

(Constantine's name for Cattaro) "is inland and sea-laved; for the sea, like a protruded tongue, stretches inland for fifteen or twenty miles, and where the sea comes to an end, there is the castle of Cattaro. And this castle is encircled by lofty mountains, so lofty that only in the fair season (*μόνον τῷ καλοκαιρίῳ* = summer) can the sun be seen in the western hemisphere, in winter never. Inside the castle lies S. Tryphonius, the sure healer of all diseases, and especially of those who are under the tyranny of unclean spirits." That is a very accurate description of Cattaro and its site. The town lies at the foot of tremendous cliffs running up to Lovćen, and the modern road to Cettinge and Montenegro climbs in bold zigzags up their face. The old foot-and-mule track ascends from the left of the castle rock, over stones polished by wear to the slipperiness of marble. Both roads offer superb views of Cattaro and its guardian walls, crowned by the ancient citadel to which one could not, under Austrian rule, gain admittance; while the gulf of Cattaro and all the Bocche are laid out like a map beneath us. The town stands on a strip of verdant green meadow-land betwixt rock and sea, and there is a seaside promenade where, in Austrian days, the band used to play in the open space outside the