

TO
MY FATHER
HARVEY MONROE LIGHT.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NATURE ESSAY.

by

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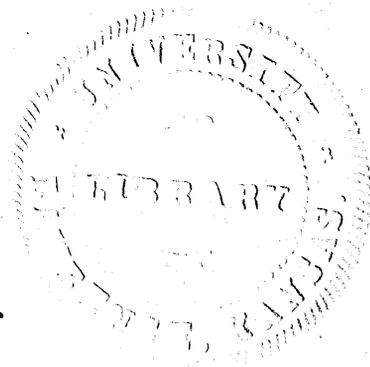
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PREFACE

Altho hundred of people are writing nature essays, no one, as far as I have been able to find out, has written any lengthy treatise about nature writers. It is with great enthusiasm and delight that this investigation and study of nature essays has been made. Because the field of nature literature is so very large, it has seemed best to limit it to prose writers, altho many of the latter have written much nature poetry.

When I was a sophomore in the University of Kansas studying "Types of Literature" under Professor Gray, I became greatly interested in the nature essay. While I was in class I greatly enjoyed reading the charming and delightful nature essays of Henry Van Dyke, Burroughs and Thoreau. Thus it was, that when the opportunity came for me to do research work, I chose the study of the nature essay. Then too, even as a child I was interested in all phases of out-door life.

The purpose of this study is to trace the historical development of the writing of nature essayists in America from its earliest beginning to the present time. I had intended to arrange this study into a sort of literary history, planning to treat each period chronologically.

I have done this in the first four periods but in the last one I have tried to group together those who have written on the birds, quadrupeds, trees, flowers, streams, mountains, desert, weather, and various other aspects of nature. And because there are such a vast number of names associated with these various subjects, my aim has been to write about those nature essayists who perhaps could best illustrate the literary treatment of these different aspects of nature. An attempt has been made to give a rather full treatment of the pioneers in the work such as Crèvecoeur, Wilson and Audubon, and also of those men who loom up great in this field such as Thoreau, Burroughs and Muir.

In dividing this history of nature essay writing into periods, I have accepted those which Professor Whitcomb of this University, who has made a special study of this literature, offered me. Perhaps better ways to mark off these periods of the out-of-door essay will suggest themselves to others, but these seemed very satisfactory to me.

As a basis for study I have made, first, a list of American nature essayists which is by no means complete, for each day in my reading I am discovering new names; second, a chronological table with the authors name and dates of their nature essays which well illustrates

the continuous growth of this kind of literature; third, a state distribution of nature essay writing, and lastly, a bibliography of biographical and critical works and articles.

I am extremely grateful to Professor S. L. Whitcomb of this University who has greatly assisted me by his notes upon this subject, for the books from his own library, and above all for the valuable suggestions which he has given me in his guidance of my research work. To Professor Hopkins and his American Literature class my thanks are due for the classification of a great number of the recent nature essays which have appeared in the current magazines and especially to Miss Bernice Jones who in 1906 wrote for the class a paper on outdoor literature. I am very grateful to Professor Dunlap for allowing me to write upon this subject and to Willard Wattles, who is a personal friend of John Burroughs, I am grateful for much first hand information about that famous author.

I wish to acknowledge the kindness extended by the librarians of the University of Kansas. I was greatly surprised to find such a wealth of nature essays in both libraries. I think this fact well

illustrates the wide recognition and interest
of the people in out-of-doors writing.

N.S.

Lawrence, Kansas,

May-1915.

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INTRODUCTION.

Glancing over the journals and letters of the early colonists, one can perceive many traces of the appreciation of nature. As the years went on, more and more, men and women recognized the beauties of out-door life, and wrote about them in the diaries. Thus it is, that nature books did not grow up all of a sudden with Thoreau as many people think, but they had a natural growth. And in this paper I want to show how the present day nature writers are indebted to a certain few men and women who early gave direction and impulse to a movement which has contributed immensely to health, vigor and joy in the life of the American people.

No sign of the times is more significant of the change in American habits than these many essays on birds, trees, flowers, mountains and rivers, which are being published continually. No one, however, untrained in out-of-door observation, need remain ignorant of the world of nature. For rest, recreation, and inspiration, men and women are turning more and more to the woods each year. Nature is more than birds, trees and flowers, because its very breath invigorates the body and its beauty feeds the imagination.

No one has presented a better idea as to the origin and significance of this movement than Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp in his essay called "The Nature Movement". "There is no way of accounting for the movement", says Mr. Sharp, "that reflects in the least upon its reality and genuineness. It may be only the appropriation by the common people of the world that the scientists have discovered to us; it may be a popular reaction against the conventionality of the eighteenth century; or the result of our growing wealth and leisure; or a fashion set by Thoreau and Burroughs, -one or all of these may account for its origin; but nothing can explain the movement away, or hinder us from being borne by it out, at least a little way, under the open of heaven, to the great good of body and soul.

"Among the cultural influences of our times that have developed the proportions of a movement, this so-called nature movement is peculiarly American. No such general, widespread turning to the out-doors is seen anywhere else: No other such body of nature literature as ours; no other people so close to nature in sympathy and understanding, because there is no other people of the same degree of culture living so close to the real, wild out-of-doors.

"The extraordinary interest in the out-of-doors is not altogether a recent acquirement. We inherited it. Nature study is an American habit. What else had the pioneers and colonists to study but the out-of-doors?

And what else was half as wonderful ? They came from an old Urban world into this new country world, where all was strange, unnamed and unexplored. Their chief business was observing nature, not as dull savages, nor as children born to a dead familiarity with their surroundings, but as interested men and women, with a need and a desire to know. Their coming was the real beginning of our nature movement; their observing has developed into our nature study habit.

"Our nature literature also began with them. There is scarcely a journal, a diary or a set of letters of this early time in which we do not find that careful seeing, and often that imagination interpretation, so characteristic of the present day.

"It was not until the time of Emerson and Bryant and Thoreau, however, that our interest in nature became general and grew into something deeper than mere curiosity. There had been naturalists such as Audubon, he was a poet also, but they went off into the deep woods alone. They were after new facts, new species, Emerson and Bryant and Thoreau went into the woods, too, but not for facts, nor did they go far, and they invited us to go along. We went, because they get no farther than the back pasture fence. It was not to the woods they took us, but to nature; not a hunting after new species in the name of science, but for new aspirations,

new estimates of life, new health for mind and spirit.

"But we were slow to get as far even as their back pasture fence, slow to find nature in the fields and woods. It was fifty years ago, that Emerson tried to take us to nature; but fifty years ago, how few there were who could make sense out of his invitation, to say nothing of accepting it. And of Thoreau's first nature book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," there were sold, in four years after publication, two hundred and twenty copies. But 220 of such books at work in the mind of the country could leave in time, a big lump of it. And they did. The out-of-doors, our attitude toward it, and our literature about it have never been the same since."

It seems exceedingly strange that the histories of American Literature give this important subject of Nature Essay writing slight or no attention. After carefully examining all such works in the University of Kansas library, I found but a meager mention of the out-of-door essay in a very few of them. In Simond's "History of American Literature" only one paragraph is devoted to nature writers. Burroughs books and their dates of publications and the names of ~~elive~~ Thorne Miller, Bradford Torrey and Ernest Seton Thompson are mentioned. This book was published in 1909 so that one would suppose that this author would give this subject much closer attention.

In "A Manual of American Literature edited by Theodore Stanton in 1909, the names of the following nature essayists are listed:

Van Dyke, Burroughs and O.T. Miller.

Blout, in his "Intensive Studies in American Literature", shows the reader in his suggestions for studying the "Nightingale in the Study", and "My Garden acquaintance", the love that Lowell had for nature and the influence which Gilbert White's "Selborne" and Walton's "Compleat Angler" had upon these books.

Pattee's "History of American Literature" contains the following brief paragraph about nature writers:

"Thoreau was the parent of the out-of-door school writers represented by Burroughs, Bolles, Torrey, O. T. Miller, Maurice Thompson and E. Seton Thompson. The so called out-of-door school is in reality only a branch of the great school of writers of "literature of locality", which has been the characterizing feature of the era since the war was over. The leader of this group has been, without question, John Burroughs, who, following the path indicated by Thoreau, has added new intent to the study of nature."

Newcomer's American Literature, published in 1902 is the only one of these books that has a classified list of nature writers in the appendix. John Muir, Maurice Thompson, O. T. Miller, Bradford Torrey and Ernest Evans Seton-Thompson are mentioned. In the very last chapter of this book, the author says, "one aspect of the contemporaneous essay deserves attention. Since the day of Emerson and Thoreau, the charm of out-door life—the lure of nature, tame or wild—has never quite lost its hold upon us. Today we have, for strength to this fact, the writings of John Burroughs, Maurice Thompson, E. S. Thompson and a large body of less known writers, and we are bound to feel that this wide and healthy outlook of our present literature upon nature and humanity alike, is a reassuring contrast to the narrow, sombre and introspective character of so much of our literature two hundred years ago."

In the Library of American Literature edited by Stedman and Hutchinson in 1890, the authors in the general index have a classified list of prose nature writers. The following interesting list appears: Burroughs, Flagg, Higginson, Berkeley, Mitchell, Roe, Crèvecoeur, Mayer, Bartram, Alcott, Audubon, Thompson, Warner, James, Hayes, Aldrich, Miller, Josselyn, Whiting, Edith Thomas, Maury, Thoreau, Gibson, Wilson and Emerson.

A number of Rhetoric Text Books quote passages from the nature essayists. The author of Blaisdell's

Composition Rhetoric published in 1906 in discussion of the essay, has taken Chas. M. Skinner's out-door essay, "Do Nothing Days", and shows how it epitomized the characteristics of the essay. He also used Joseph Edgar Chamberlains "Listener in the Country", as another example of this type of literature.

In the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, I found a few articles about the discussion of nature Literature in America, which I have listed in the Bibliography, but these are very fragmentary.

We have many courses offered in our college which have little value and are of small interest to the student. Why not introduce a real live subject, such as a course in the American Nature Essay, for there certainly is enough excellent material on the subject which is easily accessible.

A wider general interest in the nature essay has sprung up within the last few years. This is shown in the first place by our libraries. As is stated in the preface, one is surprised to discover such a wealth of out-door books in our libraries. In the Kansas City Missouri Public Library one portion of the childrens' room is given over to the popularizing of nature essays. On one table are placed a great many reserved volumes about birds, trees and other out-door topics, and above this table hangs a beautiful poster, a new one for each week, illustrating some special phase of nature. A

long list of the volumes of the best essayists is posted on the wall in this room for the Camp Fire Girls.

Secondly, our magazines help greatly in spreading out-door literature. Besides containing in each month's copy, essays on all phases of out-of-door life one often notices a publisher's advertisement of many lists of out-of-door books. On page 10 of the March 1915 number of the Atlantic one finds a very interesting list. Houghton, Mifflin Company makes a speciality of advertising nature books. The last four pages of many of the books which they publish contain "A Selected List of Out-of Door and Nature Books". Here we find the names and works of Burroughs, Thoreau, Muir, O. T. Miller, Bradford Torrey, F. M. Barbey, Frank Boller, Celia Thaxter, Chas. Dudley Warner, and a great many others not as well known.

Thirdly, lectures go around to the different colleges and Universities giving talks about birds, and other nature subjects. Just recently Henry Oldys, who has contributed many delightful essays about bird life to our current magazines talked to the students of the University of Kansas about this subject. Institute lectures in their talks to teachers are recommending the nature essay. But really this excellent

literature needs no commendation as it speaks for itself.

Fourth, in our newspapers one comes across many sketches of out-door life. One is always sure of having the pleasure of reading several accounts of sketches and rambles of out-door life in the Sunday Edition of the Kansas City Star. In the April 25, ¹⁹¹⁵ Sunday Edition of the Star an essay called "Nature Loving in the City Flat" was published, in which the writer said that he certainly appreciated the advantage of his position, for in climbing to his third story apartment he could obtain an intimacy with the maple leaves that he couldn't have experienced in the street below. In one place he remarks that "one great maple tree boldly tosses a gay green branch over the porch railing, as if to tell me that I am really and truly in the woods at home. Moreover, a fat and saving robin comes out on that branch and sings, as if he felt that social differences between us had been wiped out by my elevation and he would now lay aside all ceremony and sing to me as to an equal."

The essay shows how people do not have to go away off to the woods to observe and enjoy nature, but that even in the crowded city amidst the continual roar and din, one is yet given an opportunity for hearing bird songs in the trees. This little account is especially interesting because of the view point, for the red-headed wood pecker on the telephone pole is on the level of his vision.

In the March 21, 1915 Sunday Edition of the Star, appeared a discussion and a few extracts of the "Out-door Oklahoma", annual report of John B. Doolin, state fish and game warden, written by Frederick S. Barde. The object of these two men has been to infuse in the breasts of Oklahomans some of their abounding love for the great out-doors and the life that peoples it. The passages about "A Haunt on the Mountain Side", and "On the Trail of the Wild Turkey" and "Tragedies of the Osage Woods" may be called essays in the true sense of the term.

And lastly the fact that even in the Moving Pictures, one now sees Burroughs in his home at Slabside, shows the extent of popularity of nature literature.

An interesting feature of this movement is the development of photography and as a result we have many such books as "Nature and the Camera" by A. R. Dugmore and "Bird Studies with a Camera" by Frank M. Chapman. And also as a result of this deep interest which has been aroused in all out-door life we have societies formed for the preservation of not only birds, animals, parks, and trees, but also fish as is shown by the organization of the Tuna Club in southern California.

In our Universities and Colleges we find that members of the faculty and students are writing about out-door life on the campus. Eva B. Carlin of Berkeley, California has written "A Berkeley Year", which is a write up of a particular community, and of the University Campus. It is largely composed of nature events. Mrs. Kane of the State University of Washington has been writing a number of essays about the birds in the University Campus there. In the Graduate Magazine of the University of Kansas, Professor S. L. Whitcomb is writing a series of essays called "Rambles and Reveries on the Campus," descriptive of each month.

It might be well for the Oread Magazine of this University and other college magazines to encourage the recording of out-door observations. If teachers of English composition in high schools and colleges more often asked the students to write upon the rivers, birds and trees, ^{that} they see each day, they would receive far more satisfactory results than they ^{do} at the present time.

Men and women in their nature essays have written much about the great major subjects of our natural scenery such as Niagara Falls, Yosemite, Grand Canon of the Colorado and Yellowstone Park. They have also written about the minor ones, such as the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, Glacial Park, the Great Lakes, the

Mississippi and Hudson Rivers, and the Adirondack mountains. In fact, when one attempts to cover the range of subjects of out-door life he thinks there is no end—the subject looms up larger and larger and it seems to one as if there was never a hill, stream, bird, insect or flower that has not entered into this literature. But if one makes a study of this literature, one perceives that there are many states which are rich in material for nature essayists, which have received practically no attention. Montana and Wyoming are excellent examples of states which have everything to delight a lover of nature's heart— but how scant is our nature literature about these two states!

All sorts of subjects from the largest to the smallest have been used in this out-door literature. In every country we find nature material. Europe is especially rich, yet in no part of that interesting country have we any type of literature that resembles the American Nature Essay. A few men in the past have stimulated, by their writings, interest in nature, among whom are Gilbert White, author of "Selborne", Walton and "His Compleat Angler", and Maeterlink and his famous book "The Bee". Many of our American nature essayists have travelled and written about out-door life not only in Europe, but Africa, Asia and other countries. Among these globe trotters are Chas. Dudley Warner, Clifton Johnson, Henry Van Dyke, Theodore Roosevelt and Chas. F. Holder.

The question naturally arises, "What is a nature essay?" All students of literature know that the essay is primarily expository in nature, tho it often entertains. In it, the author attempts to set forth his thots and feelings on some subject of interest to him. He must express his own point of view, his own way of thinking and feeling. Now the nature essay is almost always an informal essay. The author gives his interpretation of some phase or aspect of nature, records his meditations, presents his whims and fancies or tells of his likes or dislikes. He may tell of a trip to the woods in the spring-time, This may be largely narrative, or a description of it may serve as the suggestive point of departure for meditations of many kinds or for interpretative comment as to the author's thot and emotion. The essay is the interpretation, the vivid presentation to the feelings, of an experience that has aroused the emotion. The experience may be rowing up the back water, or tramping thru the swamp, climbing up the mountain, facing a February blizzard or it may be playing with the cat and kittens, watching the frolicsome squirrel, or watching the warbling throat of the canary. It may be singing over the bursting of birds, the first coming of the birds, or studying the life of a butterfly. The essay differs from the narrative in that in it, the story element is reduced to a minimum and the emotional element is raised to a maximum.

The essayist puts the reader into his own view point. His aim, some one has said, is to make the reader see for half an hour thru his pair of spectacles. "We see the cloud or sunset in a new significance. Instead of the familiar 'Hot Day' of every day conversation, we are made to feel the same fact by a series of pictures which call our senses into play."

In reading nature essays we want to relate the author's observations of bird and beast to our own lives. It is well often times, for the reader to bear in mind the fact, "Does this essayist tell what the bird or the tree or the cloud means to him?" Unless some emotion, say of the beautiful, is stirred within us, unless what we learn about the bird and stream corresponds in some way with what we know of our fellowmen, we shall not spend much time reading these nature essays. Many novels contain numerous pages of nature essay material. Perhaps one of the most important nature novelists is Gene Stratton Porter who has written "The Song of the Cardinal", "At the Foot of the Rainbow", "Music of the Wild" and "Moths of the Limberlost", "The Harvester" and many other books. Each one of these books contains many beautiful sketches of out-door life. From the titles alone, one might infer that this author loved nature.

Then too, in the short stories we often discover choice bits of nature writing. S. M. Peck has written a volume of essays called "Alabama Sketches". O. Henry, Bret Harte, William Allen White and numerous other writers of this type of literature have used the nature essay material extensively.

Closely allied to the nature essay are the "How to Know Nature" books. Such volumes as "Julia Rogers", "Wild Animals Every Child Should Know", Mrs. J. M. Thompson's "Water Wonders Every Child Should Know", Neltje DeGraff Doubleday's "Birds Every Child Should Know", Frederic Stack's "Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know", and Frances Parson's "How to Know the Ferns", may well be called volumes of nature essays.

Many of the nature essayists have also written poems about nature. All people who know of Burroughs, are familiar with his volume of poetry, "Leaf and Tendril". James Russel Lowell and Madison Cawein wrote much more poetry than prose about this subject. Bishop Quayle, Henry Van Dyke and many other nature essayists have written great many nature poems.

I was unable to find the definition in any dictionary of critical terms of "Nature Essayist". The first name applied to out-of-door writers is "Poet-Naturalist"—Wilson and Audubon have both been given this name. Conrad Abbott called one of his books, "A Naturalists' Rambles

Around Home". Other names applied to these writers are, "Out-door Writers", "Nature Writers", and "Writers of Locality". "Nature Essayists" seems to be the most modern name applied to this school of writers.

Strange as it may seem, no one has ever written anything about the form of this essay. The nature essay has indeed no fixed form, for sometimes it is a ramble as in Dallas Lore Sharp's "Beyond the Pasture Bars", or a diary as "Susan Fenimore Cooper's "Rural Hours", or a journal as are most of Thoreau's Works. Then again it is a sketch or a walk. Sometimes we come across a volume of essays written in letter form.

Altho the literary treatment of nature differs greatly from that of the scientific treatment, yet it is often difficult to draw a sharp line between the writings of nature essayists and scientific naturalists. Perhaps no one has drawn more clearly the difference between the two than has John Burroughs in one of his essays in which he says that the literary treatment compared with the scientific, is like free-hand drawing compared with mechanical drawing. He goes on to say that literature

aims to give us truth in a way to touch our emotions and in some degree to satisfy the enjoyment we have in the living reality. The literary artist is just as much in love with the fact as is his scientific brother, only he makes a different use of it and his interest in it is often of a non-scientific character. His method is synthetic, rather than analytic. He deals in general and not in technical truths,—truths that he arrives at in the fields and woods, and not in the laboratory. While the essay-naturalist observes and admires, the scientific naturalist collects. One brings home a bouquet from the woods; the other, specimens for his herbarium. The former would enlist your sympathies and arouse your enthusiasm; the latter would add to your store of exact knowledge. The one is just as shy of overcoloring or falsifying his facts as the other, only he gives more than facts—he gives impressions and analogies, and as far as possible, shows you the live bird on the bough. On a keen October morning a nature essayist is not concerned with the question of frost-action on foliage or the chemistry involved in the glowing red of distant maples.

In books of geology, botany, zoology and ornithology we occasionally come across many literary passages, which extracted form pleasing nature essays. Chapman's "Hand Book of Birds of Eastern North America", tho a scientific book, has contributions from the nature essays of Bradford Torrey on the humming bird and bittern, from Olive Thorne Miller on the King bird, Cat bird, and Cardinal Grosbeak, and from Wm.

Dutcher, J. Dwight Jr., Wm. Brewster and many other such passages are quoted.

We hear much about nature Fakers at the present time, men whose writing is not borne of their first hand experiences with nature, but because of their strong imaginations, their desire for popularity and their fluent speech. But because that which we read is not within our range of experience, we should hesitate to call it untrue. However, in my reading I have come across very little of this sort of literature. "But why worry", says Mable Asgood Wright, "some people will gather wild roses, some mushrooms, and some in spite of all warnings, will trim their hants with h poison ivy, the fact that they are out-of -doors is a great thing; once there they will never again remain inside."

CHAPTER I.

Period of Wilson. (1776-1820).

Our colonial literature, which extends over a century and a half, is not entirely barren in nature writers. The charms of nature in America were often felt and understood. Captain John Smith, in his "Description of New England", written in 1616, speaks of the delights of hunting and hawking in the unknown regions. Concerning fishing, he says, "What sport doth yield a more pleasing content, and less hurt or charge than angling with a hook and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle over the silent streams of a calm sea?" Colonel Norwood in his "Voyage to Virginia", written in 1649, often describes the natural scenery about him. In one place he says, "The linen of that country grows ready made on the branches of oak trees; and the English call it moss. It is like the threads of unwhited cotton yard ravelled, and hangs in parcels on the lower boughs, divine providence, having so ordered it for conveniency and sustenance of the deer, which is all the food they can get in times of snow."

In 1670 Daniel Denton wrote, " A Brief Description of New York", in which nature plays a large part. Two years later, John Josselyn wrote his "New England's Rarities Discovered". Of this book, Dallas Lore Sharp has said, "Even the modern

animal romancer is represented among these early writers in John Josselyn and his delicious book, "New England's Rarities Discovered." The Colonists were not too busy to take a little time to observe the beauties of nature around them, and so it is, that in 1732 George Berkeley wrote his "Views from Honeyman's Hill." When glancing over some of these early histories, we are delightfully surprised to run across a page or two describing some phase or aspect of nature. In Samuel Peter's "General History of Connecticut," published in 1781, he has an essay on frogs which is very entertaining.

The next year appeared, "Letters from an American Farmer," the first volume of nature essays written in this country. The author says of these letters: "If they be not elegant they will smell of the woods and be a little wild." When Robert Burns was but a small boy, Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, the author of these letters speaks about the possibilities of a union of plowman or man of the soil and man of letters which we see so beautifully illustrated in the life of John Burroughs. "After all", ^{he} /says, "Why should not a farmer be allowed to make use of his mental faculties as well as others? Because a man works, is he not to think, and if he thinks usefully why

should he not in his leisure hours set down his thoughts? I have composed many a good sermon as I followed my plow."

He gives us many delightful pictures of farm life, the best one of which is that of his little boy seated gleefully upon a chair which is attached to the swaying plow.

J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, the eighteenth century forerunner of Thoreau, came to America at the age of twenty-three. He was born in Normandy in 1735. As a boy he enjoyed taking tramps in the woods, and showed a keen and accurate observation of everything about him. When he was sixteen years old he went to school in England where he became better versed in the English than the French language. From England he set out for the New World. After travelling about among the Great Lakes in military service under Montcalm, he settled on a farm near New York City, marrying the daughter of an American merchant. During the Revolutionary War his lands were overrun by armies and he went to England where he published his "Letters of an American Farmer" in 1782.

This book treats of rural life in a series of essays. In it, one can easily perceive some of our present day appreciation of surrounding nature. He is sincere in his love of nature which he writes about in an unconventional manner. Hazlitt praised this book in the Edinburgh Review. Crevecoeur visited France where he brot out a French translation of his work. The ultimate result of this was

that some five hundred French families emigrated to the Ohio region , where, far from realizing the dreams raised by the "American Farmer" most of them died of famine. Crèvecoeur wrote his later books in French. He spent the rest of his life in France where he died in 1813. Only once since the eighteenth century has there been a new edition of his Letters which were first published in London in 1782. In Philadelphia in 1793 the original American edition of this book was published. Not until 1904 was there a reprint of this book.

In this volume of Letters, one at once detects two distinct notes, one of great peace, the other of great pain. The earlier and larger portion of the book gives forth the note of peace; it is a prose pastoral of life in the New World as that life must have revealed itself to a well-appointed American farmer of poetic optimistic temper in the final stage of our colonial era. The latter gives forth the note of pain when the author describes slavery in the far South and the hard relations between the colonist and the Indian.

Not even Gilbert White wrote more intimately of the little republics that made up his farm than this French-American farmer in his first letter "On the Situation, Feelings and Pleasures of an American Farmer." There is something refreshing in his frank content with the simplicity, most elemental happiness, the unaffectedness of his man's joy in his wife, child and home, and in the ploughing of the

of the brown old earth, while, in his keen and affectionate interest in bees, birds, and four-footed creatures Creveoeur is at once poet, naturalist and child. The following passage well illustrates his winter kindness to birds. "Often in the angles of the fences, where the motion of the winds prevents the snow from settling, I carry them both chaff and grain; the one to feed them, the other to prevent their tender feet from freezing fast to the earth as I have frequently observed them do."

He speaks deprecatingly of his "simple observations," as requiring no study for they are so obvious." In them he shows a directness and deftness in seizing a salient point as is seen in his discussion of wild pigeons. In speaking of the contents of their craws, he says: "In one of them, last year, I found some undigested rice, now the nearest rice fields from where I live must be at least 560 miles, and either their digestion must be suspended while they are flying, or else they must fly with the celerity of the wind".

In his essay, "On Snakes and the Humming Bird," there is a remarkable description of a combat between two snakes; it is vivid, forcible, intensely realistic, but there is no trace of effort, no hint of writing for effect; he simply wrote what he saw, and it is admirably done. One enjoys reading such passages as, "The dazzling, almost invisable flutter of the humming-bird's wing."

Crevecoeur was greatly interested in bees, and in speaking about them he says, "Their government, their industry, their quarrels, their passions always present me with something new. By their movements, I can predict the weather, and can tell the day of their swarming." He took more pleasure in hunting bees than in expeditions with his dogs and gun. Nature is always fresh and inviting to him.

Crevecoeur's style which is marked by a sweetness of tone and literary grace is seen in the following passage: "Who can listen unmoved, to the sweet love-tales of our robins, told from tree to tree? Or to the shrill cat birds? The sublime accents of the thrush from on high, always retard my steps, that I may listen to the delicious music."

Altho the poet-naturalist is perhaps Crevecoeur's most attractive side, the letters on Nantucket people, their frank simplicity, and festive rejoicings after the perils and hardships of the whale-fishing", are quaintly interesting. In this volume are also essays on "Martha's Vineyard," "A visit to Mr. Bertram, the Botanist," and "Reflections on Negro Slavery."

The last letter or essay is wholly different from the rest of the book. The war has begun and the idyllic farming days are past, and in the "Distresses of a Frontier man",

Crevecoeur pictures vividly the man usually left out of history, the non-combatant, and distracted individual, too far from the scene of action to be able to judge definitely of the cause, its right and wrong, and drawn by his sympathies both ways, feeling war in its horror. With this, the book closes.

As early as 1751 we find the Niagara Falls mentioned in literature by John Bartram in his "Travels to Lake Ontario." This man's name is familiar to all lovers of Botany and in that same year he published a book on American plants. It is always exceedingly interesting to learn just how a man or a woman obtains his call for his special work. Mr. Bartram tells us in his own words the following bit of his life:

"I scarcely know how to trace my steps in the botanical career; they appear to me now like to a dream, but thou mayest reply on what I shall relate, tho I know that some of my friends have laughed at it. One day I was very busy in holding my plough (for thou seest that I am but a ploughman) and being weary, I ran under the shade of a tree to repose myself. I cast my eyes on a daisy; I plucked it mechanically, and viewed it with more curiosity than common country farmers are wont to do, observing therein very many distinct parts, some perpendicular and some horizontal. What a shame said my mind, or something that inspired my mind, that thee shouldst have employed so many years in tilling the earth and destroying so many flowers and plants without being acquainted with their structures and their uses. I returned to my team, but this new desire did not quit my mind."

He went to Philadelphia to study, and spent the rest of his life in plant study. His botanical gardens became very famous where people could see many old-world plants.

His son William became just as famous as his father.

He made extensive travels in the interest of natural history, and in 1791 he published his "Travels thru North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida." Some of the best essays in this book are those "In the Home of the Alligator" and "Puc-Puggy and his Notes on the Rattlesnake." His friendship with Alexander Wilson is a very beautiful one.

With the establishment of Dennies Portfolio in 1800 and the Boston Anthology three years later, the study of outdoor life received a great impetus. Joseph Dennie or "Oliver Oldschool", in the Portfolio encouraged the publication of poetry and prose pieces of nature. In the very first issue of the magazine, a contributor signing himself the "Rural Wanderer", assures his readers that he is really a Rambler over hills and thru glades, along the banks of rivers, and in the borders of villages."

In the Sewanee Review of 1894(?) Professor S. L. Whitcomb has an article on "Nature in Early American Literature", in which he says that after a close study of the Portfolio and Anthology, the following tendencies were observed, first, that there was a noticeable awakening on the part of the more intelligent writers to the facts of our American nature, second, that there had arisen a small class of writers who more or less habitually reported nature as they personally observed her. They did not, indeed, retire into a semi-

seclusion from society as Thoreau did, but out-door life permanently interested them; it was that which gave health and tone to their mental operations and they found it a source of private and literary inspiration. One of these true lovers of nature, altho I believe he was a Philadelphia journalist, wrote for the Portfolio a series of "Reflections in Solitude", and signed himself "Jacques! He records with a careful, discriminating attention, albeit in somewhat of a pessimistic mood, the changing phenomena of woods and fields and farm yards as the seasons roll by." Third, about 1807 or 1808 the Portfolio began to give its readers an occasional view of American scenery, sketched and engraved by home talent and intended to foster a love for the natural beauty and sublimity lying at our own doors. For a long time previous, the claim had been constantly made that our rivers, cataracts, forests, and mountains were as noble as those of foreign lands and that they were commonly neglected and despised.

The name of Alexander Wilson stands out prominently in this period. His fame as an ornithologist has in a large way made people lose sight of the fact that he was as "Christopher North", (in Blackwoods') declares him to be "absolutely a man of literature."

Alexander Wilson, "the father of American Mythology" was born at Paisley in Scotland, July 6, 1766. He worked for sometime as a weaver and then a peddler. At this time Wilson was writing verses and his mind was ever turning to the outdoor life which was dear to his heart and in

comparison with which, the loom was a sorry bandage. He reached the height of his practical ambition in 1790, when he published a volume of poetical writings. Several years later he published anonymously "Watty and Meg", the authorship of which was by some ascribed to Robert Burns. A little later he was imprisoned for writing a satire upon one of his fellow townsmen, and after his release sailed for America. He arrived at Newcastle Delaware July 1794, the same year in which Bryant was born, and thence walked thru the forest past log cabins and occasional farms. "On the way," Wilson writes to his parents, "I did not observe one bird such as those in Scotland, but all much richer in color, some red birds, several of which I shot out of curiosity." This quotation shows an early interest in birds. However, for a number of years he does not mention birds in his correspondence.

For several years he worked as a weaver, peddler and school teacher, but having made the acquaintance of the naturalist William Bartram, he became interested in the drawing of birds, and evolved a plan to illustrate an ornithology of the United States which he intended to write. Wilson was not the pioneer writer upon American birds as Catesby, Edwards and Forster and others preceded him by many years, but to him we are indebted for the first comprehensive work on the birds of our country at large.

In 1804 partly to collect material, he and two friends walked to Niagara. His fine descriptive poem, "The Foresters", was written after his return, describing the scenery thru Pennsylvania across the Alleghenies to Niagara. Wilson reached home safely after a journey of 1257 miles which he accomplished in eighty-nine days. Two years afterwards he began to assist in editing the American edition of Ree's Cyclopaedia, and was thereby given an opportunity to proceed with his scheme of publishing his American Ornithology, the first volume of which appeared in 1808, and the second in 1810. In order to collect material for the other volumes, he travelled in various parts of the country; New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Ohio and southern Mississippi valleys.

He started from Pittsburg in a small open boat, with a stock of provisions, his gun and other necessaries. He floated down the river, enjoying the beautiful scenery as only a lover of nature can. He described the country in his journal from which the following extract is taken:

"If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest-covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than three or four miles apart, winding thru an immense extent of country and enclosing a fiver half a mile wide, which alternately washes the steep delevity on one side and leaves a rich forest clad bottom on the other mile or so in breadth, you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio."

In this delightful manner with full leisure for observation of nature, exposed to all kinds of weather, the scorching heat of noon, and the severe frost of night, he sailed until he reached the rapids of Ohio, after a journey of 720 miles. During this trip he wrote another fine poem, "The Pilgrims", After this journey he completed five more volumes, but he died in August 1813.

Volumes eight and nine of his work, were brot out under the editorship of George Ord in 1814, and four supplementary volumes were afterwards published by Prince Charles Lucier Bonaparte. The edition of these united works was published by Jameson in four volumes in 1831. Other editions followed .

Wilson's Ornithology was not a scientific work as far as anatomy and taxonomy were concerned. Indeed, knowledge of these subjects was not very far advanced at that day, and our author had given them little attention. Love of nature always predominates over technique and this spirit of the ornithology seems to have pervaded much of our subsequent ornithological literature to a great extent. This ornithology reflects much of the authors character. Wilson was not a scientific man in the modern sense, not a closet naturalist, but a poet who loved nature for herself, and he took up the study of ornithology not as a science, but because the beauty of the birds, and the melody of the songs appealed to him. He later recognized the importance

of scientific accuracy, and bibliographic research, but this came as a secondary result, and was not a primary interest with him. His ornithology was born in the woods, and not in the library or museum. Thus it is that the description of each bird may well be called a nature essay.

Wilson was doubtless acquainted with the birds of his native country and knew them by nature just as he knew the thistle and heather, for upon landing in America one of his first comments as was said above, was upon the strange birds and shrubs which surrounded him, but there is no evidence that he had an early inclination toward the study of birds, except as they formed a part of nature which was ever dear to him. He had no model upon which to build his ornithology, and thus he went to nature for his facts. He broke boldly away from all the false and hearsay reports that fill the page of the early writers and described only such birds as he had himself seen, and such characteristics of habit as he was personally familiar with or which he had first heard from reliable observers.

An example of his faithful description, simple language and poetic treatment of the birds may be seen in the following passage.

"This sweet and solitary songster inhabits the whole of North America from Hudson's Bay to the Peninsula of Florida. He arrives in Pennsylvania about the twentieth of April, or soon after wards, and returns to the South about the beginning of October. But, at whatever time the wood thrush may arrive, he soon announces his presence in the woods. With the dawn of the succeeding morning, mounting to the top of some tall tree that rises from a low, thick-shaded part of the woods, he pipes his few but clear and musical notes in a kind of ecstasy; the prelude or symphony of which strongly resembles the double tonguing of a German flute, and sometimes the tinkling of a small bell; the whole consists of five or six parts, the last note of each of which, is in such a tone as to leave the conclusion evidently suspended; the finale is finely managed and with such charming effect as to sooth and tranquilize the mind and to seem sweeter and mellowed at each successive repetition."

With an unbounded enthusiasm this poor friendless emigrant came to a strange land, taught himself to draw after nature, acquired the power of writing with elegant simplicity, penetrated the then vast wilderness of the United States, traveling in seven years, nearly ten thous-

and miles. In his wonderings his way lay over marshes, swamps, and across rivers, over steep hills, craggy rocks and thickets hardly penetrable, but not withstanding this variety of hardships, he was fully repaid by the beauty of scenery, the music of the birds and the knowledge gained of their habits. After a night of refreshing sleep he would arise, and watch the breaking of dawn. He made out of-the-way excursions, went into the cottages and talked to the people. When he was teaching he said:

"I have had live crows, hawks, owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes and lizards so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brot to me, and tho they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did that of our great ancestor, yet I find, means by the distribution of a few fine penny bits, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brot me a large basket of crows. I expect his next load will be full frogs if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary."

These words show his relation to his pupils.

Wilson was never lonely, for as he went, he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs overhead. He saw the blue skies and the sunshine, and the unspeakable language of God's goodness and love written on nature's face.

CHAPTER II.

Period of Audubon. (1820-1850).

The most important figure in this second period of nature essay writing is John Audubon. Perhaps no name is more nearly synonymous with the study of birds than is his.

Audubon does not state when he was born, but from his granddaughter's account, we learn that he was born between the years 1772 and 1783 near New Orleans, Louisiana. He spent his childhood in France, for his father was an admiral in the French Navy. As a boy, he was fond of going in search of birds' nests, fishing and shooting. He took many long rambles about the country, always loving out door life. In one of his journals he said that a certain incident led him to love birds. His mother had several beautiful parrots and some monkeys. One day just after "Polly" had asked for her breakfast, a monkey killed her. "The sensations of my infant heart," says Audubon, "at this cruel sight were agony to me. I uttered long and piercing cries until my mother rushed into the room and chained the monkey."

In 1798 Audubon came to America and settled on a farm near Philadelphia, which his father gave to him. Here he lived ten years, collecting and sketching birds, and busying himself with field sports. He married and went west where he had a hard struggle to make a living. This was brot

about from his persistent inattention to business, which he neglected for the sake of pursuing his studies and drawings in natural history, or merely for the pleasures of hunting, fishing or wandering in the woods. "Business prospered," as he says, "when I attended to it, but birds, were birds, then as now, and my thots were ever and anon, turning to them as the objects of my greatest delight."

In writing about his misfortunes in the merchantile

business he says:

"One of the most extraordinary things among all these adverse circumstances was that I never for a day, gave up listening to the songs of our birds, or watching their peculiar habits, or delineating them in the best way that I could; may, during my deepest troubles I frequently would wrench myself from the persons around me and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests; and many a time at the sound of the wood-thrush's melodies, have I fallen on my knees and there prayed earnestly to our God."

Audubon was a very handsome man, with a lithe sinewy frame, capable of wonderful feats of strength and endurance. He habitually arose before the daylight, and worked continuously until night when he then wrote his letters and journals. Four hours is said to have been his allowance for sleep, and he says that he often worked fourteen hours a day without fatigue.

He was a great traveler. He went to Texas, Florida, Canada, Labrador and Montana. He crossed the ocean many times. In the eastern United States, he traveled thousands of miles on foot, making journeys from Maine to Louisiana.

During this time, Audubon was forming a plan to produce a great work delineating, "The Birds of America." Finding that such a work could not be properly lithographed in this country, he, after enlarging his collection, went to Europe. He had an extraordinary gift for making friends, and everyone was attracted by the simple manners of this talented, unsophisticated "man of the woods." He obtained substantial aid from many distinguished men, including Sir Walter Scott. During 1826 he secured 170 subscriptions for his proposed work, priced at one thousand dollars. Between 1827 and 1839, five volumes of ornithological Biographies or Accounts of the Habits of Birds of the United States of America, were published in Edinburgh and four volumes of Exquisite Portraits of Birds in America were published in New York. The latter consisted of 435 handsome plates containing some 1300 figures of birds, life size and in natural colors, surrounded by the plants which each one liked the best. It was a stupendous piece of work, something that no one had attempted before him.

When describing his travels and the habits of the birds that he encountered, he was full of enthusiasm, but he disliked the technical portion, and for this reason he secured men who could attend to this part of his work. In his paintings and sketches of his birds, he was always striving to present to the reader the action and life of the creatures he loved

to watch and in describing their habits, he tells his readers of the feelings that arose within him, as his mind reverted to the scenes of which he wrote and he could not help looking upon them as fellow beings. Audubon is at his best when he is describing the bird. The essays on "A Humming Bird" and "The Mocking Bird" are perfect. Surely of such a spirit as Audubon, Bryant speaks in *Thanatopsis*:

"To him, who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible form, she speaks
a various language."

In describing the song of the mocking bird, his prose becomes almost poetical:

"They are not the sounds of the flute but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this King of song, who has derived all from nature's self."

He speaks of birds in the same manner that he speaks of people; and attributes to both, similar feelings and experiences. Their wooing, and love-making, their mating, and home building, their care and anxiety for their little ones are realistically and beautifully pictured. In his essay on the Humming Bird he describes the anxious fear of the parent birds when he approached their nest, and compared their returning hope when he left the place, to the mother's joy when the physician tells her that the crisis is past and her babe will live. He concludes the essay with the beautiful sentiment which has become the motto of the Audubon Societies founded in his memory:

"These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine, everyone who views them to make it his study to contribute to the happiness of others and to refrain from wontonly or maliciously giving them pain."

In his old age Audubon became interested in mammals, and in conjunction with Dr. Backman, undertook the work entitled, "Quadrup^{es} of North America." In order to get personally acquainted with the quadrup^{es} of our Western plains, he in 1843, went to Fort Union, later known as Fort Buford, near the junction of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers. The journals of this trip are delightful reading, furnishing entertaining accounts of the discovery and habits of new or little known species, of the abundance and manner of hunting wolves, buffalo, and other big game. In addition to the biography and journals, the work contains his famous, "Episodes" which are really essays covering such subjects as "The Prairie", "The Earth Quake", "A Tough Walk for a Youth," "Niagara", "The Burning of a Forest", "A Long Cabin at Sea", and "A Moose Hunt." They show perhaps better than his more formal writings the keenness of his appreciation of nature, the kindness of his heart, and the power of his imagination, and altho they were written at the age of seventy, these essays show the charm of the poet-naturalist bright and vigorous as those of the young man.

With the returns from "Birds of America," Audubon purchased a tract of twenty-four acres on the banks of the Hudson, now known as Audubon Park, within the present limits of New York City. Here he died in 1851 surrounded by his children and grandchildren.

It is interesting to compare Wilson and Audubon because of the similarity of their work. From an artistic standpoint, Audubon's work is superior because he was an artist. As a scientific work, it added little to Wilson's account, for to the present time, but twenty-three indigenous land birds from east of the Alleghanies and north of Florida have been added to Wilson's list. Audubon includes in his works a much larger number of birds with which he was not personally familiar. Then, too, Audubon was a more fluent writer and seemed able to arouse the sympathy of his reader with the experiences that he relates, while the more or less irrelevant matter which he often incorporates into the biographies as well as the "episodes" which are interpolated thru the volume, add largely to their fascination. Audubon had a far larger experience than Wilson which makes his bird sketches more exhaustive than the latter's.

Frances Halsey, in his "Rise of Nature Writers", published in the November 1902 number of the Review of Reviews, mentions Audubon and Gilbert White as the pioneers in this field of literature. He says:

"The books of Audubon never passed into popular circulation because the editions were small and expensive, but it was Audubon who taught observers the supreme importance of intimate knowledge as gained from study close to the subjects they wrote about. His influence is potent still and will always remain so. That friend of all creatures, whether on four feet or two, left behind him certain journals of his life, which when published within the last decade, disclosed how fine was his devotion and how rare his spirit."

Strange it is, that these journals should have lain so long unknown—some of them in the back of an old secretary, and others in a barn. I have here classified John James Audubon as a nature essayist, because it was his love of nature and of copying natural forms, rather than the love of science, which was the main spring of his career. His essays on the Humming Bird and Mocking Bird, should be read by everyone for they brighten, sweeten and enrich our every day life.

This period might appropriately have been called that of James Fenimore Cooper, for he wrote his first book in 1820 and his last in 1850, and died in 1851.

In many of Cooper's novels, one comes across excellent passages of description of various phases of nature and of thrilling encounters with animals, which might well, when separated from the rest of the work, be called "Nature Essays", in the full sense of the word. His descriptions both of forest and of sea have all that vividness and reality which cannot be given save by him who has penetrated into the depths of the one, and has tossed for weeks on the other. Cooper has been rightly called, "Our prose poet of the silent woods and stormy sea."

The contents of his novels are familiar to all readers of American Literature. The "Deerslayer", "The Pilot", "The Prairie", and "The Pioneer", and "Oaks Opening or Bee Hunter," are the ones which contain the best nature essays.

The lovely lake, called Glimmerglass of "The Deerslayer", and its limped waters and verdure clad shores form the fitting frame work for the pictures of that Tale. Cooper describes the inspiring scenes with such photographic accuracy that we may easily identify the locality today. Just where the Susquehanna leaves the lake of its long journey to the sea, the famous Otsego Rock still "shows its chin above the water", as it did in Cooper's time.

In his book, "The Pioneers" an encounter with a panther might well be called an essay, as is shown by the following paragraph.

"A quarter-grown cub that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific."

I know of no writer who has treated the prairie in amore comprehensive way than does Cooper in his novel by that name. In the opening chapter of this book in telling his reader of the impressions of the prairie he says:

"The eye became fatigued with the sameness and chilling weariness of the landscape. The earth was not unlike the ocean, when its restless waters are heaving, after the agitation and fury of the tempest have begun to lessen. There was the same waving and regular surface, the same absence of foreign objects, and the same boundless extent to the view. Here and there a tall tree rose out of the bottoms, stretching its naked branches abroad, like some solitary vessel; and to strengthen the delusion, far in the distance appeared two or three rounded thickets, looming in the misty horizon, like islands resting on the waters."

Cooper is also interesting in connection with our subject, because of the literary work of his daughter in nature writing.

The year 1846 saw two publications of nature essays, Audubon's "Quadrupeds of America", and Thorpe's "Mysteries of the Back-Woods." Thomas Bangs Thorpe is commonly known as a journalist, altho he wrote a number of volumes of nature essays. He was born in Westfield Massachusetts in 1815, but spent most of his life in Louisiana. In 1859 he became proprietor of the New York, "Spirit of the Times". His sketch entitled "Tom Owen the Bee Hunter", first brot him reputation. In 1854 appeared another volume about bees called, "The Hive of the Bee-Hunter". In 1858 he published his "Scenes in Arkansaw." The following passage taken from his "Mysteries of the Back Woods", well illustrates his style and treatment of his subject matter:

"After a variety of meanderings thru the thickwoods and clambering over fences we came to our place of destination as pointed out by Tom, who selected a mighty tree whose trunks contained the sweets, the possession of which the poets have likened to other sweets that leave a sting behind. The felling of a mighty tree is a sight that calls up a variety of emotions.
.....

