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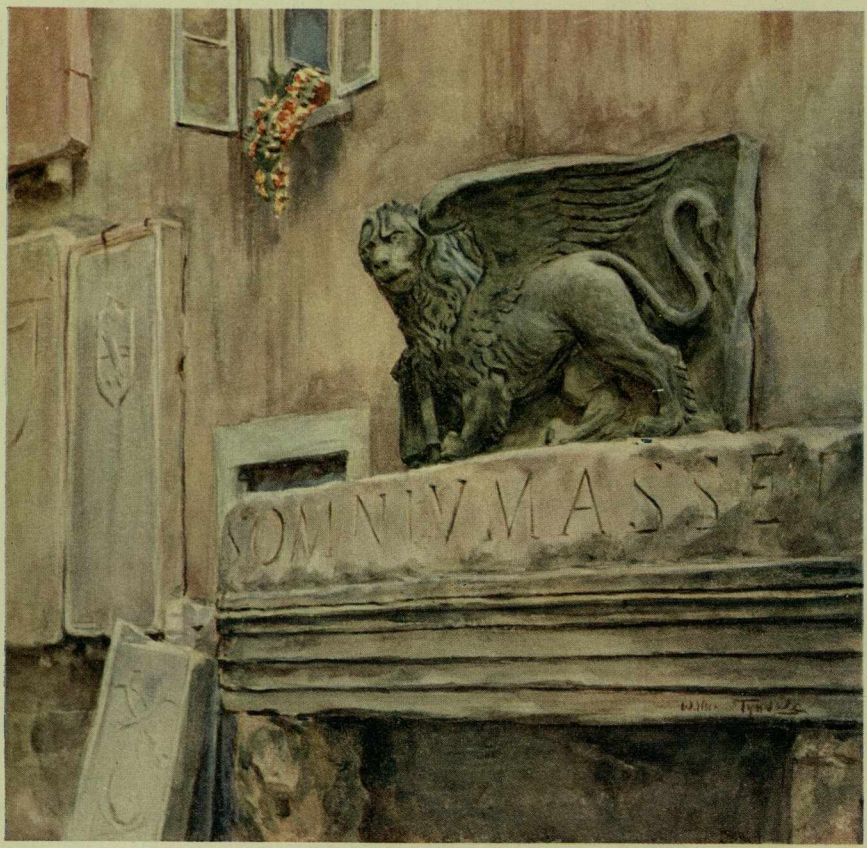

THE LION OF ST. MARK, ZARA.

DALMATIA

PAINTED BY
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DESCRIBED BY
HORATIO · F · BROWN LL.D.

Serena Gold-Medallist, British Academy

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PREFACE

Sir Thomas Jackson, the leading English authority on Dalmatia, whose recent death is a grievous loss to Architecture and to History, quotes a passage from a leading German authority on Dalmatia, Herr Eitelberger (Kunstdenkmale Dalmatiens, *1884*), *declaring that, for many generations past, Dalmatia has claimed the attention of the English; and so it is. Robert Adam* (*1764*) *brought out his beautiful book on Spalato and Diocletian's Palace, from which he drew much inspiration for his classic work in Britain; Sir Gardner Wilkinson followed in 1848; then came A. A. Paton, 1849, and Freeman in 1881; lastly, but easily first, Sir Thomas Jackson himself, with his* Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria (*Oxford, 1887*). *No one who goes to Dalmatia can afford not to study Sir Thomas's volumes, and if my*

debt to his great work were to find adequate expression in this little book, its pages would be swamped with notes "see Jackson". But Sir Thomas's work is weighty; three stout volumes are a burden to a tourist travelling light. There may be room for this briefer, more condensed record of Dalmatian journeys (for I have visited Dalmatia three times, in 1883, in 1910 and in 1924), and the traveller will find something new, of which I cannot give him much, in the delightful sketches of my friend and collaborator, Mr. Walter Tyndale.

Sir Thomas Jackson laments the incompleteness of Ragusan records, and says that the whole history of that interesting Republic has still to be written. But since the publication of his book that lacuna has been filled by Sig. Luigi Villari's volume, The Republic of Ragusa, *with illustrations by William Hulton (Dent, 1904), to which I now make grateful acknowledgement of debt.*

Apart from its English illustrators, Dalmatia has been fortunate in its own people, who have lavished loving care on the illumination of their subject, notably Monsig. Bulić and his capable

coadjutor, M. Abramić, the great authorities on Spalato and Diocletian's connection therewith, and on Dalmatian history in general, as illustrated in the museum at Spalato, whose admirable arrangement is due to Monsig. Bulić, seconded by M. Abramić, to both of whom Mr. Tyndale directly and I indirectly owe so much.

Among more recent works I must cite Alessandro Dudan's La Dalmatia nell' arte italiana, *Milano, Treves, 1922. On purely architectural points Rivoira's monumental* Le origini dell' architettura lombarda (*Roma, 1901*) *is indispensable; and Hébrard-Zeiler's* Le Palais de Dioclétien à Spalato *throws a stimulating light on that interesting building.*

Of course I have read and used the earlier authorities, notably the Imperial topographer, Constantine Porphyrogennetos (*Prof. Bury's spelling in his invaluable edition of the Slavonic passages;* Texts for Students, No. 18, *London, Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1920*); *Thomas, the Archdeacon of Spalato,* Historia Salonitana, *published in Lucio; Lucio,* De regno Dalmatiae (*Amsterdam, Blœu, 1668*), *Farlati, etc.*

In the brevity of less than two hundred pages the volume perforce takes the aspect, to some extent, of a guide-book, as our journey proceeds from north to south, down the land and along the sea-board of Dalmatia.

Our thanks are due to the courtesy of the Directors of the Lloyd-Triestino Company, who gave us free passage in their excellent steamship the Duino.

I must add that dates before our era are marked B.C., *those of anno Domini stand alone.*

HORATIO F. BROWN.

VENICE, *November* 1924.

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DALMATIA

I

GEOGRAPHY

Modern Dalmatia is that long narrow strip of mainland and islands lying between Mount Velebit, the Dinaric range and the Adriatic Gulf. Its greatest length from the northernmost point of the island of Gregorio, due north of Arbe, to Spizza, south-east of the Bocche di Cattaro, is two hundred and seventy miles and a half; its greatest width, from the island of Zirona, west of Spalato, to Strmica, near the top of the pass that crosses the Dinaric Alps and leads into Bosnia, is only forty miles and a half.

In ancient times the Roman Province of Dalmatia was of much wider extent, and indeed it took its name from its first capital, Delminium, the Δαλὲν of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogennetos, possibly the modern Županjac in Bosnia, or

Dlmeno (Dumno) in Herzegovina, well over the eastern side of the Dinaric Alps.

The facts of its geographical position and structure govern and explain the whole history of Dalmatia. Its dominant feature is a narrow strip of tableland and innumerable islands running parallel to it, with deeply indented fiords and land-locked channels and harbours. These channels and islands are in reality a continuation of the mainland system; they are submerged valleys and the crests of parallel ranges, growing gradually lower and lower till they disappear beneath the surface of the Adriatic. The trend of these channels and islands, in north Dalmatia, is north-west to south-east; in middle Dalmatia it becomes more decidedly east and west. Brazza, Lesina, Lissa and Curzola all have long north and south coasts. This distinction must be borne in mind, and the native indication of the compass is usually "east" and "west". Such a seaboard as this, with its sheltered channels, fiords and harbours, "latebrosum et portuosum", in the phrase of that early Dalmatian historian, the Archdeacon Thomas, made an ideal haunt for pirates and "sea-sharkers", as our Elizabethan ancestors called them; the "opportunitas locorum" determined the profession of the inhabitants, and the names of

the dwellers on this coast, Liburnians, Narentines, Uscocks, Morlachs, have become almost synonymous with "pirate". Whoever governed the seaboard held the traffic of the Adriatic at his mercy, as Rome first, and then Byzantium and then Venice, the prime factors, found to their cost. The history of Dalmatia may therefore be described as one long struggle for the mastery of the coast fringe and the islands; and we must draw a broad distinction between seaboard Dalmatia and mainland Dalmatia, which had relatively little weight, though the possession of it, and supremacy in it, were not without their influence on the holders of the seashore cities and islands, and explain the position and importance of the second set of factors in Dalmatian history, the Slavs, the Hungarians, the Bosniacs and the Turks. It is this narrow strip of mainland, always exposed to influences from east and west, never quite one nor quite the other, never free from seaborne Latin pressure, nor from Slav, Magyar and Turkish invasion from beyond the Dinaric crest, that renders the history of Dalmatia so complicated and so interesting; there is, as sometimes happens in the three-colour process of illustration, a frequent "overlapping" of colour.

The governing physical feature of mainland

Dalmatia is the long line of arid limestone mountains, not "the green Illyrian hills" of the poet's fancy, which, beginning with the massif of the Velebit, commanding Novigrad and Obrovaz, runs along the Dinaric crests till it reaches its highest point in Orjen, above the Bocche di Cattaro. This line of desolate mountains, crossed by but few roads and mule-tracks, was the not very effective barrier between mainland Dalmatia and that strange debatable land, the valleys of the Save and the Drave, with their semi-oriental migratory tribes. The aridity of these mountains and of the Dalmatian plateau in general is accounted for by the lack of surface water due to the peculiar "Karst" formation of their limestone rocks, which allows the water to drain off the surface through innumerable pores and fissures and to concentrate in subterranean river-courses, which give rise to such strange and beautiful streams, bursting full-flooded from the foot of some perpendicular crag, often only a mile or so away from the sea, such as the Timavo near Monfalcone on the Triestine Carso, or the Ombla at Gravosa, or the lovely tourmaline waters of the river that rises straight into the sea at Cattaro. This Karst formation of limestone runs all round the head of the Adriatic from the Piave, by Polcenigo, where

the Livenza (*Liquentia* of the Romans, from its limpid waters) rises a full-fledged stream, then on to Monfalcone, then over the Carso or Karst district *par excellence*,—a desolate, wind-swept plateau, the home of that terrible north-eastern blast, the *bora*, which rages all down the Dalmatia coast,—and is continued through the Velebit range, the Dinaric Alps, the plateau of Dalmatia and up into Herzegovina and Montenegro. The formation takes its name from the word "Krast", a hoe or mattock, and the appearance of a Karst plateau is that of a hoed, or rather of a ploughed field, with ridges and furrows of very hard and sharp edge, which soon reduce ordinary boots to shreds, and has taught the dwellers in these regions to adopt that characteristic shoeing, the *opanka*, a sort of sandal of pliant thongs. A Karst plateau may at first sight present the appearance of a fairly level surface, but as a matter of fact the whole is pock-pitted, as it were, by hollows and depressions of various sizes and depths, funnel-shaped or cauldron-shaped, with rugged white limestone sides which, in some cases, deserve the name of cliffs. These depressions are known as *Doline*, or valleys, though that is too grand a name for them. Some are quite small, with rough scrub-vegetation growing in the cracks and crannies of

their walls; some are circular or elliptical dingles of considerable size, with potato crops, or groves of oak, ilex and aromatic shrubs at the bottom. Whatever soil there may be on the tableland is washed down to the floor of these *doline* and is of a deep, rich red, the famous red earth of the Carso. Driving or walking over a Dalmatian plateau one is not at once aware of these bosky dells, they are hidden below the general level, but on a fine spring morning the ear is surprised and delighted by the full concert of singing birds rising, apparently, from underground, like music from some invisible choir or organ. These *doline*, or dingles, follow one another in lines more or less sinuous, and this fact gave the earliest clue to the cause of their formation; and, further, it is known that, in many cases, they lie above true grottos or caverns, still completely roofed in, with their crowns as yet unbroken, like the famous grottos of Adelsberg and S. Canzian, and those which have only just been discovered and explored on the plateau of Cansiglio in the Veneto. At first, geology adopted the igneous theory of this Karst formation; the *doline* were lava bubbles dried and burst or broken in. That theory is now superseded by the aqueous explanation. The *doline* and caverns under them are now held to be the work of subter-

ranean streams drained and accumulated from the limestone surface of the Karst, operating along lines of stratification or fissure, and proceeding, by a chemical process of corrosion and a mechanical process of erosion, to form these underground caverns and grottos. The lines of stratification or of fissure are not, however, perfectly even and regular. They have been bent and broken by lateral pressure, perhaps volcanic, at some infinitely remote period. These bends and breaks along the course of the underground rivers give rise to headlands which produce eddies where the direct flow of the water is hindered and impeded, and thus circular pools are formed, as would happen in the case of an above-ground river; but being underground these eddies form grottos and caves, which, when their roofs eventually fall in, become the *doline* of the Karst. The presence of stalagmites on the floors of the *doline* prove that they were at one time roofed in. When the roof has fallen in, a lateral process of detrition, under the action of the weather and surface corrosion, begins, and, as the side walls of contiguous *doline* break into one another, we get the blind valleys and elliptical cauldrons so characteristic of the whole geological structure, which is thus due to a process of corrosion,

erosion and collapse, and accounts for those strange subterranean rivers, so remarkable a feature in the scenery of Dalmatia.

The Karst, as already noticed, runs through the first of Dalmatia's mountain ranges, the bare and stony Velebit, that huge, repellent mountain mass which dominates the Morlaccan channel and overlooks the lonely, land-locked sea of Novigrad, with Castel Venier and Castel S. Marco, reminiscent of Venetian rule, guarding its approach, and with the first of Dalmatia's four main rivers, the Zrmanja (Termagna), flowing into the sea of Novigrad by Obrovaz. In such a narrow strip of land between high mountains and the sea we should not expect to find rivers of any great length, nor do we; the Kerka, with its eight beautiful cascades we shall visit from Sebenico, comes down from Dinara, the highest point of the Dinaric range which follows the massif of the Velebit. And from the other side of Dinara springs the longest of the purely Dalmatian rivers, the Cetina, which reaches the sea at Almissa. The mountains now draw nearer to the Adriatic and the width of Dalmatia is reduced to less than fifteen miles near Metkovich and Sabbioncello, where the Narenta, which is not a purely Dalmatian river,

descends from Mostar in Herzegovina and formed that famous nest of Illyrian pirates, the canal of the Narenta between Sabbioncello and the mainland. Farther south the mountains actually become the coast-line, and the eastern frontier of Dalmatia is visible from shipboard, as we pass along those arid slopes of grey limestone, beautiful at sunrise and sunset with delicate aerial colouring, but grim during the day, and often ominously purple-black under impending storm-clouds. A narrow strip of vegetation fringes the coast, till we come to the Sutorina and Castelnuovo, rich in subtropical flora, where the Dalmatian frontier takes a wide stretch northwards and inland, embracing the heights of Orjen and all that lovely gulf, the Bocche di Cattaro, returning to the sea again under Lovçen, the bulwark of Montenegro, and ends at Spizza, hard by Antivari.

Of the lakes of Dalmatia there is not much to be said. The largest is the Lake of Vrana, which we shall visit from Zara. There are traces of other large lakes, such as the great plain near Dernis, now drained. Most of the lakes are brackish, and underground connection with the sea is suspected. Some are mere shallow swamps in winter, almost dry in summer. They are the home of innumerable wild duck of various kinds.

II

HISTORY

THE history of this narrow strip of land lying between the mountains and the sea is governed by its geography, and may be considered, in its widest aspect, as the history of two groups of people, each affecting the other to a considerable extent, the seaboard group, by far the more important, and the mainland group. Both present a series of changes in their component parts as Greeks, Romans, Byzantines and Venetians held sway on the coast, and Avars, Croats, Hungarians and Turks dominated the mainland.

Of prehistoric man, man of the Stone Age, traces are said to have been found in the islands; but we only come to sure ground with the Liburnians settled round Zara, and the Illyrians between the Kerka and the Narenta, both of whom took at once to piracy on the irresistible suggestion

and invitation of the coast-line, and left no doubt as to their existence.

There has always been a tradition of a Phœnician and Greek colonization along the coast; and legend—probably unfounded—brought Jason and the Argonauts as far up the Adriatic as Duino, north of Trieste. Certain it is that Syracusan Greeks were in Lissa in 390 B.C. There are cyclopean walls at Gelsa, in the island of Lesina, whose Croat name is Hvar, a transliteration of its Greek name Pharos. Greeks were settled at Curzola, Melida and Làgosta; Greek coins, inscriptions and pottery have been found, chiefly at Lesina and Lissa; Epidaurus, now Ragusa Vecchia, was certainly a Greek colony as late as A.D. 639, when the Avar invasion drove its inhabitants to found the modern Ragusa; so far down the centuries did Greek influence come.

With the fourth century B.C. we hear of an invasion of a fair-haired race of Celts from the Save valley, who are said to have descended on the coast from the crests of the Dinaric Alps, thus inaugurating that fatal flow; but of their blue eyes, blond hair and Celtic manners we gather no traces now among the dwellers in Dalmatia. Farther south, about the year 300 B.C. we find the population

under their so-called kings Berdylis, Pleurat and Agron taking to piracy, and endeavouring to spread from the mainland to the islands; and, led by their famous Queen Teuta—a kind of Dalmatian Boadicea—they occupied Issa, the present island of Lissa, and slew the Roman envoys sent to protest. Aemilius Paulus conquered the pirates (168 B.C.), and Illyria was erected into a Roman province. But the independent and warlike spirit of the Dalmatians gave the Romans continual trouble and taught them, as it has taught all later powers, that it was one thing to hold the islands and the seaboard but quite another to dominate the mainland. Augustus, however, having captured the Dalmatian fleet, and beaten the Dalmatian forces at Monte Promina between Dernis and Knin, reduced them to an obedience which was only once again broken by revolt. Augustus sent Tiberius, Germanicus and Lepidus in A.D. 6 to reduce the province; in A.D. 12 Tiberius celebrated his Illyrian triumph, and Dalmatian independence disappeared for ever. The Roman province of Illyria now extended from Istria to Albania.

A long period of quiet and development ensued. Dolabella built the great Roman road which, starting at Tarsatico, near Fiume, passed round the Velebit

heights by Zengg, to Obrovaz, and thence to Zara and Salona, and reached the valley of the Danube by way of Klissa (Andetrium). The Antonine Emperors adorned Zara and fortified Salona, which gradually rose to the position of chief city in Dalmatia. The Illyrians willingly took military service under Rome and gave to the Imperial throne such soldiers as Claudius Gothicus, born in Dalmatia; Aurelian, born at Sirmium in the Save valley; Septimius Severus II.; Probus; and, lastly, Diocletian, the greatest of them all, whom we shall meet again at his "native" Salona and in his magnificent palace at Spalato, where he died.

After Diocletian's death in 313, Roman influence was steadily established in Dalmatia, and the Roman remains at Zara, Nona, Burnum and Salona testify to the importance of these cities. The Christian religion spread through the province, and it is perhaps to this period that we owe the "dalmatic" as a sacerdotal vestment. In any case the ancient art inspired by the spirit of Christianity gave us monuments of high import as illustrating the transition from ancient Roman to Neo-Christian style. But already by 313, the date of Diocletian's death, the earliest Gothic movement had begun; and, by the middle of the fifth century, Dalmatia was held for

a brief period by the Ostrogoths from Ravenna. Recovered for the Eastern Empire by Belisarius, the province was governed by a "Katapan" resident at Salona, acting for the Exarch of Ravenna. The Dalmatians detested the government of Ravenna, for their young men were conscripted to fight the battles of the Eastern Empire in distant Persia. And this may in part account for the poor defence Dalmatia offered when the terrible days of the Avar invasion came upon them.

We are now approaching the seventh century, the period of barbarian pressure and unrest in the valleys of the Danube and the Save, and Dalmatia obscurely felt the influence. But these invaders were Slavs not Teutons, and their advance was slower, more spasmodic and less effective than that of their brother barbarians, Goth or Lombard. Behind, beyond and eastward of the Slavs were the Avars, a tribe not to be confounded with the Slavs, but of an origin not clearly known to us. The Avars, most savage of barbarians, gradually thrust the Slavs of the Danube basin westward across the Dinaric Alps, and drove them into the islands, following them, like a devastating torrent of lava, down to the very shores of the Adriatic. Dalmatia was submerged and its Roman capital,

Salona, destroyed in 639. The prosperous period of Roman Dalmatia was closed.

The Imperial topographer Constantine VII. Porphyrogennetos, our chief authority on early Dalmatia, writing between 948 and 952, clearly distinguishes between the Dalmatian mainland plateau (τὰ ὑψηλότερα μέρη) and the seaboard towns (τὰ τῆς παραλίας κάστρα). What really remained after the Avar invasion and devastation was the Slav-Croat population which occupied the mainland and some of the islands of Dalmatia, and throughout all the vicissitudes of Hungarian, Venetian and Turkish rule continued to be the true mainland population down to the present day, with the seats of their rulers or Župans at Nona, Bihać, Bribir, Biograd and Vrana, where ruins of their forts and castles are still visible. But seeing that the coast-line, its cities and harbours and outlying islands were the things of chief importance in Dalmatia, it is the fluctuating possession of these rather than supremacy on the mainland that constitutes the central interest of Dalmatian history.

Dalmatia was still the *Thema Dalmata* in the Byzantine Empire when Charlemagne endeavoured to conquer the lagoon-state of Venice in order to create for himself sea-power for the purpose of

challenging the Eastern Empire by dominating the Adriatic. In 812, however, chiefly owing to the defeat of his son Pepin before Venice, he abandoned his attempt and came to terms with the Emperor Nicephorus. The coast towns of Dalmatia remained subject to Byzantium, though the Croat Župans continued to rule on the mainland. Constantine, writing his Treatise on the administration of the Empire, says: "The Croats, like the rest of the Slav peoples, have no other rulers than their Župans; and they governed all Dalmatia, except the cities on the sea-coast, which continued to live under Rome and drew their sustenance from the sea". The Roman Byzantine influence led to the Christianization of a large part of Dalmatia; but the Paganoi, as they were called, round the mouth of the Narenta remained unbaptized heathens.

With the appearance of Venice, however, on the scene a new era in Dalmatian history was about to open. The young Republic, rapidly expanding under the stimulus of its victory over and preservation from Charlemagne and the Franks, soon found that the development of its commerce depended on naval supremacy in the northern Adriatic, and that that again depended on the suppression of the Liburnian and Illyrian pirates who sheltered in the channels,

gulfs and fiords of the Istrian and Dalmatian seaboard. Under the great Doges of the Candiani and Orseolo families for nearly two centuries (836–998), the Republic fought the Dalmatian freebooters with varying fortune but ever-growing skill and mastery of sea-warfare, till Pietro Orseolo II. captured the pirate stronghold of Làgosta, one of the most southern of the Dalmatian islands, north-west of Ragusa, and was proclaimed Duke of Dalmatia in 998. But Venetian domination extended merely over the seaboard and the seaboard towns; the mainland of Dalmatia remained unconquered under its Croat chieftains, and even the sea-coast cities, notably Zara, were in a perpetual ferment of revolt, appealing for support to Hungary, which, since the year 900, had advanced claims on the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

When the Fourth Crusade assembled at Venice in 1202, Zara was in full revolution, garrisoned by Hungarians. The Venetian Doge, Henry Dandolo, drove a hard bargain with the Crusaders, helplessly stranded on the Lido and unable to move except at the pleasure of the Venetian fleet. One clause of this bargain obliged the soldiers of the Cross to recover Zara for Venice, before proceeding on their true mission to free the Holy Land. Zara and

the Dalmatian coast-line did fall once more under Venetian domination, but was lost again to Hungary in 1358. Venetian supremacy in the Adriatic and the monopoly of the Levant trade was challenged by the rival Republic of Genoa. It looked as if Venice were about to lose all she had gained from the Fourth Crusade; severe Venetian defeats, as at Curzola, where Andrea Dandolo lost his life and Marco Polo was taken prisoner, brought the victorious Genoese up to the Lido, and in sight of Venice itself. But the great Venetian victory and capture of the Genoese fleet at Chioggia, in 1380, gave the Republic the final victory, and by 1420 she was firmly established on the whole Dalmatian littoral, except at Narenta and Ragusa, which remained tributary to the Ottoman Turks, who were now about to open that long series of struggles in which Venice and Dalmatia played the part of bulwark for Christianity against Islam,—the Crescent against the Cross. The settlement of 1420 was known in Venetian history as the *acquisto vecchio.*

But no sooner had Venice settled the question of seaboard Dalmatia, first by purchasing the cities from Ladislas of Naples, King of Hungary, in 1409, and by concluding a peace with Sigismund, after the Emperor's troops under Pipo Župan had

invaded Friuli, by which the Dalmatian seaboard returned to the possession of Venice on the annual fee of a white horse and a golden goblet, than the Republic found herself called on to face a new enemy on that debatable ground the Dalmatian tableland. The Turk was already in possession at Narenta, and held Ragusa as tributary, though no military advantage could be gained from that very shadowy lordship. Venice now found herself committed to a series of wars with the Turk. The major field of action was undoubtedly the waters of the Ionian sea and the Levant, but the repercussion made itself clearly felt in Dalmatia. In 1522 Knin and Klissa, those two important passes, the keys to the Dalmatian mainland, were gallantly defended against the Turkish attack. But Klissa fell in 1537, and for about one hundred years the Turks ruled, in a spasmodic fashion, over the larger part of mainland Dalmatia. Traces of Turkish buildings still exist, as we shall see when we come to visit Vrana and Dernis. In 1646 the Venetian commander, Leonardo Foscolo, engaged the Turkish Pasha, who was commanding a Turkish offensive designed to reach the shores of the Adriatic, on the plain near Novigrad. Novigrad fell, but the Turk failed before Sebenico, and

Foscolo recovered both Knin and Klissa in 1648, though Venice was too much enfeebled to be able to hold them. The Peace of Carlowitz, in 1699, gave to Venice all the *acquisto vecchio*, that is, the coast towns and their lands, and also the *acquisto nuovo*, which embraced the mainland with its frontier running from Knin by Vrlika, Sinj, Zadvarje (Duare), Vrgorac, to Klek just beyond the Narenta, where Turkish territory came down to the sea, and thence by Gruda to Castelnuovo and Risano on the Bocche di Cattaro, in short, following the line of the great inland road from Knin to the Bocche, with the crests of the mountains that commanded it to the east. This Venice held, in spite of sporadic fighting with the Turk, down to the fall of the Republic in 1796. After that event, by the Treaty of Campo Formio (1797), Istria and Dalmatia passed to Austria, who occupied them without resistance. In 1803 Dalmatia became French property and was incorporated in Beauharnais's Italian kingdom. The Peace of Tilsit (1807) left the French in absolute possession of the Dalmatian coast and mainland; but the English, with a view to countering Napoleon's threatened European blockade, sent a fleet into the Adriatic, which established its headquarters at Lissa, penetrated as far as Duino, north

of Trieste, occupied the islands of Lesina, Làgosta and Curzola, and, in fact, commanded the Adriatic. This occupation of the islands compelled Marmont, in command in Dalmatia, to develop the internal communications of the country, and under his rule the two great roads, the *strada mediterranea*, so called because it passed down the middle of the country, following closely the lines of Dolabella's road, and the *strada litorale*, carried along the coast from Zara to Almissa, were built. In 1815 Dalmatia was assigned to Austria and erected into a kingdom with three Lions' Heads on its shield. Finally, by the Treaty of Rapallo, at the close of the late war, Dalmatia, with the exception of Zara and a very scanty extent of mainland territory, was annexed to the newly created Triune kingdom of Serb, Croat and Slovene.

From the foregoing brief survey of the geography and history of Dalmatia we should expect to find interesting scenery, the result of its geological formation, and interesting architecture, characteristic of the various peoples who, from time to time, dominated this borderland between East and West; and these are precisely the things we shall find in our tour through Dalmatia.

III

THE APPROACH

In all probability the traveller to Dalmatia will approach it either from Trieste or from Fiume, and both imply Venice as the point of departure. The line runs round the head of the Adriatic, through a long, level district, almost marshy in places, where the rivers Sile, Piave, Livenza and Tagliamento slacken their courses on their way from distant, hardly visible Alps to the sea. This plain has been, all down history, the scene of warfare almost as continuous as that which has won for Belgium the title of "the cockpit of Europe". Away to the north-east, where the Tagliamento has cut a gorge in the Alps, lies the gate by which the barbarians from Pannonia and the Sarmatian plain flooded down on Friuli. In the delta of the Isonzo, near the Lagoon of Grado, lies Aquileia, where the giant Emperor Maximinus was slain by his own soldiers in 238,

and where Attila began his harrying of rich Roman territory, which incidentally led to the foundation of Venice. The land has been fought over since then by Venetians, Germans, Hungarians, French, Austrians, even by Turks, and abundant traces of the last great war may still be seen in ruined villas and new-built townships. Just after leaving Villa Vicentina, where the train crosses the Isonzo and whence can be seen the massive Campanile of Aquileia, to the right, towards the sea, the line begins to climb up to Monfalcone on the rocky limestone formation known as the "Karst". Monfalcone was once a Roman watering-place, and before the War it was rising rapidly as a ship-building yard; now its gaunt cranes and empty docks look forlorn and desolate.

Immediately after leaving Monfalcone the Castle of Duino, magnificently planted on a rocky headland whose cliffs plunge straight into the Adriatic, comes into sight. Duino's walls used to show the round shot from (Sir) William Hoste's ships, when the English commanded the Adriatic, and, from their base at Lissa, captured Grado in 1808–1809. During the last war Duino was completely demolished by Italian gunfire; but is to be rebuilt. From Duino the line climbs ever higher up the Karst,

rounds the shoulder of the Hermada, that stubborn hill that barred the advance of the Italian army on Trieste, and then, having reached Nabresina, or rather the Nabresina bifurcation, it begins a long, gentle descent upon Trieste, passing above the fateful castle of Miramar, the home of the unhappy Maximilian of Mexico and of the equally unhappy Arch-Duke Franz Ferdinand, whose murder at Serajevo let loose the War.

If the traveller intends to reach Dalmatia via Fiume, he can either continue his journey by rail from Trieste or he can hire a carriage and drive across a most typical piece of Karst country, which which will give him an excellent specimen of this formation, which has been already described. At Fiume he will find more than one line of small steamers plying down the Dalmatian coast. They will take him down the narrow channel of the Morlachs, between the grim range of Velebit and the island of Veglia, past Novi and Segna (Zengg), famous in the history of the Uscocks, those marauders whose activities rendered life a burden to the Venetian Republic, the home now of that terrible north-east blast the *bora*. At the northern point of the island of Arbe he will touch the first of pure Dalmatian soil. From Arbe he will skirt the

island of Pago and so reach Zara, where, if he has left fellow-travellers at Trieste, he can pick them up again.

As things stand at present, however, with the friction and confusion between Italy and Jugo-slavia, the upshot of the War, it is more likely that the traveller will take the admirable fast service down the Dalmatian coast provided by the Lloyd-Triestino Company, and served by their excellent, steady, clean and comfortable ship *Duino*, named after the great castle we passed by Monfalcone. The *Duino* will take him all the way down to Gravosa, the port of Ragusa, whence he can work his way up the coast; or it will take him to Zara, whence he can begin a detailed voyage of exploration, making his headquarters Zara, Spalato, Ragusa and Cattaro.

The journey from Trieste to Zara carries us along the shores of that pleasant land of Istria, with its long, low, gentle declension of the land-line down to the shore, reminding one of Syracuse; the great mass of Monte Maggiore above Fiume dominating the background and the Istrian heights of Buje—the *Spia d' Istria*—commanding the middle landscape. The whole land is covered with a thick *maquis* of aromatic shrubs, whose scent, in spring, can reach

us even out at sea. We pass Muggia, Capo d' Istria and Pirano—the extreme point of the Gulf of Trieste—with its church on a bold headland, supported by huge buttresses that rise from the shore, and the Venetian walls of its castle cutting off the town on the mainland side. We round Cape Salvore and turn south, passing Parenzo with its beautiful Basilica of S. Eufrasio, said to occupy the site of a Greek temple to Poseidon, now boasting an atrium like S. Ambrogio at Milan, and very fine mosaics. The cathedral was built in the reign of Justinian, in the years 535-543. Parenzo also supplies some of the best wine in Istria; its harbour is sheltered by an island whose surface is covered with the dusty-looking stars of asphodel. Then Orsera, with its great square Bishop's Palace, famous for its Istrian stone, so much of which has gone to build Venice; then the Brioni islands, with their hugh modern hotel and some remains of classical buildings, and finally Pola, where we stop. There will be just time enough to see the great amphitheatre, perhaps the most perfect amphitheatre in the world, not forgetting Rome or Verona. There is a legend among the people of Pola that it was built by the Devil in one night, and long ago, in the sixteenth century, the

Venetian Republic proposed to remove it, stone by stone, and re-erect it on the Lido. Some of its stones did actually get to Venice, and it is said the finely squared blocks of the church of S. Fantin came from Pola.

Pola, the Roman Pietas Julia—though the name Pola is not derived from that (it is a much older local name)—was colonized at the time of the Roman conquest of Istria, in 178 B.C., and is still full of Roman remains. Besides the amphitheatre there is the *Porta Gemina*, a double gate, as its name implies, with three Corinthian half-columns, one on each side and one between the twin arches. But here there occurs a singular architectural peculiarity, one which, as Freeman remarks, reminds us that we are on the road to Spalato, and which, perhaps, anticipates the development of the "free arch", which finds its first full expression in the peristyle of Diocletian's palace at that place. "The columns carry an entablature, with frieze and cornice, but the architrave is wanting." Is this the beginning of the break-up of the trabeate system? The answer is neither simple nor certain, but it must be borne in mind when the whole question is raised by Diocletian's palace. Then there is the *Porta Aurea*, or *Aurata*, in truth not a gate

of the city but the private commemorative arch of the Sergii family; and there are, besides, the two temples, one the temple of Diana, now lost in the palace of the Venetian governor; the other the temple of Augustus, the restorer of Pola, a building of the greatest beauty and interest. Pola, indeed, has much to show, but our steamer leaves us little time for seeing it, though what we have seen forms no uninstructive introduction to the architecture we shall meet in Dalmatia.

The *Duino* steams out of that noble harbour of Pola, the great arsenal once of Austria, now of Italy, and rounds the point of Cape Compare, turning south to Punta Promontore, whence it crosses the mouth of the Quarnero, Dante's *limes Italiae*, famous for the north-east gales, the *bora*, which turn the whole deep blue waters into a sea of lapis-lazuli flecked with the most dazzling white foam, and we reach Lussinpiccolo, at the far end of a long inlet, a charming little town climbing up the hill which separates it from the smaller, but quite as fascinating, Lussingrande. At the extreme south end of Lussin lies the island with the picturesque name of S. Pietro dei Nembi (St. Peter of the storm clouds), and once past that we are in Dalmatian

waters and meet the first Dalmatian islands, Selve, Ulbo and Premuda, at the mouth of the Canal di Zara, which leads to Zara, the erstwhile capital of Dalmatia and our first halting-place in that country.

IV

ZARA

ZARA, the early Roman Jadera, and the later Διάδωρα, of the Imperial topographer, Constantine Porphyrogennetos, may possibly have taken its name from the river Jader near Salona, when the Roman population of Salona was scattered by the Avars in 639, and Zara became the chief city of Dalmatia. The Emperor was fond of quaint etymologies and does not hesitate to give ἰὰμ ἔρατ = *jam erat* = "which was from of old", as the meaning of the name Jadera. The town stands on a peninsula running east and west, between a deep inlet of the sea and the channel of Zara by which we approach it. It had been a place of considerable importance under the Romans, and the walls and fortifications, which so amazed the Crusaders in 1202, are supposed to have been Roman work. These were swept away by the Venetians when they captured Zara as the upshot

of the deflection of the Fourth Crusade, and the remains of curtains and bastions which we now see, also the great gates, the *Porta Marina*, near the landing quay, and the *Porta di Terraferma*, both with Lions of S. Marco over them, are the work of the Venetian architect and engineer Sammichele, built between 1543 and 1570 as a protection against the Turkish menace. The *Porta di Terraferma* is especially noteworthy. It consists of a noble central arch, with two lateral square-headed doors, in rusticated Gothic. On the gate are the arms of the Venetian nobles Diedo (per fesse or and azure, a bend gules) and Salamon (argent semé of lozenges, gules). The *Porta Marina*, opening on the quay, is a smaller but hardly less interesting portal. The Lion with his open book is a noble specimen. The gate bears a Latin inscription explaining that the arch was erected by Melia Annina in honour of her husband, Lepitino Bassus; and this has given rise to the local tradition that the arch was brought from Nona when that malaria-stricken city was abandoned, but I doubt it. Another inscription commemorates the victory of Lepanto. Sammichele's fortifications have been removed on the sea side to give place to a very fine esplanade looking over the channel of Zara, a noble

stretch of water, to the islands of Ugliano, crowned by the fort of S. Michele, while on the side of the harbour they have been converted into a promenade and public gardens.

The two main streets of Zara, the Calle Larga and the Corso, run parallel to one another, from the Piazza della Colonna and the church of S. Simeone to the Madonna della Salute, passing the church of S. Anastasia, the Duomo, on the right, and from the Porta di Terraferma to the other Roman column which Zara boasts in the Piazza della Erbe, near the Greek church of S. Elia. The side streets, including the one that runs from the Calle Larga to the Porta Marina, are very like Venetian *calli*, filled with a lively, bustling throng of Morlachs, Croat peasants from the interior, in their picturesque but draggled and untidy costumes, embroidered breeches, highly embroidered waistcoats covered with silver ornaments, jacket, usually slung on the shoulder, adorned with ribbons and tufts of parti-coloured wools or silks, a jaunty but absolutely useless round cap of scarlet cloth, like a pancake, with a black tuft over the ear, fastened by a thread, flat on the top or side of the head; indeed the streets of Zara seem to be full of red flannel and maraschino, that other staple of the

town. Here are to be seen in marked contrast, illustrating the dominant characteristic in Dalmatian history, the Latin inhabitants of the seaboard town jostling the Slav peasants of the interior. When I was first in Zara, in 1883, the Morlach men were still wearing pigtails; these and much else that was curious and characteristic have now disappeared; you will not now meet any Turks, or rather Moslems, from the interior, but in 1883, an exodus of Turkish subjects from Bosnia, to escape the rule of the Apostolic Emperor, was in progress. A large band of them, with their beds and household goods made up into clumsy bundles, had come down to the coast and were waiting a ship to take them east. They had bivouacked by the walls on the flat ground near the landing-place. The women were all ranged with their faces turned to the wall like a lot of cattle; they were seated on rugs and veiled up to the eyes, so that no Christian dog should look at them; but every now and then, on some pretext or other, a white hand, with finger-nails stained a deep coffee colour, would raise the veil a moment and gaze shyly up at the row of curious Christian faces peering down on them. The Turk is far enough away now, and such a scene could not be witnessed to-day in Zara.

Once, and once only, did Zara emerge into the full blaze of world-history, and that was in 1202, during the Fourth Crusade. But earlier than that, the importance of Zara as a strong place on the great water avenue of the Adriatic could not fail to bring it under the influence of Venice when the growing Republic was beginning to establish its supremacy in those waters. In 998 the great Doge, Pietro II. Orseolo, reduced Zara to dependence and returned home with the title of *Dux Dalmatiae*. But Venetian hold on the town was precarious, and the Hungarians, who were masters of the mainland, were ever ready to challenge Venetian possession and to stir up Zara to revolt. Venice recovered the city in 1116, but Zara rebelled again in 1178 and was still in revolt when the Fourth Crusade began to assemble at Venice. The Crusaders could not raise the money they had promised for transport to the Holy Land, and then the great Doge, Henry Dandolo, struck his hard bargain. The Republic would forgo her claim, but the Crusaders must stop on their way down the Adriatic and help Venice to recover her revolted city. The proposal met with some opposition among the Crusaders, who objected to diverting the arms of Christendom from their true object, the

conquest of Jerusalem; and the Pope, Innocent III., at once entered a protest. But the fleet set sail on October the 8th, 1202. Never had the Adriatic seen a finer sight. The three great galleys *Aquila*, *Pelegrina* and *Paradiso* led the armada of more than three hundred vessels. On November the 10th it was before Zara, whose massive walls and soaring towers inspired the French knights with admiration, and doubts whether anything short of a miracle would enable them to capture the city. The Doge challenged Zara to surrender; receiving no reply, the Venetians rammed and broke the chain which closed the mouth of the harbour and, landing on the farther side, opposite the town, now known as Barcagno, set themselves down to besiege the place. The townsfolk were disposed to surrender, but the dissident French knights, led by Guy de Vaux, who had, from the first, opposed the attack on Zara, now encouraged the citizens to further resistance, assuring them that in face of the Papal Bull, condemning the diversion of the Crusade, no Frenchman would join in the assault. The Doge, however, carried the majority with him. The assault was delivered, and on the fifth day Zara fell. The inhabitants fled, many of them to

Nona, which we shall presently visit. The city was given over to pillage, its fortifications razed, and the Venetians prepared to build the castle of Malconsiglio on the opposite island of Ugliano, possibly on the site now occupied by Fort S. Michele, in order to command the Zara channel. The season was far advanced and the Crusaders resolved to winter in Zara. But feeling ran high. The French and Venetians came to blows in the streets. A Brief from the Pope, ordering the French to separate themselves from the excommunicated Venetians, served to heighten the divergences. So the winter passed. The Venetians employed it in dismantling the defences of the town. But a still further diversion of the Fourth Crusade was brought about by the arrival in Zara of the young and handsome Alexius Comnene, the rightful heir to the throne of Constantinople, whose father, Isaac Comnene, had been dethroned, imprisoned and blinded by the usurper, another Alexius. Young Alexius, who was about fourteen years old, had escaped from Constantinople and the clutches of the usurper, disguised as a common seaman, and found his way to Italy. He now appealed to the Crusaders for help. He promised if they would turn aside, recapture Constantinople and place him

on the throne, that he would maintain the army for a year, pay 200,000 marks of silver, accompany the Crusade in person when it eventually directed its arms to the Holy Land, and furnish five hundred knights at his own expense, to be dedicated to the perpetual defence of Jerusalem. As a decisive inducement to the Church party he further declared that he would renounce the Eastern heresy and would place the Eastern Church under the authority of Rome. His handsome person, his vast promises, his subtle argument that the road to Jerusalem lay through Constantinople and that the surest way to recapture the Holy Places was to establish a friendly basis in the capital of the Eastern Empire, coupled with the cupidity of the Venetians—who desired to seize the banks of their commercial rivals, the Genoese and Pisans, in Constantinople—and the rising hope of the clergy to secure the supremacy of Rome, carried the day by an irresistible combination. And so, in the little harbour of Zara, was settled the diversion of the Fourth Crusade, which caused the sack of Constantinople, with all its accumulations of art and culture, the destruction of the Eastern Empire, which led in turn to the advance of the Turk, the fall of Constantinople in 1453, the Moslem menace to Christendom, the

Turkish rendezvous at "the Red Apple", meaning Rome, the long wars of Venice for the defence of Europe, the threat to Zara itself, and the presence of the Turk in Dalmatia, which, as we shall presently see, played such an important part in Dalmatian history.

After the Fourth Crusade Zara revolted four times against Venice, almost always with the help of the Hungarians, who were the precarious masters of the mainland. Finally, in 1403, Ladislas of Naples was crowned King of Hungary at Zara itself; but failing in his efforts against the Emperor Sigismund, six years later, he sold Zara, Nona, Novigrad and Vrana to Venice, in whose possession Zara remained till the fall of the Republic in 1797. That event found Zara and indeed all seaboard Dalmatia passionately attached to the Lion of S. Marco. Zara was surrendered to Austria on July 1st, 1798, and on that day the standard of S. Marco was taken from the Piazza delle Erbe to the Duomo of S. Anastasia through a throng of mourning citizens, and there deposited on the High Altar and kissed and embraced with sobs and tears by the officers of the guard. "Thus", says Sir Thomas Jackson, "during the eight centuries that followed the expedition of Pietro

Orseolo, Zara was only eighty years out of the possession of Venice." The recent Treaty of Rapallo, after the French and Austrian occupations which followed the fall of the Republic, has restored Zara to Italy, the heir of S. Marco.

Of the many churches of Zara some were already in existence at the time of the Fourth Crusade. Perhaps the oldest, and in many ways the most interesting, is the church of S. Donato, now used as a museum, and therefore comparatively safe, after a stormy and dangerous past as a warehouse, a military store and a wine-cellar. It stands close to the cathedral, by whose out-buildings, Baptistery and Sacristy, it is almost hidden. It can best be reached by a narrow passage which leads from the Piazza delle Erbe, along whose walls are ranged inscriptions and sculpture rescued from various sites, among them a splendid Lion of S. Marco, recently brought from Sebenico, where he ran some risk of injury at the hands of hot-headed Jugoslavs. S. Donato was originally known as The Holy Trinity. It is recorded by Constantine Porphyrogennetos, so its disputed date must be earlier than the date of his book (A.D. 948–952). It is, as the Emperor describes it, a round or vaulted church (εἰλητικός), reminding one of Charlemagne's

Church at Aachen, or of S. Vitale at Ravenna, but without any of S. Vitale's glorious and glowing decoration. It must always have been a very plain and even rude interior, though of great structural interest. The church is tall in proportion to the circumference of its circular form, and the impression it first gives when one enters is that of a well. Various dates are assigned to it, and there is even talk of a temple of Juno, a legend due to a misread inscription of foreign provenance. In all likelihood, however, the building was the work of Bishop Donatus III., and belongs to the early ninth century (*c.* 812), about contemporary with Charlemagne, to whom Donatus paid a visit at Aachen. The design is a central circle running up the entire height of the building to a dome, now fallen in and replaced by a wooden roof, which is easily visible as one of the leading features of Zara viewed from outside. Round this central space, the body of the church, runs a circular aisle with three apses opening out of it and immediately facing the entrance. Above this lower circular aisle is another circular aisle carried on columns and very massive square piers, in whose construction highly wrought Roman material, plinths and architraves and capitals, probably from Roman Nona, or possibly from Roman Jadera,

has been employed; this upper-story circular aisle was reached by a flight of steps outside the circumference of the building; it also has triple apses, and was used as a church for the Catechumens. But S. Donato is not the only interesting church in Zara, and we may leave the problem of this gaunt and severe building, which, after all, is a matter chiefly for architectural experts, and turn to the more obviously beautiful and more easily mastered cathedral which stands close by. It is dedicated to S. Anastasia and occupies the site of an older church, with green and white columns and a marvellous tesselated pavement, described in the Imperial guide-book. This early church may have been destroyed by the Venetians when the Fourth Crusade sacked the city; it was certainly rebuilt and consecrated by Archbishop Lorenzo Periandro in 1285. The plan is that of a basilica (δρομικός), as in the earlier church described by Constantine. The triforium and wall above it have been tampered with, raised and ruined. The choir stalls are of very great interest and beauty, richly carved with the arms of four archbishops, whose reigns virtually cover the whole of the fifteenth century; they are clearly the work of Venetian craftsmen. The Baldacchino, with richly fluted and channelled

columns, is a noble canopy; it bears the following dating inscription: "In nomine Domini anno ejusdem MCCCXXXII factum fuit hoc opus tempore domini Johannis de Butovane dei gratia Archiepiscopi Jadrensis". But it is the façade of the Duomo that will attract our chief attention. It is, perhaps, the finest in Dalmatia, and with its tiers of arcading it recalls and even rivals the churches of Pisa and Lucca. Three quiet, dignified and handsome portals pierce the front, and above the main door is a wheel window of great beauty, surmounted by a second and smaller wheel in the gable of the nave. The sloping façades of the two aisles are terminated in two excellent animals, pigs or bulls, one of which seems to be a modern copy of the original. This west front is due to John of Butovane, the author of the Baldacchino. The campanile is the work of the Venetian archbishop, Valaresso, whose unfinished palace we shall presently pass when we go to visit Vrana. The Baptistery of S. Anastasia, now in course of restoration, is an extremely interesting building. It stands in the passage between the Duomo and S. Donato. It is an irregular hexagonal structure, with remarkable buttressing at the six angles, which constitute a beautiful architectural feature. The font itself is an octagon.

Even more interesting than the Duomo is the church of S. Grisogono, μοναχὸς καὶ μάρτυς, which one passes when arriving by the Porta Marina. It is a church of high antiquity. We find it mentioned in 908, and again in 986. But the essential dates for the church are 1175, when it was entirely rebuilt by Lampridius, and 1407, when it was remodelled and reconsecrated. In plan S. Grisogono is a triapsidal basilica, the beauty of which is perhaps better grasped from outside. The west front, though Romanesque in design, belongs to the later handling of the church in 1407. The church has a graceful arcaded flank running along the street, with a side door of more recent date cut into the design, and bearing the arms of a bishop on the lintel; but the triapsidal east end is the most memorable feature of the building. The large central apse has a most graceful open gallery running round its upper story, with four windows widely splayed outwards, which gave so little light to the interior that a larger and later window has been opened below the gallery. The columns of the lower arcade have all at one time been spiral, but where restoration has taken place they are now simply round. The smaller side apses are very simple, with a single window in the centre

of each; the window of the right-hand apse is formed of four stones only, a construction we shall meet again when we visit Nona.

Yet another church of Zara calls for our attention before we leave the city for the country, the Conventual Church of S. Maria, with its superb campanile built by King Coloman of Hungary after he had assumed the title of King of Dalmatia and Croatia in 1102; it therefore has witnessed the exploits of the Fourth Crusade. It is, perhaps, the finest campanile in Dalmatia, finer and severer than the later Gothic campanile of Spalato; a grand monument of Romanesque style; square and massive; the round-headed lights carried on graceful columns, increasing in width and importance as the tower rises. Whatever the original church may have been like, we can see little of it now; externally it has been entirely rehandled in the style of the Venetian Lombardi; the façade on the fore-court recalls the church of the Miracoli or the façade of S. Zaccaria at Venice. Inside the whole design has been disguised by a riot of rococo ornamentation.

V

NONA

Nona, Nóva, Non, Nin, Aenona Civitas, lies about seventeen kilometres due north of Zara; it can easily be reached in the excellent Fiat car of Antonio Mestrovic—to be heard of at the Hôtel Bristol, the handsome house on the new esplanade looking across the canal of Zara to Ugliano and the Fort of S. Michele—in less than three-quarters of an hour. Nona is the most northern town of the Dalmatian mainland, if town it can be called, for, though once a flourishing Roman colony and later on an important Croat centre, seat of a Župan and a bishop, and the occasional residence of kings, it is now hardly a hamlet, having been reduced to this forlorn condition by malaria engendered in the surrounding swamps. The beginning of its end dates from the fourteenth century, when, to save itself from the tyranny of

the Counts of Bribir, Croatian despots, it placed itself under the protection of Venice, which led to assaults and sieges by the Hungarians. It passed into final Venetian possession along with the rest of coastal Dalmatia in 1420, but the threat of Turkish invasion and the dread that the town might be seized and held by the Moslems as a stronghold on the Adriatic shore, induced the Senate of Venice to order its destruction in 1646. The Episcopal See was at one time proposed for Fra Paolo Sarpi, but he declined what he termed *un fiore secco*, a desiccated flower, a See without emoluments, and the site had already become so malarious that the bishop was permitted to reside in Zara.

On leaving Zara the road rounds the end of the harbour and then turns due north over typical Dalmatian country; arid limestone downs, with a few scrubby trees and scanty flocks of skinny sheep. But the distant views are of extraordinary beauty: to the left, the dancing waters of the Zara channel, with Ugliano and S. Michele on the farther side; to the right, over a long stretch of Campagna, the noble mass of Velebit above the lonely landlocked sea of Starigrad and Novigrad. The great mountain takes the most wonderful

shades of blue—from deep purple to pale mauve—in certain lights, and in spring it may have snow on its summits and in the gullies of its flanks. Between us and it lies the lake of Bocagnazzo, not visible from the road, one of those brackish Dalmatian lakes that run almost dry in summer.

