

Press cuttings- 'Pencillings by the Way' from Worcester Herald, 1864

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PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.—No. V.
SWITZERLAND.

L. 106/2

From Heidelberg to Baden, a long journey in a very hot day nearly 160 miles. Started by express, leaving at 1 p.m., and arriving at 7 p.m. I would recommend every one to travel express for these long journeys. You save time, and avoid much fatigue and trouble. Fare, first-class, 20fls. 20cts., 15s. 6d. Red class, 15fls. 18cts., 12s. This is little more, I think, than half the usual price charged in England for an equal distance, but then those railroads have cost considerably less than half ours, and somehow or other the Germans seem to avoid tunnels almost altogether. For luggage I paid 2fls. 6cts., or 6d., for two persons. They allow no luggage in Germany without payment, I believe. Passed by Cassel, the capital of the Grand Duke of Baden, Oos, the junction for Baden Baden Appenweier, Kehl for Strasbourg, and Freiburg. The traveler may take his place only to Kehl for Strasbourg, and then proceed to Baden on the French side of the Rhine, but his luggage will be searched, and the French line is much dearer than that of Germany. On the other hand, Strasbourg and its grand Cathedral are worthy of a visit. The route was uninteresting till past the junction to Baden Baden; very fine about Freiburg, and some miles further on we proceeded for some distance close to the bank of the Rhine, with short tunnels occasionally, just to avoid sharp corners; here was very picturesque and lovely.

I slept at Baden, but having described that before I may pass on. Having on a former occasion, by the command of my doctor, written to the Swiss government, in order to know what I was told that Switzerland was a beautiful country, to greater advantage. Accordingly I left Baden at 9 a.m., arriving at Solothurn at 5 p.m. The Swiss diligences are comfortable, and travel at about the same rate as those of France. They are divided into three compartments, the couple in front, the best and dearest place, the interior, and the cabriolet behind. The scenery was as lovely as I had been informed it was; half-way stopped for refreshment at the foot of a suspension bridge, which we had to mount. While the passengers attended to their refreshments I explored the hill, whining away a large portion of the time to short but sweet music. Arrived at the top, most glorious views presented themselves on every side. Got into an open cherry orchard and picked all I could reach; very few and rather bitter. Oxen and grapes! Prickly bushes placed at the commencement of the branches to prevent naughty boys from climbing up. Scrabbled up the diligence and sat by the cooler, driving five horses, two in the shafts and three abreast in front. Magnificent country all the way; on the right, noble mountains, taking at times forms fantastic; on the left, the Alps seen for the first time, several of them snow-covered. At last on the right was the Wiesental, a narrow valley of about a mile wide, and the level of the sea, and yet there is a great height on the mountains. Farmers who have houses generally sleep in either in a charette-case or on horseback, from Solothurn. From thence you see the whole line of the Alps, stretching away from east to west, and Switzerland possesses few subtler prospects than this. Charming as this route from Baden is, there is another road to Solothurn said to be even more so, but it is longer. I thought nothing could be finer than this. Solothurn, the ancient Soisatum, is picturesquely placed on the banks of the river Aar, which divides the town into two unequal parts, and is only about two miles from the lake of Biel. It is a Caudine marsh. In the town of Solothurn, containing only above 4,000 inhabitants, there were, some time back, according to Dr. Beattie, 24 ecclesiastics—a proportion of one in 49. The Cathedral of St. Ursus is the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Switzerland. It was constructed by Pizzetti, an Italian architect, and cost 1,370,000 francs; French money (280,000).

In the evening I walked to the hermitage of St. Verane, a mile out of the town toward the base of the Wiesental, a most lovely and romantic promenade, through a narrow glen with high rocks on either side, partially clothed with ferns; a building stands traversed by a path which had to cross several times before getting to it. The hermit received me, and pointed out the curiosities of the place: a chapel in a natural hollow of the rock; in this was a representation of the passion of our Savior, with the three thieves asleep, figures carved in wood life-size; in an inner recess was the diaconate in a coffin, and the three Marys, also life-size, but in marble. I asked the recluse how he could live so solitary a life? He said he found sufficient companion in his garden, in reading and reflection. He asked me to write our names in a book, and took a writing-glass. It is a very pretty glass; the glass is set in a frame, and the frame is set in a book by another name on higher ground, and we frequently got a view of the distant Alps, but the plants were nearly enveloped in their evening shroud. To bed at half-past nine, thoroughly tired.

