

Then, dearest maiden, move along these shades
 In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the wood."

The following is an attempt to reproduce in English Goethe's.

Found.

Into the forest
 Alone I went;
 To seek for nothing
 My sole intent.

In shadow standing
 A flower was there,
 Like starlight, gleaming,
 Like young eyes, fair.

I stooped to pluck it;
 It clear did say;—

Should I be gathered
 To wither away?

With roots unbroken
 The plant I brought,
 And in the garden
 Of my dear cot

Again I set it
 In sheltered place;
 Now blooms it ever
 And grows apace.

I should beg you to notice more particularly the third verse, and how, as described in it, the objective impression becomes a subjective voice. The harmony of nature becomes in him a voice speaking within him. This,—the becoming the interpreters of the dumb pleadings of nature, is the common point between Wordsworth and Goethe which my remarks tend to illustrate.

It is impossible to give in equivalent words, or except by explanation or paraphrase, all that is contained in the tenth line. "Da sagt es *fein*." Those familiar with the old Testament story will gain some idea of its meaning by rendering it thus. "Then it said with a *still small voice*."

If the reader think that the remarks I have made above are hardly borne out by the evidence of the piece which I have summoned as my witness, let him remember that he hears the testimony only through the medium of a very incapable interpreter, one who is honest but inadequate, being only a maker of prose. The spirit of Goethe's verse defies capture; the dead form may be exported from German into English, but the soul is left behind. I feel as if I had wronged the shade of Goethe, in mutilating and crushing the flower of his genius by my unskilled attempt at translation to foreign soil.

I am, Mr. Editor,
 Yours always,

A. G. L. TREW.

March 4th, 1868.