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Weinrauch f.

Vos quoque, qui fortes animas, belloque peremtas,
Laudibus in longum vates demittitis aevum,
Plurima securi fudistis carmina BARDI

THE
Poems
OF
Ossian.
translated
By JAMES MACPHERSON Esq.
In four Volumes.
VOL. I.
A new Edition.
VIENNA:
Printed for R. Sammer, Bookseller.
M. DCCCI.
Weinrauch fec.

THE POEMS OF OSSIAN.

TRANSLATED BY

JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.

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PREFACE.

WITHOUT increasing his genius, the Author may have improved his language, in the eleven years, that the following Poems have been in the hands of the Public. Errors in diction might have been committed at twenty-four, which the experience of a riper age may remove; and some exuberances in imagery may be restrained, with advantage, by a degree of judgment acquired in the pro-

greſs of time. Impreſſed with this opinion, he ran over the whole with attention and accuracy; and, he hopes, he has brought the work to a ſtate of correctneſs, which will preclude all future improvements.

The eagerneſs, with which theſe Poems have been received abroad, are a recompence for the coldneſs with which a few have affected to treat them at home. All the polite nations of Europe have transferred them into their reſpective languages; and they ſpeak of him, who brought them to light, in terms that might flatter the vanity of one fond of fame. In a convenient indifference for a literary reputation, the Author hears

praiſe without being elevated, and ribaldry without being depreſſed. He has frequently ſeen the firſt beſtowed too precipitately; and the latter is ſo faithleſs to its purpoſe, that it is often the only index to merit in the preſent age.

Though the taſte, which defines genius, by the points of the compaſs, is a ſubject fit for mirth in itſelf, it is often a ſerious matter in the ſale of a work. When rivers define the limits of abilities, as well as the boundaries of countries, a Writer may meaſure his ſucceſs, by the latitude under which he was born. It was to avoid a part of this inconvenience, that the Author is ſaid, by

ſome, who ſpeak without any authority, to have aſcribed his own productions to another name. If this was the caſe, he was but young in the art of deception. When he placed the Poet in antiquity, the Tranſlator ſhould have been born on this ſide of the Tweed.

Theſe obſervations regard only the frivolous in matters of literature; theſe, however, form a majority in every age and nation. In this country, men of genuine taſte abound; but their ſtill voice is drowned in the clamours of a multitude, who judge by faſhion of poetry, as of dreſs.—The truth is, to judge aright requires almoſt as much genius as to write

well; and good critics are as rare as great poets. Though two hundred thouſand Romans ſtood up, when Virgil came into the Theatre, Varius only could correct the Aeneid. He that obtains fame muſt receive it through mere faſhion; and gratify his vanity with the applauſe of men, of whoſe judgment he cannot approve.

The following Poems, it muſt be confeſſed, are more calculated to pleaſe perſons of exquiſite feelings of heart, than thoſe who receive all their impreſſions by the ear. The novelty of cadence, in what is called a proſe verſion, tho' not deſtitute of harmony, will not to common readers ſupply the abſence of the frequent

returns of rhyme. This was the opinion of the Writer himſelf, tho' he yielded to the judgment of others, in a mode, which preſented freedom and dignity of expreſſion, inſtead of fetters, which cramp the thought, whilſt the harmony of language is preſerved. His intention was to publiſh in verſe. The making of poetry, like any other handicraft, may be learned by induſtry; and he had ſerved his apprenticeſhip, though in ſecret, to the muſes.

It is, however, doubtful, whether the harmony which theſe Poems might derive from rhyme, even in much better hands than thoſe of the Tranſlator, could atone for the ſimplicity

and energy, which they would lose. The determination of this point shall be left to the readers of this preface. The following is the beginning of a Poem, translated from the Norse to the Gaëlic language; and, from the latter, transferred into English. The verse took little more time to the writer than the prose; and even he himself is doubtful (if he has succeeded in either), which of them is the most literal version.

FRAGMENT OF A NORTHERN TALE.

Where Harold, with golden hair,
spread Lochlin *) his high commands;

*) The Gaëlic name of Scandinavia, or Scandinia.

where, with juſtice, he ruled the tribes, who ſunk, ſubdued, beneath his ſword; abrupt riſes Gormal *) in ſnow! The tempeſts roll dark on his ſides, but calm, above, his vaſt forehead appears. White-iſſuing from the ſkirt of his ſtorms, the troubled torrents pour down his ſides. Joining, as they roar along, they bear the Torno, in foam, to the main.

