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A VISIT TO THE DOLOMITES.

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WHEN I told my spinster aunt that I was purposing to devote my autumn holiday to visiting the Dolomites, and she replied, 'Indeed! I don't know them: who are they?' and I respectfully observed that 'they' were not people, but mountains, I did so without much surprise, for my aunt's schooldays are—well, farther off than mine. But when my younger brother, who is just on the verge of his degree examination, and knows, or is supposed to know, something about everything, from Aryan mythology to German nihilism, and from Hesiod to the *Daily Graphic*, confessed that he had explored his atlases and geographical manuals and could not find the Dolomites anywhere, I began to think that I really might stand some chance of escaping



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