TRAVEL AND COLONISATION.

THE THERMEAE OF MONFALCONE.

(AQUA DEI ET VITÆ).

By Capt. R. F. BURTON, H.B.M. Consul, Trieste.

I am at once performing an act of gratitude and of patriotic service to the travelling Englishman, descended from generation of "Port-wine" drinkers, by drawing public attention to these most valuable waters. Moreover, it is a favour conferred upon locked-up capital to point out one of the many hopeful investments offered by Lower Austria. At this stage my readers, perhaps, will be disposed to ask "And where may Monfalcone be?"--a legitimate curiosity which shall be satisfied by the inquirer being condescended from Trieste to "Falcone's Mount."

The Rive or port-quaes of the vice-queen of the Adriatic show the beautiful sweep of the Adriatic head, turquoise-blue in fine weather when water mirrors sky, and glaucous-green after the torrent-feeding mountain rains. The background is formed by the picturesque sierra of the Carnian Alps: in the middle distance, a dwarf hillock crowned by a dwarf tower is "La Rocca"--our destination.

The Thermæ may be reached in one hour fifteen minutes of the Sisibahn or Great Southern: the Monfalcone Station lies within a few minutes' walk of the townlet; and hackneys await the arrival of trains. But, if advices prevail, the visitor will take a "Zweispanner" from the Transway, company, Trieste, and draw out his drive to an easy three hours. The line is charming, and the country full of interest, past and present.

The strip of road along the shore ends at "Miramar," a manner of unfinished summer-palace, half-built to reflect Dunrobin by ill-fated Emperor Max of Mexico. It is now Crown property; and, as every tourist knows, it has become one of the few show-places of the Austrian port. Its grounds, the glebe of the most venerable San Grignano Convent, now demolished, are pretty specimens of the artificial French garden, with geometrical bedding, trimmed trees, vases of exotics, and statues that sweat and shiver in sun, wind, and rain. The less we say the better for the building in its present state, with its general aspect of the suburban villa. My chief grievance is that it cuts short the level carriage-road, much wanted in hill-and-sea-girt Trieste: if the line be prolonged, an expensive tunnel under the rocky tongue is now necessary.

At the Sisibahn station we strike north with westing, and begin to mount the maritime wall of the Carso or Karst, that flattened prism of sandstone and calcareous (hippuritico, nummulitico, &c.), which parts the Adriatic head from the southern watershed of the Danube. In places the sea-facing cliffs wave and break after a fashion reminding one of Syrian "Blidan:" below us runs the railroad, and above us an unfinished carriage-road, whose cuttings, the work of the late Cav. Visentini, would suit M. Lesbüns last spec, the visionary Panama Canal. The steep and ill-graded wheelway now forms a zig and a zag; and in fifty-five minutes we reach the crest, some 900 feet high, at Contovello, about one-third of our way. This is a sort of medieval village, or rather town in small, whose houses still form its wall of defence. Seen from the sea, its tall campanile (belfry) rising in the middle suggests a bleached bone stuck through a crow's nest, ragged, brown, and splotted with white. Contovello still shows, in a heap of rubbish to the north, remains of a "castelliere," a prehistoric and probably Keltic settlement. An ascent of five minutes, shutting out the view of the fair gulf, conducts to Proscecco, a larger place. Its vineyards, which clothe the sea-facing inclines, produce a sparkling sweetish white wine, fatuously supposed to represent the far famed "Vinius Pacinum." As in this part of the "Coast-Land" generally, Bacchus is trained to run between two parallel lines of poles, so that leaves get all the sun and the fruit all the shade. But the vine-grower everywhere has a prejudice in favour of his own way; and it is said that the French fashion has been tried and failed. On the whole, I should advise travellers not to taste the enologic compound that has been baptised "Istrian Champagne."

