

precarious ledges; you want all your attention to yourself, and if you are apt to be giddy, staring down at the precipice below is not likely to infuse confidence. Indeed, if at all nervous, to close well up to the guide, is the best thing you can do.

Of course, we secure a picture of our party ascending the Oetzthal glacier, making a halt for the purpose, where the track seems most desperate; for we have no idea of making an Alpine journey with the camera without bringing back some evidence of the terrible risks we run for the sake of—well, for the sake of photography. Our guide is in front with his coil of rope and ice-hatchet—we tell him to pretend to be using this last implement to make the thing look as dangerous as possible—and our friend the cartoonist, knapsack on back, appears on a giddy pedestal of ice, in the centre of the picture, where his figure may not be lost to view. Altogether the result is a most wonderful reminiscence of Alpine travel, and we have often contemplated it since with admiration and awe.

By the way, it is surprising how few people climb snow mountains, except in the cause of science. It is like ballooning; everyone goes up with an unselfish object, viz., for the purpose of benefitting mankind at large—never, simply, for his own fun or gratification. We suppose there are people who believe in this theory, otherwise we should never hear so much about it. In an early edition of "Murray's Switzerland," we remember, we have the matter discussed in the most innocent manner—how it is all very well to make ascents in the pursuit of knowledge, but that without this laudable aim in view, such doings are unjustifiable; and Murray winds up with the account of an Englishman, whom he holds up to scorn, because, when asked the reason for climbing a snow peak, this Briton gives as answer that his only motive was to say he has been to the top. The chances are this Englishman was not such a humbug as those who pretend to scientific reasons: in any case, he was frank and straightforward enough.

So our motive for climbing the Oetzthal Glacier, let us say, is purely in the interests of photography. It is very nice, though, while discharging a duty to one's fellow creatures, to be able to enjoy yourself at the same time. The crisp, invigorating air, the sparkling snow slopes, the grey crags, piercing the soft coverlid here and there, the wide-stretching expanse of undulating country all virgin white, with not a habitation or living thing as far as the eye can reach—all this is like a new world above the old one you have just left. As you mount higher and higher, there are yet more peaks and prominences to be seen, the bright snow fields in the sun, apparently covered with a silken sheen, while the blue sky is blue indeed against the sharply-limned mountain tops.

The Schnalser valley now comes into view as we descend. A little village, called Unser Frau, is our destination for the night; but ere we reach it, a most singular phenomenon is seen. This is no less than a mountain chalet that has been carried by an avalanche down the hill side, a distance at least of a quarter of a mile. A broad miry track—like a road at a distance—marks the path of this habitation, and, so we are told on enquiry, the chalet was moved in the night while the household was actually asleep, the latter being awakened, indeed, by the motion occasioned by the removal. The shades of evening are falling fast as we bring the camera to bear on this interesting subject; and, unfortunately, we get no picture, when, some three weeks afterwards, we essay its development.

Some miles lower down the valley is a charming subject for the camera, with which we are more fortunate. It is a castle, most romantically situated upon a lofty hill-top, called the Katarinaburg. This rises precipitately from the valley, and at a turn of the road, when you first sight it, the little burg appears to be lifted into the heavens. Lenses, unfortunately, as every photographer knows, have a tendency to depress the horizon. When we looked at the Katarinaburg on our focussing glass, all its romance had dis-

appeared, and the hill-top, with its edifice, looked commonplace enough. However, matters soon mended, as soon as the lens was raised a little above the centre of the camera, and with a slight adjustment of the swing back we managed to do the magnificent scene the least possible injustice. And here we may remark that the photographer seldom makes full use of the advantages that the apparatus-maker gives him. With swing-back and swing-front, movable lens frame and movable base-boards, he has at his command a whole series of resources that are all valuable, if he only learns how to use them.

From Unser Frau, a day's walk will bring you once more into civilized regions to comfortable inns and a frequented post-road, viz., the valley of the Vintschgau. At Naturns we find a capital inn, and here you may either pass the night, or go by "extra-post" in a couple of hours to Meran, a spa of some importance. Bolzen, a little Italian-built town, situated on the Brenner Railway, is within a day's walk of Meran.

In making up your packets of dry plates for use, it is well to be guided by the number of double dark slides you carry. Thus, supposing you carry three slides, your day's work will be confined to exposing six plates, and therefore packets of six will be most convenient. To the energetic photographer this does not seem to be a very large number; but if he works on fourteen days during his tour, it means seven dozen plates, and few tourists would like to travel with more than this, with their ordinary baggage. We always make it a practice to pack our plates in pairs, faces inwards, with a narrow framework of card—the size of the plate—between, and for the double purpose of being able to tell back and front in the dark; and to afford room for memoranda, we place a pretty large adhesive label on the back of each plate before starting. You can never make any mistake then, when putting the plates in the slides, even if you do the changing upon your bed in the black of the night, the most fitting place and opportunity we have generally found on our travels.

The Tyrol chalets and tenements form delightful subjects for the camera. The wood-carving of balcony and roof is often most elaborate, and so, too, is the little belfry that surmounts the more pretending homesteads. Nor are the costumes of the Tyrolese less picturesque than their dwellings; and now-a-days, with rapid gelatine plates, figures are as easily depicted in the camera as still-life objects. Flower gardens, gay with crimson poppies and white roses, are to be seen fronting the village dwellings, and as you near Italy, there are painted frescoes of the Saints and the Virgin Mary to be seen on the walls. Holy emblems, indeed, are everywhere in the Tyrol. You cannot go a mile on your journey without passing a crucifix or devotional picture, for the peasantry are fast and firm Catholics. Little churches and chapels, gleaming white in the sunshine as if cut out of chalk, and picturesquely set up upon some jutting rock by the way-side, or at the junction of a couple of roads, or at the top of some steep ascent, are dotted about the landscape, and every important village has, besides, a Calvary mountain, where devout worshippers may do penance. It is not difficult, in a hilly district like this, to find a mount that can be readily adapted to religious use, and the consequence is, that on a day's journey you may see half-a-dozen of these Calvary mounts near the towns and villages you pass by. Of these, many interesting pictures made be made during a tour in the Tyrol.

"MR. SHADBOLT'S EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE!"

THE following marvellous balloon story appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* on the 7th inst., and has since gone the round of the papers. As many of our readers have probably been watching with interest the exploits of Mr. C. V. Shadbolt in the "Sunbeam," we append full particulars of his reported adventure on Bank Holiday last, together with a communication received from him respecting it:—