Grey on the bank and far from men, half-covered, by ancient pines, from the wind, a lonely pile exalts its head, long-ſhaken by the ſtorms of the north. To this fled Sigurd, fierce in fight, from Harold the leader

*) The mountains of Sevo.

of armies, when fate had brightened his ſpear, with renown: When he conquered in that rude field, where Lulan's warriors fell in blood, or roſe in terror on the waves of the main. Darkly ſat the grey haired chief; yet ſorrow dwelt not in his ſoul. But when the warrior thought on the paſt, his proud heart heaved again his ſide: Forth flew his ſword from its place, he wounded Harold in all the winds.

One daughter, and only one, but bright in form and mild of ſoul, the laſt beam of the ſetting line, remained to Sigurd of all his race. His ſon, in Lulan's battle ſlain, beheld not his father's flight from his foes. Nor

finiſhed ſeemed the ancient line! The ſplendid beauty of bright-eyed Fithon, covered ſtill the fallen king with renown. Her arm was white like Gormal's ſnow; her boſom whiter than the foam of the main, when roll the waves beneath the wrath of the winds. Like two ſtars were her radiant eyes, like two ſtars that riſe on the deep, when dark tumult embroils the night. Pleaſant are their beams aloft, as ſtately they aſcend the ſkies.

Nor Odin forgot, in aught, the maid. Her form ſcarce equalled her lofty mind. Awe moved around her ſtately ſteps. Heroes loved—but ſhrunk away in their fears. Yet midſt the

pride of all her charms, her heart was ſoft, and her ſoul was kind. — She ſaw the mournful with tearful eyes. Tranſient darkneſs aroſe in her breaſt. Her joy was in the chace. — Each morning, when doubtful light wandered dimly on Lulan's waves, ſhe rouzed the reſounding woods, to Gormal's head of ſnow. Nor moved the maid alone, etc.

The ſame verſified.

Where fair-hair'd Harold, o'er Scandinia reign'd,
And held, with juſtice, what his valour gain'd,
Sevo, in ſnow, his rugged forehead rears,
And, o'er the warfare of his ſtorms, appears

Abrupt and vaſt. — White-wandering down his ſide
A thouſand torrents, gleaming as they glide,
Unite below; and pouring through the plain
Hurry the troubled Torno to the main.

Grey, on the bank, remote from human kind,
By aged pines, half ſhelter'd from the wind,
A homely manſion roſe, of antique form,
For ages batter'd by the polar ſtorm.
To this fierce Sigurd fled, from Norway's lord,
When fortune ſettled, on the warrior's ſword,
In that rude field, where Suecia's chiefs were ſlain,
Or forced to wander o'er the Bothnic main.

Dark was his life, yet undiſturb'd with woes,
But when the memory of defeat aroſe
His proud heart ſtruck his ſide; he graſpt the ſpear,
And wounded Harold in the vacant air.

One daughter only, but of form divine,
The laſt fair beam of the departing line,
Remain'd of Sigurd's race. His warlike ſon
Fell in the ſhock, which overturn'd the throne.
Nor deſolate the houſe! Fionia's charms
Suſtain'd the glory, which they loſt in arms.
White was her arm, as Sevo's lofty ſnow,
Her boſom fairer, than the waves below,

When heaving to the winds. Her radiant eyes
Like two bright ſtars, exulting as they riſe,
O'er the dark tumult of a ſtormy night,
And gladd'ning heav'n, with their majeſtic light.

In nought is Odin to the maid unkind
Her form ſcarce equals her exalted mind,
Awe leads her ſacred ſteps where'er they move,
And mankind worſhip, where they dare not love.
But, mix'd with ſoftneſs, was the virgin's pride,
Her heart had feelings, which her eyes deny'd.
Her bright tears ſtarted at another's woes,
While tranſient darkneſs on her ſoul aroſe.

The chace ſhe lov'd; when morn, with doubtful beam
Came dimly wandering o'er the Bothnic ſtream,
On Sevo's ſounding ſides, ſhe bent the bow,
And rouz'd his foreſts to his head of ſnow.
Nor mov'd the maid alone; etc.

One of the chief improvements, in this edition, is the care taken, in arranging the Poems in the order of time; ſo as to form a kind of regular hiſtory of the age to which they relate. The Writer has now reſigned them for ever to their fate. That they have been well received by the Public, appears from an extenſive ſale; that they ſhall continue to be well received, he may venture to prophe-

cy without the gift of that inſpiration, to which poets lay claim. Through the medium of verſion upon verſion, they retain, in foreign languages, their native character of ſimplicity and energy. Genuine poetry, like gold, loſes little, when properly transfuſed; but when a compoſition cannot bear the teſt of a literal verſion, it is a counterfeit which ought not to paſs current. The operation muſt, however be performed with ſkilful hands. A Tranſlator, who cannot equal his original, is incapable of expreſſing its beauties.