Passing the white and grey church and the yellow houses of
Nabresina; and the far side of the valley shows the yellow station
where the Südbahn forks, one prong leading to Italy, and the other
to the “gate of Italy”—Istria. The name, like all hereabouts,
is old; the Slavs, disliking, as usual, terms to them insignificant,
changed the Roman Aurisina into “Nabresina,” from Na-breč
(zum Berg), “at the hill,” conserving a certain similarity of sound.
At an easy walk from the station, and lying below the white-
steeped village San Pelai (Pelagius), lies the protohistoric
ruin, the Castelliere of Jurkovac, which I described in the Alheneion
(Nov. 4, 1876). Seen from afar, it is a giant ring-fence of dry stone,
a truncated cone of dove-coloured calcare, roughly-piled blocks
that have now assumed the natural angle of the hill-side. Around
the central head of rock an industrious peasant is planting onions;
and the whole is surrounded by Carso vegetation—olm scrub,
mountain ash (frassino), nut bushes, and dwarf oak, slowly growing,
but hard and durable. Here and there we note the wild Marasca
cherry which is the basis of Maraschin. The ruin is worth
visiting; it shows the usual remains of rude pottery, the “black
malm” produced by animal and vegetable decay, and the double
division of the area; this, I suppose, was intended to separate
bipeds and their quadrupeds. Of the thousand thousand English-
men who have passed through Nabresina, how many have noticed
its Castelliere?

We now run under the long and costly viaduct of the Trieste fork,
the uneconomic work of the last engineer-generation. After the
second or Italian viaduct (equally vast and wasteful), the Carso
platform, which has been a series of ups and downs, begins to droop
northwards, and as we approach its edge we look down upon an
endless plain that bounds the gracefully curved head of the Adriatic.
We remark the three blues—the sky-blue of the air, the lapis lazuli
blue of the water, and the purple, fading to plum-blue, of the land.
The latter is humilis Italia, which passes through the Paduan and
the Milanese to the Gulf of Genoa, the top of the Italian boot broken
to the south by its seam, the Apennines. The lowland, bounded
by a blurred sky line, scolloped and fringed with inlets and cut by
streams, lies almost level with the sea. The Carso-are of rounded
and ribbed rock-hills sweeps off to the east and north-east; while
further to the west the Carnian-Tyrolean Alps, with serried peaks
and stalls, white as a bride-cake even in torrid June, rim the
northern horizon. Between their feet and the Gulf they have built
a level strip, here of marsh land, and further on of poor, lean, brown
mound rarely two feet thick, clothing white and water-rolled
pebbles. Despite its poverty, the soil is covered with vegetation
and cultivation, especially with the vine, which is still treated in
Virgilian fashion, and further west the growth will become
luxuriant. Geographically and ethnologically speaking, all here is
Italy, while politically we are still in Austria. As of old, the
frontier-line seems to project and retire without order or reason,
and will do so till the boundaries of Europe shall be rectified by
geographical science and common sense.

Following the well-kept postal road, the highway between Istria

geographical science and common sense.

Following the well-kept postal road, the highway between Istria
and Venice, we pass the large quarries known as the Scavi Scalpel-
ini, and, further to the left, the larger Scavi Romani. We again
sight the Adriatic at the little harbour of Sestiana, a break in the
regular limestone-cliff. It is like an opera scene, this theatre
terraced with vines. Half-way down it is a chapel, with a “
convent for noble ladies,” now become a manor-house, and the
fronting waters are protected by two breakwaters. The shore is
dotted with navies’ huts, and streaked with the wooden jetties
where the limestone encroachment for the new port of Trieste is
discharged into barges awaiting their tugs. Near the carriage-road is
a grey and castellated mansion, with roofed turrets at the four
corners, and loop-holes now blocked up. It was usually held by
a cadet of the Torriani or Thurm house, and legend says that the
celebrated brigand Johann Stogar once made it his home. Now
it lodges a peaceful caretaker.