About a mile before we reach Nona, on a mound to the left, and surrounded by a clump of trees, stands the remarkable circular church of S. Nicolò. In plan it is a Greek cross with three apses, to choir and transepts, and is surmounted by a dome—a design we shall find recalled to us in S. Croce at Nona.

Nona stands on a shallow arm of the sea in the midst of stagnant swamps. It is reached by a bridge and entered by a gate over which is a large Lion of S. Marco. The town is surrounded by ruined walls. The Duomo is modern and of little importance; but in the centre of the town excavations have been carried out in a desultory fashion during recent times. They have laid bare what must have been the foundations of a very considerable temple, and piled up round about are fragments of remarkably fine friezes, architraves and columns, some of the work being vividly reminiscent of the Roman fragments observed in the piers of

S. Donato at Zara. Passing on through the deserted streets, where houses once stood, but which are now mere lanes flanked by stone dykes covered with brambles, we gathered a little company of the village youths, fair-haired and, I must say, clear-skinned and rosy, showing no signs of the dreaded malaria; and this they themselves confirmed, declaring that there were one hundred such in the township, all hale and hearty. Draining operations may be producing the desired effect, but I should not care to sleep in Nona.

At the extreme end of the town, near the eastern gate which pierces the walls and leads to the causeway and bridge that carry the road to the mainland over swamps where women were gathering cockles, with Velebit in the background dominating a vast plain in character and colour recalling the Roman Campagna, stands the beautiful ruined church of S. Ambrogio, a Benedictine building of finely cut and dressed stone, with sharp angle edges, reminding one of the Arab work on the tombs of the Kaliphs at Cairo, or the sharp edging of Caen stone at Wressle in Yorkshire. The church is roofless now, but the side windows, round-headed and deeply splayed outwards, are still intact, one of them composed of

A WELLHEAD AT ZARA.

only four stones, as in the apsidal window of S. Grisogono at Zara. The west front is fairly well preserved; a square-headed door with lintel, ornamented by two crosses, and a discharging arch above it; then a very interesting window of unusual and curious design; inside a square frame a cross which is translucent, showing from the inside of the church an ordinary Greek cross of four equal arms, but from the outside, at a little distance, producing the effect of a Maltese cross with splayed ends; above that again, in the gable, a plain round-headed window splayed outwards.

Turning back towards the middle of the town we come to the domed, circular church of S. Croce, once the cathedral church of Nona, and perhaps the smallest cathedral in Europe. In plan it recalls the church of San Nicolò on the mound which we saw on approaching Nona, a Greek cross with square north end and three apses to choir and the two transepts. Over the square north end entrance—the church stands north and south—is a lintel stone of very rich Byzantine work, so rich that one doubts whether it could originally have belonged to so rude and primitive a building.

After wandering through the desolate little village it is not amiss to drink a glass of *Vino*

cotto in the upper chamber above the only shop of the place, hard by the Duomo. *Vino cotto* is really "cooked wine", that is to say, the fermentation has been arrested by heating the must after the grapes have been pressed. The result is excellent to the palate, but the drink is heady, and the drive back to Zara hardly long enough to let one sleep it off.

VI

NOVIGRAD

NOVIGRAD can be reached by sea or by land. By sea is the longer but more interesting route. Leaving Zara we keep up the Zara channel till we reach the northernmost point of Dalmatian mainland at Brevilacqua. Rounding this, to our right opens the fiord in whose farthest recess lies Nona. We cross the mouth of the Nona fiord with our bow now set east, and passing headland after headland through a maze of intricate channels that recall Skye and the western islands of Scotland, we sail into the great and solemn Gulf of Starigrad, a landlocked sea with desolate limestone shores, dominated to the east by the enormous and arid mass of the Velebit. Making now for the southern end of this loch, we pass places whose names recall the rule of Venice and which were the scene of much fighting between the Republic and the Turk, Castel

Venier to the right and the Forte di S. Marco to the left, commanding the extremely narrow channel of Maslenica which leads from the outer Gulf of Starigrad to the yet more recondite sea of Novigrad, upon a little inlet of which, and surrounded by its waters, stands the town of Novigrad with its grim and shattered castle walls. Into the sea of Novigrad descends the first of Dalmatia's important rivers, the Zrmanja (Termagna). The ship's boat will take us up the river to Obrovazzo, through a gorge of stupendous cliffs and dominated by the ruined fortress of Pržunac. Obrovazzo is a bright little town with green meadows round it—green is such a precious and refreshing colour where the "green Illyrian hills" of the poet are in truth the barest, greyest, most uncompromising limestone—lying at the foot of the great road that climbs the Velebit to the pass above Mali Halan in Croatia. The gorge of the Zrmanja, like others we shall meet with in Dalmatia, the Cetina, for instance, at Almissa, is a magnificent defile cut by the river in the limestone crags which tower to over three hundred feet above the pure green waters. Their colour is, for the most part, delicate French-grey, but in places they are deeply stained to a rich orange-red by the presence of some mineral in their composition.

Obrovazzo is worth a visit no less for its picturesque scenery than for the insight it gives into Dalmatian geological structure.

Novigrad may also be reached by road from Zara in about an hour and a quarter by motor. You pass through the village of Semonico, and at Smilčić you leave the main road and reach Novigrad by a very inferior track. The great castle is almost surrounded by the waters of the inlet from the sea of Novigrad. It was the home of Hungarian and also of Croatian sovereigns, and the probable scene of one great tragedy, the murder of Queen Elizabeth, the elder, of Hungary, widow of Lewis the Great, in 1387. She had been left Regent on the death of Lewis in 1382, and guardian of his two daughters, Maria, who, like a later Maria, had been acclaimed "King" on her father's death, and her sister Edwigia, married to the Duke of Lithuania. But the turbulent lords of Hungary and Croatia rose against this "monstrous regiment of women", formed a plot to transfer the crown to Charles of Naples, Charles of Durazzo, who had just secured the throne of Naples by the murder of Queen Giovanna. In 1385 Charles sailed from Barletta, passed by Zara and made for Zengg on the canal of the Morlacchi, which leads to Fiume; thence he

went to Agram. From the capital of Croatia he roused the country against the Queens, and on his arrival at Buda they made submission to the usurper and were imprisoned in their castle. There they hatched a plot. Charles was tempted to pay them a visit in their apartment, and there, in January 1386, he was cut down by the sword of Blasius Forgach. The Queens at once set out for Dalmatia to recover their lost authority; but on the way, *prope Diacum*, not yet certainly identified, they were attacked by the Ban, Ivan Horvad, and Ivan Palisna, Prior of Vrana; their escort, including Forgach, was slain, and they themselves were carried to the fortress of Novigrad. Elizabeth met her death, perhaps by drowning, in or near the castle. Maria was eventually released by the Venetians under Giovanni Barbarigo and taken to Nona in June 1387; from Nona she went to Zengg, and subsequently rejoined her husband, Sigismund, in Agram. But this led to further complications in Dalmatian history, for Sigismund resolved to punish Horvad and Palisna for the revolt of Croatia against his Queen, Maria. He sent his forces to attack the Prior of Vrana and Horvad, who threw themselves into the arms of Tuartko, King of Bosnia. Tuartko had ambitious aims as

regards Dalmatia and the seaboard, so essential to the development of his Bosniac kingdom, a good example of the dominant problem of Dalmatian history, the necessity for the mainland lords to reach the sea. He advanced into Dalmatia, captured Cattaro, Lissa and Almissa, and threatened Ragusa and Spalato. He came to the aid of Palisna, who was besieged in his stronghold of Vrana by the townsmen of Zara. Sigismund sent no help, and by 1390 all Dalmatia and the islands of Lesina, Brazza and Curzola were in Tuartko's possession, and he proclaimed himself "King of Serbia, Bosnia and the maritime parts". But the next year his great general, the Prior of Vrana, died, and was soon followed by Tuartko himself, and his Dalmatian conquests fell to bits under menace from the Turk against the eastern frontiers of his kingdom.

The Lady Elizabeth may have owed her misfortunes to an act of sacrilege not sufficiently atoned. Legend has it that at Zara arrived a traveller from a foreign land who brought, among his luggage, the body of one whom he pretended was his brother. While breaking his journey and taking a rest, he deposited the corpse in the cemetery; but he himself died in Zara, and it was

then discovered from his papers that the body lying in the cemetery was none other than that of S. Simeone the Just. The people of Zara removed the corpse to the church of S. Maria, where it authenticated its title by performing miracles and exorcising devils. Lewis the Great of Hungary came to Zara with the two Elizabeths, his mother and his wife. The Queen Consort was determined to possess a bit of the Saint and surreptitiously snapped off his little finger and hid it in her bosom; but she instantly had a fit, and, moreover, the stolen finger bit into her flesh and began to fester there. Only on restoring the relic did she regain her senses, and her sore was healed. She thereupon ordered of a Zara goldsmith, one Francesco da Milano, a reliquary of the finest workmanship, representing, in relief, the arrival of the Saint at Zara and his many miracles there. The gable-ends of the coffer are nobly adorned with the Arms of Hungary impaling France, surmounted and surrounded by Crest and Mantling, and the letters L and R on either side. This remarkable specimen of silversmiths' work is now in the church of S. Simeone at Zara, which originally bore the title of S. Stephen till the arrival of S. Simeone unseated him.

VII

VRANA

VRANA LAKE and Vrana's ruined castle, about thirty-eight kilometres south-east of Zara, can be reached by car. The road follows the seashore through Borgo Erizzo or Arbanesi, the settlement of the Albanians, S. Cassian (Sukožan), with the ruins of the unfinished Palace of Archbishop Valaresso, Torette, to Zara Vecchia (Biograd or Belgrad), the white city; and a white city it looks both from land and sea, with its large church standing on a promontory jutting into the canal of Zara. The road is fairly good so far, and runs through *maquis* of heath and juniper, with clearings where it has been cut, in sharply marked patches, for charcoal-burning. The soil, where it has been cleared, is a rich red, and the vineyards look flourishing, but the wine of the country does not seem to me to be what it was before the War.

Five miles out of Zara you pass from Italy into Jugoslavia. It is as well to bear this in mind as long as the present arrangements last, and to make sure that your driver has his papers in order, for the Jugoslav gendarmerie are strict and ask pressing questions as to passports and the money you have with you, and it may end, as it did with us, in having a Jugoslav soldier on the box the whole day. At Zara Vecchia the road turns inland, and, for the first part, is a very fine, well-kept road, bordered with cypress trees, which make a noble avenue, for we are now on the property of the Counts Borelli, a Bolognese family to whom the Venetian Republic granted the fief of Vrana about the middle of the eighteenth century. This well-kept road continues as far as the farm steadings of the Borelli estate, on the edge of a vast morass, the "swamp of Vrana", drained by its owners. As we reach the crest of the rocky ridge which separates the Vrana basin from the sea, the great lake comes into view on the farther side of the swamp; it is eight miles long and two wide, and is the largest lake in Dalmatia, though the extent of its surface varies very considerably with the seasons; full in winter, much shrunken in summer. Away to the east rise little conical hills, very

characteristic of Dalmatian orography, and on the slopes of one lies Vrana village and ruined castle.

The road now becomes a mere track, and at times not even that; it leads, right across the drained swamp full of wild asparagus, that wild-looking children and herd-boys offer for sale, up to the edge of the lake, where it joins a decent road once more, leading on to Vrana over a causeway which cuts athwart the head of the lake, under an avenue of poplars. Never have I seen so many wild-duck, mallards and coots (*Anas boschas* and *Fulix niger*, *mazorin* and *foleghe* of the Venetian lagoons), but getting them must be far from easy. The great ruined walls of Vrana now come in sight, and we soon reach them up a gentle incline past babbling water rills (*desilientes aquae*) that flow down in abundance from the rocky limestone ridge on which Vrana stands.

The history of Vrana is interesting. In 1076 Pope Gregory VII., the great Hildebrand, sent a legate into Dalmatia to convey to the Ban, Zvonimir, King of Croatia, the insignia of the Croatian Crown. The Ban, in return, founded at Vrana a church dedicated to S. Gregorio, with lodging for the Papal Legates whenever they might come that way. In 1138 Bela II., King of Hungary, installed

the Knights Templars at Vrana, and they built the great quadrangular castle. On the suppression of the Order, in 1311, Vrana passed to the Knights of S. John of Rhodes or of Malta. The Priors of Vrana numbered members of the great Croatian family of the Counts of Palisna, and it was at Vrana that the plot was hatched for bringing Charles of Durazzo into Hungary. After the murder of Charles, the "King" Maria and her mother, the Queen Dowager, Elizabeth, visited Vrana; but in 1386 they were both captured by Ivan Palisna, last Prior of Vrana, and Hovrad, Ban of Croatia, and conveyed to the castle of Novigrad, with the tragic results we have already seen. Palisna was besieged in his castle of Vrana and, in spite of the courageous assistance of Tuartko, "King of Serbia, Bosnia and the maritime parts", he was compelled to surrender and passed into captivity. Vrana fell under Hungarian rule and the property of its monastery was confiscated. Vrana, by the arrangements with Ladislas of Naples and subsequently with Sigismund, which have been detailed elsewhere, passed under Venetian domination on the mainland of Dalmatia, a very precarious domination, early in the fifteenth century, and during this period Vrana (Aurana, Laurana) is

said to have given birth to that early and interesting architect, Lucina (more commonly Luciano) Laurana, who built Poggio Reale for the King of Naples, worked for the Duke of Urbino and possibly had a hand in the decorations of the Palazzo Venezia in Rome. He died at Pesaro in 1482. Vrana, along with Klissa and Knin, fell to the Turks early in the sixteenth century, and remained the capital of a very remarkable district, erected into a fief for Halil-beg, who built over five hundred houses, a palace for himself with beautiful gardens and running waters, whose scattered streams we met on our ascent to Vrana; and, further, he built a great khan or caravanserai to lodge travellers, and this hostelry is still standing, with its entrance gate and Turkish arch, its wide courtyard with the ruins of the rooms running round it, water in the midst, and the remains of Turkish tracery in one of the blocked-up windows, looking north-east.

In 1647 the Venetian General, Foscolo, acting with Baron Degenfeld and Scoto under the orders of Marc' Antonio Pisani, the Provveditore generale, recaptured Vrana, and Halil was sent to end his days at Brescia. But the Republic was too weak to garrison and hold the position. For fear lest

it should fall once more into the hands of the Turks, they burned the beautiful village and blew up the walls of the noble castle, which accounts for its present ruined and chaotic condition. The plan of it can still be clearly made out. It covered a large space, perhaps as big as Alnwick or Richmond, on the crest of a slight eminence above the village. The fort consisted of two rectangular courts, one opening out of the other. The whole was surrounded by a deep fosse, artificially cut in the solid rock. The entrance was from the village side, and between the two courts still stands a massive, square, ruined keep or donjon. In the inner court they say you can trace the remains of the ancient church of S. Gregory. In spite of the havoc wrought by Venetian gunpowder, Vrana Castle is still a noble pile, very stately and solemn on the bare hill-side, overlooking Vrana Lake, and well repays a visit.

The root meaning of Vrana, in Slavonic, is "black", then "a crow", then the black waterfowl, the "coots", which cover the surface of the lake.

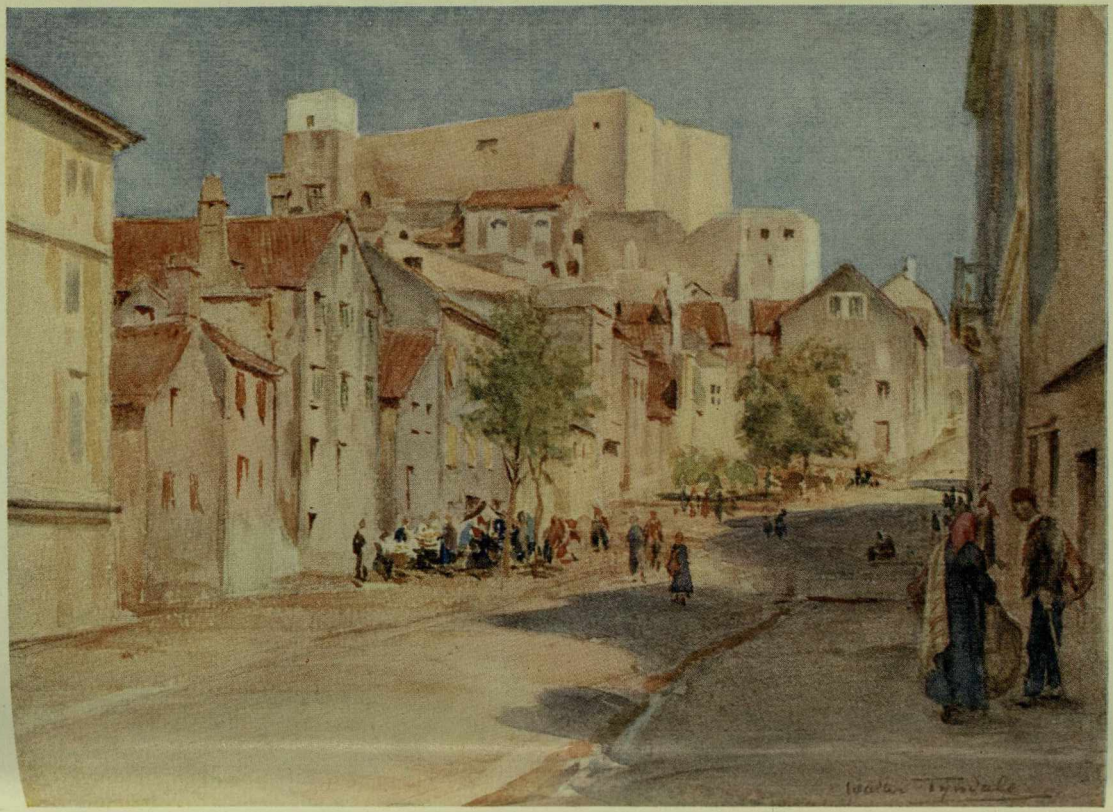
VIII

SEBENICO

Our next halting-place on the journey down the Dalmatian coast will probably be Sebenico. It is reached by sea through that stately water avenue, the channel of Zara, passing Zara Vecchia on the left, looking very white from the sea, and then the island of Morter, whose outer or western coast we skirt. The capital of the island, Stretto, is on the eastern side, which is so close to the mainland that it is joined thereto by a swing bridge; then through an archipelago of small islands we cross the northern end of the island Zlarin and make for a very narrow, almost imperceptible, break in the rocky shore. This narrow channel, the entrance to the harbour of Sebenico, is guarded by the massive fort of S. Nicolò, with a noble Lion of S. Mark on its face. It is the work of the Venetian military architect, Sammichele, and strongly reminds

us of his other fort of S. Andrea at Venice, with its embrasures down on the water level. Threading the narrow, rocky channel we emerge in that noble basin the harbour of Sebenico, a fiord virtually formed by the river Kerka, and presenting many ramifications which destined it to become, as it did, a stronghold of pirates. The town of Sebenico rises from the shore of the harbour, in fan shape, to its apex at the great fortress of S. Anna, dominating the city. Sebenico is built in terraces, as it were, on the hill-side, with streets running up from the shore to the apex at S. Anna, crossed by other streets running in curves the width of the town and offering, as we thread this labyrinth, a series of picturesque glimpses.

Unlike Zara, which we have just left, and Spalato, whither we are bound, Sebenico never was a Roman city, in spite of the tradition which endeavours to connect it with Siccum, where Claudius posted his veterans. Sebenico is unknown to Constantine Porphyrogennetos, and first appears as a purely Croat city. Tradition says it was founded as a free-booter's base by the Uscocks, Christian Slavs, who came down to the sea-coast from the hinterland under pressure from the Turks, and there took to piracy at the suggestion



of its natural formation. From the high point of S. Anna they commanded the open sea and could descry merchant shipping in the offing and could sally out to plunder them, returning to the safety of their impenetrable landlocked bay, on the shores of which a city gradually sprang up and was defended on the land side by a palisade, (*sibue* in Croat), thus, it is suggested, giving rise to the city's name of Sebenico.

Sebenico followed the usual fortunes of most Dalmatian sea-board towns. In 1117 the Doge Ordelafo Falier captured it, along with Zara-vecchia, Nona and Novigrad, as the result of his punitive expedition against the Liburnian pirates. But piracy was inveterate in the population of Sebenico, — who could resist the invitation of such a coast-line?—pirates continued to harass Venetian trade, and the Pope, Alexander III., was compelled to enter a protest against the capture and pillage of his envoy Raimondo. During the period of Croatian supremacy Sebenico was under the domination of the Counts of Bribir, whose castle stood by the Bribir Bridge, on the high road from Zara by Scardona to Sebenico. The tyranny of those chieftains compelled Sebenico, Traü and other sea-board towns to call in Venetian aid.

Sebenico attacked and captured Scardona, and Traü did the same by Almissa. But for many years the town was under the rule of the constantly changing lords of the mainland—Hungarians, Croats, Bosniacs—until in 1412 it finally passed into the wise hands of the Venetian Republic. Its subsequent history is illuminated by the splendid resistance Baron Dengenfeld offered to the Turks, under Tekely Pasha, in 1647. During those operations Degenfeld built the great fort—now dismantled—called in his honour Fort Barone, which crowns one of the heights above S. Anna and overlooks the town.

The spirit of Slav versus Latin still runs high, and only the other day Sebenico was the scene of anti-Italian demonstrations which showed that the secular rivalry is yet keenly alive in this very Croatian city. The architecture itself reveals the same conflicting tendencies. A walk through the labyrinth of small streets will show us the preponderance of the Venetian spirit: ogee windows, outside staircases, lion-headed brackets for balconies; on the other hand, we come across numerous heraldic shields, very finely designed, with rich and copious mantling, reminiscent of Teutonic, or at least not Latin, taste in art. In the Cathedral

Square is an exquisite loggia dating from 1552, once used as the Court of the Venetian governor, now a café and club-house. On a house near the port I identified the arms of Barozzi, Marcello, Gritti, Giustinian, Canal and of Bishop Staphileus. But the great sight of Sebenico is the Duomo. No church in Dalmatia approaches it for interest, or raises so many architectural problems, though the portal at Traü eclipses both portals at Sebenico. The church is built entirely of stone; no wood and no brick enter into its structure. Its roof is solid stone, roof and ceiling being all one piece, as in Roslin Chapel near Edinburgh. Both outside and in, we find Renaissance struggling with Gothic, as in the cathedral at Como; but here they result in a happy fusion: the windows and doors are pointed, but the general effect of the exterior is to recall the church of the Miracoli or the façade of S. Zaccaria at Venice. The architect has allowed himself full play for his fancy, and round the apse runs a string course of human heads, many of them looking like portraits. The northern portal is the finer of the two. It is, as usual, flanked by two brackets carrying lions, which in their turn support columns on the top of which stand rather grotesque and crude figures of Adam

and Eve, each surmounted by a canopy containing a statuette. The arms above the door are those of Leonardo Venier, the Venetian governor (1453-1454), Urbano Vignacco, bishop (1454–1568), and Sisgoric, bishop (1453). The western portal is more loaded with ornament than the northern; figures in niches run round the curve and are carried down the jambs with a curious unreal effect; a border of very rich foliage surrounds the opening of the door. The east end is crowned by a most graceful octagonal lantern and cupola, carried by squinches on a square dado or base. The general effect of the exterior is of great height and elegance. Inside this impression persists and is confirmed. The vast height suggests audacity carried to excess—there is no buttressing—did we not know that the whole structure has been bound together, in nave and aisles as well, by tie-rods. The interior is more pronouncedly Gothic than the exterior, being filled with most rich and luxuriant Venetian foliage. The ornamentation of the baptistery is so loaded that it almost suggests rococo.

The whole of this most beautiful and remarkable building is the work of two men and belongs to two periods, the interval between coinciding with birth of Renaissance architecture. The first

THE DUOMO OF SEBENICO.

architect was Master Antonio, son of Peter Paul, who has been conjectured to be Pietro Paulo delle Massegne, sculptor of the rood-screen in S. Marco at Venice. The work was begun in 1430, and Messer Antonio built the whole of the lower story of both nave and aisles; and his are the two great portals, west and north. But in 1441 Messer Antonio was dismissed, and Messer Giorgio Orsini was invited from Venice to carry on the building. Giorgio was born at Zara, but was a genuine scion of the great Roman house of Orsini, and carved the family bear on the lintel of the dwelling which he purchased in Sebenico. He brought with him from Venice a taste for the new architecture which was being introduced into Venice by the Lombardi and their school. His work, or rather his plans—for he did not live to carry out all—cover the choir, the lantern and that peculiarity and glory of the church, the barrel-vaulting of the nave; and the airy, excellent and impressive height of the interior are due to him. We shall meet his work later on at Spalato, at Traü and at Ragusa. He died in 1475. The great church was finished and consecrated in 1555.

