

Beyond the Adriatic

by
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FIRST PAPER.

THE traveler who desires to explore the less familiar side of the Adriatic is happiest of all if he be one of those favored mortals who can make the whole trip in his own yacht; sailing when and stopping where he pleases, waiting in safe harbors for propitious weather, living off the country (which he may do well enough to satisfy any reasonable being), but sleeping always, if he be wise, between his own clean sheets in his own fair cabin, ceiled with satinwood. His craft, moreover, should be a large and steady one, for during all the spring months, which are fittest for this voyage, a masterful south wind—the dreaded Auster of the ancients—is now, as much as ever in the days of Horace,

Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ

(the turbid lord of restless Adria), and there are a thousand miles of sea-way, up and down, to be covered, after a fashion.

Short of these princely conditions, however, a choice remains for ordinary mortals among half a dozen different routes. He who wishes to wind up an Italian winter with an untried sensation may cross from Venice to Trieste in the early days of April, go by rail down the length of the beautiful Istrian peninsula, see the great naval station at Pola, and also its Roman arch and gates and temples, and the airy oval of its void but perfectly graceful

amphitheater, and embark, at that point, on one of the excellent boats of the Austrian Lloyd for Zara, via Lussin, the most interesting of the Quarnero Islands. Or he may cross directly from Ancona to Zara, leaving out Istria and the upper waters of the Adriatic altogether—only this would be a pity; and finally he may do as we ourselves did, being a company of four good friends who made rendezvous at Vienna, meandered down the Danube by steamer to Budapest, and there took an evening train which landed us, in fifteen hours, at Fiume on the Quarnero Gulf.

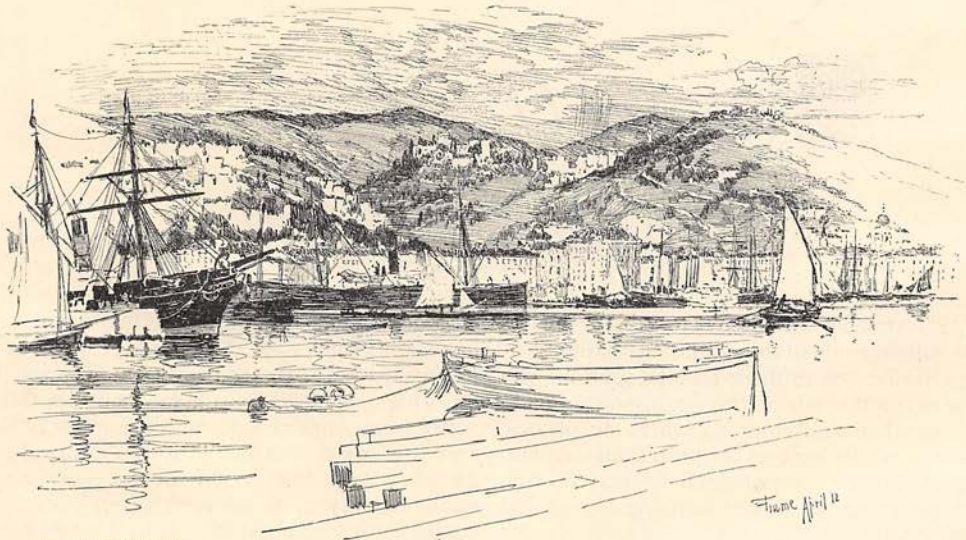
We were a party of four, as I have said, and rather strongly organized; for we had two artists, whom we commonly distinguished as “our elder,” and “our own,” besides a “personal conductor,” who was naturally our youngest; so that the author of the present chronicle enjoyed the dubious distinction of being the only private in the company. At Fiume we took up our quarters, tamely enough, in the *Hôtel Europa*, which stands directly on the main quay, overshadowed, as one may say, by a forest of shipping, and fairly bristling with the studied conveniences of our sophisticated modern life. So, in truth, does the whole busy town; for Fiume, the single seaport of Hungary and Croatia, is the sleepless rival of Trieste. It has its own service of Adriatic steamers,—the “*Ungarisch-Croatische Seedampfschif-*

fahrts-Gesellschaft,"—and is as passionately progressive and Hungarian as the larger town is conservative and Austrian.

Our own artist, who had his mind made up for hardships, soon wearied of the comforts and conventions of this ambitious place, and went off prospecting for the purely picturesque in the direction of Zara, while we remained long enough to visit Abbazia and Buccari upon the mainland, as well as the islands of Veglia, Cherso, and Lussin.

It is a long day's voyage from Fiume to the southern extremity of Lussin, where we encountered our first lively gale, and had occasion complacently to compare our seamanship with that of the native traveler. Our pioneer, by the same token, had suffered a mild sort of

place, its pretty, tree-planted ramparts, and smart, suburban villas, which reminds one, at the first glance, of Lucca *l'industriosa*, the most prosperous town in Tuscany; and the impression ought to be borne out by the conspicuous bell-tower of Zara's Romanesque cathedral, though unfortunately it is not so. The foundations of this campanile were laid in the fourteenth century, but the bishop who had undertaken to build it having been persuaded, so the story goes, to dowry his nieces instead, it remained unfinished until our own day, and has been so meanly achieved that it looks for all the world like a creation of the British workman. The outlines are clumsy, and the decoration is meager and stiff; yet it leaps to the eye, as you approach the city, and sparkles, in its new-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

FIUME.

shipwreck at the ruinous little village of Arbe on the Dalmatian frontier, and imperious telegrams awaited our return at Fiume, bidding us rejoin him at Zara with the least possible delay. So after waiting one more day in the vain hope of better weather, we reëmbarked at 10 P. M., under pouring rain, for the capital of Dalmatia and the home of maraschino.

Zara, Jadera, Diodora,—for the name has assumed all these forms,—Roman colony and provincial center for about seven hundred years before that day “of sorrows long ago” when the first fugitive from burning Aquileia set foot upon one of the barren isles where Venice was to be—Zara, as it emerged from the sea next morning under the straw-colored light of a slowly clearing sky, and washed clean by the night's flood, struck us all, I believe, as rather depressingly modern and trim. There is something about the size and configuration of the

ness, like a pillar of salt. We gladly turned our eyes away from this monument of modern taste, and, entering Zara by the Marine Gate, soon found, to our relief, that the spirit of old Venice still reigns supreme in the narrow streets of the inner town.

In one of these, hard by our landing-place, we found the Hôtel Vapore—that is to say, the steamer hotel; for a steamer in Dalmatia is not, as in Italy, a *piroscafo*, or fire-boat, but a *vapore* merely. A little farther on, in the direction of the theater and the principal square, Zara has an inn of more pretension, installed in one of the best-preserved of the Venetian palaces, having striped awnings over sculptured balconies, and other adventitious attractions. But we passed it sternly by, as an innovation, preferring to follow in the footsteps, and obey the counsels, of our great precursor in these parts, incessantly and conclusively quoted by

the people themselves as the Signor Iacchiso.¹ In this case, at least, we had no reason to repent our docility, for where, in any land, will you find a kinder and more competent hostess than the *padrona* of the Vapore? And where else—*di immortales!*—on either shore of the Adriatic is the wandering soul refreshed by that sacred souvenir of an English occupation—the morning TUB? This, too, we felt sure that we owed to the Signor Iacchiso.

But in the way of historic monuments we continued to find Zara somewhat less interesting than the same authority had led us to expect. The main body of the cathedral, which is dedicated to Sta. Anastasia, dates from the thirteenth century, and the interior presents some curious features, such as a richly foliated cornice above the arches of the nave, and a singular but rather graceful triforium, concerning which Freeman makes the quaint remark² that it "has an air of Jesuitry, but seems to be genuine"; but the façade, in spite of its two wheel-windows and rows of engaged arcades, is vaguely disappointing, because so much less elaborate than those of the famous Italian churches which it recalls. The sanctuary of Zara's patron, St. Chrysogonus, in the busiest part of the town, is enriched by the spoils of more than one Roman temple; but the ancient round church of San Donato, built, so they say, on the foundations of a Roman fane, but reminding one, by its internal arrangement, of beautiful San Vitale at Ravenna, is thickly whitewashed without and within, and was long used as a wine-shop.

Nowhere did the long and obstinate struggle of contending powers for the possession of the narrow Dalmatian coast-land rage more fiercely than at Zara. The doges of Venice had established a sort of protectorate over the entire territory, and assumed the title of dukes of Dalmatia, as early as the year 1052; but their claim was incessantly disputed, first by the Hungarian kings, and afterward by the Turkish invader. At Zara, however, they obtained a permanent footing about the year 1400, and held the adjoining territory thereafter, against Turk and Christian, until the Republic of St. Mark was itself effaced by the fiat of the first Napoleon. It was in the division of

¹ "Dalmatia, the Islands of the Quarnero and Istria," by Thomas G. Jackson.

² "Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice," p. 130.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE NARROW STREETS OF ZARA.

his spoils by the Holy Alliance that Dalmatia finally fell to Austria, and the double-headed eagle was promoted to the place of the superannuated lion.

Nothing remains of those renowned medieval walls of Zara, the abnormal height of which excited the wonder of the crusaders when they passed this way. The existing fortifications are all Venetian, and comparatively late; for the moat was drained and the ramparts planted more than fifty years ago, and the place was finally dismantled as a fortress in 1868.

Another reminder of Venetian dominion is to be found on the island of Ugliano, over against Zara. Its highest peak is crowned by the ruins of a fortified monastery built by the Doge Raniero Dandolo, and hence, in the clearest weather, they say you can discern the cathedral of Ancona upon its sheer white cliff.

To us the most entertaining spot in all Zara was a shady corner of the rampart garden overlooking the narrow haven behind the town, which all but severs the lozenge-shaped peninsula from the mainland. Once,

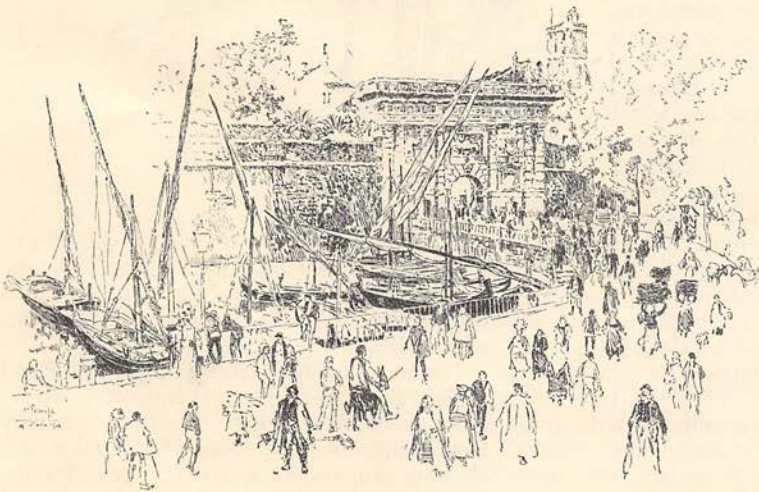
indeed, it was entirely cut off, and only a draw-bridge, outside what is still called the Porta di Terra Ferma, gave access to the interior. This gate, which was designed by the great Venetian architect Sammicheli, is a stately one, having a grand though melancholy lion atop, and a spirited little St. George in a niche above the portal; and the approach to the town on this side was further defended by a massive pentagonal tower, sometimes called Roman, but plainly medieval, which overlooks a paved piazza where the main water-supply of Zara is still drawn by hand from five great cisterns below the pavement, each furnished with a marble well-curb and cover of wood, and familiarly known as the Cinque Pozzi.

But what made this nook so especially fascinating to us was the excellent view it afforded of the varied costumes worn by the men and women who come over from the islands, or in from the country, and moor their boats or tether their donkeys in this retired corner. The head-dress of the women consists, when correct, of a square of white linen, delicately embroidered in color, and edged with a fine lace-pattern and a knotted fringe made by

belts are thickly studded with silver, and stuck with an array of ivory-hilted knives in silver sheaths, at once fantastic and formidable. Their short, brown jackets have the lower corners faced with red, and masses of red tassels and silver buttons upon the breast. These, too, sport orange-colored leggings, and flat scarlet caps as small as those affected by Tommy Atkins, and worn at the same absurd angle, but much more becoming to the swarthy braves of Zara than to the sandy hue of the average Anglo-Saxon soldier. Finally, both men and women often wear, by way of outer garment, swung over the shoulders and merely fastened at the throat, a long sack with hanging sleeves, made of an exceedingly heavy white—or once white—woolen stuff, and trimmed across the breast with many rows of white woolen fringe.

Sitting in our coign of vantage, we watched the heavy market-boats arrive and depart, each carrying as many of the picturesque beings aforesaid as could find footing upon its flat floor; the oarsmen also standing, and propelling the craft after the manner of a Venetian *sandolo*, or skiff.

The Piazza dell' Erbe, where the fruit and vegetable traffic centers, has at one corner a fluted marble column with a foliated capital, surmounted by one more dilapidated lion, and showing vestiges of the chains and fetters whereby insolvent debtors used to be attached to the pillar, for their own shame and the moral gratification of their creditors. Under this crumbling memento of two defunct dynasties the market-women, in their gay clothes, chaffers shrilly



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PORTA DI TERRA FERMA, ZARA.

drawing the threads of the material. Many, alas! are fain to substitute for this beautiful head-dress a printed kerchief of Birmingham cotton; but almost all wear below the full white chemisette a richly embroidered and remarkably well-fitting stomacher; and they wear long orange-colored gaiters, also embroidered, or else knitted closely in bright patterns of many hues; and the least coquettish will have a narrow band of embroidery edging her short, blue stuff skirt. The costume of the men is even more elaborate. Their broad leather

over their oranges and apples, their strings of silky onions and bunches of slim, green mountain asparagus, which has a stronger savor than the cultivated varieties,—as wild things are apt to have,—but makes an excellent and wholesome salad. Most of the stalls also display a few flowers, and here we buy red and white roses, and gracefully decorate one another, and our senior artist sets to work forthwith upon an elaborate water-color of the Piazza dell' Erbe.

The rest of us depart for a country walk along

a rather promising road, which runs white between the olives and the sea to a fountain upon a projecting point, where women are washing, and children rolling and squabbling, under a domed canopy supported upon stone pillars like a classical temple. We find, when we reach it, that this edifice is neither very ancient nor very perfect in style; but it makes an effect against the blue water and the violet peaks of Ugliano so long as these retain their color. Unfortunately, a leaden-hued phase almost immediately sets in. The fury of the sirocco is still unspent, the clouds return after our three days' rain, and we trudge back to the Vapore in deplorable plight. Our own artist takes refuge in a dusky wine-shop, while we send our shoes to be dried, and sit blinking behind our red lace curtains in the state bedroom of the inn, until a watery ray of evening sunshine lures us out once more upon the dripping, bowery ramparts.

One thing, to be sure, one may always do at Zara, and one does it in the intervals of all other occupations; namely, drink *maraschino*. Zara has many brands of the seductive liqueur, some of which are decidedly superior to the *Driuli*, which is most frequently exported. Our own favorite was the *Luxardo*, put up in long and very slender bottles in place of the square flasks one sees in the London shop-windows. It is all made from the small, acrid fruit of the wild cherry,—*marasca*,—and the extensive cherry-orchards of the region help greatly to give the environs of the Dalmatian capital a thrifty and homely air.

But the *tout ensemble* of Zara is most pleasing of all when one is departing thence for the south. The spit of land upon which the town is built is so flat that the towers and ramparts seem to spring out of the very waves; while even the staring campanile becomes tolerable from this point of view, and remains in sight for an astonishing number of miles. We may well see it vanish with regret, moreover, for it is, after all, the finest thing which we shall see before we arrive, after another five hours' voyage, at *Sebenico*, which, by the way, is accented on the penult, the Slavic name of the town being *Sibenik*. This is the least interesting stretch of the whole Dalmatian coast. The hills of mainland and island are mournfully barren; their shapes, too, are monotonous and almost mean. We see them, to be sure, under



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WELLS OF ZARA. THE CINQUE POZZI.