A few yards further shows us historic Doveinos, Duino, the
Slav Divin, whose two castles (old and new) are visible from Trieste.
The senior is a picturesque shell of time-blackened wall, perched
upon an almost-insulated hill of spray-bronzed rock. Originally
built by the Patriarchs (archbishops) of Aquileia, it came into the
hands of their vassals, the Signori di Duino. This family held it
for three centuries, and ruled the land as far as Fiume, including
the island of Veglia. In the fourteenth century the “lords” became
extinct in the person of Ugone (Hugh), and the property passed to
his kinsmen by marriage, the Counts of Walso-Lik. Like Tolmin
Castle and other places in the neighborhood, it preserves the
tradition of having afforded a temporary home to Dante during one
of his many exiles. The people still give the name “Sasso di Dante”
to a bit of rock lying below the castle, and insulated only at high tide.
Viewed from the old walls, it looks like a giant crocodile turning to
seize its prey, the back scales being represented by green bush and
dwarf tree. Near it also is seen from the sea the outline of the
“White Lady,” who haunts one of the balconies of the new castle.
Like her namesake, the Banshee of Berlin, she is unpleasantly
connected with a husband and a baby. But the real historic interest
of the old ruin lies in the fact that, long before Franklin “brought
down fire from heaven,” the electric spark was utilised at Duino.
In “The Travailleurs de la Mer” we read of “la pique du Château
de Duino dans le Frioul, que le soldat de la garde faisait étinceler
en la touchant du fer de sa lance.” When the sentinel on the
terrace suspected foul weather, he touched with his halberd the Pike
planted like a conductor, and the appearance of the spark was fol-
lowed by the ringing of the castle bells, a storm-signal to the care-
less fisherman. Victor Hugo probably took his information from
Dr Bianchini’s “Mémoire,” written in 1764. The idea is supposed
to have originated with the learned Servites, an old order that pro-
duced the celebrated Fra Paolo Sarpi. Their little monastery (now
the parish rectory) is within the village-walls.
The new castle, according to its chronicler, Giuseppe Carlo Bottura, was begun in the fourteenth century, the nucleus being a Roman guard-tower, a “monopyrgos,” which an inscription dates from the days of Diocletian. It is now capped with modern masonry and ugly battlements. This “Castello dei Torrioni” has a noble aspect from a distance. The landward side shows a tall pile of four distinct stages, with their crenelles—the Roman “monopyrgos,” which flies the flag; the donjon, or keep, with the armoury on the ground floor; the terrace; and the lower works, falling into a rock-hewn moat. The northern frontage is essentially feudal. The southern face appears to consist of tall, rectangular modern houses, here and there lit up by creepers and broken by a little battery. The old tilting-yard is now unroofed, and a winding path runs down to a bathing-place out in the rock. The village of Duino forms the outer wall; the houses contain 368 souls, and the people are industrious and long-lived. Early in the nineteenth century it ran Trieste hard in the race for supremacy. Its next little harbour is now “nowhere.” The houses outside the wall are chiefly composed of three ins; and, during a six-weeks’ cure, we found the Albergo d’Italia a great improvement upon unclean and noisy Monfalcone.

The present châtelaine is the widowed Princess Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfurst, née Countess Teresa dei Torrioni, the old Lords of Milan; the name, connected with that of La Tour d’Auvergne, has been barbarised to Thurm. The late prince was a major in the Austrian service, with a fine taste for collection, and his retic is an accomplished artist. The French of the Napoleonic days kindly relieved the armory of all its incumbrances, but they did not meddle with the library. The Princess and her amiable family take a pleasure in showing their treasures to connoisseurs. Very wisely (I think), Duino, which has a post-office and a telegraph, has been left without a station; consequently it escapes the visits of that class of town-rats which the country-rats call artisti.

About Duino my learned friend Dr de Marchesetti (Del sito dell’antico Pucino) would place the vineyards of the vinum Pucinum, the “Aphrodite’s milk,” which, they say, enabled Julia, alias Livia Augusta, to see her eighty-second year. As many places contend for this honour as for Homer’s birth. Cervical was proposed by Schönberg (1674); Pedena by Abbé Ughilino (1720); Grignano and the neighbourhood of Miramar by Tomasi, Manzo, and Grillo; Contovello by Gian Battista de Peterlinius (1525); and, to mention no others, Prosecco, the Roman Prosecochium, by Matthiolin (1525), Wolfgang Luxio (1551), Padre Ireneo della Croce, and Valsora. Duino, advocated by Comte Giacomo Filiasi (Memorie Storiche, &c., Venice, 1796), agrees well with the notice of Pliny (N. H. iii. 18), that the “Castellum nobile vino Pucinum” lies in Carnia-land, xxiii. M.P. from Aquileja, and therefore between the Timavus and Trieste. The objections are that about Duino there is little land for grape-growing, and that what grapes are grown do not distinguish themselves. In our day, the vinum Pucinum is still represented by the Carso wine called “Terrano,” slightly bitter, somewhat heady, and held to be most wholesome by all Triestines.

