

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 fingernails 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.