

Hotel d'Angleterre  
Chamonny. 22<sup>nd</sup> August  
1859

My dear Papa

My last letter was  
dated wrong, i.e. Saturday;  
it being only Friday.

I left Aix at 9 a.m.  
on that day, and reached  
Annecy at 4.30 it being  
what they call 17 lieues.

I liked the look of An-  
-necy very much; its  
position is lovely, and  
the town tolerably busy.  
I saw nothing like a  
Pension of any kind  
there.

Next morning I left  
at 9. a.m. and after a  
a very long, hot and  
dusty, but lovely walk,  
reached Bonneville  
(one of the principal  
towns on the Geneva &  
Chamorny road.) at  
6. p.m. The country  
and mountains on this  
road have very much  
the appearance of the  
Co. Down, but the  
sky is bluer (a deep lovely  
blue it is too) and the  
sun seems right over your

head. It is called 8  
lieues; you may trace my  
route on Tellers map from  
Pont Brogu, which you  
will find in the S.W.  
corner of the map (via  
Le Plot & La Roche).  
Next morning I left  
Bonneville at 8 a.m.  
and after a march of  
 $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours without halting  
reached St Martin;  
here dined and immediately  
proceeded on to Lewor,  
where I slept. ~~at Lewor~~  
This made altogether  
9 lieues - leagues - which

I accomplished in  
 $9\frac{1}{2}$  <sup>hours</sup> including all halts.  
This morning at 6 a.m.  
I left Leroux <sup>and</sup> ~~did not~~ ~~get~~  
arrived here at 8.45 a.m.  
thus having made the  
march from Aix, knap-  
-sack and all - and alone -  
in 3 days & 3 hours,  
the distance being, calling  
an heure or lieu  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles,  
84 miles, i.e. about 24  
miles a day which with  
a 9 pound knapsack  
is not bad going.

I have had some pleasant walks with peasants, who are very polite and intelligent, and who I understood perfectly.

I found a letter here from Adolf v. S. but no news that would interest you in it.

During these 3 days I have been living as well as one can wish, and yet my expenses have only been  $6\frac{1}{2}$  frances per day! so I shall stick to pedestrianism. I did not feel

the want of a companion  
at all, and I get on  
quicker alone, to say nothing  
of the perfect feeling of  
independence it gives one.

This is the best Hotel  
here and would be considered  
handsome anywhere,  
gigantic mirrors, reading  
room, &c. &c. Albert  
Smith is here too, and  
I sat near him at  
dinner, but he seems  
to be a consummate  
cockney and nothing

wonderful in private  
life. I have done  
nothing in the way of  
excursions here to day,  
nor shall I do much  
tomorrow, as I want  
to let my feet rest  
preparatory to crossing  
the Tête Noire to  
Martigny (which I shall  
do the day after tomorrow)  
and thence to Montreux.

They are firing cannons  
now - 9.45 p.m. - which  
I suppose is for the return

of a party of 36 people  
(Mont Blanc of course)  
who went up the day before  
yesterday. I am in  
capital health and spirits,  
and very much inclined to  
be satisfied with myself  
and the world in general  
at present, which is  
probably occasioned by being  
in the mountains and on  
my way to Switzerland again.

Francis E. Prendergast.

P.S. This will be posted  
tomorrow morning.