been cleared away to grow a patch of corn or potatoes, to the village of Njegusi, where the

present Prince of Montenegro was born, in a very simple house which stands beside the road. At Njegusi a halt is usually made to rest the horses, and refreshments are served at a little new hotel, which is quite superior to anything you might expect in the wilds of these mountains, and you make your first acquaintance with a Montenegrin village, though along the way you have passed primitive human habitations, hardly discernible in the distance from the background of grey rocks, being built of stone, with roofs of coarse thatch or shingles.

Every peasant you meet will greet you with a dignified grace that seems to say, "You are my country's guest—I bid you welcome in my country's name," as he passes your carriage with the easy swinging gait that distinguishes the mountaineer accustomed to scorn fatigue.

The tall well-knit figures of the men are set off to the utmost advantage by their picturesque and practical national dress, of which a distinguishing feature is the long scarf, like a Scotch plaid, thrown gracefully over one shoulder, and finished with a fringe which almost touches the ground as the wearer walks. I was told that when the men sleep in the open one end

GROUP OF MONTENEGRINS IN CETTINJE MARKET

of this plaid, called a "struka," is put beneath, and the other thrown over them. Every son of the Black Mountain, from prince to peasant, wears on his head a round cap of crimson cloth edged with black silk, the latter, it is said, in token of perpetual mourning for the loss of Servian freedom. On the crown the prince's initials, "H.T.," are embroidered within a rainbow, emblematic of hope that the lost kingdom may one day be regained. The waistcoat worn beneath the long white home-spun coat is of crimson cloth of the same dark rich hue as the cap, and likewise embroidered in black or gold, and round the waist a scarf is twisted as a belt to hold the weapons. The full trousers of dark blue cloth reach only to the knees, and are worn above close-fitting leggings and the pointed shoes, called "opanken," which must be wonderfully light and comfortable as well as strong. The women's dress is very like that of the men; they, too, wear the long coat of white lamb's wool, but over it on Sundays and festas comes a sleeveless jacket of velvet, which is of red if the wearer is young, and of blue or purple if elderly. On their heads the unmarried women have the same red cap as their fathers and

brothers, but without the prince's initials, while the married women are distinguished by a black handkerchief instead of a cap—all but the very poorest have belts of silver.

No more delightful costume can be imagined than this, both in outline and colour, and it is sincerely to be hoped that increased communication with the outside world may not result in its gradual dying out.

After passing Njegusi the road to Cettinje still ascends till the watershed is reached at a height of nearly four thousand feet above sea-level, and a sea of mountains, in which the various ranges look like huge billows, stretches to north and east, but opens a little to the south-east to give you a peep of the Lake of Scutari, which is partly in Montenegro and partly in Turkey.

The snow lies in patches here till late in May, but grass and shrubs grow in between the rocks, and further on trees gladden your eyes as you approach Cettinje. You see it from afar when you come to the last mountain crest, and the plain lies below surrounded by mountains, with the regularly built little capital lying at the farther end. Its outlying houses, scattered

along the main street, are all of grey stone with red roofs, built on much the same pattern of unassuming modesty. The really interesting buildings are further on, grouped about the monastery, which was the town's foundation, and recalls the memory of the national hero, Ivan Crnojevic, who founded it in the fifteenth century. This former home of the Vladikas is now their place of sepulture, and on a height above it the monument of the last Prince Daniolo II., covered by a picturesque copula, is seen from afar.

The Prince's Palace is in accordance with his unassuming capital, and certainly less pretentious than the new Austrian and Russian Embassy buildings ; except for the soldiers on guard there is nothing to distinguish it from any gentleman's country house. Prince Nicola is frequently to be seen sitting on the veranda, where he daily holds a little court, to which any and all of his subjects have the *entrée*.

When the trees in the little park adjoining the palace have grown to larger dimensions the whole aspect of the place will be changed, but though Cettinje is in the same latitude as Rome, its two thousand feet elevation makes the climate

unpleasantly cold, and hinders the growth of vegetation. The best view of the town is from the heights above, where the Turk has so often poured down upon it, and so often been driven back with great loss. It is on record that eight thousand Montenegrins once defeated eighty thousand Turks, and in the eighteenth century, when the Montenegrins were persuaded by Russia to invade Turkey, and a counter-invasion resulted, eighty-six standards of the armies of the Crescent fell into the hands of the mountaineers.

The officers of the Montenegrin army to-day are a magnificent-looking body of men. The commander of the military school, who is at the same time *aide-de-camp* to the Prince and a brigadier-general, was an imposing figure when he called upon us after receiving our letter of introduction, in his gorgeous parade uniform, which consisted of a coat of the delicate egg-shell blue cloth over a vest of crimson, and high boots reaching to the knees to meet the full Turkish-looking dark-blue trousers. He wore by his side the Russian sword, which has replaced the Turkish in the Montenegrin army, with a hilt of elaborate workmanship. From

him we learnt much of the conditions of Montenegrin life to-day, and he expressed the delight that a visit to London some years previously had afforded him, and his preference for it over all other capitals of Europe.

My wish to see the Prince was not gratified, for he was absent with his family in Vienna; but many Montenegrin notabilities, including the Minister of War and other officers of State, were pointed out to me in the streets of Cettinje, all going about on foot like ordinary citizens. Their salaries are probably insufficient to support a carriage, judging by the very modest houses they inhabit.

We were advised to ascend the Loveen, the sacred mountain of the Montenegrins, on which the last prince-bishop is interred in a little chapel erected to his memory; but time did not permit of this, nor of our visiting the Lake of Scutari, and driving thence to Antivari, and so back to Dalmatian territory, which would have been a most interesting experience; yet I was not sorry to return to Cattaro by the way we had come, along that marvellous road over the Black Mountains which nothing in Europe can surpass in interest.

CURZOLA

CURZOLA was the Korkyra Nigra of the ancients, so called on account of its dark woods to distinguish it from the other Korkyra (Corfu). It is one of the few places in Dalmatia where the forest still remains, which is doubtless one reason why it is still the home of the now almost extinct European jackal.