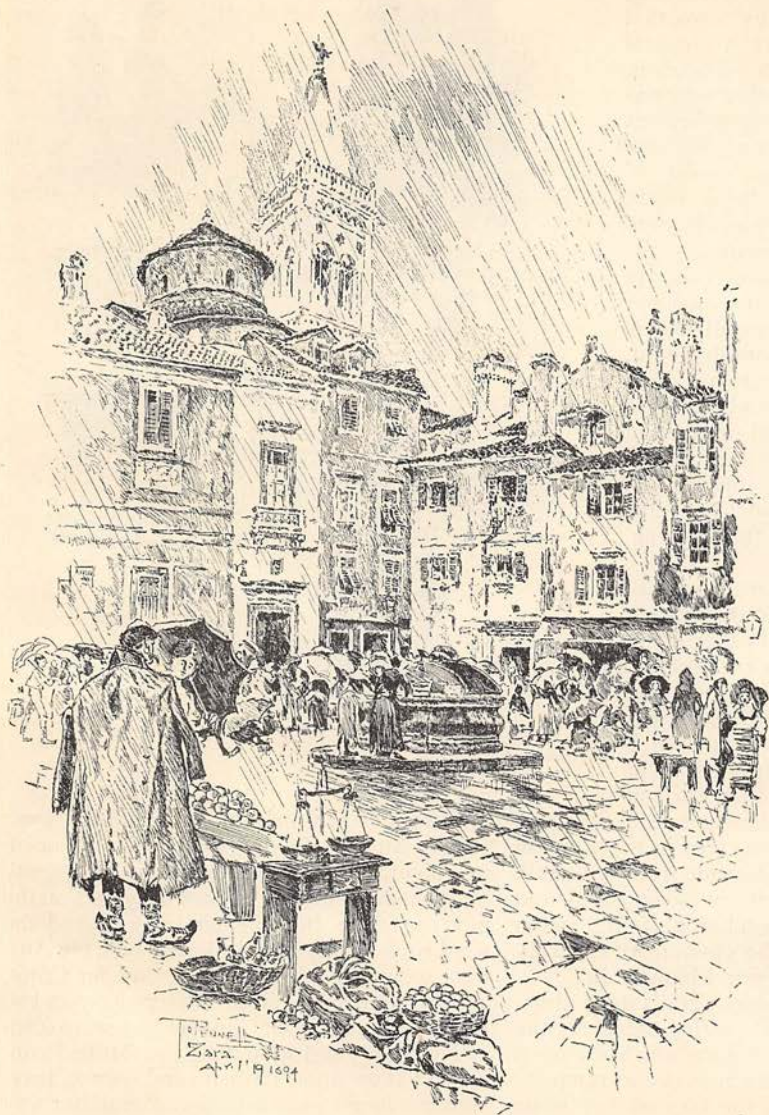
an atmosphere which admits of no illusions; for the wind has swung round into the north overnight, the sky is of that hard and frosty blue which greets one in New England on the morrow of the great September gale, and the wind is piercingly keen. We are on a big Austrian steamer now, which is bound for Corfu, and moves with dignified moderation; and so we say a long farewell, in every sense, to Zara and Ugliano, and glide past the fortified convent of *Ikon* upon *Pasman*, and thence, leaving these larger islands behind, thread our way through a perfect archipelago of desert rocks, upon which the sun shines with pitiless clearness, while the sharp wind ceases not for a moment to sing shrilly in the rigging.

All the more interesting from the tameness of this reach of sea is the noble outline, when at last it appears, of one more of *Sammicheli's* fortresses, where the most capable-looking Venetian lion we have yet seen grins above the gateway, and guards the extremely narrow and sinuous entrance to the harbor of *Sebenico*. The winding channel safely threaded, we lose sight of the fort altogether, and are to all intents

and purposes in a Highland loch, across which we steer straight for the dust-colored pyramidal town, with its toppling old houses, its airy balconies and *loggie*, the white marble

til we learn that a large part of it is let out in private apartments. The ground floor is, of course, occupied by a restaurant and café with *bigliardo*; but on the second we find huge

airy rooms with bare floors, and very sparsely furnished, but spotlessly clean, where we install ourselves in a twinkling, and then carry our sea-sharpened appetites to the restaurant below. The room is vast and dark and low, and ramifies like a cavern. One discursive young waiter with an evident sense of humor,—Latin by race, as we instinctively note here, where the Slavonic type begins to prevail over the other,—an old woman dimly frying far away in the bowels of the earth, four dogs and three cats, constitute the staff of the establishment, where the younger naval officers and the élite of Sebenico habitually dine and sup. *Pasta*,—*i. e.*, soup thickened with vermicelli,—roast lamb, potatoes, spinach, wine, and a sweet—such was the menu glibly recited by the factotum of the place on the day of our arrival; and it sounded well, and we partook of it in the spirit of St. Paul, “asking no



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET-PLACE, ZARA.

dome and barrel-roof of its renowned cathedral, and, high above all, its three dismantled fortresses of San Giovanni, Sta. Anna, and Il Barone cleaving the sky with their rigid lines.

The single inn of Sebenico has an imposing arcade, and many ranges of windows looking down the length of the quay toward the duomo; and though it bears the modest name of the Pellegrino, it strikes us as magnificent for the probable requirements of the little town, un-

questions for conscience' sake." But the native wine, which seemed at the first blush so remarkably plentiful and cheap, disclosed, after one thirsty draught, uncanny sub-flavors of molasses, figs, and resin; there was no *dolce* at all save on the days when the big boats came in; while, on the other hand, the *agnello arrosto*, with its everlasting accompaniments, clung to us like Mary's little pet in the nursery-rhyme to its mistress, and failed not, noon or night. "I hope it's

at least *hot*," groaned our own artist, coming in late one evening after an uncommonly hard day's work. "Ma *tepidò*, signore," replied that incorrigible waiter; and then he and we all laughed together as over the best of jokes. One night, indeed, there was an electrifying variety in the bill,—"*Indiana*,"—and we ordered it incontinently, thinking vaguely, I believe, of the mush and corn-cakes of our native land, though we might have remembered that maize, in this part of the world, is always *gran Turco*. It proved to be wild turkey (*dindio*) instead,—the fact being that the Italians are at double cross-purposes with us in this matter; and while they call turkey the Indian bird, they describe Indian meal as Turkish grain. The fowl was not at all bad, though long out of season, for its time is February; and after all, it was for novelties of all kinds, dietary and other, that we had come, and we have perhaps detained the reader too long in the restaurant of the Pellegrino.

Let us away, therefore, into the heart of the old town of Sebenico, which is wretchedly poor, and impossibly steep, but full of beauty and surprise; for the ghost of Venice meets one everywhere—in the narrow, winding *calli*, with their splendid contrasts of light and shade; in the sculptured balconies and portals; in the flights of marble stairs, with their elaborate balustrades; in the deep orange-colored front of the bishop's palace, with its triple ogive windows and beautiful doorway; and in the graceful *loggia* on the still cathedral square. The cathedral itself, however, is much older than the days of Venetian supremacy; for Sebenico never came under the permanent control of the Queen of the Adriatic until about 1700. The church was a hundred years in building, from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century. The original design is claimed for a native of Sebenico; but the first master of the works was certainly a Venetian, and the building proceeded, after his death, under the auspices of one Messer Giorgio, a native of Zara, to whom is probably due the remarkable construction of the roof, composed entirely of marble slabs, with no framework of wooden beams. The cathedral of Sebenico displays a strange blending of many styles, from the Romanesque to the rococo; nevertheless, it has a certain unity of effect, and exercises a charm which grows on the beholder from day to day. The form is that of a Latin cross; the doorways, window-frames, and external niches are rich with intricate carving in the manner of the late Gothic; but one observes in the arrangements of the interior that singular survival of ecclesiastical fashions long disused elsewhere, which belongs to so many of the churches along this coast. The choir is on

three levels, the stalls being upon the lowest, directly behind the altar-rail and the ambos of reddish marble, which recall the earliest Christian times. The bishop's throne is on the second level; the high altar upon the last and highest, and elevated eighteen steps above the nave. This arrangement gives ample room for the remarkable baptistery below the choir, hollowed from the living rock, the roof of which is carved into a ring of laughing child-angels, like Benozzo Gozzoli's, while others, with folded wings, enlase their chubby arms to uphold the font.

But the life and movement of the Sebenico of to-day all center on the quay, which is overlooked by our windows at the Pellegrino. Here come fishing and trading boats from both sides of the Adriatic, which furl their yellow sails, unlade at their leisure, and move lazily away. One from Chioggia, with a stiff little saint at



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PIAZZA DELL'ERBE, ZARA.

the prow, and a cargo of coarse but effective blue, green, and yellow pottery, remains for several days, and is a source of vivid interest to the chaffering natives and ourselves. Here, too, come steamers, large and small, appearing as if by magic in the seemingly landlocked bay; while smart little naval cadets are



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PYRAMIDAL TOWN, SEBENICO.

always rowing back and forth between the town, and the training-ships across the harbor.

Almost all the laboring class at Sebenico is still in costume, which, if less rich in its details than what we saw at Zara, is almost better for pictorial purposes. The women wear narrow skirts and sleeveless bodices of coarse brown frieze bordered with red, and closely laced across the white chemisette with a gay woolen cord so large that it produces the effect of a close-fitting stomacher. The ordinary head-dress is an ample white kerchief, without embroidery, but very skilfully twisted so as to form a close coif, with one streamer behind. Some of the older women wear about the head what used, they say, to be general—namely, a big, braided chaplet of scarlet wool, tying the ker-

chief over this. The corners of the men's jackets are formed of diagonal stripes of leather, yellow, green, blue, and white; and instead of tassels on the breast, as at Zara, they have cataracts of crimson fringe. And when, as on the morning of St. Mark's day, you get the whole sweep of the irregular, curving quay, filled with a slow procession of folk thus appareled, interspersed with acolytes waving their censers, priests in purple and crimson copes, beautiful old banners embroidered in dim gold, and a score or two of superb silver candlesticks out of the cathedral treasure, the effect is fine. The priests are chanting, the bells are clanging on the hillside, the fishermen are kneeling on the quay. Where are all the costly stage effects on which we plume ourselves nowadays be-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WEST FRONT OF CATHEDRAL, SEBENICO.

side this living and affecting pageant under its dazzling canopy of unclouded sky, with its setting of pansy-colored mountains and turquoise-colored sea?

Yet progress threatens even Sebenico. The only railway of the coast leads hence to the market-town of Knin, high up among the hills, and from a half-way junction to Spalato; but we had been here some days before we even discovered the whereabouts of the station, which has a very secluded little bay of its own behind a projecting headland, so that the sound of the occasional trains is effectually deadened. A new quarter is growing up in this direction, however. There are some pink and yellow villas with flourishing gardens, and preparations are making for a positively stately pub-

merely hugs her spindle to her withered breast; Lachesis sits with folded hands; and the shears of Atropos hang idle from her dingy old red girdle. The sun descends through an amber and saffron sky, the masts and rigging of the boats at anchor standing out sharply against this luminous background. For a few minutes after the orb has disappeared behind the low hills which form the western wall of the harbor there is a chill as of autumn in the air, a passing pallor falls on heaven and earth. Then suddenly the afterglow flames upward, filling all the waters of the bay with rosy light, which is reflected again from the fronts of the houses upon the quay, while the grand mass of the duomo, and the point which it crowns, remain dark against its intense radiance. This



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENKELL.

LITTLE TRAU.

lic park, from which one will one day descend by flowery terraces and marble steps past the Kaiser Königliche post and telegraph office to the quay in front of the Pellegrino. The town wall, which we had expected, on the authority of our meager guide-books, to find complete, seems to have been destroyed on this (the south) side, to make room for the projected embellishments.

We give a conscientious glance at these one afternoon, but hurry back to the Marina that we may by no means miss the singular beauty of the sunset there. The quay, so full of color and movement in the morning, so silent and deserted in its blinding whiteness under the vertical rays of noon, is all alive once more. Half the population of the town appears to have turned out for simple enjoyment now, for the work of the day is done. Boys lark or fight; women gossip; dogs gambol; babies roll. Even the three hard-hearted crones who habitually haunt a sheltered corner of one of the waterside houses, under cover of a balcony full of gillyflowers, and unconsciously enact the fates for us, have suspended their uncanny business. Old Clotho

beauteous performance is repeated for our benefit on three successive nights, but on the fourth it fails. The air has become sultry, the sky dim, the hills are involved in vapor, and a tell-tale wind begins to whine in the calli, and to mutter its faint prophecy of another storm.

We held a long conclave that evening in the corner of the café, which had been unanimously surrendered to us and our nightly discussions of men, manners, and art; and we finally decided to part, for a few days, upon the morrow, the artists going off to reconnoiter in the direction of Knin, while the "personal conductor" and I were to take the morning boat for Trau. We arranged to meet at Spalato, and ultimately we did so; but I shall always think that our artists were much mortified at the neglect of the authorities, who failed to arrest them under the fortress of Knin. In other days they had been used to the pleasing excitement of being periodically "run in" if they attempted to take note of any phase of natural beauty within telescope-shot of a fortified place. Even at Fiume they had been reprimanded for bribing a small boy with a

guerdon of twenty kreutzer (eight cents) to show them a short cut down the hill of Tersato, and had received a flattering intimation



THE PRISON, TRAU.

that their movements were strictly watched. But at Knin—border fort in the days when the Turk was terrible, and, owing to the convergence there of roads from the interior, still considered a strategic point—they received no official attention whatever; and they have always maintained that the place is overrated. But they saw a wonderful display of costumes (for their visit fell upon a market-day), and they found the inland landscape, with its stony levels and abrupt limestone cliffs, very strange and wild.

We, meanwhile, were once more within the lines of Auster, and making the best terms practicable with his turbulent lordship. The morning was not without beauty. The wind, though boisterous, was warm, and the barren shores were flecked with incessant changes of sun and shadow. Our boat hugged the coast, all along which the surf was breaking finely; and whenever we rounded a headland the swell was considerable. The boldest of these, now known as Punta Planca, was the "promonturium Diomedis" of the ancients—one of the many spots associated by tradition with the name and

adventures of the Argive exile. Beyond this great cape one seems to pass into another climate. A light veil of verdure steals over the lower hills, and even where the shore is abrupt there is a line of glistening foliage above the gray rocks and the breakers. Presently little Trau faintly discloses itself, still far away, but immediately forming the center of the picture, and giving point and unity to the whole. As it grows into clearer view, with the towers and bastions of its long-abandoned fortress at the entrance of the harbor, its airy campanile, and light bridges connecting the central island on the one side with the mainland, and on the other with the large and luxuriantly green island of Bua,—with the mass of its quaint roofs and chimneys and the grace of its waving trees,—one falls under a peculiar kind of spell, unfelt before (let it be frankly owned) on this side of the Adriatic—the simple, insouciant, but irresistible seduction of many a place in Italy. We are coming again upon the trail of pre-Christian civilization, which we lost at Sebenico; for Trau was Tragurium, and a Greek colony even before it was a Roman town. It is the endless vista of unbroken and immemorial human occupation upon any spot of earth which exalts the view thereof into a vision. But the story of this land, as Freeman truly says,¹ is a "fitful" one. "As the cultivation and civilization of the land lies in patches, as harbours and cities alternate with barren hills, . . . so of continuous history, steadily influencing the course of the world's progress, Dalmatia has none to show."

