Paris Sept 2nd 1880

My Dear Mother—

This is the first chance I have had to write you for some time. I have literally been in the "go" the whole of the week. I think I wrote you from Geneva, or perhaps from Vevey. Well, from Geneva I went down to Chamouix, a place right at the foot of Mont-Blanc. While there I crossed the "Mer de Glace", a glacier from the mountain. It was a very interesting trip. The surface of the glacier is very rough, and is traversed in every direction by huge crevasses, or clefts that you cannot see the bottom; these we jumped across by the help of our Alpenstocks. For one can imagine the grandeur of these rivers of ice without having crossed one: