



F I N G A L,

A N

ANCIENT EPIC POEM,

In S I X B O O K S :

Together with several other POEMS, composed by

OSSIAN the Son of FINGAL.

Translated from the GALIC LANGUAGE,

By JAMES MACPHERSON,

Fortia facta patrum.

VIRGIL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. De HONDT, in the Strand.

M DCC LXII,

J A S M I T

1880-1881

1882-1883

1884-1885

1886-1887



1888-1889

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE translator thinks it necessary to make the public acquainted with the motives which induced him to depart from his proposals concerning the Originals. Some men of genius, whom he has the honour to number among his friends, advised him to publish proposals for printing by subscription the whole Originals, as a better way of satisfying the public concerning the authenticity of the poems, than depositing manuscript copies in any public library. This he did; but no subscribers appearing, he takes it for the judgment of the public that neither the one or the other is necessary. However, there is a design on foot to print the Originals, as soon as the translator shall have time to transcribe them for the press; and if this publication shall not take place, copies will then be deposited in one of the public libraries, to prevent so ancient a monument of genius from being lost.

THE translator thanks the public for the more than ordinary encouragement given him, for executing this work. The number of his subscribers does him honour. He could have presented to the public the first names in the nation; but, though more have come to his hands, than have appeared before the works of authors of established reputation, yet many more have subscribed; and he chuses to print none at all rather than an imperfect list. Deeply sensible of the generosity of a certain noble person, the translator yet avoids to name him, as his exalted station as well as merit has raised him above the panegyric of one so little known.

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PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

THE love of novelty, which, in some degree, is common to all mankind, is more particularly the characteristic of that mediocrity of parts, which distinguishes more than one half of the human species. This inconstant disposition is never more conspicuous, than in what regards the article of amusement. We change our sentiments concerning it every moment, and the distance between our admiration and extreme contempt, is so very small, that the one is almost a sure presage of the other. The poets, whose business it is to please, if they want to preserve the fame they have once acquired, must very often forfeit their own judgments to this variable temper of the bulk of their readers, and accommodate their writings to this unsettled taste. A fame, so fluctuating deserves not to be much valued.

POETRY, like virtue, receives its reward after death. The fame which men pursued in vain, when living, is often bestowed upon them when they are not sensible of it. This neglect of living authors is not altogether to be attributed to that reluctance which men shew in praising and rewarding genius. It often happens, that
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the man who writes differs greatly from the same man in common life. His foibles, however, are obliterated by death, and his better part, his writings, remain: his character is formed from them, and he that was no extraordinary man in his own time, becomes the wonder of succeeding ages.—From this source proceeds our veneration for the dead. Their virtues remain, but the vices, which were once blended with their virtues, have died with themselves.

THIS consideration might induce a man, diffident of his abilities, to ascribe his own compositions to a person, whose remote antiquity and whose situation, when alive, might well answer for faults which would be inexcusable in a writer of this age. An ingenious gentleman made this observation, before he knew any thing but the name of the epic poem, which is printed in the following collection. When he had read it, his sentiments were changed. He found it abounded too much with those ideas, that only belong to the most early state of society, to be the work of a modern poet. Of this, I am persuaded, the public will be as thoroughly convinced, as this gentleman was, when they shall see the poems; and that some will think, notwithstanding the disadvantages with which the works ascribed to Ossian appear, it would be a very uncommon instance of self-denial in me to disown them, were they really of my composition.

I WOULD not have dwelt so long upon this subject, especially as I have answered all reasonable objections to the genuineness of the poems in the Dissertation, were it not on account of the prejudices of the present age against the ancient inhabitants of Britain, who are thought to have been incapable of the generous sentiments to be met with in the poems of Ossian.—If we err in praising too much the times of our forefathers, it is also as repugnant to good sense,

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to be altogether blind to the imperfections of our own. If our fathers had not so much wealth, they had certainly fewer vices than the present age. Their tables, it is true, were not so well provided, neither were their beds so soft as those of modern times; and this, in the eyes of men who place their ultimate happiness in those conveniences of life, gives us a great advantage over them. I shall not enter farther into this subject, but only observe, that the general poverty of a nation has not the same influence, that the indigence of individuals, in an opulent country, has, upon the manners of the community. The idea of meanness, which is now connected with a narrow fortune, had its rise after commerce had thrown too much property into the hands of a few; for the poorer sort, imitating the vices of the rich, were obliged to have recourse to roguery and circumvention, in order to supply their extravagance, so that they were, not without reason, reckoned, in more than one sense, the worst of the people.

IT is now two years since the first translations from the Galic language were handed about among people of taste in Scotland. They became at last so much corrupted, through the carelessness of transcribers, that, for my own sake, I was obliged to print the genuine copies. Some other pieces were added, to swell the publication into a pamphlet, which was entitled, *Fragments of Ancient Poetry*.—The *Fragments*, upon their first appearance, were so much approved of, that several people of rank, as well as taste, prevailed with me to make a journey into the Highlands and western isles, in order to recover what remained of the works of the old bards, especially those of Ossian, the son of Fingal, who was the best, as well as most ancient, of those who are celebrated in tradition for their poetical genius.—I undertook this journey, more from a desire

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of complying with the request of my friends, than from any hopes I had of answering their expectations. I was not unsuccessful, considering how much the compositions of ancient times have been neglected, for some time past, in the north of Scotland. Several gentlemen in the Highlands and isles generously gave me all the assistance in their power; and it was by their means I was enabled to compleat the epic poem. How far it comes up to the rules of the epopœa, is the province of criticism to examine. It is only my business to lay it before the reader, as I have found it. As it is one of the chief beauties of composition, to be well understood, I shall here give the story of the poem, to prevent that obscurity which the introduction of characters utterly unknown might occasion.

ARTHO, supreme king of Ireland, dying at Temora the royal palace of the Irish kings, was succeeded by Cormac, his son, a minor. Cuchullin, the son of Semo, lord of the *Isle of Mjst*, one of the Hebrides, being at that time in Ulster, and very famous for his great exploits, was, in a convention of the petty kings and heads of tribes assembled for that purpose at Temora, unanimously chosen guardian to the young king.—He had not managed the affairs of Cormac long, when news was brought, that Swaran, the son of Starno, king of Lochlin, or Scandinavia, intended to invade Ireland. Cuchullin immediately dispatched Munan, the son of Stirmal, an Irish chief, to Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the western coast of Scotland, to implore his aid. Fingal, as well from a principle of generosity, as from his connection with the royal family of Ireland, resolved on an expedition into that country; but before his arrival, the enemy had landed in Ulster.—Cuchullin in the mean time had gathered the flower of the Irish tribes to Tura, a castle of
Ulster,

Ulster, and dispatched scouts along the coast, to give the most early intelligence of the enemy.—Such is the situation of affairs, when the poem opens.

CUCHULLIN, sitting alone beneath a tree, at the gate of Tura, ^{Fig. B. I.} for the other chiefs had gone on a hunting party to Cronla, a neighbouring hill, is informed of Swaran's landing by Moran, the son of Fithil, one of his scouts. He convenes the chiefs; a council is held, and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. Connal, the petty king of Togorma, and an intimate friend of Cuchullin, was for retreating till Fingal should arrive; but Calmar, the son of Matha, lord of Lara, a country in Connaught, was for engaging the enemy immediately.—Cuchullin, of himself willing to fight, went into the opinion of Calmar. Marching towards the enemy, he missed three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Duchomar, and Caithbat. Fergus arriving, tells Cuchullin of the death of the two other chiefs; which introduces the affecting episode of Morna, the daughter of Cormac—The army of Cuchullin is descried at a distance by Swaran, who sent the son of Arno to observe the motions of the enemy, while he himself ranged his forces in order of battle.—The son of Arno returning to Swaran, describes to him Cuchullin's chariot, and the terrible appearance of that hero. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuchullin, according to the hospitality of the times, sends to Swaran a formal invitation to a feast, by his bard Carril, the son of Kinfena.—Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuchullin the story of Grudar and Brassolis. A party, by Connal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy; which closes the action of the first day.

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B. II.

THE ghost of Crugal, one of the Irish heroes who was killed in battle, appearing to Connal, foretels the defeat of Cuchullin in the next battle; and earnestly advises him to make peace with Swaran. Connal communicates the vision; but Cuchullin is inflexible from a principle of honour that he would not be the first to sue for peace, and resolved to continue the war. Morning comes; Swaran proposes dishonourable terms to Cuchullin, which are rejected. The battle begins, and is obstinately fought for some time, until, upon the flight of Grumal, the whole Irish army gave way. Cuchullin and Connal cover their retreat: Carril leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by Cuchullin himself, who descries the fleet of Fingal making towards the coast; but, night coming on, he lost sight of it again. Cuchullin, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of Ferda his friend, whom he had killed some time before. Carril, to shew that ill success did not always attend those who innocently killed their friends, introduces the episode of Comal and Galvina.

B. III.

CUCHULLIN, pleased with Carril's story, insists with him for more of his songs. The bard relates the actions of Fingal in Lochlin, and death of Agandecca the beautiful sister of Swaran. He had scarce finished when Calmar the son of Matha, who had advised the first battle, came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprize the remains of the Irish army. He himself proposes to withstand singly the whole force of the enemy, in a narrow pass, till the Irish should make good their retreat. Cuchullin, touched with the gallant proposal of Calmar, resolves to accompany him, and orders Carril to carry off the few that remained of the Irish. Morning comes, Calmar dies of his wounds; and, the ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran gives over the pursuit of the Irish, and returns

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turns to oppose Fingal's landing. Cuchullin ashamed, after his defeat, to appear before Fingal, retires to the cave of Tura. Fingal engages the enemy, puts them to flight; but the coming on of night makes the victory not decisive. The king, who had observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson Oscar, gives him advices concerning his conduct in peace and war. He recommends to him to place the example of his fathers before his eyes, as the best model for his conduct; which introduces the episode concerning Fainasól-lis, the daughter of the king of Craca, whom Fingal had taken under his protection, in his youth. Fillan and Oscar are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night; Gaul the son of Morni desires the command of the army, in the next battle; which Fingal promises to give him. The song of the bards closes the third day.

THE action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that B. IV. opportunity to relate his own actions at the lake of Lego, and his courtship of Evirallin, who was the mother of Oscar, and had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland. Her ghost appears to him, and tells him that Oscar, who had been sent, the beginning of the night, to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party, and almost overpowered. Ossian relieves his son; and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran. The king rises, calls his army together, and, as he had promised the preceding night, devolves the command on Gaul the son of Morni, while he himself, after charging his sons to behave gallantly and defend his people, retires to a hill, from whence he could have a view of the battle. The battle joins; the poet relates Oscar's great actions. But when Oscar, in conjunction with his father, conquered in one wing, Gaul, who was attacked by Swaran in person,

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was on the point of retreating in the other. Fingal sends Ullin his bard to encourage him with a war song, but notwithstanding Swaran prevails; and Gaul and his army are obliged to give way. Fingal, descending from the hill, rallies them again: Swaran desists from the pursuit, possesses himself of a rising ground, restores the ranks, and waits the approach of Fingal. The king, having encouraged his men, gives the necessary orders, and renews the battle. Cuchullin, who, with his friend Connal, and Carril his bard, had retired to the cave of Tura, hearing the noise, came to the brow of the hill, which overlooked the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged with the enemy. He, being hindered by Connal from joining Fingal, who was himself upon the point of obtaining a complete victory, sends Carril to congratulate that hero on his success.

E. V. IN the mean time Fingal and Swaran meet; the combat is described: Swaran is overcome, bound and delivered over as a prisoner to the care of Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni; Fingal, his younger sons, and Oscar, still pursue the enemy. The episode of Orla a chief of Lochlin, who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. Fingal, touched with the death of Orla, orders the pursuit to be discontinued; and calling his sons together, he is informed that Ryno, the youngest of them, was killed. He laments his death, hears the story of Lamdarg and Gelchossá, and returns towards the place where he had left Swaran. Carril, who had been sent by Cuchullin to congratulate Fingal on his victory, comes in the mean time to Ossian. The conversation of the two poets closes the action of the fourth day.

E. VI. NIGHT comes on. Fingal gives a feast to his army, at which Swaran is present. The king commands Ullin his bard to give the
song

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song of peace; a custom always observed at the end of a war. Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great grandfather to Fingal, in Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, the daughter of a king of Lochlin who was ancestor to Swaran; which consideration, together with his being brother to Agandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the king to release him, and permit him to return, with the remains of his army, into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland, in a hostile manner. The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure, in songs of bards, and in a conversation in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal. Morning comes. Swaran departs; Fingal goes on a hunting party, and finding Cuchullin in the cave of Tura, comforts him, and sets sail, the next day, for Scotland; which concludes the poem.

THE story of this poem is so little interlarded with fable, that one cannot help thinking it the genuine history of Fingal's expedition, embellished by poetry. In that case, the compositions of Ossian are not less valuable for the light they throw on the ancient state of Scotland and Ireland than they are for their poetical merit. Succeeding generations founded on them all their traditions concerning that period; and they magnified or varied them, in proportion as they were swayed by credulity or design. The bards of Ireland, by ascribing to Ossian compositions which are evidently their own, have occasioned a general belief, in that country, that Fingal was of Irish extraction, and not of the ancient Caledonians, as is said in the genuine poems of Ossian. The inconsistencies between those spurious pieces prove the ignorance of their authors. In one of them Ossian is made to mention himself as baptised by St. Patrick, in another he speaks of the famous crusade, which was not begun in Europe for many centuries after.

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THOUGH this anachronism quite destroys the authority of the bards with respect to Fingal; yet their desire to make him their countryman shews how famous he was in Ireland as well as in the north of Scotland.

HAD the Senachies of Ireland been as well acquainted with the antiquities of their nation as they pretended, they might derive as much honour from Fingal's being a Caledonian, as if he had been an Irishman; for both nations were almost the same people in the days of that hero. The Celtæ, who inhabited Britain and Ireland before the invasion of the Romans, though they were divided into numerous tribes, yet, as the same language and customs, and the memory of their common origin remained among them, they considered themselves as one nation. After South Britain became a province of Rome, and its inhabitants begun to adopt the language and customs of their conquerors, the Celtæ beyond the pale of the empire, considered them as a distinct people, and consequently treated them as enemies. On the other hand, the strictest amity subsisted between the Irish and Scots Celtæ for many ages, and the customs and ancient language of both still remaining, leave no room to doubt that they were of old one and the same nation.

IT was at first intended to prefix to Ossian's poems a discourse concerning the ancient inhabitants of Britain; but as a gentleman, in the north of Scotland, who has thoroughly examined the antiquities of this island, and is perfectly acquainted with all the branches of the Celtic tongue, is just now preparing for the press a work on that subject, the curious are referred to it.

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D I S S E R T A T I O N

CONCERNING THE
ANTIQUITY, &c. of the POEMS of
OSSIAN the Son of FINGAL.

INQUIRIES into the antiquities of nations afford more pleasure than any real advantage to mankind. The ingenious may form systems of history on probabilities and a few facts; but at a great distance of time, their accounts must be vague and uncertain. The infancy of states and kingdoms is as destitute of great events, as of the means of transmitting them to posterity. The arts of polished life, by which alone facts can be preserved with certainty, are the production of a well formed community. It is then historians begin to write, and public transactions to be worthy remembrance. The actions of former times are left in obscurity, or magnified by uncertain traditions. Hence it is that we find so much of the marvellous in the origin of every nation; posterity being always ready to believe any thing, however fabulous, that reflects honour on their ancestors. The Greeks and Romans were remarkable for this weakness. They swallowed the most absurd fables concerning the high antiquities of their respective nations. Good historians, however, rose very early
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Plin. l. 6.

amongst them, and transmitted, with lustre, their great actions to posterity. It is to them that they owe that unrivalled fame they now enjoy, while the great actions of other nations are involved in fables, or lost in obscurity. The Celtic nations afford a striking instance of this kind. They, though once the masters of Europe from the mouth of the river Oby, in Russia, to Cape Finistere, the western point of Galicia in Spain, are very little mentioned in history. They trusted their fame to tradition and the songs of their bards, which, by the vicissitude of human affairs, are long since lost. Their ancient language is the only monument that remains of them; and the traces of it being found in places so widely distant of each other, serves only to shew the extent of their ancient power, but throws very little light on their history.

Cæsar. l. 5.
Tac. Agric.
l. i. c. 2.Cæsar.
Pomp. Mel.
Tacitus.

Of all the Celtic nations, that which possessed old Gaul is the most renowned; not perhaps on account of worth superior to the rest, but for their wars with a people who had historians to transmit the fame of their enemies, as well as their own, to posterity. Britain was first peopled by them, according to the testimony of the best authors; its situation in respect to Gaul makes the opinion probable; but what puts it beyond all dispute, is that the same customs and language prevailed among the inhabitants of both in the days of Julius Cæsar.

Dio. Sic. l. 5.

THE colony from Gaul possessed themselves, at first, of that part of Britain which was next to their own country; and spreading northward, by degrees, as they increased in numbers, peopled the whole island. Some adventurers passing over from those parts of Britain that are within sight of Ireland, were the founders of the Irish nation: which is a more probable story than the idle fables of Milesian and Gallician colonies. Diodorus Siculus mentions it as a

thing well known in his time, that the inhabitants of Ireland were originally Britons; and his testimony is unquestionable, when we consider that, for many ages, the language and customs of both nations were the same.

TACITUS was of opinion that the ancient Caledonians were of German extract. By the language and customs which always prevailed in the North of Scotland, and which are undoubtedly Celtic, one would be tempted to differ in opinion from that celebrated writer. The Germans, properly so called, were not the same with the ancient Celtæ. The manners and customs of the two nations were similar; but their language different. The Germans are the genuine descendants of the ancient Dacæ, afterwards well known by the name of Daci, and passed originally into Europe by the way of the northern countries, and settled beyond the Danube, towards the vast regions of Transilvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia; and from thence advanced by degrees into Germany. The Celtæ, it is certain, sent many Colonies into that country, all of whom retained their own laws, language, and customs; and it is of them, if any colonies came from Germany into Scotland, that the ancient Caledonians were descended.

Strabo l. 7.

Cæs. l. 6.

Liv. l. 5.

Tac. de
mor. Germ.

BUT whether the Caledonians were a colony of the Celtic Germans, or the same with the Gauls that first possessed themselves of Britain, is a matter of no moment at this distance of time. Whatever their origin was, we find them very numerous in the time of Julius Agricola, which is a presumption that they were long before settled in the country. The form of their government was a mixture of aristocracy and monarchy, as it was in all the countries where the Druids bore the chief sway. This order of men seems to have been formed on the same system with the Dactyli Idæi and Curetes

of the ancients. Their pretended intercourse with heaven, their magic and divination were the same. The knowledge of the Druids in natural causes, and the properties of certain things, the fruit of the experiments of ages gained them a mighty reputation among the people. The esteem of the populace soon increased into a veneration for the order; which a cunning and ambitious tribe of men took care to improve, to such a degree, that they, in a manner, ingrossed the management of civil, as well as religious, matters. It is generally allowed that they did not abuse this extraordinary power; the preserving their character of sanctity was so essential to their influence, that they never broke out into violence or oppression. The chiefs were allowed to execute the laws, but the legislative power was entirely in the hands of the Druids. It was by their authority that the tribes were united, in times of the greatest danger, under one head. This temporary king, or Vergobretus, was chosen by them, and generally laid down his office at the end of the war. These priests enjoyed long this extraordinary privilege among the Celtic nations who lay beyond the pale of the Roman empire. It was in the beginning of the second century that their power among the Caledonians began to decline. The poems that celebrate Trathal and Cormac, ancestors to Fingal, are full of particulars concerning the fall of the Druids, which account for the total silence concerning their religion in the poems that are now given to the public.

Cæf. 1. 6.

Fer-gu-breth, *the man to judge.*

THE continual wars of the Caledonians against the Romans hindered the nobility from initiating themselves, as the custom formerly was, into the order of the Druids. The precepts of their religion were confined to a few, and were not much attended to by a people inured to war. The Vergobretus, or chief magistrate, was chosen without the concurrence of the hierarchy, or continued in his office against their will. Continual power strengthened his interest

terest among the tribes, and enabled him to send down, as hereditary to his posterity, the office he had only received himself by election.

On occasion of a new war against the *King of the World*, as the poems emphatically call the Roman emperor, the Druids, to vindicate the honour of the order, began to resume their ancient privilege of chusing the Vergobretus. Garmal, the son of Tarno, being deputed by them, came to the grandfather of the celebrated Fingal, who was then Vergobretus, and commanded him, in the name of the whole order, to lay down his office. Upon his refusal, a civil war commenced, which soon ended in almost the total extinction of the religious order of the Druids. A few that remained, retired to the dark recesses of their groves, and the caves they had formerly used for their meditations. It is then we find them in *the circle of stones*, and unheeded by the world. A total disregard for the order, and utter abhorrence of the Druidical rites ensued. Under this cloud of public hate, all that had any knowledge of the religion of the Druids became extinct, and the nation fell into the last degree of ignorance of their rites and ceremonies.

IT is no matter of wonder then, that Fingal and his son Ossian make so little, if any, mention of the Druids, who were the declared enemies to their succession in the supreme magistracy. It is a singular case, it must be allowed, that there are no traces of religion in the poems ascribed to Ossian; as the poetical compositions of other nations are so closely connected with their mythology. It is hard to account for it to those who are not made acquainted with the manner of the old Scottish bards. That race of men carried their notions of martial honour to an extravagant pitch. Any aid given their heroes in battle, was thought to derogate from their fame; and the bards
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immediately transferred the glory of the action to him who had given that aid.

HAD Ossian brought down gods, as often as Homer hath done, to assist his heroes, this poem had not consisted of elogiums on his friends, but of hymns to these superior beings. To this day, those that write in the Galic language seldom mention religion in their profane poetry; and when they professedly write of religion, they never interlard with their compositions, the actions of their heroes. This custom alone, even though the religion of the Druids had not been previously extinguished, may, in some measure, account for Ossian's silence concerning the religion of his own times.

To say, that a nation is void of all religion, is the same thing as to say, that it does not consist of people endued with reason. The traditions of their fathers, and their own observations on the works of nature, together with that superstition which is inherent in the human frame, have, in all ages, raised in the minds of men some idea of a superior being.—Hence it is, that in the darkest times, and amongst the most barbarous nations, the very populace themselves had some faint notion, at least, of a divinity. It would be doing injustice to Ossian, who, upon no occasion, shews a narrow mind, to think, that he had not opened his conceptions to that primitive and greatest of all truths. But let Ossian's religion be what it will, it is certain he had no knowledge of Christianity, as there is not the least allusion to it, or any of its rites, in his poems; which absolutely fixes him to an æra prior to the introduction of that religion. The persecution begun by Dioclesian, in the year 303, is the most probable time in which the first dawning of Christianity in the north of Britain can be fixed.—The humane and mild character of Constantius Chlorus, who commanded then in
Britain,

Britain, induced the persecuted Christians to take refuge under him. Some of them, through a zeal to propagate their tenets, or through fear, went beyond the pale of the Roman empire, and settled among the Caledonians; who were the more ready to hearken to their doctrines, as the religion of the Druids had been exploded so long before.

THESE missionaries, either through choice, or to give more weight to the doctrine they advanced, took possession of the cells and groves of the Druids; and it was from this retired life they had the name of *Culdees*, which in the language of the country signified *sequestered persons*. It was with one of the *Culdees* that Ossian, in his extreme old age, is said to have disputed concerning the Christian religion. This dispute is still extant, and is couched in verse, according to the custom of the times. The extreme ignorance on the part of Ossian, of the Christian tenets, shews, that that religion had only been lately introduced, as it is not easy to conceive, how one of the first rank could be totally unacquainted with a religion that had been known for any time in the country. The dispute bears the genuine marks of antiquity. The obsolete phrases and expressions peculiar to the times, prove it to be no forgery. If Ossian then lived at the introduction of Christianity, as by all appearance he did, his epoch will be the latter end of the third, and beginning of the fourth century. What puts this point beyond dispute, is the allusion in his poems to the history of the times.

THE exploits of Fingal against Caracul, the son of the *King of the Carac'huil, World*, are among the first brave actions of his youth. A complete *terrible eye.* poem, which relates to this subject, is printed in this collection.

IN the year 210 the emperor Severus, after returning from his expeditions against the Caledonians, at York fell into the tedious illness of which he afterwards died. The Caledonians and Maia-tæ, refusing courage from his indisposition, took arms in order to recover the possessions they had lost. The enraged emperor commanded his army to march into their country, and to destroy it with fire and sword. His orders were but ill executed, for his son, Caracalla, was at the head of the army, and his thoughts were entirely taken up with the hopes of his father's death, and with schemes to supplant his brother Geta.—He scarcely had entered the enemy's country, when news was brought him that Severus was dead.—A sudden peace is patched up with the Caledonians, and, as it appears from Dion Cassius, the country they had lost to Severus was restored to them.

THE Caracul of Fingal is no other than Caracalla, who, as the son of Severus, the Emperor of Rome, whose dominions were extended almost over the known world, was not without reason called in the poems of Ossian, *the Son of the King of the World*. The space of time between 211, the year Severus died, and the beginning of the fourth century, is not so great, but Ossian the son of Fingal, might have seen the Christians whom the persecution under Dioclesian had driven beyond the pale of the Roman empire.

OSSIAN, in one of his many lamentations on the death of his beloved son Oskar, mentions among his great actions, a battle which he fought against Caros, king of ships, on the banks of the winding Carun. It is more than probable, that the Caros mentioned here, is the same with the noted usurper Carausius, who assumed the purple in the year 287, and seizing on Britain, defeated the emperor Maximian Herculus, in several naval engagements, which gives propriety to his

his being called in Ossian's poems, *the King of Ships*. The *winding Carun* is that small river retaining still the name of Carron, and runs in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, which Carausius repaired to obstruct the incursions of the Caledonians. Several other passages in the poems allude to the wars of the Romans; but the two just mentioned clearly fix the epoch of Fingal to the third century; and this account agrees exactly with the Irish histories, which place the death of Fingal, the son of Comhal, in the year 283, and that of Oscar and their own celebrated Cairbre, in the year 296.

SOME people may imagine, that the allusions to the Roman history might have been industriously inserted into the poems, to give them the appearance of antiquity. This fraud must then have been committed at least three ages ago, as the passages in which the allusions are made, are alluded to often in the compositions of those times.

EVERY one knows what a cloud of ignorance and barbarism overspread the north of Europe three hundred years ago. The minds of men, addicted to superstition, contracted a narrowness that destroyed genius. Accordingly we find the compositions of those times trivial and puerile to the last degree. But let it be allowed, that, amidst all the untoward circumstances of the age, a genius might arise, it is not easy to determine what could induce him to give the honour of his compositions to an age so remote. We find no fact that he has advanced, to favour any designs which could be entertained by any man who lived in the fifteenth century. But should we suppose a poet, through humour, or for reasons which cannot be seen at this distance of time, would ascribe his own compositions to Ossian, it is next to impossible, that he could impose

upon his countrymen, when all of them were so well acquainted with the traditional poems of their ancestors.

THE strongest objection to the authenticity of the poems now given to the public under the name of Ossian, is the improbability of their being handed down by tradition through so many centuries. Ages of barbarism some will say, could not produce poems abounding with the disinterested and generous sentiments so conspicuous in the compositions of Ossian; and could these ages produce them, it is impossible but they must be lost, or altogether corrupted in a long succession of barbarous generations.

THESE objections naturally suggest themselves to men unacquainted with the ancient state of the northern parts of Britain. The bards, who were an inferior order of the Druids, did not share their bad fortune. They were spared by the victorious king, as it was through their means only he could hope for immortality to his fame. They attended him in the camp, and contributed to establish his power by their songs. His great actions were magnified, and the populace, who had no ability to examine into his character narrowly, were dazzled with his fame in the rhimes of the bards. In the mean time, men assumed sentiments that are rarely to be met with in an age of barbarism. The bards who were originally the disciples of the Druids, had their minds opened, and their ideas enlarged, by being initiated in the learning of that celebrated order. They could form a perfect hero in their own minds, and ascribe that character to their prince. The inferior chiefs made this ideal character the model of their conduct, and by degrees brought their minds to that generous spirit which breathes in all the poetry of the times. The prince, flattered by
his

his bards, and rivalled by his own heroes, who imitated his character as described in the eulogies of his poets, endeavoured to excel his people in merit, as he was above them in station. This emulation continuing, formed at last the general character of the nation, happily compounded of what is noble in barbarity, and virtuous and generous in a polished people.

WHEN virtue in peace, and bravery in war, are the characteristics of a nation, their actions become interesting, and their fame worthy of immortality. A generous spirit is warmed with noble actions, and becomes ambitious of perpetuating them. This is the true source of that divine inspiration, to which the poets of all ages pretended. When they found their themes inadequate to the warmth of their imaginations, they varnished them over with fables, supplied by their own fancy, or furnished by absurd traditions. These fables, however ridiculous, had their abettors; posterity either implicitly believed them, or through a vanity natural to mankind, pretended that they did. They loved to place the founders of their families in the days of fable, when poetry, without the fear of contradiction, could give what characters she pleased of her heroes. It is to this vanity that we owe the preservation of what remain of the works of Ossian. His poetical merit made his heroes famous in a country where heroism was much esteemed and admired. The posterity of these heroes, or those who pretended to be descended from them, heard with pleasure the eulogiums of their ancestors; bards were employed to repeat the poems, and to record the connection of their patrons with chiefs so renowned. Every chief in process of time had a bard in his family, and the office became at last hereditary. By the succession of these bards, the poems concerning the ancestors of the family were handed down from generation to generation; they were repeated to the whole clan on

solemn occasions, and always alluded to in the new compositions of the bards. This custom came down near to our own times; and after the bards were discontinued, a great number in a clan retained by memory, or committed to writing, their compositions, and founded the antiquity of their families on the authority of their poems.

THE use of letters was not known in the North of Europe till long after the institution of the bards: the records of the families of their patrons, their own, and more ancient poems were handed down by tradition. Their poetical compositions were admirably contrived for that purpose. They were adapted to music; and the most perfect harmony observed. Each verse was so connected with those which preceded or followed it, that if one line had been remembered in a stanza, it was almost impossible to forget the rest. The cadences followed in so natural a gradation, and the words were so adapted to the common turn of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key, that it was almost impossible, from a similarity of sound, to substitute one word for another. This excellence is peculiar to the Celtic tongue, and is perhaps to be met with in no other language. Nor does this choice of words clog the sense or weaken the expression. The numerous flexions of consonants, and variation in declension, make the language very copious.

THE descendants of the Celta, who inhabited Britain and its isles, were not singular in this method of preserving the most precious monuments of their nation. The ancient laws of the Greeks were couched in verse, and handed down by tradition. The Spartans, through a long habit, became so fond of this custom, that they would never allow their laws to be committed to writing. The actions of great men, and the elogiums of kings and heroes were preserved in the same manner. All the historical monuments of the
old

old Germans were comprehended in their ancient songs; which were either hymns to their gods, or elegies in praise of their heroes, and were intended to perpetuate the great events in their nation which were carefully interwoven them. This species of composition was not committed to writing, but delivered by oral tradition. The care they took to have the poems taught to their children, the uninterrupted custom of repeating them upon certain occasions, and the happy measure of the verse, served to preserve them for a long time uncorrupted. This oral chronicle of the Germans was not forgot in the eighth century, and it probably would have remained to this day, had not learning, which thinks every thing that is not committed to writing, fabulous, been introduced. It was from poetical traditions that Garcillasso composed his account of the Yncas of Peru. The Peruvians had lost all other monuments of their history, and it was from ancient poems which his mother, a princess of the blood of the Yncas, taught him in his youth, that he collected the materials of his history. If other nations then, that had been often overrun by enemies, and had sent abroad and received colonies, could, for many ages, preserve, by oral tradition, their laws and histories uncorrupted, it is much more probable that the ancient Scots, a people so free of intermixture with foreigners, and so strongly attached to the memory of their ancestors, had the works of their bards handed down with great purity.

Tacitus de
mor. Germ.

Abbé de la
Bleterie Re-
marques sur
la Germanie.

It will seem strange to some, that poems admired for many centuries in one part of this kingdom should be hitherto unknown in the other; and that the British, who have carefully traced out the works of genius in other nations, should so long remain strangers to their own. This, in a great measure, is to be imputed to those who understood both languages and never attempted a translation. They, from being acquainted but with detached pieces, or from a

modesty, which perhaps the present translator ought, in prudence, to have followed, despaired of making the compositions of their bards agreeable to an English reader. The manner of those compositions is so different from other poems, and the ideas so confined to the most early state of society, that it was thought they had not enough of variety to please a polished age.

THIS was long the opinion of the translator of the following collection; and though he admired the poems, in the original, very early, and gathered part of them from tradition for his own amusement, yet he never had the smallest hopes of seeing them in an English dress. He was sensible that the strength and manner of both languages were very different, and that it was next to impossible to translate the Galic poetry into any thing of tolerable English verse; a prose translation he could never think of, as it must necessarily fall short of the majesty of an original. It was a gentleman, who has himself made a figure in the poetical world, that gave him the first hint concerning a literal prose translation. He tried it at his desire, and the specimen was approved. Other gentlemen were earnest in exhorting him to bring more to the light, and it is to their uncommon zeal that the world owes the Galic poems, if they have any merit.

IT was at first intended to make a general collection of all the ancient pieces of genius to be found in the Galic language; but the translator had his reasons for confining himself to the remains of the works of Ossian. The action of the poem that stands the first, was not the greatest or most celebrated of the exploits of Fingal. His wars were very numerous, and each of them afforded a theme which employed the genius of his son. But, excepting the present poem, those are irrecoverably lost, and there only remain a few fragments

in the hands of the translator. Tradition has still preserved, in many places, the story of the poems, and many now living have heard them, in their youth, repeated.

THE complete work, now printed, would, in a short time, have shared the fate of the rest. The genius of the highlanders has suffered a great change within these few years. The communication with the rest of the island is open, and the introduction of trade and manufactures has destroyed that leisure which was formerly dedicated to hearing and repeating the poems of ancient times. Many have now learned to leave their mountains, and seek their fortunes in a milder climate; and though a certain *amor patriæ* may sometimes bring them back, they have, during their absence, imbibed enough of foreign manners to despise the customs of their ancestors. Bards have been long dispersed, and the spirit of genealogy has greatly subsided. Men begin to be less devoted to their chiefs, and confanguinity is not so much regarded. When property is established, the human mind confines its views to the pleasure it procures. It does not go back to antiquity, or look forward to succeeding ages. The cares of life increase, and the actions of other times no longer amuse. Hence it is, that the taste for their ancient poetry is at a low ebb among the highlanders. They have not, however, thrown off the good qualities of their ancestors. Hospitality still subsists, and an uncommon civility to strangers. Friendship is inviolable, and revenge less blindly followed than formerly.

To say any thing, concerning the poetical merit of the poems, would be an anticipation on the judgment of the public. The poem which stands first in the collection is truly epic. The characters are strongly marked, and the sentiments breathe heroism. The subject of it is an invasion of Ireland by Swaran king of Lochlin, which is the

name of Scandinavia in the Galic language. Cuchullin, general of the Irish tribes in the minority of Cormac king of Ireland, upon intelligence of the invasion, assembled his forces near Tura, a castle on the coast of Ulster. The poem opens with the landing of Swaran, councils are held, battles fought, and Cuchullin is, at last, totally defeated. In the mean time, Fingal, king of Scotland, whose aid was solicited before the enemy landed, arrived and expelled them from the country. This war, which continued but six days and as many nights, is, including the episodes, the whole story of the poem. The scene is the heath of Lena near a mountain called Cromleach in Ulster.

ALL that can be said of the translation, is that it is literal, and that simplicity is studied. The arrangement of the words in the original is imitated, and the inversions of the style observed. As the translator claims no merit from his version, he hopes for the indulgence of the public where he fails. He wishes that the imperfect semblance he draws, may not prejudice the world against an original, which contains what is beautiful in simplicity, and grand in the sublime.

F I N G A L,

AN ANCIENT

E P I C P O E M.

IN SIX BOOKS.



B O O K I.



CUCHULLIN * sat by Tura's wall; by the tree of the rustling leaf.—His spear leaned against the mossy rock. His shield lay by him on the grass. As he thought of mighty Car-

* Cuchullin the son of Semo and grandson to Caithbat a druid celebrated in tradition for his wisdom and valour. Cuchullin when very young married Bragela the daughter of Sorglan, and passing over into Ireland, lived for some time with Connal, grandson by a daughter to Congal the petty king of Ulster. His wisdom and valour in a short time gained him such reputation, that in the minority of Cormac the supreme king of Ireland, he was chosen guardian to the young king, and

sole manager of the war against Swaran king of Lochlin. After a series of great actions he was killed in battle somewhere in Connaught, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He was so remarkable for his strength, that to describe a strong man it has passed into a proverb, "He has the strength of Cuchullin." They shew the remains of his palace at Dunseach in the Isle of Skye; and a stone to which he bound his dog Luath, goes still by his name.

bar *, a hero whom he slew in war ; the scout † of the ocean came, Moran ‡ the son of Fithil.

RISE, said the youth, Cuchullin, rise ; I see the ships of Swaran. Cuchullin, many are the foe : many the heroes of the dark-rolling sea.

MORAN !/replied the blue-eyed chief) thou ever tremblest, son of Fithil : Thy fears have much increased the foe. Perhaps it is the king || of the lonely hills coming to aid me on green Ullin's plains.

I SAW their chief, says Moran, tall as a rock of ice. His spear is like that blasted fir. His shield like the rising moon †. He sat on a rock on the shore : like a cloud of mist on the silent hill.—Many, chief of men ! I said, many are our hands of war.—Well

* Cairbar or Cairbre signifies a strong man.

† Cuchullin having previous intelligence of the invasion intended by Swaran, sent scouts all over the coast of Ullin or Ulster, to give early notice of the first appearance of the enemy, at the same time that he sent Munan the son of Stirmal to implore the assistance of Fingal. He himself collected the flower of the Irish youth to Tura, a castle on the coast, to stop the progress of the enemy till Fingal should arrive from Scotland. We may conclude from Cuchullin's applying so early for foreign aid, that the Irish were not then so numerous as they have since been ; which is a great presumption against the high antiquities of that people. We have the testimony of

Tacitus that one legion only was thought sufficient, in the time of Agricola, to reduce the whole island under the Roman yoke ; which would not probably have been the case had the island been inhabited for any number of centuries before.

‡ Moran signifies many ; and Fithil, or rather Fili, *an inferior bard*.

|| Fingal the son of Comhal and Morna the daughter of Thaddu. His grandfather was Trathal, and great grandfather Tremmor, both of whom are often mentioned in the poem.

† ———His ponderous shield
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon.

MILTON.

art thou named, the Mighty Man, but many mighty men are seen from Tura's walls of wind.—He answered, like a wave on a rock, who in this land appears like me? Heroes stand not in my presence: they fall to earth beneath my hand. None can meet Swaran in the fight but Fingal, king of stormy hills. Once we wrestled on the heath of Malmor*, and our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place; and rivulets, changing their course, fled murmuring from our strife. Three days we renewed our strife, and heroes stood at a distance and trembled. On the fourth, Fingal says, that the king of the ocean fell; but Swaran says, he stood. Let dark Cuchullin yield to him that is strong as the storms of Malmor.

No: replied the blue-eyed chief, I will never yield to man. Dark Cuchullin will be great or dead. Go, Fithil's son, and take my spear: strike the founding shield of Cabait †. It hangs at Tura's rustling gate; the sound of peace is not its voice. My heroes shall hear on the hill.

HE went and struck the bossy shield. The hills and their rocks replied. The sound spread along the wood: deer start by the lake of roes. Curach ‡ leapt from the founding rock; and Connal of the bloody spear. Crugal's || breast of snow beats high. The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind. It is the shield of war, said Ronnar, the spear of Cuchullin, said Lugar.—Son of the sea put

* Meal-mór—a great hill.

† Cabait, or rather Cathbait, grandfather to the hero, was so remarkable for his valour, that his shield was made use of to alarm his posterity to the battles of the family. We find Fingal making the same use

of his own shield in the 4th book.—A horn was the most common instrument to call the army together before the invention of bagpipes.

‡ Cu-raoch signifies the madness of battle.

|| Cruth-geal—fair-complexioned.

on thy arms! Calmar lift thy sounding steel! Puno! horrid hero, rise: Cairbar from thy red tree of Cromla. Bend thy white knee, O Eth; and descend from the streams of Lena.—Ca-olt stretch thy white side as thou movest along the whistling heath of Mora: thy side that is white as the foam of the troubled sea, when the dark winds pour it on the murmuring rocks of Cuthon*.

Now I behold the chiefs in the pride of their former deeds; their souls are kindled at the battles of old, and the actions of other times. Their eyes are like flames of fire, and roll in search of the foes of the land.—Their mighty hands are on their swords; and lightning pours from their sides of steel.—They came like streams from the mountains; each rushed roaring from his hill. Bright are the chiefs of battle in the armour of their fathers.—Gloomy and dark their heroes followed, like the gathering of the rainy clouds behind the red meteors of heaven.—The sounds of crashing arms ascend. The gray dogs howl between.—Unequally bursts the fong of battle; and rocking Cromla † echoes round. On Lena's dusky heath they stood, like mist ‡ that shades the hills of autumn: when broken and dark it settles high, and lifts its head to heaven.

HAIL, said Cuchullin, sons of the narrow vales, hail ye hunters of the deer. Another sport is drawing near: it is like the dark rolling of that wave on the coast. Or shall we fight, ye sons of

* Cu-thón—the mournful sound of waves.

† Crom-leach signified a place of worship among the Druids. It is here the proper name of a hill on the coast of Ullin or Ulster.

‡ ————επιλάχσιν εὐκίστες ἄφε Κρονίων
Νηκεμίνης, ἴσθησεν ἐπ' ἀγροπολοισιν ὄρεσσιν
Ατρύμας. HOM. II. 5. v. 522.

So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,

Along the skies their gloomy lines display;
The low-hung vapours motionless and still
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill.

POPE.

war! or yield green Innisfail * to Lochlin! O Connal † speak, thou first of men! thou breaker of the shields! thou hast often fought with Lochlin; shalt thou lift up thy father's spear?

CUCHULLIN! calm the chief replied, the spear of Connal is keen. It delights to shine in battle, and to mix with the blood of thousands. But tho' my hand is bent on war, my heart is for the peace of Erin ‡. Behold, thou first in Cormac's war, the sable fleet of Swaran. His masts are as numerous on our coast as reeds in the lake of Lego. His ships are like forests clothed with mist, when the trees yield by turns to the squally wind. Many are his chiefs in battle. Connal is for peace.—Fingal would shun his arm the first of mortal men: Fingal that scatters the mighty, as stormy winds the heath; when the streams roar thro' echoing Cona: and night settles with all her clouds on the hill.

FLY, thou chief of peace, said Calmar || the son of Matha; fly, Connal, to thy silent hills, where the spear of battle never shone;

* Ireland so called from a colony that settled there called Falans.—Innis-fail, *i. e.* the island of the Fa-il or Falans.

† Connal, the friend of Cuchullin, was the son of Cathbait prince of the Tongorma or the *island of blue waves*, probably one of the Hebrides. His mother was Fioncoma the daughter of Congal. He had a son by Foba of Conachar-nessar, who was afterwards king of Ulster. For his services in the war against Swaran he had lands conferred on him, which, from

his name, were called Tir-chonnul or Tir-connel, *i. e.* the land of Connal.

‡ Erin, a name of Ireland; from *ear* or *iar* West, and *in* an island. This name was not always confined to Ireland, for there is the highest probability that the *Ierne* of the ancients was Britain to the North of the Forth.—For *Ierne* is said to be to the North of Britain, which could not be meant of Ireland.

SIRABO, l. 2. & 4. CASAUB. l. 1.

|| Calm'er, a *strong man*.

purſue.

purſue the dark-brown deer of Cromla : and ſtop with thine arrows the bounding roes of Lena. But, blue-eyed ſon of Semo, Cuchullin, ruler of the war, ſcatter thou the ſons of Lochlin *, and roar thro' the ranks of their pride. Let no veſſel of the kingdom of Snow bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inis-tore †.

O YE dark winds of Erin riſe ! and roar ye whirlwinds of the heath ! Amidſt the tempeſt let me die, torn in a cloud by angry ghoſts of men ; amidſt the tempeſt let Calmar die, if ever chace was ſport to him ſo much as the battle of ſhields.

CALMAR ! ſlow replied the chief, I never fled, O Matha's ſon. I was ſwift with my friends in battle, but ſmall is the fame of Connal. The battle was won in my preſence, and the valiant overcame. But, ſon of Semo, hear my voice, regard the ancient throne of Cormac. Give wealth and half the land for peace, till Fingal come with battle. Or, if war be thy choice, I liſt the ſword and ſpear. My joy ſhall be in the miſt of thouſands, and my ſoul brighten in the gloom of the fight.

To me, Cuchullin replies, pleaſant is the noiſe of arms : pleaſant as the thunder of heaven before the ſhower of Spring. But gather all the ſhining tribes that I may view the ſons of war. Let them move along the heath, bright as the ſun-ſhine before a ſtorm ; when the weſt wind collects the clouds and the oaks of Morven eccho along the ſhore.

* The Galic name of Scandinavia in general ; in a more confined ſenſe that of the peninſula of Jutland.

† Inniſ-tore, *the iſland of whales*, the ancient name of the Orkney iſlands.

BUT where are my friends in battle? The companions of my arm in danger? Where art thou, white-bosom'd Cathbat? Where is that cloud in war, Duchomar*: and hast thou left me, O Fergus †! in the day of the storm? Fergus, first in our joy at the feast; son of Rossa! arm of death! comest thou like a roe ‡ from Malmor. Like a hart from the ecchoing hills?—Hail thou son of Rossa! what shades the soul of war?

FOUR stones ||, replied the chief, rise on the grave of Cathbat. —These hands have laid in earth Duchomar, that cloud in war. Cathbat, thou son of Torman, thou wert a sun-beam on the hill. —And thou, O valiant Duchomar, like the mist of marshy Lano; when it falls over the plains of autumn and brings death to the people. Morna! thou fairest of maids! calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock. Thou hast fallen in darkness like a star, that shoots athwart the desert, when the traveller is alone, and mourns the transient beam. Say, said Semo's blue-eyed son, say how fell the chiefs of Erin? Fell they by the sons of Lochlin, striving in the battle of heroes? Or what confines the chiefs of Cromla to the dark and narrow house †?

* Dubhchomar, a black well-shaped man.
† Fear-guth,—the man of the word; or a commander of an army.

‡ Be thou like a roe or young hart on the mountains of Bether.

SOLOMON'S Song.

|| This passage alludes to the manner of burial among the ancient Scots. They opened a grave six or eight feet deep: the bottom was lined with fine clay; and on this they laid the body of the deceased,

and, if a warrior, his sword, and the heads of twelve arrows by his side. Above they laid another stratum of clay, in which they placed the horn of a deer, the symbol of hunting. The whole was covered with a fine mold, and four stones placed on end to mark the extent of the grave. These are the four stones alluded to here.

† The grave.—The house appointed for all living. Job.

CATHBAT,

CATHBAT, replied the hero, fell by the sword of Duchomar at the oak of the noisy streams. Duchomar came to Tura's cave, and spoke to the lovely Morna.

MORNA *, fairest among women, lovely daughter of Cormac-airbar. Why in the circle of stones; in the cave of the rock alone? The stream murmurs hoarsely. The old tree's groan is in the wind. The lake is troubled before thee, and dark are the clouds of the sky. But thou art like snow on the heath; and thy hair like the mist of Cromla; when it curls on the rocks, and it shines to the beam of the west.—Thy breasts are like two smooth rocks seen from Branno of the streams. Thy arms like two white pillars in the halls of the mighty Fingal.

FROM whence, the white-armed maid replied, from whence, Duchomar the most gloomy of men? Dark are thy brows and terrible. Red are thy rolling eyes. Does Swaran appear on the sea? What of the foe, Duchomar?

FROM the hill I return, O Morna, from the hill of the dark-brown hinds. Three have I slain with my bended yew. Three with my long bounding dogs of the chace.—Lovely daughter of Cormac, I love thee as my soul.—I have slain one stately deer for thee.—High was his branchy head; and fleet his feet of wind.

DUCHOMAR! calm the maid replied, I love thee not, thou gloomy man.—Hard is thy heart of rock, and dark thy terrible brow. But Cathbat, thou son of Torman †, thou art the love of Morna.

* Muirne or Morna, a woman beloved by all.

† Torman, thunder. This is the true origin of the Jupiter Taramis of the ancients.

Thou art like a sun-beam on the hill in the day of the gloomy storm. Sawest thou the son of Torman, lovely on the hill of his hinds? Here the daughter of Cormac waits the coming of Cathbat.

AND long shall Morna wait, Duchomar said, his blood is on my sword.—Long shall Morna wait for him. He fell at Branno's stream. High on Cromla I will raise his tomb, daughter of Cormac-cairbar; but fix thy love on Duchomar, his arm is strong as a storm.—

AND is the son of Torman fallen? said the maid of the tearful eye. Is he fallen on his echoing hill; the youth with the breast of snow? he that was first in the chace of the hill; the foe of the strangers of the ocean.—Duchomar thou art dark * indeed, and cruel is thy arm to Morna. But give me that sword, my foe; I love the blood of Caithbat.

HE gave the sword to her tears; but she pierced his manly breast. He fell, like the bank of a mountain-stream; stretched out his arm and said;

DAUGHTER of Cormac-cairbar, thou hast slain Duchomar. The sword is cold in my breast: Morna, I feel it cold. Give me to Moina † the maid; Duchomar was the dream of her night. She will raise my tomb; and the hunter shall see it and praise me. But draw the sword from my breast; Morna, the steel is cold.

SHE came, in all her tears, she came, and drew it from his breast. He pierced her white side with steel; and spread her fair locks on the ground. Her bursting blood sounds from her side: and her white arm is stained with red. Rolling in death she lay and Tura's cave answered to her sighs.—

* She alludes to his name—the dark man. † Moina, soft in temper and person.

PEACE, said Cuchullin, to the souls of the heroes; their deeds were great in danger. Let them ride around * me on clouds; and shew their features of war: that my soul may be strong in danger; my arm like the thunder of heaven.—But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna, near the window of my rest; when my thoughts are of peace; and the din of arms is over.—Gather the strength of the tribes, and move to the Wars of Erin.—Attend the car of my battles; and rejoice in the noise of my course.—Place three spears by my side; and follow the bounding of my steeds. That my soul may be strong in my friends, when the battle darkens round the beams of my steel.

As rushes a stream † of foam from the dark shady steep of Cromla; when the thunder is rolling above, and dark-brown night on half the hill. So fierce, so vast, and so terrible rushed on the sons of Erin. The chief like a whale of ocean, whom all his billows follow, poured valour forth as a stream, rolling his might along the shore.

THE sons of Lochlin heard the noise as the found of a winter-stream. Swaran struck his bossy shield, and called the son of Arno. What murmur rolls along the hill like the gathered flies of evening?

* It was the opinion then, as indeed it is to this day, of some of the highlanders, that the souls of the deceased hovered round their living friends; and sometimes appeared to them when they were about to enter on any great undertaking.

† Ως δ' ὅτε χεῖμαρροι ποταμοί, κατ'
ἕρεσφι ρέοντες

Ες μισγαλκίαν συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον
ὔδωρ,

Κρηῶν ἐκ μεγάλων κοίλης ἔντοσθε χα-
ράδρης. HOM.

As torrents roll increas'd by numerous
rills

With rage impetuous down the echoing
hills;

Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the
plain,

Roar thro' a thousand channels to the
main. POPE.

*Aut ubi decursu rapidi de montibus alis,
Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in aquora
currunt,*

Quisque suum populatus iter. VIRG.
The

The sons of Innis-fail descend, or rustling winds* roar in the distant wood. Such is the noise of Gormal before the white tops of my waves arise. O son of Arno, ascend the hill and view the dark face of the heath.

HE went, and trembling, swift returned. His eyes rolled wildly round. His heart beat high against his side. His words were faltering, broken, slow.

RISE, son of ocean, rise chief of the dark-brown shields. I see the dark, the mountain-stream of the battle. The deep-moving strength of the sons of Erin.—The car, the car of battle comes, like the flame of death; the rapid car of Cuchullin, the noble son of Semo. It bends behind like a wave near a rock; like the golden mist of the heath. Its sides are embossed with stones, and sparkle like the sea round the boat of night. Of polished yew is its beam, and its seat of the smoothest bone. The sides are replenished with spears; and the bottom is the foot-stool of heroes. Before the right side of the car is seen the snorting horse. The high-maned, broad-breasted, proud, high-leaping strong steed of the hill. Loud and resounding is his hoof; the spreading of his mane above is like that stream of smoke on the heath. Bright are the sides of the steed, and his name is Sulin-Sifadda.

BEFORE the left side of the car is seen the snorting horse. The thin-maned, high-headed, strong-hoofed, fleet, bounding son of the hill: his name is Dufronnal among the stormy sons of the sword.—A thousand thongs bind the car on high. Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam. Thin thongs bright-studded with gems, bend on the stately necks of the steeds.—The steeds that like wreaths of mist fly over the streamy vales. The wildness of deer

‡ As when the hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering wind.

is in their course, the strength of the eagle descending on her prey. Their noise is like the blast of winter on the sides of the snow-headed Gormal.

WITHIN the car is seen the chief; the strong stormy son of the sword; the hero's name is Cuchullin, son of Semo king of shells. His red cheek is like my polished yew. The look of his blue-rolling eye is wide beneath the dark arch of his brow. His hair flies from his head like a flame, as bending forward he wields the spear. Fly, king of ocean, fly; he comes, like a storm, along the streamy vale.

WHEN did I fly, replied the king, from the battle of many spears? When did I fly, son of Arno, chief of the little soul? I met the storm of Gormal when the foam of my waves was high; I met the storm of the clouds and shall I fly from a hero? Were it Fingal himself my soul should not darken before him.—Rise to the battle, my thousands; pour round me like the echoing main. Gather round the bright steel of your king; strong as the rocks of my land; that meet the storm with joy, and stretch their dark woods to the wind.

As autumn's* dark storms pour from two echoing hills, towards each other approached the heroes.—As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix and roar on the plain; loud, rough and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man; steel, clanging, founded
on

* The reader may compare this passage with a similar one in Homer. *Iliad*. 4. v. 446. To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Host against host, with shadowy squadrons
drew,

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet
met clos'd, The founding darts in iron tempests flew;

on steel, helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smoaks around.—Strings murmur on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light that gild the stormy face of the night.

As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high ; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven, such is the noise of battle. Though Cormac's hundred bards were there to give the war to song ; feeble were the voices of a hundred bards to send the deaths to future times. For many were the falls of the heroes ; and wide poured the blood of the valiant.

MOURN, ye sons of the song, the death of the noble Sithallin*.
—Let the sighs of Fiöna rise on the dark heaths of her lovely Ardan.—They fell, like two hinds of the desert, by the hands of the mighty Swaran ; when, in the midst of thousands he roared ; like the shrill spirit of a storm, that sits dim, on the clouds of Gormal, and enjoys the death of the mariner.

NOR slept thy hand by thy side, chief of the isle of mist † ; many were the deaths of thine arm, Cuchullin, thou son of Semo. His sword was like the beam of heaven when it pierces the sons of the vale ; when the people are blasted and fall, and all the hills are

With streaming blood the slippery fields
are dy'd,

And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful
tide. POPE.

Statius has very happily imitated Homer.

*Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspidis
cuspis, &c.*

Arms on armour crashing, bray'd

Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd, &c.

MILTON.

* Sithallin signifies a handsome man,—
Fiona, a fair maid ;—and Ardan, pride.

† The Isle of Sky ; not improperly called the *isle of mist*, as its high hills, which catch the clouds from the western ocean, occasion almost continual rains.

burning around.—Dufronnal * snorted over the bodies of heroes ; and Sifadda † bathed his hoof in blood. The battle lay behind them as groves overturned on the desert of Cromla ; when the blast has passed the heath laden with the spirits of night.

WEEP on the rocks of roaring winds, O maid of Inistore ‡, bend thy fair head over the waves, thou fairer than the ghost of the hills ; when it moves in a sun-beam at noon over the silence of Morven. He is fallen ! thy youth is low ; pale beneath the sword of Cuchullin. No more shall valour raise the youth to match the blood of kings.—Trenar, lovely Trenar died, thou maid of Inistore. His gray dogs are howling at home, and see his passing ghost. His bow is in the hall unstrung. No sound is in the heath of his hinds.

As roll a thousand waves to the rocks, so Swaran's host came on ; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Swaran. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields.—Each hero is a pillar of darkness, and the sword a beam of fire in his hand. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that rise by turns on the red son of the furnace. Who are these on Lena's heath that are so gloomy and dark ? Who are these

* One of Cuchullin's horses. Dubh-fron-gheal.

† Sith-fadda, *i. e.* a long slide.

‡ The maid of Inistore was the daughter of Gorlo king of Inistore or Orkney islands. Trenar was brother to the king of Inicon, supposed to be one of the islands of Shetland. The Orkneys and Shetland were at that time subject to the king of Lochlin. We find that the dogs of Tre-

nar are sensible at home of the death of their master, the very instant he is killed.

—It was the opinion of the times, that the souls of heroes went immediately after death to the hills of their country, and the scenes they frequented the most happy time of their life. It was thought too that dogs and horses saw the ghosts of the deceased.

like two clouds * and their swords like lightning above them? The little hills are troubled around, and the rocks tremble with all their mofs.—Who is it but Ocean's son and the car-borne chief of Erin? Many are the anxious eyes of their friends, as they see them dim on the heath. Now night conceals the chiefs in her clouds, and ends the terrible fight. It was on Cromla's shaggy side that Dorglas placed the deer †; the early fortune of the chace, before the heroes left the hill.—A hundred youths collect the heath; ten heroes blow the fire; three hundred chuse the polish'd stones. The feast is smoaking wide.

CUCHULLIN, chief of Erin's war, resumed his mighty soul. He stood upon his beamy spear, and spoke to the son of songs; to Carril of other times, the gray-haired son of Kinsena ‡. Is this feast spread for me alone and the king of Lochlin on Ullin's shore; far from the deer of his hills, and sounding halls of his feasts? Rise, Carril of other times, and carry my words to Swaran; tell him from the roaring of waters, that Cuchullin gives his feast. Here let him listen to the sound of my groves amidst the clouds of night.—For cold and bleak the blustering winds rush over the foam of his seas. Here let him praise the trembling harp, and hear the songs of heroes.

* As when two black clouds

With heaven's artillery fraught, come
rattling on

Over the Caspian.

MILTON.

† The ancient manner of preparing feasts after hunting, is handed down by tradition.—A pit lined with smooth stones was made; and near it stood a heap of smooth flat stones of the flint kind. The stones as well as the pit were properly

heated with heath. Then they laid some venison in the bottom, and a stratum of the stones above it; and thus they did alternately till the pit was full. The whole was covered over with heath to confine the steam. Whether this is probable I cannot say; but some pits are shewn, which the vulgar say, were used in that manner.

‡ Cean-seana, *i. e.* the head of the people.

OLD Carril went, with softest voice, and called the king of dark-brown shields. Rise from the skins of thy chace, rise, Swaran king of groves.—Cuchullin gives the joy of shells; partake the feast of Erin's blue-eyed chief. He answered like the sullen sound of Cromla before a storm. Though all thy daughters, Inisfail! should extend their arms of snow; raise high the heavings of their breasts, and softly roll their eyes of love; yet, fixed as Lochlin's thousand rocks, here Swaran shall remain; till morn, with the young beams of my east, shall light me to the death of Cuchullin. Pleasant to my ear is Lochlin's wind. It rushes over my seas. It speaks aloft in all my shrouds, and brings my green forests to my mind; the green forests of Gormal that often echoed to my winds, when my spear was red in the chace of the boar. Let dark Cuchullin yield to me the ancient throne of Cormac, or Erin's torrents shall shew from their hills the red foam of the blood of his pride.

SAD is the sounds of Swaran's voice, said Carril of other times:—

Sad to himself alone, said the blue-eyed son of Semo. But, Carril, raise thy voice on high, and tell the deeds of other times. Send thou the night away in song; and give the joy of grief. For many heroes and maids of love, have moved on Inis-fail. And lovely are the songs of woe that are heard on Albion's rocks; when the noise of the chace is over, and the streams of Cona answer to the voice of Ossian*.

* Ossian the son of Fingal and author of the poem. One cannot but admire the address of the poet in putting his own praise so naturally into the mouth of Cuchullin. The Cona here mentioned is perhaps that small river that runs through Glenco in Argyleshire. One of the hills which environ that romantic valley is still called Scornafena, or the hill of Fingal's people.

IN other days *, Carril replies, came the sons of Ocean to Erin. A thousand vessels bounded over the waves to Ullin's lovely plains. The sons of Inisfail arose to meet the race of dark-brown shields. Cairbar, first of men, was there, and Grudar, stately youth. Long had they strove for the spotted bull, that lowed on Golbun's † echoing heath. Each claimed him as their own; and death was often at the point of their steel.

SIDE by side the heroes fought, and the strangers of Ocean fled. Whose name was fairer on the hill than the name of Cairbar and Grudar!— But ah! why ever lowed the bull on Golbun's echoing heath; they saw him leaping like the snow. The wrath of the chiefs returned.

ON Lubar's ‡ grassy banks they fought, and Grudar like a sun-beam, fell. Fierce Cairbar came to the vale of the echoing Tura, where Brassolis ||, fairest of his sisters, all alone, raised the song of grief. She sung of the actions of Grudar, the youth of her secret soul. —She mourned him in the field of blood; but still she hoped for his return. Her white bosom is seen from her robe, as the moon from the clouds of night. Her voice was softer than the harp to raise the song of grief. Her soul was fixed on Grudar; the secret look of her eye was his.—When shalt thou come in thine arms, thou mighty in the war?—

* This episode is introduced with propriety. Calmar and Connal, two of the Irish heroes, had disputed warmly before the battle about engaging the enemy. Carril endeavours to reconcile them with the story of Cairbar and Grudar; who, tho' enemies before, fought *side by side* in the war. The poet obtained his aim, for we

find Calmar and Connal perfectly reconciled in the third book.

† Golb-bhean, as well as Cromleach, signifies *a crooked bill*.

‡ Lubar—a river in Ulster. *Labbur*, loud, noisy.

|| Brassolis signifies *a woman with a white breast*.

TAKE, Bráffolis, Cairbar came and said, take, Bráffolis, this shield of blood. Fix it on high within my hall, the armour of my foe. Her soft heart beat against her side. Distracted, pale, she flew. She found her youth in all his blood; she died on Cromla's heath. Here rests their dust, Cuchullin; and these two lonely yews sprung from their tombs, and wish to meet on high. Fair was Bráffolis on the plain, and Grudar on the hill. The bard shall preserve their names, and repeat them to future times.

PLEASANT is thy voice, O Carril, said the blue-eyed chief of Erin; and lovely are the words of other times. They are like the calm shower* of spring; when the sun looks on the field, and the light cloud flies over the hills. O strike the harp in praise of my love, the lonely sun-beam of Dunscáich. Strike the harp in the praise of Bragéla; she that I left in the Isle of Mist, the spouse of Semo's son. Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock to find the sails of Cuchullin?—The sea is rolling far distant, and its white foam shall deceive thee for my sails. Retire, for it is night, my love, and the dark winds sigh in thy hair. Retire to the halls of my feasts, and think of the times that are past: for I will not return till the storm of war is ceased. O Connal, speak of wars and arms, and send her from my mind, for lovely with her raven-hair is the white-bosomed daughter of Sorglan.

CONNAL, slow to speak, replied, guard against the race of ocean. Send thy troop of night abroad, and watch the strength of Swaran.—Cuchullin! I am for peace till the race of the desert come; till Fingal come, the first of men, and beam, like the sun, on our fields.

* Homer compares soft piercing words to the fall of snow.

—επειά υφ'αδίσσιν ίοιχότα χειμερίσιν.

But when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Like the soft fleeces of descending snows.

POPE.

THE

THE hero struck the shield of his alarms—the warriors of the night moved on. The rest lay in the heath of the deer, and slept amidst the dusky wind.—The ghosts * of the lately dead were near, and swam on gloomy clouds. And far distant, in the dark silence of Lena, the feeble voices of death were heard.

* It was long the opinion of the ancient Scots, that a ghost was heard shrieking near the place where a death was to happen soon after. The accounts given, to this day, among the vulgar, of this extraordinary matter, are very poetical. The ghost comes mounted on a meteor, and surrounds twice or thrice the place destined for the person to die; and then goes along the road through which the funeral is to pass, shrieking at intervals; at last, the meteor and ghost disappear above the burial place.

F I N G A L,

AN ANCIENT

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K II.



CONNAL * lay by the fount of the mountain stream, beneath
 the aged tree. A stone, with its moss, supported his head.
 Shril thro' the heath of Lena, he heard the voice of night. At distance
 from the heroes he lay, for the son of the sword feared no foe.

MY

* The scene of Connal's repose is familiar to those who have been in the highlands of Scotland. The poet removes him to a distance from the army, to add more horror to the description of Crugal's ghost by the loneliness of the place. It perhaps will not be disagreeable to the reader, to see how two other ancient poets handled a similar subject.

Ἠλθη δ' ἐπὶ ψυχῇ Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο
 Παντ' αὐτῷ μεγέθος τε καὶ ὄματα κατ'
 εἰκνῖα
 Καὶ φωνῆ, &c. HOM. II. 23.

When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
 Of sad Patroclus rose or seem'd to rise,
 In the same robe he living wore, he came
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same.
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
 And sleeps Achilles thus? the phantom said. POPE.

*In somnis ecce ante oculos mæstissimus Hælor
 Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fetus,
 Raptatus bigis, aut quondam, atque cruento
 Pulvere perque pedes trajectus lora tumentis.*

Hæ

steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla, and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar, I see the dark cloud of death: it hovers over the plains of Lena. The sons of green Erin shall fall. Remove from the field of ghosts.—Like the darkened moon * he retired, in the midst of the whistling blast. Stay, said the mighty Connal, stay my dark-red friend. Lay by that beam of heaven, son of the windy Cromla. What cave of the hill is thy lonely house? What green-headed hill is the place of thy rest? Shall we not hear thee in the storm? In the noise of the mountain-stream? When the feeble sons of the wind come forth, and ride on the blast of the desert.

THE soft-voiced Connal rose in the midst of his founding arms. He struck his shield above Cuchullin. The son of battle waked.

WHY, said the ruler of the car, comes Connal through my night? My spear might turn against the found; and Cuchullin mourn the death of his friend. Speak, Connal, son of Colgar, speak, thy counsel is like the sun of heaven.

SON of Semo, replied the chief, the ghost of Crugal came from the cave of his hill.—The stars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the found of a distant stream.—He is a messenger of death.—He speaks of the dark and narrow house. Sue for peace, O chief of Dunscach; or fly over the heath of Lena.

HE spoke to Connal, replied the hero, though stars dim-twinkled through his form. Son of Colgar, it was the wind that murmured

* Ψυχη δὲ κατα χθονὸς, ἢ τε καπιὸς
Ωχετο τετριγυῖα

Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

HOM. II. 23. v. 100.

ΡΟΡΡ.

in the caves of Lena.—Or if it was the form * of Crugal, why didst thou not force him to my fight. Hast thou enquired where is his cave? The house of the son of the wind? My sword might find that voice, and force his knowledge from him. And small is his knowledge, Connal, for he was here to day. He could not have gone beyond our hills, and who could tell him there of our death?

GHOSTS fly on clouds and ride on winds, said Connal's voice of wisdom. They rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men.

THEN let them talk of mortal men; of every man but Erin's chief. Let me be forgot in their cave; for I will not fly from Swaran.—If I must fall, my tomb shall rise amidst the fame of future times. The hunter shall shed a tear on my stone; and sorrow dwell round the high-bosomed Bragéla. I fear not death, but I fear to fly, for Fingal saw me often victorious. Thou dim phantom of the hill, shew thyself to me! come on thy beam of heaven, and shew me my death in thine hand, yet I will not fly, thou feeble son of the wind. Go, son of Colgar, strike the shield of Caithbat, it hangs between the spears. Let my heroes rise to the sound in the midst of the battles of Erin. Though Fingal delays his coming with the race of the stormy hills; we shall fight, O Colgar's son, and die in the battle of heroes.

THE sound spreads wide; the heroes rise, like the breaking of a blue-rolling wave. They stood on the heath, like oaks with all

* The poet teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time concerning the state of separate souls. From Connal's expression, "That the stars dim-twinkled

through the form of Crugal," and Cuchullin's reply, we may gather that they both thought the soul was material; something like the *εἰδωλον* of the ancient Greeks.

their branches round them *; when they echo to the stream of frost, and their withered leaves rustle to the wind.

HIGH Cromla's head of clouds is gray; the morning trembles on the half-enlightened ocean. The blue, gray mist swims slowly by, and hides the sons of Inis-fail.

RISE ye, said the king of the dark-brown shields, ye that came from Lochlin's waves. The sons of Erin have fled from our arms—pursue them over the plains of Lena.—And, Morla, go to Cormac's hall and bid them yield to Swaran; before the people shall fall into the tomb; and the hills of Ullin be silent.—They rose like a flock of sea-fowl when the waves expel them from the shore. Their sound was like a thousand streams that meet in Cona's vale, when after a stormy night, they turn their dark eddies beneath the pale light of the morning.

As the dark shades of autumn fly over the hills of grass; so gloomy, dark, successive came the chiefs of Lochlin's echoing woods. Tall as the stag of Morven moved on the king of groves. His shining shield is on his side like a flame on the heath at night. When the world is silent and dark, and the traveller sees some ghost sporting in the beam.

A BLAST from the trouble of ocean removed the settled mist. The sons of Inisfail appear like a ridge of rocks on the shore.

* ———As when heaven's fire With fringed tops, their stately growth
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain tho' bare
pines Stand on the blasted heath. MILTON.

Go, Morla, go, said Lochlin's king, and offer peace to these. Offer the terms we give to kings when nations bow before us. When the valiant are dead in war, and the virgins weeping on the field.

GREAT Morla came, the son of Swart, and stately strode the king of shields. He spoke to Erin's blue-eyed son, among the lesser heroes.

TAKE Swaran's peace, the warrior spoke, the peace he gives to kings when the nations bow before him. Leave Ullin's lovely plains to us, and give thy spouse and dog. Thy spouse high-bosom'd, heaving fair. Thy dog that overtakes the wind. Give these to prove the weakness of thine arm, and live beneath our power.

TELL Swaran, tell that heart of pride, that Cuchullin never yields.—I give him the dark-blue rolling of ocean, or I give his people graves in Erin. But never shall a stranger have the lovely sun-beam of Duncaich; or ever deer fly on Lochlin's hills before the nimble-footed Luäth.

VAIN ruler of the car, said Morla, wilt thou fight the king; that king whose ships of many groves could carry off thine Isle? So little is thy green-hilled Ullin to the king of stormy waves.

IN words I yield to many, Morla; but this sword shall yield to none. Erin shall own the sway of Cormac, while Connal and Cuchullin live. O Connal, first of mighty men, thou hast heard the words of Morla; shall thy thoughts then be of peace, thou breaker of the shields? Spirit of fallen Crugal! why didst thou threaten us with death? Thy narrow house shall receive me in the midst of the

Light of renown.—Exalt, ye sons of Inisfail, exalt the spear and bend the bow; rush on the foe in darkness, as the spirits of stormy nights.

THEN dismal, roaring, fierce, and deep the gloom of battle rolled along; as mist * that is poured on the valley, when storms invade the silent sun-shine of heaven. The chief moves before in arms, like an angry ghost before a cloud; when meteors inclose him with fire; and the dark winds are in his hand.—Carril, far on the heath, bids the horn of battle sound. He raises the voice of the song, and pours his soul into the minds of heroes.

WHERE, said the mouth of the song, where is the fallen Crugal? He lies forgot on earth, and the hall of shells † is silent.—Sad is the spouse of Crugal, for she is a stranger ‡ in the hall of her sorrow. But who is she, that, like a sun-beam, flies before the ranks of the foe? It is Degrena ||, lovely fair, the spouse of fallen Crugal. Her hair is on the wind behind. Her eye is red; her voice is shrill. Green, empty is thy Crugal now, his form is in the cave of the hill. He comes to the ear of rest, and raises his feeble voice; like the humming of the mountain-bee, or collected flies of evening. But Degrena falls like a cloud of the morn; the sword of Lochlin is in her side. Cairbar, she is fallen, the rising thought of thy youth. She is fallen, O Cairbar, the thought of thy youthful hours.

FIERCE Cairbar heard the mournful sound, and rushed on like ocean's whale; he saw the death of his daughter; and roared in the

* ——— As evening mist

Ris'n from a river o'er the marsh glides
And gathers round fast at the lab'ers
heel

Homeward returning MILTON.

† The ancient Scots, at well as the present highlanders, drunk in shells; hence it

is that we so often meet, in the old poetry, with *the chief of shells*, and *the hals of shells*.

‡ Crugal had married Degrena but a little time before the battle, consequently she may with propriety be called a stranger in the hall of her sorrow.

|| Deo-ghrēna signifies *a sun-beam*.

midst of thousands*. His spear met a son of Lochlin, and battle spread from wing to wing. As a hundred winds in Lochlin's groves, as fire in the firs of a hundred hills; so loud, so ruinous and vast the ranks of men are hewn down.—Cuchullin cut off heroes like thistles, and Swaran wasted Erin. Curach fell by his hand, and Cair-bar of the bossy shield. Morglan lies in lasting rest; and Ca-olt trembles as he dies. His white breast is stained with his blood; and his yellow hair stretched in the dust of his native land. He often had spread the feast where he fell; and often raised the voice of the harp: when his dogs leapt around for joy; and the youths of the chase prepared the bow.

STILL Swaran advanced, as a stream that bursts from the desert. The little hills are rolled in its course; and the rocks half-sunk by its side.

BUT Cuchullin stood before him like a hill †, that catches the clouds of heaven.—The winds contend on its head of pines; and the hail rattles on its rocks. But, firm in its strength, it stands and shades the silent vale of Cona.

So Cuchullin shaded the sons of Erin, and stood in the midst of thousands. Blood rises like the fount of a rock, from panting heroes

* *Medisque in millibus ardet.* VIRG.

† Virgil and Milton have made use of a comparison similar to this; I shall lay both before the reader, and let him judge for himself which of these two great poets have best succeeded.

*Quantus Atlas, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse
conscis,
Cum fremit illicibus, quantus gaudetque rivari
Vertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.*

Like Eryx or like Athos great he shews
Or father Appenine when white with snows;
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

DRYDEN.

On th' other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky.

MILTON.

around.

around him. But Erin falls on either wing like snow in the day of the sun.

O SONS of Inisfail, said Grumal, Lochlin conquers on the field. Why strive we as reeds against the wind? Fly to the hill of dark-brown hinds. He fled like the stag of Morven, and his spear is a trembling beam of light behind him. Few fled with Grumal, the chief of the little soul: they fell in the battle of heroes on Lena's echoing heath.

HIGH on his car, of many gems, the chief of Erin stood; he slew a mighty son of Lochlin, and spoke, in haste, to Connal.

O CONNAL, first of mortal men, thou hast taught this arm of death! Though Erin's sons have fled, shall we not fight the foe? O Carril, son of other times, carry my living friends to that bushy hill.—Here, Connal, let us stand like rocks, and save our flying friends.

CONNAL mounts the car of light. They stretch their shields like the darkened moon, the daughter of the starry skies, when she moves, a dun circle, through heaven. Sithfadda panted up the hill, and Stronnal haughty steed. Like waves behind a whale behind them rushed the foe.

NOW on the rising side of Cromla stood Erin's few sad sons; like a grove through which the flame had rushed hurried on by the winds of the stormy night.—Cuchullin stood beside an oak. He rolled his red eye in silence, and heard the wind in his bushy hair; when the scout of ocean came, Moran the son of Fithil.—The ships, he cried, the ships of the lonely isle! There Fingal comes
the

the first of men, the breaker of the shields. The waves foam before his black prows. His masts with sails are like groves in clouds.

Blow, said Cuchullin, all ye winds that rush over my isle of lovely mist. Come to the death of thousands, O chief of the hills of hinds. Thy sails, my friend, are to me like the clouds of the morning; and thy ships like the light of heaven; and thou thyself like a pillar of fire that giveth light in the night. O Connal, first of men, how pleasant are our friends! But the night is gathering around; where now are the ships of Fingal? Here let us pass the hours of darkness, and wish for the moon of heaven.

THE winds came down on the woods. The torrents rushed from the rocks. Rain gathered round the head of Cromla. And the red stars trembled between the flying clouds. Sad, by the side of a stream whose sound was echoed by a tree, sad by the side of a stream the chief of Erin sat. Connal son of Colgar was there, and Carril of other times.

UNHAPPY is the hand of Cuchullin, said the son of Semo, unhappy is the hand of Cuchullin since he slew his friend.—Ferda, thou son of Damman, I loved thee as myself.

How, Cuchullin, son of Semo, fell the breaker of the shields? Well I remember, said Connal, the noble son of Damman. Tall and fair he was like the rain-bow of the hill.

FERDA from Albion came, the chief of a hundred hills. In Muri's* hall he learned the sword, and won the friendship of Cuchullin. We moved to the chace together; and one was our bed in the heath.

* An academy in Ulster for teaching the use of arms.

DEUGALA was the spouse of Cairbar, chief of the plains of Ullin. She was covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride. She loved that sun-beam of youth, the noble son of Damman. Cairbar, said the white-armed woman, give me half of the herd. No more I will remain in your hall. Divide the herd, dark Cairbar.

LET Cuchullin, said Cairbar, divide my herd on the hill. His breast is the seat of justice. Depart, thou light of beauty. I went and divided the herd. One bull of snow remained. I gave that bull to Cairbar. The wrath of Deugala rose.

SON of Damman, begun the fair, Cuchullin pains my soul. I must hear of his death, or Lubar's stream shall roll over me. My pale ghost shall wander near thee, and mourn the wound of my pride. Pour out the blood of Cuchullin or pierce this heaving breast.

DEUGALA, said the fair-haired youth, how shall I slay the son of Semo? He is the friend of my secret thoughts, and shall I lift the sword? She wept three days before him, on the fourth he consented to fight.

I WILL fight my friend, Deugala! but may I fall by his sword. Could I wander on the hill and behold the grave of Cuchullin? We fought on the hills of Muri. Our swords avoid a wound. They slide on the helmets of steel; and sound on the slippery shields. Deugala was near with a smile, and said to the son of Damman, thine arm is feeble, thou sun-beam of youth. Thy years are not strong for steel.—Yield to the son of Semo. He is like the rock of Malmor.

THE tear is in the eye of youth. He faltering said to me, Cuchullin, raise thy bossy shield. Defend thee from the hand of thy friend. My soul is laden with grief: for I must slay the chief of men.

I SIGHED as the wind in the chink of a rock. I lifted high the edge of my steel. The sun-beam of the battle fell; the first of Cuchullin's friends.—

UNHAPPY is the hand of Cuchullin since the hero fell.

MOURNFUL is thy tale, son of the car, said Carril of other times. It sends my soul back to the ages of old, and to the days of other years.—Often have I heard of Comal who slew the friend he loved; yet victory attended his steel; and the battle was consumed in his presence.

COMAL was a son of Albion; the chief of an hundred hills. His deer drunk of a thousand streams. A thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs. His face was the mildness of youth. His hand the death of heroes. One was his love, and fair was she! the daughter of mighty Conloch. She appeared like a sun-beam among women. And her hair was like the wing of the raven. Her dogs were taught to the chace. Her bow-string sounded on the winds of the forest. Her soul was fixed on Comal. Often met their eyes of love. Their course in the chace was one, and happy were their words in secret.—But Gormal loved the maid, the dark chief of the gloomy Ardven. He watched her lone steps in the heath; the foe of unhappy Comal.

ONE day, tired of the chase, when the mist had concealed their friends, Comal and the daughter of Conloch met in the cave of Ronan*. It was the wonted haunt of Comal. Its sides were hung with his arms. A hundred shields of thongs were there; a hundred helms of founding steel.

REST here, he said, my love Galvina; thou light of the cave of Ronan. A deer appears on Mora's brow. I go; but I will soon return. I fear, she said, dark Grumal my foe; he haunts the cave of Ronan. I will rest among the arms; but soon return, my love.

HE went to the deer of Mora. The daughter of Conloch would try his love. She clothed her white sides with his armour, and strode from the cave of Ronan. He thought it was his foe. His heart beat high. His colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes. He drew the bow. The arrow flew. Galvina fell in blood. He run with wildness in his steps and called the daughter of Conloch. No answer in the lonely rock. Where are thou, O my love! He saw, at length, her heaving heart beating around the arrow he threw. O Conloch's daughter, is it thou? He sunk upon her breast.

THE hunters found the hapless pair; he afterwards walked the hill. But many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of

* The unfortunate death of this Ronan is the subject of the ninth fragment of ancient poetry published last year: it is not the work of Ossian, though it is writ in his manner, and bears the genuine marks of antiquity.—The concise expressions of Ossian are imitated, but the thoughts are too jejune and confined to be the production of that poet.—Many poems go under his name that have been evidently composed since his time; they are very numerous in Ireland, and some have come to the translator's hands. They are trivial and dull to the last degree; swelling into ridiculous bombast, or sinking into the lowest kind of prosaic style.

his love. The fleet of the ocean came. He fought, the strangers fled. He searched for his death over the field. But who could kill the mighty Comal! He threw away his dark-brown shield. An arrow found his manly breast. He sleeps with his loved Galvina at the noise of the sounding surge. Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds on the waves of the north.

F I N G A L,

F I N G A L,

AN ANCIENT

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K III*.



PLEASANT are the words of the song, said Cuchullin, and lovely are the tales of other times. They are like the calm dew of the morning on the hill of roes, when the sun is faint on its side, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale. O Carril, raise again thy voice, and let me hear the song of Tura : which was sung in my halls of joy, when Fingal king of shields was there, and glowed at the deeds of his fathers.

FINGAL ! thou man of battle, said Carril, early were thy deeds in arms. Lochlin was consumed in thy wrath, when thy youth strove with the beauty of maids. They smiled at the fair-blooming face of the hero ; but death was in his hands. He was strong as

* The second night, since the opening story of Agandecca is introduced here with propriety, as great use is made of it in the course of the poem, and as it, in some of the poem, continues ; and Cuchullin, propriety, as great use is made of it in the course of the poem, and as it, in some described in the preceding book. The measure, brings about the catastrophe.

the waters of Lora. His followers were like the roar of a thousand streams. They took the king of Lochlin in battle, but restored him to his ships. His big heart swelled with pride; and the death of the youth was dark in his soul.—For none ever, but Fingal, overcame the strength of the mighty Starno*.

HE sat in the hall of his shells in Lochlin's woody land. He called the gray-haired Snivan, that often sung round the circle † of Loda: when the stone of power heard his cry, and the battle turned in the field of the valiant.

Go; gray-haired Snivan, Starno said, to Ardven's sea-surrounded rocks. Tell to Fingal king of the desert; he that is the fairest among his thousands, tell him I give him my daughter, the loveliest maid that ever heaved a breast of snow. Her arms are white as the foam of my waves. Her soul is generous and mild. Let him come with his bravest heroes to the daughter of the secret hall.

SNIVAN came to Albion's windy hills: and fair-haired Fingal went. His kindled soul flew before him as he bounded on the waves of the north.

WELCOME, said the dark-brown Starno, welcome, king of rocky Morven; and ye his heroes of might; sons of the lonely isle! Three days within my halls shall ye feast; and three days pursue my boars, that your fame may reach the maid that dwells in the secret hall.

* Starno was the father of Swaran as well as Agandecca.—His fierce and cruel character is well marked in other poems concerning the times.

† This passage most certainly alludes to the religion of Lochlin, and *the Stone of power* here mentioned is the image of one of the deities of Scandanavia.

THE king of snow * designed their death, and gave the feast of shells. Fingal, who doubted the foe, kept on his arms of steel. The sons of death were afraid, and fled from the eyes of the hero. The voice of sprightly mirth arose. The trembling harps of joy are strung. Bards sing the battle of heroes; or the heaving breast of love.—Ullin, Fingal's bard, was there; the sweet voice of the hill of Cona. He praised the daughter of the snow; and Morven's † high-descended chief.—The daughter of the snow overheard, and left the hall of her secret sigh. She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east.—Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the youth and loved him. He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eye rolled on him in secret: and she blest the chief of Morven.

THE third day with all its beams, shone bright on the wood of boars. Forth moved the dark-browed Starno; and Fingal, king of shields. Half the day they spent in the chace; and the spear of Fingal was red in the blood of Gormal.

IT was then the daughter of Starno, with blue eyes rolling in tears, came with her voice of love and spoke to the king of Morven.

FINGAL, high-descended chief, trust not Starno's heart of pride. Within that wood he has placed his chiefs; beware of the wood of death. But, remember, son of the hill, remember Agan-decca: save me from the wrath of my father, king of the windy Morven!

* Starno is here poetically called the king of snow, from the great quantities of snow that fall in his dominions.

† All the North-west coast of Scotland probably went of old under the name of Morven, which signifies a ridge of very high hills.

THE youth, with unconcern, went on; his heroes by his side.
The sons of death fell by his hand; and Gormal echoed around.

BEFORE the halls of Starno the sons of the chase convened. The king's dark brows were like clouds. His eyes like meteors of night. Bring hither, he cries, Agandecca to her lovely king of Morven. His hand is stained with the blood of my people; and her words have not been in vain.—

SHE came with the red eye of tears. She came with her loose raven locks. Her white breast heaved with sighs, like the foam of the streamy Lubar. Starno pierced her side with steel. She fell like a wreath of snow that slides from the rocks of Ronan; when the woods are still, and the echo deepens in the vale.

THEN Fingal eyed his valiant chiefs, his valiant chiefs took arms. The gloom of the battle roared, and Lochlin fled or died.—Pale, in his bounding ship he closed the maid of the raven hair. Her tomb ascends on Ardven, and the sea roars round the dark dwelling of Agandecca.

BLESSED be her soul, said Cuchullin, and blessed be the mouth of the song.—Strong was the youth of Fingal, and strong is his arm of age. Lochlin shall fall again before the king of echoing Morven. Shew thy face from a cloud, O moon; light his white sails on the wave of the night. And if any strong spirit* of heaven

* This is the only passage in the poem that has the appearance of religion.—But Cuchullin's apostrophe to this spirit is accompanied with a doubt; so that it is not easy to determine whether the hero meant a superior being, or the ghosts of deceased warriors, who were supposed in those times to rule the storms, and to transport themselves in a gust of wind from one country to another.

fits on that low-hung cloud; turn his dark ships from the rock, thou rider of the storm!

SUCH were the words of Cuchullin at the fount of the mountain-stream, when Calmar ascended the hill, the wounded son of Matha. From the field he came in his blood. He leaned on his bending spear. Feeble is the arm of battle! but strong the soul of the hero!

WELCOME! O son of Matha, said Connal, welcome art thou to thy friends! Why bursts that broken sigh from the breast of him that never feared before?

AND never, Connal, will he fear, chief of the pointed steel. My soul brightens in danger, and exults in the noise of battle. I am of the race of steel; my fathers never feared.

CORNAR was the first of my race. He sported through the storms of the waves. His black skiff bounded on ocean, and travelled on the wings of the blast. A spirit once embroiled the night. Seas swell and rocks resound. Winds drive along the clouds. The lightning flies on wings of fire. He feared and came to land: then blushed that he feared at all. He rushed again among the waves to find the son of the wind. Three youths guide the bounding bark; he stood with the sword unsheathed. When the low-hung vapour passed, he took it by the curling head, and searched its dark womb with his steel. The son of the wind forsook the air. The moon and stars returned.

SUCH was the boldness of my race; and Calmar is like his fathers. Danger flies from the uplifted sword. They best succeed who dare.

BUT now, ye sons of green-valley'd Erin, retire from Lena's bloody heath. Collect the sad remnant of our friends, and join the sword of Fingal. I heard the sound of Lochlin's advancing arms; but Calmar will remain and fight. My voice shall be such, my friends, as if thousands were behind me. But, son of Semo, remember me. Remember Calmar's lifeless corse. After Fingal has wasted the field, place me by some stone of remembrance, that future times may hear my fame; and the mother of Calmar rejoice over the stone of my renown.

No: son of Matha, said Cuchullin, I will never leave thee. My joy is in the unequal field: and my soul increases in danger. Connal, and Carril of other times, carry off the sad sons of Erin; and when the battle is over, search for our pale corpses in this narrow way. For near this oak we shall stand in the stream of the battle of thousands.

O FITHIL's son, with feet of wind, fly over the heath of Lena. Tell to Fingal that Erin is inthralled, and bid the king of Morven hasten. O let him come like the sun in a storm, when he shines on the hills of grafs.

MORNING is gray on Cromla; the sons of the sea ascend. Calmar stood forth to meet them in the pride of his kindling soul. But pale was the face of the warrior; he leaned on his father's spear. That spear which he brought from Lara's hall, when the soul of his mother was sad.—But slowly now the hero falls like a tree on the plains of Cona. Dark Cuchullin stands alone like a rock * in a

* ——— ἕρτε πέτρῃ So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
 Πλίεατος, μεγάλη, πολίης ἀλὸς ἑγὸς By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
 ἔσσα, δς. Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempests blow,
 HOM. II. 15. And sees the watry mountains break below.

fandy vale. The sea comes with its waves, and roars on its hardened sides. Its head is covered with foam, and the hills are ecchoing around.—Now from the gray mist of the ocean, the white-sailed ships of Fingal appear. High is the grove of their masts as they nod, by turns, on the rolling wave.

SWARAN saw them from the hill, and returned from the sons of Erin. As ebbs the resounding sea through the hundred isles of Inistore; so loud, so vast, so immense returned the sons of Lochlin against the king of the desert hill. But bending, weeping, sad, and slow, and dragging his long spear behind, Cuchullin sunk in Cromla's wood, and mourned his fallen friends. He feared the face of Fingal, who was wont to greet him from the fields of renown.

How many lie there of my heroes! the chiefs of Inisfail! they that were chearful in the hall when the sound of the shells arose. No more shall I find their steps in the heath, or hear their voice in the chace of the hinds. Pale, silent, low on bloody beds are they who were my friends! O spirits of the lately-dead, meet Cuchullin on his heath. Converse with him on the wind, when the rustling tree of Tura's cave resounds. There, far remote, I shall lie unknown. No bard shall hear of me. No gray stone shall rise to my renown. Mourn me with the dead, O Bragela! departed is my fame.

SUCH were the words of Cuchullin when he sunk in the woods of Cromla.

FINGAL, tall in his ship, stretched his bright lance before him. Terrible was the gleam of the steel: it was like the green meteor of death, setting in the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone, and the broad moon is darkened in heaven.

THE battle is over, said the king, and I behold the blood of my friends. Sad is the heath of Lena; and mournful the oaks of Cromla; the hunters have fallen there in their strength; and the son of Semo is no more.—Ryno and Fillan, my sons, sound the horn of Fingal's war. Ascend that hill on the shore, and call the children of the foe. Call them from the grave of Lamdarg, the chief of other times.

BE your voice like that of your father, when he enters the battles of his strength. I wait for the dark mighty man; I wait on Lena's shore for Swaran. And let him come with all his race; for strong in battle are the friends of the dead.

FAIR Ryno flew like lightning; dark Fillan as the shade of autumn. On Lena's heath their voice is heard; the sons of ocean heard the horn of Fingal's war. As the roaring eddy of ocean returning from the kingdom of snows; so strong, so dark, so sudden came down the sons of Lochlin. The king in their front appears in the dismal pride of his arms. Wrath burns in his dark-brown face; and his eyes roll in the fire of his valour.

FINGAL beheld the son of Starno; and he remembered Agandecca.—For Swaran with the tears of youth had mourned his white-bosomed sister. He sent Ullin of the songs to bid him to the feast of shells. For pleasant on Fingal's soul returned the remembrance of the first of his loves.

ULLIN came with aged steps, and spoke to Starno's son. O thou that dwellest afar, surrounded, like a rock, with thy waves, come to the feast of the king, and pass the day in rest. To-morrow let us fight, O Swaran, and break the echoing shields.

TO-DAY, said Starno's wrathful son, we break the echoing shields :
to-morrow my feast will be spread ; and Fingal lie on earth.

AND to-morrow let his feast be spread, said Fingal with a smile ;
for to-day, O my sons, we shall break the echoing shields.—
Ossian, stand thou near my arm. Gaul, lift thy terrible sword.
Fergus, bend thy crooked yew. Throw, Fillan, thy lance through
heaven.—Lift your shields like the darkened moon. Be your
spears the meteors of death. Follow me in the path of my fame ;
and equal my deeds in battle.

As a hundred winds on Morven ; as the streams of a hundred
hills ; as clouds fly successive over heaven ; or, as the dark ocean
assaults the shore of the desert : so roaring, so vast, so terrible the
armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath.

THE groan of the people spread over the hills ; it was like the
thunder of night, when the cloud bursts on Cona ; and a thousand
ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind.

FINGAL rushed on in his strength, terrible as the spirit of Tren-
mor ; when, in a whirlwind, he comes to Morven to see the chil-
dren of his pride—The oaks rebound on their hills, and the rocks
fall down before him. Bloody was the hand of my father when he
whirled the lightning of his sword. He remembers the battles of
his youth, and the field is wasted in his course.

RYNO went on like a pillar of fire.—Dark is the brow of Gaul.
Fergus rushed forward with feet of wind ; and Fillan like the mist

of the hill.—Myself *, like a rock, came down, I exulted in the strength of the king. Many were the deaths of my arm; and dismal was the gleam of my sword. My locks were not then so gray; nor trembled my hands of age. My eyes were not closed in darkness; nor failed my feet in the race.

Who can relate the deaths of the people; or the deeds of mighty heroes; when Fingal, burning in his wrath, consumed the sons of Lochlin? Groans swelled on groans from hill to hill, till night had covered all. Pale, staring like a herd of deer, the sons of Lochlin convene on Lena. We sat and heard the sprightly harp at Lubar's gentle stream. Fingal himself was next to the foe; and listened to the tales of bards. His godlike race were in the song, the chiefs of other times. Attentive, leaning on his shield, the king of Morven sat. The wind whistled through his aged locks, and his thoughts are of the days of other years. Near him on his bending spear, my young, my lovely Oscar stood. He admired the king of Morven: and his actions were swelling in his soul.

Son of my son, begun the king, O Oscar, pride of youth, I saw the shining of thy sword and gloried in my race. Pursue the glory of our fathers, and be what they have been; when Trenmor lived, the first of men, and Trathal the father of heroes. They fought the battle in their youth, and are the song of bards.

O OSCAR! bend the strong in arm: but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people; but

* Here the poet celebrates his own actions, but he does it in such a manner that we are not displeased. The mention of the great actions of his youth immediately suggests to him the helpless situation of his age. We do not despise him for selfish praise, but feel his misfortunes.

like the gale that moves the grass to those who ask thine aid.—
So Trenmor lived; such Trathal was; and such has Fingal been.
My arm was the support of the injured; and the weak rested behind
the lightning of my steel.

OSCAR! I was young like thee, when lovely Fainafóllis came:
that sun-beam! that mild light of love! the daughter of Craca's*
king! I then returned from Cona's heath, and few were in my
train. A white-ailed boat appeared far off; we saw it like a mist
that rode on ocean's blast. It soon approached; we saw the fair.
Her white breast heaved with sighs. The wind was in her loose
dark hair: her rosy cheek had tears.

DAUGHTER of beauty, calm I said, what sigh is in that breast?
Can I, young as I am, defend thee, daughter of the sea? My sword
is not unmatched in war, but dauntless is my heart.

To thee I fly, with sighs she replied, O prince of mighty men!
To thee I fly, chief of the generous shells, supporter of the feeble
hand! The king of Craca's echoing isle owned me the sun-beam
of his race. And often did the hills of Cromala reply to the sighs of
love for the unhappy Fainafóllis. Sora's chief beheld me fair; and
loved the daughter of Craca. His sword is like a beam of light
upon the warrior's side. But dark is his brow; and tempests are in
his soul. I shun him on the rolling sea; but Sora's chief pursues.

Rest thou, I said, behind my shield; rest in peace, thou beam of
light! The gloomy chief of Sora will fly, if Fingal's arm is like his

* What the Craca here mentioned was, that it was one of the Shetland isles.—
There is a story concerning a daughter of
There is a story concerning a daughter of
the king of Craca in the sixth book.

foul. In some lone cave I might conceal thee, daughter of the sea!
But Fingal never flies; for where the danger threatens, I rejoice in
the storm of spears.

I SAW the tears upon her cheek. I pitied Craca's fair.

Now, like a dreadful wave afar, appeared the ship of stormy
Borbar. His masts high-bended over the sea behind their sheets of
snow. White roll the waters on either side. The strength of
ocean sounds. Come thou, I said, from the roar of ocean, thou
rider of the storm. Partake the feast within my hall. It is the
house of strangers.

THE maid stood trembling by my side; he drew the bow: she
fell. Unerring is thy hand, I said, but feeble was the foe.

WE fought, nor weak was the strife of death. He sunk beneath
my sword. We laid them in two tombs of stones; the hapless lo-
vers of youth.

SUCH have I been in my youth, O Oscar; be thou like the
age of Fingal. Never search for the battle, nor shun it when it
comes.

FILLAN and Oscar of the dark-brown hair; ye children of the
race; fly over the heath of roaring winds; and view the sons of
Lochlin. Far off I hear the noise of their fear, like the storms of
echoing Cona. Go: that they may not fly my sword along the
waves of the north.—For many chiefs of Erin's race lie here on
the dark bed of death. The children of the storm are low; the
sons of echoing Cromla.

THE heroes flew like two dark clouds : two dark clouds that are the chariots of ghosts ; when air's dark children come to frighten hapless men.

IT was then that Gaul*, the son of Morni, stood like a rock in the night. His spear is glittering to the stars ; his voice like many streams.

SON of battle, cried the chief, O Fingal, king of shells ! let the bards of many songs sooth Erin's friends to rest. And, Fingal, sheath thy sword of death ; and let thy people fight. We wither away without our fame ; for our king is the only breaker of shields. When morning rises on our hills, behold at a distance our deeds. Let Lochlin feel the sword of Morni's son, that bards may sing of me. Such was the custom heretofore of Fingal's noble race. Such was thine own, thou king of swords, in battles of the spear.

O SON of Morni, Fingal replied, I glory in thy fame.—Fight ; but my spear shall be near to aid thee in the midst of danger. Raise, raise the voice, sons of the song, and lull me into rest. Here will Fingal lie amidst the wind of night.— And if thou, Agandecca, art near, among the children of thy land ; if thou sittest on a blast of wind among the high-throwded masts of Lochlin ; come to my dreams †, my fair one, and shew thy bright face to my soul.