LONDON,
Aug. 15, 1773.

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CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, when very young, making a voyage to the Orkney iſlands, was driven, by ſtreſs of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the reſidence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feaſt. Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of a former breach of hoſpitality, refuſes to go. — Starno gathers together his tribes: Fingal reſolves to defend himſelf. — Night coming on, Duthmaruno propoſes to Fingal, to obſerve the motions of the enemy. — The king himſelf undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he, accidentally, comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daugh-

ter of a neighbouring chief. — Her ſtory is imperfect, a part of the original being loſt. — Fingal comes to a place of worſhip, where Starno and his ſon, Swaran, conſulted the ſpirit of Loda, concerning the iſſue of the war. — The rencounter of Fingal and Swaran. — *Duän* firſt concludes with a deſcription of the airy hall of Cruth-loda, ſuppoſed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

CATH-LODA.

DUAN(1) FIRST.

A TALE of the times of old!

Why, thou wanderer unſeen! Thou bender of the thiſtle of Lora; why, thou breeze of the valley, haſt thou left mine ear? I hear no diſtant roar of ſtreams! No ſound of the harp, from the rock! Come, thou huntreſs of Lutha, Malvina, call back his ſoul to the bard. I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark, billowy bay of U-thorno, where Fingal deſcends from Ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown!

Starno ſent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the feaſt; but the king re-

membered the paſt, and all his rage aroſe. "Nor Gormal's moſſy towers, nor Starno, ſhall Fingal behold. Deaths wander, like ſhadows, over his fiery ſoul! Do I forget that beam of light, the white-handed daughter (2) of kings? Go, ſon of Loda; his words are wind to Fingal: wind, that, to and fro, drives the thiſtle, in autumn's duſky vale. Duth-maruno (3), arm of death! Crom-maglas, of iron ſhields! Struthmor, dweller of battle's wing! Cormar, whoſe ſhips bound on ſeas, careleſs as the courſe of a meteor, on dark-rolling clouds! Ariſe, around me, children of heroes, in a land unknown! Let each look on his ſhield, like Trenmor, the ruler of wars. "Come down, thus Trenmor ſaid, thou dweller between the harps! Thou ſhalt roll this ſtream away, or waſte with me in earth."

Around the king they riſe in wrath. No words come forth: they ſeize their

ſpears. Each ſoul is rolled into itſelf. At length the ſudden clang is waked, on all their echoing ſhields. Each takes his hill, by night; at intervals, they darkly ſtand. Unequal burſts the hum of ſongs, between the roaring wind!

Broad over them roſe the moon!

In his arms, came tall Duth-maruno; he from Croma of rocks, ſtern hunter of the boar! In his dark boat he roſe on waves, when Crumthormo (4) awaked its woods. In the chace he ſhone, among foes: No fear was thine, Duthmaruno!

"Son of daring Comhal, ſhall my ſteps be forward through night? From this ſhield ſhall I view them, over their gleaming tribes? Starno, king of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the foe of ſtrangers. Their words are not in vain, by Loda's ſtone of power. — Should Duthmaruno not return, his ſpouſe is lonely, at home, where meet two roaring ſtreams, on Crathmo-craulo's plain.

Around are hills, with echoing woods, the ocean is rolling near. My ſon looks on ſcreaming* ſea-fowl, a young wanderer on the field. Give the head of a boar to Can-dona (5), tell him of his father's joy, when the briſtly ſtrength of I-thorno rolled on his lifted ſpear. Tell him of my deeds in war! Tell where his father fell!"

"Nor forgetful of my fathers," ſaid Fingal, "I have bounded over the ſeas. Theirs were the times of danger, in the days of old. Nor ſettles darkneſs on me, before foes, tho' youthful in my locks. Chief of Crathmo-craulo, the field of night is mine."

Fingal ruſhed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over Turthor's ſtream, that ſent its ſullen roar, by night, through Gormal's miſty vale. A moon-beam glittered on a rock; in the midſt, ſtood a ſtately form; a form with floating locks, like Lochlin's white-boſomed maids. —

Unequal are her ſteps, and ſhort. She throws a broken ſong on wind. At times ſhe toſſes her white arms: for grief is dwelling in her ſoul.