It is worth while climbing up to the fort of S. Anna, where the cemetery is. The view is superb across the Gulf of Sebenico to the narrow

defile that leads out to the open sea, while farther to the right you can follow the fiord which takes you to Scardona and the falls of the Kerka, through all the rocky barrenness of the Dalmatian coast. From the back of the fort you can reach the Scardona road, and looking westward from a point where the road takes a bend, you see the huge plain wall of the castle staring eastward and bidding defiance to the Turk. And, indeed, this sheer blank wall with its single bastion recalls those medieval castles built by the Frankish-Latin nobles in the Morea, during the crusading attempt to stem the onward sweep of the Moslem tide, whose most westerly wave broke just here on the Dalmatian sea-board. On my first visit to Sebenico I took a boat, a heavy lumbering tub, and rowed to Scardona to see the lowest of the eight falls of the Kerka. The sea-fiord opens away north from the harbour of Sebenico, a narrow channel between limestone crags not very high. The current here runs swiftly, and it took Antonio and myself some hours of heavy pulling to reach the bend to the right that leads into the more open waters of Scardona. The second time I went in a yacht and had more leisure to land at that green oasis in a sea of grey lime-

stone which is Scardona. Here one can climb the cliffs and look down on the estuary of Dalmatia's second greatest river, the Kerka. We have seen the mouth of the first great river the Termagna, at Obrovaz, and we shall see the mouth of the third, the Cetina, at Almissa. Some little way above Scardona we enter a longish reach of water with mills and poplars and the sound of the lowest waterfall filling the air. The volume of water is considerable, surprisingly so when we remember how comparatively short is the whole course of the stream. It is augmented by its affluent, the Čikola, and at Scardona it descends over terraces one hundred and thirty feet in height and over three hundred in width. The Kerka comes down from Dinara, above Knin, where we shall meet it again, and has cut itself a deep cañon or gorge for almost the entire length of its course to the sea. It breaks into no less than eight cascades, many of their terraced rapids leaping down in successive steps like this last and lowest Scardona fall, but some are almost direct leaps, like the fourth or Manojlovac, near the monastery of S. Arcangelo, and the seventh, the Ronči slap, near the convent of Visovac, built on the site of a pleasure-house of those turbulent

chieftains, the Counts of Bribir. Visovac is now a monastery of the Roman rite; S. Arcangelo, higher up stream, is orthodox. From S. Arcangelo, by Kistanje, you can get to Knin, which we shall visit, later on, from Spalato.

There are two ways of reaching Spalato from Sebenico: one by rail passing the junction of Perković, where the line branches off to Knin, and the other by sea, round that headland of stormy waters, Punta Planka, where the fringe of guardian islands suddenly ceases, leaving the promontory exposed to the full effects of the "unquiet Adriatic" if Scirocco or Maestro Ponente—a rare wind—be blowing, and the rocks are a white smother of foam, "fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae". On the extreme point is a little votive chapel, said to have been built by a seaman in gratitude for salvation from the waves; having no fresh water to hand, he used his shipwrecked cargo of wine to mix the mortar. After passing Punta Planka we come under shelter of the islands once more, the two Zironas, great and small; then we skirt the island of Bua, which hides Traü on its land-locked sea; and at last, round the headland of Marjan, Spalato and the long line of Diocletian's Palace and the graceful medieval campanile come in sight.

IX

SPALATO

SPALATO is now the capital of Jugoslav Dalmatia; the ancient capital, Zara, is, by the Treaty of Rapallo, an Italian city. Spalato is a lively, busy port; along the quay, by the landing-place, oil, wine and orange-boats are ranked in picturesque rows, stern to the shore, and the golden warmth of their orange cargoes gives a glow, almost of sunshine, even on a rainy day. Both for its history and its site Spalato is one of the most interesting cities of Dalmatia, and may well be made a resting-place, and centre for excursions on a Dalmatian journey. The Hôtel Bellevue is quite good and comfortable, with a restaurant and a café attached, and much can be easily visited from Spalato; for example, Salona, Klissa, Traü, Knin, the pirate stronghold of Almissa, the islands of Lesina, Lissa and Curzola. Spalato, however, did not start

as a town. The important Roman city of this neighbourhood was Salona, now a mass of ruins. Spalato began life as the palace of the Emperor Diocletian, which he built for himself when, at the age of fifty-nine, he renounced the Imperial throne (305), and where he died in 313. He had profoundly modified the conception of the Imperial position; he was the first Roman Emperor to adopt that sign of regality—the fillet round his brow—and to live in regal pomp and ceremony. The Eastern conception of kingship was already making itself felt at the court of the Roman Emperor before Constantine took his step eastward and created Constantinople. Diocletian was also the first Roman Emperor to share the Imperial throne and the first to abdicate, "qui primum imperium participavit et posuit". He conceived the Imperial constitution as a government by two *Imperatores Augusti*, each with his subordinate *Caesar*. He chose Maximian as his Imperial colleague; and they were the first Emperors to reside out of Rome in time of peace, Diocletian in Nicomedia and Maximian in Milan. Diocletian was the last Roman Emperor to celebrate a triumph in Rome; and the coarse jests of the Roman populace, exercising their immemorial right

of ribald criticism in the fescennine verses with which they hailed the conqueror, filled Diocletian with disgust, hastened his departure from Rome and confirmed him in his desire for a retreat in his native Illyria. As he had created a new scheme for the Roman Empire, so at Spalato he launched on the world a far-reaching innovation in architectural construction; and Dalmatian Spalato acquired from the Emperor a claim to a high place in the general stream of history.

The reason why Diocletian chose Spalato as the site of his great villa was the fact that he was born close by, or somewhere in the neighbourhood of, the great Roman city of Salona, and, roughly speaking, he could call himself a Salonitano. The exact place of his birth has long been in dispute; but the researches of Mons. Bulić of Spalato, than whom there is no greater living authority, lead to the conclusion that Diocletian was born, not at Dioclea or Docla, in Albania or Montenegro, but either at the little village of Kučine on the hill slope, lying east of, and visible from, Salona, in the district of Mravince, with the stony, pyramidal mound (Sasso) of S. Tecla rising in front of it and hiding it from the main road that leads from Spalato to Salona, just where Diocletian's aqueduct crosses

the little valley at S. Dujam (S. Doimo), or else, as Mons. Bulić himself is inclined to hold, at Libovac, two kilometres south of Kučine, two kilometres south-east of Mravince, and the same distance north-east of Kamen (Sasso).

But if Diocletian's birthplace be in doubt, the meaning of the name Spalato, the site he chose for his villa, is no less so. One is loath to give up the attractive derivation from ἐς τὸν παλάτιον, "at the palace", on the analogy of ἐς τὴν πόλιν, "Stamboul, at the city", yet it cannot be maintained. The Imperial topographer, Constantine, is quite conclusive; τὸ Ἀσπαλάθου κάστρον ᾠκοδόμησεν, Diocletian "built the *castrum* or fortress of Aspalathos." Aspalathos seems to be a shrub not hitherto quite certainly identified; it appears to have had thorns, for it was used for flogging, and it yielded an aromatic juice; that, at least, is suggested by the passage in Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 15, which occurs in the office of Our Lady:

> I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aspalathos, and I yielded a pleasant odour like the best myrrh.

That, perhaps, does not quite agree with one's first impressions of Spalato, but all the same the place was evidently called after some plant that

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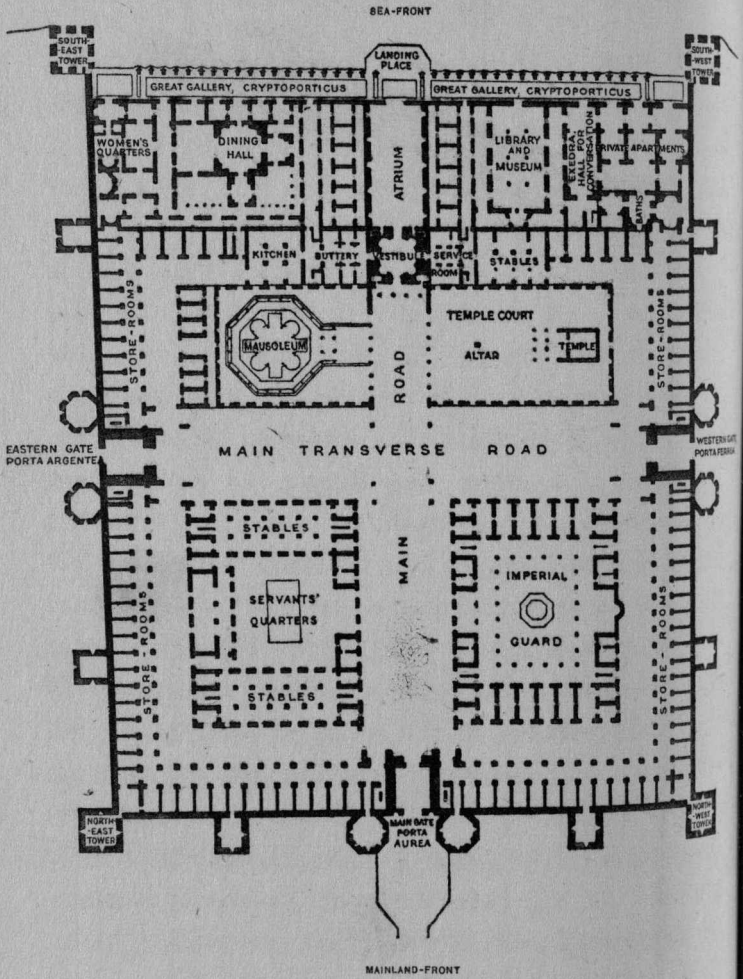
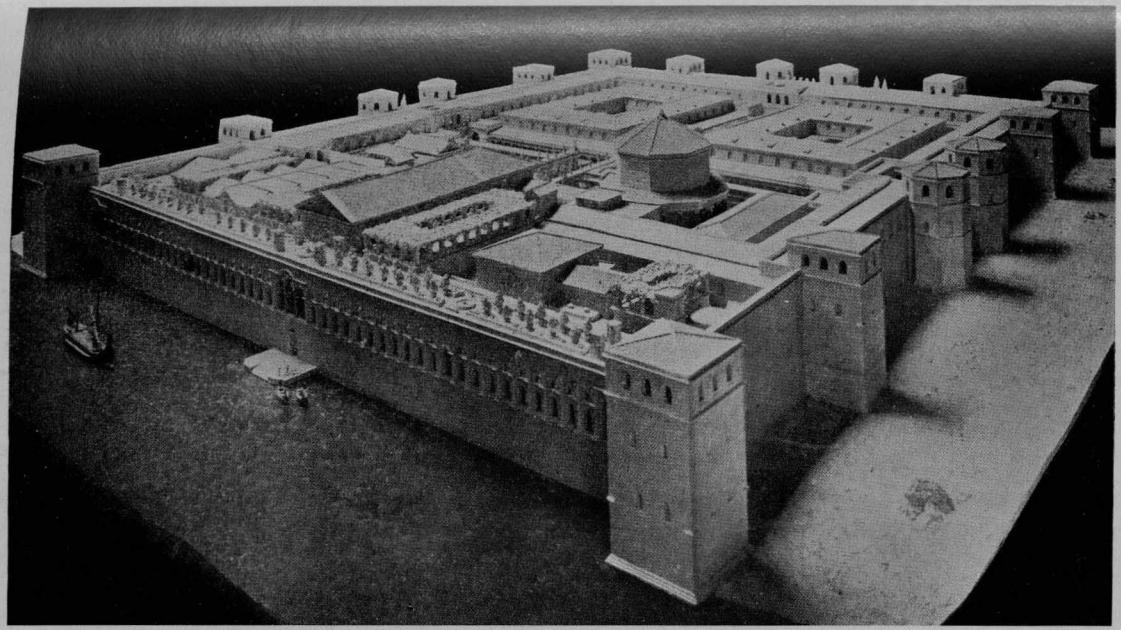
grew there in abundance—rosemary, perhaps, or convolvulus, as some have suggested, though that hardly agrees with its use as a birch—and not from Diocletian's Palace, nor yet, as a yet further etymology would have it, from asphalt.

This was the site chosen by Diocletian for his villa-palace, to which he retired in 305 after his solemn abdication on the great plain just outside his eastern capital of Nicomedia, the year following his triumph in Rome. He compelled his colleague, Maximian Augustus, unwillingly, to follow him in renouncing the Imperial throne. Whether Diocletian had begun the building before he left Rome is uncertain. In any case, the vast structure was created in a very short time; but the master of the Roman world could command the luxury of rapid construction, as the speed with which he had converted Nicomedia, his eastern capital, from an oriental village into a city rivalling Antioch and Alexandria in the glory of its buildings, abundantly proved. At any rate, the great palace at Spalato, which we shall presently describe, was built in haste. Some of the material is evidently taken from older monuments, though it is probable that the majority of the columns of the peristyle were imported straight from the Egyptian quarries.



PLAN OF THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN AT SPALATO.

Reconstruction Hébrard-Zeiller; by kind permission of Monsig. F. Bulić, from his work, "L' Imperatore Diocleziano", etc., Spalato, 1916.



THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN AT SPALATO. SOUTH-EAST FAÇADE.

Reconstruction Hébrard-Zeiller ; by kind permission of Monsig. F. Bulić, from his work, "L' Imperatore Diocleziano," etc., Spalato, 1916.

Diocletian was impatient to enter on possession and to enjoy the leisure ensured by his abdication, though the dullness and rain of a Dalmatian winter must have tried his nerves, fresh from the full-blooded activities of his Imperial career; and we are not sure that Prisca was with him, nor always ready to relieve the tedium. But the moist spring climate was favourable to his horticultural hobby, and there he grew his famous cabbages, "olera manibus nostris insita"; and when his Imperial colleague, Maximian, urged that they should both return to power, Diocletian wrote to say, "If you only saw the cabbages, planted by my own hand, you would never make so foolish a suggestion". And the tradition of the Imperial cabbage still survives in Spalato. One of the best and most famous of its dishes is *Sarma*, or *choux farcies*. In Spalato Diocletian passed the last seven years of his life (305 to 313) and there he died; whether from natural causes—he was a sick man when he left Nicomedia—or by his own hand, in dread of what might be in store for him from the jealousy of his successors, Licinius and Constantine, is uncertain; a warning of their attitude had reached him in the menacing letters received on his refusal to attend the marriage of Licinius and Costanza. He was

buried in the mausoleum of the palace, but the fate of his sarcophagus is unknown. After Diocletian's death there was no Imperial occupant of the great building. Tradition, probably accurate, has it that Galla Placidia, flying before the Gothic occupation of Ravenna, found shelter at Salona, or possibly in Spalato; and it is nearly certain that Nepos was murdered there. But the great halls were gradually allowed to decay, or were turned to other uses, such as that of a cloth factory. In 639 the Avar incursion ruined the neighbouring city of Salona, the remnant of whose inhabitants took refuge in the islands, whither the barbarians, unaccustomed to the sea, were afraid to follow them. When the worst terror was past, under the guidance of a certain Severus, they crawled back to the mainland, but not to Salona, which was a mere heap of ruins. The great walls of Diocletian's Palace, with only three gates to defend—for neither Slav nor Avar would venture on the sea—offered them a ready shelter; and so the villa-palace became a town. The lower chambers lodged the poorer refugees; Diocletian's own great halls harboured the richer sort; much was pulled down and divided up into small quarters of the town with narrow alleys giving access to the houses, but the two

THE MARKET OF SPALATO.

great intersecting roads remain even unto this day. The mausoleum was converted into a Christian church and became the shrine of the patron saint. Diocletian's sarcophagus probably disappeared then, along with much else that was pagan. S. Doimo (Dujam) was brought from Salona and installed as patron. The Bishop became Archbishop and Primate of Dalmatia, a title now borne by the Patriarch of Venice.

Spalato, like all the other sea-coast towns of Dalmatia, felt the influence of Venice under the Orseoli at the end of the tenth and opening of the eleventh centuries. In 1244 the Hungarians captured Klissa, the key to the pass over the mountains eastward, which commands the plain of Salona and reaches Spalato itself. Then the tyranny of the Counts of Bribir drove the Spalatini and most of the Dalmatians into the arms of Venice, and the city passed definitely under the Lion of S. Marco in 1420. It is now the capital of Dalmatia in the new kingdom of Jugoslavia.

To return to the palace. "It is the vastest and noblest dwelling that ever rose at the bidding of a single man," says Freeman. Of a single man, may be, but both the Escurial and Versailles might give us pause over this estimate; and yet undoubtedly

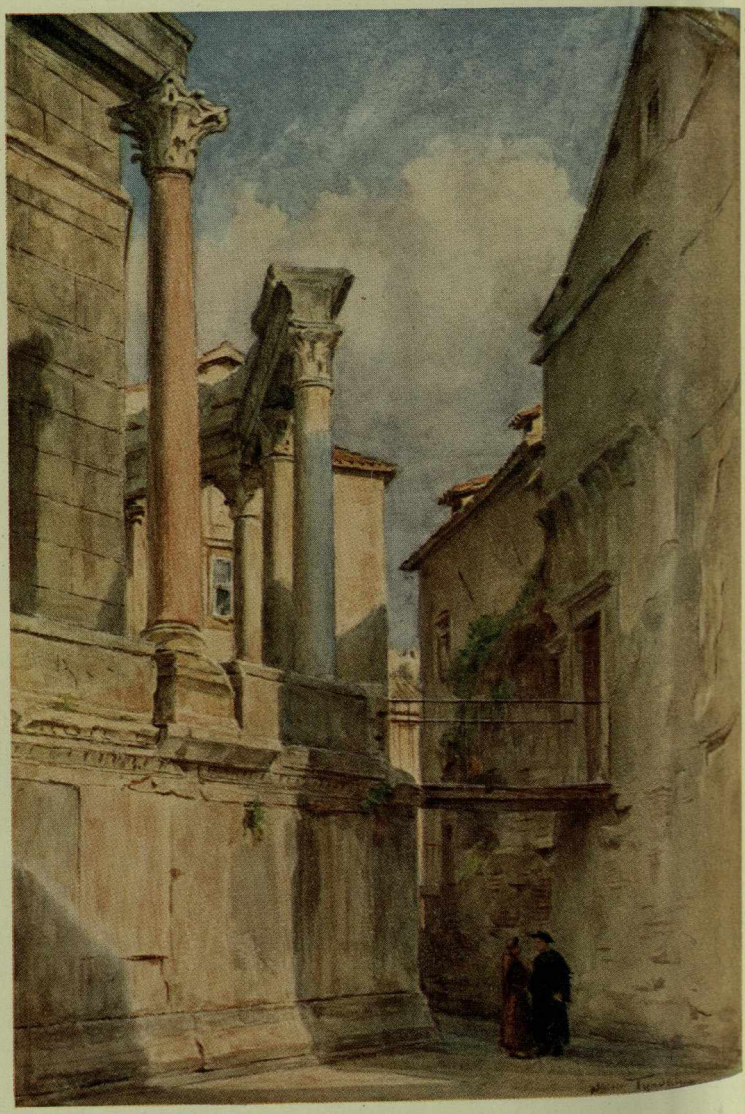
it is a huge building for a single house, covering nine acres and a half. It is rectangular and nearly square; from the sea-front to the north, or mainland front, it measures 216 metres; its northern front is 175½ metres long, and the sea façade 179½. On the sea façade, which is the best preserved and which came right down into the water, there was a water entrance and landing-place, now covered by the old quay (Stara Obala). From this landing-place a narrow passage slopes up through walls and Roman vaultings to the level of the main rooms of the palace, emerging from under the atrium, or entrance hall, upon the peristyle, which now encloses the piazza of the old town. Above the sea-entrance ran the long arcade of the cryptoporticus, all still clearly defined above the quay; this great covered gallery looking out to sea traversed the whole length of the Imperial private apartments, and served as a promenade, sheltered from both sun and rain. The monotony of the long arcade was broken, above the sea entrance, by a wider and heightened arch, forming a kind of balcony, flanked by two square-headed windows carrying an entablature which was thrown up and round the central arch; a similar enlarged single arch occurred halfway along the right and left colonnades, stretching

from the central arch to each flanking tower of the palace; it has been conjectured that the main central arch and flanking windows were repeated at each end of the colonnade, next to the angle towers. In any case the whole of this cryptoporticus must have made a most imposing show from the sea.

The interior of the building was laid out on the lines of a *castrum* or Roman fortified camp; that is to say, it was divided into four quarters, intersected at right angles by two straight roads. It had three main gates besides the entrance from the sea-front. Of these gates the *Porta Aurea*, on the north side towards Salona, is in fairly good preservation, with its beautiful arcading, brackets and niches. On the west side the *Porta Ferrea* is still an interesting relic of the palace, giving access to the market-place of the new town through a vista of picturesque arches; its opposite gate, the *Porta Argentea* or *Aenea*, has disappeared; it was known in the Middle Ages as the *Porta Nuova*, and has a Venetian lion over the lintel. Outside the *Porta Argentea* is the great market of Spalato. Each angle of the palace had a massive square tower, and each of the three gates were flanked by octagonal towers. Between each angle tower and gate tower was a smaller square tower breaking

the line of the curtain wall, except, of course, on the sea-front, which had no real gate, but was entirely taken up by the cryptoporticus. Much of this original plan can still be made out, though it is confused and obscured here and there by mediæval Venetian fortifications. The whole building was virtually a one-storied house of considerable height on the sea-front, where the dwelling-rooms were carried on huge vaulted substructures, the εἰλληματικαὶ καμάραι of Constantine's description, but dwindling towards the north or mainland side as the ground rose. The walls, says Constantine, were not made of brick and lime, but of well and truly squared stones, and held together by iron clamps soldered in with lead.

The interior of the palace has suffered more than the exterior; naturally, for the outer walls were the safeguard of the refugees from Salona when they returned and began converting the palace into a town; but inside, the Imperial buildings were pulled down and the material used to erect small houses which flanked the innumerable alleys that compose mediæval Spalato. Only the heart of the palace, the mausoleum, the peristyle and the atrium entrance, which are still the heart of the city, remain fairly intact. This



THE MAUSOLEUM, SPALATO.

group of magnificent Roman building has always attracted, intrigued and fascinated architects and painters from the days of Robert Adam to those of Freeman and Sir Thomas Jackson. And truly it is a marvellous spectacle that greets you as you emerge from the narrow and gloomy passages under the atrium which lead up from the sea to the noble arcade of the peristyle, the massive portico of the palace vestibule, the octagonal mausoleum with its own octagonal peristyle on the one hand, and the richly decorated portal of the temple of Aesculapius on the other. A solitary Egyptian sphinx, obviously mourning its companion, keeps watch now in the first bay of the peristyle, but has been, nearly certainly, removed from the original portico of the mausoleum. One has to regret and forgive the intrusion of the mediæval campanile, planted where the portico of the mausoleum ought to be; a beautiful object in itself, the most beautiful campanile in Dalmatia, perhaps, but out of place amongst all this Roman work.

Freeman, Sir Thomas Jackson and Sig. Rivoira are emphatic as to the peculiarities and the importance of the architectural procedure in the palace at Spalato. Freeman goes so far as to say that it "marks the greatest of all epochs in the history of

the building art, and shows us the beginnings of all later forms of consistent arched architecture, Romanesque, Gothic or any other"; is the parent, therefore, of the long arcades of the great Roman basilicas, such as the original S. Pietro. The architect of Diocletian's Palace, perhaps first of master-builders, breaks with or abandons the trabeate idea and gives us the free arch. To grasp the meaning of this innovation, so important in the eyes of such competent judges as Freeman, Jackson and Rivoira, we must insist on the difference between a colonnade and an arcade. The colonnade had hitherto preserved the characteristic of its first purpose, use or intention, that is to carry a beam (*trabs*); the openings of a colonnade are square-headed; the round-headed opening is characteristic of an arcade. The *trabs* belonged essentially to wooden construction; no one dreamed of making, no one could make an arch of a wooden beam. But when stone construction came into use the *trabs* ceased to be a wooden beam, and became the stone entablature of a colonnade with its component parts of architrave, in which the trabeate name is still preserved, the frieze and the cornice. The definite peculiarity of Diocletian's Palace consists in freeing the arch, in abandoning the trabeate idea and turning the arch

direct from the capital without the intervention of the entablature, as in the peristyle, or rather, in an innovation which boldly, but somewhat grotesquely, turned the whole entablature, architrave, frieze and cornice into the arch itself, bursting and bending the beam, destroying its essential horizontal and trabeate meaning, as in the portico of the vestibule. But this violence could not fail to produce an unnatural and even, we may venture to think, a grotesque effect; and very soon the violated entablature of the portico is modified; the frieze disappears, the cornice is reduced till it becomes a mere thread or string-course, and the architrave, the last element of the trabeate entablature, becomes the arch itself with its intrados of keyed stones. This process of the liberation of the arch is illustrated, perhaps for the first time, in the palace at Spalato. The original step in the process is seen in the façade of the vestibule; the whole entablature is flung violently up into an arch; the second step is seen in the peristyle, where the arch not only springs direct from column and capital, constituting a true arcade, but it is turned both to right and left from a single column and capital; and here we have, in Freeman's words, "the column put to its true Roman use". Of these

same buildings Sir Thomas Jackson says, "Like their coevals of Palmyra and Baalbec, they mark the era of a fresh departure in architecture which began by relaxing the rules of the styles of antiquity and ended by the development of the styles of modern Europe." Rivoira is in substantial agreement, though he cites the mausoleum of S. Costanza, in Rome, as a contemporary example of even more striking confidence in the single, isolated column. These, however, are questions rather for the architectural expert than for the ordinary traveller, who will probably feel a certain dislike for the portico of the vestibule while heartily assenting to the colonnade of the peristyle.

Through the arches of the peristyle is seen the octagonal mausoleum with its own octagonal peristyle. On earlier visits it was not easy to get a clear view of the mausoleum; houses crowded it out; but a recent fire, in January of 1924, has swept away many of these, and the design of the building is now revealed, though the blackened walls bear witness to the danger of such liberation. The interior of the church is very impressive. As a mausoleum it naturally had little light, and even now, after the opening of an ugly square-headed window, it still remains sombre and mysterious.

Though an octagon externally, internally it is circular, with four semicircular and four square niches or chapels. The diameter of the circle is only 43 feet 3 inches. The main feature of the decoration is the eight great Corinthian columns standing out from the wall, monoliths of Egyptian granite carrying a very heavy entablature, highly ornamented, on which in turn rest eight shorter —too short—columns of alternate granite and porphyry, again carrying a smaller entablature which reaches to the spring of the cupola. All this elaborate arrangement of column and entablature is purely decorative, not structural, and might be removed without affecting the stability of the building. The cupola is of brick and shows a fan-shaped construction of superimposed, relieving arches, each one springing from the crowns of the arches below it, a construction said to be unique in Roman building and presenting a very pleasing scheme of decoration, like the scales of a fish, when seen from inside. Below the cornice of the upper row of columns runs a frieze representing scenes of the chase, and round medallions with human heads. It has been conjectured that two of these heads in the fourth section on the left-hand side may be portraits of Diocletian, and Prisca, his wife.