* Gaul, the son of Morni, was chief of a more strength than conduct in battle. He tribe that disputed long, the pre-eminence, was very fond of military fame, and here with Fingal himself. They were reduced he demands the next battle to himself. — The at last to obedience, and Gaul, from an poet, by an artifice, removes Fingal, that enemy, turned Fingal's best friend and his return may be the more magnificent. like that of Ajax in the Iliad ; a hero of † The poet prepares us for the dream of Fingal in the next book.

MANY a voice and many a harp in tuneful sounds arose. Of Fin-gal's noble deeds they sung, and of the noble race of the hero. And sometimes on the lovely sound was heard the name of the now mournful Ossian.

OFTEN have I fought, and often won in battles of the spear. But blind, and tearful, and forlorn I now walk with little men. O Fin-gal, with thy race of battle I now behold thee not. The wild roes feed upon the green tomb of the mighty king of Morven.—Blest be thy soul, thou king of swords, thou most renowned on the hills of Cona!

F I N G A L,

F I N G A L,

AN ANCIENT

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K I V*.



WHO comes with her songs from the mountain, like the bow of the showery Lena? It is the maid of the voice of love. The white-armed daughter of Toscar. Often hast thou heard my song, and given the tear of beauty. Dost thou come to the battles of thy people, and to hear the actions of Oscar? When shall I cease to mourn by the streams of the echoing Cona? My years have passed away in battle, and my age is darkened with sorrow.

DAUGHTER of the hand of snow! I was not so mournful and blind; I was not so dark and forlorn when Everallin loved me.

* Fingal being asleep, and the action suspended by night, the poet introduces the story of his courtship of Evirallin the daughter of Branno. The episode is necessary to clear up several passages that follow in the poem; at the same time that it naturally brings on the action of the book, which may be supposed to begin about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem.—This book, as many of Ossian's other compositions, is addressed to the beautiful Malvina the daughter of Toscar. She appears to have been in love with Oscar, and to have affected the company of the father after the death of the son.

H

Everallin

Everallin with the dark-brown hair, the white-bosomed love of Cormac. A thousand heroes fought the maid, she denied her love to a thousand; the sons of the sword were despised; for graceful in her eyes was Ossian.

I WENT in suit of the maid to Lego's sable surge; twelve of my people were there, the sons of the streamy Morven. We came to Branno friend of strangers: Branno of the sounding mail.—From whence, he said, are the arms of steel? Not easy to win is the maid that has denied the blue-eyed sons of Erin. But blest be thou, O son of Fingal, happy is the maid that waits thee. Tho' twelve daughters of beauty were mine, thine were the choice, thou son of fame!—Then he opened the hall of the maid, the dark-haired Everallin. Joy kindled in our breasts of steel and blest the maid of Branno.

ABOVE us on the hill appeared the people of stately Cormac. Eight were the heroes of the chief; and the heath flamed with their arms. There Colla, Durra of the wounds, there mighty Toscar, and Tago, there Frestal the victorious food; Dairo of the happy deeds, and Dala the battle's bulwark in the narrow way.—The sword flamed in the hand of Cormac, and graceful was the look of the hero.

EIGHT were the heroes of Ossian; Ullin stormy son of war; Mullo of the generous deeds; the noble, the graceful Scelacha; Oglan, and Cerdal the wrathful, and Dumariccan's brows of death. And why should Ogar be the last; so wide renowned on the hills of Ardven?

OGAR met Dala the strong, face to face, on the field of heroes. The battle of the chiefs was like the wind on ocean's foamy waves.
The

The dagger is remembered by Ogar; the weapon which he loved; nine times he drowned it in Dela's side. The stormy battle turned. Three times I broke on Cormac's shield: three times he broke his spear. But, unhappy youth of love! I cut his head away.—Five times I shook it by the lock. The friends of Cormac fled.

WHOEVER would have told me, lovely maid, when then I strove in battle; that blind, forsaken, and forlorn I now should pass the night; firm ought his mail to have been, and unmatched his arm in battle.

NOW* on Lena's gloomy heath the voice of music died away. The unconstant blast blew hard, and the high oak shook its leaves around me; of Everallin were my thoughts, when she, in all the light of beauty, and her blue eyes rolling in tears, stood on a cloud before my sight, and spoke with feeble voice.

O OSSIAN, rise and save my son; save Oscar prince of men, near the red oak of Lubar's stream, he fights with ochlin's sons.—She sunk into her cloud again. I clothed me with my steel. My spear supported my steps, and my rattling armour rung. I hummed, as I was wont in danger, the songs of heroes of old. Like distant thunder † Lochlin heard; they fled; my son pursued.

* The poet returns to his subject. If one could fix the time of the year in which the action of the poem happened, from the scene described here, I should be tempted to place it in autumn.—The trees shed their leaves, and the winds are variable, both which circumstances agree with that season of the year.

† Ossian gives the reader a high idea of himself. His very song frightens the ene-

my. This passage resembles one in the eighteenth Iliad, where the voice of Achilles frightens the Trojans from the body of Patroclus.

Forth march'd the chief, and distant from
the crowd

High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud,
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd,
Hoofs drop their arms and trembled as
they fear'd.

POPE.

I CALLED him like a distant stream. My son return over Lena. No further pursue the foe, though Ollian is behind thee.—He came; and lovely in my ear was Oscar's founding steel. Why didst thou stop my hand, he said, till death had covered all? For dark and dreadful by the stream they met thy son and Fillan. They watched the terrors of the night. Our swords have conquered some. But as the winds of night pour the ocean over the white sands of Mora, so dark advance the sons of Lochlin over Lena's rustling heath. The ghosts of night shriek afar; and I have seen the meteors of death. Let me awake the king of Morven, he that smiles in danger; for he is like the sun of heaven that rises in a storm.

FINGAL had started from a dream, and leaned on Trenmor's shield; the dark-brown shield of his fathers; which they had lifted of old in the battles of their race.

MY hero had seen in his rest the mournful form of Agandecca; she came from the way of the ocean, and slowly, lonely, moved over Lena. Her face was pale like the mist of Cromla; and dark were the tears of her cheek. She often raised her dim hand from her robe; her robe which was of the clouds of the desert: she raised her dim hand over Fingal, and turned away her silent eyes.

WHY weeps the daughter of Starno, said Fingal, with a sigh? Why is thy face so pale, thou daughter of the clouds?

SHE departed on the wind of Lena; and left him in the midst of the night.—She mourned the sons of her people that were to fall by Fingal's hand.

THE hero started from rest, and still beheld her in his soul.—
The sound of Oscar's steps approached. The king saw the gray
shield on his side. For the faint beam of the morning came over
the waters of Ullin.

WHAT do the foes in their fear, said the rising king of Morven?
Or fly they through ocean's foam, or wait they the battle of steel?
But why should Fingal ask? I hear their voice on the early wind.—
Fly over Lena's heath, O Oscar, and awake our friends to battle.

THE king stood by the stone of Lubar; and thrice reared his ter-
rible voice. The deer started from the fountains of Cromla; and
all the rocks shook on their hills. Like the noise of a hundred
mountain-streams, that burst, and roar, and foam: like the clouds
that gather to a tempest on the blue face of the sky; so met the sons
of the desert, round the terrible voice of Fingal. For pleasant was
the voice of the king of Morven to the warriors of his land: for often
had he led them to battle, and returned with the spoils of the foe.

COME to battle, said the king, ye children of the storm. Come
to the death of thousands. Comhal's son will see the fight.—My
sword shall wave on that hill, and be the shield of my people. But
never may you need it, warriors; while the son of Morni fights, the
chief of mighty men.—He shall lead my battle; that his fame
may rise in the song.

O YE ghosts of heroes dead! ye riders of the storm of Cromla!
receive my falling people with joy, and bring them to your hills.—
And may the blast of Lena carry them over my seas, that they may
come to my silent dreams, and delight my soul in rest.

FILLAN and Oscar, of the dark-brown hair! fair Ryno, with the pointed steel! advance with valour to the fight; and behold the son of Morni. Let your swords be like his in the strife: and behold the deeds of his hands. Protect the friends of your father: and remember the chiefs of old. My children, I will see you yet, though here ye should fall in Erin. Soon shall our cold, pale ghosts meet in a cloud, and fly over the hills of Cona.

NOW like a dark and stormy cloud, edged round with the red lightning of heaven, and flying westward from the morning's beam, the king of hills removed. Terrible is the light of his armour, and two spears are in his hand.—His gray hair falls on the wind.—He often looks back on the war. Three bards attend the son of fame, to carry his words to the heroes.—High on Cromla's side he sat, waving the lightning of his sword, and as he waved we moved.

JOY rose in Oscar's face. His cheek is red. His eye sheds tears. The sword is a beam of fire in his hand. He came, and smiling, spoke to Ossian.

O RULER of the fight of steel! my father, hear thy son. Retire with Morven's mighty chief; and give me Ossian's fame. And if here I fall; my king, remember that breast of snow, that lonely sun-beam of my love, the white-handed daughter of Toscar. For with red cheek from the rock, and bending over the stream, her soft hair flies about her bosom as she pours the sigh for Oscar. Tell her I am on my hills a lightly-bounding son of the wind; that hereafter, in a cloud, I may meet the lovely maid of Toscar.

RAISE, Oscar, rather raise my tomb. I will not yield the fight to thee. For first and bloodiest in the war my arm shall teach thee

thee how to fight. But, remember, my son, to place this sword, this bow, and the horn of my deer, within that dark and narrow house, whose mark is one gray stone. Oscar, I have no love to leave to the care of my son; for graceful Evirallin is no more, the lovely daughter of Branno.

SUCH were our words, when Gaul's loud voice came growling on the wind. He waved on high the sword of his father, and rushed to death and wounds.

As waves white-bubbling over the deep come swelling, roaring on; as rocks of ooze meet roaring waves: so foes attacked and fought. Man met with man, and steel with steel. Shields sound, men fall. As a hundred hammers on the son of the furnace, so rose, so rung their swords.

GAUL rushed on like a whirlwind in Ardven. The destruction of heroes is on his sword. Swaran was like the fire of the desert in the echoing heath of Gormal. How can I give to the song the death of many spears? My sword rose high, and flamed in the strife of blood. And, Oscar, terrible wert thou, my best, my greatest son! I rejoiced in my secret soul, when his sword flamed over the slain. They fled amain through Lena's heath: and we pursued and slew. As stones that bound from rock to rock; as axes in echoing woods; as thunder rolls from hill to hill in dismal broken peals; so blow succeeded to blow, and death to death, from the hand of Oscar * and mine.

* Ossian never fails to give a fine character of his beloved son. His speech to his father is that of a hero; it contains the submission due to a parent, and the warmth that becomes a young warrior. There is

a propriety in dwelling here on the actions of Oscar, as the beautiful Malvina, to whom the book is addressed, was in love with that hero.

BUT Swaran closed round Morni's son, as the strength of the tide of Inifstore. The king half-rose from his hill at the fight, and half-assumed the spear. Go, Ullin, go, my aged bard, begun the king of Morven. Remind the mighty Gaul of battle; remind him of his fathers. Support the yielding fight with song; for song enlivens war. Tall Ullin went, with steps of age, and spoke to the king of swords.

SON * of the chief of generous steeds! high-bounding king of spears. Strong arm in every perilous toil. Hard heart that never yields. Chief of the pointed arms of death. Cut down the foe; let no white sail bound round dark Inifstore. Be thine arm like thunder. Thine eyes like fire, thy heart of solid rock. Whirl round thy sword as a meteor at night, and lift thy shield like the flame of death. Son of the chief of generous steeds, cut down the foe; destroy. —The hero's heart beat high. But Swaran came with battle. He cleft the shield of Gaul in twain; and the sons of the desert fled.

Now Fingal arose in his might, and thrice he reared his voice. Cromla answered around, and the sons of the desert stood still. — They bent their red faces to earth, ashamed at the presence of Fingal. He came like a cloud of rain in the days of the sun, when slow it rolls on the hill, and fields expect the shower. Swaran beheld the terrible king of Morven, and stopped in the midst of his course. Dark he leaned on his spear, rolling his red eyes around. Silent and tall he seemed as an oak on the banks of Lubar, which

* The war-song of Ullin varies from the rest of the poem in the versification. It runs down like a torrent; and consists almost entirely of epithets. The custom of encouraging men in battle with extempore rhymes, has been carried down almost to our own times. Several of these war-songs are extant, but the most of them are only a group of epithets, without beauty or harmony, utterly destitute of poetical merit.

had its branches blasted of old by the lightning of heaven.—It bends over the stream, and the gray moss whistles in the wind: so stood the king. Then slowly he retired to the rising heath of Lena. His thousands pour around the hero, and the darkness of battle gathers on the hill.

FINGAL, like a beam from heaven, shone in the midst of his people. His heroes gather around him, and he sends forth the voice of his power. Raise my standards * on high,—spread them on Lena's wind, like the flames of an hundred hills. Let them sound on the winds of Erin, and remind us of the fight. Ye sons of the roaring streams, that pour from a thousand hills, be near the king of Morven: attend to the words of his power. Gaul strongest arm of death! O Oscar, of the future fights; Connal, son of the blue blades of Sora; Dermid of the dark-brown hair, and Ossian king of many songs, be near your father's arm.

WE reared the sun-beam † of battle; the standard of the king. Each hero's soul exulted with joy, as, waving, it flew on the wind. It was studded with gold above, as the blue wide shell of the nightly sky. Each hero had his standard too; and each his gloomy men.

BEHOLD, said the king of generous shells, how Lochlin divides on Lena.—They stand like broken clouds on the hill, or an half consumed grove of oaks; when we see the sky through its branches, and the meteor passing behind. Let every chief among the friends

* Th' imperial ensign, which full high
advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the
wind.

MILTON.

† Fingal's standard was distinguished by the name of *sun-beam*; probably on account of its bright colour, and its being studded with gold. To begin a battle is expressed, in old composition, by *lifting of the sun-beam*.

of Fingal take a dark troop of those that frown so high; nor let a son of the echoing groves bound on the waves of Inistore.

MINE, said Gaul, be the seven chiefs that came from Lano's lake.—Let Inistore's dark king, said Oskar, come to the sword of Ossian's son.—To mine the king of Inifcon, said Connal, heart of steel! Or Mudan's chief or I, said brown-haired Dermid, shall sleep on clay-cold earth. My choice, though now so weak and dark, was Terman's battling king; I promised with my hand to win the hero's dark-brown shield.—Blest and victorious be my chiefs, said Fingal of the mildest look; Swaran, king of roaring waves, thou art the choice of Fingal.

Now, like an hundred different winds that pour through many vales; divided, dark the sons of the hill advanced, and Cromla echoed around.

How can I relate the deaths when we closed in the strife of our steel? O daughter of Toscar! bloody were our hands! The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell like the banks of the roaring Cona.—Our arms were victorious on Lena: each chief fulfilled his promise. Beside the murmur of Branno thou didst often sit, O maid; when thy white bosom rose frequent, like the down of the swan when slow she sails the lake, and sidelong winds are blowing.—Thou hast seen the sun * retire red and slow behind his cloud; night gathering

* *Sol quoque & exoriens & cum se condit
in undas*

*Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur,
Ut quæ manere refert, & quæ surgentibus astris.
Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum
Conditus in nubem, melioque refugerit orbe;
Suspecti tibi sunt imbres.*

VIRG.

Above the rest the sun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the skies.
For if he rise, unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow and spots upon his face;
Or if thro' mists he shoots his fullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams,
Suspect a drizzling day.

DRYDEN.

round

round on the mountain, while the unfrequent blast * roared in narrow vales. At length the rain beats hard; and thunder rolls in peals. Lightning glances on the rocks. Spirits ride on beams of fire. And the strength of the mountain-streams † comes roaring down the hills. Such was the noise of battle, maid of the arms of snow. Why, daughter of the hill, that tear? the maids of Lochlin have cause to weep. The people of their country fell, for bloody were the blue blades of the race of my heroes. But I am sad, forlorn, and blind; and no more the companion of heroes. Give, lovely maid, to me thy tears, for I have seen the tombs of all my friends.

IT was then by Fingal's hand a hero fell, to his grief.—Gray-haired he rolled in the dust, and lifted his faint eyes to the king. And is it by me thou hast fallen, said the son of Comhal, thou friend of Agandecca! I have seen thy tears for the maid of my love in the halls of the bloody Starvo. Thou hast been the foe of the foes of my love, and hast thou fallen by my hand? Raise, Ullin, raise the grave of the son of Mathon; and give his name to the song of Agandecca; for dear to my soul hast thou been, thou darkly-dwelling maid of Arden.

CUCHULLIN, from the cave of Cromla, heard the noise of the troubled war. He called to Connal chief of swords, and Carril of other times. The gray-haired heroes heard his voice, and took their aspen spears.

<p>* <i>Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti In ipsiunt agitata tumescere; & aridus altis Montibus audiri fragor, aut resonantia longe Littora miseris, & nemorum increbescere murmur.</i></p>	<p>Soft whispers run along the leafy wood, And mountains whistle to the murm'ring flood. DRYDEN. † —ruent de montibus annes. VIRG. The rapid rains, descending from the hills, To rolling torrents swell the creeping rills. DRYDEN.</p>
<p>For ere the rising winds begin to roar, The working seas advance to wash the shore;</p>	

THEY came, and saw the tide of battle, like the crowded waves of the ocean; when the dark wind blows from the deep, and rolls the billows through the fandy vale.

CUCHULLIN kindled at the sight, and darkness gathered on his brow. His hand is on the sword of his fathers: his red-rolling eyes on the foe. He thrice attempted to rush to battle, and thrice did Connal stop him. Chief of the isle of mist, he said, Fingal subdues the foe. Seek not a part of the fame of the king; himself is like the storm.

THEN, Carril, go, replied the chief, and greet the king of Morven. When Lochlin falls away like a stream after rain, and the noise of the battle is over. Then be thy voice sweet in his ear to praise the king of swords. Give him the sword of Caithbat, for Cuchullin is worthy no more to lift the arms of his fathers.

BUT, O ye ghosts of the lonely Cromla! ye souls of chiefs that are no more! be ye the companions of Cuchullin, and talk to him in the cave of his sorrow. For never more shall I be renowned among the mighty in the land. I am like a beam that has shone, like a mist that fled away; when the blast of the morning came, and brightened the shaggy side of the hill. Connal! talk of arms no more: departed is my fame.—My sighs shall be on Cromla's wind; till my footsteps cease to be seen.—And thou, white-bosom'd Bragela, mourn over the fall of my fame; for, vanquished, I will never return to thee, thou sun-beam of Duncaich.

F I N G A L,

AN ANCIENT

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K V*.



NOW Connal, on Cromla's windy side, spoke to the chief of the noble car. Why that gloom, son of Semo? Our friends are the mighty in battle. And renowned art thou, O warrior! many were the deaths of thy steel. Often has Bragela met with blue-rolling eyes of joy; often has she met her hero, returning in the midst of the valiant; when his sword was red with slaughter, and his foes silent in the fields of the tomb. Pleasant to her ears were thy bards, when thine actions rose in the song.

* The fourth day still continues. The poet by putting the narration in the mouth of Connal, who still remained with Cuchullin on the side of Cromla, gives propriety to the praises of Fingal. The beginning of this book, in the original, is one of the most beautiful parts of the poem. The versification is regular and full, and agrees very well with the sedate

character of Connal.—No poet has adapted the cadence of his verse more to the temper of the speaker, than Ossian has done. It is more than probable that the whole poem was originally designed to be sung to the harp, as the versification is so various, and so much suited to the different passions of the human mind.

BUT

BUT behold the king of Morven ; he moves below like a pillar of fire. His strength is like the stream of Lubar, or the wind of the echoing Cromla ; when the branchy forests of night are overturned.

HAPPY are thy people, O Fingal, thine arm shall fight their battles : thou art the first in their dangers ; the wisest in the days of their peace. Thou speakest and thy thousands obey ; and armies tremble at the found of thy steel. Happy are thy people, Fingal, chief of the lonely hills.

WHO is that so dark and terrible coming in the thunder of his course ? who is it but Starvo's son to meet the king of Morven ? Behold the battle of the chiefs : it is like the storm of the ocean, when two spirits meet far distant, and contend for the rolling of the wave. The hunter hears the noise on his hill ; and sees the high billows advancing to Ardven's shore.

SUCH were the words of Connal, when the heroes met in the midst of their falling people. There was the clang of arms ! there every blow, like the hundred hammers of the furnace ! Terrible is the battle of the kings, and horrid the look of their eyes. Their dark-brown shields are cleft in twain ; and their steel flies, broken, from their helmets. They fling their weapons down. Each rushes * to his hero's grasp. Their sinewy arms bend round each other : they turn from side to side, and strain and stretch their large spread-

* This passage resembles one in the twenty third Iliad.

Close lock'd above their heads and arms
are mixt ;

Below their planted feet at distance fixt ;

Now to the grasp each manly body bends ;

The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends ;
Their bones reformed with blows : sides,
shoulders, thighs,

Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.

ing limbs below. But when the pride of their strength arose, they snook the hill with their heels; rocks tumble from their places on high; the green-headed bushes are overturned. At length the strength of Swaran fell; and the king of the groves is bound.

THUS have I seen on Cona; but Cona I behold no more, thus have I seen two dark hills removed from their place by the strength of the bursting stream. They turn from side to side, and their tall oaks meet one another on high. Then they fall together with all their rocks and trees. The streams are turned by their sides, and the red ruin is seen afar.

SONS of the king of Morven, said the noble Fingal, guard the king of Lochlin; for he is strong as his thousand waves. His hand is taught to the battle, and his race of the times of old. Gaul, thou first of my heroes, and Ossian king of songs, attend the friend of Agandecca, and raise to joy his grief.—But, Oscar, Fillan, and Ryno, ye children of the race! pursue the rest of Lochlin over the heath of Lena; that no vessel may hereafter bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore.

THEY flew like lightning over the heath. He slowly moved as a cloud of thunder when the sultry plain of summer is silent. His sword is before him as a sun-beam, terrible as the streaming meteor of night. He came toward a chief of Lochlin, and spoke to the son of the wave.

WHO is that like a cloud at the rock of the roaring stream? He cannot bound over its course; yet stately is the chief! his bossy shield is on his side; and his spear like the tree of the desert. Youth of the dark-brown hair, art thou of Fingal's foe?

I AM a fon of Lochlin, he cries, and strong is my arm in war.
My spouse is weeping at home, but Orla * will never return.

OR fights or yields the hero, said Fingal of the noble deeds? foes
do not conquer in my presence; but my friends are renowned in the
hall. Son of the wave, follow me, partake the feast of my shells,
and pursue the deer of my desert.

NO: said the hero, I assist the feeble: my strength shall remain
with the weak in arms. My sword has been always unmatched,
O warrior: let the king of Morven yield.

I NEVER yielded, Orla, Fingal never yielded to man. Draw thy
sword and chuse thy foe. Many are my heroes.

AND does the king refuse the combat, said Orla of the dark-brown
hair? Fingal is a match for Orla: and he alone of all his race.

BUT, king of Morven, if I shall fall; as one time the warrior
must die; raise my tomb in the midst, and let it be the greatest on
Lena. And send, over the dark-blue wave, the sword of Orla to
the spouse of his love; that she may shew it to her son, with tears,
to kindle his soul to war.

SON of the mournful tale, said Fingal, why dost thou awaken my
tears? One day the warriors must die, and the children see their

* The story of Orla is so beautiful and affecting in the original, that many are in possession of it in the north of Scotland, who never heard a syllable more of the poem. It varies the action, and awakes the attention of the reader when he expected nothing but languor in the conduct of the poem, as the great action was over in the conquest of Swaran.

useless arms in the hall. But, Orla, thy tomb shall rise, and thy white-bosomed spouse weep over thy sword.

THEY fought on the heath of Lena, but feeble was the arm of Orla. The sword of Fingal descended, and cleft his shield in twain. It fell and glittered on the ground, as the moon on the stream of night.

KING of Morven, said the hero, lift thy sword, and pierce my breast. Wounded and faint from battle my friends have left me here. The mournful tale shall come to my love on the banks of the streamy Loda; when she is alone in the wood; and the rustling blast in the leaves.

No; said the king of Morven, I will never wound thee, Orla. On the banks of Loda let her see thee escaped from the hands of war. Let thy gray-haired father, who, perhaps, is blind with age, hear the sound of thy voice in his hall.—With joy let the hero rise, and search for his son with his hands.

BUT never will he find him, Fingal; said the youth of the streamy Loda.—On Lena's heath I shall die; and foreign bards will talk of me. My broad belt covers my wound of death. And now I give it to the wind.

THE dark blood poured from his side, he fell pale on the heath of Lena. Fingal bends over him as he dies, and calls his younger heroes.

OSCAR and Fillan, my sons, raise high the memory of Orla. Here let the dark-haired hero rest far from the spouse of his love. Here let him rest in his narrow house far from the sound of Loda.

The sons of the feeble will find his bow at home, but will not be able to bend it. His faithful dogs howl on his hills, and his boars, which he used to pursue, rejoice. Fallen is the arm of battle; the mighty among the valiant is low!

EXALT the voice, and blow the horn, ye sons of the king of Morven: let us go back to Swaran, and send the night away on song. Fillan, O'fear, and Ryno, fly over the heath of Lena. Where, Ryno, art thou, young son of fame? Thou art not wont to be the last to answer thy father.

RYNO, said Ullin first of bards, is with the awful forms of his fathers. With Trathal king of shields, and Trenmor of the mighty deeds. The youth is low,—the youth is pale,—he lies on Lena's heath.

AND fell the swiftest in the race, said the king, the first to bend the bow? Thou scarce hast been known to me; why did young Ryno fall? But sleep thou softly on Lena, Fingal shall soon behold thee. Soon shall my voice be heard no more, and my footsteps cease to be seen. The bards will tell of Fingal's name; the stones will talk of me. But, Ryno, thou art low indeed,—thou hast not received thy fame. Ullin, strike the harp for Ryno; tell what the chief would have been. Farewel, thou first in every field. No more shall I direct thy dart. Thou that hast been so fair; I behold thee not—Farewel.

THE tear is on the cheek of the king, for terrible was his son in war. His son! that was like a beam of fire by night on the hill; when the forests sink down in its course, and the traveller trembles at the sound.

WHOSE fame is in that dark-green tomb, begun the king of generous shells? four stones with their heads of moss stand there; and mark the narrow house of death. Near it let my Ryno rest, and be the neighbour of the valiant. Perhaps some chief of fame is here to fly with my son on clouds. O Ullin, raise the songs of other times. Bring to memory the dark dwellers of the tomb. If in the field of the valiant they never fled from danger, my son shall rest with them, far from his friends, on the heath of Lena.

HERE, said the mouth of the song, here rest the first of heroes. Silent is Lamderg* in this tomb, and Ullin king of swords. And who, soft smiling from her cloud, shews me her face of love? Why, daughter, why so pale art thou, first of the maids of Cromla? Dost thou sleep with the foes in battle, Gelchossá, white-bosomed daughter of Tuathal?—Thou hast been the love of thousands, but Lamderg was thy love. He came to Selma's mossy towers, and, striking his dark buckler, spoke:

WHERE is Gelchossá, my love, the daughter of the noble Tuathal? I left her in the hall of Selma, when I fought with the gloomy Ulfadda. Return soon, O Lamderg, she said, for here I am in the midst of sorrow. Her white breast rose with sighs. Her cheek was wet with tears. But I see her not coming to meet me; and to footh my soul after battle. Silent is the hall of my joy; I hear not the voice of the bard.—Bran † does not shake his chains at the gate, glad

* *Lamb-dhearg* signifies *bloo'y band*. north of Scotland, to give the names of Gelchossá, *white legged*. Tuathal, *furly*. the heroes mentioned in this poem, to Ulfadda, *long-beard*. Ferchios, *the conqueror of men*. their dogs; a proof that they are familiar to the ear, and their fame generally known.

† Bran is a common name of gray-hounds to this day. It is a custom in the

at the coming of Lamderg. Where is Gelchoffa, my love, the mild daughter of the generous Tuathal ?

LAMDERG ! says Ferchios the son of Aidon, Gelchoffa may be on Cromla ; she and the maids of the bow pursuing the flying deer.

FERCHIOS ! replied the chief of Cromla, no noise meets the ear of Lamderg. No sound is in the woods of Lena. No deer fly in my sight. No panting dog pursues. I see not Gelchoffa my love, fair as the full moon setting on the hills of Cromla. Go, Ferchios, go to Allad* the gray-haired son of the rock. His dwelling is in the circle of stones. He may know of Gelchoffa.

THE son of Aidon went ; and spoke to the ear of age. Allad ! thou that dwellest in the rock : thou that tremblest alone, what saw thine eyes of age ?

I SAW, answered Allad the old, Ullin the son of Cairbar. He came like a cloud from Cromla ; and he hummed a furly song like a blast in a leafless wood. He entered the hall of Selma.—Lamderg, he said, most dreadful of men, fight or yield to Ullin. Lamderg, replied Gelchoffa, the son of battle, is not here. He fights Ulfada mighty chief. He is not here, thou first of men. But Lamderg never yielded. He will fight the son of Cairbar.

* Allad is plainly a druid : he is called the son of the rock, from his dwelling in a cave ; and the circle of stones here mentioned is the pale of the druidical temple. He is here consulted as one who had a supernatural knowledge of things ; from the druids, no doubt, came the ridiculous notion of the second sight, which prevailed in the highlands and isles.

LOVELY art thou, said terrible Ullin, daughter of the generous Tuathal. I carry thee to Cairbar's halls. The valiant shall have Gelchoffa. Three days I remain on Cromla, to wait that son of battle, Lamderg. On the fourth Gelchoffa is mine, if the mighty Lamderg flies.

ALLAD! said the chief of Cromla, peace to thy dreams in the cave. Ferchios, found the horn of Lamderg that Ullin may hear on Cromla. Lamderg*, like a roaring storm, ascended the hill from Selma. He hummed a furly song as he went, like the noise of a falling stream. He stood like a cloud on the hill, that varies its form to the wind. He rolled a stone, the sign of war. Ullin heard in Cairbar's hall. The hero heard, with joy, his foe, and took his father's spear. A smile brightens his dark-brown cheek, as he places his sword by his side. The dagger glittered in his hand. He whistled as he went.

GELCHOSSA saw the silent chief, as a wreath of mist ascending the hill.—She struck her white and heaving breast; and silent, tearful, feared for Lamderg.

CAIRBAR, hoary chief of shells, said the maid of the tender hand; I must bend the bow on Cromla; for I see the dark-brown hinds.

SHE hasted up the hill. In vain! the gloomy heroes fought.—Why should I tell the king of Morven how wrathful heroes fight!

* The reader will find this passage altered from what it was in the fragments of ancient poetry.—It is delivered down very differently by tradition, and the translator has chosen that reading which favours least of bombast.

—Fierce Ullin fell. Young Lamderg came all pale to the daughter of generous Tuathal.

WHAT blood, my love, the soft-haired woman said, what blood runs down my warrior's side?—It is Ullin's blood, the chief replied, thou fairer than the snow of Cromla! Gelchofia, let me rest here a little while. The mighty Lamderg died.

AND sleepest thou so soon on earth, O chief of shady Cromla? three days she mourned beside her love.—The hunters found her dead. They raised this tomb above the three. Thy son, O king of Morven, may rest here with heroes.

AND here my son will rest, said Fingal, the noise of their fame has reached my ears. Fillan and Fergus! bring hither Orla; the pale youth of the stream of Loda. Not unequalled shall Ryno lie in earth when Orla is by his side. Weep, ye daughters of Morven; and ye maids of the streamy Loda. Like a tree they grew on the hills; and they have fallen like the oak* of the desert; when it lies across a stream, and withers in the wind of the mountain.

OSCAR! chief of every youth! thou seest how they have fallen. Be thou, like them, on earth renowned. Like them the song of bards. Terrible were their forms in battle; but calm was Ryno in the days of peace. He was like the bow † of the shower seen far

* —ὡς ὅτε τις ὄρεος ἦξει πτεν— HOM. II. 16. —What mean those colour'd streaks in

————as the mountain oak

heav'n,

Nods to the ax, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the
ground.

POPE.

Distended as the brow of God appears'd,
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud?

†

————a bow

MILTON.

Conspicuous with three list'd colours gay.

distant

distant on the stream ; when the sun is setting on Mora, and silence on the hill of deer. Rest, youngest of my sons, rest, O Ryno, on Lena. We too shall be no more ; for the warrior one day must fall.

SUCH was thy grief, thou king of hills, when Ryno lay on earth. What must the grief of Ossian be, for thou thyself art gone. I hear not thy distant voice on Cona. My eyes perceive thee not. Often forlorn and dark I sit at thy tomb ; and feel it with my hands. When I think I hear thy voice ; it is but the blast of the desert.—Fingal has long since fallen asleep, the ruler of the war.

THEN Gaul and Ossian sat with Swaran on the soft green banks of Lubar. I touched the harp to please the king. But gloomy was his brow. He rolled his red eyes towards Lena. The hero mourned his people.

I LIFTED my eyes to Cromla, and I saw the son of generous Semo.—Sad and slow he retired from his hill towards the lonely cave of Tura. He saw Fingal victorious, and mixed his joy with grief. The sun is bright on his armour, and Connal slowly followed. They sunk behind the hill like two pillars of the fire of night : when winds pursue them over the mountain, and the flaming heath rebounds. Beside a stream of roaring foam his cave is in a rock. One tree bends above it ; and the rushing winds echo against its sides. Here rests the chief of Duncaich, the son of generous Semo. His thoughts are on the battles he lost ; and the tear is on his cheek. He mourned the departure of his fame that fled like the mist of Cona. O Bragela, thou art too far remote to cheer the soul of the hero. But let him see thy bright form in his soul ; that his thoughts may return to the lonely sun-beam of Duncaich.

WHO

WHO comes with the locks of age? It is the son of the songs. Hail, Carril of other times, thy voice is like the harp in the halls of Tura. Thy words are pleasant as the shower that falls on the fields of the sun. Carril of the times of old, why comest thou from the son of the generous Semo?

OSSIAN king of swords, replied the bard, thou best raifest the song. Long hast thou been known to Carril, thou ruler of battles. Often have I touched the harp to lovely Evirallin. Thou too hast often accompanied my voice in Branno's hall of generous shells. And often, amidst our voices, was heard the mildest Evirallin. One day the song of Cormac's fall, the youth that died for her love. I saw the tears on her cheek, and on thine, thou chief of men. Her soul was touched for the unhappy, though she loved him not. How fair among a thousand maids was the daughter of the generous Branno!

BRING not, Carril, I replied, bring not her memory to my mind. My soul must melt at the remembrance. My eyes must have their tears. Pale in the earth is she the softly-blushing fair of my love.

BUT sit thou on the heath, O Bard, and let us hear thy voice. It is pleasant as the gale of spring that sighs on the hunter's ear; when he awakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits * of the hill.

* ———Others more mild
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical.———
———The harmony,

What could it less when spirits immortal
sing?
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. MILTON.

F I N G A L,

AN ANCIENT

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K VI*.



THE clouds of night came rolling down and rest on Cromla's dark-brown steep. The stars of the north arise over the rolling of the waves of Ullin; they shew their heads of fire through the flying mist of heaven. A distant wind roars in the wood; but silent and dark is the plain of death.

STILL on the darkening Lena arose in my ears the tuneful voice of Carril. He sung of the companions of our youth, and the days of former years; when we met on the banks of Lego, and sent round the joy of the shell. Cromla, with its cloudy steeps, answered to his voice. The ghosts of those he sung came in their rustling blasts. They were seen to bend with joy towards the sound of their praise.

* This book opens with the fourth up in the poem. The scene lies in the night, and ends on the morning of the heath of Lena, and the mountain Cromla sixth day. The time of five days, five on the coast of Ulster, nights, and a part of the sixth day is taken

BE thy foul blest, O Carril, in the midst of thy eddying winds. O that thou wouldst come to my hall when I am alone by night! —And thou dost come, my friend, I hear often thy light hand on my harp; when it hangs on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. Why dost thou not speak to me in my grief, and tell when I shall behold my friends? But thou passest away in thy murmuring blast; and thy wind whistles through the gray hair of Ossian.

NOW on the side of Mora the heroes gathered to the feast. A thousand aged oaks are burning to the wind.—The strength* of the shells goes round. And the souls of warriors brighten with joy. But the king of Lochlin is silent, and sorrow reddens in the eyes of his pride. He often turned toward Lena and remembered that he fell.

FINGAL leaned on the shield of his fathers. His gray locks slowly waved on the wind, and glittered to the beam of night. He saw the grief of Swaran, and spoke to the first of Bards.

RAISE, Ullin, raise the song of peace, and sooth my soul after battle, that my ear may forget the noise of arms. And let a hundred harps be near to gladden the king of Lochlin. He must depart from us with joy.—None ever went sad from Fingal. Oscar! the

* By the strength of the shell is meant the liquor the heroes drunk: of what kind it was, cannot be ascertained at this distance of time. The translator has met with several ancient poems that mention wax-lights and wine as common in the halls of Fingal. The names of both are borrowed from the Latin, which plainly shews that

our ancestors had them from the Romans, if they had them at all. The Caledonians in their frequent incursions to the province might become acquainted with those conveniencies of life, and introduce them into their own country, among the booty which they carried from South Britain.

lightning

lightning of my sword is against the strong in battle; but peaceful it lies by my side when warriors yield in war.

TRENMOR *, said the mouth of the songs, lived in the days of other years. He bounded over the waves of the north: companion of the storm. The high rocks of the land of Lochlin, and its groves of murmuring sounds appeared to the hero through the mist;—he bound his white-bosomed sails.—Trenmor pursued the boar that roared along the woods of Gormal. Many had fled from its presence; but the spear of Trenmor slew it.

THREE chiefs that beheld the deed, told of the mighty stranger. They told that he stood like a pillar of fire in the bright arms of his valour. The king of Lochlin prepared the feast, and called the blooming Trenmor. Three days he feasted at Gormal's windy towers; and got his choice in the combat.

THE land of Lochlin had no hero that yielded not to Trenmor. The shell of joy went round with songs in praise of the king of Morven; he that came over the waves, the first of mighty men.

Now when the fourth gray morn arose, the hero launched his ship; and walking along the silent shore waited for the rushing wind. For loud and distant he heard the blast murmuring in the grove.

COVERED over with arms of steel a son of the woody Gormal appeared. Red was his cheek and fair his hair. His skin like the snow of Morven. Mild rolled his blue and smiling eye when he spoke to the king of swords.

* Trenmor was great grandfather to Fingal. The story is introduced to facilitate the dismissal of Swaran.

STAY, Trenmor, stay thou first of men, thou hast not conquered Lonval's son. My sword has often met the brave. And the wife shun the strength of my bow.

THOU fair-haired youth, Trenmor replied, I will not fight with Lonval's son. Thine arm is feeble, sun-beam of beauty. Retire to Gormal's dark-brown hinds.

BUT I will retire, replied the youth, with the sword of Trenmor; and exult in the sound of my fame. The virgins shall gather with smiles around him who conquered Trenmor. They shall sigh with the sighs of love, and admire the length of thy spear; when I shall carry it among thousands, and lift the glittering point to the sun.

THOU shalt never carry my spear, said the angry king of Morven.—Thy mother shall find thee pale on the shore of the echoing Gormal; and, looking over the dark-blue deep, see the sails of him that slew her son.

I WILL not lift the spear, replied the youth, my arm is not strong with years. But with the feathered dart, I have learned to pierce a distant foe. Throw down that heavy mail of steel; for Trenmor is covered all over.—I first, will lay my mail on earth.—Throw now thy dart, thou king of Morven.

HE saw the heaving of her breast. It was the sister of the king.—She had seen him in the halls of Gormal; and loved his face of youth.—The spear dropt from the hand of Trenmor: he bent his red cheek to the ground, for he had seen her like a beam of light

that meets the sons of the cave, when they revisit the fields of the sun, and bend their aching eyes.

CHIEF of the windy Morven, begun the maid of the arms of snow ; let me rest in thy bounding ship, far from the love of Corlo. For he, like the thunder of the desert, is terrible to Inibaca. He loves me in the gloom of his pride, and shakes ten thousand spears.

REST thou in peace, said the mighty Trenmor, behind the shield of my fathers. I will not fly from the chief, though he shakes ten thousand spears.

THREE days he waited on the shore ; and sent his horn abroad. He called Corlo to battle from all his echoing hills. But Corlo came not to battle. The king of Lochlin descended. He feasted on the roaring shore ; and gave the maid to Trenmor.

KING of Lochlin, said Fingal, thy blood flows in the veins of thy foe. Our families met in battle, because they loved the strife of spears. But often did they feast in the hall ; and send round the joy of the shell.—Let thy face brighten with gladness, and thine ear delight in the harp. Dreadful as the storm of thine ocean, thou hast poured thy valour forth ; thy voice has been like the voice of thousands when they engage in battle. Raise, to-morrow, thy white sails to the wind, thou brother of Agandecca. Bright as the beam of noon she comes on my mournful soul. I have seen thy tears for the fair one, and spared thee in the halls of Starno ; when my sword was red with slaughter, and my eye full of tears for the maid.—Or dost thou chuse the fight ? The combat which thy fathers gave to Trenmor is thine : that thou mayest depart renowned like the sun setting in the west.

KING

KING of the race of Morven, said the chief of the waves of Lochlin; never will Swaran fight with thee, first of a thousand heroes! I have seen thee in the halls of Starno, and few were thy years beyond my own.—When shall I, I said to my soul, lift the spear like the noble Fingal? We have fought heretofore, O warrior, on the side of the shaggy Malmor; after my waves had carried me to thy halls, and the feast of a thousand shells was spread. Let the bards send him who overcame to future years, for noble was the strife of heathy Malmor.

BUT many of the ships of Lochlin have lost their youths on Lena. Take these, thou king of Morven, and be the friend of Swaran. And when thy sons shall come to the mossy towers of Gormal; the feast of shells shall be spread, and the combat offered on the vale.

NOR ship, replied the king, shall Fingal take, nor land of many hills. The desert is enough to me with all its deer and woods. Rise on thy waves again, thou noble friend of Agandecca. Spread thy white sails to the beam of the morning, and return to the echoing hills of Gormal.

BLEST be thy soul, thou king of shells, said Swaran of the dark-brown shield. In peace thou art the gale of spring. In war the mountain-storm. Take now my hand in friendship, thou noble king of Morven.

LET thy bards mourn those who fell. Let Erin give the sons of Lochlin to earth; and raise the mossy stones of their fame. That the children of the north hereafter may behold the place where their fathers fought. And some hunter may say, when he leans on a

mossy tomb, here Fingal and Swaran fought, the heroes of other years. Thus hereafter shall he say, and our fame shall last for ever.

SWARAN, said the king of the hills, to-day our fame is greatest. We shall pass away like a dream. No sound will be in the fields of our battles. Our tombs will be lost in the heath. The hunter shall not know the place of our rest. Our names may be heard in the song, but the strength of our arms will cease.

O OSSIAN, Carril, and Ullin, you know of heroes that are no more. Give us the song of other years. Let the night pass away on the sound, and morning return with joy.

WE gave the song to the kings, and a hundred harps accompanied our voice. The face of Swaran brightened like the full moon of heaven, when the clouds vanish away, and leave her calm and broad in the midst of the sky.

IT was then that Fingal spoke to Carril the chief of other times. Where is the son of Semo; the king of the isle of mist? has he retired, like the meteor of death, to the dreary cave of Tura?

CUCHULLIN, said Carril of other times, lies in the dreary cave of Tura. His hand is on the sword of his strength. His thoughts on the battles which he lost. Mournful is the king of spears, for he has often been victorious. He sends the sword of his war to rest on the side of Fingal. For, like the storm of the desert, thou hast scattered all his foes. Take, O Fingal, the sword of the hero; for his fame is departed like mist when it flies before the rustling wind of the vale.

No : replied the king, Fingal shall never take his sword. His arm is mighty in war ; and tell him his fame shall never fail. Many have been overcome in battle, that have shone afterwards like the sun of heaven.

O SWARAN, king of the refounding woods, give all thy grief away.—The vanquished, if brave, are renowned ; they are like the sun in a cloud when he hides his face in the south, but looks again on the hills of grass.

GRUMAL was a chief of Cona. He fought the battle on every coast. His soul rejoiced in blood ; his ear in the din of arms. He poured his warriors on the founding Craca ; and Craca's king met him from his grove ; for then within the circle of Brumo * he spoke to the stone of power.

FIERCE was the battle of the heroes, for the maid of the breast of snow. The fame of the daughter of Craca had reached Grumal at the streams of Cona ; he vowed to have the white-bosomed maid, or die on the echoing Craca. Three days they strove together, and Grumal on the fourth was bound.

FAR from his friends they placed him in the horrid circle of Brumo ; where often, they said, the ghosts of the dead howled round the stone of their fear. But afterwards he shone like a pillar of the light of heaven. They fell by his mighty hand, and Grumal had his fame.

* This passage alludes to the religion of the king of Craca. See a note on a similar subject in the third book.

RAISE, ye bards of other times, raise high the praise of heroes ; that my soul may settle on their fame ; and the mind of Swaran cease to be sad.

THEY lay in the heath of Mora ; the dark winds rustle over the heroes.—A hundred voices at once arose, a hundred harps were strung ; they sung of other times, and the mighty chiefs of former years.

WHEN now shall I hear the bard ; or rejoice at the fame of my fathers ? The harp is not strung on Morven ; nor the voice of music raised on Cona. Dead with the mighty is the bard ; and fame is in the desert no more.

MORNING trembles with the beam of the east, and glimmers on gray-headed Cromla. Over Lena is heard the horn of Swaran, and the sons of the ocean gather around.—Silent and sad they mount the wave, and the blast of Ullin is behind their sails. White, as the mist of Morven, they float along the sea.

CALL, said Fingal, call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase. Call white-breasted Bran ; and the furry strength of Luath.—Fillan, and Ryno—but he is not here ; my son rests on the bed of death. Fillan and Fergus, blow my horn, that the joy of the chase may arise ; that the deer of Cromla may hear and start at the lake of roes.

THE shrill sound spreads along the wood. The sons of heathy Cromla arise.—A thousand dogs fly off at once, gray-bounding

M

through

through the divided heath. A deer fell by every dog, and three by the white-breasted Bran. He brought them, in their flight, to Fingal, that the joy of the king might be great.

ONE deer fell at the tomb of Ryno; and the grief of Fingal returned. He saw how peaceful lay the stone of him who was the first at the chace.—No more shalt thou rise, O my son, to partake of the feast of Cromla. Soon will thy tomb be hid, and the grafs grow rank on thy grave. The sons of the feeble shall pass over it, and shall not know that the mighty lie there.

OSSIAN and Fillan, sons of my strength, and Gaul king of the blue blades of war, let us ascend the hill to the cave of Tura, and find the chief of the battles of Erin.—Are these the walls of Tura, gray and lonely they rise on the heath? The king of shells is sad, and the halls are desolate. Come let us find the king of swords, and give him all our joy.

BUT is that Cuchullin, O Fillan, or a pillar of smoke on the heath? The wind of Cromla is on my eyes, and I distinguish not my friend.

FINGAL! replied the youth, it is the son of Semo. Gloomy and sad is the hero; his hand is on his sword. Hail to the son of battle, breaker of the shields!

HAIL to thee, replied Cuchullin, hail to all the sons of Morven. Delightful is thy presence, O Fingal, it is like the sun on Cromla; when the hunter mourns his absence for a season, and sees him be-

tween the clouds. Thy sons are like stars that attend thy course, and give light in the night.

IT is not thus thou hast seen me, O Fingal, returning from the wars of the desert; when the kings of the world * had fled, and joy returned to the hill of hinds.

MANY are thy words, Cuchullin, said Connan † of the small renown. Thy words are many, son of Semo, but where are thy deeds in arms? Why did we come, over the ocean, to aid thy feeble sword? Thou flyest to thy cave of sorrow, and Connan fights thy battles; Resign to me these arms of light; yield them, thou son of Erin.

No hero, replied the chief, ever fought the arms of Cuchullin; and had a thousand heroes fought them it were in vain, thou gloomy youth. I fled not to the cave of sorrow, as long as Erin's warriors lived.

YOUTH of the feeble arm, said Fingal, Connan, say no more. Cuchullin is renowned in battle, and terrible over the desert. Often have I heard thy fame, thou stormy chief of Inisfail. Spread now thy white sails for the isle of mist, and see Bragela leaning on her rock. Her tender eye is in tears, and the winds lift her long hair from her heaving breast. She listens to the winds of night to hear

* This is the only passage in the poem, wherein the wars of Fingal against the Romans are alluded to:—The Roman emperor is distinguished in old composition by the title of *king of the world*.

† Connan was of the family of Morni. He is mentioned in several other poems, and always appears with the same character. The poet passed him over in silence till now, and his behaviour here deserves no better usage.

the voice of thy rowers* ; to hear the song of the sea, and the sound of thy distant harp.

AND long shall she listen in vain ; Cuchullin shall never return. How can I behold Bragela to raise the sigh of her breast ? Fingal, I was always victorious in the battles of other spears !

AND hereafter thou shalt be victorious, said Fingal king of shells. The fame of Cuchullin shall grow like the branchy tree of Cromla. Many battles await thee, O chief, and many shall be the wounds of thy hand.

BRING hither, Oscar, the deer, and prepare the feast of shells ; that our souls may rejoice after danger, and our friends delight in our presence.

WE sat, we feasted, and we sung. The soul of Cuchullin rose. The strength of his arm returned ; and gladness brightened on his face.

ULLIN gave the song, and Carril raised the voice. I, often, joined the bards, and sung of battles of the spear.—Battles ! where I often fought ; but now I fight no more. The fame of my former actions is ceased ; and I sit forlorn at the tombs of my friends.