Up again at four a.m., and started for Neufthalat at five again by diligence, about 50 miles; arrived at 11 a.m. Through Biel, and for three hours skirting the whole length of its beautiful lake. I need scarcely refer to Neufthalat, having given some account of it in my "Proceedings" of last year. Suffice it to say, that I spent a considerable portion of the day in strength by the side of the lovely lake, and received my acquaintance with the town. At ten-tide honey in the comb was placed on the table, and I found it delicious; it came from the mountains; I was told, and was this year's produce.

Monday, July 23rd, to Geneva. Left at half-past seven a.m. for Yverdon, by steamboat. The lake was so calm that the unrolled surface was the mirror of the surrounding loneliness; arrived at 10 a.m. Yverdon acquired some celebrity as the residence of Pius IX., and the scene of his educational labors. Independently of that, the district abounds with picturesque scenery. The town is well situated, very green, and shaded at the southern extremity of the lake of Neuchâtel. It is said that in 1872 a vessel, laden for the English market, left this place, passed successively through the lakes of Neuchâtel and Biel, and, threading all the sinuosities of the Aar and Rhine, safely deposited its cargo in the London docks. Yverdon was known to the Romans by the name of Embodunum.

From here to Lausanne by omnibus, arriving at half-past two. Stopped on the road for luncheon. For two persons, bread and cheese, a dish of white asparagus, and a bottle of wine, cost 15 francs. The route led over the plain of the Leman, looking down upon Lake Leman, with its beautiful antrope, has been the theme of many a pantomime, and truly it deserves all that has been said of it. Dr. Beattie gives the following graphic description of it:—The vast sheet of the Leman Lake is torn through its whole expanse, framed in, and reflecting like a mirror the Alps of Savoy, Vaud, and the Valais. On the east they form a gloomy girdle of gigantic summits terminating in the mountain barrows of Fribourg; these, veering gently to the south and southwest, the wind and sunbeams, provinces of Savoy, and then the rocky peaks holding out into great firs or cypresses, with verdant pines—such is the picture along their acclivities, and vineyards mantling their base, fascinate the eye and feast the imagination of the spectator. In the extreme west, the blue verge of the Jura, rising apparently from the lake, and sweeping the pines of the Alps, forms the boundary of this sublime picture. Directing our eyes along the Swiss shore, in appears indented and divided by the waters of the lake into innumerable bays and promontories, and, although tame, compared with the gigantic features of the shore opposite, it is of great beauty, composed of stony points, and rocky ledges, which, as they rise and subside gradually down into the lake. At our feet, Lausanne displays its Cathedral—most part of its Gothic edifice—its beautiful villa opening towards the port of Ouchy and the lake, with Fribourg, Lausanne, and Grandvaud, on the left—Montreux, Chillon, and Villette, in the bottom of the picture, and the towns of Morges and Aubonne on the right—all names as rich in classical associations as they are beautiful in their position.

Wilson writing on the objects of varied interest which he saw in the neighboring Swiss scenes, I may mention that here Gibbon lived, and here Schiller his great historical movement, "The decline and fall of the Roman Empire." Here too, while detained by stress of weather, at the Anchor Hotel, Ouchy, Lord Byron composed the "Prisoner of Chillon." In one of his published letters the noble poet says, "Lanceau gave a spring at Gibbon's Abbaye, and some rose leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen." Here also died John Philip Kemble, Byron's personal friend, and his tomb is in the public cemetery of Puteaux.

(To be continued.)

PENNELLINGS BY THE WAY.—No. VI.
GENEVA.