The long narrow island is all but joined to the neighbouring peninsula of Sabbioncella, and in the narrow strait between took place the world-famous battle between the Venetians and the Genoese, in which the latter captured the celebrated navigator, Marco Polo, and took prisoner the Venetian admiral, Andrea Dandolo, who, as everybody knows, dashed out his brains against the side of the galley which bore him into captivity, preferring death to dishonour.

Curzola is essentially Venetian. Here the galleys of the Republic were built, here the

VENETIAN COURTYARD IN CURZOLA

soldiers of the Doge kept a jealous eye on the Ragusan territory of Sabbioncella just across the water, and here they built a Venetian town in miniature rising from the water's edge and crowned by the thirteenth-century Duomo.

It is a place to rejoice alike the heart of the artist and the student of architecture, with exquisite bits at every turn of the steep narrow streets; here you catch a glimpse of a Venetian Gothic window, there of a picturesque court-yard, where a carved stone balustrade leads to an upper story; and at yet another point a shower of blossoms falls over the lovely carving of the balcony of some old palazzo.

In one such courtyard of the Palazzo Arneri there is a door-knocker which is one of the finest known examples of its kind, and has aroused the cupidity of many a collector. Millionaires have offered large sums for it in vain. It still keeps its place upon its ancient door in the apparently deserted sunny court-yard, though its working days are done.

Just below the Palazzo Arneri the upper story of one of the old houses forms a bridge across the street, and frames in a vista of blue sea far below, for all the town is on a slope, and

the streets are formed of steps more frequently than not.

All roads in Curzola lead to the little piazza before the Duomo; so here you must ascend, and admire first the Italian Gothic doorway flanked by curious figures of Adam and Eve similar to those at Trau and Sebenico, and then the interior. The baldacchino over the high altar is unfortunately spoilt by its red cloth trappings—the four columns supporting it are covered with this abomination—but the fine Renaissance capitals are free. The light is not good enough to do justice to Ridolfi's pictures in a side chapel, nor to the painting behind the high altar attributed to Tintoretto, but the whole gains in impressiveness by the partial twilight; it attunes the mind to reverence, and through the dimness the red light before the altar glows like a giant ruby. A dimly lit cathedral, with here and there the solitary kneeling figures of silent worshippers,—is not this a fitting ante-chamber to the unseen world?

The mediæval walls and towers which compass the little town of Curzola are broken by siege and earthquake, but still stand to show how well Venice guarded her own. Even

DOORWAY OF DUOMO, CURZOLA

to-day you cannot enter or leave the town save by the two great gates, and for even greater security that towards the land is entered by a drawbridge across a moat. The fortifications date from the final conquest of the island by the Doge in 1420, but it had been under Venetian dominion as early as the tenth century, though in the intervening time the Genoese, Hungarians, and Bosnians mastered it in turn, and for a time the island enjoyed comparative independence. Curzola shares with Ragusa the honour of having abolished the slave-trade as early as the thirteenth century, and this was an enactment of the statutes the town drew up in the period of self-government.

To appreciate the picturesqueness of the fortifications you must see them from the water. So now I want you to come with me to the Franciscan island of Badia. In going and coming we shall skirt the old walls and see their grey towers reflected in the limpid flood, with the roofs of the quaint houses and the beautiful Duomo rising amphitheatre-wise above them.

The Badia is one of many smaller islands lying off the eastern end of Curzola, and on

the way to it we pass through a part of the narrow channel which separates the island from Sabbioncella, and was such an important passage in the old days for small ships which sought the shelter of the islands.

Like our own Iona, the island was a place of refuge in troublous times, a seat of learning and piety, while the mainland was given over to warfare and bloodshed; but once at least the tide of war swept up to the very monastery walls, and the peaceful friars put aside their missals and breviaries, and interrupted their daily office to take part in its defence; so well they fought that the invaders were driven back, and the Turkish spears you see to-day were taken from the foe.

The monks' most precious treasure is the great crucifix which hangs above the altar in the church; tradition says it was brought by faithful hands from Bosnia at the time of the Moslem conquest, to save it from falling into the hands of the infidel, and that it is over five hundred years old.

The most remarkable feature of this crucifix is that the face of Christ takes wholly different expressions, from different points of view, from

the agony before death to the sculptured calm of the corpse from which life has passed. The emaciated figure on the cross is so painfully realistic that it at once fascinates and fills you with horror, as doubtless the unknown artist intended it should, and even after you have withdrawn your eyes the memory of it haunts you. Who the master was whose vivid imagination and skilful hands fashioned it, history records not; but there is another curious sculpture at the Badia, of the world supported by the four Evangelists representing the Church, which is very like it in workmanship, and may be by the same artist.

In the library are many interesting old pictures and precious manuscripts, but all records perished at the time of the siege, and what is related concerning them is but tradition and conjecture.

The cloisters at the Badia are very interesting architecturally on account of the fine carving of the capitals of the fifty-four columns, every one of which is different; but the general effect loses in picturesqueness by having no garden in the centre as at the Franciscan convent at Ragusa. The garden of the Badia is on the

other side of the monastery, and a very peaceful spot it is with its pergolas covered with the foliage of the vine and its border full of sweet-scented flowers. Here you must rest a little and taste the good monks' wine, and tell them a little of the outside world they so seldom hear of, for visitors to Curzola are few, and to the Badia still fewer. You will hear on your part much that will interest you about the manners and customs of Curzola, how the national dance, the "Moreska," is still danced at festas, and a curious mediæval play called the "Kumpanjija" takes place at the great cattle fair held at Blatta. You will hear too, alas! how the people of this lovely island are leaving it in increasing numbers every year to seek their fortunes in America by the huge emigrant steamers which sail for the new world weekly from Triest. It is becoming difficult in Curzola to find labourers to till the soil of its fruitful valleys, and you will doubtless wonder that the natives of this land can throw away their heritage of so much loveliness to seek for gold. But so it is, and sometimes one comes back who has prospered and fills his neighbours with emulation to go and do likewise.

