

Ῥίσινα of Constantine, one of the *καστρα οἰκούμενα* in the districts of Trebinje and Kanali. The town lies along the shore with a circuit of fort-crowned hills behind it, an admonition that we are here at the point which was the very frontier between Turk and Christian, have come into touch with true Eastern territory. In the little inn at Risano, among pictures commemorating the defence of Montenegro against the French, I once saw a portrait of Lord Byron, venerated there and throughout eastern Europe as the champion of freedom and the hero of oppressed nationalities. From Risano it is possible to climb Dalmatia's highest peak, Mount Orjen, 5132 ft. above sea-level; its crest commands views over Herzegovina, sea-coast Dalmatia and the stony Black Mount of Montenegro: all three of these countries meet on Orjen's summit.

Turning back from Risano, and repassing Perasto, we enter the last bay of the Bocche, at whose farther end lies Cattaro, our final goal on our Dalmatian journey. Here again the Imperial topographer comes to our aid with the earliest notice of the city which has survived for us—unless Cattaro be indeed the *Ascrivium* of Pliny and the *Askrouion* of Ptolemy. “*Dekatera*”