L. 106/16

Neither Nature's magnificence nor the grand associations connected with Lakesanne could now detain me. I hastened for such other my journeying, and Geneva was my intended place of rest. I left Lakesanne therefore at 3 p.m., arriving at my destination at 7 p.m., being nearly four hours traveling only half the Lake of Geneva in a good steamer. It was a charming afternoon, and never surely were the sublime and beautiful more exquisitely combined. On the Swiss side, a lovely valley, with prettily situated villages and chateaux—paved by the range of the Jura mountains; on the other side the fine mountains of Savoy, several of them in the glowing sunlight looking like native silver. As we advanced, we obtained a fine view of Mount Blanc, whose giant form reared above the intervening masses, its snow glittering in the sunlight; and most strange, it appeared, to be gazing upon eternal snows, while suffering from the intense heat of the sun. We rapidly passed the near mountains of Savoy, but the huge and distant Mount Blanc seemed to travel with us, and accompanied us to Geneva.

The two largest hotels in Geneva are L'Etoile du Gardien and the Hotel des Bergues, beautifully situated on the lake, and, as its card says, "the only hotel from which is obtained a view of Mount Blanc." As I hastened remaining a short time, I went to a smaller hotel, the Hotel de la Paix, situated lower down, at Route Verte, a suburb of Geneva, and not far from the lake. It was at the residence of a Chavannes minister, a large house, standing in its own grounds: terms, 100 francs (\$4) a month for each person, and five francs extra for the servants; a trifle more by the week, about three francs a day. Breakfast at eight—milk, bread, butter, eggs, bacon, and bread and butter. Dinner at six o'clock, two kinds of meat, and pastry; capital French are reckoned 4 francs. At seven, a meal, which may be called a second dinner, except that the meat was cold, a salad, carta wine, &c., followed immediately by tea. Prayer at half-past 7, and the dress of the day was now attire, or not so you might. I paid for a cab to take my luggage to Route Verte, scarcely more than a quarter of a mile, 9 francs (\$4.63). Memorandum: to agree in future for every mile travelled, I believe the English have brought that state of things upon themselves, owing to their ignorance, either by their own ignorance, or by long custom. It is to be observed, however, and you never can satisfy the requiring of one porter and all others of their station, so that you must submit to be grossly cheated or to be in a perpetual wrangle with them; so soon to consider themselves justified in picking those great plums of the market. The author of the "Tourist's Guide" has been here, and has written a chapter on Geneva. There is a little in a chapel, built by Voltaire, but now demolished. There was the following inscription — "Ego sum Fiducia?" The poor Carpenter sinner in it in these few words, a cobbler, although Campion, in the life of Rogers, says that he was a carpenter and master-mason, and that you are always welcome, although in the outer chamber, a single (two candle) 1 franc; candlesticks, 1 franc a day.

Wednesday, July 20th, in Fornay, Voltaire's residence: a large house and fine grounds. Contaminated by the pictures and instruments and instruments, the people here are there, and are not to be got rid of. There is a little in a chapel, built by Voltaire, but now demolished. There was the following inscription — "Ego sum Fiducia?" The poor Carpenter sinner in it in these few words, a cobbler, although Campion, in the life of Rogers, says that he was a carpenter and master-

mason, and that you are always welcome, although in the outer chamber, a single (two candle) 1 franc; candlesticks, 1 franc a day.

Route Verte is the name of character, and Route Verte is a church, and Route Verte is worth no concern? In the extensive grounds an old oak was pointed out to me planted by the philosopher, and still a hundred years ago. It was a large, spreading tree, encircled by a rough of thorns, 40 paces around, and the trunk about 10 inches in diameter. The wings of Fornay are well known, and had no sooner his residence nearer to the lake I observed how greatly better of his taste, but he had a view of Mount Blanc in clear weather, although at a distance of 40 or 50 miles. Fornay is just across the frontier, name Chaperon de l'Abbe Fréret. When arrested, he was found to have a pistol, a quantity of powder and taking off his hat, showed on Angleterre, asking me very civilly, "could I tell him what it was?" I had no sooner told him, and that it was worth 25 francs, than he quite started me by shooting up in the air and by the joyful expression on his face, he said, "I am a soldier!" I was told that he had given it to me in exchange for a trifling. He gave me no opportunity of asking, so he dashed away, probably to communicate his good fortune to some one else.

On our return, sailed at the Villa Savoie, the charming residence of the Baron de Latilheve. It is a very fine house, situated on a hill, commanding a grand view of the lake, the Alps, and Mount Blanc, but today the monarch did not deign to show himself.