I have told you already of the jackals on Curzola. According to the hunters and the peasants, who suffer from their depredations, they must number hundreds, and are, perhaps, reinforced from time to time by new arrivals from the mountains of Sabbioncella, as it would be quite easy for them to swim the channel.

They are so numerous in the neighbourhood of Pupnat, a large village surrounded by wooded hills and ravines which afford them shelter, that a night watch is set to warn the peasants of their approach, and the man who succeeds in shooting a jackal is the hero of the village, and receives a present of two eggs and two loaves of bread from every member of the community, which number about six hundred. This, at least, is the tale that is told, but as twelve hundred eggs and a like number of loaves would be rather an embarrassing gift all at once, it is probable that the presents are not all made in kind, and that the hunter is rewarded only by the heads of families and the wealthier inhabitants. At all events, the dead jackal is dragged round the village, for every one to see, amid great rejoicings. The animals are said to be extraordinarily fond of grapes, and

just before the vintage visit the vineyards in sparsely populated parts of the island, where there are no farmyards to be raided for lambs or poultry.

The north coast of the island is another jackal haunt, and strangers who have slept at Racisce, a charming village on the north shore backed by wooded mountains, which you see from the steamer's deck in passing through the channel, say that they have been kept awake all night by a strange weird howling, very like that of a pack of wolves. The jackal and the wolf are nearly related, and have much in common; both hunt by night and in packs, but the little jackal is a braver beast than his bigger brother. Young ones have not infrequently been tamed and made household pets, but there is always a certain wildness about them. Some say that they have hyena-like propensities, and have been known to dig up and devour corpses; and, again, it is whispered that the souls of the dead, unable to rest, take the form of jackals, and for this reason the natives fear to hunt them, for the islanders are not a little superstitious.

As organized hunting parties are rare, and the mountainous wooded island of Curzola,

and the still more mountainous peninsula of Sabbioncella afford sufficient shelter for wild creatures, it is probable the jackals of Dalmatia will not be extinct for another hundred years. When they are, beautiful Curzola will have lost one of the chief interests of her forests !

LESINA

ON the rocky fastnesses above the little town of Lesina, two proud castles rise against the sky, which played their part long since in the town's "island story"—now but silent witnesses of the conflicts of yore, in the centuries when Dalmatia waged defensive war, or kept, in intervals of peace, incessant watch and ward against the Turk. So grey are these old forts, so grey the mountains, that they seem part of one another; but if you climb up to them in spring-time you find the apparent barren waste becomes on near approach a garden of wild flowers. Yellow and white marguerites—not the common ox-eye daisies, but the marguerites of our gardens and window-boxes at home, with delicate blue-grey foliage—are here in masses, together with flaunting scarlet poppies; wild thyme scents the air, bushes with wild-rose-like flowers grow in the crevices of the rocks, and in the ruined walls of the fort are

LESINA HARBOUR

mighty aloes, rearing their sword-like leaves against the sky, while here and there the locust tree, so like the olive in its quaint gnarled growth, makes a patch of darkest green against the grey!

There is no better place to dream of the stirring history of these Illyrian isles than the steps of Fort Spagnuolo above Lesina, in the shade cast by the winged lion over your head, with the little harbour lying far below, and the land on each side of it stretching out and away; across the water islands, always islands, from the tiny barren islets which shelter the port, to distant Curzola and Lissa, where English guns thundered in 1811, and 880 brave Britons, under Admiral Hoste, spurred on by the signal, "Remember Nelson!" defeated the 2500 French and Venetians who thought to annihilate them.

Another naval battle was fought in this same channel in the sixties between the Austrians and the Italians; and many were the fights of old, when these islands were the seat of Illyrian piracy.

Tradition says that Greeks from the isle of Paros settled here on Lesina, and founded a

new Pharos, of which the Slavonic name of Hvar is a corruption. Greek coins of the earliest date, and bearing the devices of the most ancient cities of Greece and Asia Minor, have been found, which bear this out. History relates that Lesina was a Roman province over two hundred years before the birth of Christ, but it is not till it became Venetian that we know much of its story. It bears the impress of Venice still to-day in its Venetian arsenal, the ancient loggia of Sanmichela (restored, alas! by those who knew not what they did), and more than one ruined palazzo with Venetian Gothic windows and balconies, or carved supports on which once long ago stone balconies still rested. Its streets, like those of Curzola and Ragusa, are narrow passage-ways of old stone steps up and down the hills; so narrow that when you meet the heavily-burdened donkeys, whose loads of wood project each side, you have to step into a doorway to let them pass. Wheeled vehicles on the island there are none, but the country-folk often ride their patient steeds when the latter have no other load, and it looks very quaint to see them carefully ascending and descending the steps.

Lesina's pride is in her Duomo; that is, the

ENTRANCE TO AN OLD PALACE, LESINA

pride of the natives. As a building I did not care for any of it, except the campanile. Two ancient ambones, however, in the interior interested me greatly, and beneath them are curious Byzantine paintings. The ambones, the priest told us, date from the fifteenth century, and two most quaint lecterns, having a lion for their base, are of still earlier date. A relief of Christ bound to a column and scourged in Herod's judgment-hall must be very ancient. Lovers of old embroideries, who obtain permission to see the church vestments, can feast their eyes on a magnificent gold-and-white bishop's cap of the seventeenth century. A pluviar, worked by Venetian nuns a little later, which is of exquisitely designed gold embroidery on crimson silks, and other copes and vestments, many of beautiful colourings and workmanship, dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are worthy of note.

The singular bishop's crosier, bearing the date 1509, was the life-work of its maker, who fashioned on it representations of the Evangelists with their symbols, the Apostles, and Old Testament heroes. In the centre, the Madonna is seen standing on a serpent's head.

A beautiful monstrance was shown to us of about the same date as the crosier. The best pictures in the church are by Domenico Uberti and Giacomo Palma, of which I preferred the former's St. Joseph.