"Torcul-torno (6) of aged locks!" ſhe ſaid, "where now are thy ſteps, by Lulan? Thou haſt failed, at thine own dark ſtreams, father of Conban-cârgla! But I behold thee, chief of Lulan, ſporting by Loda's hall, when the dark-ſkirted night is rolled along the ſky. — Thou, ſometimes, hideſt the moon with thy ſhield. I have ſeen her dim, in heaven. Thou kindleſt thy hair into meteors, and ſaileſt along the night. Why am I forgot, in my cave, king of ſhaggy boars? Look, from the hall of Loda, on thy lonely daughter."

"Who art thou," ſaid Fingal, "voice of night?"

She, trembling, turned away.

"Who art thou, in thy darkneſs?"

She ſhrunk into the cave.

The king loofed the thong from her hands. He aſked about her fathers.

"Torcul-torno," ſhe ſaid, "once dwelt at Lulan's foamy ſtream: he dwelt, but now, in Loda's hall, he ſhakes the ſounding ſhell. He met Starno of Lochlin, in war; long fought the dark-eyed kings. My father fell, in his blood, blue-ſhielded Torcul-torno! By a rock, at Lulan's ſtream, I had pierc'd the bounding roe. My white hand gathered my hair, from off the ruſhing winds. I heard a noiſe. Mine eyes were up. My ſoft breaſt roſe on high. My ſtep was forward, at Lulan, to meet thee, Torcul-torno! It was Starno, dreadful king! His red eyes rolled on me in love. Dark waved his ſhaggy brow, above his gathered ſmile. Where is my father; I ſaid, he that was mighty in war? Thou art left alone among foes, O daughter of Torcul-torno! He took my hand. He raiſed the ſail. In

this cave he placed me dark. At times, he comes, a gathered mist. He lifts, before me, my father's shield. But often passes a beam (7) of youth, far distant from my cave. The son of Starno moves in my sight. He dwells lonely in my soul."

"Maid of Lulan," said Fingal, "white-handed daughter of grief! a cloud, marked with streaks of fire, is rolled along thy soul. Look not to that dark-robed moon; look not to those meteors of heaven. My gleaming steel is around thee, the terror of thy foes! It is not the steel of the feeble, nor of the dark in soul! The maids are not shut in our (8) caves of streams. They toss not their white arms alone. They bend, fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma. Their voice is not in the desart wild. We melt along the pleasing sound!"

— — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — —

Fingal, again, advanced his ſteps, wide thro' the boſom of night, to where the trees of Loda ſhook amid ſqually winds. Three ſtones, with heads of moſs, are there; a ſtream, with foaming courſe: and dreadful, rolled around them, is the dark-red cloud of Loda. High from its top looked forward a ghoſt, half-formed of the ſhadowy ſmoak. He poured his voice, at times, amidſt the roaring ſtream. Near, bending beneath a blaſted tree, two heroes received his words: Swaran of lakes, and Starno foe of ſtrangers. On their dun ſhields, they darkly leaned: their ſpears are forward through night. Shrill ſounds the blaſt of darkneſs, in Starno's floating beard.

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors roſe in arms. "Swaran, lay that wanderer low," ſaid Starno, in his

pride. "Take the ſhield of thy father. It is a rock in war."— Swaran threw his gleaming ſpear. It ſtood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with ſwords. They mixed their rattling ſteel. Through the thongs of Swaran's ſhield ruſhed the blade (9) of Luno. The ſhield fell rolling on earth. Cleft the helmet (10) fell down. Fingal ſtopt the lifted ſteel. Wrathful ſtood Swaran, unarmed. He rolled his ſilent eyes; he threw his ſword on earth. Then, ſlowly ſtalking over the ſtream, he whiſtled as he went.

Nor unſeen of his father is Swaran. Starno turns away in wrath. His ſhaggy brows wave dark, above his gathered rage. He ſtrikes Loda's tree, with his ſpear. He raiſes the hum of ſongs. They come to the hoſt of Lochlin, each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered ſtreams, from two rainy vales!

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair rose the beam of the east. It shone on the spoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daughter of Torcul-torno. She gathered her hair from wind. She wildly raised her song. The song of Lulan of shells, where once her father dwelt. She saw Starno's bloody shield. Gladness rose, a light, on her face. She saw the cleft helmet of Swaran ([11]). She shrunk, darkened, from Fingal. — "Art thou fallen, by thy hundred streams, O love of the mournful maid!"

U-Thorno, that riseſt in waters! on whose side are the meteors of night! I behold the dark moon descending, behind thy resounding woods. On thy top dwells the misty Loda: the house of the spirits of men! In the end of his cloudy hall, bends forward Cruth-loda of swords. His form is dimly seen, amid

his wavy mift. His right-hand is on his ſhield. In his left is the half-viewleſs ſhell. The roof of his dreadful hall is marked with nightly fires!