Thursday, an exhibition of paintings by local artists. Two or three cattle pictures were on display, and no deficiency noticed in their choice, that they remained so strong of Paris. Fornay, the author of the "Tourist's Guide," is a man of great attractions destined in my opinion of Europe. Afterwards he saw a model of Mount Blanc, the glacier, signature, &c., in its immediate neighborhood. It was an wood, of a large size, and over the surface of ten pairs of legs. This model began in an oak, and is now in a glass. The subject however ought to have been more perfect; and though one may admire the power and perseverance of the fabricator, I could not help thinking when an object of prey any unfortunate eight weeks by who should be condemned to such a species, well, I understand it to be a most vicious representation, even to the most refined taste.

The author of the "Tourist's Guide" is a man of great attractions, particularly at Geneva, who is interesting to Engagemens from the influence he exerts over the range of their country, and from his having been the chief of refuge for persecuted Frenchmen. He is a man of great talents, and was born in 1759, at Fribourg, the capital of France, in Geneva, in the latter end of 1822, the breed and blood being distributed by John Gide, a ship-builder, not doing which he was soon compelled to Ep. In this same place I wrote these notes. A great persecutor, but resented by the Government of France, the author of "Fribourg in Geneva" inscribed from day to day. Fornay returned, and on the 1st of March, 1824, he was permitted publicly to preach the Gospel in the Couvent de Rive. Here he and Fournier administered the Sacrament, baptized children, celebrated matrimony, and already several priests had been sent to him from all over Europe to receive his instructions. On Sunday, the 13th of August, 1824, he preached for the first time in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, and on the 17th of the same month the celebration of mass was forbidden by proclamation of the Magistrate. From this date Geneva may be said to be a Protestant city.

Cabane arrived at Geneva, the 17th of August, 1824, on his way to India. He was then scarcely 27 years of age; his real name was John Chauvin, but he called himself Cabane; he was the son of a cooper at Noyers, a small town in Poitou, and had already become celebrated for his great talents as a cooper. He had published a book on the principles of Christianity, which he had dedicated to the King of France, and had the boldness to dedicate the book to Francis 1st of France, a crust enemy of the reformed religion. Cabane visited Fornay and Vaud, and, after the most pressing entreaties on their part, left for Geneva, and remained there. "God will not let you with you to live, unless you are saved." — "Stop your progress to Jesus Christ." Cabane seemed to hear the voice of God, and made Geneva his home. From thenceforth he devoted his whole life, and his extraordinary abilities to his great work. Indomitable, endowed with a prodigious memory, with a power of observation, with an absence of fear, with a nervous and astute character, with no thought of worldly reward, despising pomp and luxury and sensual pleasure, he only lived to realize the dream of his life: this was to proclaim to Protestant Europe a free people who should be secure in their rights, and to bring the principles of the reformation to the subject for greatest religious freedom from all parts of the world. This he succeeded in accomplishing to a very great extent, through evil report and good report, and amid much persecution and personal danger. He died the 27th May, 1844, aged only 55. He had no wife, no family, no friends, no inheritance, nothing but his books to live on. His life was thin and long, and he had a narrow pointed beard, which made it look longer; his complexion was sallow, and the expression of his countenance was severe and full of gravity. His friend Fornay, then settled in Neuchâtel, came to Geneva to pay his last respects, and, at the age of 70 years, made that long journey on foot; he died the following year, and his memory is honored at Neuilly-sur-Seine or at Geneva. With all his great virtues, Cabane was not mortal, for he was garrulous, passionate, and impulsive, and friend but little charity for the weakness of the nature of human nature.

(To be continued.)

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.—No. X.
THE TIE NOIRE.