When the mausoleum was converted into a church under John of Ravenna, first Bishop of Salona-Spalato, in 650, the sarcophagus of the Emperor probably went the way of the pagan images. The body of S. Doimo (Dujam) was brought from the Christian basilica of Salona—some said the wrong body—and a chapel was dedicated in his honour; he ousted S. Anastasia, as patron saint of Spalato, to whom the corresponding chapel is dedicated, and adorned by Giorgio Orsini, the architect of the great church at Sebenico. The pulpit, with its charming columns and arches carrying a beautiful lectern, is a great feature of the interior. Marc' Antonio de Dominis, the turbulent Archbishop of Spalato, constructed the present choir with the fine woodwork of the stalls, recalling immediately oriental Mushrebîyeh work, with its pleated, lattice design; the finials are of quite other style, with boldly conceived, rampant lions, obviously from the hand of some Venetian artist. The stalls were originally in the body of the church before Marc' Antonio built his new choir. They are conjectured to be by the master-carver who executed the wooden doors of the temple; he was the Croat sculptor Guvina, and worked in the early thirteenth century.

On the other side of the peristyle of the palace, now partially filled with later but quite good Venetian work, windows and balconies, we pass through one of its arches to the temple of Aesculapius, once the chapel of the palace, now the baptistery of the Duomo. Adam praises it as one of the most beautiful ancient monuments in Europe. The temple is built of excellent, sharply cut and dressed stone, the stone that most of the palace is built of, which comes from Traü and from the island of Brazza, just opposite Spalato. The great portal has a richly carved lintel and jambs, with foliation and ornaments that have a Byzantine flavour about them. It is likely enough that the unknown architect of the palace was a Greek, though the design is indubitably Roman. A handsome cornice and brackets show the same touch, and so does the decoration on the fragment of architrave belonging to the ruined portico. Before the door, on the right-hand side, is the sarcophagus of Canon Selembrius (1533), and inside is the tomb of John of Ravenna (680), the first Archbishop of Spalato, last Bishop of Salona. A daughter of Bela IV. lies buried here; she died in Klissa, when her father was flying before the invading Tartars in 1242, and is another

witness to the mixed history which had Dalmatia for its stage. The temple has a waggon vault of solid stone for ceiling and roof, the inner surface handsomely coffered in deeply cut square pattern, like the vault of the Pantheon. This barrel roof very likely inspired Giorgio Orsini to attempt the great vault of the Duomo at Sebenico, and is certainly the prototype of other vaulted stone roofs which we frequently find in Dalmatia. The chapter house of S. Maria at Zara is an example.

Spalato commands attention chiefly because of its Roman work; nevertheless the remains of Venetian architecture are not to be ignored. Passing along the old quay (Stara Obala), before we reach the long arcade of Diocletian's crypto-portico, we come to a gate with an hexagonal tower just inside it, the Hrvojina kula, the tower of Hrvoja—the slippery, treacherous Duke of Spalato—of Venetian structure. The gate leads into the fruit and vegetable market, with the fine Venetian palace of the Milesi family filling one side. From the fruit market we pass into the main square of the newer, outer, Venetian town, with the Venetian town hall at one side, and the *Porta Ferrea* leading us back again into the old town or palace of Diocletian.

SAN FRANCESCO, NEAR SPALATO.

X

ROUND ABOUT SPALATO

I PALUDI, SS. TRINITÀ, SALONA AND KLISSA

AFTER the palace that has become a city of refuge, the next place to visit is the ruined city from which the refugees come. Salona lies about three miles to the north of Spalato, and can be reached by the Spalato-Knin railway in a quarter of an hour, or by carriage along an excellent road, or by foot along the same road, or by the sea-coast, rough country roads which will take us past the monastery of S. Francesco dei Paludi (marshes) and the ruined church of SS. Trinità.

If we choose this latter route, we leave the city by the street which passes behind the Hôtel Bellevue and, reaching the Municipal Theatre, we take the Put Poliuda, or Street of the Marshes, which will lead us over the neck of the peninsula and hill of Marjan, which separate the bay of

Salona from the Gulf of Spalato. On the highest point of this road stands the new museum in spacious and handsome housing. Under the assiduous care of Monsig. Bulić and his able co-adjutor, Prof. Abramić, and thanks to their profound knowledge of, and competence in, all things Dalmatian, the museum has become the richest store-house for the illustration of Dalmatian history, from the pottery of Salona, through early Christian and early Croat monuments and inscriptions. As we crest the hill the landlocked sea of Salona opens out before us, stretching away to Traü in the west, with the island of Bua on our left-hand side and the fertile Riviera of the Seven Castles, backed by the barren Kozjak-wall of the Cabani range, on our right; the pinnacle fortress of Klissa, silhouetted against the sky, towers up above the site of Salona, low down in the valley of the Jader; and behind us the desolate, scapegoat country of the Mossor (*mons aureus*?) Massif. It is a glorious view, and one wonders why Diocletian did not choose it as the site of his villa-palace; perhaps it was too near the city of Salona and his native district of Mravince and possible poor relations; and then he could not have built right on and into the sea without building in the marshes

to which the road is now leading us. For right down below us on the very shore—an episode in French-grey and rose—is the rose-red roof and the cypress-girdled little fortress-convent building of S. Francesco dei Paludi. Its fore-court is full of those funeral-flamed cypress trees, and its fine defence-tower, square and strong, guarding the entrance to the inner cloister and church. The monastery was constantly menaced by the Turks from Klissa, and in the church they show the rude portraits of all those who have written in praise of Our Lady; down in the right-hand corner of the picture is the head of the Prophet, clasping to his breast a scroll with the legend "Nullus est ex Adam quem non tenuerit Satan praeter Mariam et filium ejus," Mahometto 1-11 Libro v. Koran. This is said to have saved the monastery many a time from outrage and sack by the Moslems. Besides this guardian altar-piece, the church contains two very fine paintings by the Spalatine artist, Girolamo da S. Croce. The picture over the high altar has been considerably retouched. It is a polyptych with the Madonna and many saints, among them S. Louis IX. of France, and is signed "Hieronymus de Santa Croce, MDXCVIIII". The other is a picture on canvas in

the first right-hand chapel from the main door; it represents the Madonna and Child, S. Peter and S. Chiara. Cardinal Bessarion was once a guest in this monastery, and the library possesses two choir books, painted, in elaborate geometrical patterns and flowered borders, with infinite pains but little genius, by Padre Bonaventura Razmilović, who died in 1675; interesting chiefly for the care which he has bestowed on his botanical specimens. But the gem of the library is, beyond doubt, the very fine portrait of Archbishop Thomas Nigri (*d.* 1527) by Lorenzo Lotto. In the little cloister are many interesting tombstones; and in the other Franciscan monastery in Spalato town lies Dalmatia's early historian, Thomas the Archdeacon.

Leaving the monastery and retracing part of our road we may make for the little ruined church of the SS. Trinità, which stands on the higher ground to the east of S. Francesco, lost in a labyrinth of vineyards and lanes flanked by low dry-stone walls. Though much dilapidated it is worth a visit, as it is a good example of the little domed round churches frequently found in Dalmatia, for example, S. Nicolò, outside Nona, S. Croce, inside Nona, S. Orsola, now disappeared, the baptistery and San Donato, a grown-up elder

brother, all three in Zara. The Holy Trinity has peculiarities of its own; it is circular in plan, with six apses opening, by arches, out of the central circle, which was surmounted by a cupola, now fallen in. Regaining the main Spalato-Salona road, we soon come to the wayside chapel of S. Doimo (S. Dujam) at the foot of a small and shallow valley, which runs up to Diocletian's natal country, Mravince, Kučine, S. Tecla, with its pyramidal mound, all backed by the grim rock wall of the Mossor. This valley is crossed by Diocletian's aqueduct, built to supply his palace at Spalato, still visible, still intact, still feeding the modern town. A mile or so farther on, the road, passing under the little line that runs from Spalato, through Salona and Klissa to Sinj, brings us to the modern hamlet of Salona, a cool, refreshing oasis in this country of arid, French-grey limestone rock. To reach the village you cross the lovely, limpid, rapid Jader, said to have given its name to Jadera (Zara) of ancient Roman days. The river rises, a mile or so higher up, like so many Dalmatian rivers, a full-grown flood, issuing from a grotto at the foot of precipitous cliffs under the frowning fortress of Klissa, which towers high above it. The Jader feeds Diocletian's aqueduct, and its waters are

said to be sweeter than those of any other stream according to Constantine, in his treatise *De thematibus*, ἐν ᾧ ἔστιν ὕδωρ πότιμον καὶ γλυκύτατον ὑπὲρ πάντα τὰ ὕδατα, ὥς φασιν οἱ γευσάμενοι. It meanders down through lush-green meadows, and trout rise in its deeper pools. The little *osteria* is set in the midst of fresh green grass under the shade of very stately plane-trees, through whose broad leaves the light comes soft and soothing to the eye, "converting everything that's made to a green thought in a green shade". At the far end of the village is Archbishop Ugolino Malabranca's castle, built in 1347, against Klissa, then held by the Serbs. The walls of most of the houses in the village are adorned with fragments of ancient Roman work from the neighbouring city of Salona; many of them rude and uncouth, like the wrestling group on a house opposite the inn. One doubts whether Salona, in spite of its great size and considerable importance, was ever a city from which one could expect fine monuments of ancient art.

We enter the ruins by the eastern end of the city near the Bishop's Castle. So little has survived the ruin by the Avars (639) and the ravages of time that it is hard to believe that these

shapeless stone heaps and bramble-covered lanes could ever have been

> "the site once of a city, great and gay
> (so they say)".

Yet Salona, at the foot of the Cabani range, was reported by the Imperial topographer to have been the chief city of Dalmatia (*κεφαλὴ πάσης τῆς Δαλματίας*), and half the size of Constantinople. The soil was fertile, it was sheltered from the north wind by the Kozjac wall, it had the famous landlocked Gulf of Salona in front of it, closed by the island of Bua, into whose quiet waters the sweet-flowing Jader poured its stream.

> Qua maris Adriaci longas ferit unda Salonas
> Et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit Jader.

It harboured Belisarius' fleet, assembled for his second campaign against the Goths, and there Narses the Eunuch mustered his forces when he assumed command on the death of Germanus. The Archdeacon Thomas gives the town a bad character, confirmed by the pottery now preserved in the museum. "Illicit loves and corrupting luxury rotted the young; avarice made the old men hard; the women were poisoners; every one perverse" ("improba Venus, dissolutio voluptatis

marcebat in juvenibus; avaritia vigebat in senibus; veneficia in mulieribus, perversitas in omnibus abundat"). The young men were "bloody bold in the city streets, but craven cowards against a foe" ("intra urbem multum feroces et audaces, sed contra hostes timidi et imbelles"), and so, in 639, the Avars from the Danube, having ambushed a detachment of Salonitani, disguised themselves in their armour and, displaying their banners, captured the place by a ruse, as the corrupt city pretended, and Salona was wiped out.

The most important excavation at Salona seems to be that of the Christian basilica outside the walls of the city. It was in this basilica that the inhabitants of Spalato sought the remains of S. Doimo (650); the first expedition found they had brought back the wrong coffin; but a second mission fulfilled its task, and the ἅγιος Δόμνος was installed in the Emperor's Mausoleum as the patron saint of Spalato.

The ruins of Salona are divided by a wall which marks the eastern end of the ancient city, before a further extension enclosed the eastern suburb, through which we have approached the ruins. We pass through this wall by the *Porta Cesarea*,

and are now inside the original town. Keeping down towards the river Jader, but before crossing the Spalato-Traü road, we find the remains of the theatre; the amphitheatre is at the extreme north-western angle of the ancient walls, and the baths, or *thermae*, at the corresponding south-west angle. Passing through this western wall we find ourselves close to the station of Salona, on the Spalato-Knin line, whence we can take the train back to Spalato. But, if we have time, it is well worth climbing the easy carriage road ascent to the dominating fortress and village of Klissa. The little village and church with its campanile lies below the massive fortifications, much as Knin nestles under its fortress. Both were built for a like purpose, to act as the key (Κλεῖσα, διὰ τὸ συγκλείειν τοὺς διερχομένους ἐκεῖθεν) to a pass which leads from the interior down to the coast, and both were held alternately by Slavs, Hungarians, Croats, Turks and Venetians. The site and the view are alike remarkable. We are at the butt-end of the Kozjac wall, while we look over the village and the valley of the Jader to the desolate masses of the Mossor range; an infinite waste of grey limestone, dead and monotonous by day, but at sunrise and sunset taking translucent, ethereal hues, or may be frown-

ing an ominous, purply blue under impending storm-clouds. At our feet flows the Jader; we can almost see Traü down the Gulf of Salona, and can follow the white thread of road that will take us back to Spalato.

XI

TRAÜ

TRAÜ can be reached from Spalato by little steamers which ply most days of the week, and, after rounding the headland of Monte Marjan, we enter the Gulf of Salona by a passage between Marjan and the island of Bua. Salona itself, with Klissa above it, lies away to the right, and the long wall of the Kozjac heights towers above the fertile Riviera dei Castelli. Less than an hour brings us to Traü. The preferable route is by carriage past Salona across the Jader, and then through the Seven Castles themselves. These Castelli, taken in their order on the road to Traü, are Sučurac, Gomilica, Lukšić, Stari, Novi and Stafilić. They were doubtless castles once, but almost all traces of the fortalices have now disappeared, and they are just picturesque little villages down by the water's edge, serving as

market towns for the fertile fringe of the riviera. For this narrow slope of land between the foot of the Kozjac cliffs and the Gulf of Salona is remarkably rich, the reason being that it is abundantly watered by rivulets which burst out from the foot of the limestone crags. These Castelli were perhaps built originally by the people of Traü to guard their city from attack by Slavs, Avars or Turks, working from Klissa along the shores of the gulf. Under Venetian rule they were granted as fiefs to certain patrician families. A drive of about two hours and a half brings you to Traü. Though the Imperial topographer declares that Traü is a little island in the sea (Τετραγγούριν μικρόν ἐστι νησίον ἐν τῇ θαλάσσῃ), he immediately contradicts this description by saying that it is connected with the mainland by a narrow neck like a bridge (ἔχον καὶ τράχηλον ἕως τῆς γῆς στενώτατον δίκην γεφυρίου), and Traü's most notable son, Joannes Lucius, historian of Dalmatia, following Thomas, the Archdeacon of Spalato, who again copies the Emperor, repeats the same description, which, as a matter of fact, is accurate. Traü was a peninsula till, for purposes of defence, the townsmen cut through the narrow neck, and we now enter the town by a bridge across a sluggish channel. On the opposite side, where the

steamboat lands its passengers, is the deep natural channel which separates the town of Traü from the island of Bua, and this also is spanned by a swing bridge. Here the water issuing from the Gulf of Salona is always limpid and swift-flowing. The name which Constantine, its earliest recorder, gives to the city of Traü has suggested to most subsequent writers a derivation of the name from four water-melons or pumpkins, but I myself can hardly see a likeness to even one.

Traü, the little island, is a charming place: the air is soft, the vegetation rich, the architecture interesting, showing decided traces of its two most important masters, Hungary and Venice. The great cathedral is Hungarian Gothic; the great castle of the Camerlengo is purely Venetian military work; the Loggia Venetian civil. Traü was held by the Hungarians from 1357 to 1413; it never was held by the Turks, though their stronghold Klissa was at no great distance. In 1420 it passed, along with most of seaboard Dalmatia, under the rule of Venice, and was governed, as usual, by a Venetian "Count", who was bound by statute to maintain a suite consisting of one attaché or deputy and ten domestic servants, all at his own charges. He was forbidden to accept invitations to, or

to be present at, any entertainment (*convivium*) given by a native of Traü; nor could he issue invitations to any inhabitant of the city; nor might he nor his suite "accept little gifts from their friends", except a present of grapes or green fruit (*uvas et fructus recentes*). The statutes regulating the position and duties of the "Counts" of Traü were similar to those issued for the other Venetian dependencies on the Dalmatian coast.

The streets of Traü are extremely narrow and intricate, more so, perhaps, than in any other Dalmatian town we have visited. They are full of Venetian architecture, and S. Marco's Lion meets us everywhere. Among the fine houses is the Palazzo of the Cippico family, who bear a coat very similar to the Venetian Pesaro, "per pale danzettée, gules and or". The palace stands in the main piazza of the town, opposite the great portal of the cathedral. This piazza contains the Venetian Loggia, with its judgement bench, under a very fine Lion of S. Marco; the Loggia is backed by the wall of the ancient Basilica of S. Martin, now S. Barbara. That church is desecrated, but it is of very high architectural interest; very narrow and very lofty, with tall Ravenna stilting; it dates at

the least from 1184. But, of course, the chief building of the piazza, the main glory of Traü, and one of the wonders of Dalmatia, is the great Duomo, with its superb porch and tower. It is at present in a dangerous condition; serious settlements are in progress; the "spie" show cracks; the tower is shored up. The church dates from the thirteenth century, and is the work of the architect Mathaeus Dalmaticus, the same whom we found employed on the Duomo of Sebenico before Giorgio Orsini was called in. It stands on the site of an older church destroyed in some foreign incursion. In 1461 it was enlarged, and the campanile was added in 1600. The great portal, a magnificent specimen of Romanesque work, reminiscent of S. Denis, near Paris, with Romanesque tower and Gothic spire surmounting it, was built by the local architect Radovan in 1240. It is said that some of the ornamentation came from the church of S. Maria at Bihać, the fortress-palace of the Croat kings on the hills behind and high above Traü. The tower itself is of a graceful Hungarian Gothic. The door of the baptistery is dated 1465, and the baptistery has a vaulted stone barrel roof, like so many other buildings in Dalmatia. The west doorway and porch is of extraordinary richness. It has

the usual two lions on brackets bearing the figures of Adam and Eve. The jambs are covered with twisted vine-stem decoration, and vivid and realistic scenes of rural and domestic life. In the lunette above the square-headed lintel is a relief of the Nativity in all its details. The triapsidal east end is extremely beautiful with its simple and effective gables, ornamented with hanging arcading. The central apse has spirally decorated columns between the windows strongly reminding us of S. Grisogono at Zara. The central nave has no external buttressing, and it is supported by tie-beams which come out through the clerestory windows in a fashion both naïve and unseemly. Very impressive is the interior, dimly lighted by its narrow windows of which the actual light itself is in the middle of the wall, splayed both inwards and outwards. The sacristry has a stone-vaulted roof like the baptistery. The rich collection of vestments and the treasury of the church are preserved in the beautiful *armadio* of carved walnut wood. But the most interesting of the side buildings is the chapel of S. Giovanni Orsini, patron of Traü, over whose gate of the city, the Porta Terra, stands a Lion of S. Marco with open[1] book. The chapel was

[1] The closed book is inside the other gate.

THE PORCH OF THE DUOMO OF TRAÜ.

added by Bishop Turlon, somewhere between the years 1468 and 1484; the architects were Nicolò Fiorentino and Andrea da Durazzo; some of the statuary is ascribed to Alessandro Vittoria. The altar with the recumbent figure of S. Giovanni stands in the middle of the chapel; his body lies within. The verger pointed to a small hole in the back of the altar and invited us to "smell the saint". He was Bishop of Traü in 1064, and to him are attributed many miracles; the earliest was the recovery of his own arm. The Venetians, under Pietro Orseolo, had brought to Venice along with relics of other saints, at that period of considerable commercial value, the arm of S. Giovanni Orsini, and had lodged it in the little church of S. Giacomo di Rialto. When Traü passed by peaceful agreement under Venetian rule, the inhabitants begged the Republic to restore the relic, but got the answer that Venice was a safer home for so precious an object than Traü. The saint himself, however, settled the dispute by causing his arm, carefully wrapped in linen swathings, to fly one night from Rialto to his chapel at Traü. Among his subsequent miracles he is said to have walked the waters to rescue a ship's crew wrecked off stormy Punta Planka, and he is reputed to be still active.

Among the remaining churches of Traü, the most noteworthy is the ruined and desecrated temple of S. John the Baptist, on the quay near Tironi's restaurant. It once belonged to a Benedictine abbey, and its square-ended chancel recalls that other Benedictine church of S. Ambrogio at Nona. It is built of fine, sharply cut and squared stone, has an outside staircase and a remarkably graceful bell-cote for three bells. Traü once boasted twenty-one churches, but most of these are now in ruins or are clean gone. The old walls of the city have also gone, giving place to a broad promenade which encircles the town from the canal *fossa* on the land side—the artificial fosse cut to convert Traü into an island—right round by the massive keep of Castel Camerlengo, built by the Venetians in 1424, soon after their final occupation of Traü. It is a noble pile, most striking from the sea, worthy of the best period of Venetian military architecture. Opposite, as we continue our walk, lies the suburb of Traü that has spread across to Bua—charming villas with rich, subtropical vegetation in their gardens. On the quay by the land-exit from the city is Tironi's *trattoria*, where the fish is particularly good, and whence, if we have come to Traü by steamer, we can take a carriage and drive back through the

evening sunset across swamps all a-shimmer with pale mauve sea-lavender, and over creeks of limpid water rising straight out of the rocks, till we reach Kastel Stari (Old Castle), and climb the long hill to Kastel Stari's station to catch the train that will take us back to Spalato.

XII

KNIN

KNIN, which lies at the foot of Dinara, the mountain that gives its name to the whole range of the Dinaric Alps, commands, or rather guards and blocks, the pass that leads over the frontier of Dalmatia into Bosnia. Its position, function and history are paralleled by Klissa. Its geographical site has made it one of the most important places in Dalmatian history. In Roman times Knin (Arduba, in Dio Cassius) defended itself bravely against Germanicus, and, rather than surrender, its women are said to have thrown themselves into the Kerka. Constantine mentions Knin (τὸ Τενὴν) among the fortresses of "baptized" Croatia. In 1396 and 1397 it sheltered the Emperor Sigismund after his defeat by the Turks at Nicopolis. In 1512 it was captured by the Turks and became the capital of Ali Beg's Turkish government, while

ONE OF THE GATES OF TRAÜ.

Vrana, as we have seen, furnished his summer quarters and pleasure-house. Knin was taken by the Venetians under Foscolo in 1648, but not held; though in 1688 the Turk was finally expelled and the Lion of S. Marco still guards the door of the fortress.

Knin can be reached from Spalato by train. The line passes Salona and then begins to climb up to the pass leading over to Sebenico; it mounts higher and higher above the Riviera dei Castelli and under the rock wall of Kozjac; the landlocked Gulf of Salona, closed by Bua, with Traü at its farther end but not visible, spreads out below one. After Kastel Stari we leave the rich, cultivated and well-watered slope, and enter on a region of stony desolation; biblical, almost, in its bareness; where the naked "rocks are a refuge for the conies"; all the water is drained off the surface into those subterranean channels so characteristic of Dalmatian geological structure, and goes to fertilize the slopes of the Castelli and the lands about Traü. To the left are the ruins of Bihać, once a seat of Croatian kings; the masonry of the scanty remains of the great fortress recalls the walls of ruined Vrana in the splendid squaring of their massive blocks. Once over the pass, the line

descends rapidly through country that gradually grows rather more fertile. There are a few cultivated fields, reclaimed from the rock at immense toil; the gathered stones are used to build dry-stone dykes of amazing thickness, or are piled in huge white mounds at the corners of the reclaimed land; a few scattered cottages with almond orchards close by them, making, in spring, a delightful play of white blossom against white stone. At Perković junction the line branches to Sebenico, but we follow the main line to Knin. Before reaching Dernis the line skirts the gorge or cañon of the Čikola, which drains what must once have been a great lake, and joins the Kerka in the fiord of Scardona. The rocks of this cañon are high and sheer, and from the train you can look down on the yellow waters foaming at the bottom of the gorge. At the head of this cañon, in a commanding position, stands Dernis. There are the remains of a castle or fort, and hard by it the shaft of a Turkish minaret, interesting as being—along with Ali Beg's khan at Vrana and the remains of one Turkish mosque out of the four which at one time stood in Dernis itself—the only examples of Turkish building which survive in Dalmatia. From Dernis opens away eastward the bed of a great lake, now drained and

fertile, but malarious. The line makes a bold curve to cross the swampy ground and to reach the farther side, where Dernis station stands at some distance from the town itself. After leaving Dernis we skirt the slopes of that isolated block of conglomerate called Monte Promina, on whose slopes the Dalmatian coal-pits were opened by the Rothschilds in 1834, and presently, after passing Kosovo, the high rock-perched fortress of Knin comes into view, and, to its right, the mass of dark Dinara. That mountain is geographically noteworthy, for on its slopes or from its buttresses spring all the important rivers of Dalmatia; the Termagna, which reaches the sea at Obrovaz, the Kerka, which makes the Scardona fiord, and the Cetina, the longest of them, which we shall meet again at Almissa. The village of Knin consists of one long street running between the castle-hill and the river Kerka. It contains little of interest; a few good houses, with gardens going down to the river, and the church of S. Barbara, which holds the tomb of Nicolò Borelli, the Venetian governor, whose son, Francesco, received the title of count and the fief of Vrana as a reward for his father's services.

The great feature of Knin is its fort or castle, a

vast work of military engineering and architecture crowning the hill and towering above the town. It is easily reached by a road of gentle gradient which enters the fort through a gateway still guarded by the Lion of S. Marco, though his book has been chipped away. From the esplanade in front of the church the view is superb. To the left front rises Dinara and the first of the great series of waterfalls which render the Kerka famous. It had been pouring for days, and the Topolje cascade, a column of snow-white waters against the dark mountain-side, came tumbling over the mouth of the grotto where the true river Kerka takes its rise in true Dalmatian fashion at the foot of limestone cliffs. The river, swiftly swirling down from its "mountain cradle" in Dinara, encircles the village and fortress of Knin, and disappears, to the right, in the mouth of the gorge that leads down, by many a rapid and cascade, past S. Arcangelo and Visovac, to the great fiord of Scardona, which is its mouth.

XIII

ALMISSA

Almissa, famous in the history of piracy, lies a short distance from Spalato down the coast. You can get to it by road or by a little coasting steamer that plies down the Brazza channel in the afternoons, returning next morning. It is the better way. After leaving the harbour of Spalato the steamer soon opens the bay of Strobeč to the left. Strobeč is the site of one among several Greek settlements scattered along the Dalmatian coast; Epidaurus is now Ragusa Vecchia, and Epetium is now Strobeč. The place figures very large in the Peutinger Tables. At Strobeč the little river Žernovizza, which drains the Poljica, comes into the sea. The Poljica is the highland district between the massif of Mount Mossor and the Poljica range which runs between it and the sea, along whose rocky wall we shall presently pass on our way to Almissa. The wild cherry, or *gean*, that makes

the maraschino of Zara, comes from this district, which for centuries was governed as an independent peasant Republic, like Andora or San Marino, respected by the rulers of Dalmatia, whether Hungarian or Venetian, until Napoleon, in the name of liberty, swept it away in 1807. This wild district was noted for its special devotion to S. Vitus. That saint is intimately connected with the famous conversion of the Narentines, the Paganoi, who dwelt in the adjoining district round the mouth of the Narenta which comes down from Mostar, and occupied the "inaccessible and craggy places" (εἰς δυσβάτους τόπους καὶ κρημνώδεις), as Constantine tells us. They were among the last of the Slavs to be Christianized. Their local god was known as Viddo, and when he saw his people being baptized into the new faith, he made up his mind to go with them and himself was baptized, and thus became S. Vitus.

From Strobeč we coast the hills of the Poljica. Like the Riviera dei Castelli, under Kozjac, the slope from the foot of the grey limestone cliffs is of a rich yellowish brown, well watered by the rivulets that spring from the base of the rocks, and highly cultivated, with here and there clumps and groves of the *Pinus pinea* or stone-pine. The villages lie high up on the slopes, their little quays

or landing-places alone being down on the shore. The two principal villages are Podstrana, the ancient Petuntium, and Jesenice, the ancient Nareste. From both of them bridle-paths and rough roads lead into the Poljica. And soon, round a point, Almissa comes into view, the little town clustered at the foot of a steep rock crowned by the old pirate stronghold, Castle Mirabello; above it again, yet much higher up and apparently inaccessible, the remains of a great square fortress, the Starigrad. But Almissa, though seemingly quite close, is not so easily reached; the river Cetina, the longest in Dalmatia, debouches here, and its rapid stream brings down much alluvial matter which runs out in spurs of land and shallows, rendering navigation difficult and constituting the pre-eminent importance of Almissa as a freebooters' port in days when long-range artillery was unknown. Almissa is now a bright and clean little town at the foot of its castle, with which it is connected by walls. Behind it is the deep and gloomy cleft of the Cetina gorge, through which the river comes swirling in a very rapid flood, heavy rains having swollen the stream till it submerged the meadows by its mouth. Near the landing-place is a capital little inn, the Dinara, with clean bedrooms

and excellent wine, the best I have found in Dalmatia, since the War has ruined the admirable Dalmatian vintage one used to get everywhere; at Almissa there is a good sound red wine and a perfectly delicious "prosecco" of the usual tawny colour, with its bouquet of roses and violets. From the inn one passes along the single street that forms the town of Almissa. The shops have the Oriental single opening, half of which is door and the other half the counter for the display of goods. The church of S. Michele, the Duomo, has a remarkable incised string-course running along its southern wall; the west door, with the date 1621, has graceful columns with a triple-pleated pattern and an engaging design of tulips on the jambs, above it a wheel rose window with cherubs' heads in the spandrels between the spokes; altogether an irregular and fantastic but not unpleasing façade. The cathedral contains a very fine silver crucifix encrusted with precious stones, which the pirates presented as an ex-voto after some successful raid.

Some of the houses show a picturesque Venetian architecture, the Spera house, for example, whose courtyard displays the motto:

Cautus con prosperis
Fortis con adversis,

where the owner has blended Latin and Italian in his desire to impress his fellow-citizens. There are two other churches of note, S. Rocco and S. Spirito. San Rocco displays the Memmo coat on its façade.

Passing out of the main and only street, we come to an esplanade along the banks of the Cetina, formed after the demolition of the city walls, and thence a fine road leads into the defile of the river. Superb crags tower above the stream, which has cut a serpentine course for itself in the limestone rock. Ahead of us we see the Radman Mills, and above, in this season of heavy rain, a great white waterfall leaps from a ledge several hundred feet high, bringing a little river into the Cetina. That river, coming down from distant Dinara, makes a wide curve round the mass of Monte Mossor before it reaches Almissa, and in its course it forms the great cascade of Duare, finer, it is said, than any on the Kerka. Almissa has a thoroughly pirate history, and its young men and women still walk and carry themselves with a certain freebooting air of *disinvoltura*. There is no mention of the town in Constantine's handbook, nor does its name appear in the record of Orseolo's triumphant expedition down the Adriatic (997). But, by the opening of the thirteenth century, we find the Hungarian sovereign

granting a charter to the town and fostering it as a convenient point of concentration for the purpose of harrying friend and foe alike; for his protégés, the Almissaners, took to piracy at once, the *opportunitas loci*, the invitation and suitability of the site, being irresistible. The Almissaners, however, became such a nuisance to their near neighbours of Spalato, Sebenico and Cattaro, and their more distant neighbour, the powerful Venetian Republic, that frequent expeditions were despatched to reduce the sea-robbers' nest, but all in vain; for the Almissaners enjoyed the powerful protection of the Counts of Bribir, with whom they shared the fruits of their piracy. At last on the downfall of Count Mladen II., the people of Traü and Spalato sacked and burned Almissa, while the people of Sebenico served Scardona in like fashion, firing out those two wasp-binks in 1322. In 1420 Pietro Loredan, Captain of the Gulf, reduced Almissa, Brazza, Lesina and Curzola, in pursuit of Venetian efforts to clear the Adriatic of pirates, and to render the commercial approach to Venice safe for her merchants; finally, in 1444, Venice induced the Almissaners to submit to the Republic, to drop their pestilent piratical ways, and to live in decent quiet for the future.

XIV

LESINA, CURZOLA, LISSA

THE last group of excursions for which Spalato is the convenient centre is to the islands of Lesina, Curzola, Lissa and Làgosta. Geographically we are at the end of the Dalmatian archipelago; the thickly clustering islands come to a close; the Dalmatian shore is no longer protected by the barrier chain of rocks; it is open to the sea; there are fewer harbours; the mainland of Dalmatia is reduced to a very thin strip between frontier mountain crests and the seashore. On the other hand we have come to the beginnings of Dalmatian history, and are in contact with that remote epoch of early Greek settlements, the traces of which, however, have almost entirely disappeared. It is a period long preceding the Roman, Byzantine, Slav, Hungarian, Venetian and Turkish influences, but it emphasizes the root quality of Dalmatian history, the civiliza-

tion of the islands and littoral as distinguished from the barbarism of the hinterland.

The islands can now be reached by the small coasting line of steamers. Formerly the Austrian Lloyd service used to touch at the various ports; now they steam from Spalato to Gravosa without a stop. As we leave Spalato and cross the Sound of Brazza, the site of Diocletian's Palace reveals itself in all its interest and splendour; the great line of the cryptoporticus is best seen from the water. The beautiful mediæval campanile—beautiful in itself but still incongruous with its surroundings—shoots up above the town, and behind it in the far distance sits Klissa on the shoulder of Kozjac, and Mossor, usually gloomy under storm-clouds, closes the east. The steamer threads the narrow channel between Solta and Brazza, with Milnà, one of Brazza's most flourishing little seaports, famous for its wine-shipping trade; the "Buon Padre, Milnà", was once a well-known craft off the Dogana point at Venice, and sold its wine retail to all who came to its "jug and bottle" companion. Then the long, low line of Lesina, in Greek "the awl", comes in sight. But though Lesina was undoubtedly colonized by Greeks from Paros, and its Croat name Hvar is simply Greek Φάρος, its

name may not be Greek after all, but Slav, derived from *lés*, a wood, or building wood; *leséna*, the woody one; and it may indeed have been at one time a δενδρήεσσα νῆσος. Little enough of wood remains now on these Dalmatian islands; most are bare and desolate grey rock running down into the sea, with here and there a few clumps of pines on the lower slopes, hardly any houses and the most scanty cultivation. We pass the mouth of a deep fiord or inlet, at the extreme end of which lies the Cittavecchia, claiming, perhaps without warrant, to be the ancient capital. The coasting steamers put in to Cittavecchia. After rounding the island's westernmost point we come to the real, or at least the present, capital, the town of Lesina.

Lesina was the Greek colony of Pharos, peopled from Pharos in the Cyclades. It can boast remains that may be even earlier than the Greek period, the Cyclopean—if they are Cyclopean—walls of Cittavecchia. At all events the Greeks were there in the fourth century B.C. Then came the Syracusan, still Greek, supremacy, when the Tyrant Dionysius sacked Lesina, and it was then, probably, that νέος Φάρος, the present Cittavecchia, was founded by the refugees. Little or nothing of the Greek epoch survives. The island became an

asylum for the mainlanders flying before the Avar incursion in 639, and was peopled eventually by Slavs. Lesina then entered the general stream of Dalmatian island-history; was recovered for the Byzantine Empire under Manuel Comnene, was left exposed to the harrying piracy of Almissa and the Narentines, and to the restless operations of the Hungarians in their desire to establish their dominion over Dalmatia. This led to Lesina invoking the aid of Venice, and this again to the sack of the town by the Genoese in the war between Genoa and Venice, which ended in a complete Venetian victory in 1380. Sigismund put the island up for sale, and Ragusa, having a deeper pocket than Spalato, bought it and sent a governor with the title of "Lord of the Isles" to rule in Lesina. But finally came 1420, Loredan the Admiral, and the Lion of San Marco, and peace and prosperity, only once seriously interrupted when Uliz Ali, King of Barbary, in the year of Lepanto (1571), but before that famous victory, took and sacked Lesina on behalf of the Turks against Venice and Christendom. Lesina was the Venetian arsenal in the middle Adriatic down to 1776, when Curzola took its place, and Lesina fell into comparative neglect and ruin.

Apart from its figs, its wine, and its honey, Lesina is one of the most picturesque of these island towns; at all events, it is full of beautiful Venetian architecture. The Loggia of Sammichele, an arcade of seven bays separated by columns bearing capitals, architrave, frieze and cornice, surmounted again by a balustrade on the open roof, with *gulie* or pinnacles corresponding to the columns below, and with twin Lions of S. Marco over the central bay of the Loggia, is one of the most complete and satisfactory pieces of civic construction in Dalmatia, or out of it. It stands down on the quay immediately at the foot of the hill, crowned by the Spanish fort, Forte Spagnolo, perhaps so called after the military engineer who built it, or more probably recalling the time when Venice and Spain were united against the Turk in the days of Charles V. (1551). On one side of the Loggia rises a square clock-tower, and on the other a lofty building, the residence of the Venetian governor, with a lion between its middle-floor windows. Lesina is full of lions. The church of S. Marco has a beautiful bell-chamber to its campanile, ruined by lightning, and many a lovely palace, the Palazzo Raimondi of fifteenth-century Gothic, for example, near the Porta Maggiore,

now merely a shell, fast falling to ruin. When the Venetians removed their arsenal to Curzola the prosperity of Lesina departed. The arsenal was built in the sixteenth century, at a cost of 5000 ducats, and was the usual headquarters of the Venetian fleet of thirty galleys, employed in policing and protecting the middle Adriatic.

The vegetation of Lesina is peculiarly luxuriant. On the walls of Fort Spagnolo are to be found that beautiful shrub, the caper, with its clusters of violet petals and stamens, recalling the golden globes and stamens of the St. John's wort, sacred to Balder of Scandinavian mythology and to the sun-god of the Greeks. The road along the seashore to the Franciscan monastery, the Madonna delle Grazie, takes us through an extraordinarily rich and sub-tropical vegetation, quite unlike anything we have hitherto seen in Dalmatia, not even on the Riviera dei sette Castelli, and not to be met with again till we come to Gravosa, and, farther south, Castelnuovo, at the mouth of the Bocche di Cattaro. The monastery approach is flanked by the ordinary chapels or shrines, for the seven stations of the Cross; all were once filled by the usual groups of sculpture, now all but two are used as receptacles for fishermen's nets. The monastery

dates from 1471, and was rebuilt after being burned by the Turks in 1571. The Refectory has a very fine "Last Supper" by Matteo Roselli (1578-1650).

The island of Lissa (*Vis* in Croatian) lies about ten miles south-west of Lesina. It has, all through its history, been closely connected with that island, though Lissa owes its Greek origin not to Paros but to Lesbos. It is the most western, the farthest out to sea, of all the Dalmatian islands of any considerable size, and this may account for its waters having been the scene of two great sea-fights, which have brought Lissa into fame. When Agron, King of Illyria, captured Lesina, and his widow, Teuta, threatened Lissa, about 229 B.C., the inhabitants appealed to Rome for protection, and thus unwittingly became the connecting link which brought the Roman power on to the eastern shores of the Adriatic. Lissa was incorporated in the Roman province of Dalmatia and continued to flourish till the Goths from Ravenna wiped it out in 535. Like its neighbour Lesina, Lissa was constantly exposed to the ravages of Narentine and Almissan pirates, till the Lion of S. Marco, with its "Pax tibi Marce, Evangelista Meus," came to give it peace. But after the fall of the Venetian Republic and during the Napoleonic menace to the

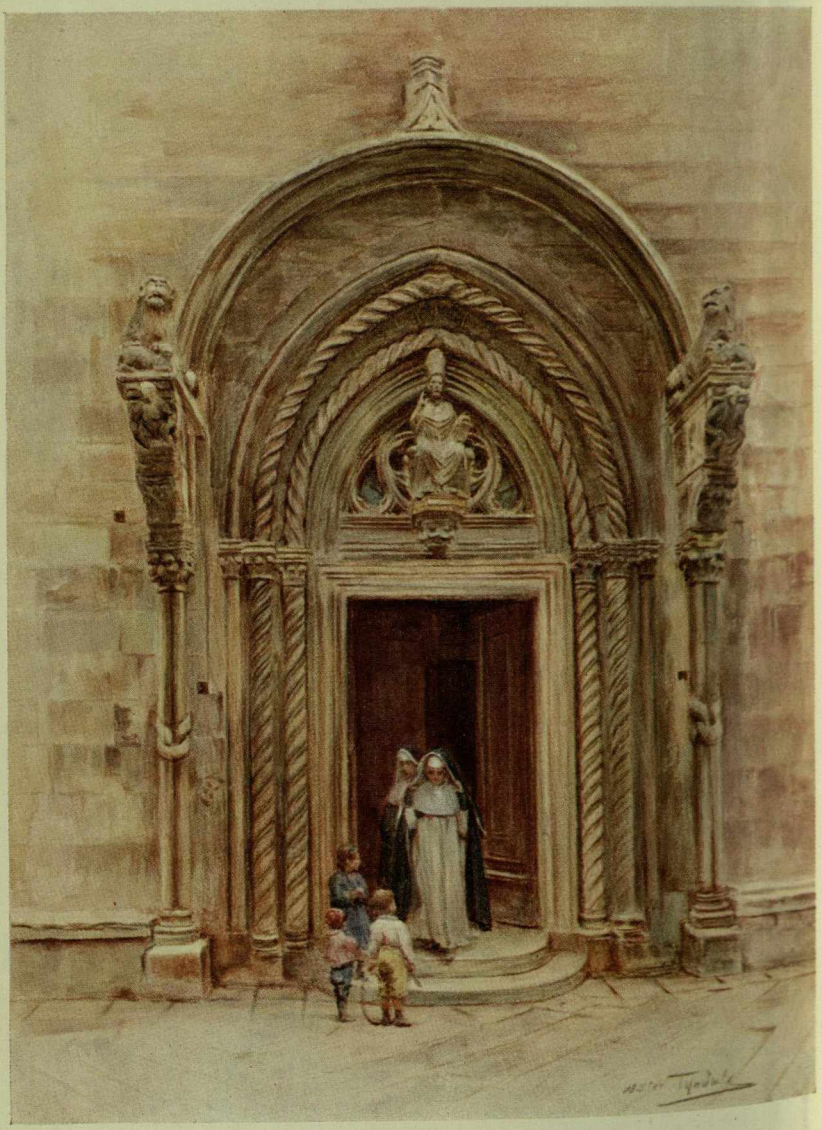
LESINA.

liberties of Europe, England, in order to erect a barrier against his scheme of Continental blockade, sent a naval force into the Adriatic under the command of William (afterwards Sir William) Hoste, and proposed to erect Lissa into a kind of Malta in the Adriatic, to hold the door to Eastern Europe. The English occupation lasted from 1808 to 1815. They held Lissa and, as we shall presently see, Curzola as well, and to their credit the memory of this period is still cherished by the inhabitants. Lissa was strongly fortified. The remains of these forts, with their British names, "King George", "Wellington", "Robertson", "Bentinck" and "Hoste", can still be seen. They were built in 1812, that is after the famous battle of the preceding year, and were dismantled when the British evacuated the island in 1815. The French and their Venetian allies determined to challenge British supremacy in those waters, and to attack the British base at Lissa. The Franco-Venetian squadron, under Dubordieu, consisted of four frigates, two corvettes, one brig, a schooner, and a Sambek. The British squadron consisted of the *Amphion*, flagship, *Volage*, *Cerberus*; *Belle-poule* was in the neighbourhood, but apparently took no part in the action. Dubordieu left Ancona on

March 12th, 1811, and by the 13th he was off Lissa. The engagement took place two miles off the harbour, in the sheet of water lying between it and the Spalmadori islets off the shores of Lesina. The issue was a complete victory for the British. The French commander and his captain were blown up in the flagship *Favorite*; *Bellona* and two other vessels were captured. The total loss of the French and their allies was in the neighbourhood of 2000 men and officers; the British loss between killed and wounded was 450, including many officers, among them Commander the Hon. Charles Anson. The dead were buried in what is known as "the English cemetery", just outside the Kut quarter of the town of Lissa, and their number was increased by the bodies of the twelve British seamen who had lost their lives in the action between the French man-of-war *Rivoli* and the British *Victory* off the Lido shore at Venice. The cemetery was surrounded by a well-built, solid wall, but in course of time this has fallen into decay and almost disappeared. The Government of the Triune kingdom has, however, consented to the re-establishment of the office of British Consular Agent at Lissa, acting under the British Consul-General at Trieste, with custody of the

cemetery. This post is now filled by Sig. Serafino Cav. Topić, to whose competence and courtesy I am indebted for the above information, and in whose hands the cemetery is safe, though funds are still needed to restore the wall and the gateway of this interesting memorial to a brilliant naval action.

Fifty years later the Italian admiral, Count Pellione di Persano, attacked Lissa during the Italian war of Liberation; he was in command of nineteen ships, and had already bombarded the forts of Lissa and was preparing to land in the bay of Comissa, when during the nights of July 19th-29th, under cover of a thick fog, the Austrian Admiral Tegetthoff arrived with his Flag in the *Ferdinand Maximilian.* Persano offered battle in the waters between the Spalmadori islets, off Lesina, and the island of Solta. The action is remarkable in being the first in which an iron-clad, the *Rè d' Italia*, and a ram, the *Affondatore*, were engaged. The *Rè d' Italia* was sunk, the *Palestro* took fire and withdrew, followed by the rest of the Italian fleet. Tegetthoff won a complete victory. The dead were buried in the "Catholic Cemetery", near the monastery of the Minorites, at San Girolamo, on the little bay called



THE DOORWAY OF THE DUOMO OF CURZOLA.

"Porto Inglese", and in memory of them, that fine monument, the Lion of Lissa, more impressive than the Lion of Lucerne, was erected by the Austrian Government.

On leaving Lesina, to which we must return from Lissa, the steamer coasts the southern shore of the island, passing S. Domenico with a path leading up to its cavern in the cliffs, where once there was a little monastery of Austin Friars, the ruins of which are still visible. Then the canal of the Narenta opens away to the left, leading up the river to Metcovich, famous nest of Narentine pirates, and capital of the district named Pagania by Constantine. Hard by Metcovich lies Klek, one of the two points where, as late as the last century, the Turk came down to the shores of the Adriatic. But we do not take the Narenta channel; we skirt the most westerly point of the stony peninsula of Sabbioncello, the northernmost limit of the ancient Republic of Ragusa, and, entering the narrow channel that separates the island of Curzola from the mainland, we soon come to Curzola itself, the little town with the characteristically Greek site, piled up the hill from its little harbour to its Arx, or citadel, now crowned by the Duomo, and enclosed by handsome Venetian fortifications of which the curtains have

disappeared, but some of the round bastions still survive. Opposite, across the very narrow channel, rises the arid desolation of Monte Vipera, above Orebić on Sabbioncello. Though Curzola is now, and for many passed centuries has been, purely Slav in race and Venetian in architecture, it was undoubtedly once Greek; ἡ μέλαινα Κόρκυρα, "black Corfu", to distinguish it from its larger and more famous namesake, Corfu of the Ionian islands. Curzola was called "black", apparently because of the pine-woods with which it was covered. Most of these have now disappeared, or are to be found only on the southern, the open sea side of the island. They have been cleared away to make room for vineyards, though at one time the forests of Curzola helped to feed the arsenal of Venice. Strabo and Pliny give Curzola as a colony from Knidos, in Asia Minor; and tradition has it that Antenor, doubtless on his way to found Padua, landed here and left a settlement behind him. "Hic Antenoridae Corcyrae prima Melanae fundamenta locant," says an ancient inscription over the Porta Marina of Curzola. But the long decline of the Byzantine power in the Adriatic, the barbarian pressure on the mainland which drove the Slavs to seek refuge in the islands, gradually obliterated all traces of

Hellenic origin. Curzola, like Lesina, became completely Slav. The town, perched on its strong peninsula site, offered a courageous resistance to the victorious Doge Pietro Orseolo II. in 998, but, exposed to the piratical harrying of the Narentines and Almissaners under Hungarian protection, it willingly admitted the Venetians in 1129. The Republic appointed the Zorzi family as quasi-hereditary Lords of Curzola, to hold it for S. Marco; and the Zorzi coat, argent, a fesse gules, is said to cant on one of the family achievements, when a Zorzi, defending the town against a pirate onslaught, tore a bloody bandage from his wound and waved it in place of the standard he had lost. Marco Polo, a native of Curzola, and Andrea Dandolo, the Great Doge and historian of Venice, were both present at the sea-fight off Curzola, when Genoa defeated Venice and Marco Polo was taken prisoner, while Dandolo committed suicide to escape a similar fate. Under Venetian rule Curzola flourished. It was carefully watched and fostered as the precious outpost of Venice against the Republic of Ragusa, whose position so near the mouth of the Adriatic was a standing menace to the freedom of those seas for Venetian commerce. In the middle of the eighteenth century Venice

moved its arsenal from Lesina to Curzola. This step was the undoing of Lesina, and at Curzola we find traces of it, for the new arsenal soon won the name of Porto Pedocchio, or "Lousy Creek", which that little bay still retains. The English held Curzola from 1813 to 1815, when Lissa was their naval base, and an inscription above the gate of a sort of semicircular stadium records the gratitude of the Curzolani to the English commander—in Corcyran latin—as follows:

Petro Lowen cuius foelicib. ausp. hoc civibus solatium viaque haec curib. apta incolis omnibus comodo et utilitati constructa libertate fruens hoc gratianimi testimonium comunitas Curzolensis posteris tradendum dessignavit. MDCCCXV.

"Libertate fruens", in enjoyment of their freedom; for the first time in their lives, perhaps.

Curzola town occupies a true Greek site; it stands on a little peninsula connected with the rest of the island by a low neck of land; a ridge of rock running the length of the town and culminating in the Arx, where the Duomo now stands; on each side is a little bay or harbour; and steep and narrow streets run down, on either side, from the ridge to the water's edge. These narrow *calli* are extremely picturesque, and are filled with houses

of the purest Venetian architecture, ogee windows, bracketed balconies, courtyards, and so on. The cathedral, though Curzola is no longer an Episcopal See,—that See was carved out of the Diocese of the Isles in 1300, and had originally been the fifth Diaconate of the Ragusan Bishopric—is worthy of close attention, chiefly on account of the façade with its remarkable porch, where the lions we should expect to find carrying the columns of the portal have been raised to brackets on either side, and may perhaps have been intended to support effigies of Adam and Eve, as at Sebenico and Traü. In the lunette above the door is the portrait of a bishop, with flamboyant tracery behind him. Above the portal is a beautiful round window, not merely a wheel, but, as Freeman notes, "the diverging lines or spokes run off into real tracery such as we might see in either England or France". The cornice of the façade is extremely rich, with a florid arcading and finials; at the apex of the central gable is the sculptured portrait of a lady, variously conjectured to represent one or other of the two Queens Elizabeth of Hungary. The campanile has been built into the church for want of space on the rocky crest the cathedral crowns; on the outside it encroaches on the façade of the north

aisle, and inside, on the first of the left-hand bays. The campanile itself is of no great beauty or interest save for its bell-chamber, whose parapet, octagon and cupola are of really fine Renaissance design. The interior is a simple nave of five bays and two aisles, each ending in an apse. The capitals of the angle responds display the signs of the four evangelists; that of the right-hand corner, near the altar, bears the Lion of S. Marco. In the Piazza del Salizzo is the usual Venetian loggia, and close by the landing-place stands a quaint little lion, dumpy, but attractive, on a stumpy little column, waiting to watch and welcome those who come by sea.