Indubitably Latin, by nature as well as by name, was Filippino, the brisk and confidential *fachino* of Trau, who took possession of our bags and umbrellas before we were off the boat, and rapidly developed a plan for guiding us to the only place where we could suitably lunch, and then showing the beauties of the town thoroughly and in their proper succession. We placed ourselves unreservedly in his hands. We knew him so well, and had trudged after his double on so many voyages of thrilling discovery, questioning, laughing, chaffing, chiding, confiding, fearing! If anything could have shaken our easy faith, it would have been the inordinate length, as compared with the size, of the whole town, and the labyrinthine mazi-ness of the way he led us, through ancient flagged calli, often only a few feet wide, under crumbling balconies and shadowy eaves, past fleeting glimpses of miniature Venetian squares, all fairylike in their enchanted stillness and in the elegance of their fading ornament. But we brought up at the right spot, as Filippino had promised. I cannot give the name of the best hotel in Trau to any one who may desire to

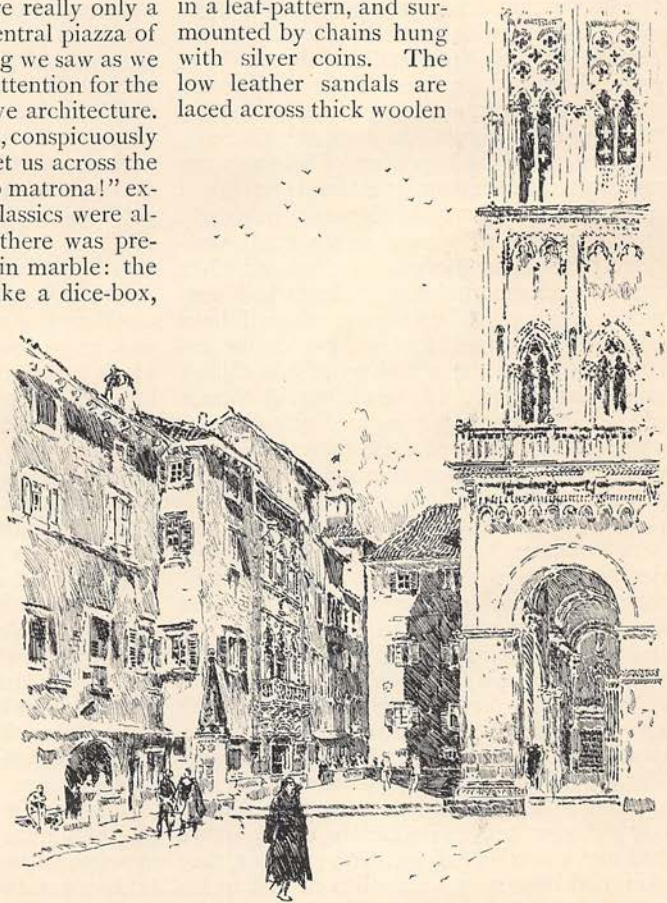
¹ "Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice," pp. 86, 87.

follow in our footsteps through that isle of dreams, for it has no name; but it is at the end of the blindest alley in the place, the number is "27," and there is a carpenter's shop on the ground floor. We asked our friend, at night, when we found how quickly he could scurry thence with our wraps to meet us upon the shore, why he had chosen to lead us by so circuitous a way; and he replied, with a dignified and convincing gesture, that the *scorciatola*, or short cut, was altogether unsuitable to noses polite. We lunched amply on pasta and broiled slices of tunny in one of the dim chambers high above the carpenter's shop, having obtained glimpses, off stair-landings and through doors ajar as we mounted thither, of queer, but perfectly possible little bedrooms, in one of which our own artist afterward abode for many days, until he was almost naturalized in Trau, and left it amid the salutations of the principal citizens, and the loud-voiced benedictions of the lesser inhabitants.

At our nameless inn we were really only a very short distance from the central piazza of the cathedral; but the first thing we saw as we emerged thereon diverted our attention for the moment even from its impressive architecture. Who were these female creatures, conspicuously larger than life, stalking to meet us across the time-stained pavement? "Juno matrona!" exclaimed our youngest, whose classics were always pat. And, sure enough, there was precisely what we had often seen in marble: the tall crown, slightly incurved like a dice-box, and covered smoothly with white, from which the heavy white kerchief hung in sculpturesque folds over the shoulders, being secured to the top of the crown, as we afterward learned, by a circle of small silver pins. These were Morlacchi from the mountains, Filippino told us; adding, oddly enough, that this towering head-dress was a mark of the married woman, while the young girls, as he presently bade us observe, wore flat red caps like his own. We remembered then having read that many of these Morlacchi are Protestants by immemorial tradition, still holding the primitive creed of the Bogomiles, or worshipers of God the Father as distinguished from Christ and the saints. They were persecuted in the fiery days as rigorously as the Albigenes or the Vau-

dois; but they and their heresy still survive, and it seemed to us as if the two dusky giantesses we now beheld, with their strong features and their haughty action, must needs be of the lineage of those venerable dissenters.

We were to see many variations on their strange costume in the course of the next few weeks; but since these dresses were very perfect in their way, it may be as well to attempt a description of them here. The women of the Morlacchi wear, first, a long-sleeved garment of coarse and heavy white wool, shaped loosely to the figure, covering it from the throat to just above the ankles, and finished with a narrow red border. Over this, in front, goes a woolen apron, stoutly woven in fine dull colors, such as one used to find in the Abruzzi. A long, sleeveless coat, usually of dark-blue frieze, hangs to the bottom of the undergarment behind, but falls open in front to display a sort of girdle, or low bodice, embroidered with white sea-shells sewn on in a leaf-pattern, and surmounted by chains hung with silver coins. The low leather sandals are laced across thick woolen



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PIAZZA, TRAU.

stockings knitted in gay patterns, and the blue outer garment itself is often elaborately trimmed, the seams being outlined with scarlet, while, below the shoulders, lozenge-shaped or circular pieces of red cloth are applied and richly decorated.

The beautiful thirteenth-century cathedral, with its light and florid bell-tower, seemed even finer now that we saw it face to face than it had looked at a distance; and it is worthy to be compared with almost any work of its prolific time. The spacious porch has insured the preservation of the great western portal with its allegorical lions and its elaborate sculpture, in high relief, of scenes from biblical story. From the end of the porch, as in St. Mark's at Venice, opens the baptistery, which is of later date, and uninteresting except for a rather striking figure of St. Jerome in the desert, sculptured out of a slab of solid marble above the altar. Four marble columns on each side divide the nave of the church from the side aisles, and there is a pulpit, richly sculptured and raised upon marble pillars, which recalls the work of the Pisani. The oak-wood stalls of the choir are profusely carved, and one of the chapels has a marble wainscot, where, by a curious conceit, laughing child-angels, like *putti*, and first cousins of those in the baptistery of Sebenico, are represented as peeping, at intervals, archly or shyly, as the case may be, between the panels. In the sacristy we were shown a really wonderful treasure in the way of glass and silver vessels and embroidered ecclesiastical vestments, among the latter some which I have never seen surpassed for beauty of design, except perhaps in the sanctuary of San Giulio, on its fair island in the Lake of Orta. A dreamy old sacristan, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place, displayed these things enthusiastically, and some very ancient service-books as well; and he called our attention with serious pride to all the imperial signatures in the visitors' book. "Our emperor," he observed sedately, "is a good man, and a man of many sorrows; but *quello povero principe*" (he meant the unhappy Rudolph, and there was a break in his old voice as he said it), "he loved the poor. *Sono povero peccatore io*; but I make bold to say a prayer for him every night because he loved the poor." It was strange that barely a month before, in a circle of clever and eager Hungarians at Budapest, at the other end of the social scale, and the very antipodes of our old sacristan in political sympathies, we had met a similar feeling. The emperor, they said, had been stern and sullen at first in his refusal to let the remains of Kossuth enter his dominions, but had yielded to reason, as (to his honor be it said) he has done many a time since that stormy accession of his in 1848. "If

he had also sent a wreath," said one of our friends, "it would have been graceful, and could have done no harm. But the man is gone who would have thought of that!" The late archduke, like his mother, the empress Elizabeth, showed great tact in his dealings with the irritable Hungarians; but perhaps it is the fact that the woman whom he loved so madly, and who died with him, was also of their race, which has done most to soften the judgment of the men beyond the Leitha.

We lingered for a moment in the cathedral porch for a look at the beautiful façade of the Palazzo Cippico, and we examined the very ancient loggia across the square, which has been well restored, though none of the new capitals have quite the beauty of the one unspoiled original, which is in basketwork, and shows the same intricate enlacement of lines and fine contrast of light and shade which we admired so much at Ravenna. Time has imparted a rich golden hue to the marble of church and palace and loggia; but our guide called us peremptorily away from their contemplation. We hinted at a desire to see the ancient edifice now used as a common prison, which we had been told was wonderfully picturesque; but Filippino evidently thought our curiosity morbid, and ignored the request. He dragged us away, instead, through the city gate which opens upon the landward bridge of Trau, on the middle of which he bade us turn and observe a miracle. A stout shrub, seemingly a species of juniper, had grown from a self-sown seed, in the niche above the gateway, so as almost to conceal the lion of St. Mark, which blinked rather foolishly through its fan of dense verdure. That shrub, Filippino gravely informed us, had remained exactly as we now saw it, never losing its leaves in winter, nor varying in shape or size, since long before his own recollection, and he was thirty-five. The patron saint of Trau had caused it to grow there in order that the people might not be reminded, by the lion's malevolent grin, of that time of humiliation when they had been in bondage to Venice. We found traces of this feeling everywhere in the North. Illyria must always have been restive under Venetian rule, and her transference to the Hapsburgs, after a brief interval of French ascendancy, appears to have been regarded, at the time, as a distinct emancipation.

There is a pretty little market-place, with a ring of marble seats, and shaded by two enormous plane-trees, on the mainland beyond the bridge; and the abundant spring greenery of the shore was grateful to eyes which had been looking so long on barren mountains and the desert sea. We strolled for a mile or two along the coast-road, which led over the hills to

Knin on the one hand, and on the other past the Sette Castelli — four hours' walk — to Spalato. The waysides were fragrant with sweet-brier just coming into bloom, and overshadowed by fig-trees, the glossy young fruit of which would be ripe, Filippino told us, in a month from that day. Close along the water's edge ran aloe-hedges, interspersed with the faint pink of the fleecy tamarisk, and across the narrow strait the nineteen lesser belfries of pious little Trau grouped themselves like flower-buds around the central blossom of the cathedral tower.

Insensibly, however, as we strayed, and savored the prospect, the afternoon was darkening and the wind getting up, and by the time we were ready to embark for Spalato the evening looked sufficiently threatening. Luckily, it was a big Austrian Lloyd, bound for Cattaro, on which we were to go; and we could rely upon it that our craft would be steady, well-handled, and spotlessly clean. Usually these boats are brought up with consummate skill close alongside the pier; but the sea was too

rough for this to-night, so after giving one gasp we sprang desperately up the long, unguarded plank, which appeared to us to ascend to the tall steamer by an angle of about sixty-five degrees. Had it been our own yacht which we were boarding,— that yacht for which we had pined at the beginning of our journey, but which we were now becoming well resigned not to possess,— we could not have found ourselves less encumbered by fellow-passengers. In fact, there were none in sight; and we were dimly aware of being observed with a certain curiosity as we took possession of the pretty smoking-room on deck, which the officers politely placed at our disposal. There was a faint sense of adventure, but nothing in the least alarming, about that gusty evening voyage; and we thought the view of the Dalmatian coast from the water rather more interesting by night than by day. But we were well content, after three or four hours, to discern the first gleam of the lights of Spalato far ahead, and to see them broaden and brighten into a starry semicircle around our destined haven.

Harriet Waters Preston.

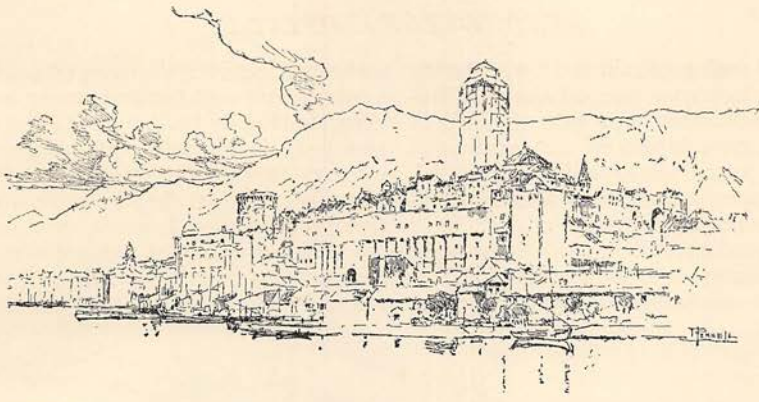


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. THE LAND GATE, TRAU.

"AS SOME MYSTERIOUS WANDERER OF THE SKIES."

AS some mysterious wanderer of the skies,
 Emerging from the deeps of outer dark,
 Traces for once in human ken the arc
 Of its stupendous curve, then swiftly flies
 Out through some orbit veiled in space, which lies
 Where no imagination may embark,—
 Some onward-reaching track that God did mark
 For all eternity beneath his eyes,—
 So comes the soul forth from creation's vast;
 So clothed with mystery moves through mortal sight;
 Then sinks away into the Great Unknown.
 What systems it hath seen in all the past,
 What worlds shall blaze upon its future flight,
 Thou knowest, eternal God, and thou alone!

Henry Jerome Stockard.



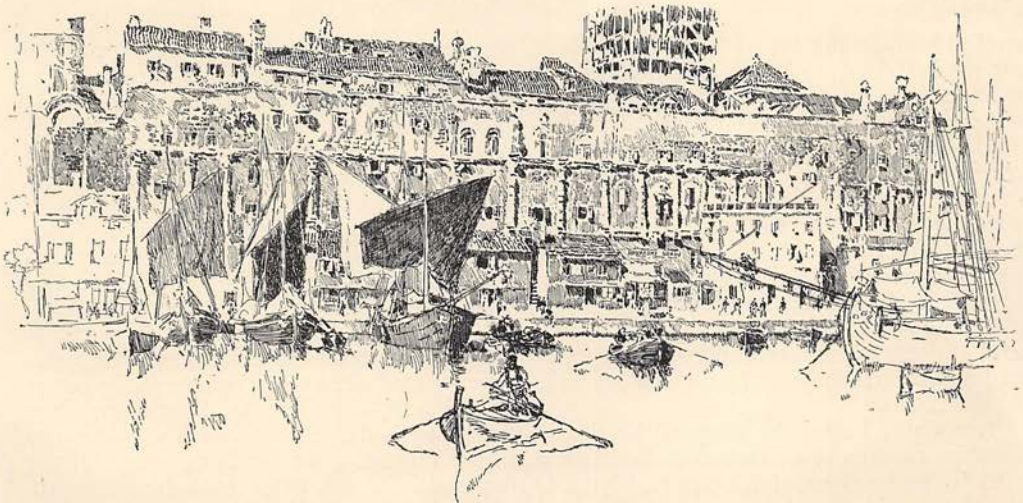
Beyond the Adriatic

by
HARRIET W. PRESTON

• SECOND PAPER.

THE notion of welcome and security, the cheery sense of having struck civilization once more, and the familiar ways of dear old Philistia, will always remain associated in my mind with the spot where a Roman emperor grew cabbages; and the pleasant Hôtel de la Ville at Spalato, with its airy rooms, its excellent cuisine, its ready service, friendly but never officious, remains the one thoroughly homelike spot on the other side of the Adriatic. The Hôtel de la Ville has even an omnibus, with which it professes to meet boats and the occasional train; but this, we learned after-

ward, is a very delicate vehicle, and is taken out only in the finest weather. The porter of the house, whom we afterward came highly to esteem, was at the landing-place when we arrived; and his first look of consternation when he beheld ourselves, and the tenor of his apologies, presently showed us at how cheap a rate it is possible to be accounted a heroine. "Even *brave men*," he assured us, "always preferred coming from Sebenico to Spalato by the railway in such weather; and how could it have entered one's heart to conceive that a couple of signore would be so temerarious?"



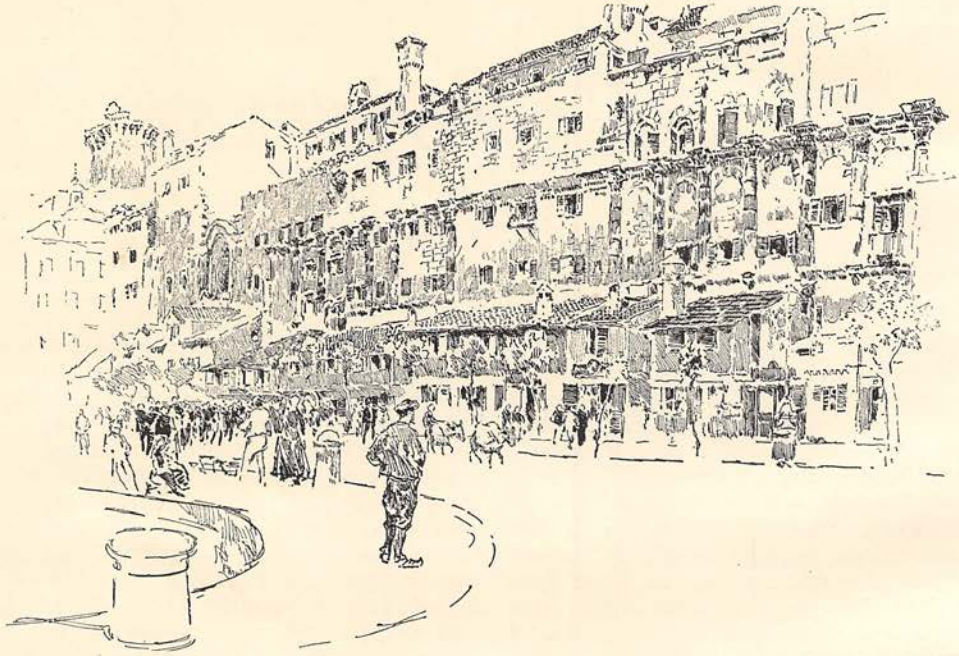
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN, SPALATO, FROM THE HARBOR.

Amid fitful dashes of rain and a wild flaring of the harbor lights, we trudged along the *marina*, and the dramatic view thus obtained of the time-stained columns on the sea-front of Diocletian's palace, under which we passed, was almost more striking than the same stupendous object in the full glare of day.