From the Duino village we have a good view of Monfalcone, a white townlet clustering round a tall Venetian steeple of grey lime-

(To be continued.)
THE THERMÆ OF MONFALCONE.

(AQUA DEI ET VITE.)

By Capt. R. F. BURTON, R.M.

CONTINUING THE ROMAN ROAD, we reach, at the foot of the Carso, the little church and village of Giovani (Baptisia) di Duino, as opposed to Duino, the castle-village. On a total driving from Trieste has been two hours: and here we must halt to inspect the church. The low church of timbers, of considerable stone, with its brick-capped tower, is also entitled Ad laudem, because the "laudum" will sound from its walls. The pretentious and sounding impropriety in the ears of the 19th century, which believes only in the "nebulus hypothesis," and in a possible change of the earth's axis. However that may be, St John occupies an old and classical site. The cave of Diana and Diomedes. The latter is not the Eolian, but the Thracian tanager of vessels, whom Herculanea slew and served up to his own cannibal horses. Hence they say, the white bird descended from the meadows. The Serenissima Republica. Strabo (V. i. § 8) speaks of a fine grove with seven springs of water near the Diomedes temple. I searched in van for the old foundation in the modern building, whose tower-door bears date 1621, and the restored western entrance 1197. In the outside wall of the apse are built up three Latin inscriptions: one is placed high, and low, and shows only at low tide. On the pavement of the street was a little outlined of the original "famui Diomedi." From the San Giovanni Church we walk round the head-waters of the lower Timavo, and after twenty minutes of wet plain, we climb along the sea-facing edge of the Duino cliffs, which here front south-west. After a few yards we find, among the fat rocks, the old source of the Duino, where at low tide bobs out a small quantity of water highly charged with sulphur. The temperature of the spring in June at 5 p.m. was 19° R. (Fair. 55°). Like the waters of the rivers "Ison," "Bulfeta," the work which they built (15th century) against their enemies, the Patriarch of Aquileia and the Duke of Genoa, is now under water, and the Republic is accused of damaging the river by sinking a ship at its mouth. They could find seven or nine "ores," or a dozen, if we please. The Venetians have a bad name hereabouts, and the Republic is accused of damaging the river by sinking a ship at its mouth.

Between the two latter, a tongue of ground is still called the garden, and a wall at the tip was the Belvedere of the old house. The Infantino and Bertholet, the father of two of the Chagall brothers, is said to have passed here. The small springs on the Timavo, as well as in the Timavo, are said to have been discovered by the Venetians, who first inhabited the country. After a few yards we find, among the fat rocks, the old source of the Duino, where at low tide bobs out a small quantity of water highly charged with sulphur. The temperature of the spring in June at 5 p.m. was 19° R. (Fair. 55°). Like the waters of the rivers "Ison," the Infantino and Bertholet, the father of two of the Chagall brothers, is said to have passed here. The small springs on the Timavo, as well as in the Timavo, are said to have been discovered by the Venetians, who first inhabited the country.

FOURTH SHEET.
As we advance, we notice remains of the Stagnum in tall, lush aquatic growth, in water-lines beautified with lilies, and in embrace of plots, here dry, there flooded, that signify rice-fields. At the yellow faces of the pea-santry show, these agrum "sprouts" call loudly for drainage. They support hosts of ever-silent frogs, the "Separates of Monfalcone;" harmless snakes of two kinds, black and green, and flocks of crows and dingy starlings. Wildfowl at times are found, and "Caccia riservata" appears in large letters; but game must be rare when every man has a gun and a dog, and passes every Sunday a-potting.

The Trieste-Venice highway now bends from north to west; the ragged avenue of old Lombardy poplars, which presently will become mulberries, wriggles over the Stagnum to Monfalcone, increasing 14 kilom. to 3 kilom. On our left we see the features which Piny (Neum. Hist. iii. 29) calls the "Clarina insula; ante ostia Timavo ... Ustra Histricum agrum, Cissae, Pulbaria, "i.e. They lie between us and the Adriatic, in the shape of two detached lumps or bar-backs of grey limestones, evidently outlying bits of the Carso; formerly isolated rocks, they were united to the continental side of the 12th century. The first of these is the "Monteello della Punta," flanking the northern side of a little bay formed by the swampy embouchure of the Timavo-Lukovac. This is so-called from its fort "La Punta," which guarded the harbour's mouth, the wooden bridge over the Lukovac, and the main road, now a cross-line that backs it. The works of stone and mortar, once Venetian and subsequently Austrian, were allowed to fall to ruins after 1849. You may wander about their grassy slopes and broken terreplein without meeting anyone save the coast-guard (inana) who is housed in the prim white-washed cottage.