THUS they passed the night in the song ; and brought back the morning with joy. Fingal arose on the heath, and shook his glittering spear in his hand.—He moved first toward the plains of Lena, and we followed like a ridge of fire.

* The practice of finging when they row northwest coast of Scotland and the isles. It deceives time, and inspirits the rowers.

SPREAD the sail, said the king of Morven, and catch the winds that pour from Lena.—We rose on the wave with songs, and rushed, with joy, through the foam of the ocean*.

* It is allowed by the best critics that an epic poem ought to end happily. This rule, in its most material circumstances, is observed by the three most deservedly celebrated poets, Homer, Virgil, and Milton; yet, I know not how it happens, the conclusions of their poems throw a melancholy damp on the mind. One leaves his reader at a funeral; another at the untimely death of a hero; and a third in the solitary scenes of an unpeopled world.

Ὡς οἷγ' ἀμφίεπον ταφῶν Ἑκτόρος ἰπποδᾶμοιο. HOMER.

Such honours Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's
shade. POPE.

—*Ferrum adverso sub pectore condit
Fervidus. Ast illi solvuntur frigore membra,
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.*

VIRGIL.

He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood disdain'd his arms
around,

And the disdainful soul came rushing thro'
the wound. DRYDEN.

They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps
and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

C O M A L A :

A

DRAMATIC POEM*.



The P E R S O N S.

FINGAL.	MELILCOMA,	} daughters of Morni.
HIDALLAN.	DERSAGRENA,	
COMÁLA.	BARDS,	

DERSAGRENA.

THE chase is over.—No noise on Ardven but the torrent's roar!
 —Daughter of Morni, come from Crona's banks. Lay
 down the bow and take the harp. Let the night come on with
 songs, and our joy be great on Ardven.

MELILCOMA.

* This poem is valuable on account of the light it throws on the antiquity of Of-fian's compositions. The Caracul mentioned here is the same with Caracalla the son of Severus, who in the year 211 commanded an expedition against the Caledonians.—The variety of the measure shews that the poem was originally set to music, and perhaps presented before the chiefs upon solemn occasions.—Tradition has handed down the story more complete than it is in the poem —“ Comala, the daughter of Sarno king of Inistore or Orkney islands, fell in love with Fingal the son of Comhal

MELILCOMA *.

AND night comes on, thou blue-eyed maid, gray night grows dim along the plain. I saw a deer at Crona's stream; a mossy bank he seemed through the gloom, but soon he bounded away. A meteor played round his branchy horns; and the awful faces † of other times looked from the clouds of Crona.

DERSAGRENA †.

THESE are the signs of Fingal's death.—The king of shields is fallen!—and Caracul prevails. Rise, Comala ‖, from thy rocks; daughter of Sarno, rise in tears. The youth of thy love is low, and his ghost is already on our hills.

MELILCOMA.

THERE Comala sits forlorn! two gray dogs near shake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek rests on her arm, and the mountain wind is in her hair. She turns her blue-

at a feast, to which her father had invited him, [Fingal, B. III.] upon his return from Lochlin, after the death of Agandecca. Her passion was so violent, that she followed him, disguised like a youth, who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was soon discovered by Hidallan the son of Lamor, one of Fingal's heroes, whose love she had slighted some time before—Her romantic passion and beauty recommended her so much to the king, that he had resolved to make her his wife; when news was brought him of Caracul's expedition. He marched to stop the progress of the enemy, and Comala attended him.—

He left her on a hill, within sight of Caracul's army, when he himself went to battle, having previously promised, if he survived, to return that night." The sequel of the story may be gathered from the poem itself.

* Melilcoma,—*soft-rolling eye.*

† *Apparent diræ facies, inimicæque Tiojæ Numina magna deum.* VIRG.

————dreadful sounds I hear,

And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.

DRYDEN.

‡ Dersagrena, *the brightness of a sun-beam.*

‖ Comala, *the maid of the pleasant brow.*

rolling eyes toward the fields of his promise.—Where art thou, O Fingal, for the night is gathering around ?

C O M A L A .

O C A R U N * of the streams ! why do I behold thy waters rolling in blood ? Has the noise of the battle been heard on thy banks ; and sleeps the king of Morven ?—Rise, moon, thou daughter of the sky ! look from between thy clouds, that I may behold the light of his steel, on the field of his promise.—Or rather let the meteor, that lights our departed fathers through the night, come, with its red light, to shew me the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me from sorrow ? Who from the love of Hidallan ? Long shall Comala look before she can behold Fingal in the midst of his host ; bright as the beam of the morning in the cloud of an early shower.

H I D A L L A N † .

ROLL, thou mist of gloomy Crona, roll on the path of the hunter. Hide his steps from mine eyes, and let me remember my friend no more. The bands of battle are scattered, and no crowding steps are round the noise of his steel. O Carun, roll thy streams of blood, for the chief of the people fell.

* Carun or Cara'on, a winding river.— This river retains still the name of Carron, and falls into the Forth some miles to the North of Falkirk.

— *Gentesque alias cum pelleret armis
Sedibus, aut vietas vitem servaret in usum
Servitii, hic contenta suos defendere fines
Roma securigeris prætendit mænia Sectis :
Hic spe progressus posita, Caronis ad undam
Terminus Ausonii signat divortia regni.*

BUCHANAN.

† Hidallan was sent by Fingal to give notice to Comala of his return ; he, to revenge himself on her for slighting his love some time before, told her that the king was killed in battle. He even pretended that he carried his body from the field to be buried in her presence ; and this circumstance makes it probable that the poem was presented of old.

COMALA.

Who fell on Carun's grassy banks, son of the cloudy night? Was he white as the snow of Ardven? Blooming as the bow of the shower? Was his hair like the mist of the hill, soft and curling in the day of the sun? Was he like the thunder of heaven in battle? Fleet as the roe of the desert?

HIDALLAN.

O THAT I might behold his love, fair-leaning from her rock! Her red eye dim in tears, and her blushing cheek half hid in her locks! Blow, thou gentle breeze, and lift the heavy locks of the maid, that I may behold her white arm, and lovely cheek of her sorrow!

COMALA.

AND is the son of Comhal fallen, chief of the mournful tale? The thunder rolls on the hill!—The lightning flies on wings of fire! But they frighten not Comala; for her Fingal fell. Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of the shields?

HIDALLAN.

THE nations are scattered on their hills; for they shall hear the voice of the chief no more.

COMALA.

CONFUSION pursue thee over thy plains; and destruction overtake thee, thou king of the world. Few be thy steps to thy grave; and let one virgin mourn thee. Let her be, like Comala, tearful in the days of her youth.—Why hast thou told me, Hidallan, that my hero fell? I might have hoped a little while his return, and have thought I saw him on the distant rock; a tree might have deceived me with his appearance; and the wind of the hill been the sound
of

of his horn in mine ear. O that I were on the banks of Carun!
that my tears might be warm on his cheek!

HIDALLAN.

HE lies not on the banks of Carun: on Ardven heroes raise his
tomb. Look on them, O moon, from thy clouds; be thy beam
bright on his breast, that Comala may behold him in the light of
his armour.

COMALA.

STOP, ye sons of the grave, till I behold my love. He left me
at the chace alone. I knew not that he went to war. He said he
would return with the night; and the king of Morven is returned.
Why didst thou not tell me that he would fall, O trembling son of
the rock*! Thou hast seen him in the blood of his youth, but
thou didst not tell Comala!

MELILCOMA.

WHAT found is that on Ardven? Who is that bright in the
vale? Who comes like the strength of rivers, when their crowded
waters glitter to the moon?

COMALA.

WHO is it but the foe of Comala, the son of the king of the
world! Ghost of Fingal! do thou, from thy cloud, direct Comala's
bow. Let him fall like the hart of the desert.—It is Fingal in
the crowd of his ghosts.—Why dost thou come, my love, to frighten
and please my soul?

* By *the son of the rock* she means a beginning of the reign of Fingal; and that
druid. It is probable that some of the or- Comala had consulted one of them con-
der of the druids remained as late as the cerning the event of the war with Caracul.

FINGAL.

RAISE, ye bards of the song, the wars of the streamy Carun. Caracul has fled from my arms along the fields of his pride. He sets far distant like a meteor that incloses a spirit of night, when the winds drive it over the heath, and the dark woods are gleaming around.

I HEARD a voice like the breeze of my hills. Is it the huntress of Galmal, the white-handed daughter of Sarno? Look from thy rocks*, my love; and let me hear the voice of Comala.

COMALA.

TAKE me to the cave of thy rest, O lovely son of death!—

FINGAL.

COME to the cave of my rest.—The storm is over †, and the sun is on our fields. Come to the cave of my rest, huntress of echoing Cona.

COMALA.

HE is returned with his fame; I feel the right hand of his battles.—But I must rest beside the rock till my soul settle from fear.—Let the harp be near; and raise the song, ye daughters of Morni.

DERSAGRENA.

COMALA has slain three deer on Ardven, and the fire ascends on the rock; go to the feast of Comala, king of the woody Morven!

* O my dove *that art* in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *places* of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice.

† The winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

FINGAL.

FINGAL.

RAISE, ye sons of the song, the wars of the streamy Carun; that my white-handed maid may rejoice: while I behold the feast of my love.

BARDS.

ROLL, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled. The steed is not seen on our fields; and the wings* of their pride spread in other lands. The sun will now rise in peace, and the shadows descend in joy. The voice of the chace will be heard; and the shields hang in the hall. Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, and our hands be red in the blood of Lochlin. Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled.

MELILCOMA.

DESCEND, ye light mists from high; ye moon-beams, lift her soul.—Pale lies the maid at the rock! Comala is no more!

FINGAL.

Is the daughter of Sarno dead; the white-bosomed maid of my love? Meet me, Comala, on my heaths, when I sit alone at the streams of my hills.

HIDALLAN.

CEASED the voice of the huntress of Galmal? Why did I trouble the soul of the maid? When shall I see thee, with joy, in the chace of the dark-brown hinds?

FINGAL.

YOUTH of the gloomy brow! no more shalt thou feast in my halls. Thou shalt not pursue my chace, and my foes shall not fall

* Perhaps the poet alludes to the Roman eagle.

by thy sword*.—Lead me to the place of her rest that I may behold her beauty.—Pale she lies at the rock, and the cold winds lift her hair. Her bow-string sounds in the blast, and her arrow was broken in her fall. Raise the praise of the daughter of Sarno, and give her name to the wind of the hills.

BARD'S.

SEE! meteors roll around the maid; and moon-beams lift her soul! Around her, from their clouds, bend the awful faces of her fathers; Sarno † of the gloomy brow; and the red-rolling eyes of Fidallan. When shall thy white hand arise, and thy voice be heard on our rocks? The maids shall seek thee on the heath, but they will not find thee. Thou shalt come, at times, to their dreams, and settle peace in their soul. Thy voice shall remain in their ears ‡, and they shall think with joy on the dreams of their rest. Meteors roll around the maid, and moon-beams lift her soul!

* The sequel of the story of Hidallan is introduced, as an episode, in the poem which immediately follows in this collection.

† Sarno the father of Comala died soon after the flight of his daughter.—Fid-

allan was the first king that reigned in Iniffore.

‡ The angel ended, and in Adam's ear So charming left his voice, that he a while Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear. MILTON.

T H E
 W A R of C A R O S * :
 A P O E M.

BRING, daughter of Toscar, bring the harp; the light of the song rises in Ossian's soul. It is like the field, when darkness covers the hills around, and the shadow grows slowly on the plain of the sun.

I BEHOLD my son, O Malvina, near the mossy rock of Crona †; but it is the mist ‡ of the desert tinged with the beam of the west: Lovely is the mist that assumes the form of Oscar! turn from it, ye winds, when ye roar on the side of Ardven.

WHO comes towards my son, with the murmur of a song? His staff is in his hand, his gray hair loose on the wind. Surly joy

* Caros is probably the noted usurper Carausius, by birth a Menapian, who assumed the purple in the year 284; and, seizing on Britain, defeated the emperor Maximian Herculius in several naval engagements, which gives propriety to his being called in this poem *the king of ships*. — He repaired Agricola's wall, in order to obstruct the incursions of the Caledonians; and when he was employed in that work, it appears he was attacked by a

party under the command of Oscar the son of Ossian. This battle is the foundation of the present poem, which is addressed to Malvina the daughter of Toscar.

† Crona is the name of a small stream which runs into the Carron. On its banks is the scene of the preceding dramatic poem.

‡ Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke.

SOLOMON'S Song.

lightens

lightens his face; and he often looks back to Caros. It is Ryno * of the song, he that went to view the foe.

WHAT does Caros king of ships, said the son of the now mournful Ossian? spreads he the wings † of his pride, bard of the times of old?

HE spreads them, Oskar, replied the bard, but it is behind his gathered heap ‡. He looks over his stones with fear, and beholds thee terrible, as the ghost of night that rolls the wave to his ships.

Go, thou first of my bards, says Oskar, and take the spear of Fingal. Fix a flame on its point, and shake it to the winds of heaven. Bid him, in songs, to advance, and leave the rolling of his wave. Tell to Caros that I long for battle; and that my bow is weary of the chace of Cona. Tell him the mighty are not here; and that my arm is young.

HE went with the murmur of his song. Oskar reared his voice on high. It reached his heroes on Ardven, like the noise of a cave ||; when the sea of Togorma rolls before it; and its trees meet the roaring winds.—They gather round my son like the streams of the hill; when, after rain, they roll in the pride of their course.

RYNO came to the mighty Caros, and struck his flaming spear. Come to the battle of Oskar, O thou that fittest on the rolling of waters. Fingal is distant far; he hears the songs of his bards in

* Ryno is often mentioned in the ancient poetry.—He seems to have been a bard, of the first rank, in the days of Fingal.

† The Roman eagle.

‡ Agricola's wall which Carausius repaired.

|| —As when the hollow rocks retain The sound of blustering winds.—

Morven : and the wind of his hall is in his hair. His terrible spear is at his side ; and his shield that is like that darkened moon. Come to the battle of Oſcar ; the hero is alone.

HE came not over the ſtreamy Carun* ; the bard returned with his ſong. Gray night grows dim on Crona. The feaſt of ſhells is ſpread. A hundred oaks burn to the wind, and faint light gleams over the heath. The ghoſts of Ardden paſs through the beam, and ſhew their dim and diſtant forms. Comala † is half-unſeen on her meteor ; and Hidallan is fullen and dim, like the darkened moon behind the miſt of night.

WHY art thou ſad ? ſaid Ryno ; for he alone beheld the chief. Why art thou ſad, Hidallan, haſt thou not received thy fame ? The ſongs of Oſſian have been heard, and thy ghofl has brightened in the wind, when thou didſt bend from thy cloud to hear the ſong of Morven's bard.

AND do thine eyes behold the hero, ſaid Oſcar, like the dim meteor of night ? Say, Ryno, ſay, how fell the chief that was ſo renowned in the days of our fathers ?——His name remains on the rocks of Cona ; and I have often ſeen the ſtreams of his hills.

FINGAL, replied the bard, had driven Hidallan from his wars. The king's ſoul was ſad for Comala, and his eyes could not behold Hidallan.

* The river Carron.

† This is the ſcene of Comala's death, which is the ſubject of the dramatic poem.

—The poet mentions her in this place, in

order to introduce the ſequel of Hidallan's ſtory, who, on account of her death, had been expelled from the wars of Fingal.

LONELY, sad along the heath he slowly moved with silent steps. His arms hang disordered on his side. His hair flies loose from his helmet. The tear is in his down-cast eyes; and the sigh half-silent in his breast.

THREE days he strayed unseen, alone, before he came to Lamor's halls: the mossy halls of his fathers, at the stream of Balva*. — There Lamor sat alone beneath a tree; for he had sent his people with Hidallan to war. The stream ran at his feet, and his gray head rested on his staff. Sightless are his aged eyes. He hums the song of other times. — The noise of Hidallan's feet came to his ear: he knew the tread of his son.

Is the son of Lamor returned; or is it the sound of his ghost? Hast thou fallen on the banks of Carun, son of the aged Lamor? Or, if I hear the sound of Hidallan's feet; where are the mighty in the war? where are my people, Hidallan, that were wont to return with their echoing shields? — Have they fallen on the banks of Carun?

No: replied the fighting youth, the people of Lamor live. They are renowned in battle, my father; but Hidallan is renowned no more. I must sit alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of the battle grows.

BUT thy fathers never sat alone, replied the rising pride of Lamor; they never sat alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of battle rose. — Dost thou not behold that tomb? My eyes discern

* This is perhaps that small stream, tivar in Stirlingshire. Balva signifies a still retaining the name of Balva, which *silent stream*; and Glentivar, *the sequestered* runs through the romantic valley of Glen-*vale*.

it not; there rests the noble Garmállon who never fled from war. —Come, thou renowned in battle, he says, come to thy father's tomb.—How am I renowned, Garmállon, for my son has fled from war?

KING of the streamy Balva! said Hidallan with a sigh, why dost thou torment my soul? Lamor, I never feared.—Fingal was sad for Comala, and denied his wars to Hidallan; go to the gray streams of thy land, he said, and moulder like a leafless oak, which the winds have bent over Balva, never more to grow.

AND must I hear, Lamor replied, the lonely tread of Hidallan's feet? When thousands are renowned in battle, shall he bend over my gray streams? Spirit of the noble Garmállon! carry Lamor to his place; his eyes are dark; his soul is sad; and his son has lost his fame.

WHERE, said the youth, shall I search for fame to gladden the soul of Lamor? From whence shall I return with renown, that the sound of my arms may be pleasant in his ear?—If I go to the chace of hinds, my name will not be heard.—Lamor will not feel my dogs, with his hands, glad at my arrival from the hill. He will not enquire of his mountains, or of the dark-brown deer of his desarts.

I MUST fall, said Lamor, like a leafless oak: it grew on a rock, but the winds have overturned it.—My ghost will be seen on my hills, mournful for my young Hidallan. Will not ye, ye mists, as ye rise, hide him from my sight?—My son!—go to Lamor's hall: there the arms of our fathers hang.—Bring the sword of Garmállon;—he took it from a foe.

HE went and brought the sword with all its studded thongs.—
He gave it to his father. The gray-haired hero felt the point with
his hand.—

MY son!—lead me to Garmállon's tomb: it rises beside that rust-
ling tree. The long grass is withered;—I heard the breeze whist-
ling there.—A little fountain murmurs near, and sends its water to
Balva. There let me rest; it is noon: and the sun is on our fields.

HE led him to Garmállon's tomb. Lamor pierced the side of his
son.—They sleep together: and their ancient halls moulder on
Balva's banks.—Ghosts are seen there at noon: the valley is silent,
and the people shun the place of Lamor.

MOURNFUL is thy tale, said Oskar, son of the times of old!—
My soul sighs for Hidallan; he fell in the days of his youth. He
flies on the blast of the desert, and his wandering is in a foreign
land.—

SONS of the echoing Morven! draw near to the foes of Fingal.
Send the night away in songs; and watch the strength of Caros.
Oskar goes to the people of other times; to the shades of silent Ard-
ven; where his fathers sit dim in their clouds, and behold the future
war.—And art thou there, Hidallan, like a half-extinguished meteor?
Come to my fight, in thy sorrow, chief of the roaring Balva!

THE heroes move with their songs.—Oskar slowly ascends the
hill.—The meteors of night set on the heath before him. A distant
torrent faintly roars.—Unfrequent blasts rush through aged oaks.
The half-enlightened moon sinks dim and red behind her hill.—
Feeble voices are heard on the heath.—Oskar drew his sword.

COME, said the hero, O ye ghosts of my fathers ! ye that fought against the kings of the world !—Tell me the deeds of future times ; and your converse in your caves ; when you talk together and behold your sons in the fields of the valiant.

TRENMOR came, from his hill, at the voice of his mighty son.—A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his airy limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to the people. His sword is a green meteor half-extinguished. His face is without form, and dark. He sighed thrice over the hero : and thrice the winds of the night roared around. Many were his words to Oscar : but they only came by halves to our ears : they were dark as the tales of other times, before the light of the song arose. He slowly vanished, like a mist that melts on the sunny hill.

IT was then, O daughter of Toscar, my son begun first to be sad. He foresaw the fall of his race ; and, at times, he was thoughtful and dark ; like the sun * when he carries a cloud on his face ; but he looks afterwards on the hills of Cona.

OSCAR passed the night among his fathers, gray morning met him on the banks of Carun.

A GREEN vale surrounded a tomb which arose in the times of old. Little hills lift their head at a distance ; and stretch their old trees to the wind. The warriors of Caros sat there, for they had passed the stream by night. They appeared, like the trunks of aged pines, to the pale light of the morning.

OSCAR stood at the tomb, and raised thrice his terrible voice. The rocking hills echoed around : the starting roes bounded away.

* ——— *caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit.*

VIRG.

Now dark and deep, with all his steeds, Caros rolled his might along : the little streams are lost in his course ; and the earth is rocking round.—Battle spreads from wing to wing : ten thousand swords gleam at once in the sky.—But why should Ossian sing of battles ?—For never more shall my steel shine in war. I remember the days of my youth with sorrow ; when I feel the weakness of my arm. Happy are they who fell in their youth, in the midst of their renown !—They have not beheld the tombs of their friend : or failed to bend the bow of their strength.—Happy art thou, O Oícar, in the midst of thy rushing blast. Thou often goest to the fields of thy fame, where Caros fled from thy lifted sword.

DARKNESS comes on my soul, O fair daughter of Toscar, I behold not the form of my son at Carun ; nor the figure of Oícar on Crona. The rustling winds have carried him far away ; and the heart of his father is sad.

BUT lead me, O Malvina, to the sound of my woods, and the roar of my mountain streams. Let the chace be heard on Cona ; that I may think on the days of other years.—And bring me the harp, O maid, that I may touch it when the light of my soul shall arise.—Be thou near, to learn the song ; and future times shall hear of Ossian.

THE sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona ; and, looking up to the rocks, say, “ Here Ossian dwelt.” They shall admire the chiefs of old, and the race that are no more : while we ride on our clouds, Malvina, on the wings of the roaring winds. Our voices shall be heard, at times, in the desert ; and we shall sing on the winds of the rock.

T H E

W A R of I N I S - T H O N A * :

A P O E M.

OUR youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the sun ; but he awakes amidst a storm ; the red lightning flies around : and the trees shake their heads to the wind. He looks back with joy, on the day of the sun ; and the pleasant dreams of his rest !

WHEN shall Ossian's youth return, or his ear delight in the sound of arms ? When shall I, like Oscar, travel † in the light of my steel ?—Come, with your streams, ye hills of Cona, and listen to the voice of Ossian ! The song rises, like the sun, in my soul ; and my heart feels the joys of other times.

I BEHOLD thy towers, O Selma ! and the oaks of thy shaded wall :—thy streams sound in my ear ; thy heroes gather round. Fingal sits in the midst ; and leans on the shield of Trenmor :—his

* Inis-thona, *i. e.* the island of waves, was a country of Scandinavia subject to its own king, but depending upon the kingdom of Lochlin.—This poem is an episode introduced in a great work composed by Ossian, in which the actions of his friends, and his beloved son Oscar, were inter-

woven.—The work itself is lost, but some episodes, and the story of the poem, are handed down by tradition. There are some now living, who, in their youth, have heard the whole repeated.

† Travelling in the greatness of his strength.

ISAIAH lxiii. 1.

ſpear ſtands againſt the wall; he liſtens to the ſong of his bards.—
The deeds of his arm are heard; and the actions of the king in
his youth.

OSCAR had returned from the chace, and heard the hero's praiſe.
—He took the ſhield of Branno * from the wall; his eyes were
filled with tears. Red was the cheek of youth. His voice was
trembling, low. My ſpear ſhook its bright head in his hand: he
ſpoke to Morven's king.

FINGAL! thou king of heroes! Oſſian, next to him in war! ye
have fought the battle in your youth; your names are renowned in
the ſong.—Oſcar is like the miſt of Cona; I appear and vaniſh.—
The bard will not know my name.—The hunter will not ſearch in
the heath for my tomb. Let me fight, O heroes, in the battles of
Inis-thona. Diſtant is the land of my war!—ye ſhall not hear of
Oſcar's fall.—Some bard may find me there, and give my name
to the ſong.—The daughter of the ſtranger ſhall ſee my tomb, and
weep over the youth that came from afar. The bard ſhall ſay, at
the feaſt, hear the ſong of Oſcar from the diſtant land!

OSCAR, replied the king of Morven; thou ſhalt fight, ſon of my
fame!—Prepare my dark-boſomed ſhip to carry my hero to Inis-
thona. Son of my ſon, regard our fame;—for thou art of the race
of renown. Let not the children of ſtrangers ſay, feeble are the
ſons of Morven!—Be thou, in battle, like the roaring ſtorm:
mild as the evening ſun in peace.—Tell, Oſcar, to Inis-thona's king,
that Fingal remembers his youth; when we ſtrove in the combat
together in the days of Agandecca.

* This is Branno, the father of Everal- round the lake of Lego.—His great actions
lin, and grandfather to Oſcar; he was of are handed down by tradition, and his ho-
Iriſh extraction and lord of the country ſpitality has paſſed into a proverb.

THEY lifted up the founding sail ; the wind whistled through the thongs * of their masts. Waves lash the oozy rocks : the strength of ocean roars.—My son beheld, from the wave, the land of groves. He rushed into the echoing bay of Runa ; and sent his sword to Annir king of spears.

THE gray-haired hero rose, when he saw the sword of Fingal. His eyes were full of tears, and he remembered the battles of their youth. Twice they lifted the spear before the lovely Agandecca : heroes stood far distant, as if two ghosts contended.

BUT now, begun the king, I am old ; the sword lies useless in my hall. Thou who art of Morven's race ! Annir has been in the strife of spears ; but he is pale and withered now, like the oak of Lano. I have no son to meet thee with joy, or to carry thee to the halls of his fathers. Argon is pale in the tomb, and Ruro is no more.—My daughter is in the hall of strangers, and longs to behold my tomb.—Her spouse shakes ten thousand spears ; and comes † like cloud of death from Lano.—Come, to share the feast of Annir, son of echoing Morven.

THREE days they feasted together ; on the fourth Annir heard the name of Oscar.—They rejoiced in the shell ‡ ; and pursued the boars of Runa.

* Leather thongs were used in Ossian's time, instead of ropes.

† Cormalo had resolved on a war against his father in law Annir king of Inis thona, in order to deprive him of his kingdom : the injustice of his designs was so much repented by Fingal, that he sent his grandson, Oscar, to the assistance of Annir. Both armies came soon to a battle, in which the conduct and valour of Oscar obtained a com-

pleat victory. An end was put to the war by the death of Cormalo, who fell in a single combat, by Oscar's hand.—Thus is the story delivered down by tradition ; though the poet, to raise the character of his son, makes Oscar himself propose the expedition.

‡ *To rejoice in the shell* is a phrase for feasting sumptuously and drinking freely. I have observed in a preceding note, that the ancient Scots drunk in shells.

BESIDE the fount of mossy stones, the weary heroes rest. The tear steals in secret from Annir: and he broke the rising sigh.—Here darkly rest, the hero said, the children of my youth.—This stone is the tomb of Ruro: that tree sounds over the grave of Argon. Do ye hear my voice, O my sons, within your narrow house? Or do ye speak in these rustling leaves, when the winds of the desert rise?

KING of Inis-thona, said Oscar, how fell the children of youth? The wild boar often rushes over their tombs, but he does not disturb the hunters. They pursue deer * formed of clouds, and bend their airy bow.—They still love the sport of their youth; and mount the wind with joy.

* The notion of Ossian concerning the state of the deceased, was the same with that of the ancient Greeks and Romans. They imagined that the souls pursued, in their separate state, the employments and pleasures of their former life.

*Arma procul, curruisque virum miratur inanis.
Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campum pascuntur equi, quæ gratia
curruum*

*Armorumque fuit vivis; quæ cura nitentis
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

VIRG.

The chief beheld their chariots from afar;
Their shining arms and courfers train'd
to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds
around,
Free from the harness, graze the flow'ry
ground.

The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.

DRYDEN.

Τὸν δὲ μετ' εἰσενόησαν βίην Ἑρακληϊήν,
Εἴδωλον. —

— ὁ δ', ἐρεμνῆ νυκτὶ ἰοικαῖς

Γυμνοῦ τόξον ἔχων, καὶ ἐπι νευρῆφιν οἰσδὸν
Δεινὸν παπταίνων, αἰεὶ βαλεούτι ἰοικαῖς, &c.

HOM. Odyss. II.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A tow'ring spectre of gigantic mold;
Gloomy as night he stands in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wond'rous zone is roll'd
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted
gold,

There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
There war and havock and destruction flood,
And vengeful murder red with human blood.

POPE.

CORMALO, replied the king, is chief of ten thousand spears; he dwells at the dark-rolling waters of Lano *; which sent forth the cloud of death. He came to Runa's echoing halls, and fought the honour of the spear †. The youth was lovely as the first beam of the sun; and few were they who could meet him in fight!—My heroes yielded to Cormalo: and my daughter loved the son of Lano.

ARGON and Ruro returned from the chase; the tears of their pride descend:—They rolled their silent eyes on Runa's heroes, because they yielded to a stranger: three days they feasted with Cormalo: on the fourth my Argon fought.—But who could fight with Argon!—Lano's chief is overcome. His heart swelled with the grief of pride, and he resolved, in secret, to behold the death of my sons.

THEY went to the hills of Runa, and pursued the dark-brown hinds. The arrow of Cormalo flew in secret; and my children fell. He came to the maid of his love; to Inis-thona's dark-haired maid.—They fled over the desert—and Annir remained alone.

NIGHT came on and day appeared; nor Argon's voice, nor Ruro's came. At length their much-loved dog is seen; the fleet and bounding Runar. He came into the hall and howled; and seemed to look towards the place of their fall.—We followed him: we found them here: and laid them by this mossy stream. This is the haunt of Annir, when the chase of the hinds is over. I bend like the trunk of an aged oak above them: and my tears for ever flow.

* Lano was a lake of Scandinavia, *plains of autumn, and brings death to the remarkable, in the days of Ossian, for people.* FINGAL, B. I.
 † *By the honour of the spear is meant the tournament practised among the ancient And thou, O valiant Duchomar, like the mist of marshy Lano; when it sails over the northern nations.*

O RONNAN ! said the rising Oſcar, Ogar king of ſpears ! call my heroes to my ſide, the ſons of ſtreamy Morven. To-day we go to Lano's water, that ſends forth the cloud of death. Cormalo will not long rejoice : death is often at the point of our ſwords.

THEY came over the deſart like ſtormy clouds, when the winds roll them over the heath : their edges are tinged with lightning : and the echoing groves foreſee the ſtorm. The horn of Oſcar's battle is heard ; and Lano ſhook over all its waves. The children of the lake convened around the ſounding ſhield of Cormalo.

OSCAR fought, as he was wont in battle. Cormalo fell beneath his ſword : and the ſons of the diſmal Lano fled to their ſecret vales. —Oſcar brought the daughter of Inis-thona to Annir's echoing halls. The face of age is bright with joy ; he bleſt the king of ſwords.

How great was the joy of Oſſian, when he beheld the diſtant ſail of his ſon ! it was like a cloud of light that riſes in the eaſt, when the traveller is ſad in a land unknown ; and diſmal night, with her ghoſts, is ſitting around him.

WE brought him, with ſongs, to Selma's halls. Fingal ordered the feaſt of ſhells to be ſpread. A thouſand bards raiſed the name of Oſcar : and Morven answered to the noiſe. The daughter of Toſcar was there, and her voice was like the harp ; when the diſtant ſound comes, in the evening, on the ſoft-ruſtling breeze of the vale.

O LAY me, ye that ſee the light, near ſome rock of my hills : let the thick hazels be around, let the ruſtling oak be near. Green be the place of my reſt ; and let the ſound of the diſtant torrent be heard. Daughter of Toſcar, take the harp, and raiſe the lovely ſong

song of Selma; that sleep may overtake my soul in the midst of joy; that the dreams of my youth may return, and the days of the mighty Fingal.

SELMA! I behold thy towers, thy trees, and shaded wall. I see the heroes of Morven; and hear the song of bards. Oscar lifts the sword of Cormalo; and a thousand youths admire its studded thongs. They look with wonder on my son; and admire the strength of his arm. They mark the joy of his father's eyes; they long for an equal fame.

AND ye shall have your fame, O sons of streamy Morven.—My soul is often brightened with the song; and I remember the companions of my youth.—But sleep descends with the sound of the harp; and pleasant dreams begin to rise. Ye sons of the chase stand far distant, nor disturb my rest*. The bard of other times converses now with his fathers, the chiefs of the days of old.—Sons of the chase, stand far distant; disturb not the dreams of Ossian.

* I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the rocks, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please. SOLOMON'S SONG.

T H E

BATTLE of LORA:

A P O E M*.

SON of the distant land, who dwellest in the secret cell! do I hear the sounds of thy grove? or is it thy voice of songs?—The torrent was loud in my ear, but I heard a tuneful voice; dost thou praise the chiefs of thy land; or the spirits † of the wind?—But, lonely dweller of the rock! look over that heathy plain: thou seest green tombs, with their rank, whistling grass; with their stones

* This poem is complete; nor does it appear from tradition, that it was introduced, as an episode, into any of Ossian's great works.—It is called, in the original, *Duan a Chuldich*, or the *Culdee's poem*, because it was addressed to one of the first Christian missionaries, who were called, from their retired life, Culdees, or *sequestered persons*.—The story bears a near resemblance to that which was the foundation of the Iliad. Fingal, on his return from Ireland, after he had expelled Swaran from that kingdom, made a feast to all his heroes: he forgot to invite Ma-ronnan and Aldo, two chiefs, who had not been along with him on his expedition. They resented his neglect; and went over to Er-

ragon king of Sora, a country of Scandinavia, the declared enemy of Fingal. The valour of Aldo soon gained him a great reputation in Sora: and Lorma the beautiful wife of Erragon fell in love with him.—He found means to escape with her, and to come to Fingal, who resided then in Selma on the western coast.—Erragon invaded Scotland, and was slain in battle by Gaul the son of Morni, after he had rejected terms of peace offered him by Fingal.—In this war Aldo fell, in a single combat, by the hands of his rival Erragon; and the unfortunate Lorma afterwards died of grief.

† The poet alludes to the religious hymns of the Culdees.

of mossy heads: thou seest them, son of the rock, but Ossian's eyes have failed.

A MOUNTAIN-STREAM comes roaring down and sends its waters round a green hill: four mossy stones, in the midst of withered grass, rear their heads on the top: two trees, which the storms have bent, spread their whistling branches around.—This is thy dwelling, Erragon*; this thy narrow house: the sound of thy shells have been long forgot in Sora: and thy shield is become dark in thy hall.—Erragon, king of ships! chief of distant Sora! how hast thou fallen on our mountains †! How is the mighty low!

SON of the secret cell! dost thou delight in songs? Hear the battle of Lora; the sound of its steel is long since past. So thunder on the darkened hill roars and is no more. The sun returns with his silent beams: the glittering rocks, and green heads of the mountains smile.

THE bay of Cona received our ships ‡, from Ullin's rolling waves: our white sheets hung loose to the masts: and the boisterous winds roared behind the groves of Morven.—The horn of the king is sounded, and the deer start from their rocks. Our arrows flew in the woods; the feast of the hill is spread. Our joy was great on our rocks, for the fall of the terrible Swaran.

* Erragon, or Ferg-thonn, signifies *the rage of the waves*; probably a poetical name given him by Ossian himself; for he goes by the name of Annir in tradition.

† The beauty of Israel is slain on thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

2 SAM. ii. 19.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

2 SAM. ii. 25.

‡ This was at Fingal's return from his war against Swaran.

TWO heroes were forgot at our feast; and the rage of their bosoms burned. They rolled their red eyes in secret: the sigh bursts from their breasts. They were seen to talk together, and to throw their spears on earth. They were two dark clouds, in the midst of our joy; like pillars of mist on the settled sea: it glitters to the sun, but the mariners fear a storm.

RAISE my white sails, said Ma-ronnan, raise them to the winds of the west; let us rush, O Aldo, through the foam of the northern wave. We are forgot at the feast: but our arms have been red in blood. Let us leave the hills of Fingal, and serve the king of Sora. —His countenance is fierce, and the war darkens round his spear. Let us be renowned, O Aldo, in the battles of echoing Sora.

THEY took their swords and shields of thongs; and rushed to Lumar's sounding bay. They came to Sora's haughty king, the chief of bounding steeds. —Erragon had returned from the chase: his spear was red in blood. He bent his dark face to the ground: and whistled as he went. —He took the strangers to his feasts: they fought and conquered in his wars.

ALDO returned with his fame towards Sora's lofty walls. —From her tower looked the spouse of Erragon, the humid, rolling eyes of Lorma. — Her dark-brown hair flies on the wind of ocean: her white breast heaves, like snow on heath; when the gentle winds arise, and slowly move it in the light. She saw young Aldo, like the beam of Sora's setting sun. Her soft heart sighed: tears filled her eyes; and her white arm supported her head.

THREE days she sat within the hall, and covered grief with joy. —On the fourth she fled with the hero, along the rolling sea. — They came to Cona's mossy towers, to Fingal king of spears.

ALDO of the heart of pride! said the rising king of Morven, shall I defend thee from the wrath of Sora's injured king? who will now receive my people into their halls, or give the feast of strangers, since Aldo, of the little soul, has carried away the fair of Sora? Go to thy hills, thou feeble hand, and hide thee in thy caves; mournful is the battle we must fight, with Sora's gloomy king.—Spirit of the noble Trenmor! When will Fingal cease to fight? I was born in the midst of battles*, and my steps must move in blood to my tomb. But my hand did not injure the weak, my steel did not touch the feeble in arms.—I behold thy tempests, O Morven, which will overrun my halls; when my children are dead in battle, and none remains to dwell in Selma. Then will the feeble come, but they will not know my tomb: my renown is in the song: and my actions shall be as a dream to future times.

HIS people gathered around Erragon, as the storms round the ghost of night; when he calls them from the top of Morven, and prepares to pour them on the land of the stranger.—He came to the shore of Cona, and sent his bard to the king; to demand the combat of thousands; or the land of many hills.

FINGAL sat in his hall with the companions of his youth around him. The young heroes were at the chace, and far distant in the desert. The gray-haired chiefs talked of other times, and of the actions of their youth; when the aged Narthmor † came, the king of streamy Lora.

THIS is no time, begun the chief, to hear the songs of other years: Erragon frowns on the coast, and lifts ten thousand swords. Gloomy

* Combat the Father of Fingal was slain in battle, against the tribe of Morni, the very day that Fingal was born; so that he may, with propriety, be said to have been *born in the midst of battles.*

† Neart-mór, *great strength.* Lora, *neisy.*

is the king among his chiefs! he is like the darkened moon, amidst the meteors of night.

COME, said Fingal, from thy hall, thou daughter of my love; come from thy hall, Bofmina *, maid of streamy Morven! Narthmor, take the steeds † of the strangers, and attend the daughter of Fingal: let her bid the king of Sora to our feast, to Selma's shaded wall.—Offer him, O Bofmina, the peace of heroes, and the wealth of generous Aldo: our youths are far distant, and age is on our trembling hands.

SHE came to the host of Erragon, like a beam of light to a cloud.—In her right hand shone an arrow of gold: and in her left a sparkling shell, the sign of Morven's peace.

ERRAGON brightened in her presence as a rock, before the sudden beams of the sun; when they issue from a broken cloud, divided by the roaring wind.

SON of the distant Sora, begun the mildly blushing maid, come to the feast of Morven's king, to Selma's shaded walls. Take the peace of heroes, O warrior, and let the dark sword rest by thy side.—And if thou chusest the wealth of kings, hear the words of the generous Aldo.—He gives to Erragon an hundred steeds, the children of the rein; an hundred maids from distant lands; an hundred hawks with fluttering wing, that fly across the sky. An hundred girdles ‡ shall also be thine, to bind high-bosomed women; the friends of
the

* Bof-mhina, *soft and tender hand*. She Roman province, which seems to be intimated in the phrase of the *steeds of strangers*.
was the youngest of Fingal's children.

† These were probably horses taken in ‡ Sanctified girdles, till very lately, were kept in many families in the north of Scotland;

the births of heroes, and the cure of the sons of toil.—Ten shells studded with gems shall shine in Sora's towers: the blue water trembles on their stars, and seems to be sparkling wine.—They gladdened once the kings of the world *, in the midst of their echoing halls. These, O hero, shall be thine; or thy white-bosomed spouse.—Lorma shall roll her bright eyes in thy halls; though Fingal loves the generous Aldo:—Fingal!—who never injured a hero, though his arm is strong.

SOFT voice of Cona! replied the king, tell him, that he spreads his feast in vain.—Let Fingal pour his spoils around me; and bend beneath my power. Let him give me the swords of his fathers, and the shields of other times; that my children may behold them in my halls, and say, “ These are the arms of Fingal.”

NEVER shall they behold them in thy halls, said the rising pride of the maid; they are in the mighty hands of heroes who never yielded in war.—King of the echoing Sora! the storm is gathering on our hills. Dost thou not foresee the fall of thy people, son of the distant land?

SHE came to Selma's silent halls; the king beheld her down-cast eyes. He rose from his place, in his strength, and shook his aged locks.—He took the founding mail of Trenmor, and the dark-brown shield of his fathers. Darkness filled Selma's hall, when he stretched his hand to his spear:—the ghosts of thousands were near, and

land; they were bound about women in labour, and were supposed to alleviate their pains, and to accelerate the birth. They were impressed with several mystical figures and the ceremony of binding them about the woman's waist, was accom. an ed

with words and gestures which shewed the custom to have come originally from the druids.

* The Roman emperors. These shells were some of the spoils of the province.

forefaw the death of the people. Terrible joy rofe in the face of the aged heroes : they ruſhed to meet the foe ; their thoughts are on the actions of other years : and on the fame of the tomb.

Now the dogs of the chace appeared at Trathal's tomb : Fingal knew that his young heroes followed them, and he ſtopt in the miſt of his courſe.—Oſcar appeared the firſt ;—then Morni's ſon, and Nemi's race :—Fercuth * ſhewed his gloomy form : Dermid ſpread his dark hair on the wind. Oſſian came the laſt, O ſon of the rock †, I hummed the ſong of other times : my ſpear ſupported my ſteps over the little ſtreams, and my thoughts were of mighty men. Fingal ſtruck his boſſy ſhield ; and gave the diſmal ſign of war ; a thouſand ſwords ‡, at once unſheathed, gleam on the waving heath. Three gray-haired ſons of the ſong raiſe the tuneful, mournful voice.—Deep and dark with founding ſteps, we ruſh, a gloomy ridge, along : like the ſhower of a ſtorm when it pours on the narrow vale.

THE king of Morven ſat on his hill : the ſun-beam || of battle flew on the wind : the companions of his youth are near, with all their waving locks of age.—Joy roſe in the hero's eyes when he beheld his ſons in war ; when he ſaw them amidſt the lightning of ſwords, and mindful of the deeds of their fathers.—Erragon came on, in his ſtrength, like the roar of a winter ſtream : the battle falls in his courſe, and death is at his ſide.

* Fear-cuth, the ſame with Fergus, *the man of the war*, or a commander of an army. Of mighty Cherubim ; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell.

† The poet addreſſes himſelf to the
Culdee.

MILTON.

‡ He ſpoke ; and to confirm his words
out-flew.

|| I have obſerved in a former note, that the ſtandard of Fingal was called the ſun-beam from its being ſtudded with ſtones and gold.

Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the

WHO comes, said Fingal, like the bounding roe, like the hart of ecchoing Cona? His shield glitters on his side; and the clang of his armour is mournful.—He meets with Erragon in the strife!—Behold the battle of the chiefs!—it is like the contending of ghosts in a gloomy storm.—But fallest thou, son of the hill, and is thy white bosom stained with blood? Weep, unhappy Lorma, Aldo is no more.

THE king took the spear of his strength; for he was sad for the fall of Aldo: he bent his deathful eyes on the foe; but Gaul met the king of Sora.—Who can relate the fight of the chiefs?—The mighty stranger fell.

SONS of Cona! Fingal cried aloud, stop the hand of death.—Mighty was he that is now so low! and much is he mourned in Sora! The stranger will come towards his hall, and wonder why it is silent. The king is fallen, O stranger, and the joy of his house is ceased.—Listen to the sound of his woods: perhaps his ghost is there; but he is far distant, on Morven, beneath the sword of a foreign foe.

SUCH were the words of Fingal, when the bard raised the song of peace; we stopped our uplifted swords, and spared the feeble foe. We laid Erragon in that tomb; and I raised the voice of grief: the clouds of night came rolling down, and the ghost of Erragon appeared to some.—His face was cloudy and dark; and an half-formed sigh is in his breast.—Blest be thy soul, O king of Sora! thine arm was terrible in war!

Lorma sat, in Aldo's hall, at the light of a flaming oak: the night came, but he did not return; and the soul of Lorma is sad.—What detains thee, hunter of Cona? for thou didst promise to return.

return.—Has the deer been distant far; and do the dark winds sigh, round thee, on the heath? I am in the land of strangers, where is my friend, but Aldo? Come from thy echoing hills, O my best beloved!

HER eyes are turned toward the gate, and she listens to the rustling blast. She thinks it is Aldo's tread, and joy rises in her face:—but sorrow returns again, like a thin cloud on the moon.—And thou wilt not return, my love? Let me behold the face of the hill. The moon is in the east. Calm and bright is the breast of the lake! When shall I behold his dogs returning from the chase? When shall I hear his voice, loud and distant on the wind? Come from thy echoing hills, hunter of woody Cona!

HIS thin ghost appeared, on a rock, like the watry beam of the moon, when it rushes from between two clouds, and the midnight shower is on the field.—She followed the empty form over the heath, for she knew that her hero fell.—I heard her approaching cries on the wind, like the mournful voice of the breeze, when it sighs on the grass of the cave.

SHE came, she found her hero: her voice was heard no more: silent she rolled her sad eyes; she was pale as a watry cloud, that rises from the lake, to the beam of the moon.

FEW were her days on Cona: she sunk into the tomb: Fingal commanded his bards; and they sung over the death of Lorma. The daughters* of Morven mourned her for one day in the year, when the dark winds of autumn returned.

* The daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite four days in a year.

SON of the distant land *, thou dwellest in the field of fame : O let thy song rise, at times, in the praise of those that fell : that their thin ghosts may rejoice around thee ; and the soul of Lorna come on a moon-beam †, when thou liest down to rest, and the moon looks into thy cave. Then shalt thou see her lovely ; but the tear is still on her cheek.

* The poet addresses himself to the Culdee. near the window of my rest ; when my thoughts are of peace ; and the din of arms

† Be thou on a moon-beam, O Merna, is over. FINGAL, B. I.

CONLATH

CONLATH and CUTHÓNA :

A P O E M*.

DID not Ossian hear a voice ? or is it the sound of days that are no more ? Often does the memory of former times come, like the evening sun, on my soul. The noise of the chase is renewed ; and, in thought, I lift the spear.—But Ossian did hear a voice : Who art thou, son of the night ? The sons of little men are asleep, and the midnight wind is in my hall. Perhaps it is the shield of Fingal that echoes to the blast, it hangs in Ossian's hall, and he feels

* Conlath was the youngest of Morni's sons, and brother to the celebrated Gaul, who is so often mentioned in Ossian's poems. He was in love with Cuthóna the daughter of Rumar, when Toscar the son of Kin-fena, accompanied by Fercuth his friend, arrived, from Ireland, at Mora where Conlath dwelt. He was hospitably received, and according to the custom of the times, feasted, three days, with Conlath. On the fourth he set sail, and coasting the *island of waves*, probably, one of the Hebrides, he saw Cuthóna hunting, fell in love with her, and carried her away, by force, in his ship. He was forced, by stress of weather, into I-thona a desert isle. In the mean-time Conlath, hearing of the rape,

failed after him, and found him on the point of sailing for the coast of Ireland. They fought ; and they, and their followers fell by mutual wounds. Cuthóna did not long survive : for she died of grief the third day after. Fingal, hearing of their unfortunate death, sent Stormal the son of Moran to bury them, but forgot to send a bard to sing the funeral song over their tombs. The ghost of Conlath came, long after, to Ossian, to intreat him to transmit, to posterity, his and Cuthona's fame. For it was the opinion of the times, that the souls of the deceased were not happy, till their elegies were composed by a bard.—Thus is the story of the poem handed down by tradition.

it sometimes with his hands.—Yes!—I hear thee, my friend; long has thy voice been absent from mine ear! What brings thee, on thy cloud, to Ossian, son of the generous Morni? Are the friends of the aged near thee? Where is Oícar, son of fame?—He was often near thee, O Conlath, when the din of battle rose.

GHOST OF CONLATH.

SLEEPS the sweet voice of Cona, in the midst of his rustling hall? Sleeps Ossian in his hall, and his friends without their fame? The sea rolls round the dark I-thona*, and our tombs are not seen by the stranger. How long shall our fame be unheard, son of the echoing Morven?

OSSIAN.

O THAT mine eyes could behold thee, as thou fittest, dim, on thy cloud! Art thou like the mist of Lano; or an half extinguished meteor? Of what are the skirts of thy robe? Of what is thine airy bow?—But he is gone on his blast like the shadow of mist.—Come from thy wall, my harp, and let me hear thy sound. Let the light of memory rise on I-thona; that I may behold my friends. And Ossian does behold his friends, on the dark-blue isle.—The cave of Thona appears, with its mossy rocks and bending trees. A stream roars at its mouth, and Toscar bends over its course. Fercuth is sad by his side: and the maid † of his love sits at a distance, and weeps. Does the wind of the waves deceive me? Or do I hear them speak?

TOSCAR.