The body of the patron saint of Lesina, St. Prosperus, lies in a marble sarcophagus to the left of the high altar.

Far more interesting than the Duomo to me is the Franciscan monastery, which was plundered by the Turks in 1571, but still contains many treasures in its library, besides the famous painting of the Last Supper by Marteo Rosselli, which hangs in the refectory, and was given to the monks by the painter in gratitude for their care in his sickness.

To see this painting, I had to pass through a door marked "Closura," and knowing the strict rule of the order against admitting womankind, I was wondering why an exception was made in my favour when, lo! at the door of the refectory I was stopped and told, "Thus far and no further." I had to view the picture from afar, and it was then explained to me that I was permitted to pass the first door, because in no other way can the picture be seen, and

the Father Superior, I suppose, holds that the distance from one door to another being but a few steps, the sacrilegious foot of woman can do but little harm.

The garden of the monastery, with its three-hundred-year-old cypress tree, is another place to dream in! The tree is unique in that its branches spread outward instead of upward, and shade a space fully thirty feet in diameter, with old stone benches underneath where the monks read their breviaries or sit in silent meditation in the hot days of the Dalmatian summer.

Like all the monasteries I visited in this country, the situation of this one is delightful, with a garden to the seashore, so that the murmur of the waves is ever in your ears.

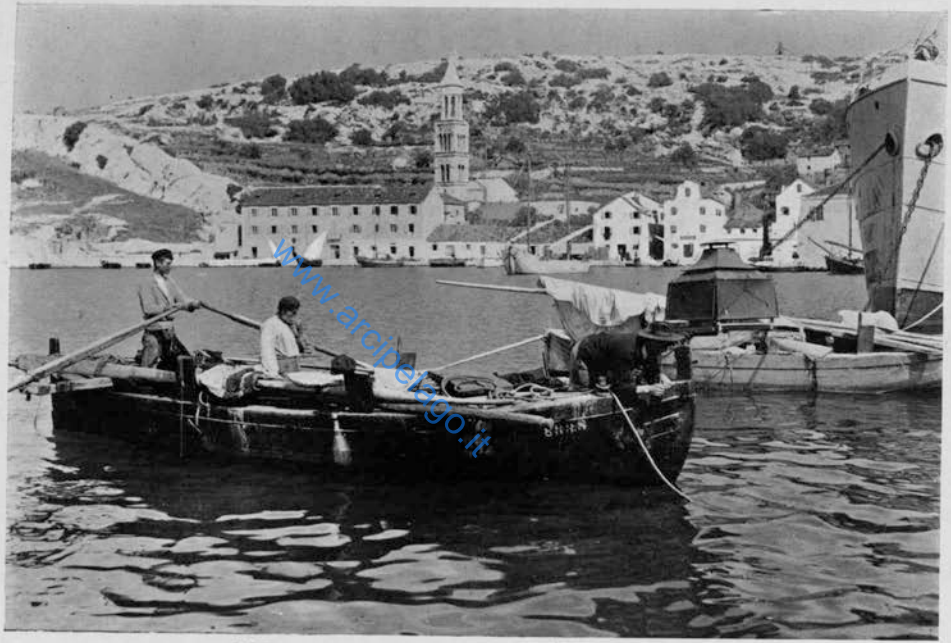
The people of Lesina have had a shipping trade from earliest times, and export olive oil, wine, and oil of rosemary, which is largely grown on the island. The tender green of the vines, mingling with the grey of the olives, is a marked feature of the landscape in early summer; though wine-making, they say, is less profitable than of yore.

The sardine fisheries employ a large number of the population, and the fishing-boats used at night, with overhanging lanterns to attract the fish, add a quaint touch to the harbour.

In climbing the hills or rambling by the shore, you see many women employed as goatherds, knitting while they watch their flocks.

As on the other islands, the drying of wild chrysanthemums for conversion into insect powder is a considerable industry; so, too, is the making of rosemary oil for export, as this sweet-smelling herb grows all over the island. On account of its wonderfully even climate, Lesina has been called the Austrian Madeira. Statistics prove that its winter temperature is much higher than that of Naples, or even of Palermo, and an effort is being made to attract attention to its undoubted advantages for consumptives, who can undertake the journey by sea necessary to reach it.

A new hotel, built to this end, somewhat overshadows San Micheles Loggia, and strikes a note of rather incongruous modernity in the little town, where everything else is of the past, from the roofless palaces with



SARDINE BOATS FOR NIGHT FISHING OFF LESINA

their Venetian Gothic windows standing clear against the blue sky, to the ancient arsenal built to receive the galleys of the Republic of Venice.

As might be expected from its climate, all kinds of Southern plants and trees flourish on Lesina, among them the date palm, olives, oranges, and lemons, giant agaves and eucalyptus. It is interesting to cross the island to Citta Vecchia, which can be done on mules over the mountains in half a day, and so to get a glimpse of the interior; as Citta Vecchia lies on the sea at the inland end of a long fjord, it can also be reached by boat if preferred. This town stands on the site of the ancient Pharos, which was destroyed B.C. 221, but must have been rebuilt, as coins are frequently dug up of the time of the Roman Emperors, and bricks brought from Salona have been found in the walls.

There is nothing of special interest in the little town, which looks rather modern, with the exception of a fourteenth-century campanile; but Dalmatians point with pride to a red-brick house, which was the birthplace of Simeone Ljiebic, the historian and antiquarian, who is

not the only genius to whom Citta Vecchia has given birth. Some four miles distant from it lies the village of Verbosca, with its remarkable fortified church, which alone is worth going a long way to see, and recalls the days when the islanders lived in dread of the armies of the Crescent, or equally savage pirates who infested these waters. It is more like a fortified castle than a church, with bastions and ambrasures for cannon, and, I believe, not the only one of its kind in Dalmatia. But apart from its curiosity as a building, it has some really good pictures, which would be better known were they not so out of the way. There is a "Birth of Christ," said to be by Paul Veronese, and a Titian, which must be authentic, as a document is shown in the church archives as follows: —

"Pagati al maestro Tiziano Vecilli, 1000 Ducati" ("Paid to the master Tiziano Vecilli, 1000 Ducats")

evidently relating to this picture.

