

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-