



# A woman botanist in Rousseau's footsteps: Clémence Lortet's Botanical Walks (ca.1811)

Sarah Benharrech, Marc Philippe

## ► To cite this version:

Sarah Benharrech, Marc Philippe. A woman botanist in Rousseau's footsteps: Clémence Lortet's Botanical Walks (ca.1811). *Huntia*, 2020, 18 (2), pp.33-66. hal-03045620

**HAL Id: hal-03045620**

**<https://univ-lyon1.hal.science/hal-03045620>**

Submitted on 18 Sep 2023

**HAL** is a multi-disciplinary open access archive for the deposit and dissemination of scientific research documents, whether they are published or not. The documents may come from teaching and research institutions in France or abroad, or from public or private research centers.

L'archive ouverte pluridisciplinaire **HAL**, est destinée au dépôt et à la diffusion de documents scientifiques de niveau recherche, publiés ou non, émanant des établissements d'enseignement et de recherche français ou étrangers, des laboratoires publics ou privés.

# A woman botanist in Rousseau's footsteps: Clémence Lortet's Botanical Walks (ca.1811)

**Sarah Benharrech**

University of Maryland, School of Languages,  
Literatures and Cultures, 3125 Jimenez Hall,  
College Park, MD 20742 USA.  
Email: sbenharr@umd.edu [SB]

**Marc Philippe**

Université Lyon 1 and UMR 5023 of the CNRS,  
7 rue Dubois, F69622 Villeurbanne, France.  
Email: marc.philippe@univ-lyon1.fr [MP]

## Abstract

This study presents for the first time a partial translation of Clémence Lortet's manuscript entitled "Promenades Botaniques" (Botanical Walks), which had remained unpublished and little known until recently. Clémence Lortet, born Richard (1772–1835), was a student and friend of physician and botanist Jean-Emmanuel Gilibert. Although she shunned publicity for most of her life, Lortet was a key figure of botany in the Lyons area in the period 1808–1835. While all her works were published under the names of her collaborators (Gilibert and others), she was instrumental in the founding of the Lyons branch of the Linnean Society. A staunch defender of the newly born French Republic, and closely connected with Freemasonry, she helped botanist G. Battista Balbis safely relocate from Italy to France. She also prompted collaborations and exchanges among botanists based in the Lyons area. Her Botanical Walks provided readers with a floristic guide. Lortet also filled her itineraries with personal memories, lyrical expressions and esthetic appreciations of various sceneries, wherein she emulates Rousseau's *Reveries of a Solitary Walker* (1782). Finally, her text can also be read as a moving homage paid to the memory of Gilibert, her teacher and friend, who had first recommended botany to her as a salutary diversion against the somber impressions left by the French Terror. The following analysis aims to shed light on the various cultural, botanical and literary elements in Lortet's sole attempt to craft an original instance of personal writing out of an inventory of the flora of Lyons.

## A craftsman's daughter, a treasurer's wife, a mother and a botanist

The only child of a master craftsman, Clémence Richard was born in Lyons on 16 September 1772. Her mother, Jeanne

Gondret (1750–1826), came from a family of dyers originating from the local Savoie bourgeoisie who had been settled in Lyons for two generations. Jeanne Gondret received enough education to nicely sign her name on her marriage certificate. Pierre Richard (1741–1815), Clémence's father, had served for ten years in the army, where he had acquired an outstanding command of mathematics. His grandfather, originally a ploughman, migrated to Lyons to become a weaver. By the time of Clémence's birth, the Richard family had become experts in silk yarn dyeing and worked for several royal courts. Clémence's godmother, a maternal great aunt, was married to an herbalist and probably worked with him.

Being slight and frail, Clémence Richard received her education at home from her father, who taught her mostly mathematics and science, an unusual decision at the time, especially in this social context. In 1791 she married Jean-Pierre Lortet (1756–1823), general treasurer for the Rhône department. Jean-Pierre was the son of Pierre Lortet Mugnier or Meunier, a wealthy innkeeper who had provided lodging for Jean-Jacques Rousseau on several occasions, in particular in 1768<sup>1</sup> (Lortet et al. 2018, p. 200, n. 3). He was actively involved in Freemasonry. He hosted and participated in a philosophical society

known as La Pilata, dedicated to the progress of the sciences. The society maintained a botanical garden. Jean-Pierre himself was an active Freemason, and even if evidence is lacking for Clémence ever being a member of an adoptive Lodge, Freemasonry played an important role in her life and that of her son.

The couple's only son, Pierre (1792–1868), was nursed by his mother, a practice advocated by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which was still unusual among wealthy people. The writings of the philosopher had a strong influence on Clémence, as revealed by several of the texts she wrote (Lortet et al. 2018). In line with these beliefs, Clémence was a confirmed democrat, as was her son, who was subsequently elected to the Assemblée Nationale in 1848. In 1793, however, when Lyons was besieged by troops of the République and then subjected to a drastic purge, Clémence and her husband were committed to saving as many people as possible, regardless of their political preferences.

The severe repression that followed these political troubles had a deep impact on Clémence Lortet's mood, and she probably suffered from some depressive illness. On a friend's recommendation shortly before 1803 she visited Dr. Jean-Emmanuel Gilibert (1741–1814), a former member of La Pilata and a member of the Masonic lodge where her husband officiated. During the first year of the French Revolution, the botanist Gilibert had offered public lectures for La Pilata and pleaded for a republic and the involvement of women in political life. Gilibert's prescription for her was to "exercise [her] legs and occupy [her] mind." He recommended that she grow plants in her garden and come to his botany lessons. Soon, he asked her help for collecting plants as material for his lessons and, step-by-step, sent her further and further afield. A year later she was able to walk 30 kilometers a day, collecting plants with her son.

Clémence Lortet soon became a skilled field botanist, keen on cataloguing local diversity. Gilibert then invited her to collect phenological data. This very Linnaean project enthused Lortet, and in 1808 she carefully recorded flowering dates around Lyons for hundreds of species. These data, together with some others previously collected by Gilibert in Grodno (Belarus), were published in 1809 as the *Calendrier de Flore* (Flora calendar) under the sole authorship of Gilibert. The preface, however, clearly acknowledged Lortet's contribution.

At the same time Lortet was attending courses in astronomy, chemistry and physics. She developed an interest in geology and learned Latin with her son, which enhanced her understanding of classical botany textbooks. Pierre was attending a secondary school (*lycée*). However, just as her father did with her, Clémence Lortet ensured that his basic education included many scientific subjects (Anonymous 1835). Soon after, in 1811, Pierre went to Paris to become a medical doctor. She accompanied him for a few weeks and met several academic botanists. She kept in touch with several of them, notably Antoine-Laurent de Jussieu (1748–1836), Aimé Bonpland (1773–1858) and André Thouin (1747–1824) to whom she communicated observations on *Fumaria* cotyledons. In Lyons she guided botanical tours of the city, including tours for several preeminent botanists, for example Georges-Henri Dumarché (1755–1828), Jean-Louis-Antoine Reynier (1762–1824) and Achille Richard (1794–1852). This recognition allowed her to be received as an associate member of the Paris Linnean Society in 1822 (Philippe 2020). Together with Giovanni Battista Balbis (1765–1831), director of the botanical garden of Lyons between 1819 and 1830, and other naturalists, Clémence Lortet collaborated on the founding of the Lyons branch of the Linnean Society, which in 1823 became the independent Société Linnéenne de

Lyon, still active today. This society quickly became the unifying element that was missing among Lyons naturalists and gave an impetus to the cataloguing of surrounding flora, including cryptogams.<sup>2</sup> Under the guidance of Balbis, this work culminated in the publication of the *Flore Lyonnaise* (1827–1828).

Around the same period, Clémence Lortet conducted some experiments on the growing of diverse oleaginous plants and hemp. Olive oil production had been low in Southern France in 1815–1819, and substitute plants were actively tested for the production of oil. For this work she was awarded a prize from the Société Royale d'Agriculture de Lyon in 1820. Her diary records her pursuit of this agronomical research, especially with peach and lettuce. This did not keep her at home, however, and she continued with field botany, making several long trips: Alps (1810, 1826 and 1830); Jura (1817); and Auvergne (1818, 1824 and 1828). Clémence Lortet died in 1836, aged 63 years. An anonymous tribute described her as “likeable and simple.” This was probably true, but this description greatly minimizes the important role that she played in the history of botany in Lyons.

### **A passionate botanist but a shy author**

A reserved person, lacking the flamboyance of George Sand or the social background of a Victorine de Chastenay, Clémence Lortet did not openly rebel against the status of women, neither in society nor in relation to science. She lived her passion intensely but left no printed matter signed with her own name or even her married name. Lortet might have benefited from the freedom of movement inherited from the Old Regime, which some women retained during the first third of the 19th century according to Hours (1999). Lortet had field parties with several botanists. One of her most regular companions was the priest

Gaspard Dejean (1763–1842), and on several occasions she went botanizing with a women’s group (Lortet et al. 2018). As attested in her diary, however, she also commonly botanized with male botanists, including Noël-Antoine Aunier (1781–1859), Balbis, Dumarché, Richard, Georges Roffavier (1775–1866), etc. She regularly attended the Lyons Linnean Society meetings, whether public or not. Her correspondence shows that she was in contact with many people.

The sum of these contacts constitutes what she probably considered her private circle. Outside of this, she adopted an extremely reserved attitude. She communicated with Thouin via a third party (her son). She insisted on not having her name quoted in the *Flore Lyonnaise*, nor in its *Supplément* prepared by her good friend Roffavier (1835). It is noteworthy that she is not quoted in Augustin Pyramus de Candolle’s *Mémoires* (2004) even though de Candolle freely acknowledged the help he received from women. To become a member of the Lyons Linnean Society one had to have published a memoir. Her contribution to the *Calendrier de Flore*, signed by Gilibert only, was considered to fulfill this requirement. She did not undersign a report she sent to the Agriculture Society (Bibliothèque Municipale de Lyon–Part-Dieu, Ms 5586, fol. 13) about several agronomical experiments, and most of her findings in this area of her research are quoted in an unpublished report by J.-F.-M. de Martinel (1763–1829) to that society (Bibliothèque Municipale de Lyon–Part-Dieu, Ms 5586, fol. 16–34). This modesty safely ensured that her contribution to botany in Lyons would be little remembered.

Lortet’s contribution to botany in general, and the botany of Lyons in particular, was large and varied. Her census of flora in the area of Lyons in 1808 was much more complete than the previous ones conducted by Claret de La Tourrette (1785) or Gilibert (1798).

For Aunier, Anselme-Benoît Champagneux (1774–1845), Roffavier and several other botanists, she was a source of inspiration, in particular when advocating the study of cryptogams. In conjunction with the Masonic lodge housed in La Pilata, Lortet probably played a role in the hiring of Balbis as director of the botanical garden by the municipality of Lyons. It is usually acknowledged that she had a key role in the founding of the Lyons Linnean Society in 1822. She gave the society a complete herbarium of the Lyons area, checked by several experts, including George Arnott Walker-Arnott (1799–1868) and Balbis.

In June 1830 Balbis, old, sick and again in a politically delicate situation for his stance as a republican, quit his position as director of the botanical garden. Lortet convinced Nicolas-Charles Seringe (1776–1858), a French botanist established in Geneva and a pupil of de Candolle, to leave Switzerland and take the position. Lortet also taught botany to Caroline Chirat (1797–1847) and her brother Ludovic (1805–1856). The two Chirat siblings subsequently wrote a textbook entitled *Étude des Fleurs* (1841–1842), signed by Ludovic only, which quickly became a bestseller and was constantly republished. Lortet was clearly as meticulous and productive as she was “likeable and simple.” The rediscovery and the publication of her “Promenades Botaniques” add much to her portrait.

### **The context of the Botanical Walks (“Promenades Botaniques”)**

From 1810 until his death in 1814, Gilibert suffered acute episodes of gout that kept him at home. Several passages in the “Promenades Botaniques” suggest that these were written for Gilibert. Why and how did Gilibert encourage her? Did he ask her to tell him about her Botanical Walks for his entertainment? Did

he want to prepare a new publication about the flora of Lyons with her? Did he prescribe this activity to keep her occupied while she was somewhat depressed by her son’s absence (Roffavier 1836)? Did she enjoy writing and produce more than expected?

Whatever triggered the writing of the Botanical Walks, Lortet did not produce any text before this one, at least according to what is found in her archives. Similarly, she did not write any equivalent after Gilibert’s death, except for a ten-page report entitled *Voyage au Mont-Cenis en août 1826*, published by Magnin (1912). Her diary (mostly written from 1813 to 1820) has only short botanical reports. There is no clear dating in the Botanical Walks, except “1809” and “February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1810.” In the Fifth Walk she said she visited Mr. Vitet, who died in March 1807. A friend of hers, Sophie Trumel, is mentioned as a widow. S. Trumel was widowed in 1804 and married again in August 1811. Several notes in her herbarium indicate that the plants listed in her Botanical Walks were collected between 1803 and 1811. We can hypothesize that the Botanical Walks were written around 1811–1812, although it is probably a collation of older elements that integrates subsequent amendments.

These were difficult years for Lortet. Her only son, to whom she was so close, was far away. Her father’s health was declining (he died in 1815). Her husband was suffering from gout. Her good friend Gilibert’s health was also deteriorating, and he was confined at home. The botanists who would eventually be part of the Lyons Linnean Society had not yet started studying botany (Aunier, Roffavier) or were not living in Lyons. Other botanists, including Mouton-Fontenille or Mr. and Mrs. Lacène, were living in Lyons, but they belonged to very different political circles. A sensitive soul, Lortet must have suffered much during this period and probably found solace in writing.

