

INTRODUCTION.

We see the hoards of hidden gold
Like coals of red fire gleaming.

The speech of birds and beasts we know,
The love of trees and flowers ;
We use all magic herbs that grow,
Their good and evil powers.

To join his midnight-gallop wild
The huntsman then invites us ;
Upon the moonlit meadows mild
The elfin-dance delights us"

In wealth, beauty, and lucidity of diction, Rudolf Baumbach is excelled by none of the foremost contemporary writers of Germany. The rhythmical flow of his language, the cadence of his words, the soothing, luring, coaxing, and caressing concord of sweet sounds charm our ear with their harmonious melody, and lull the reason into slumber. "It is," as one of our poet's critics says, "a style good enough for a child to dwell upon and become familiar with, and good enough for an adult to relish."

Supplemented by copious grammatical and explanatory Notes and a complete Vocabulary, the *Woodland Tales* are expected by the Editor to make an excellent and charming first reading book, which advantageously might be put into the hands of beginners at the close of their first, or beginning of the second year of their study in German.

WILHELM BERNHARDT.

WASHINGTON CITY, Christmas, 1898.