

Paris Feb. 3^d 1875.

Four years ago we crossed the ocean - Will + I. When we began a journal as so many people do - thinking that we would keep it up as long as we travelled! - We have been travelling nearly constantly since, and the journal so bravely begun came long ago to an untimely and abrupt end! -

Being again in a foreign country - no less interesting than England - in some respects - I begin again alone - not so boldly - and not with the least faith in ~~my~~ my perseverance - a chronicle of the facts and fanciers which occur to me as we go. - For I do this partly for future pleasure ~~for~~ as a reminder of pleasant or interesting hours gone by - and partly to impress more ~~distinct~~ indelibly on my own mind as I go - the marvellous, beautiful - often glorious works which I meet every day ^{very often} without looking for them. - There is no need - there they are - defying us in their acknowledged grace and beauty.

I have, to tell the truth, no plan in this my beginning - perhaps I will close the book in disgust, when I find how impossible it is for me to describe satisfactorily my impressions; - Perhaps instead