

EXTRACT from the poem of PRINCE
ZERBINO,—*The Garden of Poetry*:
LUDWIG TIECK. [Born at Berlin,
1773. The Romantic School.]

The Wood.—

“Come, mortal, come, thy sorrow leave,
Seek restful ease in shades like these,
Among the brotherhood of trees.

Each for himself; we oaks, and firs, and beeches,
Stand interlaced and massed, yet each is free;
And none his brethren scorns, or overreaches;
All bud and branch in broad-armed liberty.
One points to heaven; another, downward
tending,
Shades with wide hands the grass—each hath
his part,
When play the winds, yet all, together blending,
Send one vast anthem from the forest’s heart.
And so with men,—so diverse and so parted—
Some gnarled and earthward, some that seek
the height,
Yet to the wise they utter, single-hearted,
One motherspeech—aceaseless prayer for light.”

The Wild Flowers.—

“O friend, who passest by,
And never seest