The race of Cruth-loda advance, a rigde of formleſs ſhades. He reaches the ſounding ſhell, to thoſe who ſhone in war. But, between him and the feeble, his ſhield riſes, a darkened orb. He is a ſetting meteor to the weak in arms. Bright, as a rainbow on ſtreams, came Lulan's white-boſomed maid.

CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL returning with day, devolves the command on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the ſtream of Turthor. Having recalled his people, he congratulates Duth-maruno on his ſucceſs, but diſcovers, that that hero had been mortally wounded in the action. — Duth-maruno dies. Ulin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the epiſode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, which concludes this *duän*.

CATH-LODA:

DUAN SECOND.

"WHERE art thou, ſon of the king," ſaid dark-haired Duth-maruno? "Where haſt thou failed, young beam of Selma? He returns not, from the boſom of night! Morning is ſpread on U-thorno. In his miſt is the ſun, on his hill. Warriors, lift the ſhields, in my preſence. He muſt not fall, like a fire from heaven, whoſe place is not marked on the ground. He comes, like an eagle, from the ſkirt of his ſqually wind! In his hand are the ſpoils of foes. King of Selma, our ſouls were ſad!"

"Near us are the foes, Duth-maruno. They come forward, like waves in miſt,

when their foamy tops, are ſeen, at times, above the low-ſailing vapour. The traveller ſhrinks on his journey; he knows not whither to fly. No trembling travellers are we! Sons of heroes call forth the ſteel. Shall the ſword of Fingal ariſe, or ſhall a warrior lead?"

([12]) The deeds of old, ſaid Duthmaruno, are like paths to our eyes, O Fingal! Broad-ſhielded Trenmor, is ſtill ſeen, amidſt his own dim years. Nor feeble was the ſoul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in ſecret. From their hundred ſtreams came the tribes, to graſſy Colglan-crona. Their chiefs were before them. Each ſtrove to lead the war. Their ſwords were often half-unſheathed. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they ſtood, and hummed their ſurly ſongs. "Why ſhould they yield to each other? their fathers were equal in war." Trenmor was there, with his people, ſtately in

youthful locks. He ſaw the advancing foe. The grief of his ſoul aroſe. He bade the chiefs to lead, by turns: they led, but they were rolled away. From his own moſſy hill, blue-ſhielded Trenmor came down. He led wide-ſkirted battle, and the ſtrangers failed. Around him the dark-browed warriors came: they ſtruck the ſhield of joy. Like a pleaſant gale, the words of power ruſhed forth from Selma of kings. But the chiefs led, by turns, in war, till mighty danger roſe: then was the hour of the king to conquer in the field.

"Not unknown," ſaid Cromma-glaſs ([13]) of ſhields, "are the deeds of our fathers. But who ſhall now lead the war, before the race of kings? Miſt ſettles on theſe four dark hills: within it let each warrior ſtrike his ſhield. — Spirits may deſcend in darkneſs, and mark us for the war."

They went, each to his hill of miſt.

Bards marked the ſounds of the ſhields. Loudeſt rung thy boſs, Duth-maruno. Thou muſt lead in war!

Like the murmur of waters, the race of Uthorno came down. Starno led the battle, and Swaran of ſtormy iſles. They looked forward from iron ſhields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and ſtrews his ſigns on night. The foes met by Turthor's ſtream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their echoing ſtrokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hoſts. They were clouds of hail, with ſqually winds in their ſkirts. — Their ſhowers are roaring together. Below them ſwells the dark-rolling deep.

Strife of gloomy U-thorno; why ſhould I mark thy wounds! Thou art with the years that are gone; thou fadeſt on my ſoul!

Starno brought forward his ſkirt of war, and Swaran his own dark wing.

Nor a harmleſs fire is Duth-maruno's ſword. — Lochlin is rolled over her ſtreams. The wrathful kings are loſt in thought. They roll their ſilent eyes, over the flight of their land. The horn of Fingal was heard; the ſons of woody Albion returned. But many lay, by Turthor's ſtream, ſilent in their blood.

"Chief of Crathmo," ſaid the king, "Duth-maruno, hunter of boars! not harmleſs returns my eagle from the field of foes! For this white-boſomed Lanul ſhall brighten, at her ſtreams; Candona ſhall rejoice, as he wanders in Crathmo's fields."