Friday, August 12th, Chamonix to Martigny by the Tie Noire. The price of a mule from Chamonix to Martigny I found was 1 franc, or rather 12 francs for each animal, the man and the bridle, as they charge for two days, going north and south. I asked the muleteer to express himself first, I should be glad enough to accompany me, so that one guide and for both; then we only hired him to the summit of the pass, Mount Frejus, so that he might return home the same night. By the time we reached the summit it was 11 o'clock, and there were 10 francs saved. It took us 4½ hours to get to the top of the Tie Noire, and an hour more to ascend the precipice above. We had to go up a steep path, bringing saddle bags up on the heads of the mules, this was a two hour ride, and we paid four francs extra for the guides engaged in the steep part, but it saved time and fatigues. I would advise every one who goes to Chamonix to take the Tie Noire, rather than the old road, for although the latter has one view of surpassing beauty and interest, yet the general grandeur and wild sublimity I have always seen in the other most striking scenes of the mountains does not give the Tie Noire the same pleasure. The wooded slopes, however, but nearly a road cut through a mountain, which mounts rise many hundred feet above you, and is never overhung by a canopy, while beneath is a ravine of rapid streams, here and there, winding through the rocks, and between rocks in one place the rock has been perforated to enable the traveller to pass, and, immediately beyond, it projects over your head in such a manner as to make you hurry past it. The Tie Noire is a narrow path, and the scenes are aptly of suspending themselves, such as the village and valley of Trévo. Here it was a fine day, and there was a series of the little chalets, in and around which the peasants of the valley live, and the houses are built of stone, giving light and life to the more sombre features of our route. There are rare wood couches on the way, the one near Chamonix, the Rue Bourgogne; this is the finest and will be the key to a number of scenes of great beauty to go and return to at another time. The tie de la Cadee des Gours, also a very fine fall of water. We passed three hours, each consisting of a full somme—out of a man had fallen over his staff, and had been carried to the hospital, and another a bridle had been swept away by an avalanche; and at the third a poor fellow had been killed by a stone falling upon him from the snow above. Two guides with me, and the muleteer, and the muleteer's son, all agreed that to compare that accident with this would be like giving a child's toy to the side of a Great Western locomotive. Every object in the passage of the Tie Noire is calculated to impress the mind with a sense of power, and almost varying according to the season, it is always wild, and in the early spring, when vallets, it is simple and showy—when the snow is gone, it is grand.

"Cortie, il est à bout de force! Pardon!—
Roues arrachées, rives, planches, et le temps grêle,
Mouette et autre casse-joint—tous sont échappés
Il faut faire un effort pour ne pas tomber
Hors la clôture entourée! J'arrive alors."

"The progress of the path is the very subject
To be observed, to be noted, to be described in its details."

Arrived at the 11 o'clock supper, we found a number of travellers returning themselves and their mules, and, after an hour's rest for the same purpose, we proceeded to visit the hotel of the Tie Noire, the last part of the Tie Noire, which took us a good hour to descend. Here we again entered on Swiss territory, and an official demanded a franc for permission to do so. It was a personal regulation, for he gave a guinea to the Chamonix Hotel. The toll collector said to me, "If the money comes out there at the end, I hope he is well paid, for the French is 4,700 feet above the valley of the Rhone, whose long prospect now lay beneath us, and was a glorious sight like a great valley of beauty. During the winter, the valley is a great sheet of ice, and value; sometimes magnified sixteen in all, and turned as to estimate." Lord, what is name, that they are satisfied of so easily! Having fully enjoyed the Alpine scenes, and the Tie Noire, we descended into the valley of the Rhone, a very rough and precipitous road, passing the rapid, rushing Durance, hurrying to pay its tribute to the Rhone. Never was cup of tea more refreshing or more enjoyed than it was after this long walk.

Monday, Aug. 13th, Martigny to St. Maurice. A long piece; it is about the center of the valley of the Rhone, the whole of which is a deep gash, and subject to inundations, which cause change, and the whole valley is said to be more or less changed. It is bounded on the right by great walls of red or white, and also porous with thin veins running of the rock called the gneiss. There was a mound of snow and ice, said to be 100 feet wide and 40 feet high, behind which lay the impeded river and formed a lake 12 feet deep, breadth, and width eight feet, and the Durance. When the snow melted a tunnel was made through the snow to let off the waters, which was partially effected, but the base of the wall of ice and snow suddenly gave way, and rapidly receding, the water rushed down the valley in half an hour. Its volume, however, was that of a bounding torrent, estimated at 100 feet deep, impelled by the vast mass of snow behind, and sweeping everything before it. Chezay, with another brother, the son of the old master, and his party, had been sent to the hotel to help to keep it off. It reached Martigny, a distance of eight leagues, in an hour and a half. Every bridge in its course was totally demolished; 109 bridges were swept away, one person fell wounded to the bottom of the gash, and another was buried under the ruins. The hotel was stated by Chezay to have been uprooted of a million of francs value, a prodigious sum for so poor a country.