An interesting picture of the Ascension is by a little-known painter, Alamardi.

The little harbour of Gelsa joins that of Verbosca, and charms you by its pretty houses

VIEW FROM ABOVE LESINA

half hidden in flowers among dark pines and cypress trees, and all around and about are vineyards and olive groves, and before you is the sea, and behind the everlasting hills.

LISSA

I STOOD within the walls of Fort King George, looking seaward to the other isles of Adria, and my fancy bridged the ninety years that lie between this and the days when George III. was King—England a power in these seas—Lissa the Malta of the Adriatic.

I thought how often English eyes had gazed as mine did on this scene, eyes weary of the sunny landscapes of the South, of Adria's palms and vines; sick for the sight of English fields and hedgerows which maybe they would never see again!

I looked across the water to the little English churchyard by the farther shore, where many gallant British seamen long forgotten sleep their last, far from their native land, and my heart was filled with mingled pride and sadness. Pride for the country and the men who have so greatly dared, that in every quarter of the globe our dead are sleeping; sadness for the

young lives laid down in England's cause, for the mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the past, now long since dust, who waited long ago for their wanderers' return.

"Here lie enclosed the remains of British seamen who lost their lives in defence of their King and Country, MDCCCIV."

So runs the simple record outside the English churchyard of Lissa; within is another monument erected

"By the Captain and officers of the British Line of Battleship *Victorious*, in memory of eleven brave Englishmen who died of the wounds they received on February 22, 1813, in action with the French ship *Rivoli*, and the many gallant fellows who lost their lives on that day."

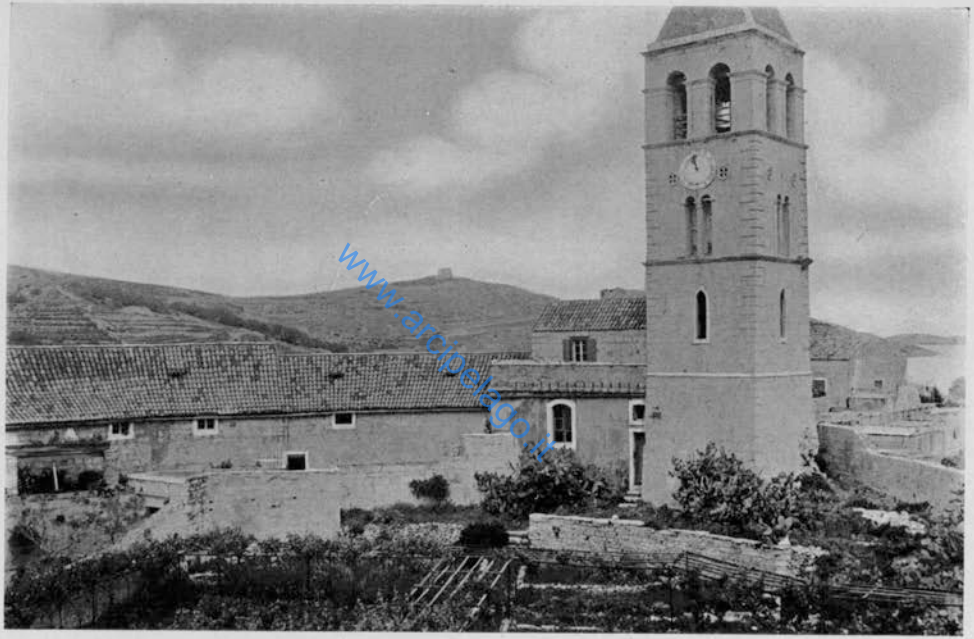
I laid some rosemary on their grave. Rosemary—that's for remembrance!

Bentinck and Wellington are still commemorated in the names of the old English forts, and above the little sheltered bay known as "the English harbour" is a semicircular stone seat, erected by the former and still kept in repair out of the fund provided by our Government for this and the upkeeping of the

churchyard. On this stone bench, they say, the English officers sat on summer evenings. A very pleasant spot it is, in the shelter of the hills, with the clear water below and the little town of Lissa lying across the intervening channel.

You can fancy them in their cocked hats and gold lace, discussing with animation the chances of the Napoleonic wars—the harbour in front not empty save for fishing-smacks, as it is to-day, but full of sails of merchantmen and frigates and line-of-battleships, ready from this spot to pounce on any unwary Frenchman venturing in these waters. Those were stirring times, when Nelson and Trafalgar were fresh in all men's minds, filling officers and men alike with desire to carry on the victorious traditions of the great commander, and chances to do and dare might come any day!

Lissa was handed over to the Austrians in 1815, and the English forts are now dismantled; not, however, without having played their part in the world historic sea-fight between the Austrians and Italians on July 20, 1866, which is commemorated by the monument known as the Lion of Lissa, in the Roman Catholic



MONASTERY OF SAN GIROLAMO, LISSA

churchyard, on the picturesque peninsula which is seen from every ship entering the harbour.

Here, too, is the monastery of San Girolamo, surely among monasteries unique, for it is built upon the site and out of the stones which once formed a Roman arena, connected by a vestibule with a Roman villa on the shore. Strange vicissitudes of the centuries! The peaceful monks keep their wine to-day in the dungeons around the arena where the wild beasts waited to be loosed upon their prey; and in the central space, where blood of men and animals was spilt to please the populace, or skilled warriors met in deadly combat, vines grow and grapes ripen in the sun; where lions roared, hyenas yelled, and a frenzied people shrieked applause, the sound of convent bell now floats across the water, calling to Matins or Evensong.

Of Rome's dominion in this isle there remains but little to be seen; here and there bits of crumbling wall, fragments of pavement and coins in a private museum—that is all! A figure said to be that of Domitian was sent with other interesting finds to Vienna, and the museum there hungers for three immense bronze vases of the Roman time, which lie

beneath the water close by the old arena and are distinctly visible from the shore; but so far funds to raise them have not been forthcoming, and it seems as if they may continue to lie where they do now for many a long year.

