Next morning I had a splendid view of Mont Blanc through a large telescope; there was a party of tourists ascending it at the time. They were all tied together by a rope, and I could see them climbing the sides of precipices by the help of ladders. I did not attempt myself for several reasons. First, the expense is 800 francs; second the journey takes two days. Third, none but experienced Alpine climbers could do it in any case.

On Wednesday, the 1st, I left Chamonix for Geneva. I left at 10am in the morning by stage-coach, and arrived at Geneva at 3 P.M. I then immediately drove to the railroad station for Paris. The train left at a quarter past three, and arrived in Paris at six o'clock the next morning.

I arrived well but rather sleepy as there are no sleeping cars in the French trains.

I drove straight to the pension which had been recommended to me by Cousin Virgy: it is No 197 Rue de Faubourg-St-Honoré. They are very nice indeed, and in quite a central situation (near the Arc de Triomphe). They are kept by one Madame Farney, who, by the way, does not speak a word of English. There are however two very nice American girls boarding here who act as interpreters when necessary. You would perhaps like to know what I think of Paris. It has much exceeded my expectations in every respect. I don't think anyone could be disappointed in it. It is by far the most beautiful city I have ever seen, and is rapidly growing more beautiful.

As to the Avenues and Boulevards, no city I have ever seen has any streets to compare