## Clémence Lortet in the footsteps of the Solitary Walker

Had Lortet solely intended to give her recipient a survey of the plants indigenous to the Lyons region, then a simple list of plant names and locations would have sufficed. Such a list would have closely resembled documents of apothecaries and botanists, who primarily focused on compiling and providing evidence of “vegetal statistics” (expression first attested in A. N. Duchesne’s 1771 manuscript (Bibliothèque Centrale du Muséum National d’Histoire Naturelle, Ms 1297), see Van Damme 2012, p. 49) from the end of the 18th century until 1840. According to Van Damme, the collections of the Museum of Natural History in Paris hold more than 30 similar unpublished compilations, yet we would be at a loss to find any with the personal observations, the emotions, the regrets and the memories that animated Lortet’s pen in her Botanical Walks. Her manuscript therefore presents extremely original features that prohibit any confusion between her writings and the aforementioned floristic inventories. Most of the distinctive features are drawn from readings and cultural artifacts that do not belong to the practice of botany strictly speaking or to science in general. Overall, we may speak of a hybrid culture that is both botanical and literary, fed by texts and images, which conveys a sensibility that we usually qualify as pre-romantic. However, the search for her literary references is all the more difficult since Lortet rarely provided the title of a book—only in one instance with the *Songes d’un Hermite* (Mercier 1770)—or the name of an author. She usually kept silent about what nourished her intellect besides her obvious knowledge of plants, with one notable exception. She eagerly walked in Rousseau’s footsteps by summoning a type of Rousseauistic discourse of emotion, with

lyrical passages prompting many instances of “tableaux” wherein nature is transformed into landscapes.

First, the division of the text into walks clearly denotes Lortet’s intention to put herborizing, or field trips, at the heart of her botanical practice. Accordingly, her Walks’ textual format strives to imitate the very activity of walking, an outdoor activity that in Lortet’s time took many forms: touristic walks, health walks, urban strolls or botanizing trips. In the early 19th century walking greatly differs from pre-revolutionary practices. Old Regime Parisians (Dautresme 2001) strolled down the newly built boulevards hoping to be seen. On the contrary, walking, as Lortet and her contemporaries understood it around 1811, demanded that one move in space, and preferably in a natural space, where the walker observes the surroundings instead of being the center of attention. The urban wanderings of Louis-Sébastien Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris* (1781, 1788) and himself an avid walker, had morphed into fixed itineraries by the turn of the century. In 1801, for instance, the *Magasin Encyclopédique* (Millin 1792–1816, 6:549) published a public announcement of a walk that was supposed to last an entire day. Its program did not leave much to chance by offering a mixture of magisterial lessons on botany, musical concerts and poetry readings. Hygienists and physicians believed that the displacement of the body facilitated intellectual and sensorial experiences. Hence, the walk easily fitted into didactic projects and became part of educational programs for children, such as J.-B. Pujoulx’s visits to the Jardin des Plantes (1803) or to the Paris Flower Market (1811), or A. Laguesse’s botanical walks in the second part of the 19th century (1877). The touristic walk is in itself a continuation of the didactic intention as it promotes the kinetic experience of a place organized into itineraries. Writers of tourist guides offered tours and

other tagged trails, with a predetermined length and duration as well as preset levels of difficulty and anticipated rewards. Tourists eagerly embraced guided tours, believing that they provided meaning and direction to their experiences of displacement (Devanthéry 2011). The 19th-century practices of walking had therefore little in common with the lone wandering or the ostentatious parading of the previous century. Walking had become a highly planned activity, regarded as the ideal vector for the discovery of the natural world.

Lortet likely had in mind a collection of guided walks in the same vein. Each of her Walks is given a title listing the main stages of the itinerary. In the body of the text, her Walks all include three fundamental components. First, Lortet mentioned the itinerary, remarking upon the paths' conditions and the trails' difficulty level. Second, she carefully listed the flora encountered along the trails, with additional notations on environmental factors like elevation, orientation, humidity gradient or the vicinity of any brook or river. Third, contrary to the practical use of itineraries, she added personal memories and confidences that she shared with her declared addressee, her old professor Gilibert, who intimately knew these walks after roaming the region in her company. While the practical notations, formal organization and carefully planned tours follow the format of a tourist guide, her highly subjective discourse sharply contrasts with these impersonal annotations. The semantic dissonance between both aspects of the text also raises the issue of the ultimate recipient of her Botanical Walks. If we are to believe that she planned to publish them, then we cannot reconcile the confidential outpourings she inserted in her composition; if Gilibert were her sole intended reader, why did she add information about the views, the trails, etc.?

We do not aim to solve this irreducible contradiction, which makes Lortet's writings

even more intriguing, but a close textual analysis may help reveal some of her inner motives. She invites Gilibert to return to familiar destinations in his imagination. Imaginary botanizing trips as a source of consolation in times of hardship were commonly featured in turn-of-the-century French poetry. For instance, the poet Jean Roucher, imprisoned during the Revolution and on the eve of his execution, daydreams about the field trips he took with his daughter in happier times (Haroche-Bouzinac 2002). Lortet intended her text to be the material support for Gilibert's memories. Concurrently, she paid her respects to their friendship and probably to his teachings. In order to fulfill her mission Lortet turned to cultural and literary forms with the goal of structuring heaps of memories of excursions and of friendly interactions with Gilibert and other people close to her heart. Conducive to reminiscing, the exercise of walk writing acknowledges the illustrious Rousseau, her literary predecessor, whom she embraced as a trailblazer who first showed how to convey inner feelings in plant observations.

Rousseau's name is frequently invoked in several of Lortet's Botanical Walks. First, the division in walks appears to be a distant echo of the *Reveries of a Solitary Walker* published in 1782, where Rousseau intertwined botany with literary expressions of selfhood (Martin 2008; Drouin 2003; Montandon 2000). The traces left by the *Reveries* are also discernible in several lexical associations. For instance, in the Second Walk, Lortet mentioned solitude and reveries, in the space of a few lines:

At least, the walk is solitary enough to let you  
escape and dream [*rêver*] alone, or even better,  
have exquisite conversations with a friend.

Elsewhere, in the Seventh Walk, she mentioned her proclivity to reverie when contemplating clouds. Erik Leborgne observes that Rousseau's work had greatly modified the meaning of

the word *reverie*, by conferring on it a positive value (Leborgne 1997, p. 16). Originally synonymous with *trance* or *vision* in the 17th century, the meaning shifted to *meditation* during the 18th century and evolved into *daydreaming*. In the aforementioned example, it seems that Lortet informed Gilibert about the quality of the emotions that he was likely to feel during the First Walk. Thus, she invited him to feel and live the Rousseauistic self by the mediation of walking. References to Rousseau's subjectivity and style are used to bridge the gap between the experiencing self and the experience put into words, all the more since the ghost of the solitary walker haunted the area. Rousseau's brief stay in the region had somehow transformed its geography. In the Tenth Walk, Lortet paused at the Rosay Fountain near Rochecardon. She was not merely content with mentioning the fountain: she dwelt upon the encounter and amassed all the signs of devotion she felt toward the great man,

Next to the mill runs a path to the valley where the fountain stands, near the spot where Jean-Jacques probably liked thinking of his Julie. Located in the midst of woods from where you enjoy views of the Saône River, the fountain provides a most pleasing break. There, cool shade, pure water and comfortable seats are perfect for a rest. I often had lunch there, with my back leaning against the two-trunk tree where one can read J.-J.'s epigraph—*vitam impendere vero*—which he may have carved in the bark himself. What sensitive soul will not be affected when visiting this place once graced with this famous man's presence! Most of all, what mother, after she has nursed her son and enjoyed his first signs of affection, will not express her gratitude to Rousseau?

As a sign of intimacy, she called him by his first name, Jean-Jacques, a common practice among his devotees, symptomatic of the new and special relationship that Rousseau's writings had established with his readers. As Robert Darnton has masterfully shown, it

resulted in a new mode of reading, which “would explode the conventions established at the height of the classical period by Boileau” and “would revolutionize the relation between reader and text, and open the way to romanticism” (Darnton 2001, p. 232). This new relationship is best summed up as the process of self-identification with Rousseau's first person so that the reader speaks through Rousseau's voice. Rousseau's confidences were eventually a major source of inspiration for all of the personal writings to come. The natural world provided not only the setting for effusions of the self, but also the hypostasis, or materialization. In the aforementioned passage of the Tenth Walk, Lortet was keen on pointing out that she sat with her back against the tree bearing the engraving of Rousseau's motto in hopes maybe of being united with the *philosophe* via the sensory experience of touching the tree. Furthermore, she revealed two of his books that she may have read: *Julie, or The New Heloise*, and the treatise *Emile, or On Education*. Reference to the former appears in the expression “penser à sa Julie” by which she confused the time of the publication of his epistolary novel (1761) with the time of his stay in the Lyons area (1770). His readers erroneously believed that the story of two Lyons lovers who had committed suicide<sup>3</sup> was the main source of inspiration for his novel. They also assumed that Rousseau first thought of his novel on his visit to the Rosay Fountain. The writer did eventually express interest in the tragic episode when he visited the Fountain in May 1770, which took place nine years after the publication of *The New Heloise* (Coignet 1822, 1:464, 469; see note 1). The *locus amœnus* of the Rosay Fountain remained a prime destination for people touring Rousseau's country and as such was frequently listed in tourist guides. For instance, consider the guide that Mazade ostensibly composed for his daughter, plagiarized from A. Guillon (1797)



and published in the *Bulletin de Lyon* between 1805 and 1807. Here is the passage describing Rousseau's Fountain:

We left them for a moment for this charming grove, which the inimitable painter of nature (Jean-Jacques Rousseau) greatly enjoyed and where he would sometimes go and dream about his Julie; he himself carved her name on the bark of a tree, which is still proud to carry his imprint; a fountain of pure water irrigates the lawn and this fountain bears the name of Jean-Jacques (Mazade 1810, pp. 33–34).

The identical expression found in both passages “dream about his Julie” could signal Lortet's possible borrowing from Mazade's text. It could also be, as we are inclined to believe, that the resemblance between both texts results less from potential borrowings than from a common source of inspiration that had become cliché. Therefore, anyone who wished to imitate Rousseau could tap into a reservoir of stylistic features, images and vocabulary readily available when mingling the contemplation of nature with the lyrical expression of the self. Lortet's narration of botanical and solitary walks obviously belongs to post-Rousseauistic lyrical prose.

This last remark demands that we differentiate the author of the *Reveries* from the popular character named Rousseau. We should not presume from the textual presence of the latter that Lortet had indeed read his works. The *philosophe* had been turned into a popular figure that people of similar tastes and culture embraced at the beginning of the 19th century. They breathed through Rousseau's lyricism; they imitated Rousseau's prose and systematically reverted to his style or that of other similar poets when describing natural landscapes. Lortet's brief depiction of the Rosay Fountain is immediately followed with the mention of two plants, periwinkle and boxwood:

The valley is never entirely without greenery, even in winter, because the woods are filled with boxwood, *Buxus sempervirens*, and the ground is lined with periwinkles whose leaves always remain green.

Both plants are evergreens; both seem to participate in the celebration of the spirit of Rousseau still alive in the natural landscape. In a short passage of the *Confessions*, a periwinkle brought back memories of the *philosophe*'s youth with Mme de Warens. Worshippers of the *philosophe* had turned his brief mention of a flower into a fetish figure to such an extent that the blue flower became the symbol of Rousseauism (Jaquier 2012). Furthermore, we have seen that Rousseau's prose is Lortet's vehicle of choice to express her subjectivity and affect. There are also images that seem to trigger her imagination. The portrait of Rousseau devoting his life to the search for truth — *vitam impendere vero* — circulated through many engravings. These images popularized key passages drawn from his works, as seen in Cochin and de Launay's famous engraving placed as the frontispiece of *Emile* (Fig. 1; Michel 2003). At the center, the bust of Rousseau stands upon a pedestal where his motto is engraved. At the foot of the pedestal, a woman nurses her child. The evocation of Rousseau was therefore associated with a repertory of illustrations, some drawn from editions of his works, others sold individually by booksellers. A few verses underneath the illustration gave the buyer a digest of his prose and his thoughts in stereotypical form. In this context, the popular figure of Rousseau botanizing was extremely successful (Jaquier and Lécho 2012) in the last part of the 18th century and the first decades of the 19th century (Fabre 2017, p. 64).

Clémence Lortet was another solitary walker. She cherished solitude, as in the First Walk when she hurriedly left the noise and the crowd of faceless people behind and



Figure 1: Frontispiece of Rousseau's *Emile* (1782), engraved by Robert de Launay after an original by Charles Nicolas II Cochin.

climbed up the stairs to the top of the hill. However, contrary to standard usage, the adjective *solitary* in Lortet's writings rarely has the absolute meaning of *being alone* or *isolated*. She did not use the adjective to characterize people or places, but human activities. For instance, Lortet described the first itinerary as "rather solitary," using an adverb denoting a degree to which one may find solitude during this walk. Thus, solitude is not a quality per se, but a possibility, a descriptive feature of a walk. The solitary quality shifts from the walker, or the place, to the walking. In a way, Lortet promoted her itineraries with the implicit promise that they would transform

ordinary walkers into "Solitary Walkers." She almost turned Rousseau's expression into lexicalized antonomasia. *Solitary*, therefore, in her personal glossary, does not mean *isolated* or *secluded* but rather *adequate for solitary walkers*. As such, its meaning is to be taken figuratively. The people on solitary walks may be "lonely" in conformity with their attribute but also "in good company," as exemplified in the Second Walk. As we recall, she stated that "the walk is solitary enough to let you escape and dream [*rêver*] alone, or even better, have exquisite conversations with a friend." The proposed itinerary will please solitude-lovers as well as those who seek to exchange confidences in exclusive meetings, as Lortet declared without apparent contradiction:

As for me, I shall never forget that I received the sweetest confidences from my friend during similar solitary walks.

Therefore we may not infer from the use of "solitude" that Lortet was alone. The word refers to sociability practices proper to solitary people, especially friendship based on listening, dialogue and exclusivity. Such an understanding of solitude was not exclusive to Lortet's writings, but she could have read it as well in Rousseau, again an important influence. Whereas the *philosophe* perceived himself as a solitary walker, in his *Reveries*, Alexandra Cook reminds us that Rousseau frequently went on plant-collecting trips together with friends and other botanists and botanophiles:

Contrary to the depiction in the "Septième promenade" of the *Réveries*, Rousseau's botanising was neither isolated nor solitary. Rather, he undertook *herborisations* not only with botanists, but also with groups of friends. He corresponded about botany, exchanged books and plant samples with correspondents, and made herbaria for his friends (Cook 2008, p. 14).