"Colgorm (14)," replied the chief, was the firſt of my race in Albion; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, through its watry vales. He ſlew his brother in I-thorno (15); he left the land of his fathers. He choſe his place, in ſilence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years; they came

forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing isles!

"He drew an arrow from his side! He fell pale, in a land unknown. His soul came forth to his fathers, to their stormy isle. There they pursued boars of mist, along the skirts of winds. The chiefs stood silent around, as the stones of Loda, on their hill. The traveller sees them, through the twilight, from his lonely path. He thinks them the ghosts of the aged, forming future wars.

"Night came down, on U-thorno. Still stood the chiefs in their grief. The blast whistled, by turns, through every warrior's hair. Fingal, at length, broke forth from the thoughts of his soul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the song to rise. "No falling fire, that is only seen, and then retires in night; no departing meteor was he that is laid

ſo low. He was like the ſtrong-beaming ſun, long rejoicing on his hill. Call the names of his fathers, from their dwellings old!"

I-thorno ([16]), ſaid the bard, that riſeſt midſt ridgy ſeas! Why is thy head ſo gloomy, in the ocean's miſt? From thy vales came forth a race, fearleſs as thy ſtrong-winged eagles; the race of Colgorm of iron ſhields, dwellers of Loda's hall.

In Tormoth's reſounding iſle, aroſe Lurthan, ſtreamy hill. It bent its woody head over a ſilent vale. There, at foamy Cruruth's ſource, dwelt Rurmar, hunter of boars! His daughter was fair as a ſun-beam, white-boſomed Strinadona!

Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron ſhields; many a youth of heavy locks came to Rurmar's echoing hall. They came to woo the maid, the ſtately huntreſs of Tormoth wild. But thou

lookeſt careleſs from thy ſteps, high-boſomed Strina-dona!

If on the heath ſhe moved, her breaſt was whiter than the down of Cana ([17]) if on the ſea-beat ſhore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two ſtars of light. Her face was heaven's bow in ſhowers. Her dark hair flowed round it, like the ſtreaming clouds. Thou wert the dweller of ſouls, white-handed Strina-dona!

Colgorm came, in his ſhip, and Corcul Suran, king of ſhells. The brothers came, from I-thorno, to woo the ſunbeam of Tormoth wild. She ſaw them in their echoing ſteel. Her ſoul was fixed on blue-eyed Colgorm. Ul-lochlin's ([18]) nightly eye looked in, and ſaw the toſſing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful, the brothers frowned. Their flaming eyes, in ſilence, met. They turned away. They ſtruck their ſhields. Their hands were trembling on their

ſwords. They ruſhed into the ſtrife of heroes, for long-haired Strina-dona.

Corcul-Suran fell in blood. On his iſle, raged the ſtrength of his father. He turned Colgorm, from I-thorno, to wander on all the winds. In Crathmo-craulo's rocky field, he dwelt by a foreign ſtream. Nor darkened the king alone, that beam of light was near, the daughter of echoing Tormoth, white-armed Strina-dona ([19]).

CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Ossian, after ſome general reflections, deſcribes the ſituation of Fingal, and the poſition of the army of Lochlin. — The converſation of Starno and Swaran. — The epiſode of Cormantrunar and Foinar-bràgal. — Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran, to ſurprize Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refuſal, Starno undertakes the enterprize himſelf, is overcome, and taken priſoner, by Fingal. — He is diſmiſſed, after a ſevere reprimand for his cruelty.

CATH-LODA:

DUAN THIRD.

WHENCE is the ſtream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in miſt, their many-coloured ſides?

I look into the times of old, but they ſeem dim to Oſſian's eyes, like reflected moon-beams, on a diſtant lake. Here riſe the red beams of war! There, ſilent, dwells a feeble race! They mark no years with their deeds, as ſlow they paſs along. Dweller between the ſhields! thou that awakeſt the failing ſoul! deſcend from thy wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three! Come with that

which kindles the paſt: rear the forms of old, on their own dark-brown years!

(20) U-Thorno, hill of ſtorms, I behold my race on thy ſide. Fingal is bending, in night, over Duth-maruno's tomb. Near him are the ſteps of his heroes, hunters of the boar. By Turthor's ſtream the hoſt of Lochlin is deep in ſhades. The wrathful kings ſtood on two hills; they looked forward from their boſſy ſhields. They looked forward to the ſtars of night, red-wandering in the weſt. Cruth-loda bends from high, like a formleſs meteor in clouds. He ſends abroad the winds, and marks them, with his ſigns. Starno foreſaw, that Morven's king was not to yield in war.

