

seemed as if morning would never break. It was only when they went abroad, and found themselves carried to a considerable distance from the locality they had inhabited on the previous evening, that they comprehended what had passed, and hastened to fly from the impending peril.

In the month of January 1767, an avalanche swooped down upon the valley which lies at the foot of the Dent-de-Jarnan; it overthrew numerous huge firs, swept away a dozen of thriving farms, and passing over an inn in Allières, carried off the upper story, without inflicting the slightest injury on the people collected in the ground-floor apartments.

About the same date, the village of Saint Antœnien was overwhelmed by a fall of snow, and a female, one of its inhabitants, was extricated alive from her house, after having been buried beneath the snow for a whole week.