The Curzolani are said to keep up many of their old customs: they still dance the "Moreška", a sort of pantomime show; the King of Spain carries off the wife of the negro king, Bula; in carnival time they elect their king, whose rule runs to Ash-Wednesday; they still act their Chevalaresque drama of "Compagnia", which resembles the "Alka" of Sinj, or the "Marinarezza" of Cattaro, about which we shall have something to say when we reach the Bocche; and I can remember, when I first came to Venice, I saw the "Manfrina" danced, which undoubtedly has its origin in the "Monferina" of Curzola.

XV

LÀGOSTA, MELEDA, CANNOSA

LÀGOSTA (the Λάστοβον of Constantine) lies about eight miles due south of Curzola. It is not likely that the traveller will visit this "remote Bermuda" of the Dalmatian archipelago; it offers no architectural attractions, its flora is much like that of its neighbours, Lesina, Lissa and Curzola. The island is rich in carobian beans, the Johannisbrotbaum of the Germans, because St. John's food was "locust and wild honey". But how did it get the name "locust"? Did the island give its name to the bean? Does the English word "locust = the carobian bean" come from Làgosta? However that may be, the Lago grande is full of fish and of *écrevisses*, and the population of about 1200 inhabitants is almost entirely devoted to fishing. But they were not always thus peacefully employed. Làgosta swims into history as one of the

first nests of piracy that the Doge Orseolo was called on to extirpate. The Narentine pirates, the Paganoi, had converted Làgosta into one of their principal strongholds. Standing well out into the open Adriatic it was eminently suited to observe and plunder Venetian shipping making for Venice at the head of the Gulf. The Doge was completely successful; in the year 1000 he entirely destroyed the fortress of Làgosta, and compelled the inhabitants to build farther inland. Curiously enough, Làgosta was the farthest point of Venetian conquest in the middle Adriatic, and it did not remain long in Venetian hands; it went back to Byzantium; then passed under Hungarian and Serbian dominion, till finally, in the thirteenth century, it became the property and the sea outpost of Ragusa. The present town is built on an amphitheatre of hills, dominated by the highest point, 1564 ft. high, and called, of course, like almost every hill in the Dalmatian islands, *Hum* (the mound).

To continue our journey down the coast we must return to Curzola; and leaving it we still skirt the peninsula of Sabbioncello, dominated by the arid peak of Monte Vipera, so stern and repellent by day, but capable of taking the most

RAGUSA.

ethereal hues at sunset. Presently we enter the canal of Meleda, with the island of that name to the right. At its north-western point is Porto Palazzo, where I once landed from a yacht; otherwise it is not easy to visit the island except by boat especially hired at Ragusa. Porto Palazzo is absolutely desolate now, with the gaunt ruins of a palace which gives it its name, and is said to have been built by the Cilician king, Agesilaus Anazarbaüs, whom Septimius Severus banished to Meleda for *lèse majesté*, on his return from his Parthian victories. Whether Meleda be the Pauline Meleda or not will probably always remain a subject of dispute; for Constantine Porphyrogennetos there is no doubt. "Another large island called Meleta", he says, "is mentioned by St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles. Here a snake fastened on the finger of Saint Paul and Saint Paul shook it off into the fire." Only the obstinate, however, will still persist in the identification; though doubtless Meleda has two points of correspondence with St. Paul's island—it abounds in snakes and the people are kind to strangers. We landed at desolate Porto Palazzo and set out to cross the narrow neck separating us from the land-locked bay or loch, on an island in which

stands the Benedictine Monastery of S. Maria del Lago, founded by a Serbian Princess in 1145, the object of our journey. The way lay through a thicket of ilex and *Pinus pinea* with a dense undergrowth of heath and juniper. After a very short walk we suddenly emerged on the edge of the lake, for such it appeared to be. It was set round by very low hills, densely clad with low growing pine sweeping down, like the folds of a rich green-velvet mantle, to the water's edge. There we found a boat to take us to the island-monastery and the little village gathered around it. We were welcomed by the Parocco and some of his flock, and were shown over the cloister where lie buried a Serbian Prince and a Bosnian Queen, dead on a pilgrimage. Under the tower is a loggia with an entrancing view over the calm waters of the lake towards the point where lies the channel that connects it with the invisible sea; a sense of extraordinary beauty locked away in a world all its own, seldom, if ever, disturbed. As we came out on the landing-place a little crowd of villagers had gathered round our boat, and in order to make our adieus to the good priest as friendly as possible, and to diffuse a spirit of general kindliness, the daughter of my host, a beautiful English girl of fifteen or so, singled

out a handsome peasant woman with a lusty baby at her breast, and turning to our guide enquired, with an air of maternal interest, "E suo?" ("Yours?")

Meleda is a volcanic island, and this may account for the striking difference between its flora and that of other Dalmatian islands and seaboard. The famous "detonations of Meleda", which continued from March to September 1822, were attributed to volcanic activities at work.

Leaving Porto Palazzo, with Sabbioncello still on our left, we pass the mouth of the inlet on the mainland at whose inner recess lies Stagno Grande, with its Ragusan fortifications running up the hill, hardly two kilometres away from Stagno Piccolo on the Narentine estuary, across the low neck that just prevents Sabbioncello from being an island. Stagno Piccolo is more picturesque than Stagno Grande. The little town is enclosed in walls that reach up to a circular fort; all of it is Ragusan work.

We now leave the channel between Meleda and Sabbioncello and, opposite Slano, turn sharp in towards the mainland shore, taking the channel that runs between the mainland and the islands of the lesser Archipelago, Giuppana and Mezzo. Mezzo is worth a visit, best made from Ragusa in con-

THE UPPER CLOISTER AT SAN FRANCESCO, RAGUSA.

junction with the expedition to Cannosa, on account of its church with a fine iron grille, the gift of one of the Visconti, and showing the Visconti cognizance, the Biscione, or great snake swallowing a child. Opposite Giuppana is the landing-place for Cannosa, famous for its huge plane trees and the beautiful garden of Count Gozze. From the landing-place a lane full of steps leads steeply up between walls and thickets of laurel, carobian-bean trees, pomegranates on the right, and on the left the park and gardens of the Gozze family, till we come to a sort of plateau, with an *osteria* at its farther side, and, in the middle, two of the most magnificent oriental planes that Europe has to show. The biggest is twenty-five paces in circumference, and its main branches spread out to the length of thirty-two paces in two directions. They still spread to this vast extent without support, and prove how sound the parent trunk must be. The gardens of Count Gozze are, by his kind permission, open to the public, and offer most fascinating views over the sea and its coast. The Grotto with its florid statuary and its dripping, desilient waters, the groves of palms and cactus, the almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation, make Cannosa a place most certainly to be visited.

THE UPPER CLOISTER AT SAN FRANCESCO, RAGUSA.

After regaining our boat and leaving the landing-place, we pass on our left the Gulf of Malfi, then, also to the left, the opening of the Ombla river, and then Gravosa, the port of Ragusa, where we shall pause for a while.

XVI

RAGUSA

THE present city of Ragusa—we may call it a city, the only one in Dalmatia, for it was once the capital of an independent State—is not the ancient Ragusa, but a comparatively modern township, built as an asylum, when the Avars and the Slavs, about 639, sacked and destroyed Ragusa Vecchia, the Greek colony of Epidaurus (or Epidaurum), the Πίταυρα of Constantine, the home of Aesculapius, some miles down the coast. The inhabitants moved to the site of modern Ragusa, which offered them both a harbour and an Arx, two features always sought by Greek colonists, and reproducing, in a way, the character of their ruined home at Epidaurus. The new Ragusa underwent two sieges, in 847 and in 866, by the Saracens, commanded by Saba and Kalfun in the first case, and by Mufarig ibn Salima in the second. The city was relieved by Nicetas,

the Patrician, Grand Drungary of the Imperial Byzantine fleet, sent by the Emperor Basil I. to pursue the Saracens into Italy and break their power, which he did before Bari. Constantine goes on to explain that Ragusa was not called Ragusa in the "Roman tongue", meaning Imperial Greek, but Λαῦ, Lau, the rock, as the new city was built on a rocky edge (εἰς τὸν κρημνόν); by the usual metathesis between λ and ρ the Lausaioi, or rock people, became Rausaioi, hence Ragusans. The newcomers at once began to build walls; the earliest were of rubble and wooden beams, for wood was abundant then on the slopes of Monte Sergio, and gave its Croat name of Dubrovnik, the "woody place", to Ragusa. The Ragusans indeed always made much of their walls, both for protection for themselves and also as offering a safe asylum to the neighbouring populations when under the frequent menace of raids, and thus helping to foster and augment the population of their city. The city walls are, to this day, one of the most striking features of Ragusa. As a matter of fact, the original town was built of wood and was burned down in 1292.

Then followed a period of mixed Byzantine-Venetian domination or suzerainty, when the Doge,

Pietro Orseolo, was policing the Adriatic, and Venice was lending a helping hand to the Comnene Emperors of the East in their effort to prevent the Normans from reaching Constantinople; for it was an essential part of Venetian policy to oppose every attempt to close the mouth of the Adriatic, and the Normans were masters in Apulia and had already gained a footing at Durazzo on the eastern shores of that sea. The juridical position of Ragusa at that period was undoubtedly that of dependence on the Eastern Empire; Venice had no rights over the city, save such as might be implied by her alliance with the Emperor, for whom the Republic was acting. But after the Fourth Crusade the situation changed. Venice became the dominant maritime power, both in the Adriatic and in the Levant, and we find a Venetian "Count", established in Ragusa and administering the city, but with that large liberty and regard for local customs and sentiment so characteristic of Venetian suzerainty. The first Ragusan "Statuto", or Constitution, appeared in 1272, the year in which Ragusa became master of the island of Làgosta. Venetian interests were chiefly concerned with the sea and freedom of traffic for its own shipping, and as long as no danger threatened

THE CLOISTERS OF SAN DOMENICO, RAGUSA.

that interest, the Ragusans enjoyed virtual independence. On the mainland they found themselves continually at loggerheads with the rulers of those regions; quarrels in which Venice took little or no part, but which were of vital importance to the Ragusans. And hence began that system of tributes whereby the Ragusans, with remarkable ability, succeeded in preserving their independence face to face with Hungarians, Bosniacs, Serbs and Turks. Venetian influence, if not domination, lasted from 1205 to 1521, when, by the peace of Zara, she lost all her possessions in the Quarnero and down the Adriatic coast. The mainland of Dalmatia and preponderating influence over the islands passed to the Crown of Hungary, then worn by Lewis the Great. Ragusa freed herself from a Hungarian governor by agreeing to pay a tribute, and the virtual and effective independence of the Republic was secured. The constitution was autocephalous and autonomous; the Senate elected the Rector; commerce flourished; the traffic with the Serbian and Bosnian hinterland,—which had always formed the vital source of Ragusan prosperity, and had led to the development of the Ragusan merchant-marine, with its "Argosies", Ragusan craft, to be found in the distant waters of

Britain and the North Sea,—though occasionally interrupted by internal troubles in Bosnia or Serbia, nevertheless now reached its apogee. The great buildings of the city, the Rector's Palace, the enlarged Dogana, or Custom House, the aqueduct, date from this period.

But even as far back as 1459 a new and dreaded power, the Turks, had begun to make their presence felt. They had entered Serbia, and between 1463 and 1482 Bosnia, Herzegovina and Sutorina, with Castelnuovo on the Bocche di Cattaro, had fallen into their hands. The Turkish menace was closing round Ragusa; nor was it, indeed, the first time that Ragusans had been brought into contact with the Crescent. As early as 1397 the Republic entered into treaty with Sultan Bajazet, and, as usual, had arranged matters by agreeing to a tribute which continued to be exacted by the Porte as late as the year 1804. The battle of Mohacs (1572) put an end to the brief and shadowy Hungarian supremacy. But with the Turkish domination over the Ragusan hinterland and the misrule and confusion which, as usual, went with it, Ragusan commerce gradually and slowly began to dwindle; the stream of traffic was hampered in its course through Turkish-governed

lands. And this misfortune coincided with the world-wide convulsion in commercial history produced by the discovery of America and the opening of the Cape route to the Indies, which eventually destroyed the commercial importance of the Mediterranean, throwing the main lines of world traffic out of the Mediterranean into the Atlantic, and the profits into the pockets of the Portuguese, Dutch and British. Finally, in the seventeenth century, on the 6th of April 1667, a terrible earthquake destroyed the larger part of the city and killed upwards of 4000 inhabitants. Ragusa never recovered. In 1806 the French, under General Lauriston, were in possession, and Marmont, who was holding Dalmatia for Napoleon, was created by him Duke of Ragusa. The city is now part of the Triune kingdom of Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia.

From Gravosa, where we left our ship, to Ragusa town is a distance of three and a half kilometres, about two miles. A beautiful road mounts gently from the harbour to the crest of the ridge that connects the peninsula of Lapad with the mainland. On our left rises Monte Sergio with the villas of wealthy Ragusans at its foot. The vegetation on either side of the road is

extraordinarily rich, quite subtropical in character. From the crest the road descends between the superb gardens of the suburb of Pile, to the open space shaded by plane trees, which lies before the Porta Pile, the magnificent main entrance to the town. The gate itself is reached by a balustraded bridge crossing the fosse and is crowned by the statue of S. Biagio, St. Blaise, the Patron of Ragusa. Passing through the Porta Pile in the outer line of walls, for the city is almost entirely encircled by a double line of walls, the road makes a sharp curve, passing the side of S. Salvadore,—a votive church erected in gratitude for salvation from the earthquake in 1520, a charming specimen of Venetian Renaissance, recalling the exquisite Miracoli church at Venice,—and brings us to the head of the great main street, the Stradone of Ragusa, which runs from one end of the city to the other. The Stradone was probably once a canal separating the older and upper western portion of the town, on the rocky ridge commanding the harbour, from the newer and more regularly built quarter on the slopes of Monte Sergio. Immediately on our right is a handsome octagonal fountain or well, connected with the great aqueduct works of the sixteenth century; it has columns at its

angles and is covered by an octagonal cupola. Behind it stands the monastery of S. Maria, once used as an arsenal, now a barrack. Next door to the façade of S. Salvadore comes the Franciscan church and monastery. The entrance to the cloister has a coat of arms over the door and the symbol IH̊S, which occurs again and again over doorways in Ragusa; it is said to have come into use, on secular buildings, at the time of the great earthquake. The Franciscan monastery was begun in 1319, though the church was considerably modified at a later date. The beautiful cloister of the convent, however, remains very much as it was originally designed, though the earthquake wrought serious mischief and entailed some rebuilding. The cloister is entirely Romanesque and, as Sir Thomas Jackson points out, is thoroughly Dalmatian in character. The arches are all round-headed, and each bay encloses six round-headed lights, divided by very lofty and graceful coupled octagonal shafts, standing one behind the other, with a common base and a common abacus, but each couple of shafts has its own separate capital. These capitals are of extraordinary variety and quaintness; monsters, masks, apes, four dogs back to back, winged demons, like the gargoyles of

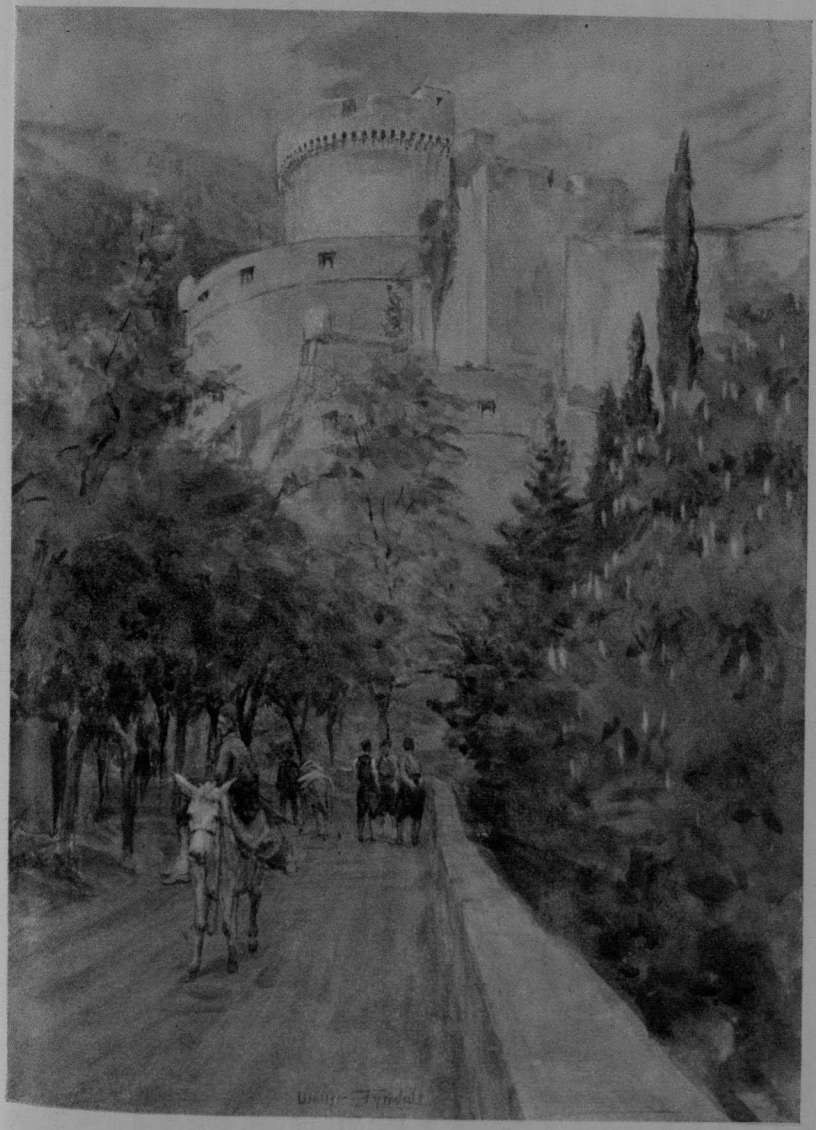
Notre Dame. The name of the master-builder is preserved in the cloister; he was Magister Mycha Petrarius Da Antivari. This beautiful, reposeful cloister is filled with orange trees, cactuses and evergreen shrubs, and in the centre is a graceful fountain, a column borne on an animal's back and carrying a circular basin, from which rises a figure of the Saint. Above one side of the cloister, but at one time probably all round it, runs a terrace with a handsome balustrade of true Venetian type. The Franciscans' cloister was near the Porta Pile gate, and they were expected to defend it. As we shall presently see, the Dominicans, at the other end of the city, were entrusted with the defence of their gate, the Porta Ploca; nor was this the only bond between the two great rival orders in the city of Ragusa. By a custom which we must consider to be unique in the history of the orders, on the Feast of S. Francis the Dominicans celebrate and assist at the ceremonies in the Franciscan monastery, and on the Feast of S. Domenic the Franciscans do the like in the Dominican monastery. This demonstration of common brotherhood in the Western Church was probably brought about by the double pressure and threat, from the Orthodox Eastern Church—whose influence and power we

shall find to be, at not distant Cattaro, all but equal to that of the Western Roman Church,—and from the deadly enemy of both, Islam, never very far away across the Herzegovinian border.

At the farther end of the Stradone we see the clock-tower in the main piazza of Ragusa, and passing down that broad street, flanked by its picturesque, arched shop fronts, we soon come to the heart of the city. On our left is the custom-house, the *Divona*, in Croat, called the *Sponza*, which means just a loggia, looking out on the farther side, to the ancient harbour of Ragusa, the Porto Cassone, whose quays can be reached by a passage under the clock-tower. The *Sponza*, or a large part of it, belongs to the early fourteenth century. It is an admirable specimen of Venetian Gothic, consisting of three stories built round a courtyard. The façade on the piazza has an open, round-headed arcade on the ground floor; on the first floor a fine triforo, or triple-lighted Venetian ogee window, flanked by two Gothic windows with tracery in the lunette; square-headed windows in the attic, and a cornice crowned with machicolations, reminiscent of the Ducal Palace at Venice or of the Ca' d' Oro.

Close by the clock-tower is the Onofrio fountain, named after its creator, Onofrio da la Cava, near

Salerno, the reputed author of the other fountain we noticed near the Porta Pile. The fountain in the piazza is an octagonal basin, with single figures on each face, from which rises a spiral column carrying a capital composed of crouching figures, on which rests a round basin with carved faces round its bowl, into which six inverted dolphins pour water from their jaws, and carry on their adjoined tails an acanthus-shaped pinna. In front of the clock-tower is the Orlando column, a square pilaster, with the figure of a warrior in armour, sword erect and shield by side, commemorating a mythic relief of Ragusa from the Saracen attacks, by Charlemagne's Paladins. The piazza also contains the church of Ragusa's Patron Saint, St. Blaise, but the building we now see dates only from 1715, when the old church was destroyed by fire. A little farther on is the finest of Ragusa's civic buildings, the Rector's Palace (*Dvor*, in Croat). We are immediately reminded of the Doge's Palace at Venice, but with considerable variations. The original building dated from 1388, and was flanked by high angle towers. It served not only as the residence of the Rector and his council-chamber, but as an arsenal as well. The Ducal Palace at Venice served similar purposes,



THE MINČETA TOWER, RAGUSA.

and had its Sala delle Armi. The original structure was damaged by fire in 1435, and again in 1462. At the close of that century Giorgio Orsini, the architect of the great church at Sebenico, and of the Orsini Chapel at Traü, was called in to rebuild the Rector's Palace in conjunction with the Dalmatian architect, G. Matjević. The stone they employed is a fine-grained travertine, which has taken on a beautiful patina. The loggia is carried on an arcade of five round-headed arches and columns, brought from Curzola, with capitals representing, among other subjects, Aesculapius, in doctor's gown, with alembics and retorts about him; the Judgement of Solomon, as on the angle of the Ducal Palace at Venice; the Rector sitting in Judgement, and so on. These belong to Onofrio's Gothic work, blended with which we get the Renaissance work of Orsini. It is interesting to notice, if we bear in mind the peristyle of Diocletian's Palace at Spalato, that in the lower colonnade of the Rector's Palace we find the whole entablature, architrave, frieze and cornice, thrown up as the arch itself, and the arches sprung right and left, from a single column and capital. Through the lower colonnade we come to the main portal, with its two fine knockers; one a lion's head in the Byzantine

style, the other a figure of a mail-clad warrior, with raised arms, standing on a lion's head. The upper loggia consists of eight Venetian-Gothic bifori, or twin-lighted windows. The best of the sculpture in the Rector's Palace is the work of Onofrio da la Cava, surviving from the fire of 1468. To Orsini belong the round-headed arches of the lower arcade, and the larger part of the inner courtyard with its two flights of outside staircases.

Passing under the clock-tower out on to the harbour front, and turning to the left, we come to the great Dominican monastery, forming a pendant, at the Ploca end of the town, to the great Franciscan monastery at the Pile end. The Dominican church dates from 1245, and was finished in 1360. It is vast and cold and naked, and, as Sir Thomas Jackson observes, it bears strong traces of German influence. But, as in the case of the Franciscan monastery, it is the cloister which constitutes the chief interest of the Dominican. It is a square with five bays as against the Franciscan three. Each bay is divided into three lights by round shafts, carrying ogee arches, above which, again, the lunette of each bay is pierced by the twin circular openings filled with tracery of various design, wheels and quatrefoils.

The whole effect is interesting and curious, but is obviously the work of an architect groping between two styles, and master of neither, as Sir Thomas Jackson convincingly observes. The middle of the cloister has a fountain, or well, dating from 1623, recalling in general form, the well in one of the cloisters of the Frari at Venice. Round the well is planted a garden with orange and cherry trees.

But perhaps the most striking monument in all Ragusa, certainly the most imposing when viewed from the sea, are the great fortification walls. We have seen how Constantine lays stress on the walling of Ragusa, when it was first colonized from Epidaurus. And all down its history, Ragusa has been obliged to rely on its walls for its safety against mainland neighbours—Bosniacs, Hungarians or Turks. For the most part there is a double line of walls. The main line of fortification is built of white stone, which looks very new, as though it had just come out of the hands of some Viollet-le-Duc; we are reminded of Carcassonne. The walls are broken by picturesque towers; by far the most striking of these is the famous Menze or Minčeta tower, so called after a Ragusan family, which stands above the Franciscan monastery, and gives

the impression of three bastions, piled one above another. These great walls date from the period when Pope Pius II. sent money to Ragusa to help it to convert itself into an adequate bulwark against the Turk, for whose benefit His Holiness was planning and preparing the luckless last crusade in 1459; Sigismund Malatesta, in support of the papal intent, began the building of the great fort Leverin, the part of the walls near the Dominican monastery. By leave of the commandant it is permitted to walk all along the broad terrace which follows the line of the ramparts, and thence one gets a complete, varied and ever-charming view of Ragusa town and harbour.

