

Martinez, Guipre
1 Sept 1861

My dear

I wrote you from Chamounix on
the 30th inst. but I believe I dated
my letter the 28th by mistake - We
remained at Chamounix until yesterday
and ascended several of the high places
there examining also the glaciers - To-
day we started at 12 o'clock each
mounted on a mule our baggage being
divided between two others. We pro-
ceeded up the valley and between
high mountains with glaciers, the sun
shining intensely and the valley being
green ~~except~~ when there were patches
of corn - The mystery is how ~~the~~ any
moss can possibly remain in such a
climate. However it melts in such
quantities as to give rise to large rivers
and yet the glaciers seem as permanent
as the mountains. The rough road which

Henry J. S.

No carriage can traverse rises to a height
of more than 7000 feet (twice as high
as Snowdon or any of the English moun-
tains) then descends by a similar zig-
zag road in going down which great care
is required for it is ^{very} rough beyond any
thing which you can imagine and only
wide enough for one mule at a time to
proceed. Such is the general character
of the mountain roads and yet the
animals are so careful going at a slow
walking pace that there is little or
no danger with remarkable ease although
they are frequently on the edge of precip-
ices.

It would have given me great pleasure
to have heard from home - but all my en-
quiries for letters are in vain - I may
fairly infer that I am not wanted -
Englishes come regularly and have been
forwarded from Paris to Geneva and thence
to Chamounix. This is Sunday and I
understand there is an English service
which I mean to attend - We are in the
neighbourhood of the St Bernard and

on the Simplon route into Italy - I
intend turning homewards this week
going down the Rhine but I do not know
how - I shall go through Cologne and if
you will address a letter to me there
(Poste Restante) I will apply for it.

My best love to the children and
all of you - Charles & Rebecca have
both written excellent letters to their
papa - I am not to be so pained -

I am better to day than ^{on} having any
prejudice of my journey and rejoicing
in the hope of soon seeing you.

Your affectionate husband
John Abraham

Hotel Bedford
Paris

15 Aug 1861

My dear

We arrived here about
midnight last night and have
got very comfortable quarters.

The day is glorious but very hot.
We have been out all day between
the Tuileries, the Arc de Triomphe
and the Hotel des Invalides

amidst dust and crowds and
trees bordered by fine buildings.

We were not aware when we started
yesterday that this is the Emperor's
fete day when all the public places
will in the evening be brilliantly
illuminated for which we already

see most extensive - indeed war-
vellous preparations. I could not

write you yesterday for up to the last
moment of our leaving the hotel at
12.30 we were waiting a telegram
from the Paris which might have
stopped us - We went by a very

fast train to Folkestone (a little
south of Dover which we could see
from our boat) and there taking
shipping in a beautiful and calm
day we sailed to Port of Spain in 2
hours - We were passed politely through
the Custom Ho. and had my
card stamped -

Friday Evening

Having so much been yesterday
I waited writing until twilight
had come and by the time I
had prepared as above too I
was too late for post and just
in time for dinner - We
went out and after wondering
about how the illuminations
which are marvellous beyond
any thing I can describe or
which would be possible often
under an English sky - We
got home (!) about 12 and

found a telegram from Alice
asking me to go at once to
Luzil by Paris "for wife's affairs"
- We intend however to stay here
a week longer and then go to
Geneva where letters addressed
Port. Neptune will find me.
But I hope to hear several
times from you before I leave
Paris and am rather dis-
appointed to find them this eve-
ning -

All well - My love to the
dear children -

Your affectionate husband
John A. Baber

Write often

Chamounix, Savoy
Hotel de Londres
et D'Angleterre
30 Aug 1861

My dear

I am still without the pleasure of a letter from you although we took a good deal of pains to have ~~them~~ letters forwarded from Paris and from Geneva - The latter place we left on the 28th by diligence ~~for~~ which brought us to this place at the foot of Mont Blanc the same evening. Yesterday we had a laborious day's work on an excursion to a place called Le Jardin (the garden) in the heart of the mountains and at a great height - We passed over several glaciers and a great deal of rough ground. I would write you some account of the glacier, but it would occupy several pages and we have very little time for it (If you had put an

interstand into my partuantes you
would have very much facilitated my
writing and got many additional scraps
of my pen)

This place is ⁱⁿ a valley ^{on} the west
accessible side of Mount St. Anne - and
parties intending to ascend the mountain
start here - There are several large
hotels of which this is one - full of
English - I am writing under the most
uncomfortable circumstances and
must sign it up -

Yours affectionate husband
John Abraham