THE night was stormy. From their hills the groaning oaks came down. The sea darkly-tumbled beneath the blast, and the roaring waves were climbing against our rocks.—The lightning came often

* I-thonn, *island of swans*, one of the uninhabited western isles.

† Cuthona the daughter of Rumar, whom Toscar had carried away by force.

and shewed the blasted fern.—Fercuth! I saw the ghost of night*. Silent he stood, on that bank; his robe of mist flew on the wind.—I could behold his tears: an aged man he seemed, and full of thought.

FERCUTH.

IT was thy father, O Toscar; and he foresees some death among his race. Such was his appearance on Cromla, before the great Ma-ronnan † fell.—Ullin ‡! with thy hills of grass, how pleasant are thy vales! Silence is near thy blue streams and the sun is on thy fields. Soft is the sound of the harp in Seláma ||, and lovely the cry of the hunter on Crómá. But we are in the dark I-thona, surrounded by the storm. The billows lift their white heads above our rocks: and we tremble amidst the night.

TOSCAR.

WHITHER is the soul of battle fled, Fercuth with the locks of age? I have seen thee undaunted in danger, and thine eyes burning with joy in the fight. Whither is the soul of battle fled? Our fathers never feared.—Go: view the settling sea: the stormy wind is laid. The billows still tremble † on the deep, and seem to fear the blast. But view the settling sea: morning is gray on our rocks. The sun will look soon from his east; in all his pride of light.

* It was long thought, in the North of Scotland, that storms were raised by the ghosts of the deceased. This notion is still entertained by the vulgar; for they think that whirlwinds, and sudden squalls of wind are occasioned by spirits, who transport themselves, in that manner, from one place to another.

† Ma ronnan was the brother of Toscar: the translator has a poem in his pos-

session concerning the extraordinary death of that hero.

‡ Ullster in Ireland.

|| Selámáth—*beautiful to behold*, the name of Toscar's palace. on the coast of Ulster, near the mountain Cromla the scene of the epic poem.

† ———the face of ocean sleeps,

And a still horror saddens all the deeps.

POPE'S HOMER.

I LIFTED up my sails, with joy, before the halls of generous Conlath. My course was by the isle of waves, where his love pursued the deer. I saw her, like that beam of the sun that issues from the cloud. Her hair was on her heaving breast; she, bending forward, drew the bow: her white arm seemed, behind her, like the snow of Cromla:—Come to my soul, I said, thou huntress of the isle of waves! But she spends her time in tears, and thinks of the generous Conlath. Where can I find thy peace, Cuthona, lovely maid!

CUTHONA*.

A DISTANT steep bends over the sea, with aged trees and mossy rocks: the billows roll at its feet: on its side is the dwelling of roes. The people call it Ardven. There the towers of Mora rise. There Conlath looks over the sea for his only love. The daughters of the chase returned, and he beheld their downcast eyes. Where is the daughter of Rumar? But they answered not.—My peace dwells on Ardven, son of the distant land!

TOSCAR.

AND Cuthona shall return to her peace; to the halls of generous Conlath. He is the friend of Toscar: I have feasted in his halls.—Rise, ye gentle breezes of Ullin, and stretch my sails towards Ardven's shores. Cuthona shall rest on Ardven: but the days of Toscar will be sad.—I shall sit in my cave in the field of the sun. The blast will ruffle in my trees, and I shall think it is Cuthona's voice. But she is distant far, in the halls of the mighty Conlath.

* Cu-thona, *the mournful sound of the waves*; a poetical name given her by Oislin, on account of her mourning to the sound of the waves; her name in tradition is Gorm-huil, *the blue-eyed maid*.

CUTHONA.

OH! what cloud is that? It carries the ghosts of my fathers. I see the skirts of their robes, like gray and watry mist. When shall I fall, O Rumar?—Sad Cuthona sees her death. Will not Conlath behold me, before I enter the narrow house*?

OSSIAN.

AND he will behold thee, O maid: he comes along the rolling sea. The death of Toscar is dark on his spear; and a wound is in his side. He is pale at the cave of Thona, and shews his ghastly wound †. Where art thou with thy tears, Cuthona? the chief of Mora dies.—The vision grows dim on my mind:—I behold the chiefs no more. But, O ye bards of future times, remember the fall of Conlath with tears: he fell before his day ‡; and sadness darkened in his hall. His mother looked to his shield on the wall, and it was bloody †. She knew that her hero died, and her sorrow was heard on Mora.

ART thou pale on thy rock, Cuthona, beside the fallen chiefs? The night comes, and the day returns, but none appears to raise their tomb. Thou frightnest the screaming fowls || away, and thy tears forever flow. Thou art pale as a watry cloud, that rises from a lake.

THE

* The grave.

† ——— *inlumati venit imago*

Conjugis, ora modis autolens pallida miris

Crudelis aras, traj. Etque pectora ferro

Nudavit.——

VIRG.

——the ghost appears

Of her unhappy Lord: the spectre stares,

And with erected eyes his bloody bosom

bares.

DRYDEN.

‡ *Nam quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,*

Sed misera ante diem, &c.

VIRG.

‡ It was the opinion of the times, that the arms left by the heroes at home, became bloody the very instant their owners were killed, though at ever so great a distance.

|| The situation of Cuthona is like that of Rizpah, Saul's mistress, who sat by her sons

THE sons of the defart came, and they found her dead. They raise a tomb over the heroes; and she rests at the side of Conlath. —Come not to my dreams, O Conlath; for thou hast received thy fame. Be thy voice far distant from my hall; that sleep may descend at night. O that I could forget my friends: till my footsteps cease to be seen! till I come among them with joy! and lay my aged limbs in the narrow house!

sons after they had been hanged by the Gibeonites. until water dropped on them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the

And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of the harvest air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of prey by night.

2 SAM. xxi. 10.

CARTHON:

C A R T H O N* :

A P O E M.

A TALE of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years!—The murmur of thy streams, O Lora, brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged firs bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and

* This poem is compleat, and the subject of it, as of most of Ossian's compositions, tragical. In the time of Comhal the son of Trathal, and father of the celebrated Fingal, Clefsámmor the son of Thaddu and brother of Morna, Fingal's mother, was driven by a storm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which stood Balclutha, a town belonging to the Britons between the walls. He was hospitably received by Reuthámír, the principal man in the place, who gave him Moina his only daughter in marriage. Reuda, the son of Cormo, a Briton who was in love with Moina, came to Reuthamir's house, and behaved haughtily towards Clefsámmor. A quarrel ensued, in which Reuda was killed;

the Britons, who attended him pressed so hard on Clefsámmor, that he was obliged to throw himself into the Clyde, and swim to his ship. He hoisted sail, and the wind being favourable, bore him out to sea. He often endeavoured to return, and carry off his beloved Moina by night; but the wind continuing contrary, he was forced to desist.

Moina, who had been left with child by her husband, brought forth a son, and died soon after.—Reuthámír named the child Carthon, *i. e.* *the murmur of waves*, from the storm which carried off Clefsámmor his father, who was supposed to have been cast away. When Carthon was three years old, Comhal the father of Fingal, in one

and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone, and shades its aged beard. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, shew their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds the gray ghost that guards it* : for the mighty lie, O Malvina, in the narrow plain of the rock. A tale of the times of old ! the deeds of days of other years !

Who comes from the land of strangers, with his thousands around him ? the sun-beam pours its bright stream before him ; and his hair meets the wind of his hills. His face is settled from war. He is calm as the evening beam that looks, from the cloud of the west, on Cona's silent vale. Who is it but Comhal's son †, the king of mighty deeds ! He beholds his hills with joy, and bids a thousand voices rise.—Ye have fled over your fields, ye sons of the distant land ! The king of the world sits in his hall, and hears of his people's flight. He lifts his red eye of pride, and takes his father's sword. Ye have fled over your fields, sons of the distant land !

of his expeditions against the Britons, took and burnt Balclutha. Reuthámir was killed in the attack : and Carthon was carried safe away by his nurse, who fled farther into the country of the Britons. Carthon, coming to man's estate was resolved to revenge the fall of Balclutha on Comhal's posterity. He set sail, from the Clyde, and, falling on the coast of Morven, defeated two of Fingal's heroes, who came to oppose his progress. He was, at last, unwittingly killed by his father Cleisámor, in a single combat. This story is the foundation of the present poem, which

opens on the night preceding the death of Carthon, so that what passed before is introduced by way of episode. The poem is addressed to Malvina the daughter of Toícar.

* It was the opinion of the times, that deer saw the ghosts of the dead. To this day, when beasts suddenly start without any apparent cause, the vulgar think that they see the spirits of the deceased.

† Fingal returns here, from an expedition against the Romans, which was celebrated by Ossian in a poem called *the strife of Grana*.

SUCH were the words of the bards, when they came to Selma's halls.—A thousand lights * from the stranger's land rose, in the midst of the people. The feast is spread around; and the night passed away in joy.—Where is the noble Clefsámmor †, said the fair-haired Fingal? Where is the companion of my father, in the days of my joy? Sul-len and dark he passes his days in the vale of ecchoing Lora: but, behold, he comes from the hill, like a steed ‡ in his strength, who finds his companions in the breeze; and tosses his bright mane in the wind.—Blest be the soul of Clefsámmor, why so long from Selma?

RETURNS the chief, said Clefsámmor, in the midst of his fame? Such was the renown of Comhal in the battles of his youth. Often did we pass over Carun to the land of the strangers: our swords returned, not unstained with blood: nor did the kings of the world rejoice.—Why do I remember the battles of my youth? My hair is mixed with gray. My hand forgets to bend the bow: and I lift

* Probably wax-lights; which are often mentioned as carried, among other booty, from the Roman province.

† Clefsámh mór, *mighty deeds.*

‡ Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength.

JOB.

“Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος ακορησας ἐπι
πατην,

Δεσμὸν ἀπορήξας, &c. HOM. II. 6.

The wanton courser thus with reins unbound,

Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;

His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;

He snuffs the females in the distant plain
And springs, exulting. POPE.

*Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinclis
Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,*

—*Ille in pastus armenta que tendit equarum:*

—*arrestisque fremit cervicibus aliè*

*Luxurians, luduntque luctæ per cilli, per ar-
mos.* VIRG.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,

The wanton courser prances e'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.

—O'er his shoulders flows his waving mane:

He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high.

DRYDEN.

a lighter spear. O that my joy would return, as when I first beheld the maid ; the white bosomed daughter of strangers, Moina * with the dark-blue eyes !

TELL, said the mighty Fingal, the tale of thy youthful days. Sorrow, like a cloud on the sun, shades the soul of Clefsámmor. Mournful are thy thoughts, alone, on the banks of the roaring Lora. Let us hear the sorrow of thy youth, and the darkness of thy days.

IT was in the days of peace, replied the great Clefsámmor, I came, in my bounding ship, to Balclutha's † walls of towers. The winds had roared behind my sails, and Clutha's ‡ streams received my dark-bosomed vessel. Three days I remained in Reuthámir's halls, and saw that beam of light, his daughter. The joy of the shell went round, and the aged hero gave the fair. Her breasts were like foam on the wave, and her eyes like stars of light : her hair was dark as the raven's wing : her soul was generous and mild. My love for Moina was great : and my heart poured forth in joy.

THE son of a stranger came ; a chief who loved the white-bosomed Moina. His words were mighty in the hall, and he often half-unsheathed his sword.—Where, he said, is the mighty Comhal, the restless wanderer || of the heath ? Comes he, with his host, to Balclutha, since Clefsámmor is so bold ?

* Moina, *soft in temper and person*. We find the British names in this poem derived from the Galic, which is a proof that the ancient language of the whole island was one and the same.

† Balclutha, *i. e. the town of Clyde*, probably the *Alcluth* of Bede.

‡ Clutha, or Cluith, the Galic name of the river Clyde, the signification of the

word is *Lenning*, in allusion to the winding course of that river. From Clutha is derived its Latin name, *Glotta*.

|| The word in the original here rendered by *restless wanderer*, is *Scuta*, which is the true origin of the *Scoti* of the Romans ; an opprobrious name imposed by the Britons, on the Caledonians, on account of the continual incursions into their country.

My Soul, I replied, O warrior! burns in a light of its own. I stand without fear in the midst of thousands, though the valiant are distant far.—Stranger! thy words are mighty, for Clessämmor is alone. But my sword trembles by my side, and longs to glitter in my hand.—Speak no more of Comhal, son of the winding Clutha!

THE strength of his pride arose. We fought; he fell beneath my sword. The banks of Clutha heard his fall, and a thousand spears glittered around. I fought: the strangers prevailed: I plunged into the stream of Clutha. My white sails rose over the waves, and I bounded on the dark-blue sea.—Moina came to the shore, and rolled the red eye of her tears: her dark hair flew on the wind; and I heard her cries.—Often did I turn my ship! but the winds of the East prevailed. Nor Clutha ever since have I seen: nor Moina of the dark brown hair.—She fell in Balclutha: for I have seen her ghost. I knew her as she came through the dusky night, along the murmur of Lora: she was like the new moon || seen through the gathered mist: when the sky pours down its flaky snow, and the world is silent and dark.

RAISE †, ye bards, said the mighty Fingal, the praise of unhappy Moina. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills; that she may

** Inter quas Phœnissa recens a vulnere Dido
Errabat sylvæ in magna: quam Troicus heros
Ut primum juxta fletit, agræ vitæque per umbram
Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam,
Et.*

VIRG.

Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd
in blood.

Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew

Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful
view,

Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain
light, &c.

DRYD.

† The title of this poem, in the original, is *Dædara nluazi*, i. e. *The Poem of the Hymns*: probably on account of its many digressions from the subject, all which are in a lyric measure, as this song of Fingal. Fingal is celebrated by the Irish historians for

may rest with the fair of Morven, the sun-beams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old.—I have seen the walls * of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls : and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls.—The thistle shook, there, its lonely head : the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out, from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round his head.—Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers.—Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us : for, one day, we must fall.—Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day ; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes ; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield.—And let the blast of the desert come ! we shall be renowned in our day. The mark of my arm shall be in the battle, and my name in the song of bards.—Raise the song ; send round the shell : and let joy be heard in my hall.—When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail ! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light ! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal ; our fame shall survive thy beams.

SUCH was the song of Fingal, in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of the harp on the gale of the spring.—Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal ! why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul ?—But thou standest alone, my father ; and who can equal the king of Morven ?

his wisdom in making laws, his poetical genius, and his foreknowledge of events.—O'Flaherty goes so far as to say, that Fingal's laws were extant in his own time.

* The reader may compare this passage with the three last verses of the 13th chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet foretels the destruction of Babylon.

THE night passed away in the song, and morning returned in joy;—the mountains shewed their gray heads; and the blue face of ocean smiled.—The white wave is seen tumbling round the distant rock; the gray mist rises, slowly, from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps; for a ghost supported it in mid air. It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.

THE king alone beheld the terrible sight, and he foresaw the death of the people. He came, in silence, to his hall; and took his father's spear.—The mail rattled on his breast. The heroes rose around. They looked, in silence, on each other, marking the eyes of Fingal.—They saw the battle in his face: the death of armies on his spear.—A thousand shields, at once, are placed on their arms; and they drew a thousand swords. The hall of Selma brightened around. The clang of arms ascends.—The gray dogs howl in their place. No word is among the mighty chiefs.—Each marked the eyes of the King; and half assumed his spear.

SONS of Morven, begun the king, this is no time to fill the shell. The battle darkens near us; and death hovers over the land. Some ghost, the friend of Fingal, has forewarned us of the foe.—The sons of the stranger come from the darkly-rolling sea. For, from the water, came the sign of Morven's gloomy danger.—Let each * assume his heavy spear, and gird on his father's sword.—Let

* Εὐ μὲν τις δορυ Θεσθε.	Ἐν ἑξασθε εὐ δ' ἀσπιδα	Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield, Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield, And every Grecian fix his brazen shield, &c.	HOM. ii. 382.	If I conjecture right, no drizzling shower, But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
Let each	POPE.	MILTON.
His adamant'ne coat gird well, and each		

the

the dark helmet rise on every head; and the mail pour its lightening from every side.—The battle gathers like a tempest, and soon shall ye hear the roar of death.

THE hero moved on before his host, like a cloud before a ridge of green fire; when it pours on the sky of night, and mariners foresee a storm. On Cona's rising heath they stood: the white-bosomed maids beheld them above like a grove; they foresaw the death of their youths, and looked towards the sea with fear.—The white wave deceived them for distant sails, and the tear is on their cheek.

THE sun rose on the sea, and we beheld a distant fleet.—Like the mist of ocean they came: and poured their youth upon the coast.—The chief was among them, like the stag in the midst of the herd.—His shield is studded with gold, and stately strode the king of spears.—He moved towards Selma; his thousands moved behind.

Go, with thy song of peace, said Fingal; go, Ullin, to the king of swords. Tell him that we are mighty in battle; and that the ghosts of our foes are many.—But renowned are they who have feasted in my halls! they shew the arms † of my fathers in a foreign land: the sons of the strangers wonder, and bless the friends of Morven's race; for our names have been heard afar; the kings of the world shook in the midst of their people.

ULLIN went with his song. Fingal rested on his spear: he saw the mighty foe in his armour: and he blest the stranger's son.

† It was a custom among the ancient different families, as monuments of the Scots, to exchange arms with their guests, friendship which subsisted between their ancestors, and those arms were preserved long in the

How stately art thou, son of the sea! said the king of woody Morven. Thy sword is a beam of might by thy side: thy spear is a fir that defies the storm. The varied face of the moon is not broader than thy shield.—Ruddy is thy face of youth! soft the ringlets of thy hair!—But this tree may fall; and his memory be forgot!—The daughter of the stranger will be sad, and look to the rolling sea:—the children will say, “We see a ship; perhaps it is the “king of Balclutha.” The tear starts from their mother’s eye. Her thoughts are of him that sleeps in Morven.

SUCH were the words of the king, when Ullin came to the mighty Carthon: he threw down the spear before him; and raised the song of peace.

COME to the feast of Fingal, Carthon, from the rolling sea! partake the feast of the king, or lift the spear of war. The ghosts of our foes are many: but renowned are the friends of Morven!

BEHOLD that field, O Carthon; many a green hill rises there, with mossy stones and rustling grass: these are the tombs of Fingal’s foes, the sons of the rolling sea.

DOST thou speak to the feeble in arms, said Carthon, bard of the woody Morven? Is my face pale for fear, son of the peaceful song? Why, then, dost thou think to darken my soul with the tales of those who fell?—My arm has fought in the battle; my renown is known afar. Go to the feeble in arms, and bid them yield to Fingal.—Have not I seen the fallen Balclutha? And shall I feast with Comhal’s son? Comhal! who threw his fire in the midst of my father’s hall! I was young, and knew not the cause why the virgins wept. The columns of smoke pleased mine eye, when they rose above my walls; I often looked back, with gladness, when my friends
fled

fled along the hill.—But when the years of my youth came on, I beheld the moss of my fallen walls : my sigh arose with the morning, and my tears descended with night.—Shall I not fight, I said to my soul, against the children of my foes ? And I will fight, O bard ; I feel the strength of my soul.

HIS people gathered around the hero, and drew, at once, their shining swords. He stands, in the midst, like a pillar of fire ; the tear half-starting from his eye ; for he thought of the fallen Balclutha, and the crowded pride of his soul arose. Sidelong he looked up to the hill, where our heroes thone in arms ; the spear trembled in his hand : and, bending forward, he seemed to threaten the king.

SHALL I, said Fingal to his soul, meet, at once, the king ? Shall I stop him, in the midst of his course, before his fame shall arise ? But the bard, hereafter, may say, when he sees the tomb of Carthon ; Fingal took his thousands, along with him, to battle, before the noble Carthon fell.—No :—bard of the times to come ! thou shalt not lessen Fingal's fame. My heroes will fight the youth, and Fingal behold the battle. If he overcomes, I rush, in my strength, like the roaring stream of Cona.

WHO, of my heroes, will meet the son of the rolling sea ? Many are his warriors on the coast : and strong is his ashen spear !

CATHUL * rose, in his strength, the son of the mighty Lormar : three hundred youths attend the chief, the race † of his native streams. Feeble was his arm against Carthon, he fell ; and his heroes fled.

* Cath-'huil, *the eye of battle*.

† It appears, from this passage, that Fingal, though not on the same footing with the present tribes in the north of Scotland, was established, in the days of

CONNAL * resumed the battle, but he broke his heavy spear: he lay bound on the field: and Carthon pursued his people.

CLESSÁMMOR! said the king † of Morven, where is the spear of thy strength? Wilt thou behold Connal bound; thy friend, at the stream of Lora? Rise, in the light of thy steel, thou friend of Comhal. Let the youth of Balclutna feel the strength of Morven's race.

HE rose in the strength of his steel, shaking his grizzly locks. He fitted the shield to his side; and rushed, in the pride of valour.

CARTHON stood, on that heathy rock, and saw the heroes approach. He loved the terrible joy of his face: and his strength, in the locks of age.—Shall I lift that spear, he said, that never strikes, but once, a foe? Or shall I, with the words of peace, preserve the warrior's life? Stately are his steps of age!—lovely the remnant of his years. Perhaps it is the love of Moina; the father of car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard, that he dwelt at the echoing stream of Lora.

SUCH were his words, when Clessámmor came, and lifted high his spear. The youth received it on his shield, and spoke the words of peace.—Warrior of the aged locks! Is there no youth to lift the spear? Hast thou no son, to raise the shield before his father, and to meet the arm of youth? Is the spouse of thy love no more? or weeps she over the tombs of thy sons? Art thou of the kings of men? What will be the fame of my sword if thou shalt fall?

* This Connal is very much celebrated, in the North, who pretend they are descended from him.

† Fingal did not then know that Carthon was the son of Clessámmor.

IT will be great, thou son of pride ! begun the tall Clefsámmor. I have been renowned in battle ; but I never told my name * to a foe. Yield to me, son of the wave, and then thou shalt know, that the mark of my sword is in many a field.

I NEVER yielded, king of spears ! replied the noble pride of Carthon : I have alſo fought in battles ; and I behold my future fame. Deſpiſe me not, thou chief of men ; my arm, my ſpear is ſtrong. Retire among thy friends, and let young heroes fight.

WHY doſt thou wound my ſoul, replied Clefsámmor with a tear ? Age does not tremble on my hand ; I ſtill can lift the ſword. Shall I fly in Fingal's fight ; in the fight of him I loved ? Son of the ſea ! I never fled : exalt thy pointed ſpear.

THEY fought, like two contending winds, that ſtrive to roll the wave. Carthon bade his ſpear to err ; for he ſtill thought that the foe was the ſpouſe of Moina.—He broke Clefsámmor's beamy ſpear in twain : and ſeized his ſhining ſword. But as Carthon was binding the chief ; the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He ſaw the foe's uncovered ſide ; and opened, there, a wound.

FINGAL ſaw Clefsámmor low : he moved in the ſound of his ſteel. The hoſt ſtood ſilent, in his preſence ; they turned their eyes towards the hero.—He came, like the fullen noiſe of a ſtorm, before the winds ariſe : the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock.

* To tell one's name to an enemy was reckoned, in thoſe days of heroifm, a manifeſt evasion of fighting him ; for, if it was once known, that friendſhip ſubſiſted, of old, between the anceſtors of the combatants, the battle immediately ceaſed ; and the ancient amity of their forefathers was renewed. *A man who tells his name to his enemy, was of old an ignominious term for a coward.*

CARTHON stood in his place: the blood is rushing down his side: he saw the coming down of the king; and his hopes of fame arose *; but pale was his cheek: his hair flew loose, his helmet shook on high: the force of Carthon failed; but his soul was strong.

FINGAL beheld the hero's blood; he stopt the uplifted spear. Yield, king of swords! said Comhal's son; I behold thy blood. Thou hast been mighty in battle; and thy fame shall never fade.

ART thou the king so far renowned, replied the car-borne Carthon? Art thou that light of death, that frightens the kings of the world?—But why should Carthon ask? for he is like the stream of his descent; strong as a river, in his course: swift as the eagle of the sky.—O that I had fought with the king; that my fame might be great in the song! that the hunter, beholding my tomb, might say, he fought with the mighty Fingal. But Carthon dies unknown; he has poured out his force on the feeble.

BUT thou shalt not die unknown, replied the king of woody Morven: my bards are many, O Carthon, and their songs descend to future times. The children of the years to come shall hear the fame of Carthon; when they sit round the burning oak †, and the night is spent in the songs of old. The hunter, sitting in the heath, shall hear the rustling blast; and, raising his eyes, behold the rock where Carthon fell. He shall turn to his son, and shew the place

* This expression admits of a double meaning, either that Carthon hoped to acquire glory by killing Fingal; or to be rendered famous by falling by his hand. The last is the most probable, as Carthon is already wounded.

† In the north of Scotland, till very lately, they burnt a large trunk of an oak at their festivals; it was called *the trunk of the feast*. Time had, so much, consecrated the custom, that the vulgar thought it a kind of sacrilege to disuse it.

where the mighty fought ; “ There the king of Balclutha fought, like the strength of a thousand streams.”

Joy rose in Carthon's face : he lifted his heavy eyes.—He gave his sword to Fingal, to lie within his hall, that the memory of Balclutha's king might remain on Morven.—The battle ceased along the field, for the bard had sung the song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon, and heard his words, with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears, while Balclutha's hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his words were feeble.

KING of Morven, Carthon said, I fall in the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthámir's race. Darknefs dwells in Balclutha : and the shadows of grief in Crathmo.—But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora : where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon.

HIS words reached the heart of Clefsámmor : he fell, in silence, on his son. The host stood darkened around : no voice is on the plains of Lora. Night came, and the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field : but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

THREE days they mourned above Carthon ; on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie ; and a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen ; when the sun-beam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina, but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the stranger's land ; and she is still alone.

FINGAL was sad for Carthon; he desired his bards to mark the day, when shadowy autumn returned. And often did they mark the day and sing the hero's praise. Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! his eyes are flames of fire!—Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon, king of swords? The people fall! see! how he strides, like the fallen ghost of Morven!—But there he lies a goodly oak, which sudden blasts overturned! When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy! lovely car-borne Carthon?—Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud?

SUCH were the words of the bards, in the day of their mourning: I have accompanied their voice; and added to their song. My soul has been mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his valour: and thou, O Clesámmor! where is thy dwelling in the air?—Has the youth forgot his wound? And flies he, on the clouds, with thee?—I feel the sun, O Malvina, leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice.—The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O THOU that rollest above*, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with

* This passage is something similar to Satan's address to the Sun, in the fourth book of Paradise Lost.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Looks from thy sole dominion like the god

Of this new world; at whose sight all the
stars

Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name

O sun!—

years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again : the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art for ever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.— Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon *, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills ; the blast of north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

* *Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna*

*Est iter in silvis ; ubi cœlum condidit umbra
Jupiter, & rœbus nox abstulit atra colorem.*

VIRG.

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful, and malignant light :
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before
their eyes.

DRYD.

T H E

T H E

D E A T H of C U C H U L L I N :

A P O E M *.

IS the wind on Fingal's shield ? Or is the voice of past times in my hall ? Sing on, sweet voice, for thou art pleasant, and carriest away my night with joy. Sing on, O Bragela, daughter of Car-borne Songlan !

I T

* Tradition throws considerable light on the history of Ireland, during the long reign of Fingal, the son of Comhal, in Morven. —Arth, the son of Cairbre, supreme king of Ireland, dying, was succeeded by his son Cormac, a minor.—The petty kings and chiefs of the tribes met at Temora, the royal palace, in order to chuse, out of their own number, a guardian to the young king. Disputes, concerning the choice of a proper person, run high, and it was resolv'd to end all differences by giving the tuition of the young king to Cuchullin, the son of Semo, who had rendered himself famous by his great actions, and who resided, at the time, with Connal, the son of Caithbat, in Ulster.

Cuchullin was but three and twenty years old, when he assumed the management of

affairs in Ireland : and the invasion of Swaran happened two years after. In the twenty-seventh year of Cuchullin's age, and the third of his administration. Torlath, the son of Cantela, set up for himself in Connaught, and advanced towards Temora, in order to dethrone Cormac. Cuchullin marched against him, came up with him at the Lake of Lego, and totally defeated his forces. Torlath fell in the battle by Cuchullin's hand ; but as he himself pressed too eagerly on the flying enemy, he was mortally wounded by an arrow, and died the second day after.

The good fortune of Cormac fell with Cuchullin: many set up for themselves, and anarchy and confusion reigned. At last Cormac was taken off, nobody knew

It is the white wave of the rock, and not Cuchullin's sails. Often do the mists deceive me for the ship of my love! when they rise round some ghost, and spread their gray skirts on the wind. Why dost thou delay thy coming, son of the generous Semo?—Four times has autumn returned with its winds, and raised the seas of Togorma*,

how; and Cairbar, one of the competitors for the throne, having defeated all his rivals, became sole monarch of Ireland.—The family of Fingal, who were in the interest of Cormac's family, were resolved to deprive Cairbar of the throne he had usurped; in particular, Oscar the son of Ossian had determined to revenge the death of Cathol, his friend, who had been assassinated by Cairbar.—The threats of Oscar reached Cairbar's ears: he invited him in a friendly manner to a feast which he had prepared at the royal palace of Temora, resolving to pick a quarrel, and have some pretext for killing him.

The quarrel happened; the followers of both fought, and Cairbar and Oscar fell by mutual wounds: in the mean time Fingal arrived from Scotland with an army, defeated the friends of Cairbar, and re-established the family of Cormac in the possession of the kingdom.—The present poem concerns the death of Cuchullin. It is, in the original, called *Duan lech Leigo*, i. e. *The Poem of Lego's Lake*, and is an episode introduced in a great poem, which celebrated the last expedition of Fingal into Ireland. The greatest part of the poem is lost, and nothing remains but some episodes, which a few old people in the north

of Scotland retain on memory.—Cuchullin is the most famous Champion in the Irish traditions and poems; in them he is always called the *redoubtable Cuchullin*; and the fables concerning his strength and valour are innumerable. Ossian thought his expedition against the Fir-bolg, or Belgæ of Britain, a subject fit for an epic poem; which was extant till of late, and was called *Tera-na-tana*, or a *Dispute about Possessions*, as the war which was the foundation of it, was commenced by the British Belgæ, who inhabited Ireland, in order to extend their territories.—The fragments that remain of this poem are animated with the genuine spirit of Ossian; so that there can be no doubt that it was of his composition.

* Togorma, i. e. *The island of blue waves*, one of the Hebrides, was subject to Connal, the son of Caithbat, Cuchullin's friend.—He is sometimes called the son of Colgar, from one of that name who was the founder of the family.—Connal, a few days before the news of Torlath's revolt came to Temora, had sailed to Togorma, his native isle; where he was detained by contrary winds during the war in which Cuchullin was killed.

since

since thou hast been in the roar of battles, and Bragéla distant far.—
 Hills of the isle of mist! when will ye answer to his hounds?—
 But ye are dark in your clouds, and sad Bragéla calls in vain. Night
 comes rolling down: the face of ocean fails. The heath-cock's
 head is beneath his wing: the hind sleeps with the hart of the de-
 fart. They shall rise with the morning's light, and feed on the
 mossy stream. But my tears return with the sun, my sighs come
 on with the night. When wilt thou come in thine arms, O chief
 of mossy Tura?

PLEASANT is thy voice in Ossian's ear, daughter of car-borne
 Sorglan! But retire to the hall of shells; to the beam of the burning
 oak.—Attend to the murmur of the sea: it rolls at Duncaich's
 walls: let sleep descend on thy blue eyes, and the hero come to thy
 dreams.

CUCHULLIN sits at Lego's lake, at the dark rolling of wa-
 ters. Night is around the hero; and his thousands spread on the
 heath: a hundred oaks burn in the midst, the feast of shells is smok-
 ing wide.—Carril strikes the harp, beneath a tree; his gray locks
 glitter in the beam; the rustling blast of night is near, and lifts his
 aged hair.—His song is of the blue Togorma, and of its chief, Cu-
 chullin's friend.

WHY art thou absent, Connal, in the day of the gloomy storm?
 The chiefs of the south have convened against the car-borne Cor-
 mac: the winds detain thy sails, and thy blue waters roll around
 thee. But Cormac is not alone: the son of Semo fights his battles.
 Semo's son his battles fights! the terror of the stranger! he that is

like the vapour of death*, slowly borne by sultry winds. The sun reddens in its presence, the people fall around.

SUCH was the song of Carril, when a son of the foe appeared; he threw down his pointless spear, and spoke the words of Torlath: Torlath the chief of heroes, from Lego's sable surge: he that led his thousands to battle, against car-borne Cormac. Cormac who was distant far, in Temora's † echoing halls: he learned to bend the bow of his fathers; and to lift the spear. Nor long didst thou lift the spear, mildly-shining beam of youth! death stands dim behind thee, like the darkened half of the moon behind its growing light.

CUCHULLIN rose before the bard ‡, that came from generous Torlath; he offered him the shell of joy, and honoured the son of songs. Sweet voice of Lego! he said, what are the words of Torlath? Comes he to our feast or battle, the car-borne son of Cantéla ||?

HE comes to thy battle, replied the bard, to the founding strife of spears.—When morning is gray on Lego, Torlath will fight

* Οἷν δ' ἐκ νεφῶν ἐπιβρυχὴ φαίνεται ἀπὸ
καυματος ἐξ ἀνέμοιο δυσαἰὸς ἰερευμενοιο.

HOM. II. 5.

As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds
of death,

Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all
the skies.

POPE.

† The royal palace of the Irish kings;
Teamhrath according to some of the
bards,

‡ The bards were the heralds of ancient times; and their persons were sacred on account of their office. In later times they abused that privilege; and as their persons were inviolable, they satyrised and lampooned so freely those who were not liked by their patrons, that they became a public nuisance. Screened under the character of heralds, they grossly abused the enemy when he would not accept the terms they offered.

|| Cean-teola', head of a family.

on the plain : and wilt thou meet him, in thine arms, king of the isle of mist ? Terrible is the spear of Torlath ! it is a meteor of night. He lifts it, and the people fall : death fits in the lightning of his sword.

Do I fear, replied Cuchullin, the spear of car-borne Torlath ? He is brave as a thousand heroes ; but my soul delights in war. The sword rests not by the side of Cuchullin, bard of the times of old ! Morning shall meet me on the plain, and gleam on the blue arms of Semo's son.—But sit thou, on the heath, O bard ! and let us hear thy voice : partake of the joyful shell ; and hear the songs of Temora.

THIS is no time, replied the bard, to hear the song of joy ; when the mighty are to meet in battle like the strength of the waves of Lego. Why art thou so dark, Slimora * ! with all thy silent woods ? No green star trembles on thy top ; no moon-beam on thy side. But the meteors of death are there, and the gray watry forms of ghosts. Why art thou dark, Slimora ! with thy silent woods ?

HE retired, in the sound of his song ; Carril accompanied his voice. The music was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul. The ghosts of departed bards heard it from Slimora's side. Soft sounds spread along the wood, and the silent valleys of night rejoice.—So, when he sits in the silence of noon, in the valley of his breeze, the humming of the mountain bee comes to Ossian's ear : the gale drowns it often in its course ; but the pleasant sound returns again.

RAISE, said Cuchullin, to his hundred bards, the song of the noble Fingal : that song which he hears at night, when the dreams

* *Sliá-mór, great hill.*

of his rest descend : when the bards strike the distant harp, and the faint light gleams on Selma's walls. Or let the grief of Lara rise, and the sighs of the mother of Calmar *, when he was fought, in vain, on his hills; and she beheld his bow in the hall.—Carril, place the shield of Caithbat on that branch; and let the spear of Cuchullin be near; that the sound of my battle may rise with the gray beam of the east.

THE hero leaned on his father's shield : the song of Lara rose. The hundred bards were distant far : Carril alone is near the chief. The words of the song were his; and the sound of his harp was mournful.

ALCLETHA † with the aged locks ! mother of car-borne Calmar ! why dost thou look towards the desert, to behold the return of thy son ? These are not his heroes, dark on the heath : nor is that the voice of Calmar : it is but the distant grove, Alcletha ! but the roar of the mountain wind !

WHO ‡ bounds over Lara's stream, sister of the noble Calmar ? Does not Alclétha behold his spear ? But her eyes are dim ! Is it not the son of Matha, daughter of my love ?

* Calmar the son of Matha. His death is related at large, in the third book of Fingal. He was the only son of Matha; and the family was extinct in him.—The feat of the family was on the banks of the river Lara, in the neighbourhood of Lego, and probably near the place where Cuchullin lay; which circumstance suggested to him, the lamentation of Alclétha over her son.

† Ald cl'atha, *decaying beauty*: probably a poetical name given the mother of Calmar, by the bard himself.

‡ Alcletha speaks. Calmar had promised to return, by a certain day, and his mother and his sister Alona are represented by the bard as looking, with impatience, towards that quarter where they expected Calmar would make his first appearance.

IT is but an aged oak, Alcletha! replied the lovely weeping Alona*; it is but an oak, Alclétha, bent over Lara's stream. But who comes along the plain? sorrow is in his speed. He lifts high the spear of Calmar. Alclétha, it is covered with blood!

BUT it is covered with the blood of foes †, sister of car-borne Calmar! his spear never returned unstained with blood ‡, nor his bow from the strife of the mighty. The battle is consumed in his presence: he is a flame of death, Alona!—Youth || of the mournful speed! where is the son of Alcletha? Does he return with his fame? in the midst of his echoing shields?—Thou art dark and silent!—Calmar is then no more. Tell me not, warrior, how he fell, for I cannot hear of his wound.—

WHY dost thou look towards the desert, mother of car-borne Calmar?—

SUCH was the song of Carril, when Cuchullin lay on his shield: the bards rested on their harps, and sleep fell softly around.—The son of Semo was awake alone; his soul was fixed on the war.—The burning oaks began to decay; faint red light is spread around.—A feeble voice is heard: the ghost of Calmar came. He stalked in the beam. Dark is the wound in his side. His hair is disordered and loose. Joy sits darkly on his face; and he seems to invite Cuchullin to his cave.

* Alúine, *exquisitely beautiful*.

† Alcletha speaks.

‡ From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan returned not back, and the sword

of Saul returned not empty. 2 Sam. i. 22.

|| She addresses herself to Larnir, Calmar's friend, who had returned with the news of his death.

SON of the cloudy night ! said the rising chief of Erin ; Why dost thou bend thy dark eyes on me, ghost of the car-borne Calmar ? Wouldest thou frighten me, O Matha's son ! from the battles of Cormac ? Thy hand was not feeble in war ; neither was thy voice * for peace. How art thou changed, chief of Lara ! if thou now dost advise to fly !—But, Calmar, I never fled. I never feared † the ghosts of the desert. Small is their knowledge, and weak their hands ; their dwelling is in the wind.—But my soul grows in danger, and rejoices in the noise of steel. Retire thou to thy cave ; thou art not Calmar's ghost ; he delighted in battle, and his arm was like the thunder of heaven.

HE retired in his blast with joy, for he had heard the voice of his praise. The faint beam of the morning rose, and the sound of Caithbat's buckler spread. Green Ullin's warriors convened, like the roar of many streams.—The horn of war is heard over Lego ; the mighty Torlath came.

Why dost thou come with thy thousands, Cuchullin, said the chief of Lego. I know the strength of thy arm, and thy soul is an unextinguished fire.—Why fight we not on the plain, and let our hosts behold our deeds ? Let them behold us like roaring waves, that tumble round a rock : the mariners hasten away, and look on their strife with fear.

THOU risest, like the sun, on my soul, replied the son of Semo. Thine arm is mighty, O Torlath ! and worthy of my wrath. Retire, ye men of Ullin, to Slimora's shady side ; behold the chief of

* See Calmar's speech, in the first book of Fingal.

† See Cuchullin's reply to Connal, concerning Crugal's ghost. Fin. b. 2.

Erin, in the day of his fame.—Carril! tell to mighty Connal, if Cuchullin must fall, tell him I accused the winds which roar on Togorma's waves.—Never was he absent in battle, when the strife of my fame arose.—Let this sword be before Cormac, like the beam of heaven: let his counsel sound in Temora in the day of danger.—

He rushed, in the found of his arms, like the terrible spirit of Loda*, when he comes in the roar of a thousand storms, and scatters battles from his eyes.—He sits on a cloud over Lochlin's seas: his mighty hand is on his sword, and the winds lift his flaming locks.—So terrible was Cuchullin in the day of his fame.—Torlath fell by his hand, and Lego's heroes mourned.—They gather around the chief like the clouds of the desert.—A thousand swords rose at once; a thousand arrows flew; but he stood like a rock in the midst of a roaring sea.—They fell around; he strode in blood: dark Slimora echoed wide.—The sons of Ullin came, and the battle spread over Lego.—The chief of Erin overcame; he returned over the field with his fame.—

But pale he returned! The joy of his face was dark. He rolled his eyes in silence.—The sword hung, unsheathed, in his hand, and his spear bent at every step.

* Loda, in the third book of Fingal, is mentioned as a place of worship in Scandinavia: by the *spirit of Loda*, the poet probably means Odin, the great deity of the northern nations. He is described here with all his terrors about him, not unlike Mars, as he is introduced in a simile, in the seventh Iliad.

——— οἷός τε πελώριος ἔρχεται Ἄρης·
Ὅς τ' εἰσὶν πόλεμονδε μετ' ἀνέρας, οὔτε κρονίαν
Θυμωδῶρου ἔριδος μενεί ζυγέηκε μάρχεσθαι.
So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.

P O P E.

CARRIL, said the king in secret, the strength of Cuchullin fails. My days are with the years that are past : and no morning of mine shall arise.—They shall seek me at Temora, but I shall not be found. Cormac will weep in his hall, and say, “ Where is Tura’s chief ? ” —But my name is renowned ! my fame in the song of bards.— The youth will say in secret, O let me die as Cuchullin died; renown clothed him like a robe; and the light of his fame is great. Draw the arrow from my side; and lay Cuchullin beneath that oak. Place the shield of Caithbat near, that they may behold me amidst the arms of my fathers.—

AND is the son of Semo fallen *, said Carril with a sigh?— Mournful are Tura’s walls; and sorrow dwells at Dunscach.—Thy spouse is left alone in her youth, the son † of thy love is alone.— He shall come to Bragela, and ask her why she weeps.—He shall lift his eyes to the wall, and see his father’s sword.—Whose sword is that? he will say: and the soul of his mother is sad. Who is that, like the hart of the desert, in the murmur of his course?—His eyes look wildly round in search of his friend.—Connal, son of Colgar, where hast thou been, when the mighty fell? Did the seas of Togorma roll round thee? Was the wind of the south in thy sails?

* The Irish historians have placed Cuchullin in the first century.—The translator has given his reasons for fixing him in the third, in the dissertation which is prefixed to this collection. In other particulars the accounts of Keating and O’Flaherty coincide pretty nearly with Ossian’s poems, and the traditions of the Highlands and Isles. They say that he was killed in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and they

give him a great character for his wisdom and valour.

† Conloch, who was afterwards very famous for his great exploits in Ireland. He was so remarkable for his dexterity in handling the javelin, that when a good marksman is described, it has passed into a proverb, in the north of Scotland, *He is unerring as the arm of Conloch.*

The mighty have fallen in battle, and thou wast not there.—Let none tell it in Selma, nor in Morven's woody land; Fingal will be sad, and the sons of the defart mourn.

By the dark rolling waves of Lego they raised the hero's tomb.—Luäth †; at a distance, lies, the companion of Cuchullin, at the chace.—Blest ‖ be thy soul, son of Semo; thou wert mighty in battle.—Thy strength was like the strength of a stream: thy speed like the eagle's * wing.—Thy path in the battle was terrible: the steps of death were behind thy sword.—Blest be thy soul, son of Semo; car-borne chief of Dunscach!

THOU hast not fallen by the sword of the mighty, neither was thy blood on the spear of the valiant.—The arrow came, like the sting of death in a blast: nor did the feeble hand, which drew the bow, perceive it. Peace to thy soul, in thy cave, chief of the isle of Mist!

THE mighty are dispersed at Temora: there is none in Cormac's hall. The king mourns in his youth, for he does not behold thy coming. The sound of thy shield is ceased: his

† It was of old, the custom to bury the favourite dog near the master. This was not peculiar to the ancient Scots, for we find it practised by many other nations in their ages of heroism.—There is a stone shewn still at Dunscach in the isle of Sky, to which Cuchullin commonly bound his dog Luath.—The stone goes by his name to this day.

‖ This is the song of the bards over Cuchullin's tomb. Every stanza closes with some remarkable title of the hero, which was always the custom in funeral elegies.—The verse of the song is a lyric measure, and it was of old sung to the harp.

* They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. 2 Sam. i. 23.

foes are gathering round. Soft be thy rest in thy cave, chief of Erin's wars!

Bragéla will not hope thy return, or see thy sails in ocean's foam. —Her steps are not on the shore: nor her ear open to the voice of thy rowers.—She sits in the hall of shells, and sees the arms of him that is no more.—Thine eyes are full of tears, daughter of car-borne Sorglan! —Blest be thy soul in death, O chief of shady Cromla!

D A R - T H U L A :

A P O E M*.

DAUGHTER of heaven †, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleafant. Thou comest forth in loveliness : the stars attend thy blue steps in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon, and brighten their dark-brown fides. Who is like thee in heaven,

* It may not be improper here, to give the story which is the foundation of this poem, as it is handed down by tradition.— Ufnoth lord of Etha, which is probably that part of Argyleshire which is near Loch Eta, an arm of the sea in Lorn, had three sons, Nathos, Althos, and Ardan by Slis-sáma, the daughter of Semo and sister to the celebrated Cuchullin. The three brothers, when very young, were sent over to Ireland, by their father, to learn the use of arms, under their uncle Cuchullin, who made a great figure in that kingdom. They were just landed in Ulster when the news of Cuchullin's death arrived. Nathos, though very young, took the command of Cuchullin's army, made head against Cairbar the usurper, and defeated him in several battles. Cairbar at last having found means to murder Cormac the lawful king, the ar-

my of Nathos shifted fides, and he himself was obliged to return into Ulster, in order to pass over into Scotland.

Dar-thula, the daughter of Colla, with whom Cairbar was in love, resided, at that time, in Selama a castle in Ulster : she saw, fell in love, and fled with Nathos ; but a storm rising at sea, they were unfortunately driven back on that part of the coast of Ulster, where Cairbar was encamped with his army. The three brothers, after having defended themselves, for some time, with great bravery, were overpowered and slain, and the unfortunate Dar-thula killed herself upon the body of her beloved Nathos.

Ossian opens the poem, on the night preceding the death of the sons of Ufnoth, and brings in, by way of episode, what passed before. He relates the death of Dar-thula differently from the common tradition ; his

heaven, daughter of the night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence, and turn aside their green, sparkling eyes.—Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness* of thy countenance grows? Hast thou thy hall like Ossian? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who rejoiced with thee, at night, no more?—Yes!—they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost often retire to mourn.—But thou thyself shalt fall, one night; and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their green heads: they who were ashamed in thy presence, will rejoice.

THOU art now clothed with thy brightness: look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind, that the daughter of night may look forth, that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its blue waves, in light.

NATHOS † is on the deep, and Althos that beam of youth, Ardan is near his brothers; they move in the gloom of their course. The sons of Usnoth move in darkness, from the wrath of car-borne Cairbar ‡.

WHO is that dim, by their side? the night has covered her beauty. Her hair sighs on ocean's wind; her robe streams in dusky wreaths. She is like the fair ghost of heaven, in the midst of his shadowy

account is the most probable, as suicide seems to have been unknown in those early times: for no traces of it are found in the old poetry.

† The address to the moon is very beautiful in the original. It is in a lyric measure, and appears to have been sung to the harp.

* The poet means the moon in her wane,

† Nathos signifies *youthful*, Althos, *exquisite beauty*, Ardan, *pride*.

‡ Cairbar, who murdered Cormac king of Ireland, and usurped the throne. He was afterwards killed by Oscar the son of Ossian in a single combat. The poet, upon other occasions, gives him the epithet of red-haired,

mist. Who is it but Dar-thula *, the first of Erin's maids? She has fled from the love of Cairbar, with the car-borne Nathos. But the winds deceive thee, O Dar-thula; and deny the woody Etha, to thy sails. These are not thy mountains, Nathos, nor is that the roar of thy climbing waves. The halls of Cairbar are near; and the towers of the foe lift their heads. Ullin stretches its green head into the sea; and Tura's bay receives the ship. Where have ye been, ye southern winds! when the sons of my love were deceived? But ye have been sporting on plains, and pursuing the thistle's beard. O that ye had been rustling in the sails of Nathos, till the hills of Etha rose! till they rose in their clouds, and saw their coming chief! Long hast thou been absent, Nathos! and the day of thy return is past †.

BUT the land of strangers saw thee, lovely: thou wast lovely in the eyes of Dar-thula. Thy face was like the light of the morning, thy hair like the raven's wing. Thy soul was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun. Thy words were the gale of the reeds, or the gliding stream of Lora.

BUT when the rage of battle rose, thou wast like a sea in a storm; the clang of thy arms was terrible: the host vanished at the sound of thy course.—It was then Dar-thula beheld thee, from the top of her mossy tower: from the tower of Seláma ‡, where her fathers dwelt.

LOVELY

* Dar-thúla, or Dart-huile, a woman with fine eyes. She was the most famous beauty of antiquity. To this day, when a woman is praised for her beauty, the common phrase is, that *she is as lovely as Dar-thula*.

† That is, the day appointed by destiny. We find no deity in Ossian's poetry, if fate is not one; of that he is very full in some of his poems in the translator's hands.

