Paris, Feb 3d, 1875.

Four years ago we crossed the ocean—Bill and I. When we began a journal as do 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 to bravely begin 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—but so boldly and not with the least faith in my perseverance—a chronicle of the facts and successes which occur to me as we go. For I do this partly for future pleasure as a reminder of pleasant or interesting home parts by and partly to impart more truthful indelibly on my own mind as I go. The marvellous, beautiful—often glorious truths which I meet every day without looking for them. That is no creed—there they are—defying us in their acknowledged grace and beauty.

I have to tell the truth. I do plan in this my beginning—perhaps I will close the book in disgust, when I find it impossible to do for me to describe satisfactorily my impressions! Perhaps instead...