While eschewing a literal meaning of *solitude* and *solitary*, one should acknowledge that solitude refers to the exclusive social practice of botanizing, wherein the affinity for botany is the binding agent keeping a few insiders together and separating them from the anonymous crowd.

In sum the Rousseau dear to Lortet and her friends was the solitary walker who hiked, collected plants and was moved by beautiful landscapes. Far from being only a physical activity, walking arouses many sensations when the walker is immersed in natural surroundings. In other terms walking transforms the natural setting into a landscape arranged by the subjective viewpoint of the walker, who projects feelings, memories and sensations onto it. The walker's gaze "frames the world and turns nature into tableaux" (Marschall 2002, p. 414), which is precisely the definition of *picturesque viewpoint*. Walking, as Lortet understood it, was a kinetic and scientific experience. One may also add a literary experience since Lortet may have found the inspiration for her own compositions in descriptive poetry as well. Thomson's *Seasons* (1730, in French 1759) was one of the earliest illustrations of the general enthusiasm for depictions of natural places. Eventually, many other publications focusing on lyrical descriptions of natural environments followed, including Saint-Lambert's *Les Saisons* (1769), Roucher's *Les Mois* (1779), Delille's *Les Jardins* (1782) and Gessner's *Idylles* (1756, in French 1762).

According to Alain Corbin, turning space into a landscape presupposes a series of mental operations that include reading, analyzing, imagining and schematizing space before appreciating its esthetic value (Corbin 2001, p. 11). Applying this definition, it is important to examine how Lortet experienced the landscape in the Lyons area that she transcribed for the sick M. Gilibert. The text ostensibly

substitutes for the actual walk because the length of the narrative simulates the duration of the walk. Accordingly, the text ends when the walker halted at the Cadière:

This time, my dear Doctor, the walk is rather long. I do not feel brave enough to go further.

Lortet invited her addressee to identify with her reactions to the landscape, and thus, to appreciate similar emotions prompted by the natural settings as well. She alternated informative passages about the physicality of walking, the spatial displacement, with remarks on her emotional responses. The textual rendition of the walks swings like a pendulum (Montandon 1997) between kinetic periods and motionless tableaux. For instance, in her First Walk, the movement is ascending in the first lines when she went up the Capuchins stairs and followed the path behind the Carmelites. The very sensation of ascending is rendered by the need to extricate oneself from the confusion and noise of the city. Then, once the walker reached the hilltop, she turned her head backwards to appreciate the scenery that the text gradually discovers, from the closest to the furthest:

When arriving at the Castle of Pierre-Scize, a pile of debris on a granite cliff, you will discover the Saône River, the hillside of La Croix-Rousse, where the beautiful duomo of the Chartreux stands erect, and further away all of the summits of the Mont d'Or.

The textual progression is modeled after the walk. Past the ruins of Pierre-Scize, the cemetery marks the highest point from where

you can enjoy a stunning view: at sunset, the mountains of Izeron and Saint-Bonnet; in the distance those of Beaujolais; and nearby, the hills and meadows of Champvert and Gorge-de-Loup.

Here, Lortet reversed the order in enumerating the several levels, starting with the background

and ending with objects located in the foreground. In the landscape she assembled, plants contributed to the general effect by adding colors and information about the ecological conditions of the area.

Lortet's most sophisticated tableau is perhaps in the Twelfth Walk. It is noteworthy that Barbe Island becomes landscape only from a very precise viewpoint. Indeed, one must take the stagecoach and reach a curve in the road wherefrom the spectator faces the island standing at the center of the river. Only from this point does Barbe Island become a tableau (Fig. 2). In the foreground, houses and buildings are arranged in a triangle; on both sides hill slopes close the landscape and direct the gaze toward the island. The background is populated with peaks in the bluish mist, as if a painter had painted the remote objects in blue

to depict their distance. Selecting the proper viewpoint is therefore key to the process of turning a space into a tableau (Corbin 2001, p. 104). Elsewhere, Lortet praised the sight that one may enjoy from Mount Thou (Eleventh Walk) and the exceptional view (*coup d'œil singulier*) that she admired in the pathways cut into the granite in the Sixteenth Walk. Embracing panoramic views stirs emotions shaped by the frequentation of pictorial art (Corbin 2001, p. 42). Most tellingly, in the Sixth Walk there is a moment when the landscape prompted a sense of *déjà-vu* by real or imaginary illustrations. When Lortet walked toward Francheville Bridge her viewpoint created the following landscape:

There is an extremely picturesque place near the bridge. A stream runs between two almost vertical rocks, one topped with an old tower.

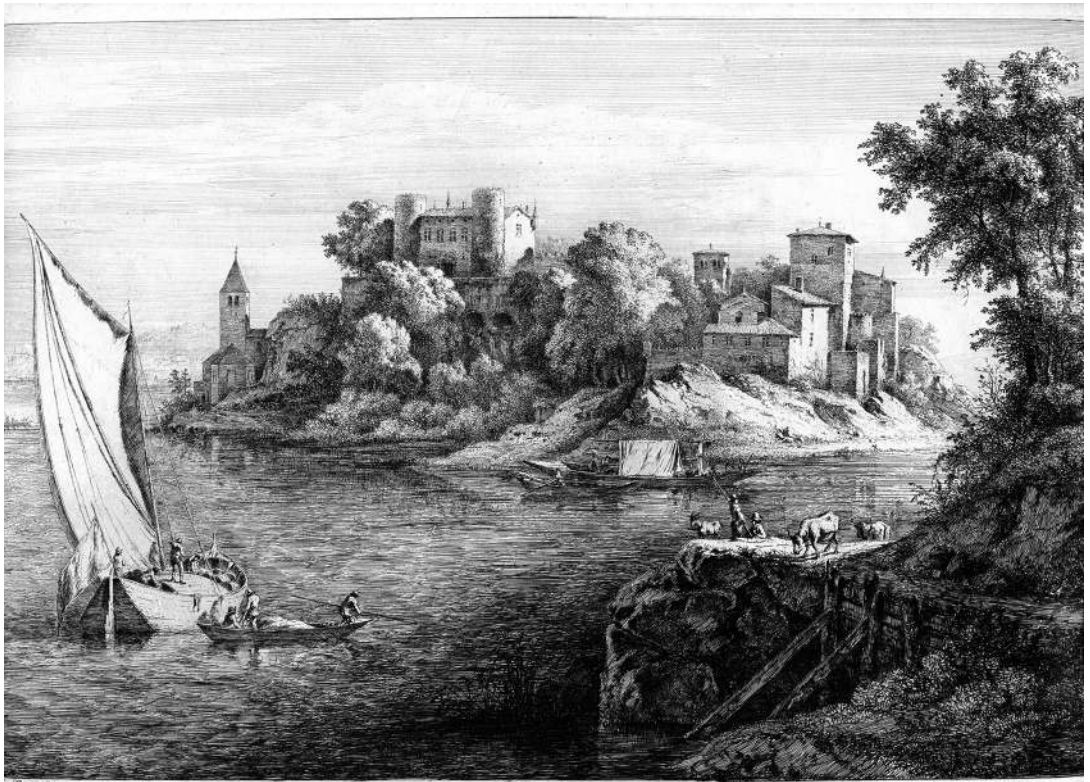


Figure 2: View of Barbe Island, Saône River, a league ahead of Lyons by Jean-Jacques de Boissieu, 1808 (private collection).

In this very spot, a dam blocks the stream's flow, and water spreads into the meadows. This dam is made of large blocks of granite irregularly arranged into a 15-to-18-foot-high embankment where the water flows and foams. The kind of waterfall they form produces the most charming effect.

However, some elements conjure another image that is superimposed over the initial landscape:

I shall never forget the joy that I felt the first time I saw it. I was with my son. I felt carried away to a little county in Switzerland, at least from the idea that I had formed of it. A little wood of pine trees contributed to creating the illusion; even the black cows and the goats pasturing on the rock all embellished the scene that is still present in my memory.

Cascades, pastures, pine trees, goats and cows constitute a landscape grammar (Reichler 2007, p. 35) whose arrangement allowed her to perceive Switzerland in the suburbs of Lyons. Lortet drew her appreciation of this picturesque tableau from iconographic references. Real illustrations—engravings, watercolors, etc.—encompassed all or most

of the aforementioned elements. She might have perused the illustrations in the *Tableaux Topographiques Pittoresques, Physiques, etc.*, by Jean-Benjamin de La Borde and the baron of Zurlauben (1780–1786), wherein cascades, pine trees, goats and cows abound (Fig. 3; Candaux 1999). This multivolume publication was instrumental in the dissemination of the pastoral imagery of untouched nature (Reichler 2013, p. 35). The textual tableaux in the *Lettres de M. William Coxe à M. W. Melmoth sur l'État Politique Civil et Naturel de la Suisse* (1779, in French 1781–1782), one of the numerous travel guides to Switzerland published at the time, could have also informed her gaze. More generally the growing interest in the Alps and Switzerland (Murgia 2003, p. 593) that the reading of Rousseau's novels had spurred extended late into the 19th century.

While recognizing the importance of sight within the esthetic and cultural framework of the picturesque, we should also note the other sensory landscape experiences that Lortet confided to her reader on several occasions. Her experience of walking is sensuous when

Figure 3: View of the glacier where the river of Trient emerges, engraved by L. J. Masquelier after an original by N. Perignon for La Borde and Zurlauben (1780–1786).



she found enjoyment in shade, coolness and silence, as in the Thirteenth Walk. While her sensations may appear fragmented and disorderly, they nonetheless cluster around several knots, such as the dichotomies open/closed and damp/dry, which confer some sort of structural patterns to her tableau-making process. For instance, Lortet enjoyed only open, limitless views of landscapes, and she took pleasure in the magnificent view that the Eleventh Walk allows:

You cannot possibly deny yourself the pleasure of resting at the top of the highest peak, admiring the vast expanse that you seize in a glance: the numerous villages built on the hills, the valleys and the various cultivations.

Yet, when her sight was blurred and blinded by the dazzling reflections of sunlight on white clay, then Lortet felt overwhelmed with sensations of pain and lassitude (Twelfth Walk). Similarly, she fumed at the landowners who had walls built around their properties to prevent walkers from walking freely and botanists from collecting plants.

If the vogue of building wall palisades takes hold of all landowners, this very pretty path will only offer a dry trail along tall walls. Already several little woods have been closed off, and every year I view with despair new fences being raised (Eleventh Walk).

Closed-up spaces fuel negativity and depression. On the contrary, openness prompts feelings of wellbeing. Her textual rendition of landscapes therefore reflects the inner emotions of the observer.

The opposition dry/damp is another organizing principle that often structures the progression of the Walk, as well as her tableau-making process. The walker marked her preference for dry paths and warns against slippery pathways. Humidity is negatively connoted. Lortet's discourse exemplifies the belief of her contemporary medical and

hygienic culture known as the miasmatic theory, that humidity was the cause of rot and vapors spreading pathologies (Corbin 1986). For instance, in the Fourth Walk, she related that

the air that we breathe at Perrache is full of swamp exhalations, which makes life there unhealthy, and unless someone is motivated by the possibility of picking interesting plants that grow there, this walk gives little pleasure.

In Lortet's mind, the opposite of damp is not dry, but clear running water. Streams give access to the landscape, and several plant species exclusively grow near water. Lortet therefore depicted landscapes in which her sensibility is formed from exposure to descriptive arts as well as structured by her knowledge of plant ecosystems. She borrowed images, words and tonal elements from a vast array of genres, styles and metaphors to verbalize her memories intertwined with botanical notes. In her writings, commonplace clichés result less from laziness of the mind than from the impact that literary commonalities had on her imagination and sensibility. As we shall briefly see, she resorted to a few clichés usually associated with Romanticism, such as nostalgia and the ubiquitous presence of death, but she also invested them with personal elements of her life.

In Lortet's case, the exclusive dimension of her friendship with her addressee was all the more pronounced as his sickness and looming death deepened her nostalgia for the past. Seventy-year-old Gilibert, sick and in pain, was unable to walk in her company and would eventually pass away in 1814. Guided by her intention to provide him with a substitute for walking, she hoped to divert his mind from the pain. She perhaps even viewed her writings as a remedy for the debilitating symptoms of his disease by breathing life into his wasting body. However, memory does not abolish the

distance between the present and what is no longer true. While Lortet sought to rejuvenate his mind by reminiscing, the conjuring of the past awakened the depressing feeling that the past is irrevocably over. Only the power of memory may help savor the past as past and arouse emotions all the more vivid since they emanate from loss. Because Lortet felt such a rupture between past and present, she emphasized her ability to bridge the temporal abyss thanks to the intensity of remembrance. For instance, she declared in the Thirteenth Walk, “these places are so deeply engraved in my memory that they will never fade away.” She measured the intensity of her emotion by the depth of the imprint that the memory left on her soul. As a corollary, remembering is a conflicting operation of the soul. While it stirs feelings of happiness in recreating the past, a sense of contentment in having this faculty to remember, it also arouses the acute pain of loss. The dual temporalities coexist but do not cancel each other out. This is why the Botanical Walks seem to contain several layers of time, and each landscape conflates past and present elements. The writer relied on the magic of space because space defies the linearity of time. Lortet populated her Walks with ghosts of past times. In her mind she still sees her dear professor, herself with friends halting on top of a column or taking shelter under an ivy-covered cave, or her friend lying on the grass with a book in his hands. Members of her generation lived through the French Revolution and several regime changes and were perhaps for this reason more apt than others at sensing the historical rupture with the past. The theme of ruins, so prevalent in the literature of Lortet’s time, is emblematic of this awareness of lost civilizations. There are many instances in her text where Lortet evoked the violence and disruption in history, and where ruins abound, but one passage in the Tenth Walk is particularly striking and original

because of its specific wording. When alluding to the 1793 massacre of Lyons inhabitants, she thanked fate for having saved her friend and adds: “However, let us divert our eyes from these unhappy times. Only funeral plants grew then.” Her pairing of *plants* with *funeral* and *grew* is unusual. One may have expected to read the word in the context of a procession, a eulogy or a cemetery. She could have designated plants used in a funeral service, but she declared that only these species “grew then” as if human violence had sterilized all other plants. Lortet imbued the natural world with the sense of death by naturalizing the violence perpetrated among humans. While Lortet seemed to adopt a stylistic feature commonly used in Romanticism, the projection of inner feelings onto the natural world, she actually regarded natural elements as hypostasis incorporating human attributes. Plants bear the marks of disruption in their flesh, so to speak, in the same way that they incarnated the traces left by Rousseau’s passage. Moreover, the occurrences of ruins and tombstones all attest to her anxiety about death and the passage of time. It is possible to read her hope for the indefinite postponement of Gilibert’s death in the wish she made about a grave:

From there following the large alley to the south, I come and rest upon the grave, which, I hope, will remain empty for a long time.

