



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1902-04-05

Letter from Johannes Reimers to John Muir, 1902 Apr 5.

Johannes Reimers

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905. E. Oak St. STOCKTON.

April 5, 1902.

My Dear Mr Muir:-

I have just returned from a long tramp with you through our national parks. Indeed it was a delightful one - happy hours of forgetfulness of struggle and strife - deep-breathing enjoyment in the great solitudes, which you so masterly describe. Indeed, I have been with you, and I felt the vast places breathe upon me, and I lay on the forest-ground rapt by the music of wind-tossed trees, and I stood in the cañon abyss by the onrushing mountain brook, its glad song rejoicing through my heart, its soft spray blown upon me, refreshing, reawakening my life-forces.

What a stillness of natural grandeur there breathes through your whole book - what pictures you have drawn. It all makes a poor fellow, who can not go, weep for homesickness. Lucky man, you, who can go and come, as you please!

2.

You asked me the other day, if I did not think OUR NATIONAL PARKS an improvement on your first book. I should now answer, that upon the whole, I think it is. Yet, what have you written which in strength and beauty surpasses your description of the wind-storm in the Sierras. There is more poetry, more roundedness, more liberated emotion, more idyl in your later book than in your first. You at times carried me away in such a manner as to leave me much saddened when the realities of life, such as are mine, again clutched me.

You have created pictures in my mind, - some great and strong, others lovely with the loneliness of woodland interiors, with the fairytales of mountain meadows fragrant with the still-life of posies, with the sparkle of dashing water, and the glitter of snowy peaks - pictures which never, never I shall forget, which have become part of me, and which shall add much to the better man whom, some day I hope to grow, through the purifying influence of all that wonderful cleanliness

3.

which lies outdoors everywhere, and which trembles on the rain-washed blade of grass by the house-wall, and which rolls on with such mighty harmonies through the limitless space above us.

I thank you for it all, and with my best greetings to you and your, I remain

yours affectionately

James Reimann