

plain! It is a ghost! It fades, it flies. Some funeral shall pass this way. The meteor marks the path.

The distant dog is howling from the hut of the hill; the stag lies on the mountain moss : the hind is at his side. She hears the wind in his branchy horns. She starts, but lies again.

The roe is in the cleft of the rock. The heathcock's head is beneath his wing. No beast, no bird is abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a leafless tree, he in a cloud on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, sad, the traveller has lost his way. Through shrubs, through thorns, he goes, along the gurgling rill; he fears the rocks and the fen. He fears the ghost of night. The old tree groans to the blast. The falling branch resounds. The wind drives the withered burs, clung together, along the grass. It is the light tread of a ghost! he trembles amidst the night.

Dark, dusky, howling is night, cloudy, windy and full of ghosts! the dead are abroad! my friends, receive me from the night. (*Ossian.*)

NOTE F, page 283.

IMITATION DE VOLTAIRE.

« Toi sur qui mon tyran prodigue ses bienfaits,  
Soleil! astre de feu, jour heureux que je hais,  
Jour qui fais mon supplice, et dont mes yeux s'étonnent;  
Toi qui sembles le dieu des cieux qui t'environnent,  
Devant qui tout éclat disparoit et s'enfuit,  
Qui fais pâlir le front des astres de la nuit,  
Image du Très-Haut qui régla ta carrière,  
Hélas! j'eusse autrefois éclipsé ta lumière!