He twice ſtruck the tree in wrath. He ruſhed before his ſon. He hummed a ſurly ſong; and heard his hair in wind. Turned (21) from one another, they ſtood, like two oaks, which different

winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and ſhakes its boughs in the courſe of blaſts.

"Annir," ſaid Starno of lakes, "was a fire that conſumed of old. He poured death from his eyes, along the ſtriving fields. His joy was in the fall of men. Blood to him, was a ſummer ſtream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own moſſy rock. He came forth to the lake Luth-cormo, to meet the tall Corman-trunar, he from Urlor of ſtreams, dweller of battle's wing."

"The chief of Urlor had come to Gormal, with his dark-boſomed ſhips. He ſaw the daughter of Annir, white-armed Foina-bràgal. He ſaw her! Nor careleſs rolled her eyes, on the rider of ſtormy waves. She fled to his ſhip in darkneſs, like a moon-beam thro' a nightly vale. Annir purſued along the deep; he called the winds of heaven. Nor alone was the king! Starno was

by his ſide. Like U-thorno's young eagle; I turned my eyes on my father.

We ruſhed into roaring Urlor. With his people came tall Corman-trunar. We fought; but the foe prevailed. In his wrath my father ſtood. He lopped the young trees, with his ſword. His eyes rolled red in his rage. I marked the ſoul of the king, and I retired in night. From the field I took a broken helmet: a ſhield that was pierced with ſteel: pointleſs was the ſpear in my hand. I went to find the foe.

On a rock ſat tall Corman-trunar, beſide his burning oak; and near him beneath a tree, ſat deep-boſomed Foina-brâgal. I threw my broken ſhield before her. I ſpoke the words of peace. "Beſide his rolling ſea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to raiſe his tomb. Me, a ſon of Loda, he ſends to white-handed Foina, to bid her ſend a lock

from her hair, to reſt with her father, in earth. And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle ceaſe, till Annir receive the ſhell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda.

(22) Burſting into tears, ſhe roſe, and tore a lock from her hair; a lock, which wandered, in the blaſt, along her heaving breaſt. Corman-trunar gave the ſhell; and bade me to rejoice before him. I reſted in the ſhade of night; and hid my face in my helmet deep. Sleep deſcended on the foe. I roſe, like a ſtalking ghoſt. I pierced the ſide of Corman-trunar. Nor did Foina-brâgal eſcape. She rolled her white boſom in blood.

Why then, daughter of heroes, didſt thou wake my rage?

Morning roſe. The foe were fled, like the departure of miſt. Annir ſtruck his boſſy ſhield. He called his dark-haired ſon. I came, ſtreaked with wandering blood: thrice roſe the ſhout of the king,

like the burſting forth of a ſquall of wind, from a cloud, by night. We rejoiced, three days, above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven. They came, from all their winds, to feaſt on Annir's foes. Swaran! Fingal is alone ([23]), on his hill of night. Let thy ſpear pierce the king in ſecret; like Annir, my ſoul ſhall rejoice.

"Son of Annir," ſaid Swaran, "I ſhall not ſlay in ſhades. I move forth in light: the hawks ruſh from all their winds. They are wont to trace my courſe: it is not harmleſs thro' war."

Burning roſe the rage of the king. He trice raiſed his gleaming ſpear. But, ſtarting, he ſpared his ſon; and ruſhed into the night. By Turthor's ſtream a cave is dark, the dwelling of Conbancarglas. There he laid the helmet of kings, and called the maid of Lulan; but ſhe was diſtant far, in Loda's reſounding hall.

Swelling in his rage, he ſtrode, to where Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his ſhield, on his own ſecret hill.

Stern hunter of ſhaggy boars! no feeble maid is laid before thee. No boy, on his ferny bed, by Turthor's murmuring ſtream. Here is ſpread the couch of the mighty, from which they riſe to deeds of death! Hunter of ſhaggy boars awaken not the terrible!

Starno came murmuring on. Fingal aroſe in arms. "Who art thou, ſon of night?" Silent he threw the ſpear. They mixed their gloomy ſtrife. The ſhield of Starno fell, cleft in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early beam aroſe. It was then Fingal beheld the king. He rolled a while his ſilent eyes. He thought of other days, when white-boſomed Agandecca moved like the muſic of ſongs. He looſed the thong from his hands. Son of Annir, he ſaid, retire.

Retire to Gormal of ſhells; a beam that was ſet returns. I remember thy white-boſomed daughter; dreadful king away! Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely! Let the ſtranger ſhun thee, thou gloomy in the hall!

A tale of the times of old!