How the wind raved and roared that night through the gorges and along the declivities of the bare limestone mountains which gather

for himself, between the mountains and the sea, a stately and well-fortified retreat which had been familiar to his boyhood; how he lived nine years in his palace of delight, and then went the way of all the earth; and how after him came the invading barbarians who scattered his hoarded treasure, and made such havoc as they could, with fire and sword, among his adamantine walls and towers. It was not very much, after all; for fugitives, to



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

FAÇADE OF THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN.

so closely about the town! The storm lasted for several days, and was accompanied by strange electrical disturbances, which seemed to point to some connection with the terrible earthquakes at that moment devastating the neighbor land of Greece. There were intervals of calm, however, and even of sunshine, during which we became familiar with the thoroughly commonplace aspect of the thriving modern town of Spalato and its three curiously distinct suburbs, and penetrated a little way — a very little way — into the baffling mystery of that medieval city which is crowded within the nine and a half acres inclosed by the massive walls of Diocletian.

Everybody knows the story of the rise, in the third century, of a common soldier, named after his native town of Dioclea in Illyria, to the throne of imperial Rome; how he ruled the world for twenty years, and then resolutely laid down the scepter, having already provided

the number of several thousand, escaped from their pillaged and blackened homes in the great Roman city of Salona, five miles away, threw themselves into this fortress, held the place against assault, and subsequently settled within it; and apparently it has been densely inhabited from that day to this. It was a quadrangular structure, measuring some six hundred feet each way, having square towers at the angles, and originally divided into four equal parts by intersecting streets which traversed it from north to south and from east to west. These terminated in four double gateways of graduated splendor, one in the center of each wall,— the iron, the brazen, the silver (which opened on the sea), and the golden opposite this upon the landward side. Of the decoration of the latter enough remains in the way of rich moldings, columns, and niches (whence the statues have long since vanished) to show how sumptuous it must once have



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SHOP IN SPALATO.

been. The circuit of the walls is complete, and three of the great corner towers, besides several of the smaller ones which defended the gateways, remain.

If you enter now by the Porta Aurea, as the emperor used to do upon state occasions, you find yourself, at once, in a most extraordinary maze of narrow lanes, flanked by buildings of all the ages, and in all the styles which have prevailed, from Diocletian's day to our own. Broken fragments of carving, egg-and-arrow moldings, Byzantine interlacings, Venetian foliations, protrude in the most unexpected places, and are associated in the most incongruous manner. There is one entire street bordered by shops like those of Pompeii, with half the low-arched doorway occupied by a window, and a ledge which serves both as work-bench and counter. (We had seen such classic doorways before in the environs of France, and were to find it a favorite pattern in the more southern towns.) There are balconies of every variety, and some of the houses have projecting upper stories which render the hand-shake across the way quite practicable.

The emperor's own *corps de logis* must have occupied the entire southeastern quarter of the inclosure; the remainder having been devoted, somewhat as in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, to elaborate baths, to the lodgment of his household, and the barracks of his guard.

and the installation of the artisans who supplied the needs of this great community. Of the imperial dwelling the peristyle alone, with its magnificent Corinthian colonnade, remains distinct. From the level of this peristyle, itself raised high above the seaward gate, one mounted, and still mounts, by a flight of marble steps, to the octagonal temple, — apparently the emperor's private chapel, — which had also once its fine encircling colonnade, whereof only two or three pillars exist, and which has been for thirteen hundred years or so the cathedral of Spalato. The interior is very dim; and it is perhaps as well,

for no amount of Christian millinery could ever avail to subdue the thoroughly pagan aspect of the lower ring of porphyry columns, and the upper ring of serpentine columns, and the white sculptured frieze over all, where Diana and her nymphs pursue the stag in endless chase.

There is another hoary church close by with a superb Roman door, which some say was a temple of Æsculapius, and some, Diocletian's own mausoleum; and on the same level was reared in medieval times the Romanesque bell-tower, similar to that of Trau, which gives a beautiful if somewhat bizarre finish to all the old pictures of the Palatium. This campanile was in perfect preservation in the middle of the

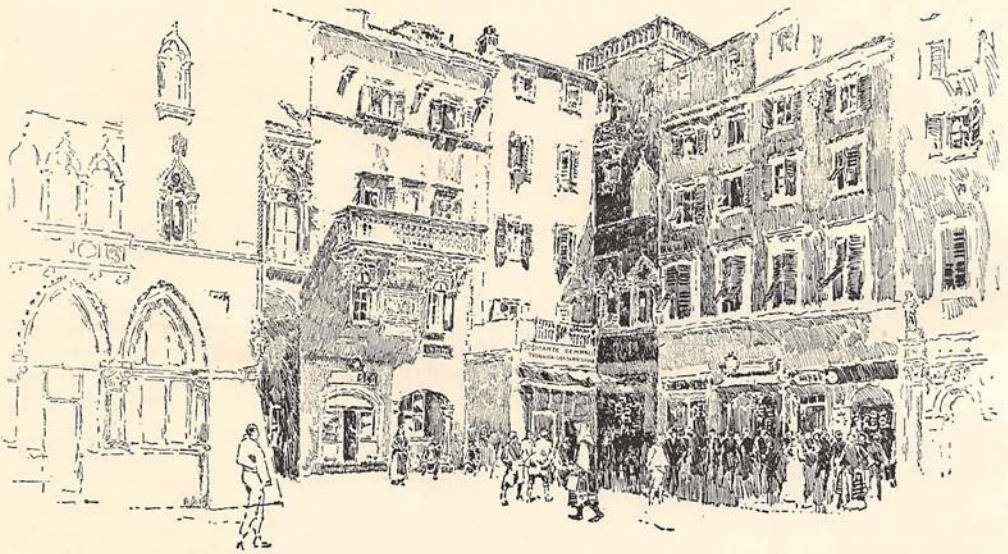


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STREET IN SPALATO.

last century, when the celebrated British architect Adam visited Dalmatia, and made architectural drawings of all the principal Roman remains. He also composed beautifully idealized pictures of them for the adornment of a costly quarto to which Horace Walpole and all the other dilettanti of George the Third's court had dutifully subscribed beforehand, and of which there are still many copies easily accessible. But the foundations of this bell-tower must always have been doubtfully secure, and some time since it was decided thoroughly to rebuild it. To this end a huge staging, resembling a grain-elevator, was erected about the whole, the weather-stained color of whose timbers shows, at the first glance, how languidly the work of restoration has proceeded. Meanwhile this ugly structure and the tool-sheds in the area

narrow quay at its base, and the towering summit is not merely overhung with flowers and creepers, but overtopped by the gables, chimneys, and upper stories of a row of dwelling-houses, to which one mounts by long flights of stone stairs from the level of the peristyle, and whose foundations must needs have been laid on the upper floor of the palace, since their entrance-doors are fully forty feet from the ground. It is supposed by some that the seaward arcade was originally a cryptoporticus where the emperor used to walk and inhale the briny breeze, and that the arches were filled in with masonry at a comparatively late period. But while the whole mass is full of interest and significance to the architect, as illustrating, by the principles of its construction and the style of its ornament, the transition from



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PIAZZA, SPALATO.

of the peristyle render the general effect of the most interesting quarter of the palace anything but classic, and completely conceal the venerable sphinx — one of two brought by Diocletian himself from Egypt to adorn the approach to the temple. The whole inside of the imperial fortress as it now exists is, in fact, not merely indescribable, but undelineable; and even the majestic sea-front, sixty feet high, with its fifty-odd arches resting on as many half-engaged Corinthian columns, fills one with a dire impatience: for the whole extent of this vast wall-veil is pierced by modern windows, of every conceivable shape and size, for the admission of light into the dwellings which are built against it within. There is a row of shops along the

purely Roman to what we are accustomed to call Romanesque architecture, it excites but to defeat the curiosity of the archæologist, who would find his life's work laid out for him if he were to attempt its thorough investigation. All portable objects of interest, both from the palace and from Salona, have long since been removed, many of them to the little museum outside the Brazen Gate; and there they are — sarcophagi, cippi, broken capitals, and bits of architrave jewelry, iridescent glass vessels, and coins (of these a precious, and even unique, collection), as well as the battered heads and the broken limbs of a whole marble population. They tell the student just as much and just as little as such things tell him elsewhere,



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STREET IN THE PALACE, SPALATO.

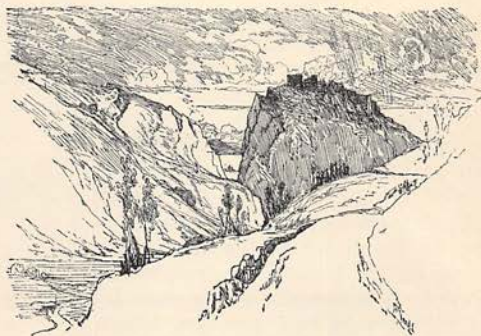
and he may consider and catalogue them to his heart's content; but he can only beat his head in despair against Diocletian's everlasting ramparts when he considers what pregnant secrets are probably built into the walls and buried under the basements of those hundreds of included habitations.

Coming out of the palace by the Silver Gate, as we did in an interval of comparatively fair weather, on the day but one after our arrival, we found an animated scene upon the quay. First we met what seemed to be a pair of brig-and-chiefs. They had scarlet turbans and great gold hoop-earrings, embroidered jackets hung over their white shirts, and leather belts stuck full of daggers, pistols, and other dainty and deadly weapons. On them, too, we observed, for the first time, that strange nether garment, so generally worn by the men of the Dalmatian interior, which constitutes the exact complement of the famous divided skirt — namely, the united trousers. It is, in fact, a bag with two holes for the feet, hanging a little below the knees, which gives the wearer, when viewed from behind, a droll resemblance to an elephant. This was market-day, and there were many stalls and booths along the water-side which were supplied with relays of fresh vegetables, oranges, and lemons from the line of clumsily built and gaily painted boats moored just behind them; many of these having come in overnight from the islands and the nearer parts of Italy. Fennel and asparagus are in their prime, artichokes

just coming on, peas all but over — so much for the forwardness of Dalmatian crops upon May-day. The prices are certainly moderate: two huge bunches of asparagus are offered at *sette soldi*, or about three cents, for the word *soldo* is used in Dalmatia without any reference to the value of the coin in Italy, but merely as a handy expression for the kreutzer, or hundredth part of a florin, the unit of the Austrian coinage.

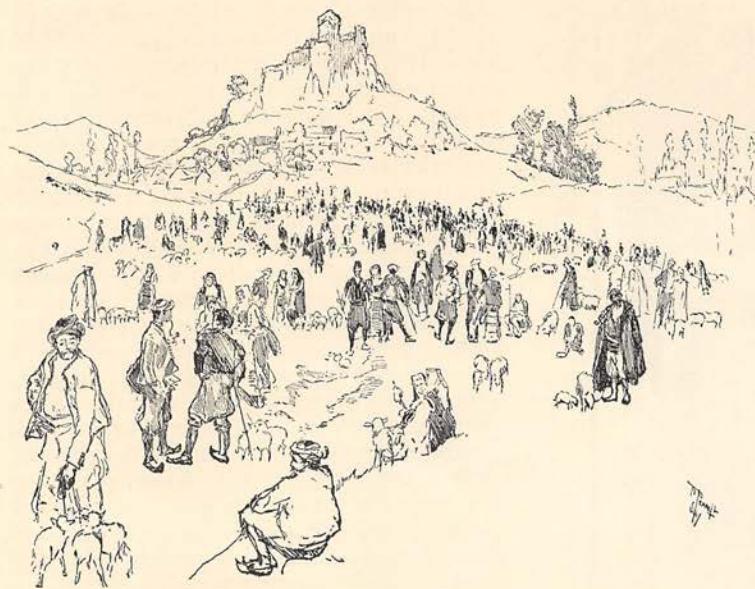
The great harbor of Spalato is divided by piers into several minor havens, and a separate sort of traffic is assigned to each. All manner of garden produce is landed near the pretty little triangular fruit-market, overshadowed by a machicolated Venetian tower with a large fig-tree growing vigorously on the summit. Lower down, toward the Hôtel de la Ville, wood is deposited, then fish. In the other direction, and farther away still, are the coal-wharves; for the interior of the country is rich in coal, and the single railway, so often mentioned, brings down large quantities both to Sebenico and Spalato. As for the innumerable steamers, big and little, Austrian and Hungaro-Croatian, they too have their special piers, and their frequent coming and going would suffice to enliven the dullest day, even without the dazzling apparition of the smart white-and-gilt yacht of the Governor of Dalmatia, often moored in these waters, and the perpetual interest attaching to a training-ship, constructed upon the beautiful but now rarely seen model of the old-fashioned brig, which lies at anchor away off toward the long breakwater.

When the persistent rain is no more than a sullen drizzle, we go for our afternoon coffee to the main piazza of Spalato, which lies just outside the turreted Porta Ferrea. There is a truly gorgeous café on one side of this square, and opposite stands the charming Gothic palace, once the official residence of the Venetian governor. The fashionable shops of Spalato are also here; and in one of them, a bookseller's, we lighted one day upon an Italian translation



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CLISSA, FROM THE ROAD TO SINJ.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET, SINJ.

of the "Trois Mousquetaires," which we bought for a florin, and then hastened home, under a pelting shower, to lose ourselves for the rest of the dark, wild afternoon in the familiar yet ever fresh adventures of D'Artagnan and the immortal three. One night we were ambitious, and took a box at the theater of Spalato, where we heard "Ma'mzelle Nitouche" given with great spirit in Czech by a Bohemian company. The Slavic portion of the audience understood, we were told, about one word in ten, so they had not so very much the advantage of us; but one feels the Slavic element gaining fast on one at Spalato. The names of streets and tradesmen's signs are usually printed in that unpromising tongue, and one hears its clattering consonants everywhere (a public square is a *Trg*); but we never found any one upon the seaboard with whom we could not communicate in Italian.

By the time the storm had fairly worn itself out, our artists rejoined us—"our own" with a portfolio full of charming sketches from Trau. All along the coast, from Zara down, we had been hearing of the wonderful display of native costumes still to be seen at Spalato on the festival of its patron, one St. Dojmo, a native of Salona, whose cult is, I think, confined to this district. We agreed that we must by no means miss this function, which falls upon May 7, and resolved to employ part of the intervening time in another inland excursion. The market-

town of Sinj, among the foot-hills of the Dalmatic Alps, near the borders of Bosnia, lies about as far from Spalato as the fortress of Knin from Sebenico; but there is no railway to Sinj, and we started for that point at the depressing hour of five, on a chill and rather dubious morning, in a lumbering vehicle called by courtesy a landau. The way led slowly up among vineyards, olive-orchards, and bright green wheat-fields, between full-blossoming hawthorn and wild-rose hedges, past a melancholy field of unfeared Roman ruins, to the

modern village of Salona. Strange, indeed, are the mementos of the olden time which meet one on every side in this little hamlet. Under the vine-draped eaves of the wine-shop and the *trattoria* are tables composed of marble slabs, and supported upon the inverted Corinthian capitals of some long-forgotten temple. A stable door has a sculptured lintel, and fluted pillars do menial service as its jambs. A stele, surmounted by a double mask, supports the low roof-tree of a miserable cottage, while Greek heads with hyacinthine curls, and inscriptions *Dis Manibus*, are built into the walls of dwellings of greater pretensions.

At Salona the road forks—the left branch



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

DANCE OF THE MORLAKS, SPALATO.

leading through more olive plantations, past the Sette Castelli, to Trau; while we ourselves turn sharply to the right, and begin to climb by long zigzags the flanks of Mount Koziak. Another group of mountains lies beyond this peak, the selfsame range of bare, volcanic heights to whose ashen declivities we had so long seen the rain-clouds clinging from our windows at the Hôtel de la Ville. Happily, however, the showery morning has turned bright, and there is now fair promise of a brilliant day, and so we pursue our upward course, around the base of a fortress-crowned crag, with a white village at its foot, and severed by a deep cleft from the mass of the mountain. Fortress and town bear the

leys of extreme fertility, whose tender greenery seems preternaturally brilliant after the desert levels above; and gradually these pleasant valleys increase in breadth and importance, and show humble farm-buildings beside running streams, well-tended vineyards and groves of oak upon their grassy slopes. And here, at length, out of sight of the importunate sea, we seem to discern for the first time the true physiognomy of this country, the simple, natural, untrained, and unguarded *look*, which differentiates it from all others. It is a landscape which links the nature of Italy to that of Greece, but perfectly resembles neither. It is purely pastoral—bright, pensive, primitive, ideal—even to the wild-eyed shepherd-boys



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LOGGIA, LESINA.

name of Clissa, and, looking back from under the ramparts, the eye takes in at a glance the whole geography of this part of the shore—Spalato lying on the south side of the big promontory which divides its bay from that of Trau, a long stretch of the lower coast, and islands beyond islands dotting the purple main.

