

Santa Cruz  
June 7th 1853

I how glad I was three days ago to hear Sarah to see the old mail mark Nicotou. Your handwriting seemed a some what strange. not so the style and expression. I should say you were more of the same Sarah that I knew in years gone by than you have been since Aug. 52. It rejoiced my heart to hear that you were at work again and that do interests were claiming you again in a degree.

How much I wish to say to you that I cannot even allude to. The book will in part speak for me but the inner history, the heart life cannot be recorded. It can only be told soul to soul. I have suffered martyrdoms but my little May repays all. She is a wonderful child with the head and intelligence of five or six years tho she is not yet two. She is beautiful as the new day and loving as none can be but these rare few who are altogether good. She seems to fine ware for

begin at the story I say shall she is diligent and noble I was also glad to hear of May. Write by soon and believe me most faithfully and affectionately  
John  
E. M. H.  
Charles  
Austin  
Friend  
John.

the harsh friction of life. I have had great fears for her. Did I tell you that her spine was slightly curved not with any thing like what our precious Eddie suffered from but simply from the great weight of her head. Within the last month we are persuaded that there is an improvement in her back and that gives me great encouragement. I have her magnetized daily; shower her back morning and evening and use Homeopathic remedies. Beside this we keep her lying down as much as is practicable and so we think we are doing her all the good that is possible. I wish you could see her. Charlie is coming on famously and I suppose will be writing you shortly. He seemed quite in the mood when your letter came.

I have taken the Ms. B. in Francisco and left it with a friend of mine there. almost the only literary man in the country. I shall have



It sent on to New York very soon  
for I am now in a hurry to have  
it published. I think unless I hear  
from you I will send it to Appleton  
and write you at the same time. I  
thought of Guelby before I saw that he  
was going abroad. How much I wish  
you had seen him at Pokepsir.  
I should have been so glad to know  
if he cared at all whether I was on  
the earth or beneath it. The last letter  
I ever wrote East before this last to you  
was that one written on Christmas  
eve when the dear children were asleep  
on the floor and I on the verge of mad-  
ness. (If you have that letter keep it I  
may want to see it some day.) I shall  
never write another unless purely on  
business till some of those who neglected  
me or scorned me in my trials make  
full reparation. What an eye of midnight  
I could see nothing but black despair  
before me. The iron armor of circum-

stance - not self-reproach was crushing  
my very breath out and my friendly hand  
from among all those who had seemed  
to prize me so much was extended for  
my relief. The thought of you was too dread-  
ful. I could not write you. What was  
not, as well as what was, in your case,  
forbade me pouring out my griefs to you.  
Ah, that was a terrible experience.

Some day dear sister when we sit  
down together in a quiet room I shall  
recall some part of it - not now. I  
am recovering from it fast, and  
much as it has robbed me if it has  
added much to my life.

How swift the years, how great the <sup>change</sup>  
That drags along our slight to day;  
I feel my life so insignificant a point  
in the world and yet so sufficing and  
rich in promise to me! I would take  
a large part in ameliorating the world  
but if I am forbidden that, I still find  
growth and strength in doing my little  
with all my might. I come nearer to God  
in the performance of it. That is true life  
dear to all especially the. Sadler is head ma