

Farther down the coast lies the dirty town of Bari, famous for its great Church of St. Nicholas, which has ever been one of the greatest centres for pilgrimages even in Italy. St. Nicholas was a saint of the people, 'invoked by the peaceable citizen, by the laborer who toiled for his daily bread, by the merchant who traded from shore to shore, by the mariner struggling with the stormy ocean. He was the protector of the weak against the strong, of the poor against the rich, of the captive, the prisoner, the slave: he was the guardian of young marriageable maidens, of schoolboys, and especially of the orphan poor. In Russia, Greece, and throughout Europe, children are still taught to reverence St. Nicholas.' (Jameson.)

In three hours the train will take one from Bari to the more important port of Brindisi, which is the starting-point for steamers for Corfu, Athens, Constantinople, and the port of call for the P. and O. boats. Brindisi has been offered by the Italians as a sanatorium for our wounded heroes. In a little time probably many of them will be walking the streets of this old port, which in bygone years shook beneath the tramping feet of Roman armies, which came here to embark for the wars which made Rome mistress of the world. Horace and Maecenas, Cicero and Octavius passed up and down the same streets. Here, too, Virgil, 'wielder of the antiseptic measure ever moulded by the lips of man,' died on his return from Greece, B.C. 19. For him, indeed, it was *Brindisium longae fatis curae*, the end of the long road.

Later, in the Middle Ages, the port of Brindisi saw great armies when the flower of European chivalry sailed away for the East under the banner of the Cross; for it was the chief port whence the Crusaders embarked. In its Cathedral, several times ruined by earthquakes, Frederick II. was crowned in 1225, and later, married to his second wife, Isobelle.

Below Brindisi is the fine town of Lecce, from which a road leads across the isthmus to Taranto, once an important city in Magna Graecia. According to a tradition it was founded by Taras, a great-grand-son of Noah; history, however, places its origin in B.C. 707, when a colony of Spartans settled here. Besides the outer harbor, there is an inner harbor protected by a drawbridge across its narrow entrance, really an inland lake, famous for its fisheries from remote times. All along the shores of the Mare Piccolo, as the lake is called, there are many remains of antiquities. Somewhere near Fontana di Plato, famed and was received by the Tarantine philosophers; near Citrezza, by the Church of S. Maria di Gallesi flows a fountain, the Galesus of Horace:

'Fairest on earth that little neck of ground
Smiles to my right, nor doth Hymettus bear
Honey more sweet; Venetian's oil hath found
Its rival there.'

'There winters mild and springs that softly sigh
Kind Jove affords. There Aulon's vineyards blessed
By fruitful Bacchus, clusters out defy
Falerian pressed.' Caryl, II., Ode 6.

And in Taranto we must not forget the Cathedral of St. Cataldo, in no wise memorable for its beauty, but because it reminds us that ever here in the extreme South of Italy we find another of those stalwart Irish saints who left their own dear land and went all over Europe for the sake of Christ—*peregrinari pro Christo*.

Such, then, is Apulia in the extreme south-east of Italy, over against the mountains of Albania which can be seen on a clear day from the Italian shore. It is a backward province now, out of the tide of modern progress, rarely visited by tourists, and only seen by most travellers from the windows of the express trains that thunder along through its sleepy towns and old-world churches and castles to bring the mails to the P. and O. or Orient steamers at Brindisi or Taranto.

But over it all is the glamor of the past. It teems with memories of old Rome's fiercest enemies and of the carnage of Cannae; of the oriental splendor that illumined the land under Frederick II.; and of the valiant warriors who poured down here from the North in their way to deliver the Holy Places from the Turk. The splendor of these years has passed; but the memories that hang over Apulia are immortal.

OBITUARY

MR. PATRICK O'DOHERTY, GREYMOUTH.

We (Greymouth *Evening Star*) regret to record the death of a very old and much respected member of the community in the person of Mr. Patrick O'Doherty, of Alexander street. Deceased had been in failing health for some years past, and his death was not unexpected. The late Patrick O'Doherty, who was a native of Carandonah, Donegal, was one of the very early pioneers of Westland, arriving here from the Australian diggings in the sixties. After following the various rushes on the Westland goldfields, he eventually settled in Greymouth, where he had resided for some forty years, being an employee of the Borough Council for a great many years. He leaves a wife, three daughters, and one son to mourn the loss of a true and devoted husband and father. Two of the daughters are Sisters of Mercy at Ponsonby, Auckland, and the third is Mrs. T. H. Lee, of Recfton. The deceased was a past president of the local Hibernian Society, of which he was a member for the last forty odd years, being one of the oldest Hibernians in the Dominion. R.I.P.

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