Although Lortet turned her itineraries into beautiful landscapes, she also occasionally introduced elements that commemorated both negative and positive memories, and others that forecasted pains yet to come. The lyricism of place does not disguise the tragedy of time.

Overall, the Botanical Walks serve a variety of purposes exceeding the floristic inventory, which nonetheless must have been Lortet’s primary motivation. These writings constitute a monument erected in memory of a friendship that she inextricably associated

with her personal appreciation of landscapes when botanizing with her dear old friend Dr. Gilibert. For these reasons each of her Botanical Walks is comparable to a silk tapestry in which threads of many colors intersect, all converging toward the intimate world of Lortet: her readings, her imagination, her feelings, her regrets and her profound affinity for plants. Elements of the landscapes as well as the focus of her observations, plants are more than emblems of the places she visited, of the knowledge she acquired and of the friendship she established with members of the community of botanists. They form the natural alphabet that she used to compose the depiction of her inner self; they are the living material of her memorial herborizations, for which Lortet painted colorful and expressive tableaux to serve as backgrounds. She wrote her Botanical Walks as textual shrines and dedicated them to the celebration of plants and to the remembrance of bygone days.

### Botanical Walks

The following translation aims at reproducing Clémence Lortet's simple and straightforward prose. Lortet was not a professional writer; she strove to convey her inner feelings with few embellishments and provide an operational account of her field expeditions. For these reasons, we decided to faithfully preserve her solecisms and stylistic quirks. For reasons of length the present translation does not cover the Twelfth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Walks, as well as her expeditions to Mount Pilat in 1805 and to Mount Cenis in 1826. The last words are, however, excerpted from her account of her trip to Mount Pilat. For a full version of her Botanical Walks, as well as for more information about the people and places mentioned in her writings, see Lortet et al. (2018). Clémence Lortet used names from different sources, and although

she largely refers to Gilibert's *Démonstrations Élémentaires de Botanique* (1796), she did not stick to one nomenclatural reference. We preferred not to "translate" Lortet's binomials into modern ones as (1) the correspondence would be questionable in some cases and (2) these names would be anachronistic.

### First Walk

Downtown and along the city walls from Pierre-Scize to Saint-Just.

When you wish to avoid the city's dirt and confusion, you may opt to climb up the Capuchins stairs and follow the path behind the Carmelites. On this path that is always dry, friends who wish to converse away from unwelcome intruders will find a very pleasant solitary walk and plenty of *Cochlearia coronopus* growing among the stones. When arriving at the Castle of Pierre-Scize, a pile of debris on a granite cliff, you will discover the Saône River, the hillside of La Croix-Rousse, where the beautiful duomo of the Chartreux stands erect, and further away, all the summits of the Mont d'Or. With luck, you may pick among the remains of the old prison, the *Coniza squarrosa*, *Cheiranthus cheiri*, *Artemisia vulgaris*, *Scrophularia canina*, a few erigeron, clovers, the *Asperula cynanchica*, *Carduus parviflorus*, &c.

Hence, when ascending toward the cemetery on a pathway, which is very steep despite the winding trails that level the slope slightly, you will find the *Origanum vulgare*, *Clinopodium vulgare*, *Eupatorium cannabinum*, *Epilobium tetragonum*, several bellflowers among which the rapunculoides, thymes, the *Pastinaca sativa*, &c. Finally, only after you have ascended this difficult pathway sprinkled with a few blooming flowers, like the path of life, you will reach the cemetery, the place of everlasting rest.

The cemetery is very large and from there you can enjoy a stunning view: at sunset, the mountains of Izeron and Saint-Bonnet; in



the distance those of Beaujolais; and nearby, the hills and meadows of Champvert and Gorge-de-Loup. The ground is covered with *Serratula arvensis*, *Arctium lappa*, *Sinapis arvensis*, *Amaranthus retroflexus* and other plants growing high, and loaded with many seeds that birds will feast upon when the ground is covered with a thick layer of snow, as I verified on February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1810. For a month, there were at least 6 inches of snow, but birds still found something on the dried-out stems of the aforementioned plants on which to subsist. The hedges and the surrounding paths are home to the *Rubia perigrina*, *Teucrium chamædrys*, *Antirrhinum linaria* and *A. striata*, *Onopordum acanthium*, *Verbascum lychnites*, &c. The old walls and ruins bordering the pathways are covered with mosses and lichens; the *Silene nutans*, *Sisymbrium tenuifolium*, &c. grow in the cracks.

I shall not end this walk that reminds me of so many pleasing conversations without taking the path bordered by walls on my way back to Fourvière; its billowing detours, its large doors that seem to never open, are engraved in my memory forever, oh, may I be taken there before I shed tears! ...

The surrounding vineyards are full of *Aristolochia clematis*, and the hedgerows consist of bushes, such as privets, hawthorns, elderberry trees, wayfarer, etc. The *Antirrhinum cymbalaria* sprouts on the terrace walls of the houses in Fourvière.

Thus, without walking too far, we can examine a rather large number of plants. During the year 1809, I noticed 220 species in the city or along its walls, not including mosses and grasses.

### Second Walk

Downtown, and around the city walls via Serin; circle back along the fortifications, either on the outside and continue on the pretty Tapis walkway, or on the inside by the no less

pleasing alley between the old fortifications and the enclosing walls of neighboring houses. This path leads to the Chartreux, and from there, to La Croix-Rousse. Walk back on the road past the Saint-Clair Gate, along the bastion.

Along the way, beside the rather common plants that border the trails, such as the chickweed, the upright pellitory, the goosefoots, the *Poa rigida*, we find the *Gypsophila saxifraga* and *G. muralis*; the *Cerastium vulgatum* and *C. viscosum*; *Centaurea calcitrapa* and *C. paniculata*; *Polycarpon tetraphyllum*, the *Carduus crispus* and *C. lanceolatus*; the *Carthamus lanatus*, the *Rumex pulcher* and almost all the plants listed in the first walk. I even had the pleasure to pick the *Ammi majus* on the trail near the Chartreux during one of these pleasing walks that do not happen as frequently as I wish.

The walk, one of the closest to town, has old fortifications; the ruins are worth a visit for all those who seek something other than an inquisitive and intruding crowd. It has pathways that remain dry, splendid views, especially when you climb up to the old fortress and take a break in the ruins, which bring variety to the places. At least, the walk is solitary enough to let you escape and dream alone, or even better, have exquisite conversations with a friend. As for me, I shall never forget that I received the sweetest confidences from my friend during similar solitary walks. Also, toward the Chartreux, leaning on his arm, I saw the most magnificent sunset that is possible to see under our climates. On other evenings, oblivious of time, we were taken by surprise by rain and night. Oh, how quickly did they pass!

### Third Walk

Pass through the Morand Bridge, the Tête d'Or and the islands, the plain until the Part-Dieu and back through the Guillotière Bridge.

On the left after the Morand Bridge in direction of the Tête d'Or, the trail is lined with hedges and ditches revealing many plants to the amateur and offering a most pleasing view. The hedgerows are interlaced with bindweeds, bryony, clematites and hop. Ditches abound with *Lythrum salicaria*, *Lysimachia vulgaris* and *L. nummularia*. The whole, mingled with the long fluttering ears of *Arundo phragmites*, turns this trail into an alley of flowers. Once there, the island is accessible by a small plank on which it would be most unpleasant to lose one's balance. The water looks deep to me, and those who cannot swim will barely get out alive. The entire island is planted with willows, alders and poplars. At some intervals, you walk past little ponds formed by the dead arms of the Rhône River, where many plants thrive, among which are the *Typha latifolia*, *Cyperus monti*, *Phalaris orysoïdes*, several *Scirpus* and many other grasses, the *Sagittaria sagittifolia*, *Sparganium erectum*.

Toward the Rhône River you will find the *Sideritis hyssopifolia*, *Hieracium staticifolium*, *Mentha sylvestris*, *Artemisia hyssopifolia* on the banks. If you choose to follow the Rhône up to the lime kiln located at the large levee, you will find a way out of the island, or rather, the peninsula. In the watercourse that divides the island from the lowland, the *Potamogeton fluitans* and *P. pectinatus* were detected; on the edges I collected the *Triglochin palustris* during one of the walks that are so well engraved in my memory and even deeper in my heart.

In the meadows around the barn called Tête d'Or grow the *Malva moschata*, *Allium ursinum*, *Symphytum tuberosum*, *Viola montana*, *Lithospermum cœruleo-purpureum*, *Erysimum alliaria*, the *Vicia*, plenty of umbellifers, &c. In the damp ditches, the *Circaea lutetiana*, the *Senecio erucifolius*, in the hedges, the *Tamus communis*, the *Sambucus ebulus*, &c.

Further down in the lowlands, especially after the harvest, the wheat fields allow for bountiful plant collecting. You will find the

*Adonis aestivalis*, the *Anchusa italica*, *Caucalis grandiflora*, *Stellera passerina*, *Æthusa cynapium*, *Nigella arvensis*, *Delphinium consolida*, several *Antirrhinum* and sparges, the *Stachis annua*, *S. palustris* and *S. germanica*. When coming from the Part-Dieu, the ditches that are almost always full of water are filled with the round leaves of the *Hydrocharis morsus ranae*, the *Festuca fluitans* and several *Ceratophyllum*. There I collected the *Hottonia palustris* for the first time. But nowadays it grows in greater numbers on the Charpennes trail, behind the beer brewery. I shall never forget the walk I took there on a lovely day of spring with one of my friends. She is no botanist, but she could not help admiring the charming effect produced by all these country flowers. Indeed, the enormous clumps of water flags, intertwined with the ears of pretty white pinkish flowers of the *Hottonia*, the pure white of the *Galium palustre*, juxtaposed with the pretty bush rose and the privet flowers, made my friend declare that there were no flowerbeds with flowers so profuse and so elegant and with colors so harmonious.

On the same pathway, you will find the *Samolus valerandi* on the sides of the ditch; the *Hypericum perforatum* and *H. quadrangulare* abound everywhere, the *Sanguisorba officinalis* in the meadows; in the ditches, the *Veronica beccabunga* and *V. anagallis*, the aquatic mint, the *Bidens tripartita*, many *Carex*, several *Sisymbrium*, &c. Next to the Guillotière Bridge in the pond, I find the *Hippuris vulgaris* on the water's edge.

We will, however, walk down along the Rhône River another time. This is a rather long walk. I have never walked further with my dear professor. It would exhaust him. May the enumeration of pretty plants that grow there make him want to collect them with his friend. She would find them even prettier.

Tell me, my dear good friend, if this is what you had in mind. I need your approval before I continue, because I am sad, sad indeed because

your pains deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you. Have your friend in your thoughts sometimes and *me ama*.

#### Fourth Walk

To Perrache, south of the city, by going to the peninsula through the little bridge on the Saône side, and exit at the end of the embankment by the bridge leading to a tile factory, across the Mulatière Bridge and return by the Etroits Trail.

This walk to the city gate yields a surprising amount of plants, especially when waters are low enough to allow one to walk across and get close to the marsh edge. It is partly planted with willows, white poplars, alders and *Rhamnus frangula*. The highest part is cultivated, resulting in gardens, leys and wheat fields. The whole is interspersed with ditches full of water and swamps where grow plenty of *Arundo*, *Scirpus*, arrowleaf, water flags, *Potamogeton*. You can find the *Hydrocharis morsus-ranæ*, *Ranunculus aquatilis*, *Phellandrium aquaticum*, *Menyanthes nymphoides*, *Polygonum amphibium*, *P. persicaria* and *P. hydropiper*, the *Myriophyllum spicatum* and *M. verticillatum*, the duckweeds and the confervas. In the mud beside the swamp, the *Riccia fluitans*; on the side of the Saône, also in the silt, you find the *Limosella aquatica*, *Scirpus michelianus*. The ditch edges are filled with *Senecio paludosus* and *S. erucæfolius*, *Spiraea ulmaria*, *Cenothera biennis*, *Verbascum blattaria*, *Stachis palustris*, *Scutellaria hastata* and *S. galericulata*. Under the willows there are the *Althaea officinalis*, *Tanacetum vulgare*, *Asparagus officinalis*, *Sonchus palustris*, *Ranunculus auricomus*, a host of grasses, as well as in the damp meadows located at the southern tip of the island, where grow the *Cenanthe fistulosa* and *O. peucedanifolia*, *Cerastium aquaticum*, *Pimpinella magna*, &c. Following the embankments built alongside the Rhône River, you can pick the *Astragalus*

*cicer* and *A. glycyphyllos*, *Talictum angustifolium* and *T. flavum*, *Erysimum cheiranthoides* and *E. barbarea*, &c. Last, you can see there several species of willows although it is difficult to find identical ones when they bear leaves.

This expedition is not wearisome because it is located in the lowland. However, you should avoid going very early in the morning because of the excessive dew and in the evening because of the crowds of insects called mosquitoes.<sup>4</sup> The side on the Saône River shows the pleasing view of the Fontanière Hill topped with Ste-Foy village.

The air that we breathe at Perrache is full of swamp exhalations, which makes life there unhealthy, and unless someone is motivated by the possibility of picking interesting plants that grow there, this walk gives little pleasure. In my case it will never be my choice although it reminds me of a few pleasant memories. I vainly hoped for a moment of happiness.