Separated from the "Insula Clarina" by a dwarf bog, hardly above the high tides of the Gulf-head, the second, now known as the "Monteello di Sant' Antonio." Longer and larger than its neighbour, it rises in ridge-shape 30 to 39 feet high. In day-time, a Kuehns will crown the hillock, and patients will enjoy the sea-breze and the sea-view. It contains two of the caverns - so common in these limestone lands. The smaller, facing landwards or northwards, is called in books "Grotto delle Fate," and by the people "Del disavolo zoppo" (of the lame devil). It has been famous amongst treasure-seekers. In 1750 five men attempted it by night, and four were frightened to death, they say, by the barbagianni or horned owl. They were followed by two priests and a woman, who dug carefully below the stalactites and found nothing. The "Grotta dei Notti" (of the night) is remarkable for its abundance of osseifera brevis, the usual broken mass in a red paste. I carried away specimens - but no human remains have ever been found in it. At the east end of the quondam islet is the mean and melancholy little chapel of the patron Sant' Antonio, the hermit of Theres. Tasssera and other remains, probably Roman, have been found around it. Here, and indeed all along the seaboard, the then masters of the world had their villas, potteries, and dyes-work, and in medieval days there was a guard-tower. West of this Inselna Clara, a branch-road runs to Porto Rosso, the harbour of Monfalcone, a weedy, dirty ditch, big enough for its barges-like craft, formed by a breakwater of boulders and a dyke ending in a stone wall. Beyond it stretches the head of the "Ionic Gulf," now called the Adriatic. The shores of the shallow water, which is rapidly setting, show the deep inlets known as Paissano, Cavana, and Fiume. Quarantia lies opposite the village Gli Alberoni, whose big trees are supposed to represent the Venetian "Silva Dionisiana."

The steeples of Aquileja are, as usual, conspicuous. On the long, thin point La Scola, which forms the left bank of the modern Isonzo River, and which is now pushing out to sea, we note the bold and white houses of Grado harbour and the tufty vegetation of the Holy Isle, Barbana.

So much for the left-hand view. On the right are the stonerrribbed buttresses of the Carso, bare of trees and yellowing even in June. The stratification has changed from horizontal to vertical, and in places it looks like striped stuff - ill-folded and laid up. The Lukovac streamlet, crossed by a stone bridge which has succeeded the wooden one, drains the country in Timavo fashion. The origin is the long, shallow Doberdo Lake; a "swallow" or underground passage thence leads to the well-wooded Lago di Pietra Rossa; another "swallow" brings it to a ravine crossed by the railway bridge; and lastly, when it issues upon the Stagnum, it is fed by a number of "polle." The lower bed was navigable till late years, and the "Saccus dei Bagni" is a "broad" above the bridge. A little further on we shall see the village of Medeaizza, remarkable for having no priest, no lawyer, and no doctor; consequently the villagers attain extreme old age. I hold the name, which is pronounced Medeaizza, to be one of the many derived from "med=value," the bear, a beast which once must have been common. It has, however, induced certain local antiquaries to connect it with the ill-wife of Colchis. The original expedition of the Argonauts was a piratical cruise to the Euxine, where gold was collected in primitive fashion by sheydines in golden vessels. In process of time the Keltic name of the Istrian peninsula was confounded with the delta of the lower Danube. "Istria" probably derives from Keltic "histr" or "histrin," a shell, alluding to the murex, the modern garum, formerly worked for purple dye. Hence the Vistro port and islands south of Rovigno. This easily became "Ister" = Mierse (water), and darh (large); and thus the details of the Jason-Medea-Abayment myth were transferred from Dannubian Ister to Adriatic Istria. They named old Labach "Naupactus," the portage of "Argonis;" and, to mention no more, they transferred the memorable fratricidal death from Ovidian "Toni" to the Dalmatian island Cherso.

