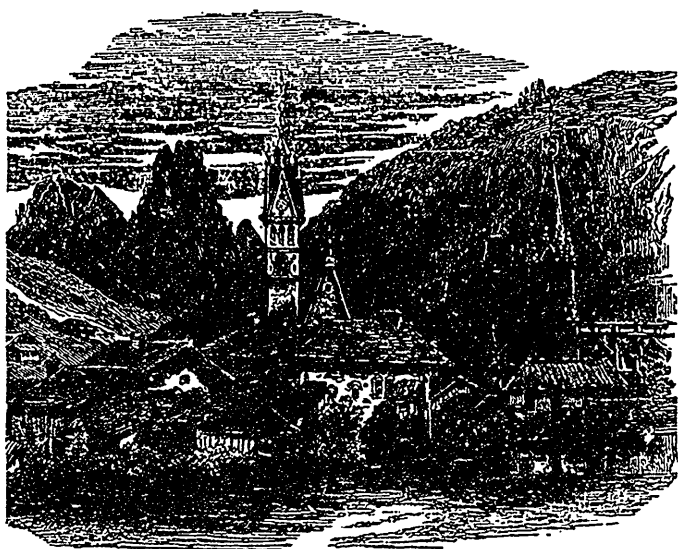


nesian limestone, named after Dolomieu, the geologist. Their striking pinnacles, and splintered crags, and gloomy fissures and canyons, and the delicate hues and tints, especially an indescribable rosy glow at sunset, gives a marked peculiarity to the scenery of this part of the Tyrol. One of these valleys is known as Rosengarten—the rose garden—of which Dr. Heinrich Noé writes: "Nowhere is the contrast of a smiling landscape with stern environing walls so apparent as it is in the case of the mountain region around Botzen, encircled by a wall of cliff which, for continuity, for height and apparent steepness, has scarcely a rival in the Alps. Protected from the assaults of men and from the



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bitter winds of heaven by these mighty bulwarks, there is little cause for wonder if the poetry of an early day saw or fancied in this strange and beautiful region, a fairy fortress sheltering a garden of roses."

After dinner I went out with some of the ladies for a ramble through the arcaded streets of the old town. Botzen was the most thoroughly quaint and curious place we found during our whole tour. Lying remote among its secluded valleys, it is not so much affected as larger places by the current of nineteenth century civilization, which tends to wear away all that is peculiar in custom and architecture. Many of the streets were strangely narrow, crooked and picturesque, with their overhanging fronts of