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THE YELLOW TIBER.

BY GRACE GREEN.

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FOLLOWING the course of the Via Flaminia, which takes a more direct line than the devious Tiber, past Spoleto, on its woody castellated height, the traveller reaches Terni, on the tumultuous Nar, the wildest and most rebellious of all its tributaries. It was to save the surrounding country from its outbreaks that the channel was made by the Romans, B. C. 271, the first of several experiments, which resulted in these cascades, which have been more sung and oftener painted than any other in the world. The beauty of Terni is so hackneyed that enthusiasm over it becomes cockney, yet the beauty of hackneyed things is as eternal as the verity of truisms, and no more loses its charm than the other its point. But one must not talk about it. The foaming torrent rages along between its rocky walls until spanned by the bridge of Augustus at Narni, a magnificent viaduct sixty feet high, thrown from ridge to ridge across the ravine for the passage of the Flaminian Way—a wreck now, for two of the arches have fallen, but through the last there is a glimpse of the rugged hillsides with their thick forests, and the turbulent waters rushing through the chasm. Higher still is Narni, looking over her embattled walls. It is one of the most striking positions on the way from Florence to Rome, and the next half hour, through savage gorges and black tunnels, ever beside the tormented