

have been level with the ground outside. The fragment of the upper story which still remained over the entrance contained three rooms, reached by an external staircase. They were whitewashed and weather-tight, but had no noticeable feature—at least they had not till we ate our luncheon in one of them and they thus became part of a very agreeable memory. Beneath these rooms was a vaulted kitchen, again beneath this a place that was once a cellar; and close by, in the wall was a shadowy conduit, bubbling and echoing with the noise of unseen waters, which discharged themselves into a trough of greenish marble, through the quaintest spout in the world—the nose of a marble pig. The boughs of the trees, as I remained looking at this object, made on the wall a wickerwork of light and shadow, and flickering in it was standing a group of girls with hideous faces, but unconsciously draped like statues, and filling pitchers that belonged to the Heroic Ages of Greece.

The rooms on the ground floor I examined one by one. They were dark and heavily vaulted; they were now used for farming purposes. In one were some broken ploughs; in one was an old olive press; and in one I came on a milk-white Corinthian capital, with a small cavity about the size of a basin on the top of it, in which some one had just been washing the lid of a tin saucepan.

Thus making my rounds, I discovered a back gateway, on the opposite side of the court to that on