After crossing the bridge located at the confluence of the Rhône and Saône rivers, you take a right on the path called the Etroits, along the water. This path located at the bottom of the Fontanière Hill is named after the vast number of springs it provides. It offers moist balms and conglomerate caves where abundant streams run. Beside several interesting mosses, you find along the trail the *Inula dysenterica*, *Sambucus ebulus*, *Tussilago farfara*, &c. Inside the main cave, pebbles are garnished with leafy liverworts, *Marchantia*. Several *Asplenium* and the *Adiantum capillus veneris* hang down from the ceiling, the only location in the Lyons area where they grow. Very close to this cave, I collected the *Lythrum hyssopifolium*.

It would be a pity to destroy this cave, the ornament on this pathway, when the platform is built. It would be better to build a half-moon balcony overlooking the river. Besides, if the imperial palace<sup>5</sup> happens to be built at Perrache, this cave would provide a pleasant viewpoint.

At last, you head back to the city by the Saint-Georges neighborhood, whose sad appearance makes you regret the time you spent in the fields.

### *Fifth Walk*

Starting at the Mulatière Bridge, passing through Pierre-Bénite, Yvours, Irigny up to Vernaison.

I often visited these places when I took my walks in these directions and when, from there, I used to go to my father's home, at the Cadière, with the intent of collecting the numerous plants that grow there, thanks to the variety of soils and cultivated lands. For instance the Mulatière meadows and marshes, Oullins willow stands, Pierre-Bénite islands and the dry lands of the surroundings, Yvours springs, meadows and marshes, and last, the several dead arms and ponds of the Rhône River that extend till Vernaison; the whole is embellished by country dwellings scattered here and there and by the quick flow of the Rhône.

In the Mulatière ponds you first will see a very attractive plant: the *Butomus umbellatus*. On the banks and in the meadows, the *Marsilea quadrifolia*, *Gratiola officinalis*, *Conferva reticulata*, *Allium angulosum*, &c. can be detected. When heading back toward the willow plantation, besides the aquatic plants that I already mentioned in other walks, you can collect the *Plantago intermedia*, *Isnardia palustris*, the *Polygonum*, &c.

In Pierre-Bénite along the pathway made with the glass factory's waste grow the *Tribulus terrestris* and the *Salsola kali*. On the islands and mainly in the slow-running waters that divide them and on the muddy sand edges, I collected the *Limosella aquatica*, *Lindernia pyxidaria*, *Scirpus michelianus*, *Arundo epigæos*, *Riccia*, *Najas marina*, *Potamogeton perfoliatum*, a large number of grasses and many less rare plants.

In Yvours marshes filled with *Arundo* display the *Nymphaea lutea* in deep water spots; in shallower water the *Alisma natans*, *Rumex aquaticus*, the *Sium latifolium*, *S. angustifolium* and *S. nodiflorum*, the *Hottonia* and the *Cardamine pratensis fl[ore] pl[eno]* and a multitude of other plants. However, the most bountiful and most pleasant places are the large meadows watered by the spring called the Mouche, which powers many mills, factories and workshops. These meadows are enchanting. They have all the *Orchis* that thrive in damp places, the *Ophrys æstivalis*, *Serapias longifolia*, *Pedicularis palustris*, *Symphytum officinale*, *Ranunculus sceleratus*, *Geranium dissectum*, *Carduus tuberosus*, *Ophryoglossum vulgare*, many *Carex*, among others the *C. davalliana* and plenty of grasses, such as the *Scirpus sylvaticus*, *Cyperus longue*, *Eriophorum*, &c. Botanists can order country meals at the watermills, but as I have almost always been there by myself, I have been content with resting on the side of the stream, where the water is very clear.

Following the Rhône River to Vernaison, you find more or less the same plants in the branches of the river that surround the islands. The dry hillsides next to Vernaison have the *Cistus salicifolius*, *Polycnenum arvense*, the *Salsola kali*, *Datura stramonium* and a few grasses.

I have not gone further in that direction on my botanical excursions, because I used to find in Vernaison at Mr. Vitet's house a very pleasant place to spend the night. I stayed there on several occasions, which I remember with pleasure. Pleasant hosts, a most friendly welcome, a well-curated library: what more could you wish for? There, all the while thinking of my absent friends, I read the *Songe d'un Ermite*, which I had wanted to read for so long. I have found plenty of *Trigonella monspeliaca* in Mr. Vitet's walled garden.

## Sixth Walk

Up Yzeron River from the Oullins Bridge to above the Bionand Aqueduct. Continue following the river banks by crossing several valleys up to the point overlooking the Francheville Bridge, take the stream on the left leading to Messrs. Jambon's mill in Craponne.

While I do not intend to take my dear reader on trails that hold little interest for botanists, once in a while I imagine myself taken directly to the plant-collecting place, to which we know how to go from previous walks. Accordingly, the Oullins Bridge that we have already seen when passing through the willows will be our starting point today.

The Yzeron River that this bridge crosses runs dry during part of the year but often overflows when it rains heavily in the mountains. From the Oullins Bridge to the Bionand aqueducts, you will walk up the river in a small valley oriented East-West, that is to say that the water runs West-East, approximately. The valley is at times narrow, at others, rather wide. Its orientation gives the bordering sides different aspects. The right one, looking south, is dry and gritty. The sun shines from sunrise till sunset. Planted with vines, it produces good quality wine, known as Balmes de Ste-Foy wine. This village is located on the hilltop. The aspect of the left slope is much more pleasing. Cooler, with more plants. The vines produce only mediocre wine. Most of its surface is scattered with very pleasant small groves. The lands located in the little plain between both slopes consist of light soil and are adequate for all types of planting. The river runs on a bottom of gravel and sand filled with mica. Because its bed lacks depth, the river destroys its banks planted with willows, poplars and alders, as well as uproots the trees. On each side, there are several conglomerate caves. The outcropping rocks are made of granite. Near the bridge is a quarry producing rather pretty pink granite.

Halfway up the slope, looking south, my father owns a house called the Cadière, located where the valley is at its widest and at equal distance between the bridge and the aqueducts. The scenery is very rustic. You would never believe you are so close to a large city. There you overlook the valley that seems closed on the west by Chaponost Hill where you can see a long succession of archways. The remains of the aqueducts joining with those of the valley, and extending through the Yzeron and Saint-Bonnet Mountains, form an amphitheater and limit the horizon. On the east the scenery extends further. You can see the Rhône and Dauphiné rivers down to the Chartreuse Mountains. In front of you, in the south, the Oullins village and Irigny hills show a more animated spectacle. The valley is embellished with a few houses, very simple and lacking the enclosing walls that make villages near Lyons so sad looking.

Without doubt, I owe my taste for botany to my frequent stays in this delightful valley. How could I have seen all the pretty plants that grow there day after day without wanting to know them? On the recommendation of a friend, I attended the lessons of the venerable professor in charge of teaching natural history. It was impossible to make his acquaintance without loving him! His friendship is a priceless treasure that I owe to botany and that makes its study even dearer.

I have walked so often in the valley starting at the Oullins Bridge to the aqueducts that I doubt an unusual plant has escaped me. I shall not attempt to enumerate them, which would be tedious. I shall only name the prettiest and those that can only be found in the surroundings of Lyons.

In the hillsides and the vineyards looking south are the *Thlaspi perfoliatum*, *Iris germanica*, *Ornithogalum nutans*, *Lathyrus latifolium*, *Anthericum liliago*, *Genista pilosa*, *Globularia communis*, all the vernal plants like the speedwells, drabas, bittercresses and mouse-

ear chickweeds. The woods on the north side contain the *Scilla bifolia*, *Anemone nemorosa*, *Isopyrum thalictroides*, *Adoxa moschatellina*, *Oxalis acetosella*, *Phyteuma spicata*, *Sanicula europaea*, *Aster amellus*, *Valeriana officinalis*, *Circæa lutetiana*, the *Primula*, the *Daphne laureola*, the stellaires, the *Convallaria majalis*, *C. multiflora* and *C. polygonatum*, many mosses, ferns, &c.

These woods consist for the most part of oaks mixed with *Populus tremula* whose white flowers and white bark contrast with the dark color of the woods as early as the end of February. Hazelnut trees, honeysuckles, the *Virbunum opulus*, the *Coronilla emerus*, *Tamus communis*, &c. were detected there.

In the lowland, you collect the *Aphanes arvensis*, *Ornithogalum umbellatum*, the arenarias, &c. in the wheat fields. The meadows display the *Rhinantus crista galli*, *Ophrys insectifera*, *O. ovata*, *Orchis ustulata*, clovers, grasses.

Pasture lands and ditches along the river offer you the *Spergula pentandra*, *Cistus guttatus*, *Crucianella angustifolia*, *Corrigiola littoralis*, *Sagina procumbens*, *Hypericum humifusum*, the *Riccia minima*, *R. ciliaris*, several mosses and lichens, the *Nardus aristata*, a grass that had previously not been found in the Lyons area; in the ditches, the *Callitriche vera*, *Potamogeton pusillum*, &c. When scouring this valley, you can collect all the *Labiæ* named in the *Calendrier de Flore*.

We finally reach the aqueducts spanning the valley at the border of the villages of Ste-Foy, Oullins and Francheville in the Bionand district. They present one of the most beautiful ruins of the Romans' great work that used to bring water to Lyons. They display an impressive mass. The archways' height in the valley fills with wonder. Unfortunately, the columns that used to stand in the stream did not resist, and the bridge is cut off. But on the side of Ste-Foy, you may still climb up there and walk over the twelve archways. You can find the *Coronilla minima*, *Cistus fumana*,

*Linum tenuifolium*. The stones are covered with several species of lichens that you can collect only after breaking the granite stone. The cement is so hard that it is impossible to break it off into one fragment. Slightly above the aqueducts you find plenty of *Anemone pratensis* and *Ophrys spiralis*.

Often, in order to enjoy cooler air, I used to take my rustic meal on the highest column. What enchanting scenery! In the distance, the old tower of Francheville. No dwellings too close to me. I am alone between heaven and earth! On their way back to town a few peasants step on the rickety board that covers the ruins of the columns fallen into the stream. Oh! How many generations have passed since these stones were piled up on top of each other. But a happy memory interrupts my fearless thoughts: I recall the fortunate day when I climbed up these aqueducts with dear friends! I am with them, and I reluctantly descend.

The other part, on the Chaponost side, is equally pleasing. The space under the archways is filled with shrubs, and the columns are lined with ivy, turning them into arches of greenery. I blame myself for having uncovered one by cutting the trunk of the embracing ivy. A charming little cavern had been carved out in there where I often took shelter from the rain. If only we had completed the project that we planned on the day when we sentenced this poor ivy to be cut, I would find solace. But every time I see this leafless trunk, I express my sadness. Shall I not come back here with my friend? Will we no longer explore this valley together? Will we not spend our evenings contemplating lightning bolts on the horizon from the gallery with my dear mother? Oh! Let me hope that I shall still have this pleasure if you do not want to rob these places of all charms.

Between the aqueducts and Francheville Bridge, you will find the same soil, the same cultivations and therefore the same plants.

The only difference is that the hillsides are narrower, and the valley is less warm. There is an extremely picturesque place near the bridge. A stream runs between two almost vertical rocks, one topped with an old tower. In this very spot a dam blocks the stream's flow, and water spreads into the meadows. This dam is made of large blocks of granite irregularly arranged into a 15-to-18-foot-high embankment where the water flows and foams. The kind of waterfall they form produces the most charming effect. I shall never forget the joy that I felt the first time I saw it. I was with my son. I felt carried away to a little county in Switzerland, at least from the idea that I had formed of it. A little wood of pine trees contributed to creating the illusion; even the black cows and the goats pasturing on the rock all embellished the scene that is still present in my memory.

Above Francheville and up to MM. Jambon's mill in Craponne, the riverbed becomes deeper. The *Conferva fluviatilis* grows attached to rocks bathed by the current. The continuously damp meadows display the *Colchicum autumnale*, numerous *Orchis*, the *O. latifolia* with an unexpected variety of colors, the *Chaerophyllum hirsutum*, *Polygonum bistorta*, plenty of grasses, the *Cynosurus cristatus*, in the damp pastures the *Nardus stricta*, *Pedicularis sylvatica*, &c. Besides the aforementioned plants, the woods contain a great number of the *Fumaria bulbosa*, the *Andryala integrifolia* and many cryptogams, such as the *Mnium androgynum*, *Bryum pomiferum*, *Marchantia hemisphaerica*, *Targionia hypophylla*, *Buxbaumia foliosa*, &c. The dry rocks are covered with lichens, among others, the *pustulatus*, the *parellus*, and some *Sedum telephium*, *Cotyledon umbilicus*, *Sempervivum tectorum*. The *Potentilla rupestris* too was detected.

The riverbanks are filled with ash, groves of oak and chestnut trees. Once in a while you

find rather vast pinewoods, especially near M. de Ruols's castle. The ground is covered with periwinkles; *Ilex* holly shrubs are not rare.

This time, my dear Doctor, the walk is rather long. I do not feel brave enough to go further. We return to Lyons by the Francheville trail that leads to Saint-Just. When passing behind M. de la Cène's house, you find stones littered with *Trifolium subterraneum*. Rather often, whoever wishes to discover both sides of the stream has to go back by the same valley because it is difficult to cross to the other side when there is some water. In that case I return to the Cadière, where I invite you, my dear and good friend reader, to come and have a rest, too.

#### *Seventh Walk*

For a botanist nothing is more tedious than walking on a major road. Thus, in order to go to Brignais on the Garon banks, I shall not take the road of Saint-Etienne, but from the Bionand aqueducts I shall take the Valley of the same name where formerly stood a chapel dedicated to the Virgin and where the old road to Brignais passes. After crossing over this valley, we will walk across the Chaponost Heights while herborizing. From there we walk down to the sides of the Garon, which we will follow from Brignais up to Messimy, and we shall come back by the road to Thurins, more pleasant for pedestrians, where you always find a few plants.

From the Bionand aqueducts, you take the old Brignais road that passes through the valley and marks the limit between the districts of Saint-Genis-Laval and Chaponost. No stream runs there, but water abundantly flows down from the springs on one or another hillside, whose slopes are somewhat steep and their converging waters power a mill. This valley has very damp meadows, poor grade soils, a few groves and a little marsh that never dries up.

Immediately after the little hamlet of Bionand, you find on the rocks on the right the *Acrosticum septentrionale*, *Antirrhinum bellidifolium* and many *Anemone pratensis*. On the other side of the trail, in the shade and in the damp soil, I have found many *Anthoceros punctatus*. A bit further away, in the grass watered by the springs, you find the *Centunculus minimus*, *Trifolium filiforme*, *Montia fontana*, *Linum catharticum*, &c.

The lands have the *Hypochaeris glabra*, *Ornithopus perpusillus*, *Iberis nudicaulis*, *Antirrhinum pelisserianum*, *Campanula patula*. In the meadows one can pick several *Orchis*, among others the *O. conopsea*, the *O. coriophora*, the *Satyrium viride*, the *Spiraea filipendula*, *Scorzonera humilis*, *Colchicum autumnale*, *Sison verticillatum*.

The marsh holds several rare species. I found there only: the *Sison inundatum*, the *Veronica scutellata* var. *hirsuta*. The edges are filled with *Lindernia pixidaria*, *Gnaphalium uliginosum*, *G. luteo-album*, *Peplis portula*, *Galium uliginosum*. Nowhere have I seen such a quantity of *Gratiola officinalis* and *Ranunculus flammula*.

On the right you may choose one of the many trails leading to the Chaponost Heights, but it is preferable to take the path after the marsh. Being more pleasant, it passes by a dry grove filled with heather where *Malva alcea* and *Euphrasia lutea* grow. Down in the meadows, the *Scilla autumnalis*, &c.

Chaponost is located on a granitic mountain whose rock easily breaks off after being exposed to corrosion for a while. The peasants call it rotten rock. It is mixed with mica, and the soil is mostly made up of granitic waste; that is why it is of poor quality. There are a few counties where the clayey soil traps water. They were turned into meadows, which are very damp and where you will find the plants of marshy meadows, even the *Ophioglossum vulgatum*. The lands display the *Hyoseris minima*, *Sagina erecta*, *Lathyrus hirsutus*, *L. sphaericum* and *L. angulatus*, *Pisum arvense*, &c.

On the hill you find several remnants of aqueducts, the larger one being connected with the Bionand aqueducts. This part counts at least eighty archways. Nearby, across the trail, you can see a heavy spar vein (barium sulfate) of which the lands and torrents carry many fragments. Further down, still on the same path, there is clay suited for pottery, in which are kinds of nodules that are false geodes. Crossing over the plateau in the direction where all the aqueducts lead, you arrive on the edges of the Garon where the aqueducts, which form a bridge similar to Bionand's, pass over the stream.

How can I describe these riversides that I like so much? I would need to see them again, and still the description would always be poor. In order to find it somewhat charming, my reader should be in the same situation as I was when I went alone for the first time, so that he feels this sensation of happiness that one would like to share with another, yet that entices one to seek solitude. Oh! How delightful the valley seemed to me!

It was on a beautiful day of the month of May, on a balmy day evolving into a thunderstorm. The sky seems to me prettier when there are a few clouds, and I like to see their shadows running on the mountains and valleys. I thought little of plants on that day. I was absorbed in my daydreams. How delightful they were! Even when dining under a tree while the rain was pouring and thunder resonated in the valley.

From Brignais to the aqueducts, the valley displays beautiful pastures, but nothing is really picturesque in these locations. When walking up the Garon from the aqueducts until Messimy, the sites are infinitely more varied: the valley, a narrow space flanked by two rather elevated mountains covered with forests, takes many turns, and in some places, rocks abruptly overhang the path. Sometimes the valley seems to be closed off by large rocks covered with mosses and lichens and topped



with a bunch of pine trees. An insurmountable obstacle seems to block your way. Arriving at the foot of the rock, suddenly the valley widens. You discover a cheerful pasture. A little mill built where the two streams meet gives the most pleasant scenery. I sometimes bought milk. This is the only house I ever wished for. Oh. You would have come and paid me a visit! ... Past Messimy, the banks of the Garon are much more cultivated and not so rustic. From Messimy to Brignais the stream divides the districts of Chaponost from Soucieu. You see several remnants of aqueducts on the hill of the latter district. The most outstanding ones make the junction with those that span over the Garon. You can still see a large part of the flush tank and the holes. They contained the pipes that ran on the bridge spanning the valley, which is still adorned with streams.

The *Fontinalis antipyretica* can be found in the Garon, the *Cardamine impatiens*, *Mnium fontanum* and many cryptogams on the banks. In the woods you can also find the *Pulmonaria officinalis*, *Thlaspi montanum*, *Centaurea montana* and *C. nigra*, *Digitalis purpurea* and *D. ambigua*, the *Gnaphalium sylvaticum*, &c.

Inside the rock fissures are the *Bupleurum junceum*, *Silene armeria*, *Polypodium fontanum* and many lichens. At least, when walking back on the Thurins road that runs at the limits of Chaponost and Brindas, you find the *Plantago subulata* on the side of the road that leads to Francheville and from there to Lyons.

### *Eighth Walk*

To Charbonnières, Tassin and Craponne Heights.

It is rather convenient to go to Charbonnières on a cart used by those who wish to drink the waters on summer days. They leave every day at five in the morning from the Mort-quitrompe platform.

Who in Lyons does not know Charbonnières? It is a pretty valley with large woods, streams, pastures, everything that makes a place charming. I do not know why I do not like the place as much as I love Oullins, Craponne and Tassin. I believe that the crowd of water-drinkers renders it less pleasurable to me by stripping the place of the charms of solitude that make all the allure of the woods.

The woods display several plants that I already mentioned in previous walks. There you find plenty of *Campanula trachelium*, *Galeopsis tetrahit*. On the rocks: the *Epilobium antonianum*, a few ferns, and the *Stachys arvensis* in the soils. The meadows along the stream display orchis and various plants that also grow in the other valleys that we have already visited.

The Charbonnières and Tassin streams meet a little bit above this last village located at the top. Cultivations in Tassin valley include meadows, lands and woods. In the stream several stone beams fitted with sluices to channel the flow irrigate the meadows. The woods have many pretty plants that I have already mentioned. You can also find the *Prunus padus*, the *Ranunculus auricomus* and the *Stellaria minor*, &c. alongside the stream. The meadows display all the damp pasture plants, a lot of orchis, many *Satyrion viride*.

The height located between Tassin and Craponne streams, near the Allai Bridge, is worth a visit. The dry soil produces many pastures filled with *Genista anglica*. You can also find the *Statice armeria*, the *Nardus stricta*, &c.; in the lands, the *Ranunculus chærophyllus*, the *Alsine segetalis*. The hedges hold the *Mespilus germanica* and many wild apple trees whose apples are no bigger than medlars. Last, near the Allai Bridge, in a dry and gritty soil, you find plenty of purple foxgloves. It is their habitat closest to Lyons. I picked them sometimes in Bionand, but they never stayed more than two years in a row. Without a doubt

they must have sprouted from seeds carried away by the stream down from Saint-Bonnet.

From Allai Bridge we take the road to Lyons that runs through the plain of Tassin, interesting to scour, but where I have found nothing of significance. Near the Massues there is a hedge filled with *Ulex europæus*. The land abounds with *Veronica triphyllos*. Ditches and a few small ponds along the way show the *Ranunculus aquatilis*, a variety with round and entire upper leaves. These are the main plants that you are likely to collect during this walk. Return to town by the Trion Gate.

### Ninth Walk

Departure from the Vaise Gate; turn left to go and visit Gorge-de-Loup meadows and marshes; from there enter into the little valley below the Duchère up to Écully. Return by another valley where there are aqueducts.

The Gorge-de-Loup meadows and marshes are located almost at the city gate. They provide botanists with botanizing trips all the more pleasant because this valley never dries up in summertime; the vegetation remains a fresh green while all the surrounding countryside is parched by the sun. Passing on the way behind the Vaise suburb, water-filled ditches are covered with water crow-foot, *Callitriche*, *Lemna* and *Sisymbrium nasturtium* or watercress. You find several *Conferva*, among others the *C. plumosa*. On the sides are the *Scrophularia aquatica* and on the trail the *Lactuca virosa*.

At a short distance from Desgranges house, turn right on an alder alley leading to the marshes where you find abundant *Ophioglossum vulgare*, *Scabiosa succisa*, *Valeriana dioica*, *Cardamine pratensis*, the *Orchis mascula* and *O. maculata*, the *Caltha palustris*, and the *Menyanthes trifoliata*. After crossing the stream, you will find the *Stachis sylvatica*, *Symphytum tuberosum*, *Spiræa ulmaria*, *Ribes rubra*, *Carduus palustris*, *Anemone ranunculoides*, a great number

of the pretty marsh *Myosotis*, whose German name, as I so often love to remind my friends, means "think of me." Several *Rumex*, rushes, and many *Carex* and *Scirpus*.

After crossing the main road, you enter the little valley in the vicinity of Duchère, rather in a sort of ravine between rocks, where you have to walk in the streambed. Because of its protected position, you will find the first spring plants, the *Ranunculus ficaria*, *Fragaria sterilis*. On the rocks, the *Asplenium scolopendrium*, many leafy liverworts, the *Marchantia conica* and other cryptogams.

Écully is one of the prettiest counties in the area of Lyons. As a result, you can see plenty of country houses scattered on all the hills and valleys. In these valleys, where streams supply several mills and water the meadows, more or less the same plants grow as those found at Gorge-de-Loup. The *Conferva gelatinosa* grows attached to stones on the bottom of the stream. But when walking up on Écully Height, you discover extremely varied cultivations. The soil is strong, somewhat clayey. The hedges hold the *Ribes alpinum*. On the sides, the *Valentia cruciata*, the *Verbascum phlomoides*, &c.

Inland, there is a lot of *Veronica acinifolia*, and slightly above the village, in clay soil, you find the *Myosurus minimus*. Nearby, on the edge of a damp ditch, I have found one of the tiniest plants, the *Targionia sphærocephala*. After crossing the hill, we will walk downhill near Dardilly; the *Ulex europæus* var. *minor* grows on the edge of the trail. The valley meadows display many orchis, and the stream edges are covered with *Prunus padus*, creating a charming effect. The *Convallaria bifolia* and the *Lichen venosus* appear in the woods. The dry rocks also show many lichens, the *L. cocciferus*, the *L. parellus*, &c.

After walking down the stream, we arrive in the valley where there are remnants of the aqueducts. Their structures were not built with as much care as those of Chaponost and

Bionand. They do not have inlets. They are no more than walls made of granite rocks. You collect plants along the valley until the main road near Gorge-de-Loup and return through the Vaise Gate.

### *Tenth Walk*

After passing through Vaise and taking the path that leads to Rochecardon, visit the valley where stands the fountain of Jean-Jacques. Then, follow the stream that runs past Saint-Didier and walk upstream to Limonest. Visit Barollière Woods, the telegraph hills. Return to Lyons, either along the same valley or by walking across the lands bordering the main road.

Before arriving at the pyramid, take the path on the Saône riverbank. The ditch on the edge is filled with *Carduus nutans*. You can also collect the *Inula hirta* and the *Lithospermum officinale*. When starting on the valley path, you see rocks covered with *Cotyledon umbilicus*, lichen and mosses.

Next to the mill runs a path to the valley where the fountain stands, near the spot where Jean-Jacques probably liked thinking of his Julie. Located in the midst of woods from where you can enjoy views of the Saône River, the fountain provides a most pleasing break. There, cool shade, pure water and comfortable seats are perfect for a rest. I often had lunch there, with my back leaning against the two-trunk tree where one can read J.-J.'s epigraph—*vitam impendere vero*—which he may have carved in the bark himself. What sensitive soul will not be affected when visiting this place once graced with this famous man's presence! Most of all, what mother, after she has nursed her son and enjoyed his first signs of affection, will not express her gratitude to Rousseau?

The valley is never entirely without greenery, even in winter, because the woods

are filled with boxwood, *Buxus sempervirens* and the ground is lined with periwinkles whose leaves always remain green. On top of the rocks, you find the *Veronica prostrata*, *Antirrhinum bellidifolium*, *Thesium linophyllum*, *Vinca major*, *Ruscus aculeatus*, several *Carex* and other grasses, many mosses, among others the *Hypnum gracile* and *H. crispum*, &c.

Upon leaving the valley, I take the path on the left, leading to Saint-Didier. There, you can see two mills at a short distance from each other in a narrow valley surrounded with woods on a steep slope. From the summit abundant water flows down through the rocks. This is one of the sites most abundant in mosses and most notably in leafy liverworts. You also see the *Juncus pilosus* var. *maximum* and the *Oxalis acetosella*. Not long after passing the mills, we reach a little meadow that delights me every spring as a result of the enchanting view of pretty flowers with which it is filled. There, in the early days of March, we see the ground blanketed with the most graceful plants. The two-leaf squill, the isopyrum, and the wood anemone, mingled with primrose and violets of varied hues, turn the little meadow into the prettiest flowerbed. Even the clumps of the large leaves of *Arum maculatum* contribute to the beauty with their motley patterns of foliage. Every time I go there, I cannot resist the pleasure of contemplating, for a short while, this scenery animated by the sounds of the stream and the bird songs. Sitting on a felled old pear tree, I lament my solitude, as I cannot share the pleasure I feel with anyone. Oh, if only I could take you there this spring, I would be so happy!

You follow the stream by passing from one side to the other, successively. The hillsides display country homes and vineyards. The valley has lush pastures and a few woods, one of which has beautiful chestnut trees. You find orchis and grasses in the meadows. In the woods, the *Asperula odorata*, *Convallaria bifolia*,

*Paris quadrifolia* and many plants previously mentioned. We get to Barollière Woods, a beautiful castle, in Limonest, by a charming trail that constantly runs along the meadows. We cannot roam them without having sad memories. There our courageous inhabitants of Lyons were attacked in column formation, and many were slaughtered. Fortunately you have been saved! Where would you not find friends? However, let us divert our eyes from these unhappy times. Only funeral plants grew then.