Beyond Clissa the road runs for several miles over a rocky plateau shadeless and arid as that of La Crau in Provence, which it recalls: only here it is no mysterious rain of stones which has desolated a previously fertile plain; but the jagged surface of the limestone ledge lies bare, in whose interstices scarcely soil enough to support the scantiest arctic vegetation has had a chance to accumulate since the comparatively late geological period of its upheaval.

After a while the monotony of this bleak wilderness begins to be relieved by narrow val-

leys piping shrilly to the immense black and red-brown flocks which they lead over the stony uplands.

A level river-valley now opens before us,—that of the Cettina, which is in broad spring flood,—and we can well believe what our drowsy old coachman tells us of the malaria which prevails here later in the year. The soil is rich, but the laborers are poor; for the land is worked on the metayer system, whereby the husbandman gets all the benefit of the fever and only half that of the fertility. His house is a low, thatched hovel; and one can only marvel that a woman, coming from a home like this, and walking ten miles to the “bazaar” at Sinj, can reach it, as most of them do, with her white woolen slip and embroidered linen cap reasonably clean. The long, blue outer garment may have been put on wrong side outward to protect its embroidery in case of rain, and the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE HARBOR, CURZOLA.

second-best kerchief tied over the cap which covers the crown of the head; but the big silver hair-pins are *en evidence* at the temples, and the men display their silver buttons in close rows all down their jacket-fronts, and some of them carry fine wallets made of elaborately knotted twine, *i. e.*, macramé lace. They will all stop on their way home from the market to have their cherished silver ornaments treated by a professional cleaner who squats in a cave-like doorway near the entrance to the town, with a brush and a box of reddish paste, and a bowl of what smells like ammonia, wherewith for a kreutzer he will restore any article of this peasant *bijouterie* to its pristine whiteness.

Sinj, with its formless church and gaunt stone dwellings, is as ugly a town as one may see on a summer day—far less picturesque, so our artists tell us, than Knin, to which we did not go. But the market at Sinj is well worth a forty-four mile drive, being a thoroughly Oriental sight. In fact, in the language of the coun-

try, it is not a market, but a bazaar. The view up the steep hillside, where cattle and sheep are changing hands, shows tiers upon tiers of turbans, most of them of a peculiarly rich, dark red. The foundation of this fine head-gear is always the fez; but the long woolen scarf, so ingeniously rolled and twisted about it, may be taken off, upon occasion, and used upon a recalcitrant beast. Most of the men wear their jet-black hair short under the turban, but a fanciful few let it grow long, and sport a braid down the back, neatly finished with a silver tassel. The genuine dandy wears also long leather gaiters with silver ornaments, and has his leathern belt thickly studded with the same metal. I have called this conspicuous article of his dress a belt because it is clasped about the waist; but it looks, in front, rather like a highly decorated writing-case, and is in fact a pouch, or series of pockets, for the accommodation of his various knives and pistols, and the instruments for cleaning his long pipe. The latter is removed from his mouth only in moments of strong emotion, when language has to be emphasized by violent gesture. The majority of these outlandish beings are really good Catholics, and loyal subjects of Francis Joseph; but there is a certain proportion of Bogomiles, and also of Mussulmans, among whom one or two wear the green turban which proclaims them pilgrims returned from Mecca.

Other things than sheep and cattle may be bought at Sinj on a Saturday, at the booths which line the central street of the town. Here are rolls of the heavy white woolen stuff of which the sheath-like gown of the women is made, gold and silver thread and bright wools for the native embroidery, wooden distaffs, trident-shaped and curiously



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CURZOLA.

carved, rosaries and silver ornaments of every description, besides eggs, oranges, and goat's-milk cheeses. There is a primitive but available inn at Sinj, where we got an excellent midday meal, and then rested for a while in an airy and very clean upper chamber, whose walls were adorned with large colored prints of Rudolph and Stephanie in all the ironical splendor of their bridal finery. The window of this room commanded a wide prospect, bounded by the snow-capped mountains which formed the Turkish frontier until the Congress of Berlin; and all along the country roads diverging from the town we could see, slowly crawling, a procession of laden donkeys, guided by red-turbaned men or blue-coated, white-sleeved women. The

Everything now augured well for the weather on Monday, the day of the *festa*. We listened in vain for a certain phantom warning of storm which we had been privileged to hear earlier in the week — namely, the distinct pealing of the bells of San Pietro on the island of Brazza, twelve miles away. "*Mal' augurio*," cried the sailors when they heard it, and shook their earrings gravely. Already on this same Saturday evening of our return from Sinj, the town was beginning to fill, and all through Sunday the trading-boats were flocking in across the glassy water from the Dalmatian islands and coasts, from Istria, Italy, and even Greece. Some of these were simply packed level with a single kind of fruit or vegetable, — one with green peas



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE HARBOR, LESINA.

same picturesque procession was still moving when we dashed — rather rapidly for Dalmatia — down the steep hill of Sinj; and we had occasion to admire, as we passed, the miscellaneous burdens of the donkeys, and the ingenuity with which they were adjusted. In one case we observed the meek heads of three living lambs protruding from either pannier.

The evening was beautifully clear, and as we approached the deep mountain cleft beside Clissa we could see through it, miles below, a fairy-like level of sea, and Spalato, like a toy village, lying along the shore-line, rosy with sunset. Beyond the cliff we got a like charming view of the hamlet which is called *Piccola Venezia*, lying far out in the water to the north of Spalato, and connected with the mainland by a thread-like causeway.

from some northerly station, another with a bed of glistening onions. Sometimes the padrone erected a fanciful booth for the display of his wares; in other cases he was content to take up his station on the quay, over against his craft, with the goods he had brought — pottery, kitchen utensils, fishing-rods, farming tools, or what not — displayed about his feet. Every child in Spalato had provided himself with a penny whistle before Sunday night, and at dawn on Monday, though the church bells were clanging their loudest, the piercing note of the infantile pipe was perceptible above them all. In the way of costume, however, the *fête* proved rather disappointing. There were some single dresses of great richness and beauty, and a pretty effect was produced by the exchange of the white woolen feminine garment, with

which we had grown so familiar, for its summer equivalent in white linen, which has a full skirt and very broad, open sleeves. There was also a great display, on the part of the tradesmen's wives of Spalato, of enormously long gold chains, passed many times round the neck, and fastened on the breast by a big brooch set with seed-pearls, while a really elegant hair-pin, opening out like a flower, with clusters of pearls nodding upon gold wire, was set among the massive black braids. But the dress which these costly articles rather shame than adorn is only a plain skirt and an ugly, loose-fitting sacque of some dark stuff, while the majority of the men wear the hopeless "business suit" of our sordid modern society. The really fine cos-

always on the outside, whirl about for a season, and then go stormily "up the middle and down again." The men stick peacocks' feathers in their hats for this performance, which is rather stirring both to actors and spectators.

While the piazza was given up to the dance, the marina had also its excitement in the way of that most unintelligible species of lottery, a *tombola*; and in the evening the already o'er-familiar "Cavalleria Rusticana" was given at the theater. This, by the way, is a new and really stately edifice with a charmingly pretty auditorium, replacing one which was burned here about two years ago, happily without loss of life. They tell you mysteriously all over the town that St. Dojmo's procession was a great



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

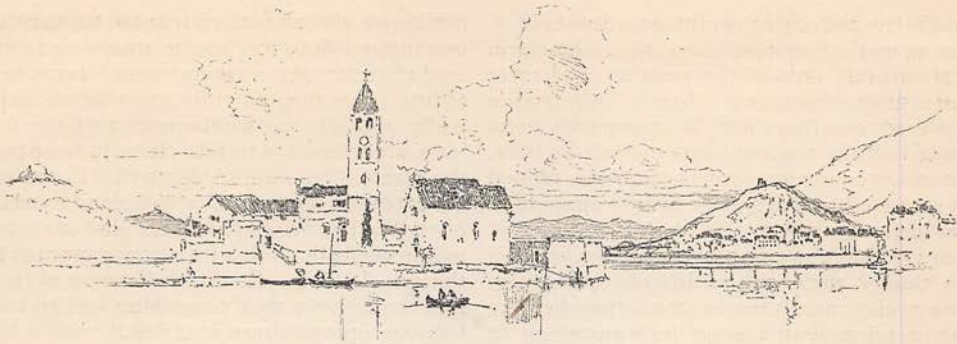
LESINA.

tumes are swamped amid all this complacent ugliness; and, save for the red caps of the fishermen, the crowd is hardly more picturesque in mass than that of a New England cattle-show.

In the morning there was a religious procession, chiefly remarkable for the exquisite metal-work of many of the reliquaries carried by the priests. It made the circuit of the central piazza, the *Trg Gospodski*, with gleam of silver and red sparkle of candle-light and the waving of pictured banners, then vanished within the dusky purlieu of the cathedral without ever emerging upon the *riva*. The procession was accompanied by a loud band; but the most curious feature of the Morlak dance, performed in the same piazza in the afternoon, was the entire absence of music. It is not, properly speaking, a dance at all, but a sort of hop, skip, and jump performed by a man and one or two women, who with hands interlaced, the man keeping

deal finer before the new theater was built; but why this should be, whether they used the properties of the theater at the church festival, or employed church funds to rebuild the theater, is a dark problem which nobody seems able or willing to solve.

Among the countless islands which may be discerned from any commanding point upon the hills behind Spalato, there are three or four which every voyager in these waters ought to visit. If he be the proud possessor of that yacht which we professed to have ceased to covet, he can, of course, go when he will to Lesina, Lissa, Meleda, and Curzola, and stay as long in each as the lordly whim may take him. Otherwise he must adapt himself to the arrangements — and at first sight they appear a little whimsical — of the rival steamship companies. Thus he may either make a round trip from Spalato, which will occupy three or four days, or he may content himself with taking passage on one of the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LISSA.

slow boats which run between Trieste and Cattaro or Corfu, most of which lie up for several hours at each of the main island-harbors. In the end we decided, as we had done on several previous occasions, to try all the various ways among us, magnanimously assuming an unlimited liability for one another's impressions. It is a method which must be used with caution unless you know your partners very well. The only two guide-books of the Dalmatian coast which we had been able to procure in Vienna—that of Joanne and that of Hartleben—are in flagrant opposition to each other about most of the facts concerning the islands; and the sequel will show how near we ourselves came to finding what either of them had led us to expect.

The conclusion which we were finally forced to adopt was that neither of these authorities had visited the archipelago in person. They appear instead to have adopted the simpler plan of allowing "thought to play freely," in the words of Matthew Arnold, around some ancient series of prints of the Dalmatian coast and islands, idealized as it used to be thought obligatory to idealize in the days of Adam and Chapuy. At Lesina, for example, upon the island of the same name, a cheery, peaceful, and

most inviting town, with an exquisite loggia fronting the principal quay, a harmless little citadel, and an amphitheater of softly swelling hills, we had been prepared for an *effet prodigieux* of precipitous peaks and frowning fortresses. At Curzola we were gravely informed by Joanne that we should find among other striking objects, all going to make up "a stage effect of the most surprising," . . . "an ancient bridge carried upon arches tall enough to admit the passage of full-masted barks." Will it be believed that there is not only no such bridge, but no tradition of any bridge whatever in the neighborhood of Curzola? The nearest approach is an extremely modest viaduct crossing a dry ditch, which it may once have been possible to flood, to a gateway in the fine town wall.

A favorite word both with Hartleben and Joanne, in depicting the aspect of the islands, is *amazing*—"überraschend"—"*surprenant*." But it is when one comes to compare their descriptions with the reality that the amazement properly comes in. Hartleben even goes so far as to give striking prints both of the bridge at Curzola and the beetling crags of Lesina; and the reader may find it amusing to compare his illustrations with the sketches of our own artist, who waves the banner and shouts



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SHIP-YARD, CURZOLA.

the watchword of Realism, in season and out of season, and is therefore bound to be veracious.

Meanwhile one of the prettiest and most characteristic features of Curzola, an extensive ship-yard overshadowed by venerable trees, where half the trading-boats that ply in these waters are constructed, seems to have escaped the notice of the guide-book makers altogether. Nor have they cared to let their fancy "play" to any great extent about either Lissa or Mel-eda, though each of these islands has interesting associations. It was off the former that the first proud navy of United Italy sustained so

crushing a defeat at the hands of Admiral Tegelthoff in 1866, the bodies that were recovered after that fierce engagement having been all interred in the peaceful Campo Santo there; while Meleda, the southernmost of the four islands, prefers a plausible claim to have been the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. For are we not explicitly informed that the island to which he escaped was called Melita? And our hearts will henceforth swell with a new sympathy for the apostle to the Gentiles whenever we read that the disaster took place after he had been "driven up and down in Adria."

(To be continued.)

Harriet Waters Preston.



TESLA'S OSCILLATOR AND OTHER INVENTIONS.

AN AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS RECENT ELECTRICAL WORK.¹



SKOBELEFF, the great Russian general, once said of the political conditions in Central Asia, that they changed every moment; hence the necessity for vigilance, no less the price of empire than of liberty. Thus changeable, also, is the aspect of that vast new electrical domain which the thought and invention of our age have subdued. They who would inform themselves expertly about it, in whatever respect, must ever keep up an attitude of strained attention. Its theoretical problems assume novel phases daily. Its old appliances ceaselessly give way to successors. Its methods of production, distribution, and utilization vary from year to year. Its influence on the times is ever deeper, yet one can never be quite sure into what part of the social or industrial system it is next to thrust a revolutionary force. Its fanciful dreams of yesterday are the magnificent triumphs of to-morrow, and its advance toward domination in the twentieth century is as irresistible as that of steam in the nineteenth.

Throughout this change there has prevailed a consistency of purpose: a steady aim has been leveled at definite goals; while useful arts in multitude attest the solidity of the work done. If, therefore, we find a tremendous outburst of activity at the very moment when, after twenty-five years of superlative productiveness, electricians were ready, with the reforming English statesman, to rest and be

thankful, we may safely assume that electricity has reached another of those crucial points at which it becomes worth the while of the casual outside observer to glance at what is going on. To the timid and the conservative, even to many initiated, these new departures have indeed become exasperating. They demand the unlearning of established facts, and insist on right-about-faces that disregard philosophical dignity. The sensations of a dog attempting to drink sea-water after a lifetime spent on inland lakes are feeble compared with those of men who discover that electricity is quite other than the fluid which they have believed it to be from their youth up, and that actually there is no such thing as electricity or an electric current.

Electricity has, indeed, taken distinctively new ground of late years; and its present state of unrest — unsurpassed, perhaps, in other regions of research — is due to recent theory and practice, blended in a striking manner in the discoveries of Mr. Nikola Tesla,² who, though not altogether alone, has come to be a foremost and typical figure of the era now begun. He invites attention to-day, whether for profound investigations into the nature of electricity, or for beautiful inventions in which is offered a concrete embodiment of the latest means for attaining the ends most sought after in the distribution of light, heat, and power, and in the distant communication of intelli-

¹ The photographs reproduced in this article were taken, under the special direction of the inventor, by Tonnele & Co.

² A biographical sketch of Mr. Tesla, by the present writer, with portrait, appeared in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1894.—EDITOR.



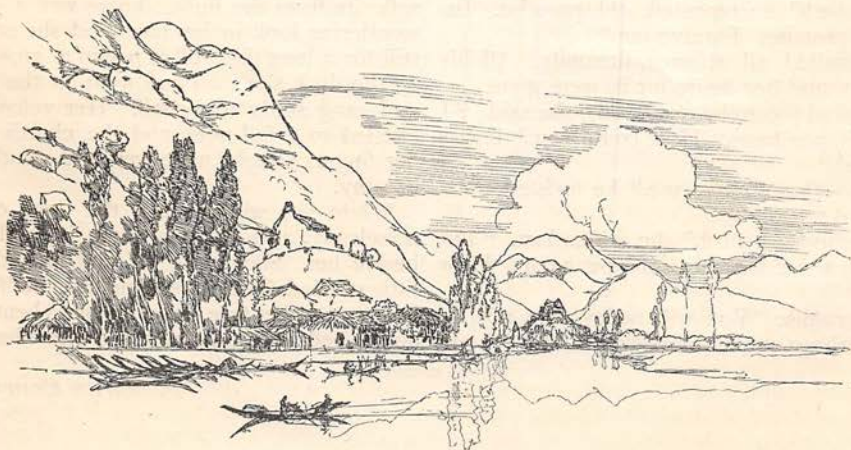
Beyond the Adriatic

by
HARRIET W. PRESTON

THIRD PAPER.

