

**THE PEASANTS OF CHAMOUNI:
CONTAINING AN ATTEMPT TO
REACH THE SUMMIT OF MONT
BLANC, AND A DELINEATION OF
THE SCENERY AMONG THE ALPS**

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The Peasants of Chamouni: Containing an Attempt to Reach the Summit of Mont Blanc, and a Delineation of the Scenery among the Alps by Anonymous

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THE
PEASANTS OF CHAMOUNI.

CONTAINING

AN ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SUMMIT OF
MONT BLANC,
AND A DELINEATION OF THE SCENERY AMONG
THE ALPS.

A world of wonders, where creation ceases
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams.

Montgomery.



SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, & JOY, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1826.

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THE works of Nature are without limit and without end. In SWITZERLAND they are particularly interesting; and it is with a view of delineating the romantic scenery in which that country abounds, that the writer is induced to place this little book in the juvenile library. She is indebted to Raffles's Tour on the Continent for much of her information; and the authenticity

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of² the melancholy occurrence recorded in the sequel, may be relied upon, as it is compiled from a recent periodical work.

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THE
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OF
CHAMOUNI.

“**BUT** where are the orange kernels? We must have orange trees, you know, like those in grandmamma’s conservatory,” said Emma to her sister Lucy, who, seated upon a green bench in the garden, was busily employed in sorting seeds; several boxes were lying near her; on one was marked *lypine*, on another *sweet peas*, on

another *mignonette*, &c., and the children were arranging the different sorts of seed in their respective boxes. "I cannot find the orange kernels," continued Emma, "and I will run and look for them in the drawer in the tool-house, for I dare say George put them there:—oh, no," continued she, recollecting herself, "my little parcel was left in the pocket of the carriage, on the evening of our return from grandmamma's. I was so tired by the time we reached home, that I forgot to take it out; so there it must stay, I suppose, and we shall have no orange trees in our gardens."

"But," said Lucy, "we shall have china-asters, convolvulus, and larkspurs, and sweet flowering shrubs of all sorts; the cistus, and

the white broom, and the almond tree, which mamma promised to give us, therefore we can do very well without them; besides, you forget that orange trees will not grow in the open ground, will they, Elizabeth?" said she, appealing to her eldest sister; "orange trees grow in France and Spain, where the air is much milder than it is in England, do they not? So, dear Emma, sort your lupine seeds, we shall want to set them tomorrow; the gardener raked our little borders yesterday, and we have nothing to do but to put the seeds into the ground: here is your lupine-box."

As Lucy spoke, Elizabeth, who had been training a Chinese rose round the back of the seat, turned

to the little girls, and desired them to put by their seeds till the next day, "for evening," said she, "is coming on, and it will soon be tea-time."

It was Spring, and one of those warm and agreeable days when nature, clothed in robes of the freshest verdure, appears in unusual beauty; the grass that looked brown and withered, was become green; the trees and hedges were covered with new leaves; not a whispering breeze was heard, nor did a leaf quiver on its trembling spray; the birds rejoiced that cold weather was gone, and raised their melodious voices on every bush, as if grateful to that good Being, who provides, with unceasing care, for their wants as well as for ours.