‡ The poet does not mean that Seláma, which is mentioned as the seat of Toscar in Ulster,

Ulster,

LOVELY art thou, O stranger! she said, for her trembling soul arose. Fair art thou in thy battles, friend of the fallen Cormac*! Why dost thou rush on, in thy valour, youth of the ruddy look? Few are thy hands, in battle, against the car-borne Cairbar!—O that I might be freed of his love †! that I might rejoice in the presence of Nathos!—Blest are the rocks of Etha; they will behold his steps at the chace! they will see his white bosom, when the winds lift his raven hair!

SUCH were thy words, Dar-thula, in Seláma's mossy towers. But, now, the night is round thee: and the winds have deceived thy sails. The winds have deceived thy sails, Dar-thula: their blustering sound is high. Cease a little while, O north wind, and let me hear the voice of the lovely. Thy voice is lovely, Dar-thula, between the rustling blasts.

ARE these the rocks of Nathos, and the roar of his mountain-streams? Comes that beam of light from Ufnóth's nightly hall? The mist rolls around, and the beam is feeble: but the light of Dar-thula's soul is the car-borne chief of Etha! Son of the generous Ufnóth, why that broken sigh? Are we not in the land of strangers, chief of echoing Etha?

THESE are not the rocks of Nathos, he replied, nor the roar of his streams. No light comes from Etha's halls, for they are

Ulster, in the poem of Conlath and Cuthona. The word in the original signifies either *beautiful to behold*, or a place *with a pleasant or wide prospect*. In those times, they built their houses upon eminences, to command a view of the country, and to prevent their being surprized: many

of them. on that account, were called Selama. The famous Selma of Fingal is derived from the same root.

* Cormac the young king of Ireland, who was privately murdered by Cairbar.

† That is, of the love of Cairbar.

distant far. We are in the land of strangers, in the land of car-borne Cairbar. The winds have deceived us, Dar-thula. Ullin lifts here her green hills.—Go towards the north, Althos; be thy steps, Ardan, along the coast; that the foe may not come in darkness, and our hopes of Etha fail.—

I WILL go towards that mossy tower, and see who dwells about the beam.—Rest, Dar-thula, on the shore! rest in peace, thou beam of light! the sword of Nathos is around thee, like the lightning of heaven.

HE went. She sat alone, and heard the rolling of the wave. The big tear is in her eye; and she looked for the car-borne Nathos.—Her soul trembles at the blast. And she turns her ear towards the tread of his feet.—The tread of his feet is not heard. Where art thou, son of my love! The roar of the blast is around me. Dark is the cloudy night.—But Nathos does not return. What detains thee, chief of Etha?—Have the foes met the hero in the strife of the night?—

HE returned, but his face was dark: he had seen his departed friend.—It was the wall of Tura, and the ghost of Cuchullin stalked there. The sighing of his breast was frequent; and the decayed flame of his eyes terrible. His spear was a column of mist: the stars looked dim through his form. His voice was like hollow wind in a cave: and he told the tale of grief. The soul of Nathos was sad, like the sun * in the day of mist, when his face is watry and dim.

* *Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit* —Thro' mists he shoots his sullen beams,
obe; VIRG. Frugal of light, in loose and straggling
 streams. DRYDEN.

WHY art thou sad, O Nathos, said the lovely daughter of Colla ? Thou art a pillar of light to Dar-thula : the joy of her eyes is in Etha's chief. Where is my friend †, but Nathos ? My father rests in the tomb. Silence dwells on Seláma : sadness spreads on the blue streams of my land. My friends have fallen, with Cormac. The mighty were slain in the battle of Ullin.

EVENING darkened on the plain. The blue streams failed before mine eyes. The unfrequent blast came rustling in the tops of Seláma's groves. My seat was beneath a tree on the walls of my fathers. Truthil past before my soul ; the brother of my love ; he that was absent ‡ in battle against the car-borne Cairbar.

BENDING on his spear, the gray-haired Colla came : his down-cast face is dark, and sorrow dwells in his soul. His sword is on the side of the hero : the helmet of his fathers on his head.—The battle grows in his breast. He strives to hide the tear.

DAR-THULA, he sighing said, thou art the last of Colla's race. Truthil is fallen in battle. The king * of Seláma is no more.—Cairbar comes, with his thousands, towards Seláma's walls.—Colla will meet his pride, and revenge his son. But where shall I find, thy safety, Dar-thula with the dark-brown hair ! thou art lovely as the sun-beam of heaven, and thy friends are low !

† ————— *ὄν γὰρ εἶ' ἀλλή*
ἔσαι θαλαπυρῆ, ———

————— *ὄυδέ μοι εἰς πατῆρ καὶ πότνια*
μήτηρ. HOM. vi. 411.

‡ The family of Colla preserved their

loyalty to Cormac long after the death of Cuchullin.

* It is very common, in Ossian's poetry, to give the title of King to every chief that was remarkable for his valour.

AND is the fon of battle fallen, I said with a burſting ſigh ?
Ceafed the generous foul of Truthil to lighten through the field ?
—My ſafety, Colla, is in that bow ; I have learned to pierce the
deer. Is not Cairbar like the hart of the defart, father of
fallen Truthil ?

THE face of age brightened with joy : and the crouded tears of
his eyes poured down. The lips of Colla trembled. His gray
beard whiffled in the blaſt. Thou art the ſiſter of Truthil, he ſaid,
and thou burneſt in the fire of his foul. Take, Dar-thula, take
that ſpear, that brazen ſhield, that burniſhed helmet : they are the
ſpoils of a warrior : a fon * of early youth.—When the light
riſes on Seláma, we go to meet the car-borne Cairbar.—But keep
thou near the arm of Colla ; beneath the ſhadow of my ſhield.
Thy father, Darthula, could once defend thee ; but age is trembling
on his hand.—The ſtrength of his arm has failed, and his foul is
darkened with grief.

We paſſed the night in forrow. The light of morning roſe. I
ſhone in the arms of battle. The gray-haired hero moved be-
fore. The ſons of Seláma convened around the ſounding ſhield
of Colla. But few were they in the plain, and their locks were
gray. The youths had fallen with Truthil, in the battle of car-
borne Cormac.

COMPANIONS of my youth ! ſaid Colla, it was not thus you
have ſeen me in arms. It was not thus I ſtrode to battle, when the
great Confadan fell. But ye are laden with grief. The darkneſs

* The poet, to make the ſtory of Dar- very young man, otherwiſe it would ſhock
thula's arming herſelf for battle, more pro- all belief, that ſhe, who was very young,
bable, makes her armour to be that of a ſhould be able to carry it.

of age comes like the mist of the desert. My shield is worn with years; my sword is fixed * in its place. I said to my soul, thy evening shall be calm, and thy departure like a fading light. But the storm has returned; I bend like an aged oak. My boughs are fallen on Seláma, and I tremble in my place.—Where art thou, with thy fallen heroes, O my car-borne Truthil! Thou answerest not from thy rushing blast; and the soul of thy father is sad. But I will be fad no more, Cairbar or Colla must fall. I feel the returning strength of my arm. My heart leaps at the sound of battle.

THE hero drew his sword. The gleaming blades of his people rose. They moved along the plain. Their gray hair streamed in the wind.—Cairbar sat, at the feast, in the silent plain of Lona †. He saw the coming of the heroes, and he called his chiefs to battle.

WHY ‡ should I tell to Nathos, how the strife of battle grew! I have seen thee, in the midst of thousands, like the beam of heaven's fire; it is beautiful, but terrible; the people fall in its red course.—The spear of Colla slew, for he remembered the battles of his youth. An arrow came with its sound, and pierced the hero's side. He fell on his echoing shield. My soul started with

* It was the custom of those times, that every warrior at a certain age, or when he became unfit for the field, fixed his arms, in the great hall, where the tribe feasted, upon joyful occasions. He was afterwards never to appear in battle; and this stage of life was called the *time of fixing of the arms*.

† Lona, *a marshy plain*. It was the custom, in the days of Ossian, to feast after a victory. Cairbar had just provided an entertainment for his army, upon the de-

feat of Truthil the son of Colla, and the rest of the party of Cormac, when Colla and his aged warriors arrived to give him battle.

‡ The poet, by an artifice, avoids the description of the battle of Lona, as it would be improper in the mouth of a woman, and could have nothing new, after the numerous descriptions, of that kind, in his other poems. He, at the same time, gives an opportunity to Dar-thula to pass a fine compliment on her lover.

fear;

fear ; I stretched my buckler over him ; but my heaving breast was seen. Cairbar came, with his spear, and he beheld Seláma's maid : joy rose on his dark-brown face ; he stayed the lifted steel. He raised the tomb of Colla ; and brought me weeping to Seláma. He spoke the words of love, but my soul was sad. I saw the shields of my fathers, and the sword of car-borne Truthil. I saw the arms of the dead, and the tear was on my cheek.

THEN thou didst come, O Nathos : and gloomy Cairbar fled. He fled like the ghost of the desert before the morning's beam. His hosts were not near : and feeble was his arm against thy steel.

WHY * art thou sad, O Nathos ! said the lovely maid of Colla ?

I HAVE met, replied the hero, the battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the spear, when first the danger rose ; but my soul brightened before the war, as the green narrow vale, when the sun pours his streamy beams, before he hides his head in a storm. My soul brightened in danger before I saw Seláma's fair ; before I saw thee, like a star, that shines on the hill, at night ; the cloud slowly comes, and threatens the lovely light.

WE are in the land of the foe, and the winds have deceived us, Dar-thula ! the strength of our friends is not near, nor the mountains of Etha. Where shall I find thy peace, daughter of mighty Colla ! The brothers of Nathos are brave : and his own sword has shone in war. But what are the sons of Ufnoth to the host of car-borne Cairbar ! O that the winds had brought thy sails, Oscar † king

* It is usual with Ossian, to repeat, at the end of the episodes, the sentence which introduced them. It brings back the mind of the reader to the main story of the poem.

† Oscar, the son of Ossian, had long re-

solved on the expedition, into Ireland, against Cairbar, who had assassinated his friend Cathol, the son of Moran, an Irishman of noble extraction, and in the interest of the family of Cormac.

of men! thou didst promise to come to the battles of fallen Cormac. Then would my hand be strong as the flaming arm of death. Cairbar would tremble in his halls, and peace dwell round the lovely Dar-thula. But why dost thou fall, my soul? The sons of Ufnoth may prevail.

AND they will prevail, O Nathos, said the rising soul of the maid: never shall Dar-thula behold the halls of gloomy Cairbar. Give me those arms of brass, that glitter to that passing meteor; I see them in the dark-bosomed ship. Dar-thula will enter the battle of steel.—Ghost of the noble Colla! do I behold thee on that cloud? Who is that dim beside thee? It is the car-borne Truthil. Shall I behold the halls of him that slew Seláma's chief! No: I will not behold them, spirits of my love!

Joy rose in the face of Nathos, when he heard the white bosomed maid. Daughter of Seláma! thou shinest on my soul. Come, with thy thousands, Cairbar! the strength of Nathos is returned. And thou, O aged Ufnoth, shalt not hear that thy son has fled. I remember thy words on Etha; when my sails began to rise: when I spread them towards Ullin, towards the mossy walls of Tura. Thou goest, he said, O Nathos, to the king of shields; to Cuchullin chief of men who never fled from danger. Let not thine arm be feeble: neither be thy thoughts of flight; lest the son of Semo say that Etha's race are weak. His words may come to Ufnoth, and sadden his soul in the hall.—The tear is on his cheek. He gave this shining sword.

I came to Tura's bay: but the halls of Tura were silent; I looked round, and there was none to tell of the chief of Dunscach. I

went

went to the hall of his shells, where the arms of his fathers hung. But the arms were gone, and aged Lamhor * sat in tears.

WHENCE are the arms of steel, said the rising Lamhor? The light of the spear has long been absent from Tura's dusky walls.—Come ye from the rolling sea? Or from Temora's † mournful halls?

WE come from the sea, I said, from Ufnoth's rising towers. We are the sons of Slis-sáma ‡, the daughter of car-borne Semo. Where is Tura's chief, son of the silent hall? But why should Nathos ask? for I behold thy tears. How did the mighty fall, son of the lonely Tura?

HE fell not, Lamhor replied, like the silent star of night, when it shoots through darkness and is no more. But he was like a meteor that falls in a distant land; death attends its green course, and itself is the sign of wars.—Mournful are the banks of Lego, and the roar of streamy Lara! There the hero fell, son of the noble Ufnoth.

AND the hero fell in the midst of slaughter, I said with a bursting sigh. His hand was strong in battle; and death was behind his sword.—We came to Lego's mournful banks. We found his rising tomb. His companions in battle are there; his bards of many songs. Three days we mourned over the hero: on the fourth, I struck the shield of Caithbat. The heroes gathered around with joy, and shook their beamy spears.

* Lamh-mhor, *mighty hand*.

† Temora was the royal palace of the supreme kings of Ireland. It is here called mournful, on account of the death of Cor-

mac, who was murdered there by Cairbar who usurped his throne.

‡ Slis-feamha, *soft bosom*. She was the wife of Ufnoth and daughter of Semo the chief of the *isle of mist*.

CORLATH was near with his host, the friend of car-borne Cairbar. We came like a stream by night, and his heroes fell. When the people of the valley rose *, they saw their blood with morning's light. But we rolled away, like wreaths of mist, to Cormac's echoing hall. Our swords rose to defend the king. But Temora's halls were empty. Cormac had fallen in his youth. The king of Erin was no more.

SADNESS seized the sons of Ullin, they slowly, gloomily retired : like clouds that, long having threatened rain, retire behind the hills. The sons of Usnoth moved, in their grief, towards Tura's founding bay. We passed by Seláma, and Cairbar retired like Lano's mist, when it is driven by the winds of the desert.

IT was then I beheld thee, O maid, like the light of Etha's sun. Lovely is that beam, I said, and the crowded sigh of my bosom rose. Thou camest in thy beauty, Dar-thula, to Etha's mournful chief. —But the winds have deceived us, daughter of Colla, and the foe is near.

YES !—the foe is near, said the rustling strength of Althos †. I heard their clanging arms on the coast, and saw the dark wreaths of Erin's standard. Distinct is the voice of Cairbar ‡, and loud as

* And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred fourscore and five thousand : and when they rose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead men. 2 KINGS xix. 35.

† Althos had just returned from viewing the coast of Lena, whither he had been sent by Nathos, the beginning of the night.

‡ Cairbar had gathered an army, to the coast of Ulster, in order to oppose Fingal, who prepared for an expedition into Ireland to re-establish the house of Cormac on the throne, which Cairbar had usurped. Between the wings of Cairbar's army was the bay of Tura, into which the ship of the sons of Usnoth was driven : so that there was no possibility of their escaping.

Cromla's falling stream. He had seen the dark ship on the sea, before the dusky night came down. His people watch on Lena's* plain, and lift ten thousand swords.

AND let them lift ten thousand swords, said Nathos with a smile. The sons of car-borne Ufnoth will never tremble in danger. Why dost thou roll with all thy foam, thou roaring sea of Ullin? Why do ye rustle, on your dark wings, ye whistling tempests of the sky?—Do ye think, ye storms, that ye keep Nathos on the coast? No: his soul detains him, children of the night!—Althos! bring my father's arms: thou seest them beaming to the stars. Bring the spear of Semo †, it stands in the dark-bosomed ship.

HE brought the arms. Nathos clothed his limbs in all their shining steel. The stride of the chief is lovely: the joy of his eyes terrible. He looks towards the coming of Cairbar. The wind is rustling in his hair. Dar-thula is silent at his side: her look is fixed on the chief. She strives to hide the rising sigh, and two tears swell in her eyes.

ALTHOS! said the chief of Etha, I see a cave in that rock. Place Dar-thula there: and let thy arm be strong. Ardan! we meet the foe, and call to battle gloomy Cairbar. O that he came in his founding steel, to meet the son of Ufnoth!—Darthula! if thou shalt escape, look not on the fallen Nathos. Lift thy sails, O Althos, towards the echoing groves of Etha.

* The scene of the present poem is nearly the same with that of the epic poem in this collection. The heath of Lena and Tura are often mentioned.

† Semo was grandfather to Nathos by the mother's side. The spear mentioned

here was given to Ufnoth on his marriage, it being the custom then for the father of the lady to give his arms to his son in law. The ceremony used upon these occasions is mentioned in other poems.

TELL to the chief *, that his son fell with fame ; that my sword did not shun the battle. Tell him I fell in the midst of thousands, and let the joy of his grief be great. Daughter of Colla ! call the maids to Etha's echoing hall. Let their songs arise for Nathos, when shadowy autumn returns.—O that the voice of Cona † might be heard in my praise ! then would my spirit rejoice in the midst of my mountain winds.

AND my voice shall praise thee, Nathos chief of the woody Etha ! The voice of Ossian shall rise in thy praise, son of the generous Ufnoth ! Why was I not on Lena, when the battle rose ? Then would the sword of Ossian defend thee ; or himself fall low.

WE sat, that night, in Selma round the strength of the shell. The wind was abroad, in the oaks ; the spirit of the mountain ‡ shrieked. The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched my harp. The sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb. Fingal heard it first, and the crouded sighs of his bosom rose.—Some of my heroes are low, said the gray-haired king of Morven. I hear the sound of death on the harp of my son. Ossian, touch the sounding string ; bid the sorrow rise ; that their spirits may fly with joy to Morven's woody hills.

I TOUCHED the harp before the king, the sound was mournful and low. Bend forward from your clouds, I said, ghosts of my fathers ! bend ; lay by the red terror of your course, and receive the falling chief ; whether he comes from a distant land, or rises from the rolling sea. Let his robe of mist be near ; his spear that is

* Ufnoth.

† Ossian, the son of Fingal, is, often, poetically called the voice of Cona.

‡ By the spirit of the mountain is meant

that deep and melancholy sound which precedes a storm ; well known to those who live in a high country.

formed of a cloud. Place an half-extinguished meteor by his side, in the form of the hero's sword. And, oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend from your clouds, I said, ghosts of my fathers! bend.

SUCH was my song, in Selma, to the lightly-trembling harp. But Nathos was on Ullin's shore, surrounded by the night; he heard the voice of the foe amidst the roar of tumbling waves. Silent he heard their voice, and rested on his spear.

MORNING rose, with its beams; the sons of Erin appear; like gray rocks, with all their trees, they spread along the coast. Cairbar stood, in the midst, and grimly smiled when he saw the foe.

NATHOS rushed forward, in his strength; nor could Dar-thula stay behind. She came with the hero, lifting her shining spear. And who are these, in their armour, in the pride of youth? Who but the sons of Ufnoth, Althos and dark-haired Ardan?

COME, said Nathos, come! chief of the high Temora! Let our battle be on the coast for the white-bosomed maid. His people are not with Nathos; they are behind that rolling sea. Why dost thou bring thy thousands against the chief of Etha? Thou didst fly * from him, in battle, when his friends were around him.

YOUTH of the heart of pride, shall Erin's king fight with thee? Thy fathers were not among the renowned, nor of the kings of men. Are the arms of foes in their halls? Or the shields of other times? Cairbar is renowned in Temora, nor does he fight with little men.

* He alludes to the flight of Cairbar from Selma.

THE tear starts from car-borne Nathos ; he turned his eyes to his brothers. Their spears flew, at once, and three heroes lay on earth. Then the light of their swords gleamed on high ; the ranks of Erin yield ; as a ridge of dark clouds before a blast of wind.

THEN Cairbar ordered his people, and they drew a thousand bows. A thousand arrows flew ; the sons of Ufnoth fell. They fell like three young oaks which stood alone on the hill ; the traveller saw the lovely trees and wondered how they grew so lonely ; the blast of the defart came, by night, and laid their green heads low ; next day he returned but they were withered, and the heath was bare.

DAR-THULA stood in silent grief, and beheld their fall ; no tear is in her eye : but her look is wildly sad. Pale was her cheek ; her trembling lips broke short an half-formed word. Her dark hair flew on the wind.—But gloomy Cairbar came. Where is thy lover now ? the car-borne chief of Etha ? Hast thou beheld the halls of Ufnoth ? Or the dark-brown hills of Fingal ? My battle had roared on Morven, did not the winds meet Dar-thula. Fingal himself would have been low and sorrow dwelling in Selma.

HER shield fell from Dar-thula's arm, her breast of snow appeared. It appeared, but it was stained with blood for an arrow was fixed in her side. She fell on the fallen Nathos, like a wreath of snow. Her dark hair spreads on his face, and their blood is mixing round.

DAUGHTER of Colla ! thou art low ! said Cairbar's hundred bards ; silence is at the blue streams of Seláma, for Truthil's * race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's

* Truthil was the founder of Dar-thula's family.

maids? Thy sleep is long in the tomb, and the morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed and say, Awake * Dar-thula! awake, thou first of women! the wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills, the woods wave their growing leaves. Retire, O sun, the daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty: she will not move, in the steps of her loveliness.

SUCH was the song of the bards, when they raised the tomb. I sung, afterwards, over the grave, when the king of Morven came; when he came to green Ullin to fight with car-borne Cairbar.

* Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over, and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard

in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, *with* the tender grape, give a *good* smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

T E M O R A :

A N

E P I C P O E M *.

THE blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze; and gray torrents pour their noisy streams.—Two green hills, with their aged oaks, surround a narrow plain. The blue
course

* Though the history which is the foundation of the present poem, was given in the notes on the two pieces preceding, it may not be here improper to recapitulate some part of what has been said.—Immediately after the death of Cuchullin, Cairbar, lord of Atha, openly set up for himself in Connaught, and having privately murdered young king Cormac, became, without opposition, sole monarch of Ireland. The murder of Cormac was so much resented by Fingal, that he resolved on an expedition into Ireland against Cairbar. Early intelligence of his designs came to Cairbar, and he had gathered the tribes together into Ulster, to oppose Fingal's landing; at the same time his brother

Cathmor kept himself with an army near Temora.—This Cathmor is one of the finest characters in the old poetry. His humanity, generosity, and hospitality, were unparalleled: in short, he had no fault, but too much attachment to so bad a brother as Cairbar.—The present poem has its name from Temora, the royal palace of the Irish kings, near which the last and decisive battle was fought between Fingal and Cathmor. What has come to the translator's hands, in a regular connection, is little more than the opening of the poem.—This work appears, from the story of it, which is still preserv'd, to have been one of the greatest of Ossian's compositions. The variety of the characters makes it interesting;

course of the mountain-stream is there ; Cairbar stands on its banks. —His spear supports the king : the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises in his soul, with all his ghastly wounds. The gray form of the youth appears in the midst of darkness, and the blood pours from his airy sides.—Cairbar thrice threw his spear on earth ; and thrice he stroked his beard. His steps are short ; he often stooped : and tossed his finewy arms. He is like a cloud in the desert ; that varies its form to every blast : the valleys are sad around, and fear, by turns, the shower.

THE king, at length, resumed his soul, and took his pointed spear. He turned his eyes towards Lena*. The scouts of ocean appear. They appeared with steps of fear, and often looked behind.

resting ; and the war, as it is carried on by Fingal and Cathmor, affords instances of the greatest bravery, mixed with incomparably generous actions and sentiments. One is at a loss for which side to declare himself : and often wishes, when both commanders march to battle, that both may return victorious. At length the good fortune of Fingal preponderates, and the family of Cormac are re-established on the Irish throne.

The Irish traditions relate the affair in another light, and exclaim against Fingal for appointing thirty judges, or rather tyrants, at Temora, for regulating the affairs of Ireland. They pretend to enumerate many acts of oppression committed by those judges ; and affirm, that both they and a part of Fingal's army, which was left in Ireland to enforce their laws, were at last expelled the kingdom.—Thus the Irish tra-

ditions, say the historians of that nation. It is said, however, that those gentlemen sometimes create facts, in order afterwards to make remarks upon them ; at least, that they adopt for real facts, the traditions of their bards, when they throw lustre on the ancient state of their country.

The present poem opens in the morning, Cairbar is represented as retired from the rest of the Irish chiefs, and tormented with remorse for the murder of Cormac, when news was brought him of Fingal's landing. What passed, preceding that day, and is necessary to be known for carrying on the poem, is afterwards introduced by way of episode.

* The scene described here is nearly that of the epic poem, Fingal. In this neighbourhood also the sons of Uisnoth were killed.

Cairbar knew that the mighty were near, and called his gloomy chiefs. The sounding steps of his heroes came. They drew, at once, their swords. There Morlath * stood with darkened face. Hidalla's bushy hair sighs in the wind. Red-haired Cormar bends on his spear, and rolls his side-long-looking eyes. Wild is the look of Malthos from beneath two shaggy brows.—Foldath stands like an oozy rock, that covers its dark sides with foam; his spear is like Slimora's fir, that meets the wind of heaven. His shield is marked with the strokes of battle; and his red eye despises danger. These and a thousand other chiefs surrounded car-borne Cairbar, when the scout of ocean came, Mor-annal †, from streamy Lena.—His eyes hang forward from his face, his lips are trembling, pale.

Do the chiefs of Erin stand, he said, silent as the grove of evening? Stand they, like a silent wood, and Fingal on the coast? Fingal, who is terrible in battle, the king of streamy Morven.

AND hast thou seen the warrior, said Cairbar with a sigh? Are his heroes many on the coast? Lifts he the spear of battle? Or comes the king in peace?

HE comes not in peace, O Cairbar: for I have seen his forward spear ‡. It is a meteor of death: the blood of thousands is on its

* Mór-lath, *great in the day of battle*. Hidalla', *wildly looking hero*. Cor-mar, *expert at sea*. Málth-os, *slow to speak*. Foldath, *generous*.

† Mór-annal, *strong breath*; a very proper name for a scout.

‡ Mor-annal here alludes to the particular appearance of Fingal's spear.—If a man, upon his first landing in a strange

country, kept the point of his spear forward, it denoted in those days that he came in a hostile manner, and accordingly he was treated as an enemy; if he kept the point behind him, it was a token of friendship, and he was immediately invited to the feast, according to the hospitality of the times.

steel.—He came first to the shore, strong in the gray hair of age. Full rose his sinewy limbs, as he strode in his might. That sword is by his side which gives no second † wound. His shield is terrible, like the bloody moon, when it rises in a storm.—Then came Ossian king of songs; and Morni's son, the first of men. Connal leaps forward on his spear: Dermid spreads his dark-brown locks.—Fillan bends his bow: Fergus strides in the pride of youth. Who is that with aged locks? A dark shield is on his side. His spear trembles at every step; and age is on his limbs. He bends his dark face to the ground; the king of spears is sad!—It is Ufnoth, O Cairbar, coming to revenge his sons. He sees green Ullin with tears, and he remembers the tombs of his children. But far before the rest, the son of Ossian comes, bright in the smiles of youth, fair as the first beams of the sun. His long hair falls on his back.—His dark brows are half hid beneath his helmet of steel. His sword hangs loose on the hero's side. His spear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of high Temora!

THEN fly, thou feeble man, said the gloomy wrath of Foldath: fly to the gray streams of thy land, son of the little fowl! Have not I seen that Oscar? I beheld the chief in battle. He is of the mighty in danger: but there are others who lift the spear.—Erin has many sons as brave: yes—more brave, O car-borne Cairbar!—Let Foldath meet him in the strength of his course, and stop this mighty stream.—My spear is covered with the blood of the valiant; my shield is like Tura's wall.

† This was the famous sword of Fingal, it is said of this sword, that it killed a man at every stroke; and that Fingal never after him poetically called the *son of Luno*: used it, but in times of the greatest danger.

SHALL Foldath alone meet the foe, replied the dark-browed Malthos? Are not they numerous on our coast, like the waters of a thousand streams? Are not these the chiefs who vanquished Swaran, when the sons of Erin fled? And shall Foldath meet their bravest hero? Foldath of the heart of pride! take the strength of the people by thy side; and let Malthos come. My sword is red with slaughter, but who has heard my words*?

SONS of green Erin, begun the mild Hidalla, let not Fingal hear your words: lest the foe rejoice, and his arm be strong in the land.—Ye are brave, O warriors, and like the tempests of the desert; they meet the rocks without fear, and overturn the woods in their course.—But let us move in our strength, and flow as a gathered cloud, when the winds drive it from behind.—Then shall the mighty tremble, and the spear drop from the hand of the valiant.—We see the cloud of death, they will say; and their faces will turn pale. Fingal will mourn in his age; and say that his fame is ceased.—Morven will behold his chiefs no more: the moss of years shall grow in Selma.

CAIRBAR heard their words, in silence, like the cloud of a shower: it stands dark on Cromla, till the lightning bursts its side: the valley gleams with red light; the spirits of the storm rejoice.—So stood the silent king of Temora; at length his words are heard.

SPRFAD the feast on Lena: and let my hundred bards attend. And thou, red-hair'd Olla, take the harp of the king. Go to Oscar king of swords, and bid him to our feast. To-day we feast and

* That is, who has heard my vaunting? He intended the expression as a rebuke to the self-praise of Foldath.

hear the song; to-morrow break the spears. Tell him that I have raised the tomb of Cathol *; and that my bards have sung to his ghost.—Tell him that Cairbar has heard his fame at the stream of distant Carun †.

CATHMOR ‡ is not here; the generous brother of Cairbar; he is not here with his thousands, and our arms are weak. Cathmor is a foe to strife at the feast: his soul is bright as the sun. But Cairbar shall fight with Oscar, chiefs of the high Temora! His words for Cathol were many; and the wrath of Cairbar burns. He shall fall on Lena: and my fame shall rise in blood.

THE faces of the heroes brightened. They spread over Lena's heath. The feast of shells is prepared. The songs of the bards arose.

WE heard || the voice of joy on the coast, and we thought that the mighty Cathmor came. Cathmor the friend of strangers! the brother

* Cathol the son of Maronnan, or Moran, was murdered by Cairbar, for his attachment to the family of Cormac. He had attended Oscar to the *war of Inis-thona*, where they contracted a great friendship for one another. Oscar, immediately after the death of Cathol, had sent a formal challenge to Cairbar, which he prudently declined, but conceived a secret hatred against Oscar, and had beforehand contrived to kill him at the feast, to which he here invites him.

† He alludes to the battle of Oscar against Caros, *king of ships*; who is supposed to be the same with Carausius the usurper.

‡ Cath-mór, *great in battle*. Cairbar takes advantage of his brother's absence, to perpetrate his ungenerous designs against Oscar; for the noble spirit of Cathmor, had he been present, would not have permitted the laws of that hospitality, for which he was so renowned himself, to be violated. The brothers form a contrast: we do not detest the mean soul of Cairbar more, than we admire the disinterested and generous mind of Cathmor.

|| Fingal's army heard the joy that was in Cairbar's camp. The character given of Cathmor is agreeable to the times. Some,

brother of red-haired Cairbar. But their souls were not the same : for the light of heaven was in the bosom of Cathmor. His towers rose on the banks of Atha : seven paths led to his halls. Seven chiefs stood on those paths, and called the stranger to the feast ! But Cathmor dwelt in the wood to avoid the voice of praise.

OLLA came with his songs. Oscar went to Cairbar's feast. Three hundred heroes attended the chief, and the clang of their arms is terrible. The gray dogs bounded on the heath, and their howling is frequent. Fingal saw the departure of the hero : the soul of the king was sad. He dreads the gloomy Cairbar : but who of the race of Trenmor feared the foe ?

My son lifted high the spear of Cormac : an hundred bards met him with songs. Cairbar concealed with smiles the death that was dark in his soul. The feast is spread, the shells resound : joy brightens the face of the host. But it was like the parting beam of the sun, when he is to hide his red head, in a storm.

through ostentation, were hospitable ; and others fell naturally into a custom handed down from their ancestors. But what marks strongly the character of Cathmor, is his aversion to praise ; for he is represented to dwell in a wood to avoid the thanks of his guests ; which is still a higher degree of generosity than that of Axylus in Homer : for the poet does not say, but the good man might, at the head of his own table, have heard with pleasure the praise bestowed on him by the people he entertained.

Ἄξυλον δ' ἄρ' ἐπεφροσόνῳ ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
 Τευθρασίδην, ἔς εὐκαιρὸν ἰθαλίμιν' ἐν Ἀριστρῇ,
 Ἄφρονες βίησιν, φιλοῦσ' δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν·
 Πάντας γὰρ φιλεῖσκεν, ἔδδ' ἐπὶ οἰκίᾳ πτωχῶν.

HOM. 6. 12.

Next Teuthras' son disdain'd the sands
 with blood,
 Axylus, hospitable, rich and good :
 In fair Atisbe's walls, his native place,
 He held his seat ; a friend to human race.
 Fast by the road, his ever open door
 Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

POPE.

CAIRBAR rose in his arms; darkness gathers on his brow. The hundred harps ceased at once. The clang* of shields is heard. Far distant on the heath Olla raised his song of woe. My son knew the sign of death; and rising seized his spear.

OSCAR! said the dark-red Cairbar, I behold the spear † of Erin's kings. The spear of Temora ‡ glitters in thy hand, son of the woody Morven! It was the pride of an hundred kings, the death of heroes of old. Yield it, son of Ossian, yield it to car-borne Cairbar.

SHALL I yield, Oscar replied, the gift of Erin's injured king: the gift of fair-haired Cormac, when Oscar scattered his foes? I came to his halls of joy, when Swaran fled from Fingal. Gladness rose in the face of youth: he gave the spear of Temora. Nor did he give it to the feeble, O Cairbar, neither to the weak in soul. The darkness of thy face is not a storm to me; nor are thine eyes the flames of death. Do I fear thy clanging shield? Does my soul tremble at Olla's song? No: Cairbar, frighten thou the feeble; Oscar is like a rock.

AND wilt thou not yield the spear, replied the rising pride of Cairbar? Are thy words mighty because Fingal is near, the gray-

* When a chief was determined to kill a man that was in his power already, it was usual to signify, that his death was intended, by the sound of a shield struck with the blunt end of a spear; at the same time that a bard at distance raised the *dea b-fong*.

A ceremony of another kind was long used in Scotland upon such occasions. Every body has heard that a bull's head was served up to Lord Douglas in the castle of Edin-

burgh, as a certain signal of his approaching death.

† Cormac, the son of Arth, had given the spear, which is here the foundation of the quarrel, to Oscar when he came to congratulate him, upon Swaran's being expelled from Ireland.

‡ *Ti' mór-ri*, the house of the great king, the name of the royal palace of the supreme kings of Ireland.

haired warrior of Morven. He has fought with little men. But he must vanish before Cairbar, like a thin pillar of mist before the winds of Atha*.

WERE he who fought with little men near the chief of Atha : Atha's chief would yield green Erin to avoid his rage. Speak not of the mighty, O Cairbar ! but turn thy sword on me. Our strength is equal : but Fingal is renowned ! the first of mortal men !

THEIR people saw the darkening chiefs. Their crowding steps are heard around. Their eyes roll in fire. A thousand swords are half unsheathed. Red-haired Olla raised the song of battle : the trembling joy of Oscar's soul arose : the wonted joy of his soul when Fingal's horn was heard.

DARK as the swelling wave of ocean before the rising winds, when it bends its head near the coast, came on the host of Cairbar.— Daughter of Toscar † ! why that tear ? He is not fallen yet. Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell !—Behold they fall before my son like the groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand ! Morlath falls : Maronnan dies : Conachar trembles in his blood. Cairbar shrinks before Oscar's sword ; and creeps in darkness behind his stone. He lifted the spear in secret, and pierced my Oscar's side. He falls forward on his shield : his knee sustains the chief : but his spear is in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar ‡ falls. The steel pierced his forehead, and divided his red hair behind. He lay,

* Atha, *shallow river* : the name of Cairbar's feat in Connaught.

† The poet means Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, to whom he addressed that

part of the poem, which related to the death of Oscar her lover.

‡ The Irish historians place the death of Cairbar, in the latter end of the third century :

lay, like a shattered rock, which Cromla shakes from its side. But never more shall Oscar rise ! he leans on his bossy shield. His spear is in his terrible hand : Erin's sons stood distant and dark. Their shouts arose, like the crowded noise of streams, and Lena echoed around.

FINGAL heard the sound ; and took his father's spear. His steps are before us on the heath. He spoke the words of woe. I hear the noise of battle : and Oscar is alone. Rise, ye sons of Morven, and join the hero's sword.

OSSIAN rushed along the heath. Fillan bounded over Lena. Fergus flew with feet of wind. Fingal strode in his strength, and the light of his shield is terrible. The sons of Erin saw it far distant ; they trembled in their souls. They knew that the wrath of the king arose : and they foresaw their death. We first arrived ; we fought ; and Erin's chiefs withstood our rage. But when the king came, in the sound of his course, what heart of steel could stand ! Erin fled over Lena. Death pursued their flight.

WE saw Oscar leaning on his shield. We saw his blood around. Silence darkened on every hero's face. Each turned his back and wept. The king strove to hide his tears. His gray beard whistled in the wind. He bends his head over his son : and his words are mixed with sighs.

AND art thou fallen, Oscar, in the midst of thy course ? the heart of the aged beats over thee ! He sees thy coming battles. He be-

ture : they say, he was killed in battle against Oscar the son of Ossian, but deny that he fell by his hand. As they have nothing to go upon but the traditions of

their bards, the translator thinks that account of Ossian is as probable : at worst, it is but opposing one tradition to another.

holds the battles which ought to come, but they are cut off from thy fame. When shall joy dwell at Selma? When shall the song of grief cease on Morven? My sons fall by degrees: Fingal shall be the last of his race. The fame which I have received shall pass away: my age will be without friends. I shall sit like a gray cloud in my hall: nor shall I expect the return of a son, in the midst of his founding arms. Weep, ye heroes of Morven! never more shall Oſcar riſe!

AND they did weep, O Fingal; dear was the hero to their ſouls. He went out to battle, and the foes vaniſhed; he returned, in peace, amidſt their joy. No father mourned his ſon ſlain in youth; no brother his brother of love. They fell, without tears, for the chief of the people was low! Bran * is howling at his feet: gloomy Luäth is ſad, for he had often led them to the chace; to the bounding roes of the deſart.

WHEN Oſcar beheld his friends around, his white breſt roſe with a ſigh.—The groans, he ſaid, of my aged heroes, the howling of my dogs, the ſudden burſts of the ſong of grief, have melted Oſcar's ſoul. My ſoul, that never melted before; it was like the ſteel of my ſword.—Oſſian, carry me to my hills! Raiſe the ſtones of my fame. Place the horn of the deer, and my ſword within my narrow dwelling.—The torrent hereafter may raiſe the earth of my tomb: the hunter may find the ſteel and ſay, “ This has been “ Oſcar's ſword.”

* Bran was one of Fingal's dogs.—He in the tranſlator's hands, has given him the ſame properties with Virgil's Camilla. the poet, in a piece which is not juſt now

AND fallest thou, son of my fame! And shall I never see thee, Oſcar! When others hear of their ſons, I ſhall not hear of thee. The moſs is on the ſtones of his tomb, and the mournful wind is there. The battle ſhall be fought without him: he ſhall not purſue the dark-brown hinds. When the warrior returns from battles, and tells of other lands, he will ſay, I have ſeen a tomb, by the roaring ſtream, where a warrior darkly dwells: he was ſlain by car-borne Oſcar, the firſt of mortal men.—I, perhaps, ſhall hear him, and a beam of joy will riſe in my ſoul.

THE night would have deſcended in ſorrow, and morning returned in the ſhadow of grief: our chiefs would have ſtood like cold dropping rocks on Lena, and have forgot the war, did not the king diſperſe his grief, and raiſe his mighty voice. The chiefs, as new-wakened from dreams, liſt their heads around.

How long ſhall we weep on Lena; or pour our tears in Ullin? The mighty will not return. Oſcar ſhall not riſe in his ſtrength. The valiant muſt fall one day, and be no more known on his hills.—Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old? They have ſet like ſtars that have ſhone, we only hear the ſound of their praiſe. But they were renowned in their day, and the terror of other times. Thus ſhall we paſs, O warriors, in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned when we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the laſt beams of the ſun, when he hides his red head in the weſt.

ULLIN, my aged bard! take the ſhip of the king. Carry Oſcar to Selma, and let the daughters of Morven weep. We ſhall fight in Erin for the race of fallen Cormac. The days of my years begin to fail: I feel the weakneſs of my arm. My fathers bend from their

their clouds, to receive their gray-hair'd son. But, Tremmor! before I go hence, one beam of my fame shall rise: so shall my days end, as my years begun, in fame: my life shall be one stream of light to other times.

ULLIN rais'd his white sails: the wind of the south came forth. He bounded on the waves towards Selma's walls.—I remained in my grief, but my words were not heard.—The feast is spread on Lena: an hundred heroes reared the tomb of Cairbar: but no song is raised over the chief; for his soul had been dark and bloody. We remembered the fall of Cormac! and what could we say in Cairbar's praise?

THE night came rolling down. The light of an hundred oaks arose. Fingal sat beneath a tree. The chief of Etha sat near the king, the gray-hair'd strength of Ufnoth.

OLD Althan * stood in the midst, and told the tale of fallen Cormac. Althan the son of Conachar, the friend of car-borne Cuchullin: he dwelt with Cormac in windy Temora, when Semo's son fought with generous Torlath.—The tale of Althan was mournful, and the tear was in his eye.

† THE setting sun was yellow on Dora ‡. Gray evening began to descend. Temora's woods shook with the blast of the unconstant wind. A cloud, at length, gathered in the west, and a red star

* Althan, the son of Conachar, was the chief bard of Arth king of Ireland. After the death of Arth, Althan attended his son Cormac, and was present at his death.—He had made his escape from Cairbar, by the means of Cathmor, and coming to Fingal,

related, as here, the death of his master Cormac.

† Althan speaks.

‡ Doira, *the woody side of a mountain*; it is here a hill in the neighbourhood of Temora.

looked

looked from behind its edge.—I stood in the wood alone, and saw a ghost on the darkening air. His stride extended from hill to hill: his shield was dim on his side. It was the son of Semo: I knew the sadness of his face. But he passed away in his blast; and all was dark around.—My soul was sad. I went to the hall of shells. A thousand lights arose: the hundred bards had strung the harp. Cormac stood in the midst, like the morning star*, when it rejoices on the eastern hill, and its young beams are bathed in showers.—The sword of Artho || was in the hand of the king; and he looked with joy on its polished studs: thrice he attempted to draw it, and thrice he failed: his yellow locks are spread on his shoulders: his cheeks of youth are red.—I mourned over the beam of youth, for he was soon to set.

ALTHAN! he said, with a smile, hast thou beheld my father? Heavy is the sword of the king, surely his arm was strong. O that I were like him in battle, when the rage of his wrath arose! then would I have met, like Cuchullin, the car-borne son of Cantéla! But years may come on, O Althan! and my arm be strong.—Hast thou heard of Semo's son, the chief of high Temora? He might have returned with his fame; for he promised to return to-night. My bards wait him with their songs, and my feast is spread.—

I HEARD the king in silence. My tears began to flow. I hid them with my gray locks; but he perceived my grief.

* *Qualis, ubi oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,* Shakes from his rosy locks the peatly dews;
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes, Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
Extulit os sacrum cælo, tenebrasque resolvit. DRYDEN.

VIRG.

So from the seas exerts his radiant head,
 The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led:
 || Arth, or Artho, the father of Cormac
 king of Ireland.

SON of Conachar ! he said, is the king of Tura low ? Why bursts thy sigh in secret ? And why descends the tear ?—Comes the car-borne Torlath ? Or the sound of the red-haired Cairbar ?—They come !—for I see thy grief ; and Tura's king is low !—Shall I not rush to battle ?—But I cannot lift the arms of my fathers !—O had mine arm the strength of Cuchullin, soon would Cairbar fly ; the fame of my fathers would be renewed ; and the actions of other times !

HE took his bow of yew. Tears flow from his sparkling eyes.—Grief saddens around : the bards bend forward from their harps. The blast touches their strings, and the sound of woe ascends.

A VOICE is heard at a distance, as of one in grief ; it was Carril of other times, who came from the dark Slimora*.—He told of the death of Cuchullin, and of his mighty deeds. The people were scattered around his tomb : their arms lay on the ground. They had forgot the battle, for the sound of his shield had ceased.

BUT who, said the soft-voiced Carril, come like the bounding roes ? their stature is like the young trees of the plain, growing in a shower :—Soft and ruddy are their cheeks : but fearless souls look forth from their eyes ?—Who but the sons of Ufnoth, the car-borne chiefs of Etha ? The people rise on every side, like the strength of an half-extinguished fire, when the winds come suddenly from the desert, on their rustling wings.—The sound of Caithbat's shield was heard. The heroes saw Cuchullin †, in the form of lovely Nathos. So rolled his sparkling eyes, and such was his steps

* Slimora, a hill in Connaught, near which Cuchullin was killed.

† That is, they saw a manifest likeness between the person of Nathos and Cuchullin.

on his heath.—Battles are fought at Lego: the sword of Nathos prevails. Soon shalt thou behold him in thy halls, king of woody Temora!—

AND soon may I behold him, O Carril! replied the returning joy of Cormac. But my soul is sad for Cuchullin; his voice was pleasant in mine ear.—Often have we moved on Dora, at the chace of the dark-brown hinds: his bow was unerring on the mountains.—He spoke of mighty men. He told of the deeds of my fathers; and I felt the joy of my breast.—But sit thou, at the feast, O Carril; I have often heard thy voice. Sing in the praise of Cuchullin; and of that mighty stranger.

DAY rose on Temora, with all the beams of the east. Trathin came to the hall, the son of old Gellama †.—I behold, he said, a dark cloud in the desert, king of Innisfail! a cloud it seemed at first, but now a croud of men. One strides before them in his strength; and his red hair flies in the wind. His shield glitters to the beam of the east. His spear is in his hand.

CALL him to the feast of Temora, replied the king of Erin. My hall is the house of strangers, son of the generous Gellama!—Perhaps it is the chief of Etha, coming in the sound of his renown.—Hail, mighty stranger, art thou of the friends of Cormac?—But Carril, he is dark, and unlovely; and he draws his sword. Is that the son of Ufnoth, bard of the times of old?

It is not the son of Ufnoth, said Carril, but the chief of Atha.—Why comest thou in thy arms to Temora, Cairbar of the

† Geal-lamha, *white-handed*.

gloomy brow? Let not thy sword rise against Cormac! Whither dost thou turn thy speed?

HE passed on in his darkness, and seized the hand of the king. Cormac foresaw his death, and the rage of his eyes arose.—Retire, thou gloomy chief of Atha: Nathos comes with battle.—Thou art bold in Cormac's hall, for his arm is weak.—The sword entered Cormac's side: he fell in the halls of his fathers. His fair hair is in the dust. His blood is smoking round.

AND art thou fallen in thy halls, I said ||, O son of noble Artho? The shield of Cuchullin was not near. Nor the spear of thy father. Mournful are the mountains of Erin, for the chief of the people is low!—Blest be thy soul, O Cormac! thou art snatched from the midst of thy course.

MY words came to the ears of Cairbar, and he closed us † in the midst of darkness. He feared to stretch his sword to the bards *: though his soul was dark. Three days we pined alone: on the fourth, the noble Cathmor came.—He heard our voice from the cave; he turned the eye of his wrath on Cairbar.

Chief of Atha! he said, how long wilt thou pain my soul? Thy heart is like the rock of the desert; and thy thoughts are dark.—But thou art the brother of Cathmor, and he will fight thy battles.—But Cathmor's soul is not like thine, thou feeble hand of war! The light of my bosom is stained with thy deeds: the bards will not sing of my renown. They may say, “Cathmor was brave,

|| Althan speaks.

† That is, himself and Carril, as it afterwards appears.

* The persons of the bards were so sacred, that even he, who had just murdered his sovereign, feared to kill them.

“but he fought for gloomy Cairbar.” They will pass over my tomb in silence, and my fame shall not be heard.—Cairbar! loose the bards: they are the sons of other times. Their voice shall be heard in other ages, when the kings of Temora have failed.—

WE came forth at the words of the chief. We saw him in his strength. He was like thy youth, O Fingal, when thou first didst lift the spear.—His face was like the plain of the sun when it is bright: no darkness travelled over his brow. But he came with his thousands to Ullin; to aid the red-haired Cairbar: and now he comes to revenge his death, O king of woody Morven.—

AND let him come, replied the king; I love a foe like Cathmor. His soul is great; his arm is strong, and his battles are full of fame.—But the little soul is like a vapour that hovers round the marshy lake: it never rises on the green hill, lest the winds meet it there: its dwelling is in the cave, and it sends forth the dart of death.

USNOTH! thou hast heard the fame of Etha's car-borne chiefs.—Our young heroes, O warrior, are like the renown of our fathers.—They fight in youth, and they fall: their names are in the song.—But we are old, O Ufnoth, let us not fall like aged oaks; which the blast overturns in secret. The hunter came past, and saw them lying gray across a stream. How have these fallen, he said, and whistling passed along.

RAISE the song of joy, ye bards of Morven, that our souls may forget the past.—The red stars look on us from the clouds, and silently descend. Soon shall the gray beam of the morning rise, and shew us the foes of Cormac.—Fillan! take the spear of the king;

king; go to Mora's dark-brown side. Let thine eyes travel over the heath, like flames of fire. Observe the foes of Fingal, and the course of generous Cathmor. I hear a distant sound, like the falling of rocks in the desert.—But strike thou thy shield, at times, that they may not come through night, and the fame of Morven cease.—I begin to be alone, my son, and I dread the fall of my renown.

THE voice of the bards arose. The king leaned on the shield of Trenmor.—Sleep descended on his eyes, and his future battles rose in his dreams. The host are sleeping around. Dark-haired Fillan observed the foe. His steps are on a distant hill: we hear, at times, his clanging shield.

