Sick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton Cal.  
Sep 21, 1894.

My dear old friend:

I was very pleased indeed to hear from you. I have been getting telegrams and letters of congratulation in the past week but of all yours brings back memories that are sad. I struggled that were hard to bear sometimes and of hopes and disappointments that clustered thick about me in that newly built cottage away out on Bellmont Avenue. Can I forget the kind words that you and others always had for me! I know you did your part in bringing me to public notice in letting the people know that I was trying and wanted to do something — and I doubt believe you can get that promised night with the telescope for your friends yet!

I look back to kind Albert Roberts of the American — how he strove to help me through his paper! And there was your Hodges and Dorris and many others. Shall I ever forget them!

And there was my dear old friend
Aston William — gone now, with an unshriven and honorable name to his everlasting rest. And Tony Nelson — may every blessing fall upon her.

How proud they were when success came my way. I trust it to the memory of life.

And there was Mr. Brand, my co-worker for many long years in the wonderful photographic art. How he helped me with my telescope, sitting long hours after dark to make me a new eyepiece, a repair something about my telescope.

And the two Calvert Brothers to whom I owe more than even they themselves know. And Mr. Poole, under whom I worked for so many years and who was proud of my early success, though his "star gazing" must have troubled him lonely.

And Dr. Dale, and his sons, how cordial and helpful they were to me. And Judge John M. Lee, who was ready to aid me in every way. And Mr. Charles Schott, the instrument maker, who gave me many small instruments which I still have, and which you'll highly.

And this a new era — the Vanderbilt and his kind people — Considerate and helpful to me, encouraging and aiding me. The Bishop, the noble Dr. Staudt, Professor Sandwith, Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Batsurville, and everyone connected with the University, they each and all had a kind word and a helping hand, and said them...
all in the highest generation.

But away back you can fancy a time, when I was small and ragged and sick and destitute, just at the close of the war, when even then who had not rolled in wealth but a few years before were struggling for subsistence, and few there were who could utter even a kind word as terrible as been the desolation and its effect in the people, six times times when I used to trudge home some two miles every night from my work—timid and frightened, I frequently would meet a gentleman who had a nod and a smile for me—In cold weather he always wore a cloak.

Sometimes he would stop me and ask how was getting on but he never passed me without a recognition. I did not know who that man was, but his smile lighted up my heart. For years he never failed to greet me. Soon I learned to my amazement he was assistant Postmaster! Had he been president his position would not have appeared higher and more exalted to me—and that he should notice me and should stop to speak to me—I could not understand it, and I cannot understand it to this day unless it was indeed an inborn desire in him to sympathize with the friendless and wretched for friends.
and wretched. I was in the days if anyone was ever friendly and wretched. There was then absolutely no reason why he should notice me—there was every reason why he should not. clinging to me through life has been the memory of that man's kind word and nod and smile of recognition. to a poor sick wagg by going back and forth every day morning from and to work. That man was Joseph S. Gandy. This is not sentiment. It is a plain and solid fact, plain and substantial reality.