

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