

Sick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton Cal.

Sep 21 - 1892.

To Joseph
S. Carvel's.

My dear old friend:

I was very pleased indeed to hear from you. I have been getting telegrams and ~~lots~~ letters of congratulation for the past week - but of all, yours brings back memories that are sad ~~of~~ struggles 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 ever got that one 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

Amson Nelson - gone now with an unstained²
and honorable name to his everlasting rest - And
Mrs Nelson - may every blessing fall upon her!

How proud they were when success came
^{meeting them up the turning spring in my life}
my way. And there was Mr. Braid my co-worker
for many long years in the wonderful photographic
art. How he helped me with my telescope -
laboring long hours after dark to make me a new
eye piece, or repair something about my telescope.

And the ~~Cook~~ 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 every success, though my
"Star gazing" must have troubled him sorely!

And Dr. Dake, and his sons, how cordial and
helpful they were to me, and Judge John M. Lea who
was ready to aid me in every way. And Mr. Charles Schott
the instrument maker, who gave me several small instruments
and which I still hold, and which I prize highly.

And then a new ~~era~~ era - the Vanderbilt and
its kind people - Considerate and helpful. Every
one encouraging and aiding me. The Bishop, the
noble Dr. Barland. Professors Landreth, Dr. Vaughan
Dr. Baskerville, and every one connected
with the University they each and all had a kind
word and a helping hand, and I hold them

all in the highest veneration. 3

But away back yonder before any of these, when I was small and ragged and sick and desolate - just at the close of the war, when even those who had not rolled in wealth ^{but a few} ~~but a few~~ years before were struggling for subsistence, and few there were who could bestow even a kind word - so terrible had been the desolation and its effect on the people, in those times when I used to trudge home some ~~two~~ two miles every night from my work - timid and frightened, I frequently ~~used~~ ^{met} ~~met~~ a gentleman who ^{always} had a nod and a smile for me - in hot or cold weather he always wore a cloak. Sometimes he would stop me and ask how I 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 awe that he was assistant Postmaster! Had he been President his position would not have appeared higher and more exalted to me - and that he should ~~regard~~ notice me - and should stop to speak to me - - I could not understand it, and I can not understand it to this day - unless it ^{was} indeed an inborn desire in him to sympathize with the friendless and wretched for friendless

and wretched I was in the days if anyone was
 ever friendless and wretched. There was then
 absolutely no reason why he should notice me - there
 was every reason why he should not. Blinging ~~theory~~ to
 me through life has ever been the memory of that
 mans kind word and nod and smile of recognition to
 a poor sick ragg ^{on his way to us from north.} ~~boy going back and forth~~
~~every and morning from and to work.~~ That man was
 Joseph S. Carels. This is not sentiment. It is
~~a plain and solid fact.~~ plain and substantial
 reality.