

an army long harassed with the fatigues of a bloody war, when you hear Max Piccolomini describe the soldiers returning joyful to their homes, their hats adorned with green boughs, *the last plunder of the fields*, (dem letzten Raub der Felder,) you may safely transfer the sublime idea into our language, you will have enriched our literature and acquired honour to yourselves and to our country. Or if you read Bürger's charming translation of the *Pervigilium Veneris*.*

Morgen liebe, wer die Liebe
Schon gekannt;
Morgen liebe, wer die Liebe
Nie empfand.

You will be tempted to say after him in your own language,

To-morrow let him love, who love
Felt so true;
To-morrow let him love, who love
Never knew.

And when you wish to describe a once beautiful virgin, now pale and disfigured, sinking under the pangs of ill requited love, you will not repeat Shakspeare's admirable, indeed, but trite simile of "patience on a monument, smiling at grief;" but you may lawfully exclaim with the Italian poet:†

Appena si può dir, questa fù rosa,
And you can hardly say this was a rose.

You may also comfort an afflicted friend, bewailing the loss of a beloved infant daughter, in the words of the French poet, Malherbe:

Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

A rose, she lived the time that roses live,
The morning of a day.

In Spanish literature you will also find much to imitate, but I have not time at present to cite examples.

The field is immense, and very far yet from being exhausted. Let other nations honourably steal the beauties of English poetry, and make them their own by transplanting them,

* Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet.

† Guarini.