

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 Jugoslavia, 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