Hard by the site of the Roman villa is a date-palm, which is unmatched for size and beauty upon the shores and islands of the Adriatic. It grows in a neglected garden by the seashore and lifts its stately head full eighty feet or more into the air, rising from a bed of wild flowers and surrounded by satellite palms which would be noticeable elsewhere, and seem small only in comparison with their giant neighbour.

Three hundred years at least, the natives say, this monarch among palms has kept watch and ward upon the shores of Adria. It witnessed the invasion of the armies of the Crescent, which sent a terrified people crowding to the towers of refuge and defence, which still stand, and add a very picturesque touch to the town. There seems no reason why it should not stand here for centuries still, and witness the awakening of sleeping Lissa to the throb of modern life which is surely coming.

THE PRIDE OF LISSA

It was but a few years ago that the island had only weekly communication with Triest; now four steamers call each week, and a driving-road, the first upon the island, is being made to Comisa, at present accessible only on mule-back or by water. Even in this far-off Adriatic isle "the old order changeth, giving place to new," and those of us who love the past witness it with somewhat selfish regret, for progress spells prosperity to the islanders.

True, they know no poverty such as exists in great cities; their vineyards are productive, the wines of finest quality, the sea yields them a rich harvest, and they carry on that quaint industry peculiar to Dalmatia—the cultivation of wild chrysanthemums or marguerite daisies, which flourish exceedingly in this rocky soil, and are afterwards dried (you may see them laid out on sail-cloth by the sea-shores millions together, looking in the distance like linen laid to bleach) and converted into insect powder for export as well as home use.* When burnt in a room with closed doors and windows, this powder is death to mosquitoes, which are one of the plagues of this as of all Southern lands.

*See illustration of the gate of Trau.

Wheeled vehicles there are none on Lissa. Mules and donkeys are much used for transport, cows are rarely seen, goats plentiful, though the law allows only one to a family on account of the harm they do to vegetation.

Lissa, called by the ancients Issa, enjoys a classical celebrity. A Greek colony, which was the parent of the other Dalmatian Greek colonies of Dalmatia, as, for example, Tragurian (Trau) and Pharia (Lesina), existed B.C. 392. After the Illyrian King Agron conquered the latter island, the men of Issa, fearing the same fate, allied themselves with Rome for protection against his widow, Queen Teuta, who played so large a part in the history of these isles. On their side, the Lissaners placed ships at the disposal of the Romans in their wars against the Macedonian King Philip and the men of Carthage.

Under Augustus, Lissa formed part of the Roman province of Dalmatia, and from that time onward had no vicissitudes till destroyed by the Goths, A.D. 535.

But the inhabitants, who had fled before the barbarians at that time, returned and

rebuilt their homes; fruitful Lissa, with its salubrious climate, was too fertile an island to be abandoned, just as it was ever an envied prize in war.

It was ravaged once more, yet not wiped out, in the Venetian time by the fleet of the King of Aragon, 1483. Soaked with the blood of men fighting not alone for glory, but for hearth and home, is this little spot of earth only about eleven English miles in length, and half of that in breadth.

It has its natural beauties and curiosities, as well as its stirring history. Two remarkable grottoes, that would be more famous than they are were they not overshadowed by the greater fame of the neighbouring blue grotto of Busi, are hid in its rocky coast.

One of these, known as the Scoglio Ravnik, in the south-east of the island, suggests the Pantheon at Rome by its dome-like form and central opening in the roof, through which the light streams on to the mirror-like water beneath. It is the haunt of numerous bats, which, hanging motionless on the walls by day, are hardly distinguishable from the stalactites which line them.

The second grotto, in the north-west of the island, is remarkable for its natural pillars and vaultings.

Alas that the elements did not permit of our visiting Busi! Only when the Adriatic sleeps on a summer's day can boats enter the fairy recesses of the Blue Grotto, and wind and waves forbade making the attempt, so I must fain describe its magic by hearsay.

It was discovered by Baron Ransonnet in 1884, and is one of many grottoes in this tiny islet. The entrance through a natural door is wide enough for a boat containing ten or twelve persons to pass in, but the height above the level of the sea is not more than five feet, hence its inaccessibility except in calmest weather.

This doorway gives access to a canal which leads through mysterious twilight to the grotto, and enhances its beauty when you pass from the semi-darkness to its azure radiance. The oars of your boat, your hand, if you dip it in the magic flood—everything beneath the water shimmers like molten silver. The everyday world is shut out by the gloomy entrance through which your boat has borne you—you are in fairyland. For this Dalmatian grotto

WOMAN SPINNING IN HER DOORWAY, LISSA

exceeds in beauty, say those who have visited both, even the far-famed one of Capri.

The isle of Busi, too, has a very special interest on account of its remoteness from even the Dalmatian world. Separated from Lissa, itself remote, by something like seven miles of stormy sea, its two hundred inhabitants form a little world to themselves. Of Croatian stock, and Catholics by religion, they follow mostly the calling of fishermen. The sardine fisheries of the island are famous; the soil is singularly fertile, and vines and fruits are cultivated by the islanders. Bee-keeping is another industry, as the myrtle, rosemary, and other flowers rich in honey grow wild in profusion on this far Adrian isle.

Nothing in Dalmatia surprised me more than the existence of an English consulate on the little isle of Lissa, though there is none at the important port of Spalato. But this, I learnt, is a relic of our past possession. The consul's duties consist chiefly in caring for the English churchyard, though the gentleman who now fills the office, Signor Topic, very kindly made it his duty to welcome us personally on our arrival, and escort us to the rooms he had

engaged for us in the absence of an hotel. Unfortunately, he had to leave next day for Vienna, but his secretary and right-hand man was ever at our disposal as guide, and daily supplies of glorious roses and carnations from the gardens of Signor Topic's lovely villa turned our little sitting-room into a flowery bower.