"The enraged buzzing about my ears satisfied me that the occupants of the tree were not going to give up their home and treasure without showing considerable fight. No sooner had the little insects satisfied themselves that they were about to be invaded than they began one after another to descend from their army abode and fiercely pitch into us.....

"A sharp cracking finally told me that clapping was done, and looking aloft, I saw the mighty tree balancing in the air, Slowly and majestically it bowed for the first time towards its mother earth, gaining velocity as it descended, shivering the trees that interrupted its downward course and falling with a thundering sound, splintering its mighty limbs and burying them deeply in the ground. The sun, for the first time in two centuries, broke uninterruptedly thru the chasm made in the forest, and shone with splendor upon the magnificent form, standing a conqueror among his sports."

In this period appears for the first time the name of a woman nature writer. Altho up to this time, women undoubtedly appreciated the beauties of nature, their heavy household duties left little time for writing:

Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossolis tragic life is well known to most students of American Literature. She was born in Cambridge in 1810. Exceptionally precocious in her youth, she was a prominent member of the transcendent circle of which Emerson was the center. She taught pupils for a few years,

and wrote for various papers, also contributing translations from the German. For two years she edited the Dial and later became literary critic of the New York Tribune under Greely. She also wrote many articles upon her investigations into the social conditions of the people in New York City. In 1846 she went to Europe where she was well received in literary and aristocratic circles and was married the next year to Marquis Ossoli in Italy, and distinguished herself by devotion to the wounded during the revolutionary struggle of 1849 in that country. On the capture of Rome by the French, she, her husband and child, sailed for America. After a perilous voyage the ship was wrecked off Fire Island and the family perished.

The following books were published during her life time, "Summer on the Lakes in 1843," "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" in 1844, and "Papers on Literature and Art in 1846."

It is as a lover and writer of nature tho, that we are principally interested in this woman. In all the accounts of nature writers her name is not mentioned. Such writers all say that Thoreau's "Week", published in 1849 marked a distinct epoch, but they utterly overlook Margaret Fuller Ossoli's book which appeared in 1843.

When Margaret was twenty-three, her family moved to Groton, a village forty miles from Boston. During this time she wrote a letter to her friend, Samuel Ward, which shows how external nature made her a student and observer of itself.

The following is an extract of this letter:

"I strolled languidly far and far over the dull-brown fields, and not an attempt at or life like tint could I see. Some tawny evergreens and oaks, with their last year's leaves lingering; like unloved guests in vain attempted to give animation to the landscape. The sweetest south west wind was blowing but it did not make the heavens very blue. I was returning home quite comfortless when I suddenly came upon just what I wanted. It was a little shallow pool of the clearest amber. The fore-mentioned south-west wind was at work to some purpose, breaking it into exquisite wavelets, which flashed a myriad of diamonds up at each instant."

In 1838 the family moved to Jamaica Plain, a rural and attractive suburb of Boston. Here their dwelling was near a little stream, called Willow Brook, and there were rocks behind it covered with cardinal flowers. Here Margaret Fuller renewed that love of nature which Groton had first taught her and which city-life had only suspended. From this time, many charming out door sketches appear among her papers. Inheriting a love of flowers from her mother, she gave to them meanings of her own. Of the later sketches which she contributed to the Dial, perhaps the most beautiful one is "The Magnolia of Lake Pontchartrain." In one of her letters she says that this out door essay originated out of the suggestion by some one that this magnolia odor was so exquisite at that spot as to be unlike any other magnolia's. She has written several essays on flowers, among which is one upon the Passion Flower, whose petals had just fallen from her girdle, she says, while all her other flowers remained intact. Again she has been hearing in some conversation a description of the thorn called Spina Christi which still grows on the plains of Judaea and this leads her to write about this thorn.

From the following extract of a letter, we perceive that she set much value on her flower sketches:

"You often tell me what to do when you are gone; if you survive me, with you not collect my little flower pieces, even the insignificant ones? I feel as if from mother I had received a connection with the flowers; she has the love, I the interpretation. My writings about them are no fancies, but whispers from themselves. I am deeply taught by the constant presence of any growing thing. This apple tree before my window I shall mourn to leave."

In another letter she says:

"I have just returned from a walk this golden autumn morning, with its cloudless sky and champagne air. I found some new wood walks, glades among black pines and hemlocks, openings to the distant hills, graceful in silvery veils. A very peculiar feeling these asters give me, gleaming on every side. They seem my true sisters."

As a rule, books of travel do not last long, since the details, especially of our newer communities are superseded in a year, while it may be decades before another traveler comes along who can look beneath them and really picture the new scenes for the mind's eye. A book of facts about Illinois in 1843, would now be of little value, but the things that Margaret Fuller wrote about in her "Summer on the Lakes", are still very interesting.

In this volume she first describes Niagara, giving her impressions of the wonderful scene in which the rapids left a stronger imprint upon her than the cataract itself. "Slowly and that fully," she says, "I walked down to the bridge leading to goat Island, and when I stood upon this frail support and saw a quarter of a mile tumbling, rushing rapids and heard their everlasting roar, my emotions overpowered me."

The prairies first only suggested to her "the desolation of dulness."

"After sweeping over the vast monotony of land, with all around a limitless horizon, to walls and walls, but never climb. How the eye greeted the approach of a sail or the smoke of a steamboat, it seemed that anything so animated must come from a better land, where mountains give religion to the scene. But after I had ridden out and seen the flowers, and observed the sun set with that calmness seen only in prairies, and the cattlewinding slowly to their houses, most peaceful of sights, I began to love, because I began to know the scene, and shrank no longer from the encircling vastness."

"Summer on the Lakes", seems to have yielded nothing to the author but copies to give away. It is a pathetic compensation for an unsuccessful book that the writer at least has an abundant supply of it. It is interesting to note that Thoreau eight years later carried up to his garret as unsold 700 out of the 1000 copies of his "Week on the Concord and Merrimack."

CHAPTER III.

Period of Thoreau. (1850-1870).

In 1849 Thoreau invited his countrymen to what Lowell called, "his water party", "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers". Olive Thorne Miller says that this book marked an era because it was the first clear, decisive call to a man to lead the outdoor life, and that it was not written in answer to any demand or need of man in general, but expressed the emotions felt by Thoreau in abandoning the artificial.

Thoreau was French on one side and Anglo-Saxon on the other. From the former he inherited that wild untamed nature which made him turn with such zest and genius to aboriginal nature. From the latter, he received his austere and rugged qualities which is well shown by the homeliness, sincerity and simplicity of his writing. He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1817. He was sent to school at the Academy there and later to Harvard College, but he always spoke of schools in a disparaging manner. He studied no profession, never married, voted, or went to church, refused to pay taxes, ate no flesh, drank no wine, used no tobacco, and tho he was continually afield in the woods, he carried no guns and set no traps. He preferred to walk instead of ride, and to swim than to row. Altho he read the best books, he regarded them as unnecessary interferences with direct, personal acquaintances with nature and life. He liked solitude and thus it was, that he loved the society of trees and all

manner of growing things. He found fellowship in them which is far different from saying that he enjoyed looking at them as objects of beauty. He could get along without a daily newspaper, but not without a daily walk.

Having rid himself of the conventions of life as far as possible, Thoreau struck out a career for himself. Having made a failure of teaching, he commenced to make lead pencils. After he received high commendation on them, he abruptly stopped this work. He followed the craft of surveyor with much devotion because it took him out-of-doors, giving him solitude. He never worked longer than his necessities required, because he regarded all accumulations as encumbrances.

Rightly considered, Thoreau's singularity consisted not in his lodging in a hut near Walden Pond, nor in his wearing old clothes and breaking away from all the so-called social amenities, but in his view of the world. He was a prophet, philosopher and poet-naturalist. He might well have said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." However, it is only as a student and writer of nature that I wish to treat of Thoreau.

He spent most of his life at, and about Concord, except for a few journeys, and for over two years, he lived in a hut which he built in the woods, and made very famous. Here he at one time reduced his expenses to seven cents a day.

Professor S. L. Whitcomb of Kansas University has in his possession a mirror which Thoreau used at Walden, which shows that he did not utterly ignore all that belongs to civilized life.

His books are records of his journeys which he took in the New England States as a glance at the titles will show. "Excursions", "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers", "The Maine Woods", "Cape Cod", and "A Yankee in Canada." Thoreau published but two volumes in his life time; "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers", which, by the way, is mainly a record of other and much longer voyages on other rivers not mentioned in the title, and "Walden", or "Life in the Woods",

In his essays, Thoreau writes about the weather, birds, animals, streams, and almost every aspect of nature. The results of his many trips to Maine are embodied in his "Maine Woods". Here we get the moods and music of the forest, the vision of white tents beside still waters; of canoes drawn out on pebbly beaches; of camp fires flickering across rippling rapids, the voice of the red squirrel, the melancholy laughter of the birds, and the mysterious "night wablers". The finest passage in this book consists

of a description of Mt. Katahdin for in it Thoreau is continually striking out some glowing phrase like a spark out of flint. The logs in the camp are "turned to each other with the axe", "For beauty give me trees with fur on". The pines are for the poet, "who loves them like his own shadow in the air." Of the fall of a tree in the forest he says, "It was a dull, dry, rushing sound, with a solid core to it, like the shutting of a door in some distant entry of the damp and shoggy wilderness." Katahdin is "a permanent shadow", and upon it "rocks, gray, silent rocks were the silent flocks and herds that pastured, chewing a rocky cud at sunset. They looked at me with hard gray eyes without a bleat or bow."

In his western tour of 1860 when he went to Minnesota and found the crab apple tree, he struck up a friendly acquaintance with the gopher which had 13 stripes. He writes in a charming way about rabbits, wood chucks, red and gray squirrels and foxes. In Walden he has a delightful essay on "Winter Animals." His idyl on the "Beautiful Heifer" is a forerunner of Burrough's essay on "Our Rural Divinity." A comparison of these two essays would make an interesting study. Here is a paragraph of Thoreau's essay, "One more confiding heifer, the fairest of the herd, did by degrees approach as if to take some morsel from our hands, while our hearts leaped to our mouths, with expectation and delight. She by degrees drew near with her fair limbs, making pretence

of browsing; nearer and nearer till there was wafted to us the bovine fragrance,—cream of all the dairies that ever were or will be: and then she raised her gentle muzzle toward us, and snuffed an honest recognition within hand's reach. I saw it was possible for his herd to inspire with love the herdsman. Her hide was mingled white and fawn color, and on her muzzle's tip there was a white spot not bigger than a daisy; and on her side turned toward me, the map of Asia plain to see."

He had a keen appreciation for birds and always with increasing pleasure he heard the blue jay, robins, and song-sparrows sing. The color of the blue-bird seemed to him, "as if he carried the sky on his back. And where are gone the blue birds whose warble was wafted to me so lately, like a blue warblelet thru the air, warbling, so innocently to inquire if any of its mates are within call? The very grain of the air seems to have undergone a change and is ready to split into the form of the blue birds warble."

The following passage shows his love for the cricket and bee. "As I went thru the deep cut before sunrise, I heard one or two early bumble bees come out on the deep sandy bank; their low hum sounds like distant horns far in the horizon, over the woods. It was long before I detected the bees that made it, so far away musical it sounded,

like shepherds in some distant vale greeting the king of day. Why was there never a poem on the cricket? so serene and cool—the iced-cream of song. It is modulated shade; heard in the grass chirping from everlasting to everlasting, the incessant cricket of the fall."

Few men have indeed had the appreciation he had for the earth as when he says, "We are rained and snowed on with gems. What a world we live in. Where are the jeweller's shops? There is nothing handsomer than a snow-flake or a dew-drop. I may say that the maker of the world exhausted his skill with each snowflake and dewdrop that he sends down. We think that the one mechanically coheres and that the other simply flows together and falls; but in truth they are the product of enthusiasm, the children of ecstasy, finished with the artist's utmost skill."

Thoreau has written much about the water. In Walden he has an essay on Ponds. He drinks in the meadow by a brook side and then "sits awhile to watch its yellowish pebbles, and the cress in it, and the weeds. The ripples cover its surface as a net work, and are faithfully reflected on the bottom. In some places, the sun reflected from ripples on a flat stone looks like a golden comb. The whole brook seems as busy as a loom; it is a woof and warp of ripples; fairy fingers

are throwing the shuttle at every step, and the long, waving brook is a fine product."

He loved in the summer to lay up a stock of these experiences, "for the winter, as the squirrel of nuts, something for conversation in winter evenings. I love to think then of the more distant walks I took in summer." Always suggestive themes lay about him in nature. Even "along the wood-path wines of all kinds and qualities, of noblest vintages are bottled up in skins of countless berries for the taste of men and animals."

He wished to know the grass and sedge and the study of flowers. He said, "for years my appetite was so strong that I fed, I browsed on the pine-forests' edge, seen against the winter horizon, the silvery needles of the pine straining the light, the young aspen leaves very neatly plaited, small, triangular, light green leaves, yield an agreeable, sweet fragrance, just expanded and sticky, sweet-scented as innocence.....It is a leaf-that of the green briar-for poets to sing about; it excites me to a sort of autumnal madness. They are leaves for satyrs and fawns to make their garlands of. My thots break out like them, spotted all over, yellow and green and brown -the freckled leaf."

These glimpses at the life of this nature lover show us

the richness of his life and his receptivity of mind.

Of his style Hamilton Wright Mabie says, "at times the reiteration of the personal pronoun grows wearisome; the thought is far-fetched, and suggestive of prose rather than of divination—the sentences have no vital relation to a continuity of ideas; the diction conveys an impression of thinness. But in its finer moods, the style is distinct as an etching, objects stand out as against a clear sky, there is feeling of space, sounds come from a great distance like trumpets blown afar, and the air stirs with intimations of unseen presences." Precision, rariness, individuality and a sense of vision always characterize Thoreau's style.

His fame as a nature writer has, since his death which occurred in 1862, steadily increased. It was little more than in the bud then, but each year we see the petals opening wider and wider until in the near future it will burst forth into full bloom.

The next year after Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," appeared the first one of Susan Fenimore Cooper's nature books called "Rural Hours."

Susan Fenimore Cooper, the daughter of James Fenimore Cooper was born in Scarsdale, New York, in 1813. She spent the greater part of her life about Cooperstown, where she

won universal affection by founding an orphanage, which now shelters over a hundred friendless boys and girls and has reared many useful men and women. She has written several volumes of nature essays which display talent of no common order. In 1854 she published her "Rhyme and Reason of Country Life." Later she wrote her "Country Rambles". Her books are sketches of outdoor life, just as it is, with no coloring but that which all objects receive in passing thru a cultivated and contemplative mind.

Her "Rural Hours", is descriptive of the scenery that surrounds her home and which her father in the "Pioneer" pictured as it was many years ago. This book is written in journal form and is the simple record of the little events which make up the course of the seasons in her rural life. She has divided the book into five parts, which she calls, "Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter and Later Hours." In her preface she says.

"In wandering about the fields, during a long, unbroken residence in the country, one naturally gleans many trifling observations on rustic matters which are afterwards remembered with pleasure by the observer and gladly shared with one's friends. The following pages were written in perfect good faith, all the trifling incidents alluded to having occurred, as they are recorded."

In this volume she discusses over a hundred subjects of nature, among which are the different kinds of trees, golden-rod, lilies, fireflies, bees, moths, locusts, violets, poppy, bobolinks, catbirds, crows, wrens, chickadees, bears, deer, beavers, foxes, rabbits, snakes, stags, grape vines, honeysuckle, berries, weeds, ice, rain drops and sunsets—a very broad range indeed.

Her style is even and picturesque, showing close observant powers. Perhaps her manner of treating different subjects of nature can best be observed by glancing at a few quotations extracted from her "Rural Hours";

"The fire-flies are flitting about this evening in the rain; they do not mind a showery evening much; we have often seen them of a rainy night carrying their little lanterns about much unconcerned; it is only a hard and driving shower which sends them home."

In another place she says:

"Of a still summer's day when the foliage generally is quiet, the eye is at time attracted by a solitary leaf, or a small twig dancing merrily, as tho bitten by a tarantula, to say nothing of aspen leaves which are never at rest."

I especially like the description of the pine trees about her home:

"Just at the point where the village becomes a road and turns to climb the hillside, there stands a group of pines a remnant of the old forest. There are many trees like these among the woods, far and near such may be seen rising from the hills, now tossing their arms in the stormy winds, now drawn in still and dark relief against the glowing evening sky. Their gaunt, upright forms standing about the hill-tops and the ragged gray stumps of those which have fallen, dotting the smooth fields, made up the sterner touches in a scene whose general aspect is smiling. But altho these old trees are common upon the wooded heights, yet the group on the skirts of the

village stands alone among the fields of the valley; their nearer brethren have all been swept away, and these are left in isolated company, differing in character from all about them a monument of the past. There they stand, silent spectators, of the wonderful changes that have come over the valley. Hundreds of winters have passed since the cones which contained the seed of that grove fell from the parent tree; centuries have elapsed since their head emerged from the top most wave of the sea of verdure to meet the sunshine, and yet it is but yesterday that their shadows first fell, in full length, upon the sod at their feet. Sixty years since, those trees belonged to a wilderness, the bear, the wolf, and the panther brushed their trunks, the ungainly moose and the agile deer browsed at their feet, the savage hunter crept stealthily about their roots and painted braves noislessly on the warpath beneath their shade."

Several years after the last volume of Susan Cooper's nature essays appeared, Wilson Flagg, an essayist in the true sense of the word, began to write about his observations of nature.

Thoreau in a letter to a friend said, "Your Wilson Flagg seems a serious person, and it is encouraging to hear a contemporary who recognizes nature so squarely, and selects such a theme as "Barns". But he is not alert enough. He wants stirring up with a pole."

Wilson Flagg was born in Massachusetts in 1805. Altho he studied medicine he never practiced this profession, but spent most of his time lecturing on natural science and writing for magazines and newspapers. He died in 1884.

He has left us three delightful volumes called "Studies in the Field and Forest" which he published in 1857, "Woods and Byways of New England" in 1872 and "Birds and Seasons of New England" in 1875. These three books were republished with additions in 1881 with the

titles "Halcyon Days", " A Year with the Trees" and " A year with the Birds", respectively. Flagg's writings, especially his "Studies in Field and Forest", have a certain serenity and dreamy beauty. He has given a most reasonable explanation of the New England Indian Summer. He says that it is probably caused by the sudden check given to vegetable perspiration by the fall of the

leaves.....anything that increases evaporation from the earth's surface must cool it in the same manner, as sprinkling a floor with water. Hence the fact, often noticed, that a rainy spell in autumn is commonly succeeded by severe frosts. After the leaves fall, not only does this great extent of surface, thus laid open to the sun, receive from his rays an increased amount of heat, but there is a vast and sudden diminution at the same time, of that evaporation which is caused by the leaves of plants.

In this period the name of Francis Parkman must not be overlooked, because he was one of the first men to record his observations about nature in the west.

Altho Francis Parkman is known as an historian, nevertheless his "Oregon Trail" published in 1849 is really a volume of essays. He made an expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1846 to collect material for a history which he intended to write. He related the experiences in the wild mountainous country in a series of essays to the Knickerbocker Magazine which were collected and published in a volume called "The Oregon Trail". Perhaps the title of some of these essay chapters will show the character and spirit of the subject matter. "Platte and the Desert", "The Buffalo", "Scenes at the Camp", "A Mountain Hunt", "Down the Arkansas" and "The Black Hills".

His vigorous style is shown in his descriptions of the scenery in the Black Hills. "Yet wild as they were", says Parkman, "these mountains were thickly peopled. As I climbed further I found the broad, dusty paths made by the elk, as they filed across the mountain side. The grass on all the terraces was trampled down by deer; there were numerous tracks of wolves, and in some of the rougher and more precipitous parts of the ascent, I found foot-prints different from any that I had ever seen, and which I took to be those of the Rocky

Mountain sheep. I sat down upon a rock; there was a perfect stillness. No wind was stirring, and not even an insect could be heard. I recollected the danger of becoming lost in such a place, and therefore I fixed my eye upon one of the tallest pinnacles of the opposite mountain. It rose sheer upright from the woods below and by an extraordinary freak of nature sustained aloft on its very summit, a large loose rock. A white wolf jumped up from among some bushes, and leaped clumsily away; but he stopped for a moment and turned back his keen eye and bristling muzzle. I longed to take his scalp and carry it back with me, as an appropriate trophy of the Black Hills, but before I could fire, he was gone among the rocks. Soon after I heard a rustling sound, with a cracking of twigs at a little distance, and saw moving above the tall bushes the branching antlers of an elk. I was in the midst of a hunter's paradise."

His style is clear and luminous. Short sentences abound, giving the effect of rapidity. The enthusiasm for his subject is intense, which gives these essays of the Oregon Trail a captivating manner.

In his historical books we are surprised to discover beautiful descriptions of nature, as is well illustrated in his first history published in 1851. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."

In addition to its literary value, the Oregon Trail is a trustworthy account of a no longer existent state of society. It is a document. "The range of experience," says Leon Vincent in his American Literary Masters, "was narrow, and the adventures few, but so far as it goes, the record is perfect; and when read in connection with his historical work, the book becomes a commentary or Parkman's method. Here is shown how he got that knowledge of Indian life and character which distinguishes his work from that of other historical writers who touch the same field."

In this period of Thoreau, the name of Donald Grant Mitchell, familiarly known as "Ik Marvel" stands out in strong relief. He is one of Connecticut's most famous writers. He was born in Connecticut in 1822, and after a youth at school and on a Connecticut farm, he traveled abroad, and then settled in New York to practice law. He was for a short time, United States consul to Venice. On returning to this country in 1853, he bought some land about three miles from New Haven and there at "Edgewood", as he christened the place, lived as farmer and landscape gardener and student until his death in 1908.

Many people know of this man only as the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor", and "Dream Life". But even in these essays we perceive a keen appreciation for

nature, and out-of-door life. We have an almost perfect description of the Edgewood Farm of today in the picture of the dream cottage from the "Reveries"; "My home is a cottage near that where Isabel once lived. The same valley is around me; the same brook rustles and loiters under the gnarled roots of the overhanging trees. The cottage is no mock cottage, but a substantial, wide-spreading cottage with clustering gables and ample shade; such a cottage as they build on the slopes of the Devon. Vines clamber over it, and the stones show mossy thru the interlacing climbers. There are low porches with cosy arm chairs; and generous oriels, fragrant with mignonette and the blue-blossoming violets. The chimney stacks rise high, and show clear against the heavy pine trees that ward off the blasts of winter. The dovecote is a habited dove cote, and the purple-neck pigeons swoop around the roofs in great companies. The hawthorne is budding into its June fragrance along all lines of the fence; and the paths are trim and clean. The shrubs are neglected azaleas and rhododendrons chiefest among them stand in picturesque groups upon the close shaven lawns. The gateway in the thicket below is between two mossy old posts of stone; and there is a tall hemlock flanked by sturdy pine for a sentinel."

All thru these Reveries there is an undertone of delight in nature. The Fourth Reverie has been called a bricolie of detached beauty—^a spring day under the oaks at the old farm, with the flitting of swallows, the lowing of cattle, and glimpses of a minnow in the brook. The spirit of the gentle Walton, the lover of streams and woods prevails.

