

verdure. The contrast between the snowy foam and the vivid foliage ever glistening in the spray is intense, and poets' song and painters' skill alike fail to give an adequate conception of this most beautiful of Italian waterfalls.

Following up the banks of the Tiber, we reach the ancient town of Orte, commanding from its castle height a magnificent view of the far-winding stream. A peculiarity of this region is the number of small, thick-walled fortress towns, each perched upon the summit of an island of tufa rising above the sea of verdure of the surrounding country. Along the steep road leading to these eagle-like eyries toil beneath the burning sun the peasant men and women and their patient donkeys, looking exceedingly picturesque and uncomfortable. A good example of these relics of the old feudal times is Orvieto, a stronghold of the Guelphs, and graced with a cathedral of peculiar sumptuousness and splendour.

On the steeply sloping banks of the Tiber is Todi, so steep that through many of its streets carriages may not pass. Here was born the author of the immortal hymn *Stabat Mater Doloroso*, wedded to immortal music by the genius of Rossini.

Not far from Todi is the little town of Assisi, with the famous convent and church of St. Francis. The story of the life and labours of the "Seraphic Doctor" who is reported to have enjoyed in life the beatific vision of the Lord he served with such entire devotion, and to have retained in his body the marks of His passion, lend an intenser interest to the stately architecture and sumptuous adorning of the church and convent erected over his bones.

Near Assisi on the banks of the crystal Clitumnus is the beautiful temple of the deity of the stream, so sweetly besung by Byron's classic muse, the picturesque surroundings and historic associations of which make it a favourite subject for the study of both artist and scholar.

Following still further the course of the storied Tiber, the traveller reaches its birthplace among the rugged Appenines. Beneath the shadow of a vast beech forest, the crystal stream, so often dyed with blood of contending races, gambols on its way through a daisy-dappled sod of richest green, laughing and leaping from ledge to ledge like an innocent child at play.