

Five miles out of Zara you pass from Italy into Yugoslavia. 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 Yugoslav 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 Yugoslav 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