Altho Mr. Mitchell has written many volumes, among which are Fresh Gleanings (1847), "The Battle Summer" (1848). The "Lorgnette" (1850) "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850) "Dream Life" (1852) and Fudge Doings (1855), the best of his work and of his life is summed up for us in two books, "My Farm at Edgewood" (1862) which gives his personal experiences with the soil and "Wet Days of Edgewood" (1865). The first of these two books has been well summarized as "practical enough for an agriculturalist, yet romantic enough for a poet. In one place Mr. Mitchell is engaged in a practical discussion of planting and grafting pears but he still carries memories of his reading with him; "Early bearing, and brilliant specimens favor the quince; but hardiness, long life and fall crops favor the pear from its own roots. If a man plant the latter, he must needs wait for the fruit. Moeris

put it very prettily in the 'Eclogne' Inscere, Daphni, pyros: carpent tua poma nepotes, advice,—"What to do with the Farm",— hints to harmonize economy with simple grace, are interspersed among many droll, personal confessions. There is less sprightly merriment than in Warner's "My Summer in a garden", but there are amusing situations at Edgewood; counsel for treating frisky cows and obstinate poultry or Pat's report of sowing delicate seeds,—"Byried 'em an inch if I byried them at all",— with his master's comment—"An inch of earth will do for some seeds but for others it is an Irish burial—without the wake." Anne Russel Marble in her paper "The Charm of "Ik Marvel", says that in this volume there are romantic and literary fancies— memories of Kit Marlowe's milk maids, delight in the ivy slip from Kenilworth, and the winsome picture of his own children ferreting out wild flowers. After his readers have become well acquainted with this delightful farm he invites them into his study where he sits and chats agreeably of the pastoral poets and essayists in his Wet Days at Edgewood.

Mr. Mitchell is a writer whose style resembles Lamb in its geniality, Longfellow in its domestic tenderness, Lowell in its subtle wit and Walton in its outdoor delight.

Altho many people were beginning to write about their

love of nature, the names of Thoreau, Wilson Flagg, Francis Parkman, S. F. Cooper, and D. G. Mitchell are by far the most important figures in this period, which is named after the greatest nature writer this country has ever seen, with the exception of the famous John Burroughs.

CHAPTER IV.

Period Of Burroughs. (1870-1900).

John Burroughs who is the supreme nature essayist in America was seventy-eight years old on April 3, 1915. He began his literary career by writing an essay for the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1860 when he was twenty-three years of age. Few men indeed have written continuously for the Atlantic for fifty-four years as has Burroughs. This essay, called "Expression", was ascribed to Emerson. In fact, it may be found indexed in "Poole", as of Emersonian origin, and the earlier editions of Hill's Rhetoric have in a foot note quoted a line from it, assigning it to Emerson.

Many men have written more than Burroughs. Twenty books do not seem an astonishing number for such a long period of writing, yet it is not the number, but the books themselves and that among them should be found ten of the best volumes of nature essays ever written which is so remarkable. "Wake Robin" in 1871, "Winter Sunshine" 1875, "Locusts and Wild Honey" 1879, "Pepacton" 1881,

"Fresh Fields" 1884, "Sigris and Seasons" 1886, "Riverly" 1894, "Far and Near" 1904, "Ways of Nature" 1905, "Leaf and Tendril" 1908. These ten books stand at the very top of a long list of American nature essays which commenced with Wilson and Audubon. His other books rank very high indeed. Some of them deal with religious topics and others with literature. Probably no finer appreciations of Emerson and Whitman have been written than those in his "Literary Values." About two thirds of Burrough's work treats of the various aspects of nature and it is with these books that Burroughs is mainly associated in the public mind.

In the November 1910 number of the Atlantic Monthly Dallas Lore Sharpe, himself a great nature writer, has written very enthusiastically about John Burroughs's supremacy as a nature writer. He says:

"Others have written of nature with as much love and truth as has Mr. Burroughs and each with his own peculiar charm; Audubon with the spell of wild places and the thrill of fresh wonder. Traherne, with the ecstasy of the religious mystic; Gilbert White, with the sweetness of the evening and morning; Thoreau, with the heart of noonday; Jefferies, with just a touch of twilight shadowing all his pages. We want them severally as they are. Mr. Burroughs as he is neither wandering "lonely as a cloud" in search of poems, nor skulking in the sedges along the banks of the Grass Nyero looking for lions. We want him at Slabsides, near his celery fields. And whatever the literary quality of our other nature writers, no one of them has come any nearer than Mr. Burroughs to that difficult ideal—a union of that and form, no more to be separated than the heart and the bark of a live tree.

"Take Mr. Burroughs work as a whole, and it is beyond dispute the most complete, the most revealing, of all our out-door literature. His pages lie open like the surface of the pond, sensitive to every wind, or calm as the sky, holding the clouds and the distant blue and the dragon-fly stiff winged and pinned to the golden knob of a spatter-dock.....He is the nature writer to be distinguished from the naturalist in Gilbert White, the mystic in Traderne, the philosopher in Emerson, the preacher, poet, egoist in Thoreau, the humorist in Charles Dudley Warner. As we now know the nature writer, we come upon him for the first time in Burroughs. Such credit might have gone to Thomas Wentworth Higginson had he not been something else before he was a lover of nature— of letters first, then of flowers, carrying his library into the fields; whereas Mr. Burroughs brings the fields into the library. The essay whose matter is nature, whose moral is human, whose manner is strictly literary, belongs to Mr. Burroughs. It is distinguished by this three fold and even emphasis. In almost every other of our early out-door writers either the naturalist or the moralist or the stylist holds the pen."

From Mr. Burroughs "Autobiographical Sketches" we

learn a little about his ancestry, and the origin of his interest in nature. To his father, that red-haired, naive, emotional farmer who we are told, probably never said "Thank you" in his life, Burroughs supposes that he owes nothing more than his foot; while to his mother, a busy devoted mother of ten children he owes, "My temperament, my love of nature, my brooding introspective habit of mind.....In her line were dreamers and fisherman and hunters. "Among them Burroughs's grandfather who "went from the Book to the stream, and from the stream to the Book", and who even when eighty years old, "would woo the trout-streams with great success, and between times would pour over the Book till his eyes grew dim." "In these pages he tells us that much of his love of nature, the innate, was evoked by Emerson.

Burroughs was born and brot up on a farm where as a bare-foot boy he spent many happy hours fishing. For a short time he taught school, and later he was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, and a bank examiner. But in 1874 he returned to the country which he dearly loved, and where he still lives today. Nothing has interfered with his writing, yet his writing has not interfered with his farming: His quiet life has been a stimulus to his literary work.

In the Hudson Valley and in the Catskills, his boyhood region, he has found nearly all the material for his nature essays, altho he has written a number of essays about the

birds in Maryland. In 1907 he published his book "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt". When he made his trip to the Pacific Coast he wrote about the Yosemite, the Grand Canon and other natural wonders of that part of the country.

In Dr. Clara Barrus's, "Our Friend John Burroughs" perhaps the best chapter is the one in which she describes a camping trip with the two Johns, "John of the Birds", and "John of Mountains". Muir joined the party in the Petrified Forest of Arizona, showing them the wonders of the Grand Canon, and the Majave Desert, the beauties of Southern California and the sublimities of the Yosemite, and only parted with them when they embarked for Hawaii. The striking contrast between these two nature-lovers and old friends has brot out excellently in the following passage;

"Mr Muir talks because he can't help it and his talk is good literature; he writes only because he has to, on occasion; while Mr. Burroughs writes because he can't help it, and talks when he can't get out of it. Mr. Muir, the Wanderer, needs a continent to roam in, which Mr. Burroughs the Saunterer, needs only a neighborhood or a farm. The Wanderer is content to scale mountains; the Saunterer really climbs the mountain. After he gets home, as he makes it truly his own only by dreaming over it and writing about it. The Wonderer finds writing irksome; the Saunterer is never so well or so happy as when he can write; his food nourishes him better, the atmosphere is sweeter, the days are brighter. The Wanderer has gathered his harvest from wide fields, just for the gathering; he has not threshed it out and put it into the bread of literature—only a few times; the Saunterer has gathered his harvest from a rather circumscribed field, but has threshed it out to the last sheaf, but has made many loanes; and it is because he himself so enjoys writing that his readers find such joy and morning freshness in his books".

Altho Mr. Burroughs knows so much and has written extensively about birds, yet he is not an ornithologist. We cannot say that in these there was this or that, but it is nature in its totality that summons and quickens him. Mr. Shape in remarking that there is not a form of outdoor life that has not been dealt with suggestively in Mr. Burroughs pages says, "the rabbit under the porch; the paleozoic pebbles along his path the salt breeze borne inland by the Hudson, the flight of an eagle, the whirl of a snow-storm the work of the honey bees; the procession of the seasons over Slabsides; even the abundant sort out of which both he and his grapes grow and which he calls divine." He devotes entire chapters to the Blue Birds, the fox, the apple, and strawberry. He has also written an essay on the cow which he calls "Our Rural Divinity."

I have never read a finer nature essay than Burroughs's "A Snow Storm", which may be briefly summed up as being an excellent description of whirling snow across a geologic landscape, distant and as dark as eternity. The whole wintry picture is lighted and warmed at the end by a glowing touch of human life. "We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death; yet snow is the mark of life-giving rain; it too, is the friend of man—the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow."

Perhaps no nature writer has ever had a more intimate knowledge of birds than has Burroughs. "A friend of mine" he says in Riverly, "pick^up Indian relics all about the fields; he has Indian relics in his eye. I have seen him turn out of the patch at right angles, as a dog will when he scents something, and walk straight away several rods, and pick up an Indian pounding stone. He saw it out of the corner of his eye. I find that with out conscious effort I see and hear birds ^ewith like ease. Eye and ear are always on the alert." One^e in a while the intensity of his devotion leads him to exaggerate their likeness to humanity as in the following passage: "Birds show many more human traits than do quadrupeds. That they actually fall in love, admits no doubt; that there is a period of courtship during which the male uses all the arts he is capable of to win his mate, is equally certain, that there are jealousies and rivalries and that the pearl of families is often rudely disturbed by outside males and females, is a common observation." His "Birds and Poets" is delightful reading.

Next to birds, Mr. Burroughs is most felicitous in characterizing rustic life, animal and human and general aspects of nature, seasonal and diurnal.

This is well illustrated by his sketch of March weather.

"This was a typical March day, clear, dry, hard, and windy, the river ruffled and crumpled, the sky intense, distant objects strangely near; a day full of strong light, unusual; and extraordinary lightness and clearness all around the horizon, as if there were a diurnal aurora streaming up and burning thru the sunlight; smoke from the first spring fires rising up in various directions; a day that the air, and left no film on the sky. At night how the big March bellows did work..... The stars all seemed brighter than usual, as if the wind blew them up like burning coals, Venus actually seemed to flare in the wind."

One thoroughly enjoys reading about his animals even tho they seem away off on the hillside, up in the tree-tops or down in the deep holes. He has written one volume called "Squirrels and other Fur-Bearers." The latter are woodchucks, hares, muskrats, skunks, opossums, porcupines, raccoons, weasels, foxes and mice. His "Ways of Nature" is for the most part a discussion of animal intelligence.

Whenever I read a volume of Burroughs's essays, I feel as if I am taken into his companionship and confidence. Few authors put so much of themselves into their books as does he, yet there is never the slightest hint of egotism and pride, while the personal incidents, thots, and scraps of auto-biography add much to the allurements of the narrative. Many

nature writers such as Frank Bolles and Bradford Torrey make you contemplate nature as an on-looker rather than as a participant in its affairs as does Burroughs in "Sharp Eyes". Altho they have many merits, yet they do not kindle the imagination or inspire in you the love of the woods and the simple joy of living as does Burroughs. He is anxious to share with you his happiness and enjoyment of nature.

Burroughs has never been a slave of the pen; and writes only when he feels like it, in an unhurried manner. The accumulation of wealth offers no great attraction to Burroughs for his farm on the Hudson furnishes requisite support. Thus it is that just about once in three years the public is presented with a volume of his delightful essays. His twinkling humour is contagious. The word lucidity well characterizes all that he writes. He never jumps at conclusions. Perhaps it might be well to quote from a passage about his literary habits: "For my part", he says, "I can never interview nature in the reporter fashion. I must camp and tramp with her to get any good, and what I get I absorb thru my emotions, rather than consciously gather thru my intellect.....An experience must lie in my mind a certain time before I can put it upon paper—say from three to six months. If there is anything in it, it will ripen and mellow by that time. I rarely take

any notes, and I have a very poor memory, but rely on the affinity of my mind for a certain order of truths or observations. What is mine will stick to me, and what is not, will drop off. We, who write about nature, pick out, I suspect, only the rare moments when we have had glimpses of her, and make much of them."

To quote again from Mr. Sharpe, "As an essayist—as a nature writer I ought to say, —Mr. Burroughs's literary care is perhaps nowhere so plainly seen as in the simple architecture of his essay plans; in their balance and finish, a quality that distinguishes him from all others of the craft, and that neither gift nor chance could so unvariably supply.....Every part of his work is of selected stock as free from knots and seams and sap wood, as a piece of old-growth pine."

The first published work of Ralph Waldo Emerson was a little book entitled "Nature", which appeared the year after John Burroughs's "Locusts and Wild Honey." In this essay Emerson shows the uses of nature to man from the lowest to the highest. The lowest use, as Emerson sees it, is to serve man's physical necessities, He says:

"All the parts incessantly work, into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows vapor to the field; the ice on the other side of the planet condenses rain on this, the rain feeds the plant;

the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulation of the divine charity nourishes man."

Emerson has written several essays on nature. He often frequented meadows and woodlands. The outdoor world was the environment where his thoughts bred and germinated. But it is the moral uses of nature that held Emerson's attention. He went thru the fields hunting for a thot, and found it at last in his own head.

In this period with the name of Maurice Thompson we have one of our first middle western nature writers who was a firm believer in the literary possibilities of the country. He was born in Indiana in 1844 and received his education in Georgia. He enlisted in the confederate army when but a boy, and after the war he came north and settled in eastern Indiana where Gen. Lew Wallace, John Hay and other celebrated men lived. Wallace spent part of his childhood with Thompson's parents. The following passage from the Indianapolis Times (the date of which I have been unable to obtain) written by Wallace soon after Thompson's death, illustrates a phase of his rural life.

"He was a fisherman as well as a hunter. What times we have had after young bass on the ripples of Sugar Creek. Oh, that they will never, never come again. He despised the pole fixed in the mud by the shore, carrying a line with squirming, struggling minnows half-impaled on the hook. The rod was his supreme felicity. With what accuracy the line shot invisibly out, with what grace he let it go its length, now over the fipple with the foaming pool, now under a leafy limb. Indeed, indeed it will be long

before I realize that Mr. Thompson is dead—not merely because he was poet, romanticist critic, philosopher, man of material affairs, associate and friend. But there has been a little coterie of men and women welded together, working ever so deftly and successfully to lift Indiana out of the depths, and set her high up in the world of literature, and Mr. Thompson was on of the coterie.

For a while Thompson practiced law, and as a Democrat was elected to the Indiana legislature, and in 1888 was a delegate to the National Dem. Convention in St. Louis. But his delight was in nature and not politics. He loved to explore the woods with his bow and arrow and visit the lakes and the swamps of Florida, Louisiana or the hills of Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia, studying birds and animals. He and his brother were experts with the long bow and rifle. Maurice Thompson's first book was "Witchery of Archery", published in 1878.

From his books one would know that he had a passionate and unconquerable love for the woods and fields and had great enthusiasm for the birds and was a great nature lover, but there is no such display of learning as would give ground for suspicion that he was elected as a civil-engineer, and that he was for sometime chief engineer of a railroad and for fourteen years state geologist for Indiana.

For fifteen years he was a non-resident member of the editorial staff of the Independent, during which time he supplied a large part of its reviews of books and editorials. Since 1883, when he published his "Songs of Fair Weather", he wrote 253 articles and poems. The former were either descriptive of scenes or events of nature for the most part, the rest being criticism of literature, such as "Ethics of Literary Art." Some people know this man only as the author of the novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes". "My Winter Garden" is one of his best books for in it we perceive his real charm as a nature writer. He has written several volumes of essays on birds and bird song among which are, "The Motif of Bird Song," "Genesis of Bird Song," "Anatomy of Bird Song," and "The Song Power of Birds." No one could forget the description of the mocking bird's song in Georgia, in "By Ways and Bird Notes." He might be called a specialist on the Mocking Bird.

He also wrote essays on "Going a Fishing", "The Two Blue-jays," "Grasshoppers," "The Heron's Nest", "The Anglers," "The Hawk and the Heron," "The Rattlesnakes Song", "Killing a Snake," "Scorching," "The Weather", "Out or Indoors", "The Owl," "Rest and Play," and "Swamp Sketches."

It is not only the style, but the contagious enthusiasm of his own enjoyment, which pleases the reader. In one of his essays he says that he played every day in the year and he also worked. When he went camping he spent the morning in study, and the afternoon in hunting and when he was home he did likewise.

All his life he lived near to nature and thus we can readily understand his love of the Greek pastoral poets, and Theocritus, in whom he found, "an original poet of the fields and flocks and honey-sweet apples."

The same year that Maurice Thompson was writing his "By Ways and Bird Notes" the first volume of Theodore Roosevelt's nature essays appeared.

No survey of the fields of the American Nature Essay would be complete without the name of Theodore Roosevelt. This man has a side to him which the public does not hear so very much about—his love for nature. To be sure, the newspapers have given some fragmentary accounts of his hunting expeditions but few people are aware of his keen power of the observation of all sides of nature and his love for the birds and quadrupeds.

John Burroughs has written an essay on Roosevelt as a nature lover and observer in a July issue of the Outlook for 1907 in which he says:

"When I first read his "Wilderness Hunter", many years ago, I was impressed by his rare combination of the sportsman and the naturalist. When I accompanied him on his trip to Yellowstone Park in April 1903, I perceived that nothing escaped him, from bears to mice, from wild geese to chickadees, from elk to red squirrels."

Roosevelt has written many delightful essays about the birds surrounding the White House among which is one on the Cape May Warbler which he describes as having bright yellow behind the cheeks and a yellow breast thickly streaked with black. In his "Past Times of an American Hunter", he tells of the owls that in June sometimes come after night fall about the White House."

"Sometimes they flew noiselessly to and fro, seemingly caught big insects on the wing. At other times they would perch on the iron awning bars directly overhead. Once one of them perched over one of the windows and sat motionless looking exactly like an owl of Pallas Athene."

Roosevelt's interest in birds and quadrupeds dates from his youth. While yet a boy in his teens, he published a list of the birds of Franklin County, New York. While he was in Egypt at the age of 14, he kept a bird journal.

I especially like the way in which he speaks about the little owls, as when he remarks:

"It is a pity the little-eared owl is called a

a screech owl. Its tremulous, quavering cry is not a screech at all and has attraction of its own. These little owls come up to the house after dark, and are fond of sitting on the elk's antlers over the gable. When the moon is up, by choosing one's position, the little owl appears in sharp outline, against the bright disk, seated on his perch."

The following passage shows his love for birds and his discriminating ear in regard to their songs.

"The meadow-lark is a singer of a higher order than the plain skylark deserving to rank with the best. Its song has length, variety, power and rich melody, and there is in it sometimes a cadence of a wild sadness inexpressibly touching. Yet I cannot say that either song would appeal to others as it appeals to me; for to me it comes forever laden with a hundred memories and associations—with the sight of dim hills reddening in the dawn, with the breath of cool morning winds blowing across lonely plains, with the scent of flowers in the sunlit prairie; with the emotion of fiery horses, with all the strong thrill of eager and buoyant life. I doubt if any man can judge dispassionately the bird-songs of his own country; he cannot disassociate them from the sights and sounds of the land that is so dear to him."

In speaking about the European nightingale he says:

"In melody and above all in that finer, higher melody where the chords vibrate with the touch of eternal sorrow, it cannot rank with such singers as the wood-thrush and the hermit thrush."

In 1885 he wrote his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," in 1893 his "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail," in 1901 "Wilderness Times of American Hunter", in 1910, "African Game Trails," and in 1914 his latest volume which he called "Life Histories of African Game Animals."

In his book of "Past Times," he says:

"It is an incalculable added pleasure to anyones sense of happiness if he or she grows to know even slightly and imperfectly, how to read and enjoy the wonder-book of nature- all hunters should be nature lovers."

Roosevelt has also contributed many essays about animals to the best magazines. Perhaps his "Wolf Hunt in Oklahoma" is one of the best known of these.

With the appearance of "Little Rivers", in 1895, we had our first volume of nature essays from Van Dyke's hand. Four years later he published his "Fisherman's Luck". He has not served his best wine in the first essay of this volume, for the second one which is called, "The Thrilling Moment," is even better. Here he describes the capture under difficulties of a large oriananiche on the "unpronounceable" river in Quebeck. His is a thorough angling chapter in which the story is capitally told. "A Wild Strawberry", and "Lovers and Landscape" have a tenuous angling thread running thru them and are charmingly discursive and full of excellent descriptions. In the essay, "Fishing in Brooks," Van Dyke says that Izaak Walton's success with the "Compleat Angler", was a fine illustration of fisherman's luck. He recommends many words on angling.

To Van Dyke, surely do Wordsworth's lines apply when he says:

"Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line,
 Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort,
 To reverent watching of each still report,
 That nature utters from her mural shrine."

Each essay in this volume contains a thread of sparkling wit showing that intimacy with nature which could not be feigned and which so few of those who feel it can express.

In 1907 Van Dyke wrote his last volume of nature essays which he called "Days Off". It is to be regretted that he has not done more of this work. His nature essays form but a very small portion of his work, as most of his essays are religious and philosophical.

Among his volumes of poems we perceive his love of nature, especially in his "The White Bee" and "Day Break at the Grand Canon of Arizona." In his short stories nature plays a large part as is easily seen in his volume, "The Blue Flower". He has traveled extensively, and as a result of this, we have his "Journeys thru the Holy Land." Few nature essayists have entered into as many activities as has Van Dyke, and have been called, "poet-critic-essayist-novelist-educator-lecturer-piscator-pulpiteer." At present his position as ambassador to the Netherlands is giving him strenuous and conspicuous work near the war-zone.

Almost all of Van Dyke's nature essays are largely narrative. To be sure, he paints, as it were, many beautiful scenes of running brooks, singing birds and blooming flowers, but such descriptive passages are second-

ary in importance to the narrative. The essays in the volume called "Little Rivers," are a record of unconventional travel with a little philosophy mingled in. In one essay, "Quantock Hills," Van Dyke and his little girl Dorothy drive in a pony cart to the home of Coleridge and Wordsworth. In "A Holiday in a Vacation", the author goes fishing with his little boy. Here much conversation is used. But more often Van Dyke invites the reader to spend the day with him in the woods, visiting a stream, or climbing a mountain. On such occasions he talks to him about books, people he has seen, the weather, and he makes friendly observations on men and things. He is especially fond of telling true fish stories.

In writing one may remain perfectly quiet and wait as did the hunter, for the bear to come along, or he may go out in the woods and hunt him. Van Dyke uses the latter method in writing. He goes out in the woods and takes long rambles. An excellent example of the rambling descursive method in his nature essays is found in "Ampersand". In just one paragraph he tells his reader about the squirrel, partridge, the woods, deer, lakes, rivers, streams, the breeze, noontide, the wood pecker, green warbler and hermit thrush.

Often for the sake of emphasis and climax Van Dyke repeats. In "A Holiday in a Vacation", he says, "The shouting of the water melted to music in which

a thousand strange and secret voices, near and far away, blending and alternating from rapid to rapid and fall to fall, seemed like hidden choirs answering one another from place to place". And again, "Still the trees lined the banks in placid monotony. Still the river curved from cape to cape. Still we hurled along against the cool wind."