One of the Fragments of Ancient Poetry lately published, gives a different account of the death of Oscar, the son of Ossian. The translator, though he well knew the more probable tradition concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a poem, which, if not really of Ossian's composition, has much of his manner, and concise turn of expression. A more correct copy of that fragment, which has since come to the translator's hands, has enabled him to correct the mistake, into which a similarity of names had led those who handed down the poem by tradition.—The heroes of the piece are Oscar the son of Caruth, and Dermid the son of Diaran. Ossian, or perhaps his imitator, opens the poem with a lamentation for Oscar, and afterwards, by an easy transition, relates the story of Oscar the son of Caruth, who seems to

have bore the same character, as well as name, with Oscar the son of Ossian. Though the translator thinks he has good reason to reject the fragment as the composition of Ossian; yet as it is, after all, still somewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here subjoined it.

WHY openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, O son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscar fell? My eyes are blind with tears; but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people! Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son, shall I see thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a storm; as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I, like an ancient

cient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Chief of the warriors, Oſcar, my fon! ſhall I ſee thee no more!

But, ſon of Alpin, the hero fell not harmleſs as the graſs of the field; the blood of the mighty was on his ſword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oſcar, thou ſon of Caruth, thou haſt fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy ſpear was ſtained with the blood of thy friend.

Dermid and Oſcar were one: They reaped the battle together. Their frienſhip was ſtrong as their ſteel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardden. Their ſwords were ſtained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted at their names. Who was equal to Oſcar, but Dermid? and who to Dermid, but Oſcar!

They killed mighty Dargo in the field; Dargo who never fled in war. His daughter was fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two ſtars in a ſhower: her breath, the gale of ſpring: her breaſts, as the new-fallen ſnow floating on the moving heath. The warriors ſaw her, and loved; their ſouls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her as his fame; each muſt poſſeſs her or die. But her ſoul was fixed on Oſcar; the ſon of Caruth was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father; and loved the hand that ſlew him.

Son of Caruth, ſaid Dermid, I love; O Oſcar, I love this maid. But her ſoul cleaveth unto thee; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this boſom, Oſcar; relieve me, my friend, with thy ſword.

My ſword, ſon of Diaran, ſhall never be ſtained with the blood of Dermid.

Who then is worthy to ſlay me, O Oſcar ſon of Caruth? Let not my life paſs away unknown. Let none but Oſcar ſlay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

Dermid, make uſe of thy ſword; ſon of Diaran, wield thy ſteel. Would that I fell with thee! that my death came from the hand of Dermid!

They fought by the brook of the mountain, by the ſtreams of Branno. Blood tinged the running water, and curdled round the moſſy ſtones. The ſtately Dermid fell; he fell, and ſmiled in death.

And falleſt thou, ſon of Diaran, falleſt thou by Oſcar's hand! Dermid who never yielded in war, thus do I ſee thee fall! —He went, and returned to the maid of his love; he returned, but ſhe perceived his grief.

Why that gloom, ſon of Caruth? what ſhades thy mighty ſoul?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid, I have loſt my fame. Fixed on a tree by the brook of the hill, is the ſhield of the valiant Gormur, whom I ſlew in battle. I have waſted the day in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, ſon of Caruth, the ſkill of Dargo's daughter. My hands were tau-
lit the bow: my father delighted in my ſkill.

She

She went. He stood behind the shield.
Her arrow flew, and pierced his breast.

Blessed be that hand of snow; and blessed that bow of yew! Who but the daughter of Dargo was worthy to slay the son of Caruth? Lay me in the earth, my fair one; lay me by the side of Dermid.

Oscar! the maid replied, I have the soul of the mighty Dargo. Well pleased I can

meet death. My sorrow I can end.—

She pierced her white bosom with the steel.
She fell; she trembled; and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal shade covers their tomb. Often on their green earthen tombs the branchy sons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and silence over all the hills,

CARRIC-THURA:

A P O E M*.

HAST † thou left thy blue course in heaven, golden-haired son of the sky! The west has opened its gates; the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty: they lift their trembling heads: they see thee lovely in thy sleep; but they shrink away with fear. Rest, in thy shadowy cave, O sun! and let thy return be in joy.—But let a thousand lights arise to the

* Fingal, returning from an expedition which he had made into the Roman province, resolved to visit Cathulla king of Inis-tore, and brother to Comála, whose story is related, at large, in the dramatic poem, published in this collection. Upon his coming in sight of Carric-thura, the palace of Cathulla, he observed a flame on its top, which, in those days, was a signal of distress. The wind drove him into a bay, at some distance from Carric-thura, and he was obliged to pass the night on the shore. Next day he attacked the army of Frothal king of Sora who had besieged Cathulla in his palace of Carric-thura, and took Frothal himself prisoner, after he had engaged him in a single combat. The deliverance of Carric-thura is the subject of the poem, but several other episodes are

interwoven with it. It appears from tradition, that this poem was addressed to a Culdee, or one of the first Christian missionaries, and that the story of the *Spirit of Loda*, supposed to be the ancient Odin of Scandinavia, was introduced by Ossian in opposition to the Culdee's doctrine. Be this as it will, it lets us into Ossian's notions of a superior being; and shews that he was not addicted to the superstition which prevailed all the world over, before the introduction of Christianity.

† The song of Ullin, with which the poem opens, is in a lyric measure. It was usual with Fingal, when he returned from his expeditions, to send his bards singing before him. This species of triumph is called, by Ossian, the *sing of victory*.

found of the harps of Selma: let the beam spread in the hall, the king of shells is returned! The strife of Crona* is past, like sounds that are no more: raise the song, O bards, the king is returned, with his fame!

SUCH was the song of Ullin, when Fingal returned from battle: when he returned in the fair blushing of youth; with all his heavy locks. His blue arms were on the hero; like a gray cloud on the sun, when he moves in his robes of mist, and shews but half his beams. His heroes follow the king: the feast of shells is spread. Fingal turns to his bards, and bids the song to rise.

VOICES of echoing Cona! he said, O bards of other times! Ye, on whose souls the blue hosts of our fathers rise! strike the harp in my hall; and let Fingal hear the song. Pleasant is the joy of grief! it is like the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head. Sing on, O bards, tomorrow we lift the sail. My blue course is through the ocean, to Carric-thura's walls; the mossy walls of Sarno, where Comála dwelt. There the noble Cathulla, spreads the feast of shells. The boars of his woods are many, and the sound of the chase shall arise.

CRONNAN †, son of the song! said Ullin, Minona, graceful at the harp! raise the song of Shilric, to please the king of Morven. Let

* Ossian has celebrated the *strife of Cronna*, in a particular poem. This poem is connected with it, but it was impossible for the translator to procure that part which relates to Crona, with any degree of purity.

† One should think that the parts of Shilric and Vinvela were represented by

Cronnan and Minona, whose very names denote that they were singers, who performed in public. Cronnan signifies a *mournful sound*, Minona, or Min-'óinn, *soft air*. All the dramatic poems of Ossian appear to have been presented before Fingal, upon solemn occasions.

Vinvela come in her beauty, like the showery bow, when it shews its lovely head on the lake, and the setting sun is bright. And she comes, O Fingal! her voice is soft but sad.

VINVELA.

My love is a son of the hill. He pursues the flying deer. His gray dogs are panting around him; his bow-string sounds in the wind. Dost thou rest by the fount of the rock, or by the noise of the mountain-stream? the rushes are nodding with the wind, the mist is flying over the hill. I will approach my love unperceived, and see him from the rock. Lovely I saw thee first by the aged oak of Branno*; thou wert returning tall from the chace; the fairest among thy friends.

SHILRIC.

WHAT voice is that I hear? that voice like the summer-wind.— I sit not by the nodding rushes; I hear not the fount of the rock. Afar, Vinvela †, afar I go to the wars of Fingal. My dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the hill. No more from on high I see thee, fair-moving by the stream of the plain; bright as the bow of heaven; as the moon on the western wave.

VINVELA.

THEN thou art gone, O Shilric! and I am alone on the hill. The deer are seen on the brow; void of fear they graze along. No more they dread the wind; no more the rustling tree. The hunter

* Bran, or Branno, signifies a *mountain-stream*: it is here some river known by that name, in the days of Ossian. There are several small rivers in the north of Scotland still retaining the name of Bran; in parti-

cular one which falls into the Tay at Dunkeld.

† Bhín-bheul, a *woman with a melodious voice*. *Bh* in the Galic Language has the same sound with the *v* in English.

is far removed; he is in the field of graves. Strangers! sons of the waves! spare my lovely Shilric.

SHILRIC.

IF fall I must in the field, raise high my grave, Vinvela. Gray stones and heaped-up earth, shall mark me to future times. When the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, "Some warrior rests here," he will say; and my fame shall live in his praise. Remember me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie!

VINVELA.

YES!—I will remember thee—Indeed my Shilric will fall. What shall I do, my love! when thou art gone for ever? Through these hills I will go at noon: I will go through the silent heath. There I will see the place of thy rest, returning from the chace. Indeed, my Shilric will fall; but I will remember him.

AND I remember the chief, said the king of woody Morven; he consumed the battle in his rage. But now my eyes behold him not. I met him, one day, on the hill; his cheek was pale; his brow was dark. The sigh was frequent in his breast: his steps were towards the desert. But now he is not in the crowd of my chiefs, when the sounds of my shields arise: Dwells he in the narrow house *, the chief of high Carmora †?

CRONNAN! said Ullin of other times, raise the song of Shilric; when he returned to his hills, and Vinvela was no more. He leaned on her gray mossy stone; he thought Vinvela lived. He saw her fair-moving ‡ on the plain: but the bright form lasted not: the

* The grave.

† Carn-mór, *high rocky hill*.

‡ The distinction, which the ancient Scots made between good and bad spirits,

was, that the former appeared sometimes in the day-time in lonely unfrequented places; but the latter never but by night, and in a dismal gloomy scene.

sun-beam fled from the field, and she was seen no more. Hear the song of Shilric, it is soft but sad.

I SIT by the mossy fountain ; on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer descend from the hill. No hunter at a distance is seen ; no whistling cow-herd is nigh. It is mid-day : but all is silent. Sad are my thoughts alone. Didst thou but appear, O my love, a wanderer on the heath ! thy hair floating on the wind behind thee ; thy bosom heaving on the sight ; thine eyes full of tears for thy friends, whom the mist of the hill had concealed ! Thee I would comfort, my love, and bring thee to thy father's house.

BUT is it she that there appears, like a beam of light on the heath ? bright as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer-storm, comest thou, lovely maid, over rocks, over mountains to me ? —She speaks : but how weak her voice ! like the breeze in the reeds of the pool.

RETURNEST thou safe from the war ? Where are thy friends, my love ? I heard of thy death on the hill ; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric !

YES, my fair, I return ; but I alone of my race. Thou shalt see them no more : their graves I raised on the plain. But why art thou on the desert hill ? Why on the heath, alone ?

ALONE I am, O Shilric ! alone in the winter-house. With grief for thee I expired. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.

SHE fleets, she sails away; as gray mist before the wind!—and, wilt thou not stay, my love? Stay and behold my tears? fair thou appearest, Vinvela! fair thou wast, when alive!

BY the mossy fountain I will sit; on the top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is silent around, converse, O my love, with me! come on the wings of the gale! on the blast of the mountain, come! Let me hear thy voice, as thou passest, when mid-day is silent around.

SUCH was the song of Cronnan, on the night of Selma's joy. But morning rose in the east; the blue waters rolled in light. Fingal bade his sails to rise, and the winds come rustling, from their hills. Inis-tore rose to sight, and Carric-thura's mossy towers. But the sign of distress was on their top: the green flame edged with smoke. The king of Morven struck his breast: he assumed, at once, his spear. His darkened brow bends forward to the coast: he looks back to the lagging winds. His hair is disordered on his back. The silence of the king is terrible.

NIGHT came down on the sea; Rotha's bay received the ship. A rock bends along the coast with all its echoing wood. On the top is the circle* of Loda, and the mossy stone of power. A narrow plain spreads beneath, covered with grass and aged trees, which the midnight winds, in their wrath, had torn from the shaggy rock. The blue course of a stream is there; and the lonely blast of ocean pursues the thistle's beard.

THE flame of three oaks arose: the feast is spread around: but the soul of the king is sad, for Carric-thura's battling chief. The

* *The circle of Loda* is supposed to be a as the spirit of Loda is thought to be the place of worship among the Scandinavians, same with their god Odin.

wan, cold moon rose, in the east. Sleep descended on the youths! Their blue helmets glitter to the beam; the fading fire decays. But sleep did not rest on the king: he rose in the midst of his arms, and slowly ascended the hill to behold the flame of Sarno's tower.

THE flame was dim and distant; the moon hid her red face in the east. A blast came from the mountain, and bore, on its wings, the spirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors*, and he shook his dusky spear.—His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; and his voice is like distant thunder. Fingal advanced with the spear of his strength, and raised his voice on high.

SON of night, retire: call thy winds and fly! Why dost thou come to my presence, with thy shadowy arms? Do I fear thy gloomy form, dismal spirit of Loda? Weak is thy shield of clouds: feeble is that meteor, thy sword. The blast rolls them together; and thou thyself dost vanish. Fly from my presence son of night! call thy winds and fly!

DOST thou force me from my place, replied the hollow voice? The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the valiant. I look on the nations and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death. I come † abroad on the winds: the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds, the fields of my rest are pleasant.

DWELL then in thy calm fields, said Fingal, and let Comhal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend, from my hills, into thy peaceful plains? Do I meet thee, with a spear, on thy cloud, spirit of dis-

* He is described, in a simile, in the poem concerning the death of Cuchullin.

† There is a great resemblance between the terrors of this mock divinity, and those of the true God, as they are described in the 18th Psalm.

mal Loda? Why then dost thou frown on Fingal? or shake thine airy spear? But thou frownest in vain: I never fled from mighty men. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven? No: he knows the weakness of their arms.

FLY to thy land, replied the form: receive the wind and fly. The blasts are in the hollow of my hand: the course of the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son, he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Carric-thura; and he will prevail. Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath.

HE lifted high his shadowy spear; and bent forward his terrible height. But the king, advancing, drew his sword; the blade of dark-brown Luno*. The gleaming path of the steel winds thro' the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs, as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace.

THE spirit of Loda shrieked, as, rolled into himself, he rose on the wind. Inistore shook at the sound. The waves heard it on the deep: they stopped, in their course, with fear: the companions of Fingal started, at once; and took their heavy spears. They missed the king: they rose with rage; all their arms resound.

THE moon came forth in the east. The king returned in the gleam of his arms. The joy of his youths was great, their souls settled, as a sea from a storm. Ullin raised the song of gladness. The hills of Inistore rejoiced. The flame of the oak arose; and the tales of heroes are told.

* The famous sword of Fingal, made by Lun, or Luno; a smith of Lochlin.

BUT Frothal, Sora's battling king, sits in sadness beneath a tree. The host spreads around Carric-thura. He looks towards the walls with rage. He longs for the blood of Cathulla, who, once, overcame the king in war.—When Annir reigned * in Sora, the father of car-borne Frothal, a blast rose on the sea, and carried Frothal to Inistore. Three days he feasted in Sarno's halls, and saw the slow rolling eyes of Comála. He loved her, in the rage of youth, and rushed to seize the white-armed maid. Cathulla met the chief. The gloomy battle rose. Frothal is bound in the hall: three days he pined alone. On the fourth, Sarno sent him to his ship, and he returned to his land. But wrath darkened in his soul against the noble Cathulla. When Annir's stone † of fame arose, Frothal came in his strength. The battle burned round Carric-thura, and Sarno's mossy walls.

MORNING rose on Inistore. Frothal struck his dark-brown shield. His chiefs started at the sound; they stood, but their eyes were turned to the sea. They saw Fingal coming in his strength; and first the noble Thubar spoke.

WHO comes like the stag of the mountain, with all his herd behind him? Frothal, it is a foe; I see his forward spear. Perhaps it is the king of Morven, Fingal the first of men. His actions are well known on Gormal; the blood of his foes is in Sarno's halls. Shall I ask the peace ‡ of kings? He is like the thunder of heaven.

* Annir was also the father of Erragon, who was king after the death of his brother Frothal. The death of Erragon is the subject of *the battle of Lora*, a poem in this collection.

† That is, after the death of Annir. To erect the stone of one's fame, was, in other words, to say that the person was dead.

‡ Honourable terms of peace.

SON of the feeble hand, said Frothal, shall my days begin in darkness? Shall I yield before I have conquered in battle, chief of streamy Tora? The people would say in Sora, Frothal flew forth like a meteor; but the dark cloud met it, and it is no more. No: Thubar, I will never yield; my fame shall surround me like light. No: I will never yield, king of streamy Tora.

HE went forth with the stream of his people, but they met a rock: Fingal stood unmoved, broken they rolled back from his side. Nor did they roll in safety; the spear of the king pursued their flight. The field is covered with heroes. A rising hill preserved the flying host.

FROTHAL saw their flight. The rage of his bosom rose. He bent his eyes to the ground, and called the noble Thubar.—Thubar! my people fled. My fame has ceased to rise. I will fight the king; I feel my burning soul. Send a bard to demand the combat. Speak not against Frothal's words.—But, Thubar! I love a maid; she dwells by Thano's stream, the white-bosomed daughter of Herman, Utha with the softly-rolling eyes. She feared the daughter * of Inistore, and her soft sighs rose, at my departure. Tell to Utha that I am low; but that my soul delighted in her.

SUCH were his words, resolved to fight. But the soft sigh of Utha was near. She had followed her hero over the sea, in the armour of a man. She rolled her eye on the youth, in secret, from beneath a glittering helmet. But now she saw the bard as he went, and the spear fell thrice from her hand. Her loose hair flew on the

* By the daughter of Inistore, Frothal feared that the former passion of Frothal for Comala, of whose death Utha probably had not heard; consequently she Comala might return.

wind. Her white breast rose, with sighs. She lifted up her eyes to the king; she would speak, but thrice she failed.

FINGAL heard the words of the bard; he came in the strength of steel. They mixed their deathful spears, and raised the gleam of their swords. But the steel of Fingal descended and cut Frothal's shield in twain. His fair side is exposed; half bent he foresees his death.

DARKNESS gathered on Utha's soul. The tear rolled down her cheek. She rushed to cover the chief with her shield; but a fallen oak met her steps. She fell on her arm of snow; her shield, her helmet flew wide. Her white bosom heaved to the sight; her dark-brown hair is spread on earth.

FINGAL pitied the white-armed maid: he stayed the uplifted sword. The tear was in the eye of the king, as, bending forward, he spoke. King of streamy Sora! fear not the sword of Fingal. It was never stained with the blood of the vanquished; it never pierced a fallen foe. Let thy people rejoice along the blue waters of Tora: let the maids of thy love be glad. Why shouldest thou fall in thy youth, king of streamy Sora?

FROTHAL heard the words of Fingal, and saw the rising maid: they * stood in silence, in their beauty: like two young trees of the plain, when the shower of spring is on their leaves, and the loud winds are laid.

DAUGHTER of Herman, said Frothal, didst thou come from Tora's streams; didst thou come, in thy beauty, to behold thy war-

* Frothal and Utha.

rior-low ? But he was low before the mighty, maid of the slow-rolling eye ! The feeble did not overcome the son of car-borne Annir. Terrible art thou, O king of Morven ! in battles of the spear. But, in peace, thou art like the sun, when 'he looks thro' a silent shower : the flowers lift their fair heads before him ; and the gales shake their rustling wings. O that thou wert in Sora ! that my feast were spread !—The future kings of Sora would see thy arms and rejoice. They would rejoice at the fame of their fathers, who beheld the mighty Fingal.

SON of Annir, replied the king, the fame of Sora's race shall be heard.—When chiefs are strong in battle, then does the song arise ! But if their swords are stretched over the feeble : if the blood of the weak has stained their arms ; the bard shall forget them in the song, and their tombs shall not be known. The stranger shall come and build there, and remove the heaped-up earth. An half-worn sword shall rise before him ; and bending above it, he will say, “ These are the arms of chiefs of old, but their names are not in “ the song.”——Come thou, O Frothal, to the feast of Inistore ; let the maid of thy love be there ; and our faces will brighten with joy.

FINGAL took his spear, moving in the steps of his might. The gates of Carric-thura are opened. The feast of shells is spread.—The voice of music arose. Gladness brightened in the hall.—The voice of Ullin was heard ; the harp of Selma was strung.—Utha rejoiced in his presence, and demanded the song of grief ; the big tear hung in her eye, when the soft * Crimora spoke. Crimora

* There is a propriety in introducing this episode, as the situations of Crimora and Utha were so similar.

the daughter of Rinval, who dwelt at Lotha's † mighty stream. The tale was long, but lovely; and pleased the blushing maid of Tora.

CRIMORA *.

WHO cometh from the hill, like a cloud tinged with the beam of the west? Whose voice is that, loud as the wind, but pleasant as the harp of Carril ‡? It is my love in the light of steel; but sad is his darkened brow. Live the mighty race of Fingal? or what disturbs my Connal ||?

CONNAL.

THEY live. I saw them return from the chace, like a stream of light. The sun was on their shields. Like a ridge of fire they descended the hill. Loud is the voice of the youth; the war, my love, is near. To-morrow the terrible Dargo comes to try the force of our race. The race of Fingal he defies; the race of battle and wounds.

CRIMORA.

CONNAL, I saw his sails like gray mist on the fable wave. They slowly came to land. Connal, many are the warriors of Dargo!

† Lotha was the ancient name of one of the great rivers in the north of Scotland. The only one of them that still retains a name of a like sound is Lochy, in Invernessshire; but whether it is the river mentioned here, the translator will not pretend to say.

* Cri-móra, a woman of a great soul.

‡ Perhaps the Carril mentioned here is the same with Carril the son of Kinfena,

Cuchullin's bard. The name itself is proper to any bard, as it signifies a *sprightly and harmonious sound*.

|| Connal, the son of Diaran, was one of the most famous heroes of Fingal; he was slain in a battle against Dargo a Briton; but whether by the hand of the enemy, or that of his mistress, tradition does not determine.

CONNAL.

CONNAL.

BRING me thy father's shield ; the bossy, iron shield of Rinval ; that shield like the full moon when it moves darkened through heaven.

CRIMORA.

THAT shield I bring, O Connal ; but it did not defend my father. By the spear of Gormar he fell. Thou may'st fall, O Connal !

CONNAL.

FALL indeed I may : But raise my tomb, Crimora. Gray stones, a mound of earth, shall keep my memory. Bend thy red eye over my tomb, and beat thy mournful heaving breast. Though fair thou art, my love, as the light ; more pleasant than the gale of the hill ; yet I will not stay. Raise my tomb, Crimora.

CRIMORA.

THEN give me those arms of light ; that sword, and that spear of steel. I shall meet Dargo with thee, and aid my lovely Connal. Farewel, ye rocks of Ardven ! ye deer ! and ye streams of the hill ! —We shall return no more. Our tombs are distant far.

AND did they return no more ? said Utha's bursting sigh. Fell the mighty in battle, and did Crimora live ?—Her steps were lonely, and her soul was sad for Connal. Was he not young and lovely ; like the beam of the setting-sun ? Ullin saw the virgin's tear, and took the softly-trembling harp : the song was lovely, but sad, and silence was in Carric-thura.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains ; gray mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through
the

the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the slumbering Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead. At times are seen here the ghosts of the deceased, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.

WHO can reach the source of thy race, O Connal? and who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth. Who shall supply the place of Connal?

HERE was the din of arms; and here the groans of the dying. Bloody are the wars of Fingal! O Connal! it was here thou didst fall. Thine arm was like a storm; thy sword a beam of the sky; thy height, a rock on the plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice, in the battles of thy steel. Warriors fell by thy sword, as the thistle by the staff of a boy.

DARGO the mighty came on, like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side; dire was the clang of their steel.

THE daughter of Rinval was near; Crimora bright in the armour of man; her yellow hair is loose behind, her bow is in her hand. She followed the youth to the war, Connal her much-beloved. She drew the string on Dargo; but erring pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain; like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do, hapless maid!—He bleeds; her Connal dies. All the night long she cries, and all the day, O Connal, my love, and my friend! With grief the sad mourner dies.

EARTH here incloses the loveliest pair on the hill. The grass grows between the stones of the tomb; I often sit in the mournful shade. The wind sighs through the grass; their memory rushes on my mind. Undisturbed you now sleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.

AND soft be your rest, said Utha, children of streamy Lotha. I will remember you with tears, and my secret song shall rise; when the wind is in the groves of Tora, and the stream is roaring near. Then shall ye come on my soul; with all your lovely grief.

THREE days feasted the kings: on the fourth their white sails arose. The winds of the north carry the ship of Fingal to Morven's woody land.—But the spirit of Loda sat, in his cloud, behind the ships of Frothial. He hung forward with all his blasts, and spread the white-bosomed sails.—The wounds of his form were not forgot; he still feared * the hand of the king.

* The story of Fingal and the spirit of Loda, supposed to be the famous Odin, is the most extravagant fiction in all Ossian's poems. It is not, however, without precedents in the best poets; and it must be said for Ossian, that he says nothing but what perfectly agreed with the notions of the times, concerning ghosts. They thought the souls of the dead were material, and consequently susceptible of pain. Whether a proof could be drawn from this passage, that Ossian had no notion of a divinity, I shall leave to others to determine: it appears, however, that he was of opinion, that superior beings ought to take no notice of what passed among men.

T H E

S O N G S of S E L M A *.

STAR of the falling night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unhorned head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, and the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair. Farewel, thou silent beam!—Let the light of Ossian's soul arise.

* This poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feast, provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems, and such of them as were thought, by him, worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity.—It was one of those occasions that afforded the subject of the present poem to Ossian.—It is called in the origi-

nal, the songs of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the translation.

The poem is entirely lyric, and has great variety of versification. The address to the evening star, with which it opens, has in the original all the harmony that numbers could give it; flowing down with all that tranquility and softness, which the scene described naturally inspires.—Three of the songs which are introduced in this piece, were published among the fragments of ancient poetry, printed last year.

AND it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days that are past.—Fingal comes like a watry column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of the song, gray-haired Ullin; stately Ryno; Alpin *, with the tuneful voice, and the soft complaint of Minona!—How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like the gales of the spring, that, flying over the hill, by turns bend the feebly-whistling grafs.

MINONA † came forth in her beauty; with down-cast look and tearful eye; her hair flew slowly on the blast that rushed unfrequent from the hill.—The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice; for often had they seen the grave of Salgar ‡, and the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma §. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of music! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended round.—Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

COLMA.

IT is night;—I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent shrieks down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds.

* Alpin is from the same root with Al-
bion, or rather Albin, the ancient name of
Britain; Alp, *high Inland*, or *country*. The
present name of our island has its origin in
the Celtic tongue; so that those who de-
rived it from any other, betrayed their ig-
norance of the ancient language of our
country.—*Bread't in*, *variegated island*,
so called from the face of the country,

from the natives painting themselves, or
from their party-coloured cloaths.

† Ossian introduces Minona, not in the
ideal scene in his own mind, which he had
described; but at the annual feast of Selma,
where the bards repeated their works be-
fore Fingal.

‡ Sealg-'er, *a hunter*.

§ Cul-math, *a woman with fine hair*.

RISE, moon! from behind thy clouds; stars of the night appear!
Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the
toil of the chase! his bow near him, unstrung; his dogs panting
around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy
stream. The stream and the wind roar; nor can I hear the voice
of my love.

WHY delays my Salgar, why the son of the hill, his promise?
Here is the rock, and the tree; and here the roaring stream. Thou
didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar
gone? With thee I would fly, my father; with thee, my brother
of pride. Our race have long been foes*; but we are not foes,
O Salgar!

CEASE a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while!
let my voice be heard over the heath; let my wanderer hear me.
Salgar! it is I who call. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar,
my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming?

Lo! the moon appeareth. The flood is bright in the vale. The
rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I see him not on the
brow; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I
must sit alone.

BUT who are these that lie beyond me on the heath? Are they
my love and my brother?—Speak to me, O my friends! they answer
not. My soul is tormented with fears.—Ah! they are dead.
Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother!
why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain
my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your
praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands; he was

terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice, sons of my love! But alas! they are silent; silent for ever! Cold are their breasts of clay!

OH! from the rock of the hill; from the top of the windy mountain, speak ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid.—Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find you? No feeble voice is on the wind: no answer half-drowned in the storms of the hill.

I SIT in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead; but close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the founding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the wind is on the heath; my ghost shall stand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear but love my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my friends; for pleasant were they both to me.

SUCH was thy song, Minona softly-blushing maid of Torman: Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad.—Ullin came with the harp, and gave the song of Alpin.—The voice of Alpin was pleasant: the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire. But they had rested in the narrow house: and their voice was not heard in Selma.—Ullin had returned one day from the chase, before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad. They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men.. His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar.—But he fell, and his father mourned: his sister's eyes were full of tears.—Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar.

Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud.—I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose.

RYNO.

THE wind and the rain are over: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of the song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of the song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

ALPIN.

MY tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice, for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar*; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung.

THOU wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.

BUT when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the

* Mór-ér, great man.

filence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

NARROW is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

WHO on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step.—It is thy father*, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?

FAREWEL, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

THE grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin †. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his

* Torman, the son of Carthul, lord of king of Gorma, *i. e.* *the blue island*, supposed to be one of the Hebrides.

† Armin, *a hero*. He was chief or petty

youth. Carmor * was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin, he said? Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

SAD! I am indeed: nor small my cause of woe!—Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives; and Annira fairest maid. The boughs of thy family flourish, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! and deep thy sleep in the tomb.—When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

RISE, winds of autumn, rise; blow upon the dark heath! streams of the mountains, roar! howl, ye tempests, in the top of the oak! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show by intervals thy pale face! bring to my mind that sad night, when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Dura the lovely failed.

DAURA, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Fura †; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong, thy spear was swift in the field: thy look was like mist on the wave; thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and fought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope of their friends.

* Cear-mór, a tall dark-complexioned man. † Fuar-a, cold island.

ERATH, son of Odgal, repined; for his brother was slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea, bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I came to carry his love along the rolling sea.

SHE went; and she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son* of the rock. Armar, my love! my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Ardnart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura.

HER voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand: five dark gray dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore: he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick fly the thongs † of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans.

ARINDAL ascends the deep in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered shaft. It sung; it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once; he panted on the rock

* By *the son of the rock* the poet means the echoing back of the human voice from a rock. The vulgar were of opinion, that this repetition of sound was made by a spirit within the rock; and they, on that ac-

count, called it *mac-talla*; *the son who dwells in the rock.*

† The poet here only means that Erath was bound with leathern thongs.

and

and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood.

THE boat is broken in twain by the waves. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura or die. Sudden a blast from the hill comes over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

ALONE, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries; nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening-breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired. And left thee Armin alone: gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride among women.

WHEN the storms of the mountain come; when the north lifts the waves on high; I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity? They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor, nor small my cause of woe!

SUCH were the words of the bards in the days of the song; when the king heard the music of harps, and the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice * of Cona! the first among a thousand bards. But age is now on my tongue; and my soul has failed. I hear,

* Ossian is sometimes poetically called *the voice of Cona*.

sometimes, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleafant fong. But memory fails on my mind ; I hear the call of years. They fay, as they pafs along, why does Offian fing ? Soon fhall he lie in the narrow houfe, and no bard fhall raife his fame.

ROLL on, ye dark-brown years, for ye bring no joy on your courfe. Let the tomb open to Offian, for his ftrength has failed. The fons of the fong are gone to reft ; my voice remains, like a blaft, that roars, lonely, on a fea-furrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark mofs whiftles there, and the diftant mariner fees the waving trees.

CALTHON

CALTHON and COLMAL :

A P O E M *.

PLEASANT is the voice of thy song, thou lonely dweller of the rock. It comes on the found of the stream, along the narrow vale. My soul awakes, O stranger ! in the midst of my hall. I stretch my hand to the spear, as in the days of other years.—I

* This piece, as many more of Ossian's compositions, is addressed to one of the first Christian missionaries.—The story of the poem is handed down, by tradition, thus—In the country of the Britons between the walls, two chiefs lived in the days of Fingal, Duntharmo, lord of Teutha, supposed to be the Tweed; and Rathmor, who dwelt at Clutha, well known to be the river Clyde.—Rathmor was not more renowned for his generosity and hospitality, than Duntharmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition.—Duntharmo, thro' envy, or on account of some private feuds, which subsisted between the families, murdered Cathmor at a feast; but being afterwards touched with remorse, he educated the two sons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own house.—They grow-

ing up to man's estate, dropped some hints that they intended to revenge the death of their father, upon which Duntharmo shut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off privately.—Colmar, the daughter of Duntharmo, who was secretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his escape from prison, and fled with him to Fingal, disguised in the habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid against Duntharmo.—Fingal sent Ossian with three hundred men, to Colmar's relief.—Duntharmo having previously murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Ossian; but he was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated.

Calthon married Colmar, his deliverer; and Ossian returned to Morven.

stretch my hand, but it is feeble; and the sigh of my bosom grows. —Wilt thou not listen, son of the rock, to the song of Ossian? My soul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun † appears in the west, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm; the green hills lift their dewy heads: the blue streams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his steed, and his grey hair glitters in the beam.

DOST thou not behold, son of the rock, a shield in Ossian's hall? It is marked with the strokes of battle; and the brightness of its bosses has failed. That shield the great Dunthalmo bore, the chief of streamy Teutha.—Dunthalmo bore it in battle, before he fell by Ossian's spear. Listen, son of the rock, to the tale of other years.—

RATHMOR was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were never closed; his feast was always spread. The sons of the stranger came, and blessed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raised the song, and touched the harp: and joy brightened on the face of the mournful.—Dunthalmo came, in his pride, and rushed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame: the rage of Dunthalmo rose—He came, by night, with his warriors; and the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where his feast was often spread for strangers.—

† If chance the radiant sun with farewell
sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating
herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

MILTON.

—The fair sun-shine in summer's day;

—When a dreadful storm away is flit
Through the broad world doth spread his
goodly ray;
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Come forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.

SPENCER.

COLMAR and Calthon were young, the sons of car-borne Rathmor. They came, in the joy of youth, into their father's hall. They behold him in his blood, and their burbling tears descend.—The soul of Dunthalmo melted, when he saw the children of youth; he brought them to Alteutha's ‡ walls; they grew in the house of their foe.—They bent the bow in his presence; and came forth to his battles.

THEY saw the fallen walls of their fathers; they saw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears descended in secret; and, at times, their faces were mournful. Dunthalmo beheld their grief: his darkening soul designed their death. He closed them in two caves, on the echoing banks of Teutha. The sun did not come there with his beams; nor the moon of heaven by night. The sons of Rathmor remained in darkness, and foresaw their death.

THE daughter of Dunthalmo wept in silence, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal ‖. Her eye had rolled in secret on Calthon; his loveliness swelled in her soul. She trembled for her warrior; but what could Colmal do? Her arm could not lift the spear; nor was the sword formed for her side. Her white breast never rose beneath a mail. Neither was her eye the terror of heroes. What canst thou do, O Colmal! for the falling chief?—Her steps are unequal; her hair is loose: her eye looked wildly through her tears.—She

‡ Al-teutha, or rather Balteutha, *the* the universal language of the whole island.
town of Tweed, the name of Dunthalmo's ‖ Caol-mhal, *a woman with small eye-*
feat. It is observable that all the names brows; small eye-brows were a distinguish-
in this poem, are derived from the Galic ing part of beauty in Ossian's time: and
language; which, as I have remarked in a he seldom fails to give them to the fine
preceding note, is a proof that it was once women of his poems.

came, by night, to the hall *; and armed her lovely form in steel; the steel of a young warrior, who fell in the first of his battles.— She came to the cave of Calthon, and loosed the thong from his hands.

ARISE, son of Rathmor, she said, arise, the night is dark. Let us fly to the king of Selma †, chief of fallen Clutha! I am the son of Lamgal, who dwelt in thy father's hall. I heard of thy dark dwelling in the cave, and my soul awoke. Arise, son of Rathmor, for the night is dark.—

BLEST voice! replied the chief, comest thou from the darkly-rolling clouds? for often the ghosts of his fathers descend to Calthon's dreams, since the sun has retired from his eyes, and darkness has dwelt around him. Or art thou the son of Lamgal, the chief I often saw in Clutha? But will I fly to Fingal, and Colmar my brother low? Will I fly to Morven, and the hero clofed in night? No: give me that spear, son of Lamgal, Calthon will defend his brother.

A THOUSAND heroes, replied the maid, stretch their spears round car-borne Colmar. What can Calthon do against a host so great? Let us fly to the king of Morven, he will come with battle. His arm is stretched forth to the unhappy; the lightning of his sword is round the weak.—Arise, thou son of Rathmor; the shadows will fly away. Dunthalgo will behold thy steps on the field, and thou must fall in thy youth.

* That is, the hall where the arms taken from enemies were hung up as trophies. Ossian is very careful to make his stories probable; for he makes Colmar put on the arms of a youth killed in his first battle,

as more proper for a young woman, who cannot be supposed strong enough to carry the armour of a full-grown warrior.

† Fingal.

THE fighting hero rose; his tears descend for car-borne Colmar. He came with the maid to Selma's hall; but he knew not that it was Colmal. The helmet cover'd her lovely face; and her breast rose beneath the steel. Fingal returned from the chace, and found the lovely strangers. They were like two beams of light, in the midst of the hall.

THE king heard the tale of grief; and turned his eyes around. A thousand heroes half-rose before him; claiming the war of Teutha.—I came with my spear from the hill, and the joy of battle rose in my breast: for the king spoke to Ossian in the midst of the people.

SON of my strength, he said, take the spear of Fingal; go to Teutha's mighty stream, and save the car-borne Colmar.—Let thy fame return before thee like a pleasant gale; that my soul may rejoice over my son, who renews the renown of our fathers.—Ossian! be thou a storm in battle; but mild when the foes are low!—It was thus my fame arose, O my son; and be thou like Selma's chief.—When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is stretched forth to the unhappy. My sword defends the weak.

I REJOICED in the words of the king: and took my rattling arms.—Diaran * rose at my side, and Dargo † king of spears.—
Three

* Diaran, father of that Connal who was unfortunately killed by Crimora, his mistress.

† Dargo, the son of Collath, is celebrated in other poems by Ossian. He is said to have been killed by a boar at a

hunting party. The lamentation of his mistress, or wife, Mingala, over his body, is extant; but whether it is of Ossian's composition, I cannot determine. It is generally ascribed to him, and has much of his manner; but some traditions mention

Three hundred youths followed our steps: the lovely strangers were at my side. Dunthalmo heard the sound of our approach; he gathered the strength of Teutha.—He stood on a hill with his host; they were like rocks broken with thunder, when their bent trees are finged and bare, and the streams of their chinks have failed.

THE stream of Teutha rolled, in its pride, before the gloomy foe. I sent a bard to Dunthalmo, to offer the combat on the plain; but he smiled in the darkness of his pride.—His unsettled host moved on the hill; like the mountain-cloud, when the blast has entered its womb, and scatters the curling gloom on every side.

THEY brought Colmar to Teutha's bank, bound with a thousand thongs. The chief is sad, but lovely, and his eye is on his friends; for we stood, in our arms, on the opposite bank of Teutha. Dun-

it as an imitation by some later bard. —As it has some poetical merit, I have subjoined it.

THE spouse of Dargo comes in tears: for Dargo was no more! The heroes sigh over Lartho's chief: and what shall sad Mingala do? The dark soul vanished like morning mist, before the king of spears: but the generous glowed in his presence like the morning star.

Who was the fairest and most lovely? Who but Collath's stately son? Who sat in the midst of the wife, but Dargo of the mighty deeds?

Thy hand touched the trembling harp: Thy voice was soft as summer-winds.— Ah me! what shall the heroes say? for Dargo fell before a boar. Pale is the love-

ly cheek; the look of which was firm in danger!—Why hast thou failed on our hills, thou fairer than the beams of the sun?

The daughter of Adonson was lovely in the eyes of the valiant; she was lovely in their eyes, but she chose to be the spouse of Dargo.

But thou art alone, Mingala! the night is coming with its clouds; where is the bed of thy repose? Where but in the tomb of Dargo?

Why dost thou lift the stone, O bard! why dost thou shut the narrow house? Mingala's eyes are heavy, bard! She must sleep with Dargo.

Last night I heard the song of joy in Lartho's lofty hall. But silence dwells around my bed. Mingala rests with Dargo.

thalgo came with his spear, and pierced the hero's side : he rolled on the bank in his blood, and we heard his broken sighs.

CALTHON rushed into the stream : I bounded forward on my spear. Teutha's race fell before us. Night came rolling down. Dunthalmo rested on a rock, amidst an aged wood. The rage of his bosom burned against the car-borne Calthon.—But Calthon stood in his grief ; he mourned the fallen Colmar ; Colmar slain in youth, before his fame arose.

I BADE the song of woe to rise, to sooth the mournful chief ; but he stood beneath a tree, and often threw his spear on earth.—The humid eye of Colmal rolled near in a secret tear : she foresaw the fall of Dunthalmo, or of Clutha's battling chief.

Now half the night had passed away. Silence and darkness were on the field ; sleep rested on the eyes of the heroes : Calthon's settling soul was still. His eyes were half-closed ; but the murmur of Teutha had not yet failed in his ear.—Pale, and shewing his wounds, the ghost of Colmar came : he bended his head over the hero, and raised his feeble voice.

SLEEPS the son of Rathmor in his night, and his brother low ? Did we not rise to the chace together, and pursue the dark-brown hinds ? Colmar was not forgot till he fell ; till death had blasted his youth. I lie pale beneath the rock of Lona. O let Calthon rise ! the morning comes with its beams ; and Dunthalmo will dishonour the fallen.

HE passed away in his blast. The rising Calthon saw the steps of his departure.—He rushed in the sound of his steel ; and unhappy Colmal rose. She followed her hero through night, and dragged

her spear behind.—But when Calthon came to Lona's rock, he found his fallen brother—The rage of his bosom rose, and he rushed among the foe. The groans of death ascend. They close around the chief.—He is bound in the midst, and brought to gloomy Dunthalgo.—The shout of joy arose; and the hills of night replied.—

I started at the sound: and took my father's spear. Diaran rose at my side; and the youthful strength of Dargo. We missed the chief of Clutha, and our souls were sad.—I dreaded the departure of my fame; the pride of my valour rose.

SONS of Morven, I said, it is not thus our fathers fought. They rested not on the field of strangers, when the foe did not fall before them.—Their strength was like the eagles of heaven; their renown is in the song. But our people fall by degrees, and our fame begins to depart.—What shall the king of Morven say, if Ossian conquers not at Teutha? Rise in your steel, ye warriors, and follow the sound of Ossian's course. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma.

MORNING rose on the blue waters of Teutha; Colmal stood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: and thrice the spear fell from her hand. My wrath turned against the stranger; for my soul trembled for Calthon.

SON of the feeble hand, I said, do Teutha's warriors fight with tears? The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the sigh in the soul of war.—Go to the deer of Carmun, or the lowing herds of Teutha.—But leave these arms, thou son of fear; a warrior may lift them in battle.—

I tore the mail from her shoulders. Her snowy breast appeared. She bent her red face to the ground.—I looked in silence to the chiefs. The spear fell from my hand; and the sigh of my bosom rose.— But when I heard the name of the maid, my crowding tears descended. I blessed the lovely beam of youth, and bade the battle move.—

WHY, son of the rock, should Ossian tell how Teutha's warriors died? They are now forgot in their land; and their tombs are not found on the heath.—Years came on with their tempests; and the green mounds mouldered away.—Scarce is the grave of Dunthalgo seen, or the place where he fell by the spear of Ossian.—Some gray warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my actions to his sons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalgo. The faces of youth bend fide-long towards his voice; surprize and joy burn in their eyes.—

I FOUND the son * of Rathmor bound to an oak; my sword cut the thongs from his hands. And I gave him the white-bosomed Colmal.—They dwelt in the halls of Teutha; and Ossian returned to Selma.

* Calithon.

L A T H M O N :

A P O E M*.

SELMA, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the shower; they look towards green Ullin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose.

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darkness? It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts in the wind of the north. His soul brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But stop, O mighty stream, in thy course! Does not Lathmon behold these sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon,

* Lathmon a British prince, taking advantage of Fingal's absence in Ireland, made a descent on Morven, and advanced within sight of Selma the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmon retreated to a hill, where his army was surprized by night, and himself taken prisoner by Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni. This exploit of Gaul and Ossian bears a near resemblance to the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil's ninth Æneid. The poem opens, with the first appearance of Fingal on the coast of Morven, and ends, it may be supposed, about noon the next day. The first paragraph is in a lyric measure, and appears to have been sung, of old, to the harp, as a prelude to the narrative part of the poem, which is in heroic verse.

like

like the mist of the lake? But the squally storm is behind thee; Fingal pursues thy steps!

THE king of Morven started from sleep, as we rolled on the dark-blue wave. He stretched his hand to his spear, and his heroes rose around. We knew that he had seen his fathers, for they often descended to his dreams, when the sword of the foe rose over the land; and the battle darkened before us.

WHITHER hast thou fled, O wind, said the king of Morven? Dost thou rustle in the chambers of the south, and pursue the shower in other lands? Why dost thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of my seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is absent. But let each bind on his mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon* is before us with his host: he that fled † from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected stream, and his roar is between our hills.

SUCH were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay. Ossian ascended the hill; and thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock of Morven replied; and the bounding roes came forth. The foes were troubled in my presence: and collected their darkened host; for I stood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

* It is said, by tradition, that it was the intelligence of Lathmon's invasion, that occasioned Fingal's return from Ireland; though Ossian, more poetically, ascribes the cause of Fingal's knowledge to his dream.

† He alludes to a battle wherein Fingal had defeated Lathmon. The occasion of this first war, between those heroes, is told by Ossian in another poem, which the translator has seen.

MORNI * sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon † : his locks of age are gray : he leans forward on his staff ; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his youth. Often did he rise, in the fire of his soul, at the mighty deeds of Morni.

THE aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield : he knew the sign of battle. He started at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembers the actions of other years. My son, he said to fair-haired Gaul, I hear the sound of battle. The king of Morven is returned, the sign of war is heard. Go to the halls of Strumon, and bring his arms to Morni. Bring the arms which my father wore in his age, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armour, O Gaul ; and rush to the first of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear death, my son ! the valiant fall with fame ; their shields turn the dark stream of danger away, and renown dwells on their gray hairs. Dost thou not see, O Gaul, how the steps of my age are honoured ? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him, with reverence, and turn their eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I never fled from danger, my son ! my sword lightened through the darkness of battle. The stranger melted before me ; the mighty were blasted in my presence.

GAUL brought the arms to Morni : the aged warrior covered himself with steel. He took the spear in his hand, which was often

* Morni was chief of a numerous tribe, two heroes perfectly reconciled in this poem. in the days of Fingal and his father Comhal. The last mentioned hero was killed in battle against Morni's tribe ; but the valour and conduct of Fingal reduced them, at last, to obedience. We find the

† Stru'-moné, *stream of the bill*. Here the proper name of rivulet in the neighbourhood of Selma.

stained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his son attended his steps. The son of Comhal rejoiced over the warrior, when he came in the locks of his age.

KING of the roaring Strumon! said the rising joy of Fingal; do I behold thee in arms, after thy strength has failed? Often has Morni shone in battles, like the beam of the rising sun; when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didst thou not rest in thine age? Thy renown is in the song. The people behold thee, and bless the departure of mighty Morni. Why didst thou not rest in thine age? For the foe will vanish before Fingal.

SON of Comhal, replied the chief, the strength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the spear, but it falls short of the mark; and I feel the weight of my shield. We decay, like the grass of the mountain, and our strength returns no more. I have a son, O Fingal, his soul has delighted in the actions of Morni's youth; but his sword has not been lifted against the foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to battle; to direct his arm. His renown will be a sun to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, "Behold the father of Gaul!"

KING of Strumon, Fingal replied, Gaul shall lift the sword in battle. But he shall lift it before Fingal; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma; and hear of our renown. Bid the harp be strung; and the voice of the bard arise, that those who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the soul of Morni brighten with gladness.—Ossian! thou hast fought in battles:

battles : the blood of strangers is on thy spear : let thy course be with Gaul in the strife ; but depart not from the side of Fingal ; lest the foe find you alone, and your fame fail at once.

I SAW * Gaul in his arms, and my soul was mixed with his : for the fire of the battle was in his eyes ! he looked to the foe with joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret ; and the lightning of our swords poured together ; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air.

NIGHT came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his side with all his gray waving locks. Their discourse is of other times, and the actions of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp ; and Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal ; but darkness gathered † on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin ; and the song of the bard ceased. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke.

CHIEF of Strumon, why that darkness ? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in battle ; but we meet together, at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foes, and they melt before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, king of mossy Strumon.

* Ossian speaks. The contrast between the old and young heroes is strongly marked. The circumstance of the latter's drawing their swords is well imagined, and agrees with the impatience of young soldiers, just entered upon action.

† Ullin had chosen ill the subject of his song. The *darkness which gathered on Mo-*

ni's brow, did not proceed from any dislike he had to Comhal's name, though they were foes, but from his fear that the song would awaken Fingal to remembrance of the feuds which had subsisted of old between the families. Fingal's speech on this occasion abounds with generosity and good sense.

KING of Morven, replied the chief, I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage * of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal, and the feeble remain on the hills. How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni! And I did not shun the battle; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant.

Now let the friends of Fingal rest; for the night is around; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder heard on a distant heath. Ossian! and fair-haired Gaul! ye are swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valour of youth may fail.

WE heard the words of the chief with joy, and moved in the clang of our arms. Our steps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valour; his hand half-unsheathed the sword.