CAVTAT [RAGUSA VECCHIA]

XVII

LA CROMA, OMBLA, RAGUSA VECCHIA

IMMEDIATELY off the Arx or citadel of Ragusa, barely half a kilometre away, lies the butt-end of the island of La Croma, which serves as a kind of breakwater to Ragusa's harbour, Porto Cassone. It only takes half an hour in a rowing-boat to reach the landing-place of La Croma, and when we have climbed the steep rocks that fringe the island we have a superb view of Ragusa and its protecting walls. The island is full of memories, beginning with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who—so they say—on his journey back from the Holy Land, was rescued from a storm on the island of La Croma, and at once vowed to build a thanksgiving church to the Virgin in gratitude for his salvation. The Duomo of Ragusa, S. Maria Maggiore, was the result. There is on the island of La Croma itself the remains of a "beautiful

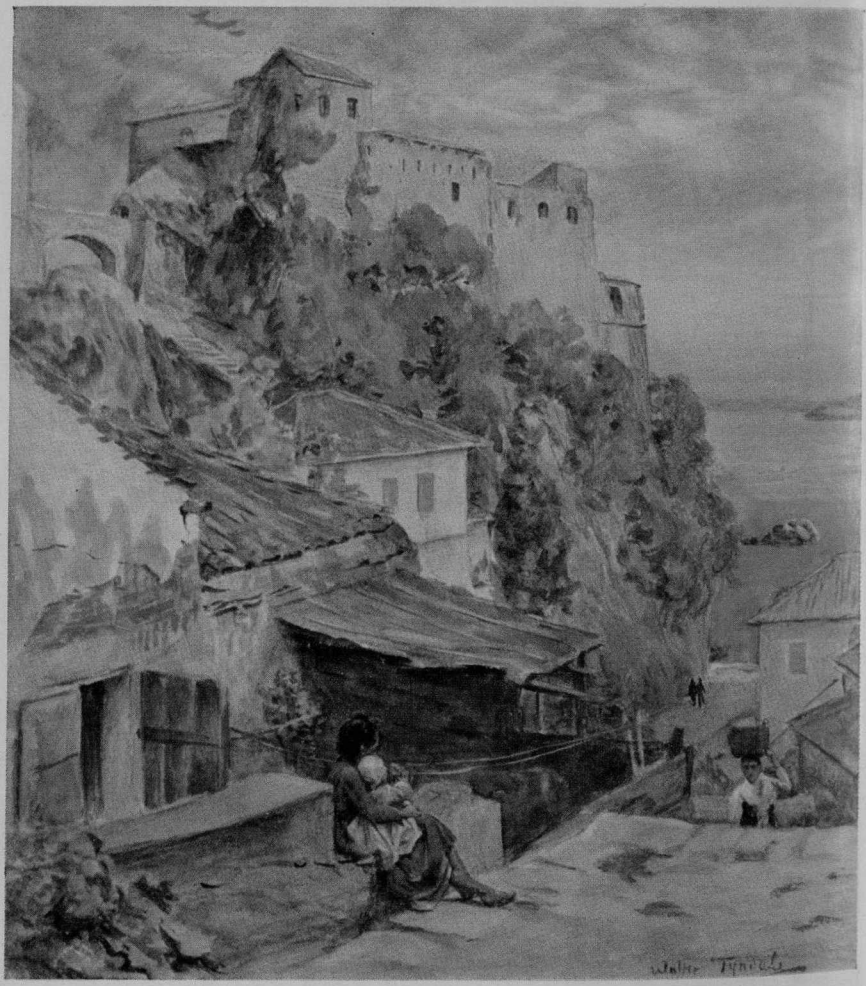
little triapsidal basilica which surely, all save a few additions, belongs to the age of the Lion-hearted king. Indeed we should be tempted to fix on this, rather than any other church of Ragusa or its island, as the work of Richard himself. It looks greatly as if a Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine had had a hand in it. A single wide body with three apses opening into it, is not a Dalmatian idea, as it is not an English idea. But something like it might easily be found in Richard's own land of Southern Gaul"; so writes Freeman with that acute sense of history and architecture which characterizes his work. Though the story of Richard's sojourn at La Croma is now usually relegated to the region of romance, Freeman supports the substantial veracity of the tale.

The Benedictines founded a monastery on the island, and the Emperor Sigismund passed sometime, in 1398, among the pines, cypresses, laurels and rosemary which thickly clothe the rocks. But La Croma has always had a mysterious and sinister repute. It was from the rocks of La Croma that the Ragusans flung those guilty of treason or sacrilege. The Archduke Maximilian, of unhappy Mexican memory, acquired the island and built

himself a châlet hard by the ruins of the almost deserted monastery; and the luckless Archduke Rudolph closed the line of its Imperial but fate-ridden owners. The Emperor Franz Joseph gave the property to the Dominicans.

Another easy expedition by boat is the excursion to the source of the Ombla. We leave Gravosa, with the peninsula of Lapad on our left, terminating in the headland of Gondola, and after a brief journey of a kilometre and a half we turn sharp to the right and enter the estuary of the Ombla, which runs for about five kilometres inland. On our left we have the houses of Mokošica, above which stands the picturesque village of Petrovoselo, and on our right S. Stefano. Just before we reach S. Stefano is Batakovina, which contains one of the most interesting houses of the Ragusan district, the Villa of Count Caboga. The courtyard reminds us both of the Dogana and of the Rector's palace in Ragusa itself. An arcade of five round-headed arches, carried on plain or twisted columns, with plain but sound Romanesque capitals, supports an upper story with Venetian Gothic windows, ending in an open loggia of twin round-headed arches, carried on twisted columns, repeating the Romanesque of the courtyard arcade. Close by is

one of the several little chapels to be found up the Ombla reach, with a round-headed western door, and circular window in the gable, surmounted by a small bell-cote and flanked by cypresses, which all makes a charming picture. Four kilometres more will bring us to the lofty limestone cliffs at the foot of which clusters the village and mills of Rožato. Above Rožato we can see the Franciscan monastery, with its avenue of cypress trees and pines. It was founded in 1123 by Savino Gondola, but in its present shape it dates from 1515. After Rožato the estuary grows narrower, and penetrates still farther into the rocky gorge. From the base of these cliffs the beautiful limpid waters of the Ombla burst out in a full, deep stream, one of the most characteristic of Dalmatian cave-born rivers. The Ombla is, without doubt, the river Trebenitza, which drains the valley of Trebinje and, losing itself in one of those chasms and subterranean channels so common to the Karst formation, reappears near Rožato as the Ombla. Here it moves in a broad flood, more like a flowing lake than a river, between islands peopled with poplars and reeds. Behind the mill is the actual source: the river comes down in a waterfall over a ledge of rock into a tranquil basin, flanked by crags of



CASTELNUOVO, BOCCHE DI CATTARO.

most fantastic shapes, which the populace has styled "Mount Faulcon".

Another rather longer excursion starts from Ragusa itself, not from Gravosa, whether one goes by land or by sea; that is the journey to Ragusa Vecchia, once Epidaurus, the Greek metropolis of modern Ragusa, and now Cavtat in Croatian Jugoslavia. By sea the distance is about ten kilometres; by land, following the coast-line, it is considerably more—about nineteen kilometres. The road leaves Ragusa by Porta Ploča, and, skirting the harbour of Porto Cassone, we come to the extremely picturesque monastery of S. Giacomo, founded in 1234. It stands on the edge of precipitous crags which fall sheer into a narrow inlet or cove. The crags are over eighty feet high; the cove is about one hundred and thirty feet wide, and runs for more than two hundred feet into the rocky coast. The natives call it Spila (*spelunca* ?) Betina, or the grotto of the magician Beta. But the magician Beta was most likely a Ragusan, and one of Ragusa's most illustrious sons, Marino Ghetaldi, born in 1566. He was Professor of Mathematics at Louvain. On his return to Ragusa he filled many public offices; but in summer he was wont to retire to his villa, at S. Giacomo by the sea, to

meditate and experiment in refraction; he made use of the deep sea-gully beneath his house for his observations on rays of light. "He was regarded by the people as a wizard," says Sig. Villari, "and his experiments in setting fire to boats out at sea by means of mirrors and burning-glasses were regarded as quite diabolical". A short way farther on the road divides: to the left it leads into the upper valley of the Breno; the right-hand road, which we follow, leads to the lower Breno district on the sea-board, and to Ragusa Vecchia. At the Molini di Breno our goal comes well into view, on its jutting peninsula across the gulf of Breno, which, however, we have to circumvent before we reach Cavtat. The town occupies a typically Greek site: a peninsula with a low neck of land and a rocky hill or Arx, with a harbour on either side, and a second promontory almost enclosing one of the harbours. From the Arx, or acropolis, now deserted, the view sweeps the coast till it reaches Ragusa itself, and beyond it the dim outlines of the Dalmatian islands. Though there is nothing Greek left about ancient Epidaurus save its site, and the fact that it was the home of Aesculapius—all having been swept away by the barbarian invasions of the sixth and seventh

centuries, culminating in 639, which destroyed Epidaurus but gave birth to Ragusa—there is still the charming courtyard of the Madonna della Neve down by the harbour. Dwarf hexagonal columns with handsome capitals carry the arcade and fine vaulting of the cloister; their bases stand on a low wall, with steps in it leading to the raised open part of the court and the plain square well in its midst.

We return to Ragusa to take ship for our next and last halting-place on the Dalmatian coast—Cattaro and the famous Bocche.

XVIII

CATTARO AND THE BOCCHE

From Gravosa to Cap Ostro, at the entrance to the Bocche di Cattaro, is a sea journey of about thirty miles. After rounding Lapad and sailing between La Croma and Porto Cassone, we pass S. Giacomo, open the Val di Breno and see Ragusa Vecchia once again. Then the mountains come down close to the shore; Dalmatia is reduced to a narrow strip of land between the mountain crests and the sea, bare of cultivation and monotonous. This stretch of coast-line is unprotected by flanking islands, and, lying open to the Adriatic, is frequently very stormy. But at Punta d' Ostro we turn sharp to the left and enter the Bocche, our bow now pointing due north, between the lighthouse on the cape and the island of the Rondoni (the swallows), crowned by its massive fortifications—the Mamola fortress—which effectually

guards the entrance to the fiord between the Punta d' Ostro and the Punta d' Arza on the promontory of Lustica. Due north of us lies Castelnuovo, just coming into sight, and at Kobila, on our left, before we come to Castelnuovo, the district of Sutorina comes down to the water's edge, where, as at Klek, until late in the last century, Turkish territory touched the Adriatic.

The Bocche di Cattaro is a great inland fiord, composed of three main basins—the bay of Teodo, the bay or Risano and the bay of Cattaro, reached from each other by narrow channels. These bays are dominated by lofty and barren mountains; and only here and there along the shore are strips of cultivation; but where these exist the vegetation is extraordinarily rich and luxuriant. The Bocche, like most of sea-board Dalmatia, were under Venetian influence from the year 1420 onwards, and they and their district were known as Albanian Venetia, a name that suggests the thought that the Republic hardly considered the Bocche and their capital Cattaro as, strictly speaking, Dalmatian. In any case, the district of Sutorina intervened to separate Venetian from Ragusan territory towards the south as Klek did towards the north. In Roman times the Bocche, then known as the *Sinus*

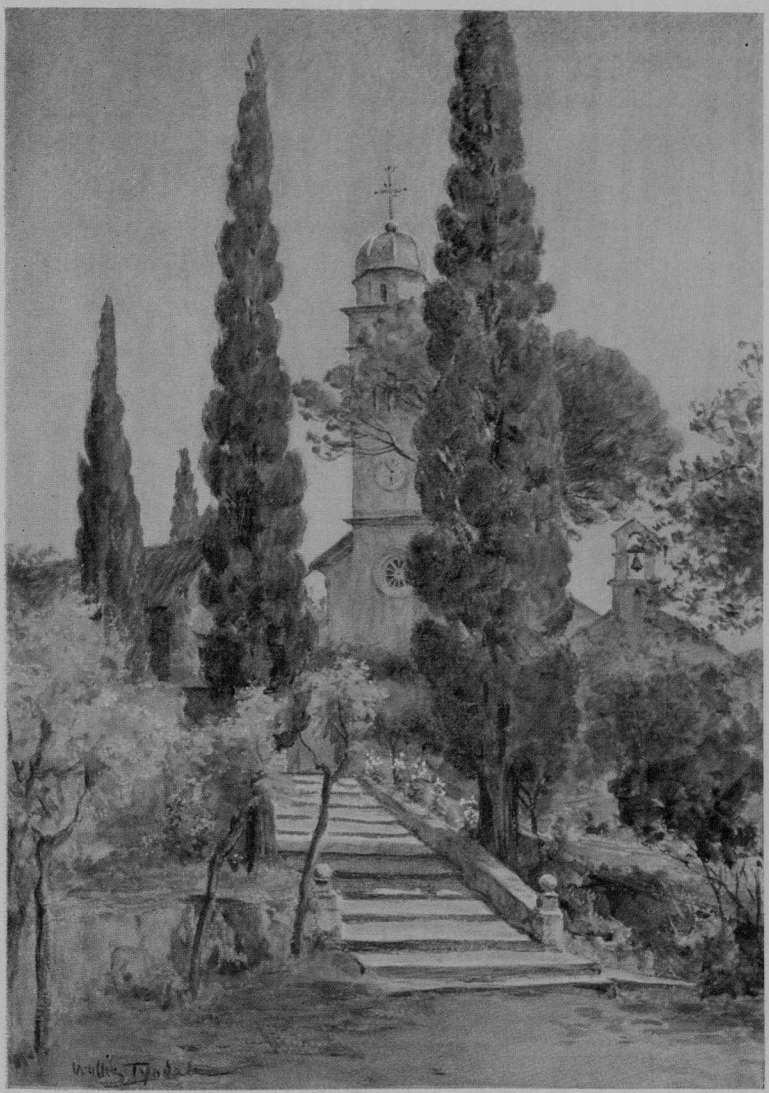
Rhizonicus, offered an asylum to Queen Teuta when, having incurred the wrath of Rome, she was driven from her fortress of Scutari. In the division of the Roman Empire the Bocche naturally fell to the East. They were seized by the Ostrogoths, but recovered by Justinian, and about the year 960, along with Montenegro, Scutari and Servia, formed the kingdom of Dioclea or Duklja. Constantine names as its important inhabited centres, Gradeti, Novgorod and Dockla itself; that is to say, conjecturally—in the great obscurity of local names—Gradit, near Scutari, Gradac in Montenegro, and Doclea with the valley of the Trebinje and Canali. In 1377 Tuartko I. was crowned King of Bosnia, and built the fortress of S. Stefano, round which sprang up the town of Castelnuovo. The Venetians gained possession of most of the Bocche, including Cattaro, in 1420. The Republic left the city in enjoyment of all its privileges, including that of coining its own money, its *trifoni*, with S. Marco, however, on the reverse. But the possession of the Bocche involved Venice in long and exhausting struggles with the Turks, and it was not till 1687 that Castelnuovo became Venetian, thus completing the dominion of the Republic over the whole basin, with the exception of the narrow

strip of Sutorina. On the fall of the Republic in 1797, the Austrians occupied the Bocche without encountering resistance; but the inhabitants put up a stout defence against the French and, with the help of their highland neighbours of Montenegro, they drove Marmont's troops down the slopes of Lovčen, and only the peace of Tilsit gave France the possession of Cattaro. The English commander, (Sir) William Hoste, received the capitulation of Cattaro at the hands of the French commander Gautier in 1813, and at once handed the town to the Prince of Montenegro, who, however, ceded his rights, and Cattaro passed under Austrian rule in 1814. The Bocche and Cattaro are now included in the Serb-Croat-Slovene kingdom.

Castelnuovo, dominated by Tuartko's ruined fortress on a rock overhanging the sea, bears as its arms a castle wall and gateway surmounted by a tower, flying a flag, and flanked by two cypresses. Its site is extremely picturesque and its vegetation luxuriant. Down by the shore, at the foot of Tuartko's rock, there used to stand a charming house in the style of a Venetia *casa di campagna*, of the late seventeenth century, with a staircase and iron balustrade leading up to

the first floor from a small garden flanked by two pavilion wings, a reminder of the long and peaceful rule of Venice in those parts. The coast roads from Castelnuovo, both east and west, form a veritable Riviera in the richness of their bordering gardens. The western road will take you by Topla, to the little village of Podi, with its church dedicated to Sergius and Bacchus, reminiscent, in name and style, of ancient Byzantium. The eastern road leads to Sàvina, with its lovely monastic buildings, where they keep the Assumption of the Virgin on the 15th of August with great ceremony and rejoicing. The church has a graceful campanile with a curious wheel-window on its shaft, and the bell-chamber is surmounted by a very charming hexagonal cupola. The presbytery has its square external dado crowned by an octagonal lantern which carries a fine iron cross of many balls on its extremities.

From Castelnuovo we get a view of Lovčen, the guardian frontier mountain of Montenegro, dominating the bay of Cattaro, and the zigzags of the great road that leads up to Njeguš, the first Montenegrine village, and then on to Cettinge, the capital. From the bay of Topla, on which Castelnuovo stands, we pass through the straits



THE MONASTERY AT SAVINA.

of Kumbor into the gulf of Teodo. To the right the gulf opens away to a group of islands, of which the island of S. Marco (*I Stradiotti*, the soldiers' isle) is the largest, but we do not penetrate this gulf; we pass on to the straits of Verige, or the Chains, by which we gain access to the bay of Risano on the left and the bay of Cattaro on the right. The straits get their name from the fact that they were so narrow that all passage could be barred by chains stretched from one shore to the other. As we clear the passage and emerge in the bay of Risano, Perasto village lies in front of us, with the little islets of S. George and of The Madonna of the Chisel, in the foreground, and behind it the great bare *massif* of Monte Cassone, nearly three thousand feet high. Both islets have churches, The Madonna being particularly interesting, with a campanile and a cupola over the presbytery, as at Sàvina; the islet is the merest reef, quite covered by its church, and is largely artificial, the sea-folk of Perasto having slowly and laboriously piled the stones on which the church is partly built. Perasto still shows a number of interesting houses, notably one with a loggia facing the water. Turning to the left we enter the bay of Risano, *Sinus Rhizonicus*, of ancient geographers, and

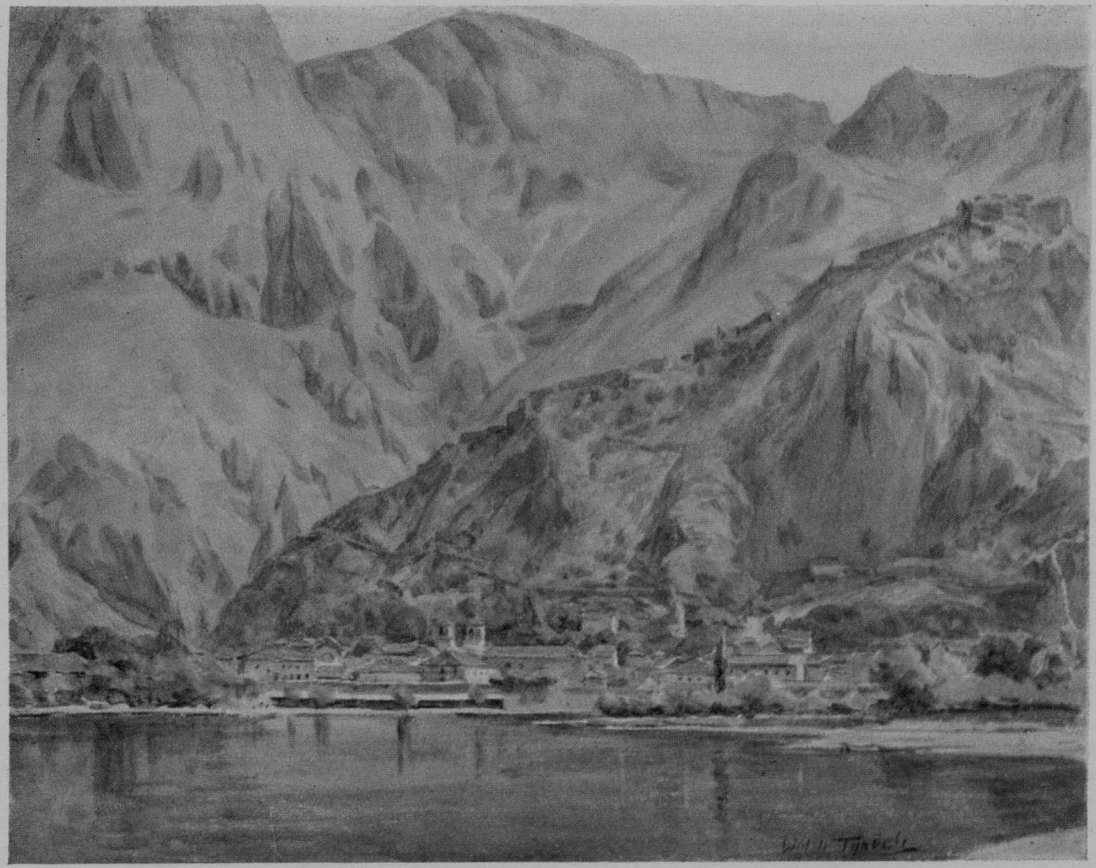
Ῥίσενα of Constantine, one of the κάστρα οἰκούμενα in the districts of Trebinje and Kanali. The town lies along the shore with a circuit of fort-crowned hills behind it, an admonition that we are here at the point which was the very frontier between Turk and Christian, have come into touch with true Eastern territory. In the little inn at Risano, among pictures commemorating the defence of Montenegro against the French, I once saw a portrait of Lord Byron, venerated there and throughout eastern Europe as the champion of freedom and the hero of oppressed nationalities. From Risano it is possible to climb Dalmatia's highest peak, Mount Orjen, 5132 ft. above sea-level; its crest commands views over Herzegovina, sea-coast Dalmatia and the stony Black Mount of Montenegro: all three of these countries meet on Orjen's summit.

Turning back from Risano, and repassing Perasto, we enter the last bay of the Bocche, at whose farther end lies Cattaro, our final goal on our Dalmatian journey. Here again the Imperial topographer comes to our aid with the earliest notice of the city which has survived for us—unless Cattaro be indeed the Ascrivium of Pliny and the Askrourion of Ptolemy. "Dekatera"

(Constantine's name for Cattaro) "is inland and sea-laved; for the sea, like a protruded tongue, stretches inland for fifteen or twenty miles, and where the sea comes to an end, there is the castle of Cattaro. And this castle is encircled by lofty mountains, so lofty that only in the fair season (*μόνῳ τῷ καλο-καιρίῳ* = summer) can the sun be seen in the western hemisphere, in winter never. Inside the castle lies S. Tryphonius, the sure healer of all diseases, and especially of those who are under the tyranny of unclean spirits." That is a very accurate description of Cattaro and its site. The town lies at the foot of tremendous cliffs running up to Lovčen, and the modern road to Cettinge and Montenegro climbs in bold zigzags up their face. The old foot-and-mule track ascends from the left of the castle rock, over stones polished by wear to the slipperiness of marble. Both roads offer superb views of Cattaro and its guardian walls, crowned by the ancient citadel to which one could not, under Austrian rule, gain admittance; while the gulf of Cattaro and all the Bocche are laid out like a map beneath us. The town stands on a strip of verdant green meadow-land betwixt rock and sea, and there is a seaside promenade where, in Austrian days, the band used to play in the open space outside the

walls. Farther along the cliffs one of Dalmatia's subterranean rivers sends its tourmaline green waters direct into the sea, so direct that it has kept for itself neither a course, however brief, nor a name.

The history of Cattaro is the history of the Bocche: first Byzantine; then besieged and taken by the Saracens for a brief period; then recovered for the Eastern Empire; then Bosniac; then Venetian, with interludes of Turkish siege and capture; then, on the fall of the Republic, French for a brief period; then Montenegrine for a briefer; then Austrian again, and now Jugoslav. It is the last town on the Dalmatian coast, but one, where we shall meet the Lion of S. Marco over entrance gate and on castle tower, unless Jugoslav antagonism removes them. Inside the town we have a remarkable proof that we are virtually in the Eastern world, or at least just on the borders between East and West. Cattaro has two cathedrals. The Orthodox church is an important building, second only to the Roman Catholic Duomo. It stands in an open space, is Byzantine in style, with a single dome rising from the centre of the church, and, inside, carried on pointed arches. The Duomo, dedicated to S. Tryphonius, is hardly a beautiful



CATTARO.

building; it has a heavy Romanesque façade; a wide portal surmounted by a gallery and balustrade, flanked by two massive towers, recalling the more graceful and successful example of Traü. Legend has it that S. Tryphonius died at the age of eighteen, a martyr under the Emperor Decius. His body was brought by sailor-folk to Cattaro in 809, when the cathedral was built in his honour by the architect Andreazzo de Saracenis, and in his memory was founded the Guild of the "Marinerezza", embracing all the sailor population of the Bocche. The Venetian Republic fostered and strengthened the Guild, finding it a useful machine for recruiting its navy and a ready instrument for the government of the Bocche, that important outpost of its Adriatic dominions. Enrolment in the Guild was compulsory for all the seafaring population. The Guild owned warehouses in which was stored all the necessary armament of ships, and members were at liberty to hire these for their own use. The funds were raised by annual subscription among members, port dues on native shipping and heavy dues on foreign. The Guild was governed by an "admiral", who ranked next after the Venetian governor, and had his place by the governor's side in all State functions. He

enjoyed the privilege of liberating a certain number of prisoners on the fête day of the saint. The uniform of the "admiral" and of the members of the "Marinerezza" was highly picturesque. The festival of the saint fell on February the third, in the Orthodox calendar, another proof of the close intermingling of East and West here in Cattaro. The whole population of the Bocche flocked into the town during the days preceding the festival. The actual ceremonies opened with the dance of S. Tryphonius, executed by the entire body of the Guild, in the piazza in front of the Duomo. The Guild then attended High Mass, and afterwards went in procession with the three banners—S. Marco's, the saint's and the city's—through the chief quarters of the town, bringing back with them to the Duomo that part of the relics of S. Tryphonius which are preserved in the Orthodox church of S. Giuseppe. At midday followed a banquet to the poor. At four o'clock another procession reconducted to S. Giuseppe the relics of the saint, and restored them to their reliquary of carved wood covered with silver-plating, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus supported by two angels and crowned by a figure of the saint. Carpaccio has recorded, in the oratory of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni at Venice,

A MEMBER OF THE "MARINAREZZA".

with his wonted naïveté, charm and humour, S. Tryphonius' first miracle, the healing of a widow's only son who had been bitten by a basilisk.

Our Dalmatian journey ends at Cattaro, though Dalmatia itself continues for some thirty miles of barren coast—past Budua, which still retains its Venetian walls, built in 1678, and its Lion of S. Marco, in glorious record of Cornaro's defence of the town against Suleiman Pasha; past picturesque S. Stefano, on its rocky peninsula jutting into the sea; past Castellastua; and then finally the bay of Spizza and the village of Sutomore, dominated by the immense and lofty Turkish fortress of Haj Nehaj.

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THE END

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