

Rockledge, July 19, 1866.

Dear Fanny:

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Father, Rockledge, July 19, 1866.

It is a fortnight, to-day, since you bade us farewell. How you have measured time, while on the trackless deep, I expect to hear in due season; I trust not by any rule known to me, during such a billowy journey, have you kept your reckoning — for the days seem very, very long, and the nights almost interminable. A little sea-sickness is doubtless good for the system, but a good deal of it is — purgatory. Luckily, whatever other discomforts you may ^{have} experienced, you and Harry have escaped what is called our heated term. If June was cold and shivering, July has shown more than a tropical fervor. Day after day the mercury has ranged above 90 in the shade — some times 100, and over — with no cool intervening day or night. Very many fatal cases of sun-stroke in Boston, New York, and other cities, have already been recorded. You will experience no such hot weather abroad — at least, not in England, where I trust you are now safely landed.

The latest news from Europe indicates the war between Prussia and Austria to be virtually ended — almost as soon as begun! — by Austria being "driven to the wall," and calling for the interposition of Louis Napoleon. As no great principles of freedom and equality for the people are

involved in the struggle, may it be brought to a speedy close! Whether the Italians will like the transfer of Venetia to the French Emperor better than to remain under Austrian control, remains to be seen.

Peace restored, you will have no difficulty in going directly to Munich. Should any thing occur to prevent this, our friends, the Bradfords, (Sarah and Rebecca,) are hoping it may be agreeable to you to be with or near them at Montauban, near the Pyrenees. They told me, on leaving, that they should try to see you in Paris.

Since you left, the finest and wealthiest portion of Portland has been reduced to ashes — twelve thousand people rendered houseless, and property destroyed to the enormous amount of from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars! So destructive a fire — considering the size of the city — has never before occurred in this country. Relief is pouring in from every quarter.

General Jim Lane is dead and buried, though he lingered several days after his suicidal act.

Boston has been patriotically excited to a high degree, for a few days past, by the presence of General Sherman. I did not attempt to see him. He is now in Hanover, N. H., attending the Dartmouth college exercises in company with Chief Justice Chase. His speeches have been commendably brief, and non-committal on public matters.

Franky is enjoying his pedestrian excursion highly. In his last letter, dated "In camp between two fine ponds, four miles from Palmer depot, and five miles from Ware village, Mass.," he says—"I find in the Boston Journal a very interesting letter from Munich, written by Dr. Winslow, who lived in the Kittredge house the first winter we were in Roxbury. I shall save it. His daughter was a school-mate of Fanny, and is now at Munich with him." He further adds—"I am in good trim, and think I shall stand the walking as well as any." He will be absent until September, but no doubt he will find ways and means to send you now and then a letter.

I have been to the Pavilion, in Boston, about a dozen times, to be treated by Mr. Nelson by "the laying on of hands" for my injured arm; but I have received no relief whatever, and have even suffered more than less. So, I am going to cease making any more applications, and to leave nature to operate unmolested—taking what recreation I can, and trying to build up my system by exercise and diet. Hence, I shall go to Orange this afternoon, to spend some ten days with Wendell and Lucy; from which place I will duly report progress. I am satisfied my shoulder-bone is cracked, and the chances are that it may give me an indefinite amount of pain and suffering.

I have just called upon our dear and
renewed friend, Miss Henrietta Sargent, and re-
ceived a warm welcome. She asked a great
many questions about you and Harry, and all the
family - did not know that you had sailed for Eu-
rope, nor that I was a grandfather - and was
much interested in the news. She has given a
hundred dollars to aid the Portland sufferers,
as well as clothing, and is always doing good.
She looks aged and very feeble, though she said
nothing of herself. She desired to be most lov-
ingly remembered to you, and to have her re-
gards and congratulations given to Mr. Villard.

I saw Mrs. Chapman and Mary, a few
days since, and they made kind and special
inquiries about you both.

Dear Ellie, after having been a great
sufferer and had a narrow escape, is now
fairly convalescent, and, with care, will soon
be about the house. The babe is five weeks' old
to-day, and weighs ten pounds. She promises
well as to her looks.

Congress has promptly passed the new
Breedman's Bureau bill over another veto of
President Johnson. He has fully gone over to
the enemy.

William has been unwell for a
day or two, but is at his store to-day. The
wool business is stagnant. No sales.

Love to dear Harry. Adieu, darling!
Your affectionate Father.