

waters of the Nar, until they meet the Tiber, swollen by the tributes of the Paglia and Chiana, is singularly fine.

The discomfort of Perugia was luxury to what we found at Orvieto, and it was no longer May but December, when it is nearly as cold north of Rome as with us; and Rome was drawing us with her mighty magnet. One cold wintry morning, soon after daybreak, we set out in a close carriage with four horses, wrapped as if we were going in a sleigh, with a *scaldino* (or little brazier) under our feet, for the nearest railway station on our route, a nine hour's drive. Our way lay through the snow-covered hills and their leafless forest, and long after we had left Orvieto behind, again and again a rise in the road would bring it full in sight on its base of tufa, girt by its walls, the Gothic lines of the cathedral sharp against the clear, brightening sky. At our last look the sun was not up, but broad shafts of light, such as painters throw before the chariot of Phœbus, refracted against the pure ether, spread like a halo round the three-



THE FALLS OF TERNI.

fold pinnacles; a moment more and Orvieto was hidden behind a higher hill, not to be seen again. All day we drove among the snow-bound hills and woods, past the Lake of Bolsena in its forbidding beauty; past small valleys full of naked fruit trees and shivering olives, which must be nooks of loveliness in spring; past defiant little towns aloft on their islands of tufa, like Bag-