WE embarked overnight on the steamer that was to take us from Spalato to Metkovič, on the frontier of Herzegovina, ten miles inland from the mouth of the river Narenta. Our route lay between the islands and the shore, and the outlines of the latter, below Spalato, were fine and grew constantly finer. The long succession of low, rounded hills, of which we

had often wearied in the upper waters of the Adriatic, now gave place to mountains of undeniable grandeur, springing almost as abruptly from the water-side as the Savoyard Alps rise from the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Culture and verdure extend but a very little way up these huge acclivities from the few and insignificant hamlets huddled be-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ON THE NARENTA.

tween them and the shore; above, the purple shadows of the passing clouds pursue their wayward chase alone. The only town of any importance at which the steamer calls is Makarska, which has a good harbor almost as nearly landlocked as that of Sebenico, whereby it was a famous pirate station for many centuries—from the days of Pompey the Great, in fact, until the eve of our own.

ram and Budapest. The stage navvies rush on board our boat, seize our hand-baggage, and dash with it down a hundred yards of narrow-gauge track to where a small station with a deep veranda is poetically placed between a pine-grove and a rose-garden. Having seen our traps deposited here, we sally forth to visit Metković; and since the town lies over the river, we naturally make first of all for the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

METKOVIĆ.

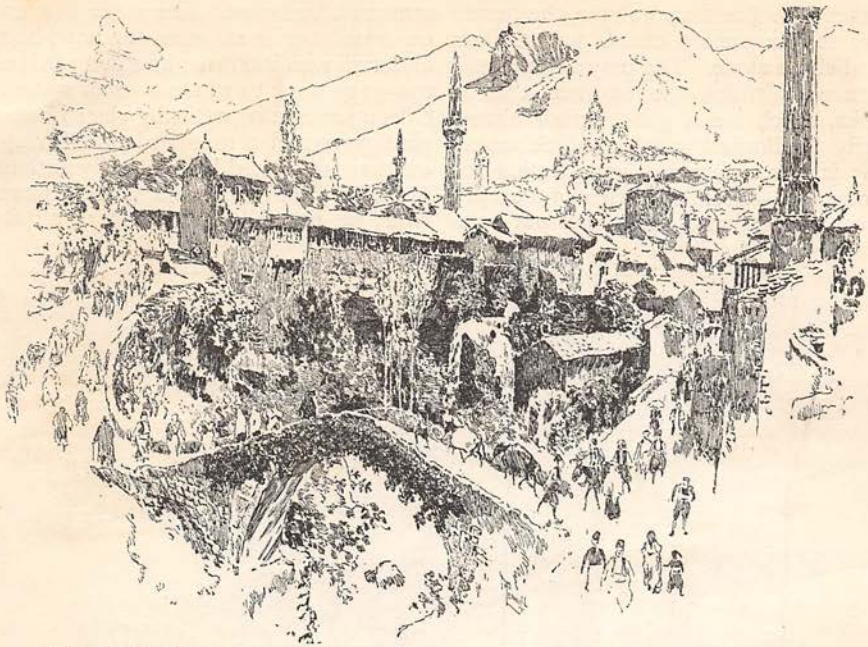
Here, having duly paid our compliments to the shades of the sea-rovers of all time, we descended to the well-appointed and appetizing lunch which is always to be had on a boat of the Austrian Lloyd; and while we were discussing it the steamer turned into the Narenta, so that we found the scene changed as if by magic when we reappeared on deck. Again one is reminded of Savoy and the upper Rhone valley; for a flat, sunny, flowery, and presumably pestiferous, marsh extends on each side of the reedy river to the base of the mountains.

After about an hour of river travel, Metković was discerned crowning a hill to the right; and the last navigable stretch of the stream accomplished, our engines stopped, and the boat was pulled up to an embankment by a troop of most theatrical-looking navvies, with brilliant caps and sashes, who managed in some mysterious way, amid all their pulling, hauling, and gesticulating, to keep their jackets hanging jauntily from their shoulders. The newly completed railway, at the terminus of which we thus find ourselves deposited, leads up the river-valley to the capital of Herzegovina, and thence to that of Bosnia, connecting at the latter (Serájevo) with through lines to Ag-

bridge, whereof Joanne gives in his guide-book a clear and pleasing description. Alas!

Where the laughter that shook the rafter?
Where the rafter, by the way?

It may possibly be that the frail structures, composed seemingly of superannuated hurdles, which now project a little way from each bank into the turbulent stream, once formed a continuous causeway, and that the central portion was swept away by the freshets of yesteryear; but the only feasible mode of transit presented to us consisted of a flat-bottomed boat moored by the hither bank of the stream, and propelled by two stalwart rowers. Into this primitive conveyance had already entered two of our fellow-passengers by the *vapore*—a commercial traveler, nationality not evident, and a slim Austrian lieutenant; and seating ourselves as they had done, we were laboriously pulled over the Narenta, to the tune of the commercial gentleman's muffled and plaintive remonstrances. For the wind was brisk, and the craft bobbed merrily, and the color of the little man's cheeks presently vied with that of the water. "*Lente, lente; so male,*" he pleaded, while the boatmen grinned, and slightly increased their exertions.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MINARETS OF MOSTAR.

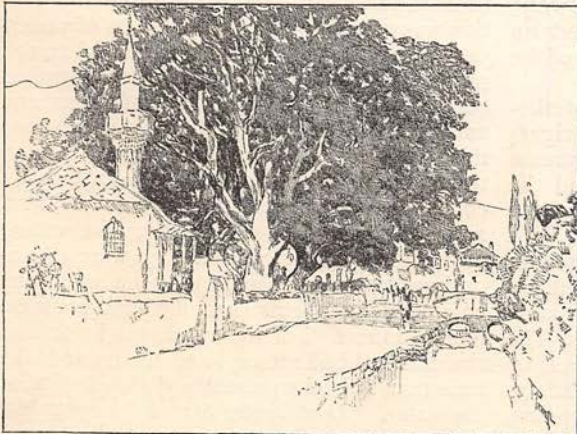
We exhausted Metkovič in about twenty minutes, and there were four whole hours to be disposed of before we could take the evening train for the capital of Herzegovina. It had been a question whether we should allow ourselves this brief divagation from our main route; but the fascinating fame of the mainly Mohammedan little city, a very outpost of the East, where the children of the Prophet have held their own with peculiar tenacity, proved too strong to be resisted, and none of us, I think, will ever regret anything less than our flying visit to Mostar among the mountains.

Pacing the river-bank in the declining after-

noon, or lounging in the pretty shrubberies of the station, we arrived at the unanimous conclusion, which we pass on for the encouragement of those who may follow us, that however uninteresting as a town Metkovič may be, the dire tales told of its insalubrity must be greatly exaggerated. No doubt it was bad enough in times not very old, but now that the bed of the river has been confined by solid embankments, and the wide intervals at this point thoroughly ditched and drained, and converted into one enormous wheat-field, there can be no serious trouble from malaria; nor did we see a single face with the unmistakable fever-mark upon it.

The view over the reclaimed plain on the right-hand bank of the river was not without a certain charm: a sea-like level of green, rippling grain, lines of feathery young poplars along the straight water-courses, wattled huts here and there for the housing of the crop, with a steep mountain barrier encircling all. It was exactly, so our own artist said, like a reproduction in miniature of the central Transylvanian plain.

Our train took its time about starting, as trains and men are wont to do where there is no competition. It stood ready for full three quarters of an hour beside the vine-draped station before the pompous little guard would consent to pull the tongue of the station bell, and un-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"MOSQUES . . . SHADY WITH TALL TREES." (MOSTAR.)



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE OLD BRIDGE, MOSTAR.

lock the doors of either first, second, third, or fourth-class carriages. These last were mere unfurnished boxes, but what did that matter to the swarthy, long-limbed beings, clad with startling simplicity in red turbans and short white cotton pajamas, who squatted upon their heels along the platform outside, and awaited the guard's pleasure "in patient, deep disdain" of this new, noisy, clumsy contrivance for locomotion of the uneasy Western mind? We were indeed upon the confines of a new world.

Pulling slowly up the ever-narrowing river-valley, with the light of the May moon glinting through oak and chestnut boughs upon the limpid surface of the Narenta and the white cascades of all its tributary brooks, we halted at last in a place of orchards and gardens, where the night air was perfumed with syringa and full-blown roses. Our first impressions of Mostar were confused, but happy. Though it was now late, the people seemed to be all awake and abroad, and the place was wonderfully illuminated for a remote little mountain town. They asked for our passports at the station gate,—it was the first time they had been demanded,—but it seemed a mere formality, and we were presently whirled across a long bridge above

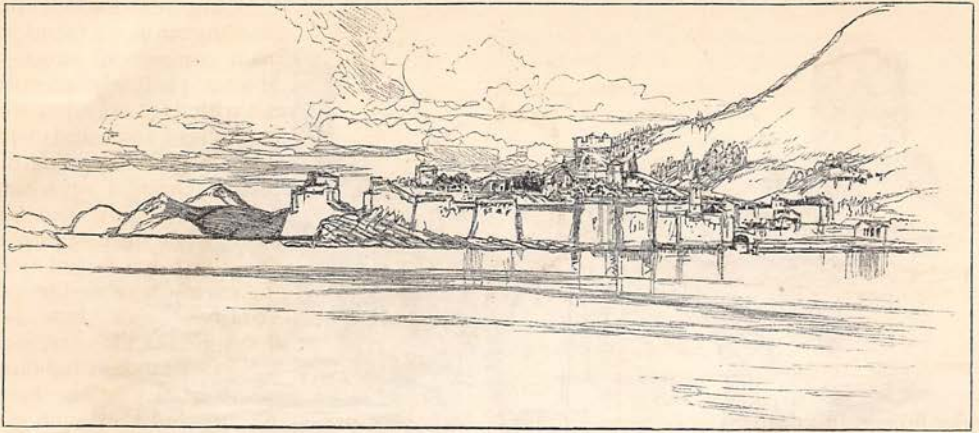
a deafening rush of water, and set down at the entrance of a huge, new, and rather disgustingly smart hotel.

We had telegraphed for rooms, and were therefore disposed at the first blush rather to resent the proposition that we two should ascend to the very top of this pretentious caravansary, while our own artist accepted lodgment for the night in a commodious bath-tub upon the *piano nobile*. But we were mollified when the anxious and plainly half-distracted landlady explained to us, in a queer variety of German, that she had both a "Hoheit" and an "Excellenz," with their suites, among her guests



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"LOW STRUCTURES OF A PERFECTLY ORIENTAL CHARACTER." (MOSTAR.)

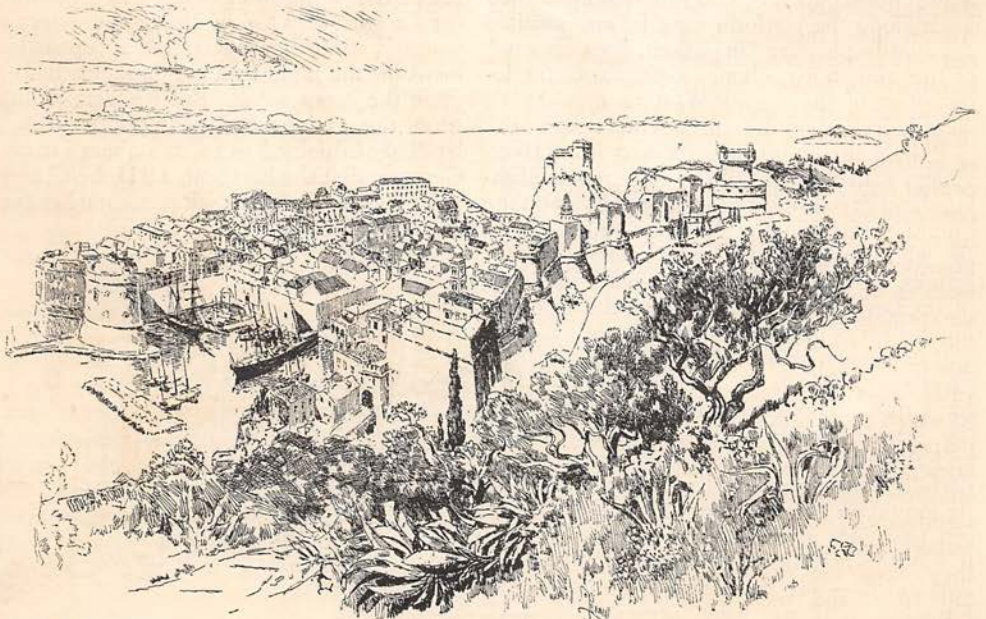


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"A LITTLE CITY OF THE PAST."

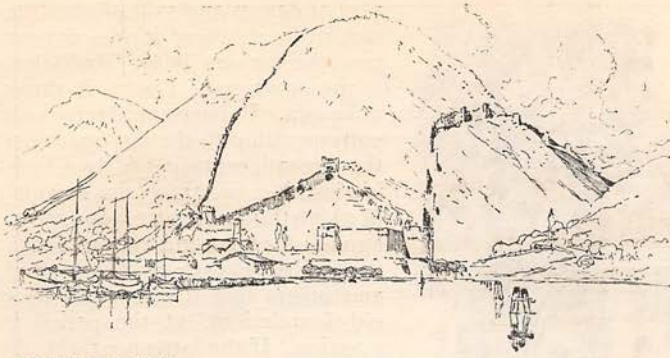
that night, and "*natürlich!*"—The Hoheit proved to be the old Archduke Albrecht, and the Excellenz a great military personage on a tour of inspection; and their presence amply explained the phenomenal stir and brilliancy which we had noted outside. We were glad, moreover, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience, that our visit should have coincided with theirs, when we awoke next morning, and threw open the round attic windows, which appeared about as large as port-holes when viewed from the ground, but which admitted great drafts of mountain air, and framed our matchless outlook in the most artistic manner.

But how describe, in the trite language of conventional prose, the view we saw? Mostar would be a sensation any day; but Mostar *en fête*, under the sapphire skies of May, is a thing never to be forgotten. Down through the middle of the picture dashed the Narenta, storming and foaming between the massive piers of the bridge at our feet, swirling and swerving in all the beauty of its original and self-sought curves — clear green and white from the perpetual snows of the interior mountains. The immediate borders of the stream upon each hand have all their native wildness of abrupt or shelving rocks, leaping cascades and leaning trees, white masses of cornel and



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE APPROACH TO RAGUSA.

