Sunday May 30th /47

Recd - Copper Harbour Lib.
July 4 - 1847

Dear Will

I sit down according to your request of a sunday afternoon to give you some little account of my life here in Paris and recall your impressions of the city of cities. I write from No 5 Rue du Dauphin a little [illegible] between the rue de Rivoli and the rue St Honoré and opposite the Church of St Roch. I am not a minutes [illegible] from a most delightful noonday lounge and have just returned from inspecting the crowds who are promenading in the shady allées or wearing out 2 sous worth of straw from the royal chairs established for the benefit of his majesty's pocket. We have had a fortnight of warm weather and yesterday I took my first swim in the Seine at the Ecole royale de Natation near the pont de la Concorde. The baths are extremely crowded and the character of the french shows itself oddly enough in them. Hot sausages of are no longer consumed but Cafés are established in the baths and crowded with gentlemen au naturel or rather with sauce aux caleçons. There one sees how much less powerful and muscular the French are than the English or Americans. There are no intermediate shapes - you see either a skeleton or a porpoise. The Bain Henri IV still exists but is no longer fashionable and innumerable similar establishments are scattered up and down the river. Many Frenchmen spend half the day in and out of the water alternating a snooze in the sun with a dive in the cool water. I am falling into the French way of living quite naturally dining at a 2 frms restaurant at 6 and afterwards staring people out of countenance on the Boulevards des Italiens.

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