I especially like Van Dyke's use of verbs. No other verb could describe the object as his particular one. These verbs call forth many associations on the part of the reader. They are concrete and picturesque. He says that he saw the ruffled grouse whirl thru the thickets, the wild ducks skitter down the stream, the procupines meditating among the poplar trees, the cheewick bustling about in the thicket, the king fisher ruffling his crest, the blue jay in the withered- pine tree bobbing up and down. In describing rivers he talks about the torrents of Norway leaping down from the mountains, the Scotch rivers brawling, the rivers of the West rolling their yellow floods and the rivers of the South creeping.

Van Dyke often inserts phrases from other languages into the essays such as "gaudia certaminis", "princeps absoniorum," "fori et origo", "ante bellum", and "annus mirabilis".

There are two respects in which Van Dyke differs from all the other nature essayists whose works I have

read. In the first place he refers to a great many obscure proper names. This makes it difficult in some places for the reader to follow him. In the one essay, "Little Rivers", he has seventy-five references to unfamiliar names such as Batiscan, Abava, Pharpar, Penobscot, Peribonca, Ristigovche, Pusterthal and Thronhjein. In a "Leaf of Spearmint", there are thirty five references to obscure names. One is often in doubt as to whether the name is a mountain, river or tree or tribe of people, for the context does not always make the meaning clear. "Anpersand" has forty-five of these allusions, such as, Saranac, Ossa and Pelion. "A Holiday in a Vacation", has forty such references, and "Among the Quantores Hills", has twenty of them.

The second distinguishing feature of the nature essays is the authors love of streams and rivers. Almost every essay has some description of water in it. He even wrote a volume called "Little Rivers". He attributed to streams, human qualities. A few passages well illustrate this. He says in one place: "The dreamy river wakes up to wrestle its way down the narrow valley." And again, "The water pushes, rushes, foams and roars and there is something

joyous and exultant in its voice, a note of confident strength, sure that it can find or make a way thru all obstacles, to its goal. In "Little Rivers", he says "Little rivers seem to have the indefinable quality that belongs to certain people in the world- the power of drawing attention without courting it." Later on in this essay he tells about the small responsibilities of the little streams, how they are not expected to supply a hundred thousand horse power for factories in a monstrous town but that it is enough if they run a harmless, aimable course and keep the grooves and fields green and fresh along the banks and offer a happy alternation of nimble rapids and quiet pools.

No reader can fail to understand Van Dyke's beautiful friendship with rivers. He shows the different moods of the streams, their gayety and their gravity. Most of the time he describes their singing and their speech which is sometimes low and at other times loud.

Henry Van Dyke is very generous in sprinkling in his essays many quotations, not only from English poets who loved nature, but from contemporary writers and people he has met on his rambles. The latter are often in dialect as when he quotes from a cow-boy of the Bad Lands of the Dakotas. In the Little River essay he has twenty-five quotations, some of which are in Greek and Latin. Such quotations have a depressing effect on many readers, for they are out in the woods as it were listening to the birds, and care little for learned

quotations. He quotes from Lucretius, C. D. Warner, Gray, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Sidney Lanier, Darwin, Jonathan Edwards and Izaak Wilton in this essay. In a Leaf of Spearmint there are ten quotations. In ~~ampersand~~ nine, of which the most fitting is Longfellow's line about the "murmuring pines and hemlocks". There are seven quotations in "A Holiday in a Vacation", among which is an excellent criticism of Lamb's lines about Roast Pig. "Among the Quantock Hills" has eight long quotations from Tennyson, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Of course we expect these here, because Van Dyke is visiting the home of these poets who loved nature.

In these nature essays, Van Dyke is very personal bringing in much interpretation. His readers know that the writing of these essays is but a second and finer enjoyment of his holidays in the woods., and ^{are} always ready to go anywhere with this delightful nature lover.

We come next to the name of a man, who was one of the greatest friends that forests, flowers, and mountains ever had.

"What Walt Whitman wrote of all sorts and conditions of men," someone has said, "John Muir was to giant Sequoias, grand canons, glaciers and wild flowers."

In the "Story of His Boyhood", he tells his readers that when he was a boy in Scotland he was fond of everything that was wild, and that the older he became, the fonder he grew of wild places and wild creatures. He was born in Dunbar, Scotland, in 1838 and thereby the stormy North Sea, there was no lack of wildness. He started to school there, when he was but three years old. One night his father came home and said quietly, "Bairns, you needna learn your lessons the night, for we're gan to America the morn", and to America the family came and began life as pioneers in Wisconsin. Here in the Wisconsin wilderness John found delight in true farm life in the new country in the unknown animals and flowers, and above all, in the fact that Wisconsin was a veritable "Paradise of Birds" so that in his "Story of his Boyhood", he devotes an entire chapter under that title to his pleasure in bird observation. In another chapter he describes his early expeditions in hunting small game.

Comparatively few people know that John Muir was an inventor. As a boy, he was busy with his jack-knife making new kinds of kites and once he contrived "a clock and lever that would tilt a bed on end at a selected time as a hint for a sleepy person and a thermometer so

delicate that it would indicate the heat or cold of a hand brot near it, a clock that would start fires, and a machine for taking the bones out of fish. All this well portrays his versatile mind.

John Muir said that he changed the University of Wisconsin for the University of the Wilderness after four years of studying those things that he wanted to know about, regardless of regular courses. He made a long walking tour in many states and thence to Cuba. Later on he journeyed by way of the Isthmus to San Francisco where he arrived without a dollar. He cared nothing for that city, for "Far to the south and east lay the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, carved by the glaciers of ages and clothed with dense forests. He struck out afoot and followed the Diablo foot hills along the San Jose Valley to Gibroy: thence over the DiabloMts. to the valley of San Joaquin by the Pacheco Pass. Finally he went into the Sierras to the big trees of Mariposa and the "glorious Cosemite". Up to this time Muir had been in poor health but now he wrote, "I am well again. I came to life in the cool winds and the crystal waters of the mountains." The Spell of the Sierras held Muir in its grip for the rest of his life. And altho he took many trips about the world, he always came back to explore the mysteries of these ranges. He not only discovered the Yosemite but soon reversed all the accepted geological history and as a result of

his appreciation of one of the most sublimely beautiful landscapes in the world we have his books, "My First Summer in the Sierras" and "The Yosemite".

Soon after he commenced to study the glaciers in the Yosemite he became a member of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey and saw Alaska, traveling many miles alone where he discovered glacier Bay and the famous mammoth ice river that is now known as the Muir-Glacier. His passions for the study of forests took him to Russia, Siberia, India, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand, South America and South Africa, where he visited the Victoria Falls and saw the great baobab tree, one of the giants of the forest.

He always lived on the most intimate terms with nature, but never as a savage. He was not only an explorer and lover of the hills, but their defender and champion. He was a resolute fighter for the right of the people to own their own scenery and forests. He compelled this country to preserve the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees and the Yellowstone Park as an everlasting heritage of the people. His love of trees which became stronger each year that he lived among them alone is well shown in the following passage:

"Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away, and if they could, they would be destroyed—chased and hunted down as long as a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns or magnificent back bones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much toward

getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown in the place of the old trees—tens of centuries old— that have been destroyed. It took more than 3000 years to make some of the trees in the Western woods— trees that are standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and surging in the mighty forest of the Sierra. Thru all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time— and long before that— God had cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches and a thousand straining, beveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools— only Uncle Same can do that."

The big trees fascinated him, "No other tree in the world", he said, "as far as I know, has looked down on so many centuries as the Sequoia or opens such impressive and suggestive views into History". He knew not only the trees but also all the creatures that lived in them and about them.

In 1894 he published his first work, which he called "The Mountains of California". Here he tells about his hundred mile walks to the Sierra where his foot pressed a hundred flowers at every step and how "The radiant honeyful corollas, touching and overlapping and rising above one another glowed in the living light like a sunset sky. One sheet of purple and gold, with the bright Sacramento pouring thru the midst of it".

He often complains that the writing of his books is a most difficult struggle to make the words express the beauties he wishes to describe. But few men have so suggestively expressed their own observation of nature as he. In his "Mountains of California", the reader is charmed by the clean odor of pines, the majesty of the mountains,

and the music of the streams. He addresses his writings to "every lover of the wilderness" and with him the reader may "wade out into the grassy sun-lake, feeling yourself contained in one of nature's most sacred chambers, withdrawn from the sterner influences of the mountains, secure from all intrusion, secure from yourself free in the universal beauty. Or again he may see with him trees like the "grand old patriarch that has enjoyed five or six centuries of storms and attained a thickness of 10 or 12 feet, living undecayed, sweet and fresh in every fibre" with wood that "is deliciously fragrant and fine in grain and texture, of a rich cream yellow, as if formed of condensed sunbeams." Besides those volumes of nature essays mentioned, he published two other books. "Our National Parks" and "Stickeen". The latter is the story of one terrible Alaska storm day which the author spent in exploring a glacier. "Flying clouds with their rain-floods, ice-cliffs, the majestic ice-cascade, a vast glacier with its tremendous crevasse and the awe inspiring elements that Muir and Stickeen, a darling midget of a dog, battle with their lives during a few perilous hours. Stickeen's courage his big wise fears. On the brink of a yawning abyss, his almost human agony when his master dares the ice bridges, his bravery in following after many remonstrances, and his wild joy over deliverance

from death are told in seventy three pages."

Muir refused several offers of professorships of botany and geology in Eastern Colleges, remarking that there were too many men teaching things they received from books. Thus it was, that he lived out-of-doors, continuing up to his death in December 1914, to study and appreciate the world in which he lived.

In this period then , we perceive that more and more, men, no matter in what employment they were engaged, yet have taken time to write about the beauties in out-of-door life. Men like Muir and Burroughs have even devoted an entire life time to this most fascinating subject.

CHAPTER V.

Recent Period (1900-1915)

"The bird-note has always been a fascinating one in our literature", says Maurice Thompson in his essay about birds in a December issue of the Independent for 1899, and he goes on to remark that it will never disappear so long as there are green woods and sunny meadows where the gay winged and sweetly clamorous songsters can have a safe abiding place. "An aesthetic instinct of man", he continues, "makes him, even in his most savage state, an admirer of pure color and tender sounds. Birds and flowers appeal to a sense of both beauty and mystery thru perfection of color and form; but birds add two further fascinations-namely flight and song. I have seen a blue-bird flutter dreamily thru the spring-time air like an animated flower whose sky tinted petals had become wings, and it seemed to me a perfect example of an embodied self-singing poem".

Think of the opportunity that Alexander Wilson and John James Audubon had in the bird-land of their day. Their books are the pioneers in bird literature in our country. Crèvecoeur, during this early period wrote about his love for birds in his "Letters of an American Farmer". Margaret Fuller Ossoli, in her "Summer on the Lake" shows her keen appreciation of the different birds. While staying in Illinois, she wrote, "one beautiful feature was the return of the pigeons every afternoon to their home. At this time they would come sweeping across the lawn, positively in

clouds, and with a swiftness and softness of winged motion more beautiful than anything of the kind I ever knew. Had I been a musician, such as Mendelssohn, I felt that I could have improvised a music quite peculiar, from the sound they made, which should have indicated all the beauty over which their wings bore them." This was in the year 1843 when few people had written about their enjoyment of birds.

In the third period Thoreau tells his readers about many interesting characteristics of various birds and much about his appreciation of them. Susan Fenimore Cooper in her books gives them special attention and Thomas W. Higginson mentions them. But it is only in this recent period that men and women commenced to write very enthusiastically about these songsters. In 1875 Wilson Flagg published his "Birds and Seasons of New England." Two years later came Burroughs "Birds and Poets." The year 1885 marks the appearance of three books about birds: Olive Thorne Miller's "Bird Ways", Maurice Thompson's "By Ways and Bird Notes", and Bradford Torrey's "Birds in the Bush." Ever since, the book market seems to have become flooded with bird literature. Maurice Thompson advised his readers always to buy a new bird book whenever they saw one, because there was sure to be something delightful in it no matter who was its author.

Few people have had as extensive a knowledge of birds and as keen a sense of appreciation of them as has Mrs. Harriet Mann Miller, commonly called Olive Thorne Miller. She is not only a writer but also a lecturer upon birds. Since the publication of her first nature volume, the following books have appeared before the public: "In Nesting Time", "Little Brothers of the Air",

"Bird Lover in the West", "Upon the Tree Tops", "The First Book of Birds", "The Second Book of Birds", "True Bird Stories", "With the Birds in Maine", and "The Bird our Brother". All her bird knowledge is entirely authentic. I do not know where one could read a more entertaining and charming account of bird life than in her "True Bird Stories". They are written for the entertainment of children but the adult, once opening the cover falls at once under the spell of this talented writer. The stories are short and simple, each covering some curious incident in bird life witnessed by the writer and attesting the infinite variety of disposition and accomplishment possible to the "tribes of burning plumage and choral voice." One surprising narrative is connected with the vocal achievements of the robin. A bird taken early from the nest had never learned the song of its forefathers. Observing its efforts to shape some sort of a coherent melody, a member of the family with whom it dwelt, taught it to whistle "Yankee Doodle". The robin caught the tune perfectly and it continued to be its song. Another robin that was confined near a parrot, learned to say, "Aunt Maria," with the same distinctness as its clever tutor. It is claimed by some naturalists that all singing birds may develop a faculty for speech. Mrs. Miller adds her testimony to the evidence that animals are not insensible to the necessity of vigorous training of the young. One instance of this kind she relates about the whip-poor-will: "One evening after the whip-poor-will had sung for some weeks, I was surprised to hear a droll baby voice trying to imitate his notes. On listening, I found that the elder was teaching the

youngster-actually giving him a music lesson. First the perfect song rang out loud and clear and the weak quavering voice tried to copy it. Then the singer repeated the strain, and the infant tried again. So it went on, night after night, till the little one could sing almost as well as his father".

Neltje De Graff Doubleday in 1897 published her first bird book which she called "Bird Neighbors". Later she wrote "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted", "How to Attract Birds", and "Birds Every Child Should Know". Her books have done much to spread the knowledge of this delightful subject. Her books enable young and old who are ignorant of the names and habits of the birds about them to learn to recognize them and understand their ways.

Maurice Thompson says of sketches of H. E. Parkhurst, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Neltje Doubleday that they "are so steeped in real bird life that to turn their leaves is like having wings and flitting from grove to grove, trailing behind us the arboreal melodies of thrush and bobolink, with the flowers under us and the sky a turquoise splendor overhead".

In 1895 Mable Osgood Wright wrote a volume of essays called "Birdcraft", which is a field book of New England birds. She has achieved great success in this field by writing many other books on this same subject, among which the best known are "Citizen Bird" and "Gray Lady and the Birds".

"Bird Homes" by Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore admits the reader at once into the privacy of their family life. All thru the books runs an eloquent plea for the protection of these tiny neighbors.

Another very interesting writer on birds is Frank M. Chapman

as his "Bird Studies with a Camera" well shows. Mr. Chapman has traveled along the Atlantic coast and to the islands of the St. Lawrence for birds and he has treated the pelicans and plovers with the same ease which Mr. Dugmore bestows on bobolinks and black birds. His "Bird Life", has gone into many editions, one of which contains illustrations reproduced in color from drawings by E. S. Thompson. At least one hundred species of Eastern North American birds are illustrated in this volume. These many delightful essays on the warblers of North America are very easy reading.

For many years men and women only wrote about birds of the East, with a few exceptions, such as Maurice Thompson who made studies of birds in the South. But in the last period, many writers about the birds in the western part of this country have sprung up. Charles A. Keeler has been called a California Thoreau. His "Bird Notes Afield" deals with the birds of the Pacific Coast in which he brings out clearly the differences and resemblances of these birds with the feathered folks of regions nearer the rising sun. Many of his studies have been made in the vicinity of Berkeley. He tells of the domestic life of the humming bird as follows: "If you have the good fortune to have discovered an unfinished nest, you may observe the mother bird's methods of work. She settles upon it and rounds it with her breast. Seemingly with difficulty the head is raised, and the long slender beak arranges here and there a bit of lichen, bark or cobweb in its proper place on the outside. Thus she works until the compact little structure of softest thistle down, covered on the outside with small fragments of moss and similar materials, is ready to

receive the invariable two white eggs. In due course of time, the most helpless young imaginable are hatched, to be tended with unremitting care. They soon grow so large that their diminutive home can scarcely contain them until at last, from the sheer physical necessity of overcrowded quarters they are forced to essay a flight. Wonderful, indeed, is the domestic life of these smallest of birds, in whose minute frame is compacted so much of intelligence and passion-so much that we fondly claim as human."

Florence M. Bailey has written several volumes of essays about birds in the west, the most important ones are: "A-Birding on a Bronco", "Birds of Village and Field" and "Birds of the Western United States".

Susan M. Kane of Washington, who lives on the campus of the University, has been writing a number of essays about birds near her home. Some of her essays have appeared in the current magazines among which are, "Study in Crows", and "The Steller Jay".

Just as John Muir has written a book about Stickeen, a dog, so has Sidney Lanier written the Story of a Mocking Bird of Georgia.

Bradford Torrey traveled extensively in all parts of the United States. He has written about the birds of the eastern, southern and northern and Pacific States. He has a talent for combining bird lore and philosophy, weaving his materials with an easy grace of style. From his book entitled "A Rambler's Lease", I quote the following,

"For who doubts that birds also have their more sacred intimate feelings, their esoteric doctrines and experiences, which are not proclaimed upon the tree top, but spoken under breath, in all but inaudible twitters?.....For my part, I am thru thinking that I have mastered all the notes of any bird, even the commonest."

Many nature essayists have for their field of observations and writing taken birds and flowers. Among these are Neltje De Graff Doubleday who in 1900 published "Our Wild Flowers and Their Insect Visitors", and later "The American Flower Garden", and Mable Osgood Wright who in 1901 published her "Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts", her purpose being to treat these objects in their relation to the landscape. Her book then, is a handbook of flowers and ferns in their natural surroundings.

Flowers have always received a great deal of attention from the nature writers, but it is only during these last two periods that books entirely about flowers have come before the public. Thoreau and Margaret Fuller Ossoli wrote about their love for them, sometimes writing an essay about a single flower. Susan Fenimore Cooper mentions a great many different kinds in the records of her rambling.

Maud Goings has written two books about flowers which she has called "With the Wild Flowers" and "Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers".

Alice Morse Earle, whose writings of Colonial and Revolutionary times have become widely appreciated, has written a delightful volume called, "Old Time Gardens".

In 1909 Frederic W. Stock published his "Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know." He has arranged the flowers in this book according to color.

Mrs. Susan M. Kane of Seattle, under the pen-name of Julia Welch has written "Wild Flower Tales." Alice Lounsberry has also written a volume of essays called "A Guide to Wild Flowers". One could easily mention a score of others.

However, in the domain of flowers, perhaps the name of Mrs. William Starr Dana, or as she is known since her second marriage, Mrs. Frances Theodora Parsons is one of the most important. Her first volume of flower-essays was almost an event among the books of its class and has had many followers, her own book still holding its place, however, as a standard contribution in constant demand. Her later book, "According to Season," revised and extended from time to time—the latest edition being fully illustrated with colors—was constructed on very unconventional lines and with special regard for the needs of those who love flowers. Anyone reading but a few pages of this book could easily perceive the author's great love for her subject. She described the flowers in the order of their appearance in woods and fields.

Another very important name in flower literature is that of F. Schuyler Mathews. As he is also an illustrator, he has made several hundred drawings and in his later editions has used orthochromatic photographs. Some of his most well known volumes of essays in this field of writing are, "The Golden Flower", "The Beautiful Flower Garden", "A Field Book of American Wild Flowers" and "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden."

During this last period quadrupeds have contributed very widely to the enjoyment of the reading public. Altho many people have been writing about these quadrupeds, until we had read Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Lives of Wild Animals I Have Known" most of us knew very little of the actual melodramas, tragedies and comedies enacted on the prairie and in the mountains. Lobo, the King of the Wolves, is not dead but still utters his war cry on

the plains of New Mexico. When he is caught at last thru his devotion to his mate Blanca, he comes very close to us in spite of all his murders. What a mother Molly was to her reckless son Raggylug.

When Mr. Thompson first began to write about animals he did so in a very unnatural manner, making animals talk. Later he criticised this as archaic. His essay on "Lobo" is the earliest important example of his more scientific method to which he has since adhered. Life stories, founded on a personal acquaintance with animals, have grown to be very important.

For some time John Burroughs and William J. Long (Peter Rabbit) discussed the pros and cons of animal reason and its literary treatment. In 1905 Burroughs published his essays on animal reasoning in a volume called "Ways of Nature." Among these essays are, "The Wit of a Duck", "Factors in Animal Reason", "Animal Communication", "What Do Animals Know?", "Do Animals Think and Reflect?", "A Beaver's Reason", "The Training of Wild Animals" and "An Astonished Porcupine". In his preface he says,

"Heretofore I have made the most of every gleam of intelligence of bird or four-footed beast that came under my observation, often, I fancy, making too much of it, and giving the wild creatures credit for more 'sense' than they really possessed. The nature lover is always tempted to do this very thing; his tendency is to humanize the wild life about him, and to read his own traits and moods into whatever he looks upon. I have never consciously done this myself, at least to the extent of willfully misleading my reader. But some of our later nature writers have been guilty of this fault, and have so grossly exaggerated and misrepresented the every-day wild life of our fields and woods that their example has caused a strong reaction to take place in my own mind, and has led me to set about examining the whole subject of animal life and instinct in a way I have never done before.....I confess I have not

been fully able to persuade myself that the lower animals ever show anything more than a faint gleam of what we call thought and reflection, -- the power to evolve ideas from sense impressions, -- except feebly in the case of the dog and the apes, and possibly the elephant. Nearly all the animal behavior that the credulous public looks upon as the outcome of reason is simply the result of the adaptiveness and plasticity of instinct. The animal has impulses and impressions where we have ideas and concepts. Of our faculties I concede to them perceptions, sense memory, and association of memories and little else."

This question caused a heated controversy for some time, dividing our nature writers in two schools. Henry Van Dyke, C. C. Abbott, Baynes, Everman, London, Long, Mills, and Roberts were adherents of Thompson, while Maeterlinck, Stillman and Muir maintained Burrough's viewpoint.

Ernest Seton Thompson has given us more essays on animals than any other nature writer. His "Life Histories of Northern Animals" is said by some to mark a new epoch in the writing of scientific natural history because he places so much emphasis upon the mind of the living rather than upon the anatomy of the dead animal. In this volume he tells the life history of fifty-nine Canadian animals. Perhaps some reader would think that this book is too scientific because of the author's desire to be exact and trustworthy. This may be true of a few places, but on the whole its charming dissertations on the various habits of these wild animals makes it very easy and delightful reading.

In his "Arctic Prairies", he has given us much description of plant life and wood lore as well as animal life. Here the author in his usual lively and colloquial style, describes a canoe journey of 2000 miles in search of a caribou.

His latest book, called "Animals at Home", consists of

essay studies which he, for the most part made in Yellowstone National Park, where the animals, protected from their arch enemy, man, cease to be fearful and are ready to yield to friendly advances. His adventures with animals, the author says, have all been small ones, "thrillers are few and far between". He has aimed to show, "something of the little aspects of the creatures lives". Here we find essays on "The Cute Coyote", "The Prairie Dog and Its Kin", "Famous Fur-Bearers", "Horns, Hoofs and Legs of Speed", "Bats in the Devil's Kitchen", "The Well-Meaning Skunk", "Old Silver-Grizzle, the Badger", "The Squirrel and His Jerky-Tail Brothers", "The Rabbits and Their Habits", "Sneak-Cats, Big and Small" and "Bears of High and Low Degree".