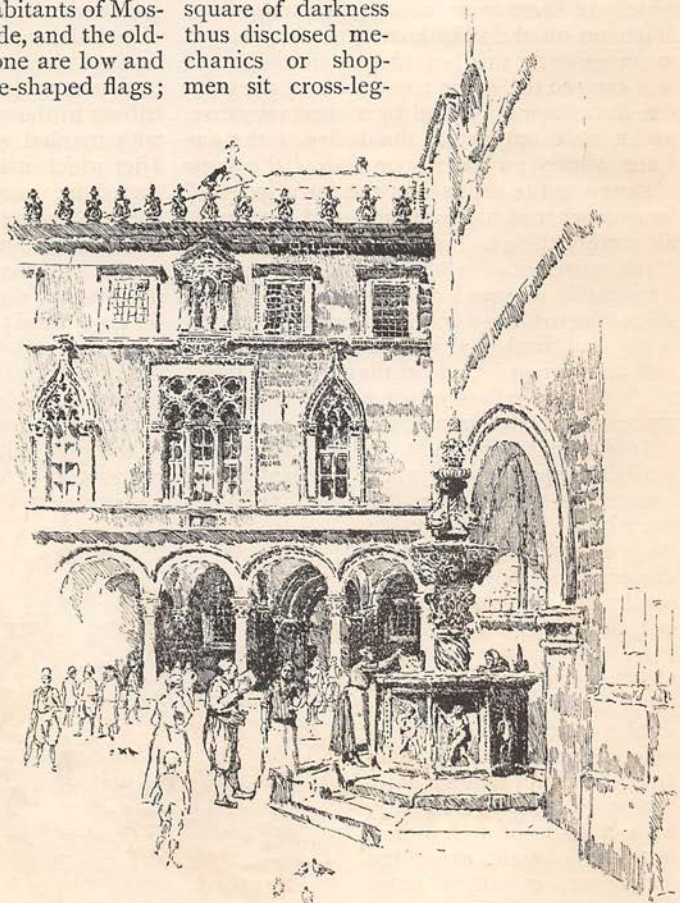


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STAGNO GRANDE.

elder-flower, full drapery of blossoming vines. The town is rather crowded between the left bank of the river and the base of the mountains, but on the other side there is a mile or so of rich, open plain, dotted with farmsteads and crossed by shady avenues leading to the fine post-road which mounts the western hills, and by which you may drive, if you will, to Sinj and Knin. The well-to-do inhabitants of Mostar live mostly on this latter side, and the old-fashioned dwellings of gray stone are low and plain, and roofed with lozenge-shaped flags; but even the simplest have always a veranda and a bit of garden and an over-shadowing tree. Along the new bridge and over both halves of the town the gayest of bunting was flying: the yellow and black of Austria, the orange and deep red of Herzegovina, with hundreds of lesser streamers, white, scarlet, and pale blue. Yet all this fluttering of ephemeral rainbows appeared only to enhance the curiously solemn and striking effect of the twenty or more pallid minarets of time-worn stone which one could see springing skyward above the tiled roofs at various points on each side of the valley vista. The mosques to which these minarets appertain are for the most part ancient and humble, and wholly without architectural significance; but the high-walled inclosures in which they stand are shady with tall trees, and their deep porches are often painted with quaint arabesques.

and more are going up; but they soon give place to low structures of a perfectly Oriental character, with projecting upper stories and closely latticed windows, the ground floors consisting always of a row of tiny shops, from each of which the whole front is removed every morning, like a kind of comprehensive shutter. In the square of darkness thus disclosed mechanics or shopmen sit cross-leg-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

BY THE PORTA PLOCCE, RAGUSA.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE CITY GATE, RAGUSA.

ged, smoking, or drinking black coffee out of tiny enameled cups, and plying his trade, or dispassionately offering his wares in the intervals of these more absorbing occupations. High up on the hillside to your left, as you meander down this bewildering thoroughfare, you can see the dome and towers of the great Greek cathedral, backed by a chestnut grove, and a little farther on, the belfry of the one Latin church; while if you follow the same highway to the confines of the town, you will be somewhat abruptly reminded of the end of all earthly things. For here, with only a few black cypresses growing in its inclosure, stands a venerable mosque; and beyond it, on each side of the road for a good half-mile, the ground is one sad, neglected waste of briars, thistles, and unmown grass, all bristling with the insignificant stone pillars which mark the resting-places of the Mohammedan dead.

It is a depressing sight, and we gladly turn our backs upon it, and proceed to explore the ancient and exceedingly quaint bazaar of Mostar, where every conceivable trade is carried on, the green-grocer succeeding the goldsmith, and the shoemaker's last the potter's wheel. Beyond this curious congeries of low arcades and miniature shops lies the chief architectural wonder of the town—the enormous old single-arched bridge, defended by towers at each extremity, with a span of a hundred feet, and a height above the water-level of about sixty. The history of this amazing monument, which for bold-

ness of design and skill of construction rivals, if indeed it does not surpass, the famous Ponte Maddalena in the province of Lucca, is almost unknown. It bears an Arabic date corresponding to the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and two Turkish inscriptions, about the meaning of which the learned are by no means agreed: for some find it recorded that the bridge was wholly constructed, and others that it was rebuilt upon old foundations, at the period in question. If the latter are right, the foundations are probably Roman; but they do not look so, and it is almost certain that there was never a Roman town upon this site. It would indeed be hard to find another state capital at once so appealing to the imagination in its aspect, and so

lightly encumbered with authentic history, as Mostar, and this may be one secret of its extraordinary charm. Stephen, the first independent duke of Herzegovina, owed feudal service to the sovereign of Bosnia, but is thought to have compounded with the Turks for the immunity of his province, and certainly paid tribute to the sultan. He ruled his little realm with marked ability until his death in 1466, after which it lapsed to the sultan, and continued for many years to be reckoned as a Turkish province.

We were not inclined to attempt the climb to either of the new Austrian fortresses which occupy the heights immediately above the town on each hand; and when weary with our fascinating wanderings, we could always leave our happy artist at his work, and go back to our high post of observation in the Hotel Narenta. Here, sitting down before our round windows, in the best imitation we could manage of the native's favorite posture, and each armed with a good opera-glass, we could watch the endless



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WATER GATE, RAGUSA.

procession crossing the Franz Josef bridge, and take in every detail of its wonderfully varied apparel. For here came stately old Mohammedans, plainly men of traditions and of substance, with silvery beards, and delicately folded white turbans, sashes of rainbow-hued silks, full trousers, and long, fur-bordered paletots of peculiarly fine cloth, in the most beautiful shades of green, brown, or blue. Here came women in flat-soled yellow boots, muffled to the crown in flowing white or black drapery, which was lifted a little way from the forehead and eyes by a gold or silver vizor. Here came little school-girls in long, fluttering trousers of the gayest silk or cotton,—preferably pink,—with curious short jackets trimmed with gold braid, and fastened tightly just below the armpits. A group of youths, brown, thin, and well-featured, would follow, swinging their shapely limbs in the freest manner, wearing dark-red fezzes and sashes, and close-clinging skirts of striped orange and white. And to these would succeed a drove of white oxen, or a troop of variously laden donkeys, driven by peasants from Bosnia, in the dress with which we had become familiar at Sinj, or by natives in that same airy kind of pajama which we had observed at the Metković station.

At the opposite extremity of the bridge from the hotel was a little square with a fountain, one side of which was occupied by one of the most frequented of all the mosques; and we could see the old men bring their praying-rugs, and drop under the shadow of the wall, and at the appointed hour the muezzin emerge upon the dizzy little gallery, and turn successively to the four points of the compass, making a trumpet with his hands in the way that sailors do. But the sound of his impressive call was oftenest carried away by the breeze, or drowned by the rush of the river.

Sharp features of modern life did indeed obtrude themselves from time to time amid all this imagery of the East and the past, with an effect of rather ribald pleasantry. Thus, exactly opposite a Mohammedan school-house, outside which all the pupils' little shoes were reverently deposited, and through the open windows of which came the droning sound of young voices reciting the Koran (exactly as the school-boys of Fez used to do in the days of Nicholas Clanerts), there was an agency for the sale of sewing-machines and petroleum stoves. And when it came to taking down the profuse decorations of the streets, and laying them away for the Hoheit's next visit, a man was rolled about upon a fire-escape—which was really rather a clever idea.

How many days did we stay in Mostar? I really cannot say. I only know that we were sorrowful to leave it at the sacred hour of sun-

rise, on May 19, and retrace our steps down the river-valley to commonplace Metković.

At Metković it was no spacious Austrian Lloyd on which we embarked, but a tiny steamer whose deck was furnished with the narrowest of benches, and whose first-class saloon could with difficulty accommodate eight per-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

NARROW STREET, RAGUSA.

sons at table. The tall, white-bearded captain was of a social turn, and seemed to know every port of the world from Canada to Tasmania. He had been three times in "Nuova Yorcka," but was shy about using the English which he had picked up there, remarking modestly that it was "English of the ships, not of the books." It seemed a rather "somber close" to his adventurous day that he should be spending his last years in taking this insignificant tub four times a week back and forth over forty miles of Adriatic seaway; but to judge by the tales he told us over our midday meal, even this sheltered voyage is no joke in winter, and we were doubly glad, as we listened, of our glassy sea. We were now in the deep bay which di-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

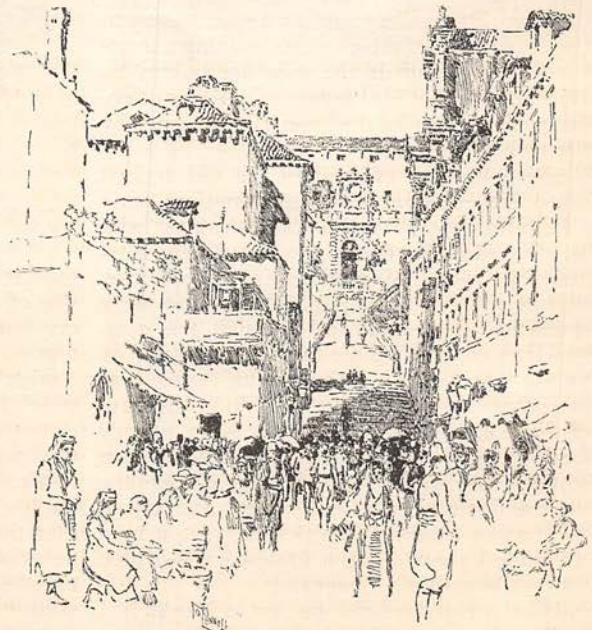
THE RECTOR'S PALACE, RAGUSA.

vides the long promontory of Sabioncello from the mainland, and we kept up a perpetual zig-zag between the small ports on each hand. Noon was well passed before we reached the head of the bay, where half a dozen houses, huddled round the base of a ruined castle, constitute the village of Stagno Piccolo. Here the voyager must disembark, and, leaving his luggage to be conveyed by the most leisurely of ox-carts, take his own place in a yellow-and-black van, and be rattled over a mile and a half of hilly road to Stagno Grande, on the other side of the isthmus which unites Sabioncello to the continent. Here are the remains of a really magnificent medieval fortress, the long lines of the many-towered wall converging to a point high on the hillside above the hamlet. This time, for a wonder, the adjectives are not misapplied: for Stagno the Great must have quite twice as many inhabitants as Stagno the Little, besides a very much larger number of the salt-beds, or *stagni*, which give a name to each village.

At Stagno Grande another steamer awaited us,—no leviathan, but measurably larger than the one we had left,—and on this we presently embarked for the opulent old city of Ragusa, parent of “Argosies,”—or

rather for Gravosa, its principal port. From Stagno Grande we are sailing in hot summer seas, and the coast islands among which we take our devious way are rich with an almost tropical vegetation. First we touch at pretty San Lucca, upon Giappana; then at little Mezzo, on the island of the same name, and far gone on the road to ruin: for once, they say, it had fourteen thousand inhabitants, and now it has about five hundred; yet all its tangled old gardens gush with the gayest flowers, and it is bright and winsome in its decay. From Mezzo the steamer turns to the mainland, and pulls up in the haven of Cannosa, a hillside town luxuriantly embowered in varied foliage, and dominated by two gigantic plane-trees, worth a longer voyage than we had made that day to see, even as one sees them from the water; for they were brought hither from Constantinople and planted in the sixteenth century. Six tall men can hardly touch their outstretched hands about the trunk of the larger; and now, in the fullness of their prime, they rival the historic planes of Greece—that which overshadowed the Lyceum at Athens, and the venerable group which Menelaus was said to have planted on his triumphant return from Troy.

It is only a few miles hence to Gravosa, where we are to disembark, and the run is quickly made, affording a visionary glimpse up the beautiful Val d'Ombra as we pass the mouth of that strange river. The half-dozen cabmen who are watching upon the quay fight



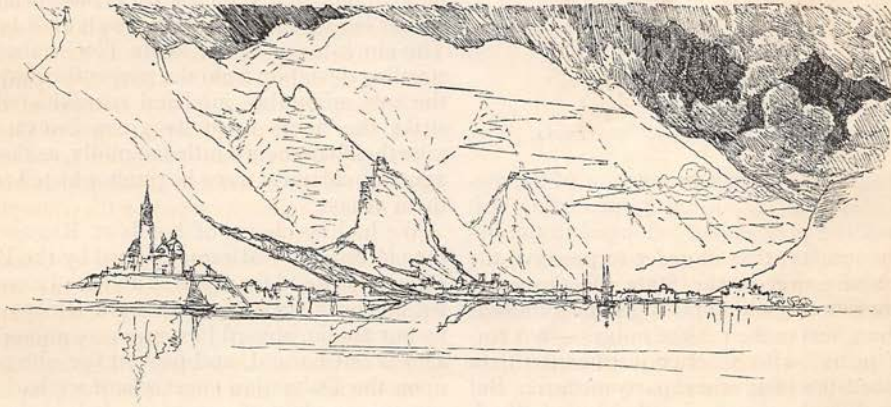
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET, RAGUSA.

lustily for the possession of our effects, but cannot mar the sense of dream-like content with which we exchange our weary, watery highway for the delectable mile or two of hilly road between Gravosa and Ragusa. For aloes bristle along our path, tall palms wave their panaches in the intense blue above us, and marble stairways, or steep paths set with cypress, lead up the great hillside from villa to villa, between garden-walls overtopped by pomegranate and oleander flowers. It is like a choice bit of the old Cornice Road; but it leads to something finer, in its way, than all the Mediterranean Riviera has now to show. Reclined upon the mountain-side, with its feet in the sea, there is presently disclosed, by a sudden turn in the road, a perfect little city

plaza). On your left is the Franciscan church, with a rich doorway and an exquisitely pillared cloister; on your right, an enormous old marble fountain, circular in shape, and surmounted by a brick dome.

The broad and magnificently paved *Plaça*, its quadrangular flags all shaped and fitted as if for the marble facing of a palace wall, runs straight before you to the towered *Porta Plocce*, and is lined on each side with stately stone dwellings, three stories high, having low Pompeian shops upon the street-level, and dormer-windows in the roof, and all built on exactly the same model. These are the palaces par excellence of Ragusa, and their plan of construction was regulated by an edict of the city fathers when the town was rebuilt after the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CASTELNUOVO.

of the past, the amazingly strong and stately cincture of its medieval defenses quite complete, and wearing, in its luxurious isolation, a certain look of patrician *contegno*—a bland indifference to the revolution of the spheres the like of which I have seen in no other town.

Ragusa has only two land gates, one leading east, and one west,—the *Porta Plocce* and the *Porta Pille*,—and coming from Gravosa you enter by the latter. The drawbridge has been replaced by an iron viaduct, and the deep, dry moat is all one bowery garden, here veined with white paths and set with ornamental shrubs, there given over to nature's horticulture and the blazing contrast afforded by field-poppies of an abnormal size and depth of color, and masses of the great pale-yellow flowering sage, which grows wild over all this coast, and yields its aromatic fragrance to the scorching sun. Entering, as I have said, by the *Porta Pille*, you descend by an inclined passage, sharply angled, in the thickness of the wall, and emerge at one end of the imperial main street of Ragusa, commonly called the *Plaça* (pronounced

terrible earthquake of 1667. Ragusa, be it remembered, though in early times it acknowledged the protectorate now of Hungary and now of Venice, was a completely independent state from 1418 until Napoleon I. made it a duchy and presented it to General Marmont; and the traces one meets on every hand, both in the aspect of its monuments and in the bearing of its people, of an active and splendid civic life, not so very long extinguished, add greatly to that effect of rare distinction which the city produces upon the stranger.

Between every pair of palaces run steeply up to the town wall, on each hand, narrow streets crowded with inferior dwellings, but as full of life and color and picturesque effects as the side streets of Genoa. Once indeed, so tradition affirms, the *Plaça* was a waterway,—a grand canal with tall structures on both sides,—but that must have been before the great earthquake already mentioned, which made no material impression upon the outer walls of Ragusa, but reduced the heart of the city to one heap of ruin, and killed five thousand of the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"THE INNUMERABLE ZIGZAGS." (CATTARO.)

inhabitants. So large a proportion of the victims of this disaster, and of the preceding visitations of the plague, had belonged to the hereditary nobility, that in order to preserve the balance of power in the State the desperate measure was adopted of raising some hundreds of the burghers to the rank of nobles—a "creation of peers" with a better justification than the furtherance of any mere party measure. But the ill feeling thus engendered among individuals was infinite. The remnant of the decimated class considered itself vastly better, as a matter of course, than the parvenus, and the children of both long continued to wage petty war under the party names of Salamanchisti and Sorbonnisti, the old families having maintained the tradition of sending their sons to Salamanca to be educated, while the new men patronized the Sorbonne.

Two striking architectural monuments of the earlier time have survived the cataclysm of the earthquake. They are the sponsa, or custom-house, and the palace of the chief magistrate, or rector, of the Republic of Ragusa. They date from about the same period, and are both exceedingly graceful specimens of what we call Venetian Gothic. The sponsa remains quite intact, even to the fine arches of its inner court, each of which bears the name and image of its own patron saint, and leads to a chamber appropriated to a special kind of import; while above the great scales opposite the central door may still be read a Latin inscription to the following rather Pharisaical effect, "When I weigh merchandise, God himself holds the balance."