At last we reach the Thermal establishment, which lies half-way between Dinio village and Monfalcone town, exactly twenty minutes' drive from either. The site is a dry oasis in a reedy swamp, abutting the postal road and extending well backwards.
The water was briefly described as "chlorinated-sulphured," till Professors Chinomelli and Furulli * premeditated "sulpho-bromide," thus assimilating it with Aix-la-Chapelle and Paduan Alano. The last and generally accepted analysis (Udine, 1892) was by Giovanni Attilio Dr. Cenedella, of Brescia, a learned professor who died too soon for science in 1878. The tables show that the preponderating minerals are chlorures and sulphures, which vary considerably with the tides, whilst the gases are little affected. The radical defect of this analysis is that it takes no account of the electric properties, to which so many therapies owe their healing powers. For instance, the springs of König and Gastein yield the feeblest chemical and the strongest medical results; whereas, if connected with an electric currentizer, the needle shows the wildest commotion. This branch of "balneology," first cultivated, I believe, by Italian scientists, explains why mineral waters exercise such powerful effects at the springs, and lose almost all their effects when dried cold and bottled.

We now follow the water to the baths, describing only the masculine or western side of the house. The front corridor admits to a waiting-room, supplied with newspapers, and this leads to a covered passage parallel with the central gallery. Here are fourteen baths and seven cabinets, with beds, where the muds are applied. At the northern end there is a vasconce, or swimming-tank, with douche and shower-pipes. The baths are fairly good, sunshine scanty of Casare marble, containing 115 kilos of water, and the water is admitted hot and cold water. Each room has its chair and sofa; the linen is scrupulously clean, and the attendance is excellent. The bath costs 50 soldi (100 S. = 1 florin) without linen, 60 with, 70 if "muds" are added, and one florin for the vasconce; 1 florin 20 soldi includes brougham coming and going from Monfalcone. The poor of the Commune bathe gratis, and others pay half-price, or reduced prices. Physicians' fees are moderate, rarely exceeding ten florins a course. The hydrotherapia was kept the least apothecaries for physicians or Tamburini, however, is also medical officer to the Commune, and his son, Dr. Antonio, who kindly drew me a plan of the building, is public engineer. The defects of the establishment are palpable. It was good in 1840; in 1880 it has fallen behind the age. The true spring should be found, The gas should be utilized by building a Russian (steam) bath over the source, and space could be found by removing the cooling-reservoirs and building them over the baths. Arrangements should be made for the "sanitation of water," the spraying of perfumers' shops worked by machinery. Its action is most powerful, and it is used less than it deserves to be.

(The establishment wants increasing.


† One kilogramme of water yielded—

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<th>Carbonates of water yielded</th>
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<th>(low tide)</th>
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</table>

‡ I have borrowed liberally from his valuable little study, "Il Bagno Termale di Monfalcone," &c., di F. D'Ors Medico-chirurgo-oestetico Comunale e Direttore dei Bagni (pp. 113, 114, Trieste, Monfalcone, &c., del D'Ors Lorenzo Lorenzetti (pp. 31, 50, Trieste, Tip. Apollo, 1878). The other thermi noticed by the latter are Istram, Santo Stefano e Isola in the Capodistria Bay; and two foreign, Alban and Aix-la-Chapelle.

HAWAII (Sandwich Islands).—On the 1st of January next the Kingdom of Hawaii (Sandwich Islands) will enter the Postal Union, and prepaid correspondence for that country will then be subject to the following rates of postage: Letters, 1d. per oz.; post cards, 1d. each; newspapers and patterns, 1d. per oz.; commercial papers, the same as for printed papers, except that the minimum charge will be 2½d. Unpaid letters will be charged on delivery with double postage.
TRAVEL AND COLONISATION.

THE TRENCHES OF MONFALCONE.

(AQUA SILE ET VITAE).

By Capt. R. F. DUNTON, H.M.S. County, Trent.

(From the London Times.)

We are now in the midst of a long drawn-out war, and I have just left the
place. Of course, the supply is excellent, and all things good.

The Romans were the first to build on the soil of Monfalcone, and the
Greeks, followed by a number of other nations, continued to
build. It is said that Caesar Augustus built a wall, and that of his
successor. Augustus. With the passage of time, the town became
more and more important, and the water level of the
surrounding saltpans rose, making it a favorable site for
the construction of a fortress. The town was fortified with a
wall, which was later enlarged by the Venetians.