Sometimes a writer, instead of devoting one chapter to each animal so that in his volume he will have twenty essays on different animals as does Ernest S. Thompson, will have his entire book consist of different essays about one animal. This is well shown in Enos A. Mills Book, "In Beaver World". Altho Mr. Mills was born in Kansas, he early in life went to live in the Rocky Mountains. Few people know more about the wild life in these mountains than does Mills. He has climbed Long's Peak 250 times. He is as familiar with these mountains as was John Muir with those of California. In 1909 he wrote "Wild Life of the Rockies", and in 1913 "Beaver World". His long and close acquaintance with the beaver, and his descriptive ability have enabled him to write in a most informing way of the character and customs of this interesting animal. Perhaps a few chapter headings will serve to show the spirit of the book: "Working Like a Beaver", "Our Friend the Beaver", "As Others See Him", "The Beaver Dam" and "Harvest Time

with the Beavers".

Small animals that can be observed without going far from one's home have always furnished a favorite topic for nature essayists. The following animals seem to be regarded with a particular affection and preference by many of the nature essayists: bears, foxes, squirrels, beavers, deer, hares, and woodchucks. Other animals almost as much written about are dogs, opossums, otters, moose, panther, porcupine, rats, goats, skunks, weasels, mink, and raccoons. Little has been written about cats. All those who pay any attention to animals have written about the squirrel. "Animals in American Literature" would make an excellent thesis subject. Burroughs, Mr. Thompson and others have written about "Birds in Literature", but apparently no one has made a study of the literature of quadrupeds.

Comparatively little has been written about insects in a literary way. Henry Comstock who has made a special study of insects, we cannot class as a nature essayist for all his books such as "Insect Life", "The Spider Book" and "How to Know the Butterflies".are, on the whole, too scientific to class as nature essays. Margaret Morley has, perhaps, written more than any other nature essayist about this subject in her books such as "Butterflies and Bees", "Grasshopper Land", "Wasps and Their Ways", and "Insect Folk". Burroughs and a number of other essayists mention bees, fireflies, grasshoppers and mosquitoes.

Among the reptiles, snakes seem to have been given the most attention by these writers. C. C. Abbott in his "A Naturalist's Rambles About Home", has two essays about snakes. It was not

until I read these essays that my long established prejudice against those creeping creatures broke down. He removes the reader's fear of snakes by applying the same reasoning process to cats as people do to the former. He says that just because one serpent is very dangerous and capable of inflicting deadly wounds, it does not follow that all serpents are to be shunned. One may have no desire to encounter a tiger, yet one does not hesitate to play with a kitten. And yet the same kind of reasoning which dooms the harmless snake, would if carried out, justify the indiscriminate slaughter of every animal of the cat kind. Conrad Abbott proceeded to show that many snake stories are not told by one who observed certain disastrous effects, but generally are instances of a person telling some one else what a third person saw. He studied snakes for twenty years and thus it is that his writing has a strong air of conviction. His choice of words makes his descriptions of snakes very vivid. He paints as it were, exquisite pictures of the green water snakes. It is the author's attitude toward snakes, his love for them and his desire to have them understood, that helps his reader to lose his fear of them and sympathize with them. And by his description of their movements when they are afraid and of their different methods for self defense, he makes his reader regret that he has caused the death of such harmless creatures.

Nature essayists have written almost as much about trees, forests and woods as they have about the quadrupeds which live in them.

Our American out-of-door literature is very rich in essays

about the woods. In the third period of this writing, we have Thoreau's essays, "Excursions in Field and Forest", "The Maine Woods", and "Walden, or Life in the Woods". Wilson Flagg about this time published his "Studies in Field and Forest". A. B. Street wrote his "Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks". Wm. H. Gileson, his "Camp Life in the Woods", and Charles D. Warner, contributed his book, "In the Wilderness" to this "Forest Literature".

It is not likely, however, that the subject of "Forests and Trees", will ever rival that of birds among the favored topics of the nature essayists. Some one has said that the pleasure of the quest is marred by the fact that the tree, once found, is permanently placed, while the bird flits tantalizingly on to the next thicket.

In his book, "The Forest", published in 1903, Stewart Edward White in an extremely pleasing and discursive manner describes a thousand mile canoe trip thru the waters of northern Michigan and Canada with his friend Mr. Thomas Fogarty and a dog called Deuce. Mr. Fogarty's drawings add much to the attractiveness of this book. Here White shows that he knows the forest thoroughly and the whole book is permeated with the "Spirit of the Forest".

I know of no volume of essays that is fuller of suggestion than is this. In fact White says that he is unable to give his reader the forest but that "perhaps a word or a sentence, an incident, an impression, may quicken your imagination, so that thru no conscious direction of my own, the wonder of the Forest may

fill you, as the mere sight of a conch shell will sometimes fill you with wonder of the sea".

The whole book is strongly dominated by a personal touch. It is this intermingling of adventure, woodlore and anecdotes which are all related in a leisurely and intimate tone that delights the reader. Now we are,

"on the river, striving with paddles against the current below the Big Falls, now climbing the wild ascents of the Hudson Bay country in search of that mysterious lake whose shore the feet of but one other white man have pressed; now struggling along some rutted and root-tangled trail on the look-out for a good place to pitch our tent; now with every muscle tense in a fight with white water in some rapids or stretch of open lake; or with straining rod, battling against the big fish whose flaking flesh is to be one of the joys of the camp of the night to come." The "spice of the underbrush, the dance of flecking shadows from the giant trees, and the voices of the wind, rapid or trickling stream", makes the reader desire to go to this enchanted place without delay.

All those who have gone camping live over again their joyful experiences, all their senses are "keyed again to the last vibration, as the faint, searching wood-perfume of dampness greets their nostrils". All those "who have cast from them the drowsiness of dreams with the warm blanket", realize what Mr. White means by that "coolness, physical and spiritual" which bathes them from head to foot!

Not only in this book, but in his other works, especially "The Blazed Trail", does Mr. White give us many beautiful pictures of the forest.

In his "At the North of Bearcamp Water", Frank Bolles relates to his readers many of his experiences in the forest. The best essay in this volume is the one called "A Thunderstorm in the Forest". Only a person who has been in the heart of the forest during a terrific storm could write as does this author

creating such an awe inspiring feeling in his readers. Here also, we find essays on "A Wintry Wilderness", "In the Paugus Woods", "The Dead Tree Day", and "The Vintage of the Leaves".

Each year people seem to become closer friends to the trees as is shown by the many essays which appear in our modern magazines and by the publication of books all about trees. Sometimes in the same magazine we will discover essays on "Trees and Forests of California", and "Atlantic Forest Region". A number of essays have been written about "Churchyard Trees", and "Trees in Cemeteries". J. H. McFarland has written about the awakening of trees, V. V. Beede concerning the legends of trees. E. W. Foster has written a charming essay on "Our Friends the Trees". A rather unique essay is that of C. F. Millspaugh called "Story of a Tree as Told by its Log". T. S. Van Dyke has written about the "Forest Primeval". U. S. Carpenter's best essays on this subject are those on "Hunting in May Woods" and "The Heart of Fall Timber". Three very excellent essays on woods are, "Little Woods" by Mr. Byron, "Secrets of the Woods", by W. R. Peabody, and "The Spirit of the Woods" by an unknown author.

John Muir and E. P. Powell have spent much time among the trees and have written many essays about their love of them. After reading Muir's essay on the Sequoi, one realizes that one has obtained much valuable knowledge. For instance, Muir says that after counting, with much difficulty, the growth rings in a tree, he discovered that it was four thousand years old. Mr. Powell in his essay, imparts no such information.

The reader, at times, would like to know just how some of

these trees looked, which were such great companions to Mr. Powell. John Muir, on the other hand, causes his reader to have a definite image of the different trees which he describes. In one place he says:

"The immensely strong, stately shafts with rich purplish-brown bark, are free of limbs for a hundred and fifty feet or so, the dense tufts of sprays occur here and there, producing an ornamental effect, while long parallel furrows give a fluted columnar appearance".

Muir's essay becomes more realistic and vivid to the reader because of the figures of speech which he uses. In speaking of a tree, he compares it to a rounded head poised lightly as a cloud, and in another place, he says that it is as sensitive to the wind as a squirrel-tail. The figures are those which are most appropriate to out-door life.

Mr. Powell is primarily concerned in showing to the reader his affectionate attitude toward the trees. His chief fault is that he writes too much about himself, and too little about the trees. The title of his essay seems to imply that he will tell us many delightful characteristics of his favorite trees. He wishes to impress upon his reader a general view of a tree or a group of them, as when he says, "I love the hemlocks still, as the most graceful of all the evergreens that clothe the sloping sides of our glens, and then stand crowning the highest knolls, until struck one after another by lightning flashes".

Both of these naturalists use personification to a great extent. Both essays contain extracts of poetry. While Muir invites the reader to come to California, Powell urges him to visit Florida. Most readers, I am sure, would prefer to accept Muir's invitation

because of the latter's beautiful descriptions of the grandeur of the trees there. Both writers speak about the effects of winter upon the trees but notice the difference! Powell says:

"Winter seems to come oftener now-a-days and one needs more wind breaks and hedges. Naked trees are very companionable when one has become acquainted with them. I advise you to study bare limbed trees, not to know more of old age, but to make the most of their companionship".

Compare this, with the following passage from Muir:

"Winter comes suddenly arrayed in storms, tho to mountaineers silky streamers on the peaks and the tones of the wind give sufficient warning. You hear the strange whisperings among the tree-tops, as if the giants were taking counsel together. One after another, nodding and swaying, calling and replying, spreads the news until all with one accord break forth into glorious song, welcoming the first grand snow storm of the year and looming up into the dim clouds and snow drifts like light house towers in flying scud and spray".

Both essays follow the historical treatment, Muir's being more the life history of certain trees, while Powell's is a history of his likings for the different kinds. In every case Muir excels Powell in the treatment of the subject matter. These essays of Powell and Muir might be likened to two geranium plants, the one to a scrubby geranium plant which we often see in a tin can on a window sill in a tenement house in a large city, to the gigantic blooming stalk in California.

The trees which have been written about the most are the apple, beach, birch, catalpa, cedar, cherry, chestnut, coco palm, cottonwood, cypress, dogwood, elm, eucalyptus, fir, pine, hickory, locust, magnolia, maple, mulberry, oak, olive, redwood, sequoia, spruce, walnut and willow.

Scores of essays have been written on such subjects as, "Spring Woods", "Woods in Winter", and woods life in various months. In very recent years the trees of Florida have become very important

in out-door literature. Besides the aforementioned, E. P. Powell, J. Gifford and W. Miller have also contributed some literature on this subject in that state.

Julia Ellen Rogers, who for some time was director of the Nature Club department in "Country Life in America" and also an instructor in Nature Study in Summer schools and a lecturer on nature subjects, has written the following books about trees: "Among the Green Trees", "The Tree Book", "Trees Every Child Should Know" and "The Tree Guide". Perhaps the "Tree Book", is the best one of these volumes of essays. All lovers of the trees and forest enjoy this book for it's not only scientifically accurate but it is written in a very literary and pleasing way. Altho this author has had much experience in the west and is now living in California, yet the whole book is written from an Eastern standpoint. Bohnmil Shimek in criticising this book in the June 1906 issue of the Dial said:

"Those who have seen the solitary cotton-wood grow to symmetrical proportions out on the wind-swept prairies will scarcely agree that the brittle wood cannot withstand the winds, or that this species is more useful in the city than in the open country. Nor will one of the West feel like accepting the pleasant words which the author bestows upon the Lombardy Poplar".

These are but minor errors and in no way hinder one's appreciation of the book. Some of the most interesting parts of this volume are those in which she describes the habits of trees.

Miss Maud Going's volume "With the Trees" contains many charming essay chapters on such subjects as "In Hillside Pasture", "The Life of the Leaves", "The Cone-Bearers and their Kin", "Trees of Streets, Parks and Gardens" and "Seed-Time and Sowing". This book is written very informally as it is really a series of ramb-

ling sketches, commencing with "When the Sap Stirs", and ending with the falling of the leaves. The author shows that she is not only familiar with the scientific study of the trees, but also with the works of a great many nature lovers.

The very fact that a famous periodical is called "Forest and Stream" shows the wide recognition of this important subject. It is interesting to note too, that the trees in our city parks are beginning to appear in this nature literature.

Closely associated with essays on trees and forests are those about mountains.

Mountains.

Most of the nature essayists seem to take great pleasure in describing the mountains. For many years a great many men and women have written about the White and the Green mountains as is shown by Samuel Adams Drake's "The Heart of the White Mountains" in fact almost all parts of the Appalachians have been the subject of some out-door essay. It is not, however, until the last fifteen or twenty years that the Rocky Mountains have come into literature. In Colorado we have Enos Mills who has given us such books as "The Spell of the Rockies", and "Wild Life in the Rockies". John Muir, who for thirty years lived among the Sierras, explored one huge section of them so minutely that there is scarcely a single peculiar rock formation or tree of unusual size that he did not record in his note books. His books and articles for newspapers and magazines are the highest authority on the greatest mountain range in North America. He has been rightly called "John of the Mountains".

Stewart Edward White has also written about these mountains. In his book, "The Mountains", he tells us of his climbs and adventures among the Sierras in such an enthusiastic way that it seems as if the reader is by his side, going over desert, foot-hill, down into the valley, and then up among the pines and huge forests. Few books contain the quality of "reality" in as intense a degree as does this one. Sincerity seem to be one of the most marked characteristics of this volume as is shown in the following passage:

"It was nearly 4000 feet down. Do you realize how far that is? There was a river meandering thru olive-colored forests.

It was so distant that it was light green and as narrow as a piece of tape, Here and there were rapids, but so remote that we could not distinguish the motion of them, only the colors. The white resembled tiny dabs of cotton wool stuck on the tape. It twined and twisted, following the turns and twists of the canon. Somehow the level at the bottom resembled less forests and meadows than a heavy and sluggish fluid like molasses flowing between the canon walls, It emerged from a bend of a sheer cliff ten miles to the eastward; it disappeared placidly around the bend of another sheer cliff an equal distance to the westward.

"The time was afternoon. As we watched the shadow, the canon wall darkened the valley, whereupon we looked up. Now the upper air of which we were dwellers for the moment, was peopled by giants and clear atmosphere, and glittering sunlight flashing like silver and steel and precious stones from the granite domes, peaks and minarets and palisades of the high Sierras. Solid as they were in reality, in the crispness of this mountain air, under the tangible blue of this mountain sky they seemed to poise like so many balloons. Some of them rose sheer with hardly a fissure; some had flung across their shoulders long trailing pine draperies fine as fur; others matched mantles of the whitest white against the bluest blue of the sky. Toward the lower country were more pines, rising in ridges, like the fur of an animal that has been alarmed."

Frank Bolles in his book, "At the North of Bearcamp Water", has a number of essays about the mountains, among which the best are "The Heart of the Mountain" and "Climbing Bear Mountain in the Snow". Many books whose titles suggest no hint of mountains, contain some fascinating descriptions of a mountain or a thrilling experience in it. Mountain climbing seems to be a favorite subject. Glancing over a few essays on this subject, one comes across such titles as "Trapping a Mountain Lion", "Glamor of High Altitudes", "Inspiration of Mountain Climbing". F. Funston has written a very charming essay on "Storm above the Clouds", and A. C. Lant upon "Unclimbed Peaks of the Rockies".

As a result of this interest in mountains we have many clubs of mountain climbers and many famous mountain climbers such as

Ambassador Bryce who for a number of years lived here in the United States.

Next in importance to mountains is that of water. Each year rivers and streams seem to afford a more fascinating subject for lovers of nature, so that instead of having a brook play a minor part in a landscape description, the writer will have an entire volume about this subject.

Henry Van Dyke is not the only one who has written a volume of essays about rivers--for seven years after the appearance of his "Little Rivers", Mary Rogers Miller wrote the "Brooks Book" which is a set of wanderings thruout the year by a little brook. "Is not the brook", as the author says, "a type of the best kind of human life--the steep hillside of youth, the wild dash, the splashing thru and under and between difficulties, the firm steady flow down the gradual slope of middle age--finally, the safe and tranquil passing into the Unknown?" A brook is a very delightful acquaintance from start to finish and certainly, "The Brook Book" shows one which is a most fascinating companion winter and summer. In January is offered mysterious stillness and wonder under its white veil of snow, the bordering sumachs were lifting their naked arms in amaze, the holly bush brightened the willow copse and gray pussy-willows danced under their brown brown hoods. In March the willow catkins had pushed their scales off and showed their soft gray beauty beneath. April was marshalled in, in gold of marsh marigolds and bright green clumps of foliage clinging to the earth here and there. In May, the oak-trees opened their catkins and June brot wild roses, long grass and mosses of shaded green. In August the bed of the brook was given up to burdocks, pitchforks,

bittersweet, asters and goldenrod; briars and bushes cloaked its passage. In mid-winter there were the orioles nests, barberry bushes with red berries, cocoons to watch and icicles hanging in the gorge. But the book offers us much more than this with its fullness of insect life, the ant-lion, the bees, butterflies, bobolinks, blackbirds and jeind-weed.

Charles F. Holder, whose name is familiar to all lovers of nature, has taken the ocean and its life as his realm of writing. In 1914 he wrote a book called "The Ocean". His wide experience with the sea and its inhabitants are well told in "The Log of a Sea Angler", as is clearly shown in the following spirited paragraph:

"On nearing the school, the fishes became more distinct and the splendid spectacle is offered of large tunas feeding. A stretch perhaps of twenty acres is a mass of foam. Some of the fish are playing along the surface, churning the blue water into silver. Some are leaping high into the air, going up like arrows, eight or more feet. The boatman is bearing off and is several feet ahead but suddenly slows down to half speed. Big flying-fishes are speeding away in every direction, a foot or more above the water, looking like gigantic dragon flies. Now the bait is in the line of march of the school.... Then comes a rush of something, a blaze of silver foam along the surface tossing the spume high in air, and two rods are jerked to the water's edge, while the reel gives tongue in clear vibrant notes like the melody of an old hound that one angler had known in the Virginia fox-hunting country long ago".

This author has cast his line in waters all over the world. In his "Game Fishes of the World", he writes about Salmon Fishing in England, game fishes of India, Spain and Portugal, the Scandinavian peninsula and the Canadian lakes and streams. He has also been mightily called "The Prince of Anglers". He is at his very best when writing about that part of the ocean about Santa Catalina Island. His enthusiasm over the tuna, black sea-bass and yellow

tail is contagious, and he takes his reader along with him, deep-sea trolling or still-angling. I especially like his essays about fishing for trout in the clear mountain streams of the high Sierras.

Mr. Holder has done for fish what Enos Mills, John Muir and others have done for trees and parks. He founded the famous Tuna Club.

One of the first men to write an entire book about such a large body of water was I. I. Hayes who in 1867 wrote "Open Polar Sea". And since that time the sea and ocean have played rather an important part in out-door literature.

John Van Dyke, the author of the Desert wrote a volume on "The Opal Sea".

In our current magazines one often comes across little essays about the ocean or sea, such as "Autumn by the Sea", by F. Wishaw, "Bottom of the Sea", by C. C. Nutting, and "Life in the Sea" by C. M. Blackford.

Sometimes nature essayists will write about the sea and sky in one paper or sketch as is shown by J. W. S. Rayleigh's essay called "Colours of Sea and Sky". C. M. Skinner has written a very charming essay on "Sky-gazing". Julia Ellen Rogers wrote a volume of essays for children which she called "Earth and Sky". In it she tells the story of the earth's origin and foundation, rocks, rains, rivers, winds and the soil, the ways of rivers and glaciers, caves, mammals and reptiles. Then in the last part in which she discusses the sky she describes the different stars telling how to find them. The whole book reads like a fairy tale.

Sunrises, sunsets and sunshine have for a long time received a certain amount of attention, but not until Mable Loomis Todd wrote

her volume of essays called "A Cycle of Sunsets", did we have an entire book on the subject of "sunsets".

Perhaps no one has done more to suggest the study of the sky than John Ruskin.

Seasons of the Year--Weather.

Since Thoreau wrote his volumes of essays on the different seasons of the year many other writers have followed in his footsteps. Perhaps the best of these is Dallas Lore Sharpe who has written a great many books about all phases of out door life. In 1911 he wrote "The Fall of the Year", the first of his four nature volumes which by story, sketch and suggestion catch the spirit of the seasons. In a very leisurely way he makes observations about late summer and fall. Feathered and furry creatures play a large part in this book. Perhaps Sharp's attitude toward nature is no where better shown than in the following lines taken from his introduction:

"The world out of doors is not a circus of performing prodigies, nor are nature writers strange, half human creatures who know wood-magic, who talk with trees and call the birds and beasts about them, as did one of the saints of old. No, they are plain people, who have seen nothing more wonderful in the woods than you have.....This is a divinely beautiful world, a marvelously interesting world,...and it is my purpose in this series of nature books to help my readers to come by this belief."

In his second book of this series, called "Winter" he says that he wants his reader to "get the large, free, strong, fierce, wild soul of winter, the bitter boreal might that, out of doors, drives all before it; that challenges all that is wild and fierce and strong and free and large within us, till the bounding red blood belts us like an equator, and the glow of all the tropics blooms upon our faces and down into the inmost of our beings".

His other two volumes are on Spring and Summer.

When reading the current magazines we often run across essays about the various seasons of the year. In Jennie Brooks, "Under

Oxford Trees" two of the best essays are the one called "In the Spring O' the Year", and the other "Chronicles of Summer".

The weather in American literature makes an extremely interesting study. The nature essayists who write about bad weather are usually optimists, and thus it is that we often in our magazines read essays about "The Bright Side of Bad Weather" and "Charms of Bad Weather".

Essays which discuss fishing often contain many paragraphs about the weather as is easily perceived by reading even one volume of Henry Van Dyke's essays. W. E. Hodgson in the nineteenth Century Magazine for August 1906 wrote an essay on "Weather and Trout".

Once in a while we come across essays on rain such as C. Q. Turner's "Magic of Rain" in the July number of the Outing for 1906, but on the whole, most of our literature about rain is put into poetry. Burroughs has a unique essay on "Is it Going to Rain"?

Snow seems to be a favorite subject of many out door writers. Frank Bolles has written a volume which he called "Land of the Lingering Snow". Enos Mills has written much about the snow in Colorado and has contributed to the magazines such essays as "Snowflake and Snowslide". A score of essays have been written about "A Snow Storm".

Perhaps the titles of a number of these essays about snow will serve to illustrate the different phases of the treatment of this subject. "When the Snow Falls in the Adirondacks" by J. R. Shears, "Writing on the Snow" by F. Wilkinson, "Million Little Raindrops and What Happened to Them" by T. W. Burgess, "The Coming

of the Snow", by F. Irland, "Snow Crystals" by U. A. Bently, "Days Work on a Snow Plough" by H. H. Lewis, "A Snow Shoe Tramp" by B. Harloine, "Rocky Mountain Snow-Shoeing" by Z. Fuller, "Caribou Hunting on Snow-shoes" by P. Van Dyke and "Snow Slides in the Rockies" by J. M. Goodwin.

Other men have written essays about "The Biography of a Snow Flake", "Snow by Moonlight", and "Glamour of the Snow".

John C. Van Dyke has given us a volume called "The Desert", which he says, "has gone a-begging for a word of praise these many years. It never had a secret poet, it has in me only a lover". Often the word "desert", suggests to us the East, but this book describes the Colorado desert which stretches down the Pacific coast across Arizona and Sonora and over frowns the great Sierras.