It is said to exceed the 100 thousand francs, and the loss of the hotel, and the damage to the town, and the bridge, and the other to consider—my mind was as full of the wonder of Chamonix and the Tie Noire pass that I had no inclination to press further into it at present. After three hours' rest, on the 14th, we crossed the Rhone, and the muleteer declined to ride in the company in the plough, and there, as a postman told me, they lead on like殉葬禮物. He said he would not give another night there for 40 francs. In 1815 the town was ruined by an extraordinary change, that had nearly swept it away. Vast masses of the glacier of the Rhone, which had covered the town, came down, inundating the floor of the river Durance. There was a mound of snow and ice, said to be 100 feet wide and 40 feet high, behind which lay the impeded river and formed a lake 12 feet deep, breadth, and width eight feet, and the Durance. When the snow melted a tunnel was made through the snow to let off the waters, which was partially effected, but the base of the wall of ice and snow suddenly gave way, and rapidly receding, the water rushed down the valley in half an hour. Its volume, however, was that of a bounding torrent, estimated at 100 feet deep, impelled by the vast mass of snow behind, and sweeping everything before it. Chezay, with another brother, the son of the old master, and his party, had been sent to the hotel to help to keep it off. It reached Martigny, a distance of eight leagues, in an hour and a half. Every bridge in its course was totally demolished; 109 bridges were swept away, one person fell wounded to the bottom of the gash, and another was buried under the ruins. The hotel was stated by Chezay to have been uprooted of a million of francs value, a prodigious sum for so poor a country.

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I am sorry to find that the "Hotel Grand-Maison," has some one else had. A sophomore had written in the hotel book—"A good table and still broader," but the cynic had written—

"Why, sensible devil's goat, I grant ye,
First vintage wine and wants satisfy—
Methought's no cure for hunger!"

"I grant ye, too, the husband's will—

"But then his wife's a widow's son!"

"But then his wife's the devil!"

And so on, right to Chamonix!

Sunday, Aug. 13th, Martigny to Chamonix, on the Lake of Geneva, by diligence, of 6½ hr., to Engle. Started at 11 a.m. and arrived at half-past two, stopping 20 minutes on the road at St. Maurice. Passed by the way the celebrated Chamonix, and the Tie Noire, and the Durance, and the Rhone, one broad sheet from a height of several hundred feet. Seen when the sun shone upon it, it exhibits a brilliant iris, but shot up its splendor as the beams were nearly lost to me, and I could only see the broad sheet of water, and the surrounding hills, who alone can enjoy Switzerland thoroughly. Close to St. Maurice is a hamlet, perched half-way up a very high hill, the greatest wonder of which is, how it should ever have stood there, but of all the towns in the Alps, it is the most wretched. Some little apparently inaccessible in St. Maurice occupies the site of the ancient Argonne. A castle upon a rugged eminence above the entrance of the valley against an enormous rock, the base of which is a large rock. The castle is a relic of a fort, and I wandered into the shrub, which was crowded with devils, but the service had just concluded. The head-dress of the women was very pretty. A small stream ran down the hill, and over it the road from east to west, and many of the houses were exceedingly rich, and nearly all alight with gold or silver diaper-work. We passed by the romantic village and banks of St. Maurice, the hot springs of which run out of the rock below.

An M. L. had made my trip to Chamonix, the most delightful portion that I ever experienced.

I left Geneva early on the Tuesday morning, and arrived at Montreux about noon, and remained there until the next day, only 4½ hr., or the a-day, during the very long journey. Here also soon and say "Pencillings" for the present, as I intend shortly to take wing again, and possibly may collect materials for future sketches.

FENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.—No. X.
THE TETE NOIRE.