SON of Fingal, he said, why burns the soul of Gaul? My heart beats high. My steps are disordered; and my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me, and I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear?—How would the soul of Morni rise if we

* This expression is ambiguous in the original. It either signifies that Comhal killed many in battle, or that he was implacable in his resentment. The translator has endeavoured to preserve the same ambiguity in the version; as it was probably designed by the poet.

should rush on the foe! Our renown would grow in the song; and our steps be stately in the eyes of the brave.

SON of Morni, I replied, my soul delights in battle. I delight to shine in battle alone, and to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe should prevail; shall I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death.—But I will not behold them in his wrath. Ossian shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of the vanquished rise?—They pass away like a shadow. But the fame of Ossian shall rise. His deeds shall be like his fathers. Let us rush in our arms; son of Morni, let us rush to battle. Gaul! if thou shalt return, go to Selma's lofty wall. Tell to Evirallin * that I fell with fame; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise.

SON of Fingal, Gaul replied with a sigh; will I return after Ossian is low!—What would my father say, and Fingal king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and say, “Behold the mighty Gaul who left his friend in his blood!” Ye shall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midst of my renown. Ossian! I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the soul increases in danger.

SON of Morni, I replied and strode before him on the heath, our fathers shall praise our valour, when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladness shall rise on their souls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will say, “Our sons have not fallen like the grass of the field, for they spread death around them.”—But why

* Ossian had married her a little time before. The story of his courtship of this lady is introduced, as an episode, in the fourth book of Fingal.

should we think of the narrow house? The sword defends the valiant. But death pursues the flight of the feeble; and their renown is not heard.

WE rushed forward through night; and came to the roar of a stream which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its noise; we came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain; and the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the valiant.

SHALL * the son of Fingal rush on a sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night when it overturns the young trees in secret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield of battle, and let their thousands rise. Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm.

My soul rejoiced over the warrior, and my bursting tears descended. And the foe shall meet Gaul, I said: the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter.—Gaul! dost thou not behold that rock? Its gray side dimly gleams to the stars. If the foe shall prevail, let our back be towards the

* This proposal of Gaul is much more noble, and more agreeable to true heroism, than the behaviour of Ulysses and Diomed in the Iliad, or that of Nifus and Euryalus in the Æneid. What his valour and generosity suggested became the foundation of his success. For the enemy being dismayed with the sound of Ossian's shield, which was the common signal of battle, thought that Fingal's whole army came to attack them; so that they fly in reality from an army, not from two heroes; which reconciles the story to probability.

rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears ; for death is in our hands.

I STRUCK thrice my echoing shield. The starting foe arose. We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath ; for they thought that the mighty Fingal came ; and the strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes thro' the blasted groves.

IT was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength ; it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell ; and mighty Leth. Dunthormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotho's side, as bent, he rose on his spear ; the black stream poured from the wound, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, and ascended a blasted tree ; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell ; moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

SUCH were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race ! Oslan rushed forward in his strength, and the people fell before him ; as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the gray beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on ; his steps are towards the desert.

GRAY morning rose around us, the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill ; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath : he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield ; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

CAR-BORNE* chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king †. He shall rise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged ‡ will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni, Lathmon descends the hill.

THEN let our steps || be slow, replied the fair-haired Gaul; left the foe say, with a smile, “Behold the warriors of night, they are, like ghosts, terrible in darkness, but they melt away before the beam of the east.” Ossian, take the shield of Gormar who fell beneath thy spear, that the aged heroes may rejoice, when they shall behold the actions of their sons.

SUCH were our words on the plain, when Sulmath † came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath chief of Dutha at the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna §. Why dost thou not rush, son of Nuäth, with a thousand of thy heroes? Why dost thou not descend with thy host, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the rising light, and their steps are before us on the heath.

SON

* Car-borne is a title of honour bestowed, by Ossian, indiscriminately on every hero; as every chief, in his time, kept a chariot or litter by way of state.

† Fingal.

‡ Fingal and Morni.

|| The behaviour of Gaul, throughout this poem, is that of a hero in the most exalted sense. The modesty of Ossian, concerning his own actions, is not less remarkable than his impartiality with regard to Gaul, for it is well known that Gaul

afterwards rebelled against Fingal, which might be supposed to have bred prejudices against him in the breast of Ossian. But as Gaul, from an enemy, became Fingal's firmest friend and greatest hero, the poet passes over one slip in his conduct, on account of his many virtues.

‡ Suil-mhath, a man of good eye-sight.

§ Dubh-bhranna, dark mountain-stream. What river went by this name, in the days of Ossian, is not easily ascertained, at this distance of time. A river in Scotland, which

SON of the feeble hand, said Lathmon, shall my host descend !
They* are but two, son of Dutha, and shall a thousand lift their
steel ! Nuäth would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his
fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his
feet approached.

Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha, for I behold the stately
steps of Ossian. His fame is worthy of my steel ; let him fight
with Lathmon.

THE noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king.
I raised the shield on my arm ; and Gaul placed in my hand the
sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream ; Lath-
mon came in his strength. His dark host rolled, like the clouds, be-
hind him : but the son of Nuäth was bright in his steel.

SON of Fingal, said the hero, thy fame has grown on our fall.
How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men !
Lift now thy spear against Lathmon ; and lay the son of Nuäth
low. Lay him low among his people, or thou thyself must fall.

which falls into the sea at Banff, still re-
tains the name of Duvran. If that is meant,
by Ossian, in this passage, Lathmon must
have been a prince of the Pictish nation, or
those Caledonians who inhabited of old the
eastern coast of Scotland.

* Ossian seldom fails to give his heroes,
though enemies, that generosity of temper
which, it appears from his poems, was a
conspicuous part of his own character.
Those who too much despise their enemies
do not reflect, that the more they take
from the valour of their foes, the less me-

rit they have themselves in conquering
them. The custom of depreciating ene-
mies is not altogether one of the refine-
ments of modern heroism. This railing
disposition is one of the capital faults in
Homer's characters, which, by the bye,
cannot be imputed to the poet, who kept
to the manners of the times of which he
wrote. Milton has followed Homer in this
respect ; but railing is less shocking in in-
fernal spirits, who are the objects of horror,
than in heroes, who are set up as patterns
of imitation.

It shall never be told in my halls that my warriors fell in my presence; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon when his sword rested by his side: the blue eyes of Cutha* would roll in tears, and her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon.

NEITHER shall it be told, I replied, that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly; his soul would meet him and say, "Does the bard of Selma fear the foe?" No: he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle.

LATHMON came on with his spear, and pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel at my side; and drew the sword of Morni; I cut the spear in twain; the bright point fell glittering on the ground. The son of Nuäth burnt in his wrath, and lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass. But Ossian's spear pierced the brightness of its bosses, and sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance! but Lathmon still advanced. Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief, and stretched his buckler before my sword; when it descended, in a stream of light over the king of Dunlathmon.

LATHMON beheld the son of Morni, and the tear started from his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on the ground, and spoke the words of the valiant. Why should Lathmon fight against the first of mortal men? Your souls are beams from heaven; your swords the flames of death. Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whose actions are so great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuäth, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father say, that his son did not yield to the feeble.—But who comes, a

* Cutha appears to have been Lathmon's wife or mistress.

mighty stream, along the echoing heath? the little hills are troubled before him, and a thousand ghosts are on the beams of his steel; the ghosts * of those who are to fall by the arm of the king of re-founding Morven.—Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy sons shall fight thy battles; they go forth before thee; and they return with the steps of their renown.

FINGAL came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the actions of his son. Morni's face brightened with gladness, and his aged eyes look faintly through the tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma, and sat round the feast of shells. The maids of the song came into our presence, and the mildly blushing Evirallin. Her dark hair spreads on her neck of snow, her eye rolled in secret on Ossian; she touched the harp of music, and we blessed the daughter of Branno.

FINGAL rose in his place, and spoke to Dunlathmon's battling king. The sword of Trenmor trembled by his side, as he lifted up his mighty arm. Son of Nuäth, he said, why dost thou search for fame in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble; nor do our swords gleam over the weak. When did we come to Dunlathmon, with the sound of war? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong. My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The lightning of my steel pours on the proud in arms. The battle comes; and the tombs of the valiant rise; the tombs of my people rise, O my fathers! and I at last must remain alone. But I will remain renowned, and the departure of my soul shall be one stream of light. Lathmon! retire to thy place. Turn thy battles to other lands. The race of Morven are renowned, and their foes are the sons of the unhappy.

* It was thought, in Ossian's time, that traditions concerning this opinion are dark each person had his attending spirit. The and unsatisfactory.

O I T H Ó N A:

A P O E M *.

DARKNESS dwells around Dunlathmon, though the moon shews half her face on the hill. The daughter of night turns her eyes away; for she beholds the grief that is coming.—The son of Morni is on the plain; but there is no sound in the hall.

No

* Gaul, the son of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his being defeated in Morven, as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuáth, the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithona.—The lady was no less enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the meantime Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, sent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promising to Oithona to return, if he survived the war, by a cer-

tain day.—Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuáth in his wars, and Oithona was left alone at Dunlathmon, the seat of the family.—Dunrommath, lord of Uthal, supposed to be one of the Orkneys, taking advantage of the absence of her friends, came and carried off, by force, Oithona, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromáthon, a desert island, where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed; heard of the rape, and sailed to Tromáthon, to revenge himself on Dunrom-

No long-streaming * beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithona † is not heard amidst the noise of the streams of Duvranna.—

WHITHER art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuäth? Lathmon is in the field of the valiant, but thou didst promise to remain in the hall; thou didst promise to remain in the hall till the son of Morni returned. Till he returned from Strumon, to the maid of his love. The tear was on thy cheek at his departure; the sigh rose in secret in thy breast. But thou dost not come to meet him, with songs, with the lightly-trembling sound of the harp.—

SUCH were the words of Gaul, when he came to Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open and dark. The winds were blustering in the hall. The trees strowed the threshold with leaves; and the murmur of night is abroad.—Sad and silent, at a rock, the son of Morni sat: his soul trembled for the maid; but he knew not

math. When he landed, he found Oithona disconsolate, and resolved not to survive the loss of her honour.—She told him the story of her misfortunes, and she scarce ended, when Dunrommath, with his followers, appeared at the further end of the island. Gaul prepared to attack him, recommending to Oithona to retire, till the battle was over.—She seemingly obeyed; but she secretly armed herself, rushed into the thickest of the battle, and was mortally wounded.—Gaul pursuing the flying enemy, found her just expiring on

the field: he mourned over her, raised her tomb, and returned to Morven.— Thus is the story handed down by tradition; nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithona.

* Some gentle taper
——visit us

With thy long levelled rule of streaming
light. MILTON.

† Oi-thona, *the virgin of the wave.*

whither to turn his course. The son † of Leth stood at a distance, and heard the winds in his bushy hair. But he did not raise his voice, for he saw the sorrow of Gaul.

SLEEP descended on the heroes. The visions of night arose. Oithona stood in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's son. Her dark hair was loose and disordered: her lovely eye rolled in tears. Blood stained her snowy arm. The robe half hid the wound of her breast. She stood over the chief, and her voice was heard.

SLEEPS the son of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithona? Sleeps Gaul at the distant rock, and the daughter of Nuáth low? The sea rolls round the dark isle of Tromáthón; I fit in my tears in the cave. Nor do I fit alone, O Gaul, the dark chief of Cuthal is there. He is there in the rage of his love.—And what can Oithona do?

A ROUGHER blast rushed through the oak. The dream of night departed. Gaul took his aspen spear; he stood in the rage of wrath. Often did his eyes turn to the east, and accuse the lagging light.—At length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up the sail. The winds came rustling from the hill; and he bounded on the waves of the deep.—On the third day arose Tromáthón*, like a blue shield in the midst of the sea. The white wave roared against

† Morlo, the son of Leth, is one of Fingal's most famous heroes. He and three other men attended Gaul on his expedition to Tromáthón.

* ἑρμῆν ὄρεα σκιδέυτα
Γαίης Φαίηκων, —

—ὡς ὅτε ῥίπον ἐν νεροειδίᾳ πούτῳ.

HOM. Od. v. 280.

Then swell'd to fight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost;
That lay before him indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watry waste.

† Tróm-thón, *heavy or deep-sounding wave.*

its rocks; sad Oithona sat on the coast. She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears descend.—But when she saw Gaul in his arms, she started and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red; her white arm trembles by her side.—Thrice she strove to fly from his presence; but her steps failed her as she went.

DAUGHTER of Nuäth, said the hero, why dost thou fly from Gaul? Do my eyes send forth the flame of death? Or darkens hatred in my soul? Thou art to me the beam of the east rising in a land unknown. But thou coverest thy face with sadness, daughter of high Dunlathmon! Is the foe of Oithona near? My soul burns to meet him in battle. The sword trembles on the side of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand.—Speak, daughter of Nuäth, dost thou not behold my tears?

CAR-BORNE chief of Strumon, replied the fighting maid, why comest thou over the dark-blue wave to Nuäth's mournful daughter? Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strows its withered leaves on the blast? Why didst thou come, O Gaul, to hear my departing sigh? I pass away in my youth; and my name shall not be heard. Or it will be heard with sorrow, and the tears of Nuäth will fall. Thou wilt be sad, son of Morni, for the fallen fame of Oithona. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner.—Why didst thou come, chief of Strumon, to the sea-beat rocks of Tromathon.

I CAME to meet thy foes, daughter of car-borne Nuäth! the death of Cuthal's chief darkens before me; or Morni's son shall fall.—Oithona! when Gaul is low, raise my tomb on that oozy rock; and

when the dark-bounding ship shall pass, call the sons of the sea ; call them, and give this sword, that they may carry it to Morni's hall ; that the grey-haired hero may cease to look towards the desert for the return of his son.

AND shall the daughter of Nuäth live, she replied with a bursting sigh ? Shall I live in Tromáthon, and the son of Morni low ? My heart is not of that rock ; nor my soul careless as that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm. The blast which shall lay thee low, shall spread the branches of Oithona on earth. We shall wither together, son of car-borne Morni !—The narrow house is pleasant to me, and the gray stone of the dead : for never more will I leave thy rocks, sea-surrounded Tromáthon !—Night * came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moss-covered rock of Duthórmoth ; night came on, and I sat in the hall, at the beam of the oak. The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the sound of arms. Joy rose in my face ; for I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired strength of Dunrommath. His eyes rolled in fire : the blood of my people was on his sword. They who defended Oithona fell by the gloomy chief.—What could I do ? My arm was weak ; it could not lift the spear. He took me in my grief, amidst my tears he raised the sail. He feared the returning strength of Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithona.—But behold, he comes with his people ! the dark wave is divided before him !—Whither wilt thou turn thy steps, son of Morni ? Many are the warriors of Dunrommath !

* Oithona relates how she was carried away by Dunrommath.

MY steps never turned from battle, replied the hero, as he unsheathed his sword; and will I begin to fear, Oithona, when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, daughter of Nuath, till our battle cease. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers; and the sounding quiver of Morni. Let our three warriors bend the yew. Our selves will lift the spear. They are an host on the rock; but our souls are strong.

THE daughter of Nuäth went to the cave: a troubled joy rose on her mind, like the red path of the lightning on a stormy cloud.—Her soul was resolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye.—Dunrommath slowly approached; for he saw the son of Morni. Contempt contracted his face, a smile is on his dark-brown cheek; his red eye rolled, half-conceal'd, beneath his shaggy brows.

WHENCE are the sons of the sea, begun the gloomy chief? Have the winds driven you to the rocks of Tromáthon? Or come you in search of the white-handed daughter of Nuäth? The sons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath. His eye spares not the weak; and he delights in the blood of strangers. Oithona is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in secret; wouldst thou come on its loveliness like a cloud, son of the feeble hand!—Thou mayst come, but shalt thou return to the halls of thy fathers?

DOST thou not know me, said Gaul, red-haired chief of Cuthal? Thy feet were swift on the heath, in the battle of car-borne Lathmon; when the sword of Morni's son pursued his host, in Morven's woody land. Dunrommath! thy words are mighty, for thy warriors
gather

gather behind thee. But do I fear them, son of pride? I am not of the race of the feeble.

GAUL advanced in his arms; Dunrommath shrunk behind his people. But the spear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief, and his sword lopped off his head, as it bended in death.—The son of Morni shook it thrice by the lock; the warriors of Dunrommath fled. The arrows of Morven pursued them: ten fell on the mossy rocks. The rest lift the sounding sail, and bound on the echoing deep.

GAUL advanced towards the cave of Oithona. He beheld a youth leaning against a rock. An arrow had pierced his side; and his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet.—The soul of Morni's son is sad, he came and spoke the words of peace.

CAN the hand of Gaul heal thee, youth of the mournful brow? I have searched for the herbs of the mountains; I have gathered them on the secret banks of their streams. My hand has closed the wound of the valiant, and their eyes have blessed the son of Morni. Where dwelt thy fathers, warrior? Were they of the sons of the mighty? Sadness shall come, like night, on thy native streams; for thou art fallen in thy youth.—

MY fathers, replied the stranger, were of the sons of the mighty; but they shall not be sad; for my fame is departed like morning mist. High walls rise on the banks of Duvranna; and see their mossy towers in the stream; a rock ascends behind them with its bending firs. Thou mayst behold it far distant. There my brother dwells. He is renowned in battle: give him this glittering helmet.

THE helmet fell from the hand of Gaul; for it was the wounded Oithona. She had armed herself in the cave, and came in search of death. Her heavy eyes are half closed; the blood pours from her side.—

SON of Morni, she said, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my soul. The eyes of Oithona are dim. O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bless my steps. But I fall in youth, son of Morni, and my father shall blush in his hall.—

SHE fell pale on the rock of Tromáthon. The mournful hero raised her tomb.—He came to Morven; but we saw the darkness of his soul. Ossian took the harp in the praise of Oithona. The brightness of the face of Gaul returned. But his sigh rose, at times, in the midst of his friends, like blasts that shake their unfrequent wings, after the stormy winds are laid.

C R O M A :

A P O E M* .

IT was the voice of my love ! few are his visits to the dreams of Malvina ! Open your airy halls, ye fathers of mighty Toscar. Unfold the gates of your clouds ; the steps of Malvina's departure are near. I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul. Why didst thou come, O blast, from the dark-rolling of the lake ? Thy rustling wing was in the trees, the dream of Malvina departed. But she beheld her love, when his robe of mist flew on the wind ; the beam of the sun was on his skirts, they glittered like the gold of the stranger. It was the voice of my love ! few are his visits to my dreams !

* Malvina the daughter of Toscar is overheard by Ossian lamenting the death of Osear her lover. Ossian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition which he undertook, at Fingal's command, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma, a country in Ireland, against Rothmar who invaded his dominions. The story is delivered down thus in tradition. Crothar king of Croma being blind with age, and his son too young for the field, Rothmar the chief of Tromlo resolved to avail himself of the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions of Crothar to his own. He accordingly marched into the

country subject to Crothar, but which he held of Arth or Artho, who was, at the time, supreme king of Ireland.

Crothar being, on account of his age and blindness, unfit for action, sent for aid to Fingal king of Scotland ; who ordered his son Ossian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival Fovargormo, the son of Crothar, attacking Rothmar, was slain himself, and his forces totally defeated. Ossian renewed the war ; came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army. Croma being thus delivered of its enemies, Ossian returned to Scotland.

BUT thou dwellest in the fowl of Malvina, fon of mighty Offian. My sighs arife with the beam of the east; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy presence, Oſcar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blaſt from the deſart, and laid my green head low; the ſpring returned with its ſhowers, but no leaf of mine aroſe. The virgins ſaw me ſilent in the hall, and they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou ſad, they ſaid; thou firſt of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and ſtately in thy ſight?

PLEASANT is thy ſong in Offian's ear, daughter of ſtreamy Lutha! Thou haſt heard the muſic of departed bards in the dream of thy reſt, when ſleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth*. When thou didſt return from the chace, in the day of the ſun, thou haſt heard the muſic of the bards, and thy ſong is lovely. It is lovely, O Malvina, but it melts the ſoul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breaſt of the ſad. But ſorrow waſtes the mournful, O daughter of Toſcar, and their days are few. They fall away, like the flower on which the ſun looks in his ſtrength after the mildew has paſſed over it, and its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the tale of Offian, O maid; he remembers the days of his youth.

THE king commanded; I raiſed my ſails, and ruſhed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's founding bay in lovely Inisfail†. High on the coaſt aroſe the towers of Crothar king of ſpears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar raiſed the ſword againſt the hero; and the

* Mor'-ruth, *great ſtream.*

† *Inisfail*, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

wrath of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in battle, for the chief of Croma was the companion of his youth.

I SENT the bard before me with songs; I came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the hero amidst the arms of his fathers, but his eyes had failed. His gray locks waved around a staff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the song of other times, when the sound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar rose, stretched his aged hand and blessed the son of Fingal.

OSSIAN! said the hero, the strength of Crothar's arm has failed. O could I lift the sword, as on the day that Fingal fought at Strutha! He was the first of mortal men; but Crothar had also his fame. The king of Morven praised me, and he placed on my arm the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the hero had slain in war. Dost thou not behold it on the wall, for Crothar's eyes have failed? Is thy strength, like thy fathers, Ossian? let the aged feel thine arm.

I GAVE my arm to the king; he feels it with his aged hands. The sigh rose in his breast, and his tears descended. Thou art strong, my son, he said, but not like the king of Morven. But who is like the hero among the mighty in war! Let the feast of my halls be spread; and let my bards raise the song. Great is he that is within my walls, sons of echoing Croma!

THE feast is spread. The harp is heard; and joy is in the hall. But it was joy covering a sigh, that darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like the faint beam of the moon spread on a cloud in heaven. At length the music ceased, and the aged king of Croma spoke; he spoke without a tear, but the sigh swelled in the midst of his voice.

SON of Fingal! dost thou not behold the darkness of Crothar's hall of shells? My soul was not dark at the feast, when my people lived. I rejoiced in the presence of strangers, when my son shone in the hall. But, Ossian, he is a beam that is departed, and left no streak of light behind. He is fallen, son of Fingal, in the battles of his father.—Rothmar the chief of grassy Tromlo heard that my eyes had failed; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his soul arose. He came towards Croma; my people fell before him. I took my arms in the hall, but what could fightless Crothar do? My steps were unequal; my grief was great. I wished for the days that were past. Days! wherein I fought; and won in the field of blood. My son returned from the chace; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo*. He had not lifted his sword in battle, for his arm was young. But the soul of the youth was great; the fire of valour burnt in his eyes. He saw the disordered steps of his father, and his sigh arose. King of Croma, he said, is it because thou hast no son; is it for the weakness of Fovar-gormo's arm that thy sighs arise? I begin, my father, to feel the strength of my arm; I have drawn the sword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the youths of Croma: let me meet him, O my father; for I feel my burning soul.

AND thou shalt meet him, I said, son of the fightless Crothar! But let others advance before thee, that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy return; for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo! —He went, he met the foe; he fell. The foe advances towards Croma. He who slew my son is near, with all his pointed spears.

IT is not time to fill the shell, I replied, and took my spear. My people saw the fire of my eyes, and they rose around. All night we

* Faobhar-gorm, *the blue point of steel.*

frode along the heath. Gray morning rose in the east. A green narrow vale appeared before us; nor did it want its blue stream. The dark host of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought along the vale; they fled; Rothmar sunk beneath my sword. Day had not descended in the west when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands; and joy brightened in his soul.

THE people gather to the hall; the shells of the feast are heard. Ten harps are strung; five bards advance, and sing, by turns*, the praise of Ossian; they poured forth their burning souls, and the harp answered to their voice. The joy of Cromar was great: for peace returned to the land. The night came on with silence, and the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkness, with his

* Those extempore compositions were in great repute among succeeding bards. The pieces extant of that kind shew more of the good ear, than of the poetical genius of their authors. The translator has only met with one poem of this sort, which he thinks worthy of being preserved. It is a thousand years later than Ossian, but the authors seem to have observed his manner, and adopted some of his expressions. The story of it is this. Five bards, passing the night in the house of a chief, who was a poet himself, went severally to make their observations on, and returned with an extempore description of, night. The night happened to be one in October, as appears from the poem, and in the north of Scotland, it has all that variety which the bards ascribe to it, in their descriptions.

FIRST BARD.

NIGHT is dull and dark. The clouds rest on the hills. No star with green trembling beam; no moon looks from the sky. I hear the blast in the wood; but I hear it distant far. The stream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is fullen and sad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl is heard. I see a dim form on the 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 heath-cock's head is beneath his wing. No

his glittering spear. The joy of Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar fell.

I RAISED my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they laid the chief in earth. The aged Crothar was there, but his sigh was not heard. He searched for the wound of his son, and found it in his breast. Joy rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke to Oslan.

KING

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 rock 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.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The shower descends. The spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark that shriek! he dies:—The storm drives the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble as, drives the shower, beside the mouldering bank.

The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely hut; he wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs smoke around him. He fills the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain streams which meet beside his booth.

Sad on the side of a hill the wandering shepherd sits. The tree resounds above him. The stream roars down the rock. He waits for the rising moon to guide him to his home.

Ghosts ride on the storm to-night. Sweet is their voice between the squalls of wind. Their songs are of other worlds.

The rain is past. The dry wind blows, Streams roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall from the roof. I see the starry sky. But the shower gathers again. The west is gloomy and dark. Night is stormy and dismal; receive me, my friends, from night.

THIRD BARD.

The wind still sounds between the hills: and whistles through the grass of the rock. The firs fall from their place. The turf hut is torn. The clouds, divided, fly over the sky, and shew the burning stars. The meteor, token of death! flies sparkling through

KING of spears! he said, my son has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly; but met death, as he went forward in his strength. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall; or smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honoured in the song; the young tear of the virgin falls. But the aged wither

through the gloom. It rests on the hill. I see the withered fern, the dark-browed rock, the fallen oak. Who is that in his shroud beneath the tree, by the stream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and lash its rocky sides. The boat is brim-full in the cove; the oars on the rocking tide. A maid sits sad beside the rock, and eyes the rolling stream. Her lover promised to come. She saw his boat, when yet it was light, on the lake. Is this his broken boat on the shore? Are these his groans on the wind?

Hark! the hail rattles around. The flaky snow descends. The tops of the hills are white. The stormy winds abate. Various is the night and cold; receive me, my friends, from night.

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair; blue, starry, settled is night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone. They sink behind the hill. The moon is up on the mountain. Trees glisten: streams shine on the rock. Bright rolls the settled lake; bright the stream of the vale.

I see the trees overturned; the flocks of COLO on the plain. The wakeful hind

rebuilds the flocks, and whistles on the distant field.

Calm, settled, fair is night!—Who comes from the place of the dead? That form with the robe of snow; white arms and dark-brown hair! It is the daughter of the chief of the people; she that lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid! thou that hast been the delight of heroes! The blast drives the phantom away; white, without form, it ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist, slowly over the narrow vale. It rises on the hill, and joins its head to heaven.—Night is settled, calm, blue, starry, bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends, for lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a cloud in the west. Slow moves that pale beam along the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard. The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is heard from the booth. More than half the night is past. The house-wife, groping in the gloom, re-kindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks that day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He ascends the hill and whistles

wither away, by degrees, and the fame of their youth begins to be forgot. They fall in secret; the sigh of their son is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; and the stone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is around them!

on his way. A blast removes the cloud. He sees the starry plough of the north. Much of the night is to pass. He nods by the mossy rock.

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A low murmur in the vale! It is the mighty army of the dead returning from the air.

The moon rests behind the hill. The beam is still on that lofty rock. Long are the shadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary, silent, and dark; receive me, my friends, from night.

The CHIEF.

Let clouds rest on the hills: spirits fly and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams and windows flap, and green winged meteors fly; rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or incline her head in clouds; night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. Night flies before

the beam, when it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds but we return no more.

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are silent. Scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall also be forgot. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers?"

Raise the song, and strike the harp; send round the shells of joy. Suspend a hundred tapers on high. Youths and maids begin the dance. Let some gray bard be near me to tell the deeds of other times; of kings renowned in our land, of chiefs we behold no more. Thus let the night pass until morning shall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chase. We shall ascend the hill with day; and awake the deer.

B E R R A T H O N :

A P O E M*.

BEND thy blue course, O stream, round the narrow plain of Lutha †. Let the green woods hang over it from their mountains: and the sun look on it at noon. The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, O gale, it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of heaven? The time
of

* This poem is reputed to have been composed by Ossian, a little time before his death; and consequently it is known in tradition by no other name than *Ossian's last hymn*. The translator has taken the liberty to call it *Berrathon*, from the episode concerning the re-establishment of Larthmor king of that island, after he had been dethroned by his own son Uthal. Fingal in his voyage to Lochlin [Fing. B. III.] whither he had been invited by Starno the father of Agandecca, so often mentioned in Ossian's poems, touched at Berrathon, an island of Scandinavia, where he was kindly entertained by Larthmor the petty king of the place, who was a vassal of the supreme kings of Lochlin. The hospitality of Larthmor gained him Fingal's friendship, which

then hero manifested, after the imprisonment of Larthmor by his own son, by sending Ossian and Toscar, the father of Malvina so often mentioned, to rescue Larthmor, and to punish the unnatural behaviour of Uthal. Uthal was handsome to a proverb, and consequently much admired by the ladies. Nina-thoma the beautiful daughter of Torthoma, a neighbouring prince, fell in love and fled with him. He proved unconstant; for another lady, whose name is not mentioned, gaining his affections, he confined Nina-thoma to a desert island near the coast of Berrathon. She was relieved by Ossian, who, in company with Toscar, landing on Berrathon, defeated the forces of Uthal, and killed him in a single combat. Nina-thoma, whose love not all the bad behaviour

of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves. Tomorrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come; his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me?—So shall they search in vain, for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. “Where is the son of car-borne Fingal?” The tear will be on his cheek.

THEN come thou, O Malvina †, with all thy music, come; lay Ossian in the plain of Lutha: let his tomb rise in the lovely field.—Malvina! where art thou, with thy songs: with the soft sound of thy steps?—Son ‖ of Alpin art thou near? where is the daughter of Toscar?

I PASSED, O son of Fingal, by Tar-lutha's mossy walls. The smoke of the hall was ceased: silence was among the trees of the

of Uthal could erase, hearing of his death, died of grief. In the mean time Larthmor is restored, and Ossian and Toscar returned in triumph to Fingal.

The present poem opens with an elegy on the death of Malvina the daughter of Toscar, and closes with presages of the poet's death. It is almost altogether in a lyric measure, and has that melancholy air which distinguishes the remains of the works of Ossian. If ever he composed any thing of a merry turn it is long since lost. The serious and melancholy make the most lasting impressions on the human mind, and bid fairest for being transmitted from generation to generation by tradition. Nor is it probable that Ossian dealt much in cheerful composition. Melancholy is so much the companion of a great genius,

that it is difficult to separate the idea of levity from cheerfulness, which is sometimes the mark of an amiable disposition, but never the characteristic of elevated parts.

† Lutha, *swift stream*. It is impossible, at this distance of time, to ascertain where the scene here described lies. Tradition is silent on that head, and there is nothing in the poem from which a conjecture can be drawn.

‡ Mal mhina, *soft or love's brow*. *Mh* in the Galic language has the same sound with *v* in English.

‖ Tradition has not handed down the name of this son of Alpin. His father was one of Fingal's principal bards, and he appears himself to have had a poetical genius.

hill.

hill. The voice of the chase was over. I saw the daughters of the bow. I asked about Malvina, but they answered not. They turned their faces away: thin darkness covered their beauty. They were like stars, on a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through her mist.

PLEASANT * be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon on the blue, trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha! We sit, at the rock, and there is no voice; no light but the meteor of fire! Soon hast thou set, Malvina, daughter of generous Toscar!

BUT thou risest like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder.—A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings; within it is the dwelling † of Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield half covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field.

HIS friends sit around the king, on mist; and hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp; and raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall.

* Ossian speaks. He calls Malvina a beam of light, and continues the metaphor throughout the paragraph.

† The description of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of those times, concerning the state of the deceased, who were supposed to pursue, after death, the pleasures and employments of their former life. The situation of Ossian's heroes, in their separate state, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable, than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See Hom. Odyss. l. 11.

Malvina rises, in the midst ; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aside her humid eyes.

ART thou come so soon, said Fingal, daughter of generous Tofcar ? Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son* is sad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there ; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy rustling wing, O breeze ! and sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids † are departed to their place ; and thou alone, O breeze, mournest there.

BUT who comes from the dusky west, supported on a cloud ? A simile is on his gray, watry face ; his locks of mist fly on the wind ; he bends forward on his airy spear : it is thy father, Malvina ! Why shinest thou, so soon, on our clouds, he says, O lovely light of Lutha !—But thou wert sad, my daughter, for thy friends were passed away. The sons of little men ‡ were in the hall ; and none remained of the heroes, but Ossian king of spears.

AND dost thou remember Ossian, car-borne Tofcar || son of Conloch ? The battles of our youth were many ; our swords went together to the field. They saw us coming like two falling rocks ;

* Ossian ; who had a great friendship for Malvina, both on account of her love for his son Oskar, and her attention to his own poems.

† That is, the young virgins who sung the funeral elegy over her tomb.

‡ Ossian, by way of disrespect, calls those, who succeeded the heroes whose actions he celebrates, *the sons of little men*. Tradition is entirely silent concerning what passed in

the north, immediately after the death of Fingal and all his heroes ; but it appears from that term of ignominy just mentioned, that the actions of their successors were not to be compared to those of the renowned Fingalians.

|| Tofcar was the son of that Conloch, who was also father to the lady, whose unfortunate death is related in the last episode of the second book of Fingal.

and the sons of the stranger fled. There come the warriors of Cona, they said ; their steps are in the paths of the vanquished.

DRAW near, son of Alpin, to the song of the aged. The actions of other times are in my soul : my memory beams on the days that are past. On the days of the mighty Toscar, when our path was in the deep. Draw near, son of Alpin, to the last sound * of the voice of Cona.

THE king of Morven commanded, and I raised my sails to the wind. Toscar chief of Lutha stood at my side, as I rose on the dark-blue wave. Our course was to sea-surrounded Berrathon †, the isle of many storms. There dwelt, with his locks of age, the stately strength of Larthmor. Larthmor who spread the feast of shells to Comhal's mighty son, when he went to Starno's halls, in the days of Agandecca. But when the chief was old, the pride of his son arose, the pride of fair-haired Uthal, the love of a thousand maids. He bound the aged Larthmor, and dwelt in his founding halls.

LONG pined the king in his cave, beside his rolling sea. Day did not come to his dwelling ; nor the burning oak by night. But the wind of ocean was there, and the parting beam of the moon. The red star looked on the king, when it trembled on the western wave. Snitho came to Selma's hall : Snitho companion of Larthmor's youth. He told of the king of Berrathon : the wrath of Fingal rose. Thrice he assumed the spear, resolved to stretch his hand to

* Ossian seems to intimate by this expression, that this poem was the last of his composition ; so that there is some foundation for the traditional title of *the last hymn of O'Jan*.

† Barrathón, a promontory in the midst of waves. The poet gives it the epithet of sea-surrounded, to prevent its being taken for a peninsula in the literal sense.

Uthal. But the memory* of his actions rose before the king, and he sent his son and Toſcar. Our joy was great on the rolling ſea; and we often half-unſheathed our ſwords †. For never before had we fought alone, in the battles of the ſpear. Night came down on the ocean; the winds departed on their wings. Cold and pale is the moon. The red ſtars lift their heads. Our courſe is ſlow along the coaſt of Berrathon; the white waves tumble on the rocks.

WHAT voice is that, ſaid Toſcar, which comes between the ſounds of the waves? It is ſoft but mournful, like the voice of departed bards. But I behold the maid ‡, ſhe ſits on the rock alone. Her head bends on her arm of ſnow: her dark hair is in the wind. Hear, ſon of Fingal, her ſong, it is ſmooth as the gliding waters of Lavath.—We came to the ſilent bay, and heard the maid of night.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whiſtling tree. The feaſt was ſpread in Torthóma's hall; my father delighted in my voice. The youths beheld me in the ſteps of my lovelineſs, and they bleſſed the dark-haired Nina-thoma. It was then thou didſt come, O Uthal! like the ſun of heaven. The ſouls of

* The meaning of the poet is, that Fingal remembered his own great actions, and conſequently would not fully them by engaging in a petty war againſt Uthal, who was ſo far his inferior in valour and power.

† The impatience of a young warrior, going on their firſt expedition, is well marked by their half-drawing their ſwords. The modeſty of Oſſian, in his narration of a ſtory which does him ſo much honour, is

remarkable; and his humanity to Nina-thoma would grace a hero of our own poliſhed age. Though Oſſian paſſes over his own actions in ſilence, or ſlightly mentions them; tradition has done ample juſtice to his martial fame, and perhaps has exaggerated the actions of the poet beyond the bounds of credibility.

‡ Nina-thoma the daughter of Torthóma, who had been confined to a deſert iſland by her lover Uthal.

the

the virgins are thine, son of generous Larthmor ! But why dost thou leave me alone in the midst of roaring waters. Was my soul dark with thy death ? Did my white hand lift the sword ? Why then hast thou left me alone, king of high Finthormo * !

THE tear started from my eye, when I heard the voice of the maid. I stood before her in my arms, and spoke the words of peace.—Lovely dweller of the cave, what sigh is in that breast ? Shall Ossian lift his sword in thy presence, the destruction of thy foes ?—Daughter of Torthóma, rise, I have heard the words of thy grief. The race of Morven are around thee, who never injured the weak. Come to our dark-bosomed ship, thou brighter than that setting moon. Our course is to the rocky Berrathon, to the echoing walls of Finthormo.—She came in her beauty, she came with all her lovely steps. Silent joy brightened in her face, as when the shadows fly from the field of spring ; the blue-stream is rolling in brightness, and the green bush bends over its course.

THE morning rose with its beams. We came to Rothma's bay. A boar rushed from the wood ; my spear pierced his side. I rejoiced over the blood †, and foresaw my growing fame.—But now the sound of Uthal's train came from the high Fin-thormo ; they spread over the heath to the chace of the boar. Himself comes slowly on, in the pride of his strength. He lifts two pointed spears. On his side is the hero's sword. Three youths carry his polished

* Finthormo, the palace of Uthal. The names in this episode are not of a Celtic original ; which makes it probable that Ossian founds his poem on a true story.

† Ossian thought that his killing the boar, on his first landing in Berrathon, was a good

omen of his future success in that island. The present highlanders look, with a degree of superstition, upon the success of their first action, after they have engaged in any desperate undertaking.

bows : the bounding of five dogs is before him. His heroes move on, at a distance, admiring the steps of the king. Stately was the son of Larthmor ! but his soul was dark. Dark as the troubled face of the moon, when it foretels the storms.

WE rose on the heath before the king ; he stopt in the midst of his course. His heroes gathered around, and a gray-haired bard advanced. Whence are the sons of the strangers ! begun the bard of the song ; the children of the unhappy come to Berrathon ; to the sword of car-borne Uthal. He spreads no feast in his hall : the blood of strangers is on his streams. If from Selma's walls ye come, from the mossy walls of Fingal, chuse three youths to go to your king to tell of the fall of his people. Perhaps the hero may come and pour his blood on Uthal's sword ; so shall the fame of Finthormo arise, like the growing tree of the vale.

NEVER will it rise, O bard, I said in the pride of my wrath. He would shrink in the presence of Fingal, whose eyes are the flames of death. The son of Comhal comes, and the kings vanish in his presence ; they are rolled together, like mist, by the breath of his rage. Shall three tell to Fingal, that his people fell ? Yes !—they may tell it, bard ! but his people shall fall with fame.

I STOOD in the darkness of my strength ; Toscar drew his sword at my side. The foe came on like a stream : the mingled sound of death arose. Man took man, shield met shield ; steel mixed its beams with steel.—Darts his through air ; spears ring on mails ; and swords on broken bucklers bound. As the noise of an aged grove beneath the roaring wind, when a thousand ghosts break the trees by night, such was the din of arms.—But Uthal fell beneath my sword ; and the sons of Berrathon fled.—It was then I saw him in
his

his beauty, and the tear hung in my eye. Thou art fallen *, young tree, I said, with all thy beauty round thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the desert, and there is no sound in thy leaves! Lovely art thou in death, son of car-borne Larthmor.

NINA-THOMA sat on the shore, and heard the sound of battle. She turned her red eyes on Lethmal the gray-haired bard of Selma, for he had remained on the coast, with the daughter of Torthóma. Son of the times of old! she said, I hear the noise of death. Thy friends have met with Uthal and the chief is low! O that I had remained on the rock, inclosed with the tumbling waves! Then would my soul be sad, but his death would not reach my ear. Art thou fallen on thy heath, O son of high Finthormo! thou didst leave me on a rock, but my soul was full of thee. Son of high Finthormo! art thou fallen on thy heath?

SHE rose pale in her tears, and saw the bloody shield of Uthal; she saw it in Ossian's hand; her steps were distracted on the heath. She flew; she found him; she fell. Her soul came forth in a sigh. Her hair is spread on his face. My bursting tears descend. A tomb arose on the unhappy; and my song was heard.

* To mourn over the fall of their enemies imitations of his beauties. Homer, it is was a practice universal among Ossian's probable, gave the manners of the times heroes. This is more agreeable to huma- in which he wrote, not his own senti- nity, than the shameful insulting of the ments: Ossian also seems to keep to the dead, so common in Homer, and after the sentiments of his heroes. The reverence, him, servilely copied by all his imitators, which the most barbarous highlanders have the humane Virgil not excepted, who have still for the remains of the deceased, seems been more successful in borrowing the im- to have descended to them from their most perfections of that great poet, than in their remote ancestors.

REST, hapless children of youth! and the noise of that mossy stream. The virgins will see your tomb, at the chace, and turn away their weeping eyes. Your fame will be in the song; the voice of the harp will be heard in your praise. The daughters of Selma shall hear it; and your renown shall be in other lands.—Rest, children of youth, at the noise of the mossy stream.

Two days we remained on the coast. The heroes of Berrathon convened. We brought Larthmor to his halls; the feast of shells is spread.—The joy of the aged was great; he looked to the arms of his fathers; the arms which he left in his hall, when the pride of Uthal arose.—We were renowned before Larthmor, and he blessed the chiefs of Morven; but he knew not that his son was low, the stately strength of Uthal. They had told, that he had retired to the woods, with the tears of grief; they had told it, but he was silent in the tomb of Rothma's heath.

ON the fourth day we raised our sails to the roar of the northern wind. Larthmor came to the coast, and his bards raised the song. The joy of the king was great, he looked to Rothma's gloomy heath; he saw the tomb of his son; and the memory of Uthal rose.—Who of my heroes, he said, lies there: he seems to have been of the kings of spears? Was he renowned in my halls, before the pride of Uthal rose?

YE are silent, ye sons of Berrathon, is the king of heroes low?—My heart melts for thee, O Uthal; though thy hand was against thy father.—O that I had remained in the cave! that my son had dwelt in Finthormo!—I might have heard the tread of his feet, when he went to the chace of the boar.—I might have heard

his

his voice on the blast of my cave. Then would my soul be glad :
but now darknefs dwells in my halls.

SUCH were my deeds, son of Alpin, when the arm of my youth
was strong ; such were * the actions of Toſcar, the car-borne ſon of
Conloch. But Toſcar is on his flying cloud ; and I am alone at Lutha :
my voice is like the laſt ſound of the wind, when it forſakes the
woods. But Oſſian ſhall not be long alone, he ſees the miſt that
ſhall receive his ghof. He beholds the miſt that ſhall form his
robe, when he appears on his hills. The ſons of little men ſhall
behold me, and admire the ſtature of the chiefs of old. They ſhall
creep to their caves, and look to the ſky with fear ; for my ſteps
ſhall be in the clouds, and darknefs ſhall roll on my ſide.

LEAD, ſon of Alpin, lead the aged to his woods. The winds
begin to riſe. The dark wave of the lake reſounds. Bends there
not a tree from Mora with its branches bare ? It bends, ſon of
Alpin, in the ruſtling blaſt. My harp hangs on a blaſted branch.
The ſound of its ſtrings is mournful.—Does the wind touch thee,
O harp, or is it ſome paſſing ghof !—It is the hand of Malvina !
but bring me the harp, ſon of Alpin ; another ſong ſhall riſe. My
ſoul ſhall depart in the ſound ; my fathers ſhall hear it in their airy
hall.—Their dim faces ſhall hang, with joy, from their clouds ;
and their hands receive their ſon.

† The aged oak bends over the ſtream. It fights with all its moſs.
The withered fern whiſtles near, and mixes, as it waves, with
Oſſian's hair.—Strike the harp and raiſe the ſong : be near, with

* Oſſian ſpeaks.

his poems.—It is ſet to muſic, and ſtill

† Here begins the lyric piece, with ſung in the north, with a great deal of
which, tradition ſays, Oſſian concluded wild ſimplicity, but little variety of ſound.

all your wings, ye winds. Bear the mournful sound away to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he may hear the voice of his son; the voice of him that praised the mighty.—The blast of north opens thy gates, O king, and I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant: but like a watery cloud; when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is like the aged moon: thy sword a vapour half-kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightness before.—

BUT thy steps † are on the winds of the desert, and the storms darken in thy hand. Thou takest the sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid; and a thousand showers descend.—

BUT when thou comest forth in thy mildness; the gale of the morning is near thy course. The sun laughs in his blue fields; and the gray stream winds in its valley.—The bushes shake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound towards the desert.

† This magnificent description of the power of Fingal over the winds and storms, and the image of his taking the sun, and hiding him in the clouds, do not correspond with the preceding paragraph, where he is represented as a feeble ghost, and no more the TERROR OF THE VALIANT; but it agrees with the notion of the times concerning the souls of the deceased, who, it was supposed, had the command of the winds and storms, but took no concern in the affairs of men.

It was the immoderate praise bestowed by the poets on their departed friends, that gave the first hint to superstition to deify the deceased heroes; and those new divinities owed all their attributes to the fancy of the bard who sung their elegies.

We do not find, that the praises of Fingal had this effect upon his countrymen; but that is to be imputed to the idea they had of power, which they always connected with bodily strength and personal valour, both which were dissolved by death,

BUT there is a murmur in the heath! the stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been absent from mine ear!—Come, Ossian, come away, he says: Fingal has received his fame. We passed away, like flames that had shone for a season, our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent; our fame is in the four gray stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard; and the harp was strung in Selma.—Come Ossian, come away, he says, and fly with thy fathers on clouds.

AND come I will, thou king of men! the life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish on Cona; and my steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my grey hair, shall not waken me.—Depart on thy wings, O wind: thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy; depart, thou rustling blast.

BUT why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? The chiefs of other times are departed; they have gone without their fame. The sons of future years shall pass away; and another race arise. The people are like the waves of ocean: like the leaves † of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads.—

DID

† The same thought may be found almost in the same words, in Homer, vi. 46.

Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεῆ, τοιῦδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Φύλλα ταμὲν τ' ἀνεμος χαμαῖδις χεῖν, ἄλλα
δὲ Σῦλλη
Τηλεθόωσα φρεσὶ ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ἄρη.

Mr. Pope falls short of his original; in particular he has omitted altogether the

beautiful image of the wind strewing the withered leaves on the ground.

Like leaves on trees the race of men are found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;

Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

POPE.

Ryno,

DID thy beauty last, O Ryno *? Stood the strength of car-borne
Oscar? Fingal himself passed away; and the halls of his fathers
forgot his steps.—And shalt thou remain, aged bard! when the
mighty have failed?—But my fame shall remain, and grow like
the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and
rejoices in the course of the wind.

* Ryno, the son of Fingal, who was killed in Ireland, in the war against Swaran, [Fing. b. 5.] was remarkable for the beauty of his person, his swiftness and great exploits. Minvane, the daughter of Morvni, and sister to Gaul so often mentioned in Ossian's compositions, was in love with Ryno.—Her lamentation over her lover is introduced as an episode in one of Ossian's great poems. The lamentation is the only part of the poem now extant, and as it has some poetical merit, I have subjoined it to this note. The poet represents Minvane as seeing, from one of the rocks of Morven, the fleet of Fingal returning from Ireland.

SHE blushing sad, from Morven's rocks,
bends over the darkly-rolling sea. She
saw the youths in all their arms.—Where,
Ryno, where art thou?

Our dark looks told that he was low!
—That pale the hero flew on clouds!
That in the grass of Morven's hills, his
feeble voice was heard in wind!

And is the son of Fingal fallen, on Ulin's
mossy plains? Strong was the arm that
conquered him!—Ah me! I am alone.

Alone I will not be, ye winds! that lift
my dark-brown hair. My sighs will not

long mix with your stream; for I must
sleep with Ryno.

I see thee not with beauty's steps return-
ing from the chace—The night is round
Minvane's love; and silence dwells with
Ryno.

Where are thy dogs, and where thy
bow? Thy shield that was so strong?
Thy sword like heaven's descending fire?
The bloody spear of Ryno?

I see them mixed in thy ship; I see them
stained with blood.—No arms are in thy
narrow hall, O darkly-dwelling Ryno!

When will the morning come, and say,
arise, thou king of spears! arise, the hun-
ters are abroad. The hinds are near thee,
Ryno!

Away, thou fair-haired morning, away!
the slumbering king hears thee not! The
hinds bound over his narrow tomb; for
death dwells round young Ryno.

But I will tread softly, my king! and
flee to the bed of thy repose. Minvane
will lie in silence, near her slumbering
Ryno.

The maids shall seek me; but they shall
not find me: they shall follow my depart-
ure with songs. But I will not hear
you, O maids: I sleep with fair-haired
Ryno.