ARBE

IT was at Arbe that we bade good-bye to Dalmatia. Arbe the remote, though nearest of Dalmatian islands to the port of Fiume. For the fast steamers to Zara and beyond pass it by, though but a few miles from their course. Most travellers, if they know its name at all, know it only vaguely as one of the many islands of this island-studded coast. Yet here was once a considerable Roman colony; and in the tenth century Arbe still retained her Latin population.

Here, in the fifteenth century, was one of the fairest and most prosperous cities of Dalmatia. It is still fair, still adorned with towers and spires rising from the water and mirrored in the flood, but prosperous no longer, desolate, deserted by all but some three thousand souls, most of whom have never left their island home, and live to-day precisely the same lives as their forefathers lived in Arbe generations

back. Lives, grey and monotonous enough, of daily toil in the fields or at the fisheries, varied only by the meeting of friends and kinsfolk when the country-folk flock into the little town of Arbe on festas, and gather in its narrow streets before and after Mass.

It was our privilege to witness such a gathering on Whit Sunday. I looked from my window very early in the morning, when the sun's rays had not long gilded the church spires, to find the streets filled with a picturesquely-garbed crowd of peasants, the hum of whose lively chatter had awakened me from my slumbers in a quaint old house which overarched the usually deserted main street. The women of Arbe delight in snowy stockings, which display substantial legs, only partly hidden by the short full skirts which reach but little below the knee. Their corselet bodices are laced over white chemisettes or coloured handkerchiefs. Earrings of solid gold, handed down as heirlooms, weigh down their often pretty ears; rings, sometimes reaching to the finger-joint, look curiously out of place on hands hardened by toil! Strings of coral beads are a form of adornment much in favour, and

most becoming to the dark type of beauty commonest in Dalmatia.

But the island beauties are shy; they flee from the camera as they would from the plague, hence their retreating figures instead of their pretty faces in our photographs. Group after group, maiden after maiden, we essayed in vain. Smiles and soft words alike were wasted—entreaties fell on deaf ears. We could but think they feared the evil "eye," for more than once in Dalmatia those who allowed themselves to be photographed for "largesse," took the precaution first of making the sign of the cross, and, even thus fortified, were fearsome.

It was hard to believe, as we walked the quaint streets among the quainter figures—ourselves, no doubt, the quaintest of all in the eyes of the natives, who do not see a dozen strangers in a year—that within a few hours' sail was busy Fiume and gay Abbazia with its international crowds; for here we were back far away in the past, in the primitive times when men were born and lived and died without leaving the place of their birth, in a town that the tide of life has left in the shallows, a city that lived and died some five centuries ago.

In the fifteenth century Arbe was at the height of her prosperity as part of the dominion of Venice. She had changed masters many times, being subject first to the Byzantine Emperor, then to Hungary, and, during the disputes over the succession to the throne of Hungary in the fifteenth century, to the King of Naples.

Just then, when peace reigned after strife, came the blow from which she never recovered. That fearful scourge of the Middle Ages, the Black Death, devastated Arbe, laying low nobles and burghers, priests and peasants; and this is the reason you see to-day a city half in ruins, with the finest ancient campanile in Dalmatia, a beautiful cathedral, and churches out of all proportion to the present number of the populace, going to decay.

The ancestral palace of the noble family of De Dominis, and the birthplace of the unfortunate Archbishop who was its most famous member, is now an inn. In the great hall we dined, and thought of poor Mark Antony de Dominis and his tragic fate. The courtyard is a scene of picturesque confusion. Creepers and flowering plants cling lovingly to the old

ENTRANCE TO PALAZZO NEMIRA (ARBE)

walls, which stand seemingly as firmly to-day as they did centuries since. In the early summer, exquisite mauve blossoms, which I have seen only on Arbe, make glorious patches of colour between the grey stones of palaces and churches. A very lovely doorway, shown in an illustration, is that which gives access to the Palazzo Nemira, with a finely carved escutcheon above it. The family of Nemira were connected by marriage with that of De Dominis, and a signet-ring belonging to the unfortunate Archbishop is in their possession to-day.

The cathedral of Arbe dates from the thirteenth century, as is recorded by an inscription outside the walls; but some portions of it seem to have belonged to an earlier building. Its most interesting features are the choir-stalls and a remarkable baldachino, about which authorities differ, some saying that it is Byzantine work of the ninth or tenth century, others that it is not all of the same date, and the lower portion Venetian work of the fifteenth century. About the age of the choir-stalls there can be no controversy, for they bear the date 1445, and are fine examples of Venetian work of that

period. The arms of the family of Nemira, whose palace at Arbe I before mentioned, are carved on the stalls in commemoration of their rich gifts to the church. The nobles of Arbe to-day live lives of the utmost simplicity, behind the often half-ruinous walls of the old palazzos. The present Podesta, who showed us great kindness and himself insisted on being our guide to the cathedral and round the town, told us that he was descended on his mother's side from the family of De Dominis. He drew our attention to an interesting picture of the Madonna in the Duomo, which is greatly venerated, though no one seems to know much about it. It is suggestive of Giotto, and may have been painted by one of his pupils. The most precious relic in the treasury is the casket containing the skull of St. Christopher, which the people of Arbe declare more than once miraculously saved them from their enemies in the Middle Ages, when they had only to expose it from the church to win the day!

The skull wears a jewelled crown, the gift of that Queen Elizabeth of Hungary who presented the ark which holds the bones of St. Simeon to his church at Zara, and is contained

in a casket of silver gilt, with reliefs representing the Saviour and the Madonna and scenes in the Martyrdom of the Saint.

The great Campanile soars above the Duomo, a silent watcher by the sea over the ruined city. From its tower, anxious eyes scanned the seas in days when every sail on the horizon might be bringing fire and sword to desolate poor Arbe! From its tower, the great bell tolled to warn the living, and speed the souls of the dead and dying, when the danger was nigh at hand and men met in mortal combat in the city at its feet!

There is a charming story told that at the casting of the bell the women of Arbe, great ladies and peasants alike, brought gold and silver trinkets, so dear to the heart of every Dalmatian, and cast them into the melting-pot, so that the tone of their bell might be worthy of the noble Campanile in which it hangs!