The Palazzo del Rettore, a very splendid civic edifice, was terribly damaged by the explosion of a powder-magazine in 1462; but was so soundly restored that it seems to have suffered little in the great catastrophe; and it also has its courtyard, exceedingly beautiful, somewhat like that of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Not many of the old churches of Ragusa resisted the shock of the earthquake; and the present cathedral, a totally uninteresting seventeenth-century structure fronting the rector's palace, replaces, it is said, a votive church built there by Richard Cœur de Lion after he had been shipwrecked upon this coast, and had conceived a kind of romantic predilection for the entire region; and it is a fact for the curious in such matters to note that old St. Paul's in London, another of the lion-hearted monarch's erections, was burned barely a year before this one went down at Ragusa. The clock-tower of the Porta Plocce shows a startling deviation from the perpendicular, and the two admirably modeled manikins which strike the hours upon its green bronze bell raise their hammers a little languidly, as though age and calamity were beginning to tell upon them at last.

We had no choice of hotels at Ragusa, for the picturesque "Miramar," hard by the Porta Pille, was closed for repairs; and the Lacroma, within the town, where we were fain to take up our abode, abused its temporary monopoly, as was but natural, and proved the one place upon the Dalmatian coast where we had reason to complain of extortion. It had the advantage, however, of being close to a café with a broad terrace overshadowed by oleanders, to which we went regularly for our morning and post-prandial coffee, and about which all the stateliest objects in the town seemed to group themselves in the most impressive manner. And lingering here day after day, in the morning coolness or the rich afterglow, we gradually became imbued with the spirit of the place, and found the air and aspect of it strangely stimulating to the fancy. There was a time every evening when the sky above the town used fairly to be darkened by the flight of innumerable swallows, rushing, wheeling, darting, retreating, and calling out all together in the shrillest and most agitated tones. The cheerful idea having occurred to one of us that these were the souls of the unshriven victims of the earthquake let out of their prison for an hour each night and wistfully revisiting their earthly home, it was capped by the suggestion that, to judge by the agonized importunity of their accents, the creatures had come to warn their kindred, if it might be possible, of a similar calamity impending. A happier notion was that of our youngest, that the palace

of the Duke of Illyria, where *Viola* and *Sebastian* played their gracious games, had unquestionably stood upon the legendary Grand Canal of Ragusa, and we wondered that it had never occurred to Mr. Irving or any of his rivals to have studies made upon this spot for a sumptuously realistic setting of "Twelfth Night."

From our private box under the oleanders we also beheld the brave pageant of the Corpus Domini procession, and the hardly less brilliant scene on the day of the municipal elections, where one could see at a glance exactly how parties divided and high political feeling ran. The men in costume (and a good proportion of these,

Our elder artist, the genial doyen of the party, deserted us at Ragusa, at the summons of an Indian comrade, and went back to the flesh-pots of Fiume first, and subsequently to a season of reflection beside the waters of Carlsbad. We went over to Gravosa to see him off, and having regretfully bidden him *bon voyage*, tried to console ourselves for our loss by exploring the Val d'Ombra. The river, which looks more like a broad estuary, is one of several in Dalmatia which break full-grown out of the porous substance of the hills, like the Sorgue in the valley of Vaucluse. The source is only three or four miles inland, and the day



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SOURCE OF THE GORDICCHIO.

in Ragusa, were plainly citizens of wealth and distinction, and most beautiful to behold in their silken sashes and heavy gold embroidery) were all on one side; the Austrian officials and the poor creatures in tweed coats and billycock hats were on the other. We found little enough here of that enthusiasm for the Austrian occupation which we had noted farther north; but instead, signs of an indomitable racial feeling, not scrupling to call itself Illyrian, which plainly remembered the days and ways of freedom, and aspired to bring them back. In this interesting revival of national sentiment the Church appeared fully to share; and detachments of pale young Franciscans, taking a languid constitutional two by two with folded hands, would break ranks abruptly, and rush away pell-mell to read a candidate's manifesto just affixed to a vacant bit of wall; nor did Monsignor himself disdain hobnobbing with the grandest of the crimson-waistcoated gentry upon election day.

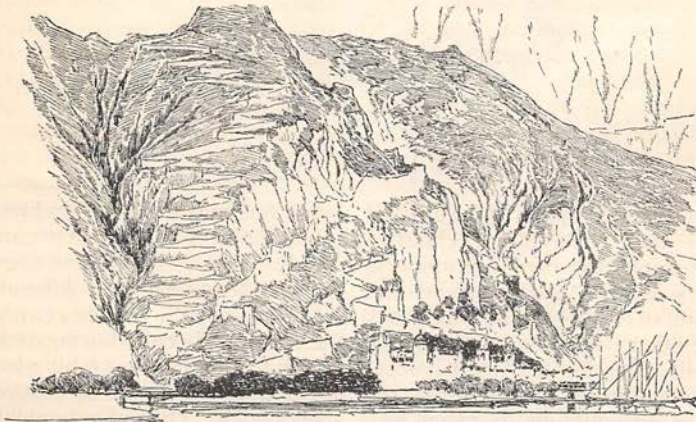
being fine and fresh, we declined the most insinuating offers of boatmen to convey us thither, and resolved to walk round the river by its exquisitely beautiful bank. All went prosperously for a mile or so, when the charming water-side path we had been following came to an abrupt end in the humblest of fishing-hamlets, beyond which the pine-hung cliffs dropped sheer to the river's edge. The entire population of the village immediately gathered about us, and informed us in Slavic, fortunately accompanied by more or less intelligible gestures, that we must either consent to be rowed over the river at this point, and pursue our promenade upon the other side, or strike straight up the acclivity for about a mile, by an exceedingly rugged mule-track, to the old military road, built high upon the mountain-side, and leading apparently from somewhere in Bosnia to a fort erected by the first Napoleon on the highest pinnacle above Ragusa.

A little doggedly we chose the latter course,

but remembered no more our half hour's breathless climb when once we had emerged upon that lofty, level pathway. For the mountain wind blew in our faces, keen yet indescribably soft; the manifold mountain herbs upon which we trod sent up a delicately blended perfume; the sylvan solitude was absolute, and the wide view divinely fair. We were from two to three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and through the rich groves of chestnut and pine that mantled the slopes below us we caught from time to time the blaze of villa gardens, or the white gleam of the colonnade about some convent cloister. Pursuing our dreamlike way from spur to spur along that aerial pathway, made for the uses of war, but now so redolent of peace, we stood at last above the source of the Ombla. The irrepressible factory is there, of course; but regarded from such an altitude, it seems less obnoxious than the one at Vacluse, and the river pours in amazing volume, only a very few feet from its noiseless beginning, through the arches of a viaduct which leads half-way across the basin to the main entrance of the building.

There is another enchanted spot in the vicinity of Ragusa, which no traveler with a particle of artistic perception or of human sympathy should fail to visit. It is the verdant

orchard only, was pointed out by our boatman as marking the outlines of the lazaretto to which the plague-stricken inhabitants of Ragusa used to be sent in the days of that awful visitation. Rounding a promontory, where a white cross commemorates the loss, with all on board, of a great Austrian man-of-war in 1859, we glided over the deep and miraculously clear, green waters of the little haven between the hills, and, landing, followed a path which leads upward, through the solemn *pineta*, to a series of gardens more luxuriant and spicy than ever the fancy of poet conceived, surrounding a modern castellated villa. But all the visionary beauty of its environment cannot make this palace gay. For the ill-starred Archduke Maximilian built the villa about the cloister of a Dominican convent founded, like the old Duomo, by Cœur de Lion; and it was Maximilian who devised the gorgeous gardens, and projected all manner of other costly embellishments for a spot of which Nature herself had almost made an earthly paradise. His "purposes were broken off," as we know; and soon after the Mexican catastrophe the villa was sold. But the Archduke Rudolph fell under the spell of the place, and bought it back, and owned it at the time of his own tragic death, since when the heartstricken piety of Francis Joseph has restored it to the Dominican order. The grave young *frate* who



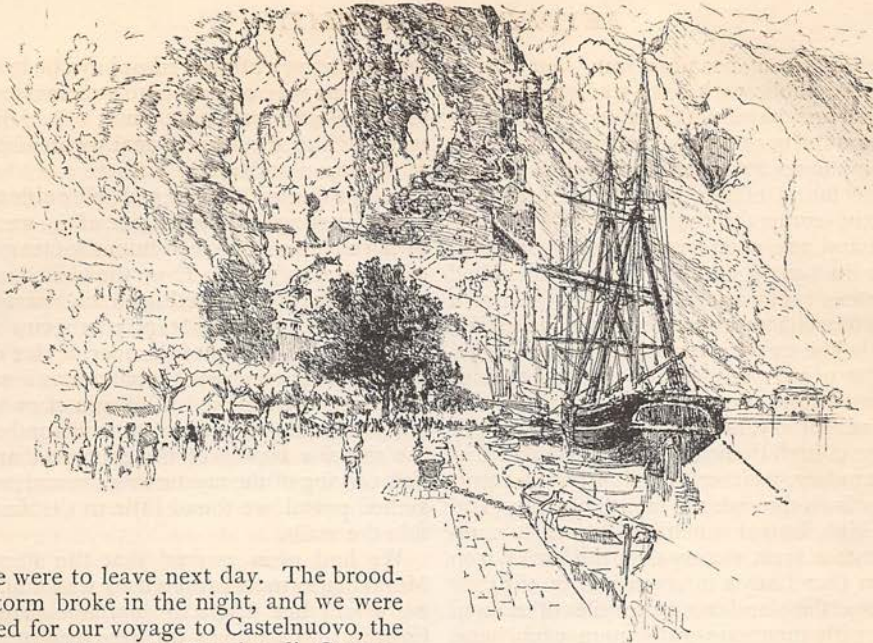
DRAWN BY JOSEPH FENNELL

BUTTRESSED WALL, CATTARO.

island of Lacroma, in the middle of the bay, lying still and sad under the shadow of its venerable pines — a haunted isle, surely, if there be such a one in any terrestrial sea. We bargained to be rowed thither on a sultry and colorless evening, when barely a leaf or a ripple stirred, and all the heavy air foreboded storm. The island consists of two hills, both densely wooded. A dismantled fortress crowns the higher peak, and upon the slope below a massive quadrangle of gray stone walls, which now incloses an olive-

did the honors of this fateful pleasure pointed out, in a long, vaulted salon opening on the cloister, poor Carlotta's cabinet piano, with her favorite music neatly piled beside it; but the souvenirs of Rudolph's occupation are locked away in the upper chambers, which no stranger is permitted to see.

Coming back from that oppressively beautiful island, we bade our boatmen row us all round the promontory of Ragusa, that we might consider her stately bulwarks yet once more,



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HARBOR, CATTARO.

for we were to leave next day. The brooding storm broke in the night, and we were favored for our voyage to Castelnuovo, the first port within the Bocche di Cattaro, with yet another of those furious southerly gales in which the spring had proved so prolific. There are no islands along this part of the coast, so that one gets the full benefit of the sea's malicious humor; and we might well have avoided the indignities of that particular day's voyage, since between Ragusa and Castelnuovo there is, for a wonder, a fine coast road, which must command a series of unrivaled views, and at Castelnuovo there is positively a very decent inn.

I have never been able to perceive the fitness of the ugly name Bocche (mouths) as applied to that majestic expanse of tranquil water on which you find yourself gratefully afloat. When once you have passed the narrow strait, commanded by the castellated fortress of Punto d'Ostro, the scenery is like that of a Swiss or Italian lake, only the scale seems indefinitely larger, the outlines more imposing. A Norwegian fiord would, maybe, offer a better term of comparison. The enormous bay winds in and out among mountains which either soar straight from the water's edge four or five thousand feet into the ether, or withdraw just far enough to leave space for one of the exceedingly picturesque little towns which relieve, at frequent intervals, the Dantesque solemnity of the shore. At the first glance, these towns look prosperous. The quays are alive with movement; the gardens glow with tropic bloom; and the women's gowns are gayer than the gardens. Gold earrings, and on fête-days gold hair-pins with a necklace of gold beads, often very elaborately wrought, complete a dress which imparts to a restless crowd a certain dazzling, kaleidoscopic effect, but has little intrinsic

beauty. A woman's entire patrimony is often invested in such a set of gold ornaments; and she is fortunate if she have a patrimony to invest, for the flourishing look which these villages on the Bocche wear is, after all, painfully delusive. A closer inspection reveals abandoned farms, deserted villas, roofless and ruined churches, everywhere. It is rather pathetic to have triumphantly pointed out to one at Risano — one of the larger towns — the smart pink dwellings and carefully trimmed pleasure-grounds of two or three heroes of local romance, who disappeared in boyhood, and were lost to their relatives for years, but came back, after all, to spend in their beautiful birthplace the fortunes they had amassed in a mythical country called California.

One would have, I suspect, to live long in this country, and become gradually familiar with the instincts and prejudices of a curiously mixed population, before one could rightly understand the causes of its decline or gage its prospects of recovery. A great many Austrian troops appear to be required to keep the natives in order; and the officers of these regiments form a caste quite apart, while the indigenous population is divided into several distinct and more or less antagonistic parties by differences of race, creed, and political views. A society is forming at this moment in Vienna for developing in an Austrian sense the commercial resources of the Bocche; but the Illyrian League, which aims at national independence, and will not even use the Roman alphabet when reducing its own Slavic dialect to writing, is also ac-

tive at Cattaro, and made a grand demonstration in the public park, with Chinese lanterns, orations, and patriotic choruses, on the very evening after our arrival. Such being the diverse influences at work, let him who can forecast the future of this magnificent but long-neglected corner of the world.

Midway in its great length the gulf contracts like an hour-glass, and the place is still called the Catene because chains used to be drawn from cliff to cliff to protect the inner bay in time of war. The gulf makes an abrupt angle beyond this point, and there are two beautiful islands just within the strait—one the seat of a Greek monastery, the other of a far-famed pilgrimage church dedicated to the Madonna of the Scapulary, whither the country-folk resort in crowds all through the month of Mary, and where high festival is held on July 12, to commemorate a great victory over the Turks, won through Our Lady's intervention, in 1654.

Beyond the islands are more miles of tranquil water, with mountain-walls upon each hand that reduce to the proportion of a child's toy village the frequent hamlets dotted along the shore. Yet nothing really prepares one for the great scenic effect of Cattaro, when that strange town finally discloses itself at the end of the last inlet. A harbor gay with local shipping, broad quays beautified by umbrageous trees, and a mass of time-worn towers and dwellings clinging to the lower ledges or shrinking into the ravines of a stupendous mountain barrier—such are the main features of the view. The buttressed wall of the city's ancient defenses embraces one entire spur of the mountain, being carried steeply up to a height of some twelve hundred feet above the water-line. The topmost tower of this long wall touches the limit of vegetation; but for miles and miles beyond that airy point may be faintly discerned the innumerable zigzags of the old mule-track, the famous "Ladder of Cattaro," which leads upward, over wastes of barren rock, to the eerie of the invincible Montenegrin.

Twin rivers,—the Fiumara and the Gordicchio,—crossed by well-defended bridges, enter the sea at each extremity of the town; but you search the arid heights in vain for the cataracts by which they should be fed, until the truth dawns upon you that here are two more of those mysterious Dalmatian streams which find their dark way among the rocks of the hills, only to emerge into the sunshine so marvelously limpid and so irresistibly

strong that you know it must have been such a one which was haunting the memory of the seer of Patmos when he wrote of a "river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God."

I quite despair, however, of being able to convey in language any semblance of the great sensation which we received from the first glimpse of our journey's goal. Even the facile pencil of our own artist professed itself half paralyzed; for seeing Cattaro is not quite believing it, and only the drop-scenes of the spectacular drama are wont to be conceived upon so titanic a scale. It proved to be indeed the finale of our pleasant wanderings together; for save and except the singular façade of the cathedral, and the rich carving of the mystic vine around its great arched portal, we found little to detain us inside the walls.

We had been assured that the Prince of Montenegro would receive us with rapture if we would but deign to charter a vehicle at Cattaro, and go up by the wonderful new carriage-road, a six-hours' drive, to pay him a morning visit in his palace at Cetinje. But this would have been distinctly another adventure, and Cattaro is unquestionably the proper limit, not of Dalmatia merely, but of the entire Western world. The decaying village of Budua, ten miles farther down the coast, is still within the boundary of the Austrian province; but not even for the sake of its fine but ruinous walls could we resolve to mar the effect of the tremendous drop-curtain aforesaid which falls



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE "DROP-CURTAIN," CATTARO.

at the extremity of the Bocche. So we parted in good earnest upon the shady quay of Cattaro, our artist taking ship for Brindisi, while the rest of us embarked upon the four-days' voyage which was to land us in Trieste, and restore us to the trite but convenient conditions of ordinary European civilization.

THE END.

Harriet Waters Preston.