The woods are magnificent. There are many beech trees. We find the *Athamanta cervaria*, *Hypericum hirsutum*, *Prenanthes purpurea*, *Gentiana cruciata*, *Aira montana* and other grasses. Next to the telegraph post, in the woods, you find the *Cornus mascula*. You can judge the beauty of the view one enjoys from this mountain from the choice to put the telegraph post there. In the interval between the hill where the telegraph post has been erected and the other, I have found pieces of iron ore weathered out by rainfall that looked rather rich. Several spots of these calcareous mountains have clay with iron ore in lenticular-shaped grains.

You can walk back to Lyons by crossing the lands bordering the main road, but in hot weather it is more convenient to return by the valley even though this walk is much longer.

### *Eleventh Walk*

After passing the Vaise suburb, follow the side of the Saône River up to Couzon, then take the Quarries path that leads to Mount Thou, Poleymieux and Mount Cindre. On your way back, pass through Saint-Cyr and return by the meadows path to Rochecardon.

This side of the Saône River allows for a charming walk. The path reserved for pedestrians was built at the foot of wooded slopes, except in Collonges where there

is a well-cultivated plain extending from Mount Cindre down to the river. The woods bordering the trail display a great number of plants, among which you can see the *Digitalis lutea*, and in the Saône River between the rocks on the edge, you see the *Nymphaea lutea*. If the vogue of building wall palisades takes hold of all landowners, this very pretty path will only offer a dry trail along tall walls. Already several little woods have been closed off, and every year I view with despair new fences being raised. When walking by the Fréta, a beautiful house that formerly belonged to Mr. Poivre, you will see the most beautiful *Liriodendron tulipifera* you will ever see in Lyons area.

In Saint-Romain and Couzon, quarries are exploited to extract limestone blocks that are used to build all the walls, either for fences or houses in the city and the surrounding area. Lyons was erected from these mountains, and there is still enough to build an identical town without running out of it. The quarries are open-pit. The mountain is cut into pieces; the debris are dumped on the fore where are planted vines that produce plenty of wine of mediocre quality. Beyond the communal path, each owner had a private way built to access the quarries and take stones away. These ways are carved under vaults of dry stones covered with debris and planted with vines. I have seen some as long as 200 feet always underground. In the quarries you can find limestone spar (calcium carbonate) crystallized in very regular rhombuses. Couzon stones are useless to make lime because of the clay and iron oxide they contain.

By following the quarry's path, you find the *Campanula medium*, the *Lathyrus latifolius*, and in the quarry itself, the *Sisymbrium mascula*. On the mountain, above the largest open pits, you find the *Lavandula spica* and the *Genista erinacea*. Nearby, in the woods grow the *Orchis abortiva* and the *Serapias grandiflora*. In the wood closest to Mount Cindre, you can find the *Aphyllantes*

*monspeliensis* and the *Centaurea conifera*. Once at the top of Mount Thou, the fresh air you breathe and the magnificent panorama you enjoy make you forget the fatigue caused by the very arduous walk. You cannot possibly deny yourself the pleasure of resting at the top of the highest peak, admiring the vast expanse that you seize in a glance: the numerous villages built on the hills, the valleys and the various cultivations.

On this hill you find the *Galium saxatile*, *Bunium bulbocastanum*, *Gnaphalium dioicum*, *Chenopodium bonus henricus*, *Gentiana ciliata*, *Carlina acaulis* var. *caulescens*, &c.

On the mountain slope facing Saint-Fortunat, the woods filled with boxwood offer the *Mercurialis perennis*. In Saint-Fortunat as well as in Saint-Cyr there are quarries of limestone harder and of better quality than Couzon's, so they are cut into large blocks and later carved into doors and windows or flagstones for terraces, &c. These quarries contain a lot of fossilized shells, above all ammonites and belemnites, between the strata. The one in Saint-Fortunat displays layers of different colors. The strata are almost parallel with the horizon, slightly tilted with the mountain plane. On the hill facing Saint-Fortunat, there is an opening in the mountain that the country people call Verdun Hole. I went inside with my son and one of his friends. We hoped to find a few beautiful stalactites or interesting fossils. We were equipped with torchlights, and we walked down as deep as we could, notwithstanding the danger. However, we could not find anything worth our efforts. The ground is covered with stones that fell from the ceiling, and it steeply slopes down. I believe that going into this place would be dangerous when the snow thaws.

I have found nothing worth mentioning on Poleymieux, a very high and well-wooded peak where you find more or less the same plants as those I found on Mount Thou. There

the castle that had been burned down reminds us of one of the most atrocious crimes exacted during our Revolution. I do not doubt that, if the culprits are still alive, their conscience presents them with specters threatening them from the top of the dilapidated crenels.

On the way from Mount Thou to Mount Cindre through the upper part of the Saint-Romain valley, there is a vast forest at the bottom of which runs a cool and abundant spring. It is one more of my favorite stops. The dwelling of Mr. de Saint-Romain's wine grower is very close by. They are nice people who readily offer everything that their standing in life allows. The *Stachis alpina* grows near the fountain. Higher in the woods grow the *Lilium martagon*, *Serapias rubra*, the *Cratægus torminalis* and *C. aria*, the *Sorbus domestica*, *Conus mascula*, the *Melampyrum arvense* and *M. cristatum*, the *Ophrys insectifera* var. *myodes*, &c.

At the top of Mount Cindre, partially cultivated with wheat, the lands have the *Bupleurum rotundifolium*, the *Papaver argemone*, the *Brassica orientalis*, &c. Among the stones near the hermitage, you find the *Buffonia tenuifolia* and the *Senecio squalidus*.

Hermits do not live there any longer, but the inhabitants of Saint-Cyr still maintain the keeper of the little chapel. The hermitage is located in a delightful spot wherefrom you can discover the Saône River and the surrounding countryside. The mountain slope is planted with vines that produce high quality wine. In Saint-Cyr and the neighboring villages they breed large flocks of goats that they keep and feed in the sheds. With the milk they make sought-after cheeses known as Mont-d'Or cheese.

After crossing Saint-Cyr village, you take the pathway that runs along the meadows. The cracks in the terrace walls have the *Rumex scutatus*, and in the damp meadows, the *Tussilago petasites*. While herborizing you get to Rochecardon, a place we have already visited.

These are the plants that the walk offers, not including the multitude of grasses growing either in the woods or in the meadows. Rowans are commonly found, but I have never seen them in bloom because they are pruned too often when they grow in thickets.

### *Thirteenth Walk*

Exit through the Saint-Claire Gate and roam in the various valleys sloping down from La Croix-Rousse, first Carette, Les Brosses, Vassieux and La Pape woods. Then Montluel and its surroundings. On your way back, visit the islands on the bank of the Rhône River, which takes us back to the same gate.

After passing the Boucle, you will find an iron gate that closes up the Carette Valley. Fortunately botanists find ways to get in everywhere! A nearby small valley gives me access to the Carette Valley, which I had the pleasure to visit several times in the company of the owner, but where I went alone with my memories even more often. If I wanted my description to be pleasant, I would have to write it right after returning from a delightful walk with you in the valley. Indeed this is exactly what I was hoping for! However I believe that the memory of the few delightful days that I spent there makes it sufficiently present to my imagination to attempt to describe it.

Upon entering the valley by the Rater path, you first feel an agreeable sensation created by the cool air and the solitude that you encounter immediately past a busy alley that soon disappears behind a valley bend. The pathway is lined with pretty periwinkles. On the left, there is a beautiful wood where walking is easy along the paths that were cut into it. In several spots though, they need repair. I remember that walking uphill is not easy when the grass is dry and slippery. These woods oriented north with a humus-rich soil contain many

plants. You find the *Helleborus foetidus*, *Melitis melissophyllum*, *Teucrium montanum*, *Anthericum ramosum*, *Serapias latifolia*, *Serratula tinctoria*, *Asclepias vincetoxicum*, mosses, lichens, among others the *L. saccatus*, &c.

On the right, on a descending slope, the sandy ground is held together by the roots of a multitude of plants that thrive on the soil and the southern orientation. Plantations of maples, poplars and black locusts decorate this hill that gives botanists the *Lepidium pætrum*, *Iberis pinnata*, *Galium mollugo*, *G. glaucum*, *Convolvulus cantabrica*, *Ononis natrix*, *Geranium sanguineum*, *Helianthemum pulverulentum*, *Anthericum liliago*, *Gnaphalium stæchas*, *Silene conica*, *Cucubalus otites*, *Allium sphaerocephalum*, *Pimpinella saxifraga*, several grasses, the *Cenchrus racemosus*. I collected the latter the first time I went to the Carette. My dear professor asked me to examine it on the bench located at the top of the sands, a bench he called the bench of wisdom. What a charming lesson! If only I could listen to many more!

The paths leading to the other gates of the enclosed plot are equally pleasing. You recognize the taste of a lover of simple nature, who fears to spoil it with ornaments, but who takes advantage of everything, even of nature's disorder, to embellish it. Will I ever forget the island filled with lilacs, where the benches are, I believe, used by me alone? The winding paths going uphill in the woods? The conglomerate caves? The stops so well fitted and so delightful to me? Oh no, because these places are so deeply engraved in my memory that they will never fade away.

Much less often have I visited the inside of the enclosed garden. However, I happily stop at the Nonsense Grove, at the Calypso Grotta, on the Bench of Friendship, and I admire the gorgeous vista of the entire plateau. I walk into the English Garden, and I sit on the lawn where once I found you, lying on the ground, a book in your hand. From there following the

large alley to the south, I come and rest upon the grave, which, I hope, will remain empty for a long time. Among your green peas I collect a *Fumaria* that Mr. Vaiolet determines as the *F. parviflora* of Willd[enow]. Finally, I cannot extract myself from this charming valley where I would spend my entire life if you still lived there.

When exiting the Carette, which I leave regretfully, I walk across Sister Vialli Valley. In the hedges I find the *Jasminum fruticans*, the *Bupleurum falcatum*, and further down the *Globularia communis*, *Sherardia arvensis* and several varieties of *Medicago polymorpha*. Hence, I climb up to the height where there is an abandoned house and another with a gorgeous vista. When going down, in a large hole, which appears to have been caused by the collapsing mountain, you find the *Inula montana* and the *Stipa pennata* as well as the *Avena pratensis*. This brings me back to the main road at the entrance of the village.

After passing it, you find the *Carduus marianus* on both sides of the path. Further on, Les Broses Valley also has woods and looks in several directions, and contains more or less the same plants, but not all those that grow in the Carette. The hedges on the Caluire side hold the *Iris fœtidissima*.

Beyond Les Broses, there is Vassieux, a rather large valley surrounded with woods. At the entrance you see the *Scilla autumnalis* and the *Ophrys insectifera*. In the woods you find the *Inula salicina*, the *Ononis minutissima*, *Pimpinella dioica*, *Potentilla rupestris*, *Hypochaeris maculata*. In the dry and open woods grow the *Centaurea crupina*, the *Trifolium alpestre*, *T. rubrum* and *T. montanum* and a multitude of plants already mentioned.

La Pape, one league away from the city, gives a bountiful harvest especially in springtime. As early as the first warm days, the woods are filled with *Anemone pratensis* and *Potentilla verna*. There you can find the prettiest *Orchis*

of our area, such as the *O. bifolia*, *O. morio*, *O. pyramidalis*, *O. militaris* and the *O. rubra*, which only grows there. The woods also hold the *Rhamnus saxatilis*, *Cytisus capitatus*, *Orobus niger*, *Onosma echiioides*, &c. On the summit and in open spaces, the *Bupleurum odontites* and the *Gallium tenuissimum*. The first year I practiced botany, I discovered a spot covered with *Linum gallicum*. Since then I have never been able to find it again.<sup>6</sup>

The same plants can be found in the woods and the ravines that run alongside the road to Miribel. Between Miribel and Montluel, the hill is planted with vines producing plenty of low-quality wine. The vineyards have little in store for botanists. Only the mountain ridge is not cultivated. Perhaps you would find something. I have never walked up there.

Montluel, a little town located in the Valbonne plains, one league away from the Rhône River, is on the main road to Geneva. Several streams supplied by the Sainte-Croix marshes and the swamp overflow also run through it. At the top stand the ruins of an old fortified castle, torn down during the Revolution like the one in Miribel.

I had the opportunity to roam the surroundings of Montluel when I often stayed at M. Trumel's. He usually lives in a beautiful house located across from a most pretty alley shaded by tall trees and where a stream runs. Planting varies around the town. The hill exhibits vineyards producing bad wine. The Bresse region, with its many ponds, starts at the hilltop. The entire lowland near Montluel is an excellent land where plenty of hemp is cultivated, but it becomes unhealthy when hemp is retted. Down to the Rhône River are vast well-watered prairies. However, the county that I like most is Sainte-Croix. Often do I steer my searching in this direction. The place is closer to those located in the vicinity of Lyons. The valley is surrounded with woods, meadows and ponds. In the middle

a stream powers several hemp-beating mills. Besides having the pleasure to collect plants, I sometimes delight in having a friend with me and converse with her about friends who are dear to our hearts; as a result, this valley reminds me of many sweet memories.

In the marshes I have found the *Parnassia palustris*, *Drosera anglica*, *Gallium spurium*, *Epilobium palustre*, *Schœnus mariscus* and *S. nigricans*, several *Carex*, the *Typha latifolia*, the *Polypodium thelypteris*, the *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, the *Menyanthes trifoliata*, &c. Thick undergrowth in the woods hinders visits. You find ferns and lichens on tree trunks. On the hill near Bresse, I have found the *Illecebrum verticillatum* on the side of a dried-up marsh. Usually marshes provide bountiful expeditions only during the first year they are irrigated and sowed. Only then is it possible to walk across the marshes, and the ditches always keep enough water for aquatic plants to grow, especially during the wet season.

From the ruins of Montluel Tower, you enjoy large vistas. In the ground, full of fragments, you see the plants that prefer stony soil. A large number of *Carduus mariana* can be found. The nearby cemetery is filled with *Hyoscyamus niger*.