Van Dyke undoubtedly knows the desert and he has a happy felicity in making his readers perceive it in all its beauty, grandeur, weirdness, loneliness and desolation. The fact that Van Dyke is a student of painting is clearly shown in this work. He says that it is "stern, harsh and at first repellent, but what tongue shall tell the majesty of it, the eternal strength of it, the poetry of its wide-spread chaos, the sublimity of its lonely desolation. And who shall paint the splendor of its light; and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the moon over the iron mountains, the glory of its wondrous colouring! It is a gaunt land of splintered paks, torn valleys and hot skies. At every step there is the suggestion of the fierce, the defiant, the defensive..... There is war of elements and a struggle for existence going on here that for ferocity is unparalleled elsewhere in nature."

He has studied carefully its vegetable and animal life and in speaking about them, he says,

"Taking them for all in all, they seem a precious pack of cut-throats, these beasts and reptiles of the desert. Perhaps there never was a life so nurtured in violence, so tutored in attack and defence as this. The warfare is continuous from the birth to the death. Everything must fight, fly, feint or use poison, and every slayer eventually becomes a victim. What a murderous brood for nature to bring forth! And what a place she has chosen in which to breed them! Not only the struggle among themselves, but the struggle with land, the elements--the eternal fighting with heat, drouth, and famine. What else but fierceness and savagery could come out of such conditions?"

One of the best chapters in this book is that one called "The Silent Pines" in which he describes the Colorado River.

Since the appearance of this book in 1901, many other people have written about the desert.

Mary Austin, the author of "The Land of Little Rain", is also a great lover of the desert. In writing about it in her "Lost Borders", she says that no reminders will fend men from its trails because "there is something incomprehensible to the man-mind in the concurrence of death and beauty. Shall the tender opal mist betray you? The airy death of mountain blueness, the blazonry of painted mud-scarred buttes; the far peaks with the Alpen glow, cooled by the rising of the velvet, violet twilight tide, and the leagues of stars? As easy for a man to believe that a beautiful woman can be cruel." She goes on to say that it is men who go mostly into the desert, who love it past all reasonableness, slack their ambitions, cast off old usages, neglect their families because of the pulse of a life laid bare to its thews and sinews.

In the part of California in which Mary Austin lived, she

had nothing but the desert to study. "I saw that the shadow of sage brush was a dark tawny color", she says, "and the rabbit bush was blue. I painted them to make sure." She rode and tramped about everywhere in her part of the state. She saw the coyote look up to the buzzards for a sight of food.

Each year in our magazines we discover some fascinating essays on the desert. Among the best ones which have appeared during the last fifteen years are the following:

"Sounds of the Desert" by L. Jebl, "The Mojave Desert" by C. F. Holder, "Palms of the Colorado Desert", by E. Mitchell, "Utah's White Canyon" by J. F. Cargill, "How Spring Comes to the Desert" by M. A. Beal, "Romance of the Desert", by F. Cocina, "Our Winter Camp on the Colorado Desert" by C. F. Saunders, "Greenest of Deserts--Arizona Desert" by E. Huntington, "Beauty of the Arizona Desert" by A. C. Lant, and "The California Desert as a Pleasure Resort" by C. F. Saunders.

These are but a few of the more important subjects that men and women have been writing about for the last fifteen years or more.

APPENDIX A.

AMERICAN NATURE ESSAYISTS.

Abbott Chas. C.	Beane C C	Chalmers Stephen
K. M.	Beard Dan C	Cheney A. N.
Lyman	Becket J. J.	Child Harold
S. W.	Beecher H.W.	Chapman Frank M
	Beede V. V.	Chase J. Smeaton
Adama H.S.	Bell H. W.	Churchill, Winston
	Bentey W. A.	Claudy C. H.
Agassiz	Biehler Franz	Clifford F. H.
Albrecht F. G.		Cocina F.
	Bierce Ambrose	Coll Aloysius
Alcott A. B.	Blackford C. M.	Colton A
Alden R. McDae	Bolles Frank	Comstock J.H.
Aldrich Charles	Brady W	Coney H. C.
Allen Francis H.	Branch F. F.	Cooke S. P
Akers Arthur K		Cooper Susan F.
	Brandon D	Cozzens Frederick S
Allen Joel	Branhall	Cross H.H.
Amanda Harris		Crossman Edw C.
Anderson T. J.	Breck Edward	Crevecoeur St. John
	Brewster Wm.	Cushing Percy M.
Audubon J. J.	Brooks Hennie	Mary
Auld F.	Brownell L. W.	
Austin Mary	Burbank D	Custer Elizabeth B.
	Burgess T. W.	Cutter C. E.
Babcock Giles	Burness J.	
	Burton	Dahlgren Ulric
Bade Wm. Frederick		Daine M.
Bade W. J.	Byron	
	Cable G. W.	Dana Wm. Starr (Mrs.)
Bailey Florence M.	Calkins C. G.	Darton N. H.
L. H.	Cambridge Ada	
Millard		Day E. M.
Baker R.S.	Camp S. G.	Davies June
Baskett	Canby H. S.	
Blanchon Neltze	Candee H. C.	Davis L. E.
		Davis R. H.
Bannister Merwin	Cargill J. F.	Dawson Mary
	Carpenter Warwick	Dellenbaugh F. S.
Barnard W. S.	Carter C. F.	Deming P.
Barron Leonard	Cawein Madison	Dickerson Mary C
	Chamberlain J. E.	
Barrows C.		
Bartram John		
William		
Beal M. A.		

Appendix A.

AMERICAN NATURE ESSAYISTS.

Dimock A. W. J.A.	Gardner H.A. Garland Hamlin	Huntington Ellsworth
Dodge G.K. " Thos. A.	Gaunt H.S.	Hutcheson G.
Doubleday Neltze De G	Gibson Wm. H.	Hutchinson C C
Drake Sam Adams	Gifford J.	
Dugmore A R	Gill J.	Ingalls
	Gillespie H S	Ingersoll Ernest
Duncan Frances		
Norman	Gleason H W	Inkersley A
Dunham	Going Maud	
Du Pun Wm A	Golder A S	Inman H
Dutcher Wm.	Good J. H.	
Durand Henry	Goodwin J. M.	Ireland F
Dwight J. Jr.	Graham Joseph	Jewett Sarah Orne
Dyar W W	Greeley Horace	Job H K
		Johnson Clifton
Dyer F J	Hale E. E	Josselyn John
Eaton Walter P	Hallworth Wm S	Kane Susan M.
Earle Alice M	Harger C M	Keeler Chas. A
	Harlowe B.	Kemper Leander S
Eckstorm F. H.	Harper R. M	
		Kidd A
Elliott R. S. Harris	Harris T C	King E
	Harte Emmett	
Emerson R. W.		Kirkham Stanton D
	Hawkes Clarence	
Eubank Victor		Kirkbride W H
	Hays Helen Ashe	Krebbs Deane
Fairchild David	Henshall J. E.	
		Lampman Archibald
Finley W E	Herrick Francis Hobart	Lamprey Myra A
	Hewitt F	
Flagg Edmund		Lang Fred
Wilson	Higginson T W	
		Lanier H W
Fleming L. P.	Hinton R J	
Footner Hulbert	Hitchcock A P	Sidney
Ford M. H.	Hodder C F	
Foster E. W.	Holder C F	Leupp Francis
		Lewis H H
	Hornaday W T	Lindsay N. U.
	Hovey E O	Lloyd H
Fox John Jr.		
Frazer R F	Hudson Leslie	London Jack
French Alice		
	Hulbert A B	Long W J
		Lounsberry Alice
Frost W G		Lowell James R
	W D	

Fuller G
Fullerton Hugh S
Funston F.
Furneaux
Mabie H. W.

Macfarlane
Marbury Mary
Mars F ST

Marsh George
Mason Daniel G

Mather Francis W
Mathews F Schuyler

Mathews Brander

Maulsby D L

Maxwell Henry

Meeker Ezra

Merwin Bannister
Miall Louis
Middleton Harvey

Miller Mary Rogers
H E
Alice Thorne

W
Mills Enos
Millsbaugh C F
Mitchell A J
B W
Donald Grant
Elliott
Mock L B

Monaghan James
Montgomery L M
Moody C S

Moore Mrs. N H

Moorehead David H

F G
Muir John
Munroe Kirk

Humphrey Zephine
Hunt F A

M' Quire
McAdam Thos.
McCabe F. S.
McFarland J H
McGraffey Ernest
McKenney P S

Maule E F

Meidig Wm J
New comer E J
Nixon Lewis

Noble L. F.

Northrup C
Nutting C C
Oldys Henry
Orvis C F
Ossoli Mart F

Packard H
Winthrop

Page Walter N
Paine K D

Parkhurst H E
Parkman Francis

Parsons Francis T
L C
Wm B

Partidge Maraget R
Patterson J N
Peabody W R
Pike A
Piexotte E C
Pinkerton Katherine Gedney
Pogue J E

Potts Wm

Pottle Emery

Powell E A
E J
E P

Lummis Chas. F.

Prime, Wm
Prouty E M

Quayle Wm A
Raine M

Raybone H B
Rayleigh J W S
Reese A M
Remington Frederick

Reynolds Chas.

Rice W S

Richards T A
Richman Irving

Ridgway Robert
Ritchie R W

Rhead L J.

Roberts C G D
L
Roe E P

Rogers Julia

Rolfing John

Russell D C
Rutledge Archibald

Saint Maur

Sandys Edwyn
Saunders C F
Sayler Henry H

Seltzer Chas. Alden

Seton Ernest T
Sharp Dallas Lore

Shaw M A

Skinner Chas.

Myers Walter
 Smith Helen E
 James R
 J W
 K L
 L C
 O W
 Richard
 R J
 Spears J R
 Sprague R
 Stack Frederick
 Stanley H A

 Stansburg C F
 Steele J W
 R

 Street Alfred B
 J

 Stillman Taylor

 Stewart C D
 E R
 Strunsky Simeon

 Tabor Grace
 Tarr R S
 Teale G M
 Thaxter Celia
 Thomas A B
 Edith
 Mrs T

 Thompson Hugh
 Maurice
 Thoreau
 Thorpe Thomas Bangs

 Thrasher M B
 Todd Mable L
 Toler S P
 Torrey Bradford
 Turner C L
 Vail R P
 Van Cleef A

John O.

Van Dyke
 Henry
 John
 Van Vorst M
 Velvin Ellen

 Wallace D
 Walsh Thos.

 Wagner F G

 Warner Chas D
 Warran M. R

 Watson James

 Wayne

 Webb
 Weed
 Wheeler Jellie Pearl
 Whitcomb S D
 White Stewart Edw.
 Bob
 Whiting Chas Goodrick
 Wilkinson F
 Williams Martha McC
 H
 J A
 L W
 Willey D A
 Wilson Alex

 Owen
 Winthrop Theodore
 Woodberry Geo E
 Woodbridge Eliz
 Woodruff M L
 Wright G T
 Mable Osgood

APPENDIX. B.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

Year	Author	Works Published/
1630	Francis Higginson:	New England Plantation
1670	Daniel Denton:	MA Brief Description of New York/
1672	John Josselyn:	New England's Rarities Discovered/
1675	" "	An Account of Two Voyages to New England.
1732	George Berkeley:	A View From Honeyman's Hill/
1781	Samuel Peters:	Frogs of Windham in a General History of Conn.
1782	J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur:	Letters from an American Farmer.
1791:	William Bartram:	Travels Thru North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.
1792	Francis Hopkinson:	Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings.
1808-14	Alexander Wilson:	American Ornithology.
1823	James F. Cooper:	Pioneers.
1827	" " "	The Prairie/
1830-8	John James Audubon:	Birds of America.
1831-9	" " "	Ornithological Biography.
1841	James F. Cooper:	The Deerslayer. The Pilot.
1843	Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli:	Summer on the Lakes.
1844		
1845		

Year	Author	Works Published.
1846-54	John James Audubon:	Quadrupeds of America.
1846	Thos. Bangs Thorpe:	Mysteries of the Back Woods.
1847	James F. Cooper:	Oak Openings or Bee Hunter.
1848		
1849	Francis Parkman:	California and the Oregon Trail.
1849	Henry David Thoreau:	A Week on the Concord and Merrimac.
1850	Susan Fenimore Cooper:	Rural Hours.
1851		
1852		
1853		
1854	Henry David Thoreau:	Walden, or Life in the Woods.
1854	Susan F. Cooper:	Rhyme and Reason of Country Life.
1854	Thomas Bangs Thorpe:	Hive of the Bee Hunter.
1855		
1856	Frederick Swartout Cozzens:	Sparrowgrass Papers.
1857	Wilson Flagg:	Studies in the Field and Forest.
1858	Thos. Bangs Thorpe:	Scenes in the Arkansaw.
1859		
1860	Isaac Israel Hayes:	Arctic Boat Journey.
1861.		
1862	Theodore Winthrop:	The Camera and Saddle.
1863	Theodore Winthrop:	Life in the Open Air.
1863	Donald Grant Mitchell:	My Farm of Edgewood.
1863	Henry David Thoreau:	Excursions in Field and Forest.
	Thomas Wentworth Higginson:	Outdoor Papers.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1864	Henry David Thoreau:	Maine Woods.
1865	Alfred Billings Street:	Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks.
1865	Donald Grant Mitchell:	Wet Days at Edgewood.
1865	Henry David Thoreau:	Cape Cod.
1866	Francis Parkman:	Book of Roses.
1867	Donald Grant Mitchell:	Rural Studies with Hints for Country Places.
1867	Isaac Israel Hayes:	Open Polar Sea.
1868	Amos Bronson Alcott:	Tablets.
1869	Francis Parkman:	La Salle, and the Discovery of the Great West.
1870	Charles Dudley Warner:	My Summer in a Garden.
1871	Thomas Wentworth Higginson:	Atlantic Essays.
1871	John Burroughs:	Wake Robin.
1872	Amos Bronson Alcott:	Concord Days.
1872	Charles Dudley Warner:	Saunterings.
	" x " "	Back Log Studies.
1873		
1874	Charles Dudley Warner:	Baddeck and that Sort of Thing.
1874	Edward Payson Roe:	Opening a Chestnut Burr.
1875	Charles Dudley Warner:	My Summer in a Garden.
1875	Wilson Flagg:	Birds and Seasons of New England.
1875	Henry James, Jr.:	Transatlantic Sketches.
1875	John Burroughs:	Winter Sunshine.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1876	Wm. Hamilton Gibson:	Camp Life in the Woods:
1877	John Burroughs:	Birds and Poets.
1878	Charles Dudley Warner:	In the Wilderness.
1878	Maurice Thompson:	Witchery of Archery.
1879	Olive Thorne Miller:	Little Folks in Feathers and Fur.
1879	John Burroughs:	Locusts and Wild Honey.
1880	Edward P. Roe:	Success with Small Fruits.
1880	Ralph Waldo Emerson:	Nature.
1880	Olive Thorne Miller:	Queer Pets at Marcy's.
1880	Philander Deming:	Adirondack Stories.
1881	John Burroughs:	Pepacton.
1881	Wm. Hamilton Gibson:	Pastoral Days.
1882		
1883	Wm. Hamilton Gibson:	High Ways and By Ways.
1883	Maurice Thompson:	Songs of Fair Weather.
1884	John Burroughs:	Fresh Fields.
	Henry James Jr.:	Portraits of Places.
1884	Charles Dudley Warner:	As We Go.
1884	Charles Conrad Abbott:	Naturalist's Rambles About Home.
1885	Theodore Roosevelt:	Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.
1885	Edward P. Roe:	Nature's Serial Story.
1885	Olive Thorne Miller:	Bird Ways.
1885	Maurice Thompson:	Byways and Bird Notes.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1885	Elizabeth Bacon Custer:	Boots and Saddles.
1885	Bradford Torrey:	Birds in the Bush.
1885	Charles Conrad Abbott:	The Birds About Us.
	Theodore Roosevelt:	Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.
1886	Charles Conrad Abbott:	Upland and Meadow.
	Edith M. Thomas:	The Round Year.
1886	Charles D. Warner:	Backlog Stories.
1886	Charles Goodrich Whiting:	The Saunterer.
1886	John Burroughs:	Signs and Seasons.
1886	Mary Ellen Bamford:	My Land and Water Friends.
1887	Madison Cawein:	Blooms of the Berry.
1887	Mauride Thompson:	Sylvan Secrets.
1887	Wm. Hamilton Gibson:	Happy Hunting Grounds.
1887	Elizabeth Bacon Custer:	Tenting on the Plains.
1887	Mary Ellen Bamford:	Thoughts of My Dumb Neighbors.
1888	Theodore Roosevelt:	Ranch Life and Hunting Trail.
1888	Charles D. Warner:	On Horseback Thru the South.
1888	Olive Thorne Miller:	In Nesting Time.
1888	Brownson Alcott:	Concord Days.
1889	Bradford Torrey:	A Rambler's Lease.
1889	Thomas Wentworth Higginson:	Afternoon Landscape.
1889	Florence M. Bailey:	Birds Thru an Opera Glass.
1889	John Burroughs:	Indoor Studies.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1889	Mary Ellen Bamford:	Up and Down the Brooks.
1890	Hamilton W. Mabie:	Nature in New England:
	"	" My Study Fire.
1890	Olive Thorne Miller:	Little Brothers of the Air.
1890	Hamlin Garland:	Main-Travelled Roads.
1890	Charles F. Holder:	The Pasadena Highlands.
	"	" Southern California.
1891	William Potts:	Form and Color in Nature.
1891	Madison Cawbin:	Days and Dreams.
1891	H. W. Mabie:	Under the Trees and Elsewhere.
1891	Frank Bolles:	Land of the Lingering Snow.
1891	Charles F. Holder:	Antiquities of Catalina.
1892	Bradford Torrey:	The Foot-Path Way.
1892	Clifton Johnson:	New England Country.
	Hamlin Garland:	Prairie Folks.
1892	Martha Mc Culloch Williams:	Field Farings.
1892	Charles F. Holder:	Along the Florida Reef.
1892	Effie M. Bignell:	Rest a While.
1892	Chas. F. Lummis:	Some Strange Corners of our Country.
1893	Frank Bolles:	At The North of Bearcamp Water.
1893	Madison Cawbin:	Red Leaves and Roses.
1893	Frances Theodora Parsons:	How to Know Wild Flowers:
1893	Theodore Roosevelt:	Wilderness Hunter.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1894	John Muir:	Mountains of California.
1894	Bradford Torrey:	Florida Sketch Book.
1894	Howard Elmore Parkhurst:	The Birds' Calendar.
1894	Mabel Osgood Wright:	The Friendship of Nature.
1894	Olive Thorne Miller:	Our Home Pets.
	" " "	Bird Lover in the West:
1894	Hamlin Garland:	Prairie Songs.
1894	Frank Bolles:	From Blomidon to Smoky.
1894	Frances Theodora Parsons:	According to Season:
1894	John Burroughs:	Riverby.
1894	Maud Going:	With the Wild Flowers.
1895	William Potts:	From a New England Hillside.
1895	Mable Osgood Wright:	Bird Craft.
1895	Henry Van Dyke:	Little Rivers.
1895	Madison Cawein:	The White Snake.
1895	Florence M. Bailey:	My Summer in a Mormon Village.
1895	Charles Conrad Abbott:	The Birds About Us.
1896	Clifton Johnson:	Country Clouds and Sunshine.
1896	Olive Thorne Miller:	Upon the Tree Tops.
1896	Florence M. Bailey:	A-Birding on a Broncho.
1896	Bradford Torrey:	Spring Notes from Tenn.
1896	Frances Theodora Parsons:	Plants and their Children.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1896	Joseph Edgar Chamberlin:	The Listener in the Town.
1896	" " "	The Listener in the Country.
1896	Chas. F. Holder(joint author):	Angling.
1897	Neltje De Graff Doubleday:	Birds and Neighbors.
1897	Mable O. Wright:	Citizen Bird.
1897	H. W. Mabie:	Nature and Culture.
1897	Howard Elmore Parkhurst:	Songbirds and Waterfowl.
1897	Frank M. Chapman:	Bird Life.
1897	Margaret W. Morley:	A Few Familiar Flowers.
	" " "	Flowers and their Friends.
1898	Bradford Torrey:	A World of Green Hills.
1898	Mable O. Wright:	Four-Footed Americans and their Kin.
1898	F. M. Bailey:	Birds of Village and Field.
1898	Thomas W. Higginson:	Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic.
1898	John Van Dyke:	Nature for Its Own Sake.
1898	Ernest Seton Thompson:	Wild Animals I Have Known.
1898	Hamlin Garland:	The Spirit of Sweetwater.
1898	Ernest Ingersoll:	The Ice Queen.
	" " "	Silver Waves.
1898	Neltje De Graff Doubleday:	Birds that Hunt and Are Hunted.
	" " " "	Nature's Garden.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1898	Chas. F. Holder:	The Treasures Divers.
1899	Arthur Radcliffe Dugmore:	Bird Homes.
1899	Henry Van Dyke:	Fisherman's Luck.
1899	Ernest S. Thompson:	The Trail of the Sandhill Stag.
1899	Olive Thorne Miller:	First Book About Birds.
1899	Clifton Johnson:	Among English Hedgerows.
1899	Maud Goings:	Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers.
1899	Margaret Morley:	The Bee People.
	" "	The Honey Makers.
	" "	Seed Babies.
	" "	Little Wanderers.
1899	Alice Lounsberry:	A Guide to the Wild Flowers.
1900	Benjamin F. Cyer:	Birds of Kansas.
1900	Alice Lounsberry:	A Guide to the Trees.
1900	Ernest Thompson-Seton:	Biography of a Grizzly.
1900	Clifton Johnson:	Along French Byways.
1900	Hamlin Garland:	The Eagle's Heart.
1900	Mable O. Wright:	Fox Story Book.
1900	Bradford Torrey:	Everyday Birds.
1900	" "	Hooting It to Franconia.
1900	Alice Morse Earle:	Stage Coach and Tavern Days.
1900	Neltje De Graff Doubleday:	Our Wild Flowers and their Insect Visitors.
1900		

Year	Author	Works Published.
1900	Frank M. Chapman:	Bird Studies with a Camera.
1900	Stanton Davis Kirkham:	As Nature Whispers.
1900	John Burroughs:	Sight of Day.
1900	" "	Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers.
1900	Charles F. Holder:	Stories of Animal Life.
1900	Margaret Morley:	North and Up Along.
1901	Mary C. Dickerson:	Moths and Butterflies.
1901	John Muir:	Our National Parks.
1901	Martha M. Williams:	Next to the Ground.
1901	Clifton Johnson:	The Isle of Shamrock.
1901	Alice Lounsberry:	Southern Trees, Flowers and Shrubs.
1901	John Van Dyke:	The Desert.
1901	Ernest Thompson Seton:	Pictures of Wild Animals.
1901	Oilve Thorne Miller:	Second Book About Birds.
1901	Madison Cawein:	Weeds of the Wall.
1901	S. E. White:	The Westerners.
	" " "	The Claim Jumpers.
1901	Fannie H. Eckstorm:	The Bird Book.
	" "	The Woodpeckers.
1901	Mable Osgood Wright:	The Flowers and Ferns in their Communities.
1901	Alice Morse Earle:	Old Time Gardens.
1901	Jenny Pearl (Mowbray) Wheeler:	A Journey to Nature.