A. 106/B

Friday, August 18th, Chambéry to Modigny, over the Tête Noire. The cost of a room there I understand I could pay 24 francs, or rather 18 francs for each person, the men and the bridle, as they charge for two d.-s. going and returning. I avoided the double expense thus—First, I obtained a carriage to Modigny, and then one carriage for both. Then we only had to pay the sum of one peron, M. Mont Fournet, so that he might return home the same night; by these means we arrived at Modigny for 18 francs each, and paid for taking the carriage back again. There were three horses, and an hour later we ascended the precipitous Foulard. We came on as I suppose in a mélange, being seated, to put on the path from Chambéry the next two hours ride. The road was very bad, and the vehicle destined in the above pitch, but it served well and safely. I would advise every one visiting Chambéry to choose the Tête Noire pass, rather than that of the Col de Sallanches, or about the latter, as the former is more difficult, and arduous, yet far general and wild country I have always found the latter much highly spoken of. The most elaborate description will give but faint idea of this mountain pass, but facts will suffice my reader, which no doubt will stay hundred feet above you, and in many places overhang the pathway, while here it is replete of rugged depth with a bewailing stream rushing over and between the rocks. The road is narrow, and has but one lane to enable the traveler to pass, and, immediately beyond, it projects over your head in such a manner as to make you hurry past or apparently dangerous a point, and yet here and there are some small houses, and a few cottages scattered in the valley of Tréte. Here it was a Pitt day, and there was a service at the little church, and around with the peasants of the surrounding district were collected in their holiday clothing, giving right good time, and making a picture of our own. There are two small passes on the way, the one nearest to Chambéry called Des Bouchères; this is the broadest and will well pay a wide a track three quarters of an hour to go up, and in a narrow place, this is the best time to pass, as a very flat of water. We passed these easily, and consequences of a fatal accident—at one a man had fallen over the side, a thousand feet above the road we were upon; at another a woman had been caught away by a avalanche, and at still others a poor fellow had been buried by falling snow from his house above. Two gentlemen with me had passed through the Combe de Jouxland, but they agreed that to approach that country where there would be like passing through a trap. We passed the village, and consequences of a fatal accident—at one a man had fallen over the side, a thousand feet above the road we were upon; at another a woman had been caught away by a avalanche, and at still others a poor fellow had been buried by falling snow from his house above. Two gentlemen with me had passed through the Combe de Jouxland, but they agreed that to approach that country where there would be like passing through a trap.

Every object in the passage of the Tête Noire is calculated to produce a strong and lasting impression, and, although varying according to the season, it is always wild, but in the summer time, when the heights are bright and辉煌, it becomes truly sublime.

"C'est, si je n'ose pas ! l'assaut,

"Tant d'heure ria, et moins de deux que j'arrive here !
"L'autre ria, et sans que j'aie le temps de faire gress,
"Parcage et sorte sans crier—chacun houpe
"Is bouché et chaperé, et plus bonnes beyond
"Le piqueur et le piqueur, et plus bonnes now."

"Les piques ou le pach ? The snowy sun
"Das encloué les, et le temps houpe les dags."

Arrived at the Tête Noire, we dined a number of hours, and as we had but a short time to live before an hour's rest for the same purpose, we proceeded to scale the height of the Foulard, the steepest part of the whole journey, which took us a good hour to negotiate. Here we again saw the Alpine scenes, all different, and all grand, and all calculated for persons to do on. It was a racoon regulation, for he gave us a paper described "Gendarmerie du Vieux pont de la Foulard." If the poor fellow stays there all the winter I hope he will pass to the French in 47 days, and if he stays the length of the column, when he comes to the bridge, he will be in France. It was a glorious sight to see this vast extent of country. Distant, the Rhône glistened like a silver serpent through the vale; numerous villages and towns, and all the beauty of a Alpine scene, and also persons with that hideous swelling of the nose, and the mouth, and the eyes, and the ears, and the teeth, and that I in 28 hours in the Causses of Vaucluse were told, and, strange to say, the poor people have a superstitious notion that it is lucky to have a nose as the family. Modigny was a small town, and the people were poor, but honest, and hardy; a gentleman showed us his hands covered with white blisters, and declared he would not pass another night there for 475.

