

lake situated on the heights of the Marboré. This is an error, as any one may convince himself who surveys the Marboré from the summit of the Vignemale. The source, first discovered in 1847, is 7500 feet above the sea-level. The average elevation of the Cirque is estimated at 3960 feet.

A French cascade which deserves mention, not so much on account of its height as of its beauty, is that of the Druiſe, in the Dauphiné. It is formed by the Gervanne, which, soon after it has emerged from the gorges of Omblize, reaches the brink of an escarpment about 130 feet high, and with one wild leap springs into the abyss, where its waters, but just now sleeping so calmly in their cradle of densely-set willows, break into foam with the sound of thunder. During a part of the year, however, it is dried up.

The magnificent *Caduta della Marmore*, formed by the Velino near Terni, seems to have been partly created by the hand of man. The Roman consul, Curius Dentatus, first brought the waters of the river to this precipice in B.C. 274; but the bed prepared for them having become filled up with calcareous sediment, Pope Paul IV. (or, as some authorities assert, Clement VIII.) was compelled to excavate a new one.

[According to Calindri, the height of the fall is 1230 feet; but a more accurate measurement seems to be—the upper fall, 50 feet; the second, or perpendicular fall, from 500 to 600 feet; and the third or lowest fall, 240 feet. The bed of the river, above the falls, is about 50 feet in width, and the rapidity of the current is estimated at seven miles an hour.

The falls of Terni have been immortalized by Byron:—*

“ The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

“ And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent.

“ To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be

[* Byron, “Childe Harold,” canto iv.]