You may have wandered far and wide and seen many lands, not even excepting Italy herself, and yet not found a fairer tower. In all the world there cannot be one more romantically situated than that of Arbe. Grass grows in the piazza before the Duomo, sheep graze

around its walls in the shadow of the Campanile, the spirit of the past broods over it, and the owl's hoot by night sounds like a lament over the sad sweet desolation.

Arbe has been called "the city of campaniles"; it might also well be termed "the city of churches." No less than four lovely spires rise above the grey town walls, and though the population of the city to-day numbers but eight hundred and fifty souls, there are fully half a dozen churches, including small chapels, still in use. Others are in ruins, of which St. Giovanni Baptista, at the opposite end of the town to the cathedral, is the most important.

An old chronicler remarks, that in his time the inhabitants of the island did not exceed three thousand souls, and had to maintain no less than sixty priests, besides three monasteries and three nunneries. Only the Franciscan monastery and two convents of nuns still exist.

Arbe is best seen from the sea, but to enjoy it to the full you must hire one of the canoe-like fishing-boats, locally called "zoppolos," towards sunset on a calm evening, or when the moon is at the full, and shines in a cloudless sky, for then you can look upwards at the lofty

walls rising from the water, rosy in the sunset or pale in the moonlight, with here and there within them a ruined arch or Venetian Gothic window in the city outlined against the sky like the campaniles above them ; or downwards to where all beauty is reflected in the still water. You will gain some impression of its charm on arriving by steamer if you are fortunate in your day and time, but the haste of arrival and departure is not conducive to the mood which can attune itself to such a scene as this, so if you are wise you will take your boat and a man of Arbe to row it who can tell you some of the tales and traditions of the islands, or sing to you in the soft tongue of Dante.

There is more to be seen on the island than is contained within the city walls if you have eyes for the beauties of Nature, for Arbe is mountainous, and more wooded than is common for a Dalmatian island. Just outside the gates you enter the delightful shade of cypress woods, which grow along the cliffs. Here there is coolness on the hottest day ; and the nightingale filled the air with his rapturous melody by night when I was there in the early days of June.

The Franciscan monastery of St. Eufemia,

most picturesquely perched above a little bay an hour or more's walk from the town, is worthy of a visit. It was founded in 1444, and has a charming if somewhat neglected garden, in which there is a famous stone-pine, suggestive of the familiar one which appears in so many pictures of the Bay of Naples, and some giant palms.

In your walks in Arbe you will notice that here, as elsewhere in Dalmatia, it is the women who work in the fields, and, barefooted, follow the primitive plough, which is that of the time of Virgil.

A coast road leads from the town to Barbato, past olive groves and vineyards, which show the fertility of the soil. From a height on which the ruins of St. Damiano stand you look across to the isle of Pago and more distant isles of Cherso and Lussin.

Delightful excursions can be made with a "zoppolo" around the coast of Arbe. If wind and waves permit, you must not fail to visit Loparo, where the hermit Marianus was born, and if you return to Arbe on foot it will be by the main road of the island, which passes through the fertile valley of St. Pietro and over the heights of St. Elia.

THE ALL-CONQUERING LION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC
(Seen everywhere in Dalmatia except Ragusa)

From the Tigna Rossa, the highest point of the Tigna range of mountains, which run so near to the coast that here and there they slope directly to the sea, you can see across Cherso to mighty Monte Maggiore on the coast of Istria; to the north lies the large Istrian island of Veglia, with its green woods and pastures, and east of it the stormy straits of the Canale della Morlacca, bounded by precipitous mountains, which give to this channel the character of a Norwegian fjord, with its memories of piracy when Segna was a stronghold of the Uscocs, whose bloody deeds made them the terror of this coast.

Blood-curdling tales are told of these bandits, who so ravaged the surrounding islands that the inhabitants feared to venture beyond their town walls. It is said that the robbers, who numbered at one time about two thousand, and were reinforced by the scum of all nations, had among them Englishmen of gentle birth, including a member of one of the noblest families in our land, who was among those hanged for their crimes in 1618.* The Uscocs' choice of a stronghold was most appropriate—behind them the wild inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains

* Sir Gardner Wilkinson's "Dalmatia."

of Croatia, before them the wild waters of the stormy strait, which their wonderful seamanship and knowledge of its channels enabled them to turn to their own advantage. You cannot look upon these isles and waters, peaceful as they are to-day, without remembering the Uscocs' reign of terror.

Yet let not this be the memory with which you part from Dalmatia. Rather turn your thoughts back again to all of beauty and interest I have tried to show you by the power of the magic wands of my remembrance and your imagination—to exquisite Ragusa, with her splendid history; to the land-locked waters of the unique Gulf of Cattaro, with their smiling shore; to the palace where a Cæsar dwelt; and to the graves of the early Christians in the great basilica at Salone. Yes, and to those other isles of Adria, more tropical than Arbe, with their waving palms, but, like her, stamped for all time with the impress of the lion, though the majesty of the Serene Republic of Venice is but a dream of the past.

Zenić, Vienna VIII.

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Fiume
Golf von Fiume
Buccari
Castua
Jelenje
Delnice
Ravnagora
Verbovsko
Weinitz
Mrkopalj
CROATIA
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Obrovazzo
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Benkovac
Smiljčić
Zara
Nona
Montagna
Carlopago
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Prizna
Starigrad
S.Jurj
Zengg
Novi
Crkvenica
Veglia
I.Veglia
Dobrinj
Verbenica
Can. della Morlacca
Cherso
I.Cherso
I.Plavnik
I.Pervichio
I.Goli
I.Arbe
Arbe
I.Dolin
I.Pago
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I.Ulbo
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I.Selve
I.Skarda
I.Isto
I.Melada
I.Pontadura
Canale di Zara
I.Sestrunj
I.Rivanj
I.Ugljan
I.Lunga (Grossa)
I.Unie
I.Lussin
Lussin
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