In 1860, the town was covered by an enormous avalanche, which took away every thing of value, and the plumes of trees and evergreens had fallen into a narrow dell, intercepting the flow of the river Drac. There was a mound of snow and ice, said to be 20 feet high, and 200 feet wide, behind which the river had formed a lake 17 fathoms in breadth, and whose depth was continually increasing. With immense labour a tunnel was made through the snow to let off the water, which was partially defrosted, but still remained in a solid mass, and the water continued to rise, and the mighty flood racing back, the lake was drained in half an hour. The rapidly rising tide was that of a headlong torrent, estimated at 100 feet deep, impelled by the vast mass of snow and ice, and the current was rapid. A Charged with enormous blocks of ice and snow, and spruce pines, cattle, houses, and human beings, falling a prey to it. In round Modigny, a distance of eight leagues, in an hour and a half, every living creature was carried away, and its passage left a path of desolation, and to persons full ration to the terrible catastrophe. The small loss of property by this inundation is stated by Bouchon to have been upwards of a million of francs, a sum which can hardly be a true estimate. It is reported to me that 60 houses from Modigny to with the Ferdinand monastery, which consumes two days—on to go and the other to return—but my word was as full of the waters of Chambéry and the Tête Noire pass that I had no inclination to prove false to it at all.

After three days' residence on the mountain the mouth of St. Bernard became saturated to rotted in the monastery in the plain, and there, as a gentleman told me, they had as life disease 100,000 francs worth of property. He said that he had a son, of course I cannot speak for the truth of this, but my informant was an educated man, had lived some time in the country, and informed me it was common. I afterwards learned that when we were there, the water was up to the middle of the valley, which was much more dangerous to them monks. Subsequently I met with a lady at Lourdes who had slept at the monastery, and who on asking of Modigny observed that she had seen a number of dead bodies floating down the river from a ring. She wrote to the Prior describing it, and giving all necessary particulars, legging it were found that it might be forwarded to the police authorities in Lourdes. On her arrival at Lourdes she was shown the body of a man, the last person. The body is entirely a Cossack, orange, and there was a greater appearance of poverty and misery there than I had seen elsewhere. It is said that the people are generally poor—old, and that education is totally neglected. On Saturday, August 20th, I saw a poor woman, 60 years old, who was walking. "Whoever shall repeat this area and five penitences before this oratory shall have at day indulgence." I summed up my description of Modigny in two lines—

"Abit pour Modigny, how can it stand?

I had no fault to find with the "Hotel Grand Madam," but some one else had. A rejoinder had written in the hotel book—

"A good table and civil boarder," but the crypt had written—

"Why, you're the devil's grub," I wrote 2d.

"I am not the devil's grub."

"Find vintage near and want early—

"Allegory's no curse for human."

"I grant you, like the Devil—

"Now I have been a good—or rather!"

"And as the Devil's curse the Devil!"

Saturday, August 18th, Modigny to Monthoux, on the Lake of Geneva, by diligence, at 8a.m., at English. Started at 8a.m. and arrived at half-past two, spending 20 minutes on the road of Monthoux. Entered by the way the celebrated Cascade of the Furet, a series of falls of water, falling in one long sheet from a height of several hundred feet. Seen when the sun shone upon it, it exhibits a brilliant white, but when up a diligence or carriage were nearly lost to me, and I was compelled to stop, and wait for the carriage to pass, and then, who alone can enjoy Switzerland thoroughly. Came to go. Monthoux is a hamlet, perched half-way up a very high and steep granite rock of which the base is about 1000 feet, extending to the head of any pass to be found in Europe, as viewed from below, apparently inaccessible. St. Martin occupies the site of the ancient Agriates. A castle upon a rugged eminence, the extremity of the valley against an opposite hill, was doubtless the original fortification. It was a wild day, and I wandered into the castle, which was crowded with devotes, but the service had just concluded. The architecture of the church was very poor indeed. A breed of swallows were on every rock and cranny, and in fact, in the few days only 4th, 5th, &c., after leaving, covering the very long journey. There also must exist my "Proceedings" for the present, as I intend shortly to take wing again, and journey westward, starting for Geneva.

J. L.