



1878-10-20

Letter from John Bagnall to John Muir, 1878 Oct 20.

John Bagnall

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Keep out of the way, so
as not to implicate my-
self on anybody. I doubt
whether I shall ever overcome it.

The fact is Friend Muir, I
have been so unmercifully
snubbed through life, on
account of my lameness that
I feel it derogatory to my
manhood to put up with
it. And although lonesomeness
is terrific on a sociable dis-
position, like mine, it is no
disgrace for me to retreat be-
fore such unjust, and over-
whelming odds.

Go on, Dear Friend, and "May
Heaven help you" to describe the
wonders of your travels, as only
John Muir can.

Truly Yours, John Bagnall.

00819

356 Jessie Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Oct. 20, 1878.

Mr. Muir,

Dear Sir and Friend:

I was so glad
to receive your letter, for
I often think of you as
fairly, reveling among the
wonders & beauties of Nature.
How often it occurs to me,
that I would like to be
able to be with you, even
in the most humble capa-
city.

For I should be in very Heaven,
and feel new life, by Nature given!

I feel almost, as though I
could drop the sympathetic
tear, for those poor fellows who
lay in the grave yards of

White Pine, for, although some, if they had made money, would have squandered it. Many no doubt earnestly worked for a "pile":—

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train Attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independant."

I have noticed that almost death-like stillness, (to which you refer) in the deserted Mining Camps of Cal. It seemed as though most of the people had gone to a funeral; the few who remained looked as though they had already attended the funeral of their hopes.

I heard that you, and the company, had indeed been "Thirsty" "Nearly unto death," and of your almost miraculous escape.

Pray do not venture too far! — I know you are as brave as a lion, in prosecuting your researches, but what a dreadful cut, it would be to us all, to lose you, in such a way!

My health is reasonably good, though last Winter was so severe upon me that I have had the irksome task, of taking care of myself, most of the time since.

I cannot, as yet, overcome that depression of spirits, that desire to