Year	Wuthor	Works Published.
1901	Ernest Ingersoll:	Friends Worth Knowing.
1901	Margaret Morley:	Wasps and their Ways.
1902	Hamilton Wright Mabie:	Works and Days.
1902	Madison Cawein:	A Voice on the Wind.
1902	Clifton Johnson:	New England and its Neighbors.
1902	S. E. White:	The Blazed Trail.
1902	F. M. Bailey:	Handbook of Birds of Western U. S.
1902	Mable O. Wright:	Dog Town.
1902	Julia Ellen Rogers:	Among Green Trees.
1902	M. R. Miller:	The Brook Book.
1902.	A. R. Dugmore:	Nature and the Camera.
1902	" " "	Wild Life and the Camera.
1902	Ernest Ingersoll:	Wild Life of Orchard and Field.
1902	Neltje De Graff Doubleday:	How to Attract Birds.
1902	Theodore Roosevelt:	Deer Family.
1902	William Alfred Quayle:	In God's Out-of-Doors.
1903	Margaret Morley:	The Insect Folk.
1903	Effie M. Bignell:	My Woodland Intimates.
1903	Maud Goings:	With the Trees.
1903	Olive Thorne Miller:	True Bird Stories.
1903	Mary Hunter Austin:	The Land of Little Rain.
1903	Clifton Johnson:	The Land of Heather.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1903.	S. E. White:	The Forest.
1903	H. E. Parkhurst:	Trees, Shrubs and Vines of the U. S.
1903	Dallas Lore Sharpe:	Watcher in the Woods.
1903	Charles Goodrich Whiting:	Walks in New England.
1903	Bradford Torrey:	Clerk of the Woods.
1903	Charles F. Holder:	Big Game Fishes of the U. S.
	"	"
		The Lower Animals.
		Crabs and Insects.
		Fishes and Reptiles.
1904	Dallas Lore Sharpe:	Roof and Meadow:
1904	Olive Thorne Miller:	With the Birds in Maine.
1904	Clifton Johnson:	Highways and Byways of the South.
1904	Hamlin Garland:	Light of the Star.
1904	S. E. White:	The Silent Places.
	"	"
	"	"
		The Mountains.
1904	E. T. Seton:	Monarch, the Big Bear.
1904	Bradford Torrey:	Nature's Invitation.
1904	John Burroughs:	Far and Near.
1904	Effie M. Molt:	A Quintette of Graycoats.
1905	Hamlin Garland:	Tyranny of the Dark.
1905	Enos Mills:	Story of Estes Park.
1905	Mable O. Wright:	At the Sign of the Fox.
1905	Julia Ellen Rogers:	The Tree Book.
-1905	Ernest T. Seton:	Animal Heroes.
1905		

Year	Author	Works Published.
1905	Ernest T. Ingersoll:	Island in the Air.
1905	John Burroughs:	Ways of Nature.
1905	William Alfred Quayle:	Prairie and Sea.
1905	Chas. F. Holder:	Life and Sport in the Open - Southern California.
	" "	Half Hours with the Lower Animals.
1905	Herbert K. Jub:	Wild Wings.
1905	Margaret Morley:	Butterflies and Bees.
1905	Ernest T. Seton:	Birch Bark Roll.
1906	Mable O. Wright:	The Garden You and I.
1906	John Van Dyke:	The Opal Sea.
1906	Madison Cawein:	Nature Notes and Impressions.
1906	Clifton Johnson:	Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley.
1906	Enos A. Mills:	The Pass.
1906	Ernest Ingersoll:	Friends Worth Knowing.
1906	John Burroughs:	Bird and Bough.
1906	Chas. F. Holder:	The Log of a Sea Angler.
1906	Mary C. Dickerson:	The Frog Book.
1906	Alice Lounsberry:	The Young People's Book of Wild Flowers.
1906	Margaret Morley:	Grasshopper Land.
1907	Julia E. Rogers:	The Shell Book.
1907	Mable O. Wright:	Gray Ladies and Birds.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1907	S. E. White:	Camp and Trail.
	" " "	Arizona Nights.
	" " "	Wilderness Traveler.
1907	Henry Van Dyke:	Days Off/
1907	Ernest T. Seton:	Biography of a Silver Fox.
1907	Wm. Lowell Finley:	American Birds.
1907	Hamlin Garland:	The Long Trail.
1907	" "	Boy Life on the Prairie.
1907	Clifton Johnson:	The Country School.
1907	Neltje De Graff Doubleday:	Birds Every Child Should Know.
1907	Frank M. Chapman:	Warblers of North America.
1907	John Burroughs:	Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt.
1907	Chas. F. Holder:	Big Game at Sea.
1908	Olive T. Miller:	The Bird Our Brother.
1908	Hamlin Garland:	The Shadow World?
1908	S. E. White:	The Riverman/
1908	Mable O. Wright:	The Open Window:
1908	Dallas Lore Sharpe:	Lay of the Land.
1908	John Burroughs:	Leaf and Tendril.
1908	Frank M. Chapman:	Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist.
1908	Stanton Davis Kirkham:	In the Open.
1908	Chas. F. Holder:	Fish Stones.
1908	Herbert K. Jub:	The Sport of Bird Study.
1908	Alice Lounsberry:	The Garden Book for Young People.

Year	Author	Works Published?
1909	Clifton Johnson:	The Picturesque Hudson
1909	Hamlin Garland:	Cavanaugh Forest Ranger.
1909	Enos A. Mills:	Wild Life in the Rockies.
1909	Julia E. Rogers:	Trees Every Child Should Know.
1909	John Muir;	The Story of Stickeen.
1909	Ernest Ingersoll:	Nature's Calendar.
1909	Heltje De Graff Doubleday:	The American Flower Garden.
1909	Margaret Morley:	Donkey John of the Toy Valley.
1910	Ernest T. Seton:	Life Histories of Northern Animals.
1910	J. E. Rogers:	Earth and Sky.
1910	Chas. F. Holder:	The Channel Islands.
	" " "	The Game Fishes of the Pacific Coast.
1910	Herbert K. Jub:	How to Study Birds.
1911	Enos A. Mills:	The Spell of the Rockies.
1911	Irving Richman:	San Francisco Bay.
1911	J. E. Rogers:	Wild Animals Every Child Should Know.
1911	John Muir:	My First Summer in the Sierra.
1911	Ernest S. Seton:	Arctic Prairies.
1911	Dallas Lore Sharpe:	Face of the Fields.
	" " "	Fall of the Year.
1911	Simeon Strunsky:	The Patient Observer.
1911	Jennie Brooks:	Under Oxford Trees.
1911	Herbert K. Jub:	Blue Goose Chase.

Year	Author	Works Published.
1911	J. S. Chase:	Yosemite Trails.
	" "	Cone-bearing Trees of the California Mountains.
1912	J. E. Rogers:	The Book of Useful Plants.
1912	John Muir:	The Yosemite.
1912	Ernest T. Seton:	Woodcraft and Indian Lore.
1912	Dallas Lore Sharpe:	Winter.
	" " "	The Spring of the Year.
1912	Stanton Davis Kirkham:	Outdoor Philosophy.
1912	John Burroughs:	Time and Change.
1913:	J. S. Chase:	California Coast Trails.
1913	Margaret Morley:	Wall-o'-the-Wisps.
	" "	Carolina Mountains.
1913	Dallas Lore Sharpe:	Summer.
1913	" " "	Beyond the Pasture Bars.
1913	Madison Cawein:	Minions of the Moon.
1913	Mary Hunter Austin:	The Green Bough.
1913.	Enos A. Mills:	In Beaver World.
1913	S. E. White:	African Camp Fires.
1913:	J. E. Rogers:	The Free Guide.
1913	E. T. Seton:	Wild Animals at Home.
1913	Chas F. Holder:	Marine Animals of the Pacific Coast.
1913	Walter P. Eaton:	Boy Scouts in the Dismal Swamp.
	" "	Barn Doors and By Ways.
1913	Alice Lounsberry:	Frank and Bessie's Forest.

1914 Chas. F. Holder: The Ocean.

" " " Angling Adventures Around the
World.

1914 Dallas Lore Sharpe: Where Rolls the Oregon.

APPENDIX C.

State Distribution of Nature Essay Writing.

Alabama.

Hinton, R. J.: Trip to Northern Alabama.

King, E.: Travels in Alabama.

M'Guire, W. W.: Prairies of Alabama.

Peck, S. M.: Alabama Sketches.

Thompson, Maurice.

Arizona.

Burroughs, John: A Visit to the Grand Canon.

Colton, A.: Arizona Pines.

Dyer, F.: Adventures in a Land of Wonders.

Hewitt, F.: Hidden Mysteries in the Desert.

Across Country in Arizona.

Huntington, E.: Arizona Desert.

Inkersly: Grand Canon of Colorado.

Johnson, Clifton:

Noble, L. F.: Grand Canon of the Colorado.

Powell, E. A.: Arizona.

Rice, W. S.: Afoot Down the Grand Canon.

Roosevelt, Theodore: Across the Navajo Desert.

Cougar Hunt on the Rim of
the Grand Canon.

Torrey, Bradford: A Bunch of Texas and Arizona Birds.

Van Dyke, John: The Desert.

Wallace, D.: Across the Navajo Desert.

Wallace, D.: Getting into the Real Desert.

In the Land of the Apaches.

Thru Desert and Forest in Arizona.

Warner, C. D.: Heart of the Desert.

White, S. E.: Arizona Nights.

Great Southwest.

Willey, D., A.: Hance of the Grand Canon.

Petrified Forests of Arizona.

Arkansas.

Cushing, C. P.: Floating Thru the Ozarks.

French, A.: Plantation Life in Arkansas.

Johnson, Clifton: Traveling in Arkansas.

Pike, A.: Life in Arkansas.

Smith, Minna C.: Camp in the Mountains of Arkansas.

Thorpe, Thos. Bangs: Scenes in Arkansas.

Van Cleef, A.: Hot Springs of Arkansas.

California.

Austin, Mary: The Land of Little Rain.

Bade, W. F.: Summering in the Sierra Nevada.

Bailey, F. M.: Birds of Western United States.

Burness, J.: Tramping in California.

Burroughs, John: Spell of the Yosemite.

Canby, H. S.: Redwood Canyon.

Carlin, Eva B.: A Berkeley Year.

Chase, J. Smeaton: California Coast Trails.

Chase, J. Smeaton: Yosemite Trails.

Cotton, A.: Sierra Foothills.

Greeley, Horace: Overland Journey to California - 1859.

Hodder, C. F.: Mojave Desert.

Hutcheson, G. G.: Christmas Weather in California.

Inkersley, A.: Yachting in California.

Johnson, Clifton;

Locke, K.G.: Winter Gardens of California.

Patterson; J. N.: Summer and Winter in a Single Day.

Piexotte, E. C.: Italy in California.

 " " " Kings Highway of California.

Saunders, C. F.: Driving Trips in Southern California.

Smith, L. C.: Camping in the High Sierras.

Sprague, R.: Along a California Waterway.

Steele, R.: In a Friendly Outdoors.

Torrey, Bradford: Field Days in California.

Vore, E.: In the Land of the Sun.

Warner, C. D.: Golden Hesperides.

 " " " Our Italy.

Colorado.

Fountain, P.: Journey in Colorado.

Gant, H. L : Motoring on the Colorado Desert.

Johnson, Clifton: Highways of the Rocky Mountains.

Krebbs, Deane: A Day at Pike's Peak.

Mills, Enos A.: Story of Estes Park.

 Wild Life in the Rockies.

Mills, Enos A.: Spell of the Rockies.

The Rocky Mountain Wonderland.

Parsons, Wm. B.: Pike's Peak.

Raine, M.: Colorado a National Playground.

Reynolds, Ghas.: What I Saw in Colorado.

Saunders, C. F.: Our Winter Camp on the Colorado Desert.

Street, J.: Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek.

Wallace, D.: Saddle and Camp in the Rockies.

Connecticut.

Burroughs, John: :.....

Button, C. W. C.: Picturesque Views in Conn.

Hale, E.: Tarry at Home Travels,

Mitchell, D. G. (Ik Marvel): My Farm at Edgewood.

Wet Days at Edgewood.

Rural Studies.

Potts, Wm.: #-----Notes of Underledge.

Richards, T. A.: Valley of the Connecticut River.

Warner, C. D.: My Summer in a Garden.

Delaware.

Burroughs, John: Pepacton.

Johnson, Clifton: Glimpse of the Delaware.

White, Bob: Cruise Along the Delaware.

Williams, H.: Skimming Down the Delaware.

Wright, Mable O.:

Florida.

- Bartram, Wm.: Travels.
- Dimock, A. W.: Passion of a Wilderness.
- " " " Yachting in a Canoe.
- " " " Cruising on the Gulf Coast of Florida.
- Dimock; J. A.: Summer Florida Vacation.
- Dugmore, A. R.: Florida Camping.
- Footner, H.: Canoeing in Eden.
- Mitchell, A. J.: Winter Weather in Florida.
- Munroe, K.: Florida a Winter Playground.
- Parsons, L. C.: Everglades of Florida.
- Powell, E. J.: Mulberry Month in Florida.
- Powell, E. P.: Our Florida Garden.
- Thanksgiving in Florida.
- Going Fishing in Florida.
- January Day in Florida.
- My Summer in Florida.
- Pile of Oranges.
- Flitting for Florida,
- Reese, A. M.: Home of the Alligator.
- Sprague, L. T.: Easter Outing in Florida.
- Thompson, Maurice; My Midwinter Garden.
- Torrey, Bradford: A Florida Sketch Book.
- Wagner, F. J.: Motoring on the East Side of Florida.

Georgia.

- Bartram, Wm. Travels.

Harper, R. M.: Okefinokee Swamp.
 Johnston; R. M.: Novels.
 Lanier, Sidney: Story of a Mocking Bird.
 Miller, W.: Mill Pond Plantation.
 Thompson, Maurice: By Ways and Bird Notes.

Idaho.

Fountain, P.: Journey in Idaho.
 Johnson, Clifton: Niagara of the West, Shoshone Falls.
 Kirkbridge, W. H.: Scenic Marvel of Idaho.
 Mock, L. B.: Lucerne of America.
 Moody, C. S.: In the Troutland of Idaho.
 Moorehead, F. G.: Trout-fishing in Midwinter.
 Russel, I. C.: Recent Volcanoes of Idaho.

Illinois.

Dodge, D. K.: Lincoln Illinois Country.
 Flagg, Edmund: Flagg's Far West.
 Johnson, Clifton: Illinois Valley.
 Ossoli, M. F.: Summer on the Lakes.

Indiana.

Thompson, Maurice:

Iowa.

Johnson, Clifton: Farm Life in Iowa.
 Lazell, F. J.: Spring Days in Iowa.

Lazell, F. J.: Summer Days in Iowa.

Autumn Days in Iowa.

Winter Days in Iowa.

Kansas.

Custer, Eliz. Bacon: Tenting on the Plains.

Johnson, Clifton: Highways of the Ricky Mountains.

Lindsay, N. V.: Kansas, the First Harvest.

Second and Third Harvest.

Mc Carter, Margaret H.: In the Heart of Kansas.

Quayle, Wm. Alfred: In God's Out-of-Doors! Signs Fail.

Prairie and Sea.

Street, J.: Kansas - Where All Signs Fail.

Whitcomb, S. L.: Ramble and Revery on the Campus.

Spring.

Kentucky.

Brooks, Jennie: Ways of the Kentucky Cardinal.

Covey, H. C.: Mammoth Cave.

Fox, John Jr.: Down the Kentucky on a Raft.

Frost, W. G. : Southern Mountaineers.

Johnson, Clifton: Blue Grass Country.

Williams, L. W.: In the Kentucky Mountains.

Louisiana.

Cable, G. W.: Mid Winter Gardens of New Orleans.

Canfield, H. S.: Duck Shooting on Southern Bayous.

Frazer, R. F.: Real Roadtown.

Hunt, F.A.: Alligators and Rattlesnakes Near the Delta
of the Mississippi.

Job, H. K.: Curiosities of the Louisiana Sea Islands.
Adrift in the Louisiana Marsh.

Johnson, Clifton: Land of Rice and Sugar.
Life in Louisiana Swamps.
Mosquitoes and Alligators.

Kidd, A.:Louisiana Bayou and Marsh Shooting.

King, A.: Lower Mississippi Valley.

Roosevelt, Theodore: In the Mississippi Canabrakes.

Sampsell, L. D.: Pleasure Yachting Way Down South.

Maine.

Abbott, L.: Impressions of a Careless Traveler.

Barnard, W. L.: Cruising on the Maine Coast.

Beane, C. E.: Maine's Earliest Open Waters.

Burroughs, John: Taste of Maine Birch

Clifford, F. H.: Canoeing in the Maine Woods.

Cooke, L. P.: Jumping Off Place.

Golder, A. L.: Rangeley Lakes.

Johnson, Clifton: Down in Maine.

Lanier, H. W.: Snow Fun in Maine.

Miller, Olive Thorne: With the Birds in Maine.

Packard, H.: Mount Kineo.

Prouty, E. M.: Mt. Katahdin.

Thoreau, H. D.: The Maine Woods.

Maryland.

- Burroughs, John: Wake Robin.
 Johnson, Clifton: Maryland Days.

Massachusetts.

- Abbott, K. M.: Old Paths, New England Border.
 Abbott, S. W.: Lakes of Cape Cod.
 Bolles, Frank:
 Burbank, D.: Motor Boating on the North Shore.
 Higginson, T. W.: Out-door Studies.
 Johnson, Clifton: Cape Cod Falls.
 Sharpe, Dallas Lore: Lay of the Land.
 Thoreau, Henry D.: Early Spring in Massachusetts.
 Torrey, Bradford:

Michigan.

- Hubbard, J. Jr.: Where the Pine Trees Grew.
 Johnson, Clifton: From Lake Erie to Lake Huron.
 Copper Country in Michigan.
 Michigan Forest Fire.
 Region of the Pictured Rocks.
 Round About the Soo.
 Straits of Mackinac.
 Street, J.: Michigan Meanderings.

Minnesota.

- Gleason, H. W.: Winter Ramble on the Shore of Lake
 Superior.

Hudson, H. B.: National Parks in the Minnesota Pine
Forests.

Johnson, Clifton: Highways and Byways of the Great
Lakes.

Northrup, C.: The Great Northwest.

Mississippi.

Davis, L.E.: Southern Mississippi.

Johnson, Clifton; High Ways of the Mississippi.

Wright, G. F.: Old-Time Mississippi Plantation.

Missouri.

Cushing, C. P.: Floating Thru the Ozarks.

Flagg, Edmund: Flagg's Far West.

Johnson, Clifton: Life in the Ozarks.

Lindsay, N. V.: Walking Thru Missouri.

Street, J.: In Mizzoura.

Montana.

Daine, M.: My Montana Homestead.

Fountain, P.: Journey in Montana.

Greely, A. W.: Glacier National Park.

Hornaday, W. T.: Diversions in Picturesque Game Lands.

Johnson, Clifton: High Ways of the Rocky Mountains.

Teale, G. M.: Missoula.

Thomas, A. B.: Columbia Gardens.

Nebraska.

Johnson, Clifton: When the Fields Turn Green in Nebraska.

Nevada.

Brandon, D.: By Way of Dead Horse Gulch.

Fountain, P.: Journey in Nevada.

Newcomer, E. J.: Pyramid Lake in Nevada.

Paine, R. D.: Gold Camps of the Desert.

New Hampshire.

Anderson, T. F.: Our Northeastern Alps.

Bolles, Frank: Land of the Lingering Snow.

At the North of Bearcamp Water.

Maulsby, D. L.: Whittier's New Hampshire.

Powell, G. P.: Switzerland of America.

Thomas, Mrs. T.: New Hampshire Garden.

Thoreau, H. D.: Week on the Concord and Merrimack.

Torrey, Bradford: Footing it in Franconia.

New Jersey.

Abbott, C. C.:

Albrecht, F. G.: Jersey Marshes.

Johnson, Clifton: Along Shore in New Jersey.

Roberts, L.: Down the Maurice River.

Van Dyke, Henry: Between Lubic and the Laurel.

In the New Jersey Marshes.

New Mexico.

Brecks, B.: Enchanted Mesa.

Bunnoughs, John: Divine Abyss.
 Fountain, P.: Journey in New Mexico.
 Inman; In the Sunny Southwest.
 Johnson, Clifton: Pueblo Life in New Mexico.
 Powell, E. A.: Land of the Turquoise Sky.
 Seton, E. T.: Wild Animals I Have Known.
 Steele: Among the New Mexicans.
 White, S. E.: Great Southwest.

New York.

A'Becket, J. J.: Autumn Days in Central Park.
 Burroughs John: From New York City to Lake Champlain.

by Motor Boat.

Carpenter, W. S.: Mountain Climbing in Eastern Appalachia.
 Cooper, S. F.: Rural Hours.
 Country Life.
 Country Rambles.
 Miller, H. E.: In the Sleepy Hollow Country.
 Miller, O. T.: True Bird Stories.
 Ossoli, M. F.: Summer on the Lakes.
 Smith, J. W.: Central Park Animals.
 Spears, R. S.: Central Park in Winter.
 Vail, R. P. H.: Along the Hudson in Stage Coach Days.
 Van Vorst, M.: Hudson River.

North Carolina.

Auld, F.: Walking Trip, in the Carolinas.
 Bartram, Wm.: Travels.
 Eaton, W. P.: Real Dismal Swamp.

Ford, M. H.: Country Life in North Carolina.

Harris, T. C.: Carolina Banks.

Warner, C.D.: On Horseback Tour in Va., N.C. and Tenn.

Warren, M. R.: Land of Pine Barrens.

Woodruff, M. L.: Horseback in the Blue Ridge.

North Dakota.

Branhall, J. T.: Northern Paradise.

Custer, Eliz. Bacon: Boots and Saddles.

Johnson, Clifton: Dakota Paradise.

Tarr, R.S.: Bad Lands of North Dakota.

Ohio,

Hulbert, A. B.: Ohio River.

Johnson, Clifton: Life at the Mouth of the Ohio.

Oklahoma.

Candee, H. C.: Land of Prosperity.

Doolin, John Barte F. S.: Out Door Oklahoma.

Johnspn Clifton: In Oklahoma.

Roosevelt, T.: Wolf Hunt in Oklahoma.

Toler, S. P.: Glimpse of the New Country.

Oregon.

Baker, R. S.: Great North West.

Fintey, W. L.: American Birds.

Fleming, S. P.: Day on the Columbia River.

Fountain, P.: Journey in Oregon.

Gill, J.: Midsummer Oregon.

Johnson, Clifton: Along the Columbia.

Lloyd, H.: Where Rolls the Oregon.

Powell, E. A.: Land of Magic Names.

Auto Birds of Passage.

Sharpe, D. L.: Where Rolls the Oregon.

From Bend to Burns.

Steele, R.: Rainbow Chasing in his Ancestral Waters.

Van Dyke, C. S.: In the Big Woods of Oregon.

Williams, I. A.: Scenes among the High Cascades in
Central Oregon.

Pennsylvania.

Johnson, Clifton: Along the Juniata.

Pennsylvania Shore.

Water Gap and Beyond.

Naulty, E. F.: Fox Hunting in Pennsylvania.

Rhode Island.

Deming, C.: In Wildest Rhode Island.

Matthews, B.: New Narragansett.

South Carolina.

Bartram, Wm.: Travels.

Ritchie, R. W.: Old Fort on the Ashley.

Wayne: Birds of South Carolina.

South Dakota.

Darwin, N. H.: Big Bad Lands.

Hovey, E. O.: Wind Cave of South Dakota.

" " " Crystal Caves of South Dakota.

Johnson, Clifton: High Ways of the Rocky Mountains.

" " Among the Black Hills.

..... Floral Succession in the Prairie Grass
Formation of South Dakota.

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