On the Rhône River banks, and 3/4 leagues away from Montluel, you see islands and the Rhône's dead arms in Balan just like in Pierre-Bénite. You can find there almost the same plants.

Down along the river are located several tile factories in Thille, supplying Lyons with tiles and bricks.

Going to Montluel from Lyons by cart is very convenient. They leave and return every day.

I often wanted to visit the islands near Miribel, but the Rhône River did not allow me to satisfy my curiosity. You can, however, compensate by visiting the islands between La Pape and Vassieux. There, you will find the

*Artemisia absinthium*, *Hieracium staticefolium*, *Hippophaë rhamnoides*, *Typha angustifolia*, *Tamaris germanica*, the *Lotus siliculosus*, many willows, an unexpected number of *Scirpus* and grasses. The hillside located along the trail is filled with *Epilobium angustifolium*, several *Cistes* and other plants thriving on dry soil. Last, even the recent embankments of the Rater path have plants in store for observers. The mortar between the stones is already filled with grasses, *Plantago*, *Reseda*, and we have even seen the *Chelidonium glaucium*.

It is time to return to town, but we always try to prolong the walk when we are with friends. We leave them with many regrets.

[...]

My dear Doctor, I am exceedingly happy to have had the opportunity to entertain you for a few moments. These walks to which you attribute the virtue of relieving you from pain are indeed yours. They are, however, for you alone. May they never fall into the hands of people who would blame me for reminiscing about the past that your friend holds so dearly! Any appeal that these readings may have for you stems from the kindness and friendship you feel for your pupil. The sole worth of these walks resides in the fact they have been written with the intent of pleasing you.

Farewell, my d[ear] f[riend]. You are less in pain, you assure me, and I eagerly await the nice weather that will restore your complete health, my friend!

Primroses have already started blooming. I am sending you some to let you know that springtime is here. Farewell, *me ama*.

### Acknowledgments

The authors would like to express their profound gratitude to Pierre Lortet, who generously granted access to his family papers and facilitated the publication of his ancestor's writings. They thank Cédric Audibert, Blandine Bärtschi, Françoise Chambaud and Mélanie Thiébaud for their help with the original transcription in French and for providing useful information. They



are most grateful to Charlee Bezilla and Justine Ward for their careful reading of this text, as well as to the anonymous readers whose comments greatly helped improve this article.

## Notes

1. T. Kobayashi, Chronologie de Jean-Jacques Rousseau, <http://www.rousseau-chronologie.com/index.html>.
2. Her interest in cryptogams may have originated with Rousseau. In his *Voyage au Mont Pilat* (1770, p. 106) Claret de La Tourrette remembered the *philosophe's* marked interest in mosses. His later publication, *Chloris Lugdunensis*, caused a sensation because he championed the study of cryptogams in France for the first time. Villars (1789, pp. x–xi) attested to La Tourrette's work in this field. Gilibert, who took over La Tourrette and Rozier's *Démonstrations Botaniques*, is sometimes said to be interested in cryptogams, although his publications on this taxon are mediocre. It was Lortet, assisted by de Candolle, who revived cryptogamic botany in Lyons.
3. The young woman who committed suicide with her lover, fencing master Gian Faldoni, was none other than the young sister of Pierre Lortet, Clémence Lortet's future husband. The tragic anecdote known as the story of the Irigny Lovers was reported in many periodicals and inspired novels, poems and dramas ("Faldoni" *Biographie Universelle*). This family connection may have enhanced Lortet's feeling of closeness with Rousseau's world.
4. Clémence used the word *cousin*, which today in French identifies the crane fly. At that time, however, *cousin* was used for mosquito (Cote 1819).
5. Napoleon planned to have a palace built just on the Saône's left bank, opposite the cave mentioned by Lortet. This cave had become famous since Rousseau spent a night close by, under the stars, in September 1731.
6. As A. Cook recalls in her study on Rousseau, one of the goals of field trips was to ascertain if plants observed in the past and by fellow botanists were still growing in the same spots (Cook 2016).

## Literature cited

Anonymous. 1835. Nécrologie. L'Écho de la Fabrique (18): 3 Mai.  
 Balbis, G. B. 1827–1828. Flore Lyonnaise. 2 vols. Lyon: Layné.

Candaux, J.–D. 1999. Naissance de la cascade alpine. In: D. Buysens and C. Reichler. 1999. Voyages en Détails: Chemins, Regards et Autres Traces dans la Montagne. Grenoble: Revue de Géographie Alpine. Pp. 35–49. [Collection Ascendances and Revue de Géographie Alpine, Numéro Spécial, Janvier.]  
 Candolle, A. P. de. 2004. Mémoires et Souvenirs (1778–1841), J.–D. Candaux, J.–M. Drouin, P. Bungener and R. Sigrist, eds. Genève: Georg.  
 Chirat, L. 1841–1842. Étude des Fleurs–Botanique. 2 vols. Lyon: Cormon & Blanc.  
 Claret de La Tourrette, M. A. 1770. Voyage au Mont-Pilat dans la Province du Lyonnais [...]. Avignon.  
 Claret de La Tourrette, M. A. 1785. Chloris Lugdunensis. Lyon.  
 Coignet, H. 1822. Particularités sur J. J. Rousseau, pendant le séjour qu'il fit à Lyon en 1770. In: V. D. Musset-Pathay. 1825. Œuvres Inédites de J. J. Rousseau. 2 vols. Paris: Chez Peytieux. Vol. 1. Pp. 461–472.  
 Cook, A. 2008. The 'Septième promenade' of the 'Rêveries'. In: J. O'Neal, ed. 2008. The Nature of Rousseau's Rêveries: Physical, Human, Aesthetic. Oxford: Voltaire Foundation. Pp. 11–34.  
 Cook, A. 2016. An idea ahead of its time: Jean-Jacques Rousseau's Mobile Botanical Laboratory. In: M. Klemun and U. Spring, eds. 2016. Expeditions as Experiments: Practising Observation and Documentation. [London:] Palgrave Macmillan. Pp. 27–48.  
 Corbin, A. 1986. The Foul and the Fragrant: Odor and the French Social Imagination. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.  
 Corbin, A. 2001. L'homme dans le Paysage, Entretien avec Jean Lebrun. Paris: Les éditions Textuel.  
 Cote, L. 1819. Leçons Élémentaires d'Histoire Naturelle. Paris: A. Delalain.  
 Darnton, R. 2001. The Great Cat Massacre and Other Episodes in French Cultural History. London: Penguin Books.  
 Dautresme, O. 2001. La promenade, un loisir urbain universel ? L'exemple du Palais-Royal à Paris à la fin du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle. Histoire Urbaine 1(3): 83–102.  
 Devanthéry, A. 2011. Entre itinéraires et trajets: Représentations des déplacements dans les guides de voyage au tournant du XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle. In Situ Revue des Patrimoines 15. <http://journals.openedition.org/insitu/661> (12 March 2019).  
 Drouin J.–M. 2003. Les herborisations d'un philosophe: Rousseau et la botanique savante. In: B. Bensaude-Vincent and B. Bernardi, eds. 2003. Rousseau et les Sciences. Paris: L'Harmattan. Pp. 77–91.

- Fabre, J. 2017. De la promenade au promeneur: le promeneur solitaire, une figure émergente à la fin du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle? In: G. Farrugia, P. Loubier, M. Parmentier, eds. 2017. *Promenade et Flânerie: Vers une Poétique de l'Essai entre les XVIII<sup>e</sup> et XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècles*. Rennes: Presses Universitaires de Rennes. Pp. 49–65.
- Gilibert J.-E., 1796. *Démonstrations Élémentaires de Botanique*, ed. 4. Lyon: Bruyset.
- Gilibert J.-E. 1798. *Histoire des Plantes d'Europe, ou Élémens de Botanique Pratique*. 2 vols. Lyon: Amable Leroy.
- Gilibert, J.-E. 1809. *Le Calendrier de Flore, pour l'Année 1778, Autour de Grodno, et pour l'Année 1808, Autour de Lyon*. Lyon: Amable Leroy.
- Guillon, A. 1797. *Lyon Tel Qu'il Étoit, et Tel Qu'il Est: Ou Tableau Historique de sa Splendeur Passée, Suivi de l'Histoire Pittoresque de ses Malheurs et de ses Ruines*. Paris: Desenne.
- Haroche-Bouzinac, G. 2002. Se regarder passer: La dimension autobiographique et morale des Consolations de ma captivité de Jean-Antoine Roucher. In: C. Seth, M. Bertaud and F. Moureau, eds. 2002. *L'éveil des Muses: Poétique des Lumières et au-delà*. Rennes: Presses Universitaires de Rennes. Pp. 137–146.
- Hours, P. 1999. Les libertés d'allure d'une honnête femme au début du XX<sup>e</sup> siècle. *Bulletin de la Société Historique, Archéologique et Littéraire de Lyon* 28: 27–34.
- Jaquier, C. 2012. La Pervenche: une fleur bleue. In: C. Jaquier, T. Lécho, eds. 2012. *Rousseau Botaniste: Je Vais Devenir Plante Moi-même*. Pontarlier: Éditions du Belvédère. Pp. 97–112.
- Jaquier, C. and T. Lécho, eds. 2012. *Le poète du règne végétal*. In: C. Jaquier and T. Lécho, eds. *Rousseau Botaniste: Je Vais Devenir Plante Moi-même*. Pontarlier: Éditions du Belvédère. Pp. 187–192.
- La Borde, J.-B. de and B. F. Zurlauben. 1780–1786. *Tableaux Topographiques, Pittoresques, Physiques, Historiques, Moraux, Politiques, Littéraires de la Suisse et de l'Italie*. 2 vols. in 5 parts. Paris: Lamy. Vol. 2, Estampes.
- Laguesse, A. 1877. *Promenades Botaniques*. Dijon: Manière-Loquin.
- Leborgne, E., ed. 1997. *Rousseau, Les Rêveries du Promeneur Solitaire*. Paris: Flammarion.
- Lortet, P., C. Audibert, B. Bärtschi, S. Benharrech, F. Chambaud, M. Philippe and M. Thiébaud, 2018. Les Promenades botaniques de Clémence Lortet, née Richard (1772–1835). *Bull. Mens. Soc. Linn. Lyon* 87(7–8): 199–254.
- Magnin, A. 1912. Les Lortet. *Ann. Soc. Bot. Lyon* 37: 29–109.
- Marschall, D. 2002. The Problem of the picturesque. *Eighteenth-Century Studies* 35(3): 413–437.
- Martin, C. 2008. De Rêveries en promenades: Essai d'étude générique à partir des Rêveries du promeneur solitaire. In: J. O'Neal, ed. 2008. *The Nature of Rousseau's Rêveries: Physical, Human, Aesthetic*. Oxford: Voltaire Foundation. Pp. 245–260.
- Mazade, E.-L.-J. 1810. *Lettres à ma Fille sur mes Promenades à Lyon*. Lyon: Yvernault et Cabin.
- Mercier, L.-S. 1770. *Songes d'un Hermite*. [Paris]: Hermitage de Saint-Amour.
- Mercier, L.-S. 1781. *Tableau de Paris*. 2 vols. Neuchâtel: Fauche.
- Mercier, L.-S. 1788. *Tableau de Paris*. 12 vols. Amsterdam.
- Michel, I. 2003. Les illustrations de l'Émile au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle: Questions d'iconographie. In: F. Eigeldinger, ed. 2003. *Jean-Jacques Rousseau et les Arts Visuels*. Geneva: Droz. Pp. 529–565. [Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau 45.]
- Millin, A.-L. 1792–1816. *Magasin Encyclopédique, ou Journal des Sciences, des Lettres et des Arts*. 122 vols. Paris.
- Montandon, A. 1997. Le paysage du promeneur. *Revue Germanique Internationale* 7: 193–203.
- Montandon, A. 2000. *Sociopoétique de la Promenade*. Clermont-Ferrand: Presses Universitaires Blaise Pascal.
- Murgia, C. 2003. Le Mythe de Rousseau Chez Zurlauben et Laborde In : F. Eigeldinger, ed. 2003. *Jean-Jacques Rousseau et les Arts Visuels*. Geneva: Droz. Pp. 583–620. [Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau 45.]
- Philippe, M. 2020. Les associées-libres de la Société Linnéenne de Paris (1821–1827). *Bull. Mens. Soc. Linn. Lyon* 89(7–8): 179–195.
- Pujoulx, J.-B. 1803. *Promenades au Jardin des Plantes, à la Ménagerie et dans les Galeries du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*. Paris: Librairie Économique.
- Pujoulx, J.-B. 1811. *Promenades au Marché aux Fleurs ou le Botaniste du Second Âge, Contenant des Observations sur Certaines Parties des Plantes... et des Notions Succinctes sur les Végétaux Apportés au Marché aux Fleurs*. Paris: Lepetit.
- Reichler, C. 2007. Le marcheur romantique et la phénoménologie du chemin. In: B. Lévy and A. Gillet, ed. 2007. *Marche et Paysage: Les Chemins de la Géopoétique*. Genève: Éditions Métropolis. Pp. 31–64.
- Reichler, C. 2013. *Les Alpes et Leurs Imagiers: Voyage et Histoire du Regard*. Lausanne: Presses Polytechniques et Universitaires Romandes.
- Roffavier, G. 1835. *Supplément à la Flore Lyonnaise* Publiée par le Dr. J. B. Balbis en 1827 et 1828

- ou Description des Plantes Phanérogames et Cryptogames Découvertes depuis la Publication de cet Ouvrage. Lyon: Louis Perrin.
- Roffavier, G. 1836. Notice sur Madame Lortet, membre de la Société Linnéenne de Lyon, lue dans la séance du 15 juin 1835. Ann. Soc. Linn. Lyon 1: 1–11.
- Van Damme, S. 2012. Métropoles de Papier: Naissance de l'Archéologie Urbaine à Paris et à Londres (XVII<sup>e</sup> – XX<sup>e</sup> Siècle). Paris: Les Belles Lettres.
- Villars, D. 1786–1789. Histoire des Plantes du Dauphiné. 3 vols. Grenoble: Chez l'Auteur. Vol. 3.