The town is surrounded by a wall, and the main gate is
located on the north side. The entrance is guarded by a
tower, and the road leading to the inner city is
lined with houses and gardens.

Thus we learn that in 1523 the "Monfalco Prefect"—now

known as "Monfalco Podestar"—was appointed by the

Venetian government, and the town became an important

battleground in the Venetian empire. In 1556, the town

was attacked by the Turks, but was successfully defended.

The town was later expanded by the Venetians, and

became a thriving center of trade.

The town is located on a peninsula, and the only
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The result of the first week was an exacerbation of symptoms. The feet became weaker and the joints more painful; this is cer-

tainly a sign that the hot springs are not having a beneficial

3

applied. The patient sits, or (preferably) lies down, while the black

bath, as he can bear it, is polishes over the peepot, and

bathed with towels. This infection naturally lasts from fifteen to

twenty days. On the other hand, in cases where there has been much

water is found separating mud and skin. The mud only made

worse: and, after two trials, increased pain and total loss of

appetite compelled the patient to pass a day (July 12) in, or rather on

the bath. On the same day he was surprised to see a young

Englishman, under sixty years old, had over-buried the cure.

Treatment was renewed by rejecting the "muds" and reducing the

temperature of the bath to 25-26° C. (Fahr. 77-79). Two

weeks from the second to the third, it was observed that the patient

now set in. On July 17 Mr. Y. Z. C. could drive to Aquileia and

back in the chill and dew after sunset. He allowed an idle

mysteriously that last night in Trieste, they could not

ludicrous in the exterior. The San Antonio, he said, is a


city he walked up the nearby hill to "La Scala

Montefalco," the cowering lower attributed to Tuscany. This

first town they entered on a cold and dark day. A few days

friend decidedly left La Posta, delighted with the baths, and with

the kindness and attention he had met with from the whole

establishment.

His feet were free from arthritis pains, and he suffered

only from occasional attacks of "mud fever" and congestion of the

dampness; it was the result of five weeks in bud and of hot baths in

midsummer. Hence, too, the blains and bolls, the effect of irritat-

ed skin, which troubled him for six weeks afterwards.

A case like this speaks for itself, and Fayreley recommends the

"Acqua dei Viti." My friend was perfectly satisfied with what

followed: there were twinges, but no regular attacks, during the

week. In July 1881, another gentleman set out to give himself to

him daily bottles of "Plaisir-vins," and the treatment could not

partly account for his immunity. The "winter-cherry"

grows in wild abundance about Montefalco, and ripens with the

grapes on the same trees. The wine is ambrosial, sweet, tart

and fruit, and mixed the juice with old and generous wine. It is an

ancient remedy for gout, and of late years it has been revived by

Dr. Gardner in the "Household Medicines," and in "Longevity.

Montefalco is in every respect a most healthy place that resolved to try prophylactic treatment in 1881. He took it for

the Italia, a comfortable country-inn just outside the Duino

castle-village. The first patient of the year, he began operations on

May 10. He had more faith in the waters than the local

fraschaks and others, and visit the various ruins on foot. He had

no consequent sufferings from weakness and exanthemata.

Montefalco itself, although the town is watered by springs and

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How terrible would it be if we knew what was coming! One of the prime sentiments in a traveler's career is that, for all he knows, the most beautiful phase may become of capital importance to him—so may die in it, or he may marry in it. I should have carried a heavy heart to Calcutta had any one whispered to me that it was my doom to endure nine years of life at Trieste. Quiet, prosperous, important, it was no place for the husbandman; but to the merchant it promised a career of attendance upon that representative being, the British merchant- einzmann. Still the 'chief's life' would have formed a glorious prospect for an active-minded kind of man, who prefers dealing in spices and writings, who feels time fast slipping away under him, and who wishes to make the most of what little remains.

Trieste, Oct. 5, 1881.

Table (See Toombre's). Showing the numbers and total places of the patients between 1877-1879.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>1877</th>
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<th>1879</th>
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<td>Monfalconi and territory</td>
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<td>23</td>
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<td>Gorizia</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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