COMÁLA:

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is valuable on account of the light it throws on the antiquity of Offian's compofitions. The Caracul mentioned here is the fame with Caracalla the fon of Severus, who in the year 211 commanded an expedition againft the Caledonians. The variety of the meafure fhews that the poem was originally fet to mufic, and perhaps prefented before the chiefs upon folemn occafions. Tradition has handed down the ftory more complete than it is in the poem. "Comála, the daughter of Sarno king of Inifore or Orkney iflands, fell in love with Fingal the fon of Comhal at a feaft, 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 Comála 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.

COMÁLA:

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

The PERSONS.

FINGAL.	MELILCOMA,	daughters
HIDALLAN.	DERSAGRENA,	of Morni.
COMALA.	BARDS.	

DERSAGRENA.

THE chace 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, let our joy be great on Ardven.

MELILCOMA (24).

Night comes apace, thou blue-eyed maid! grey 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 branching horns! the awful faces (25) of other times looked from the clouds of Crona!

DERSAGRENA (26).

Theſe are the ſigns of Fingal's death. The king of ſhields is fallen! and Caracul prevails. Riſe, Comála (27), from thy rock; daughter of Sarno, riſe in tears! The youth of thy love is low; his ghoſt is on our hills.

MELILCOMA.

There Comála ſits forlorn! two grey dogs near ſhake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek reſts upon her arm, the mountain wind is in her hair. She turns her blue eyes

toward the fields of his promiſe. Where art thou, O Fingal! the night is gathering around?

COMALA.

O Carun ([28]) of the ſtreams! why do I behold thy waters rolling in blood? Has the noiſe of the battle been heard; and ſleeps the king of Morven? Riſe, moon, thou daughter of the ſky! look from between thy clouds, riſe that I may behold the gleam of his ſteel, on the field of his promiſe. Or rather let the meteor, that lights our fathers through the night, come, with its red beam, to ſhew me the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me from ſorrow? Who from the love of Hidallan? Long ſhall Comála look before ſhe can behold Fingal in the midſt of his hoſt; bright as the coming forth of the morning, in the cloud of an early ſhower.

HIDALLAN ([29]).

Dwell, thou miſt of gloomy Crona,

dwell on the path of the king! Hide his ſteps from mine eyes, let me remember my friend no more. The bands of battle are ſcattered, no crowding tread is round the noiſe of his ſteel. O Carun! roll thy ſtreams of blood, the chief of the people is low.

COMALA.

Who fell on Carun's ſounding 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, her bluſhing cheek half hid in her locks! Blow, O gentle breeze! lift thou the heavy locks of the maid, that

I may behold her white arm, her lovely cheek in her grief.

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! They frighten not Comála; for Fingal is low. Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of the ſhields!

HIDALLAN.

The nations are ſcattered on their hills! they ſhall hear the voice of the king no more.

COMALA.

Confuſion purſue thee over thy plains! Ruin overtake thee, thou king of the world! Few be thy ſteps to thy grave; and let one virgin mourn thee! Let her be like Comála, 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, I

might have thought I ſaw him on the diſtant rock; a tree might have deceived me with his appearance; the wind of the hill might have been the ſound 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 Comála 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; the king of Morven is returned! Why didſt thou not tell me that he would fall, O trembling dweller of the rock (30)! Thou ſaweſt him in the blood of

his youth; but thou didſt not tell Comála!

MELILCOMA.

What ſound 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 Comála, the ſon of the king of the world! Ghoſt of Fingal! do thou, from thy cloud, direct Comála'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?

FINGAL.

Raiſe, ye bards, the ſong; raiſe the wars of the ſtreamy Carun! Caracul has fled from our 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, or was it the breeze of my hills? Is it the huntreſs of Ardven, the white-handed daughter of Sarno? Look from thy rocks, my love; let me hear the voice of Comála!

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 paſt, the ſun is on our fields. Come to the cave of my reſt, huntreſs of echoing Ardven!

COMALA.

He is returned with his fame! I feel the right hand of his wars! But I muſt reſt beſide the rock till my ſoul returns from my fear! O let the harp be near! raiſe the ſong, ye daughters of Morni!

DERSAGRENA.

Comála has ſlain three deer on Ardven, the fire aſcends on the rock; go

to the feaſt of Comála, king of the woody Morven!

FINGAL.

Raiſe, ye ſons of 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; the wings (31) 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; the ſhields hang in the hall. Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, our hands ſhall grow 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! Comála is no more!

FINGAL.

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

HIDALLAN.

Ceased the voice of the huntress of Ardven? 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, my foes shall not fall by thy sword (32). Lead me to the place of her rest that I may behold her beauty. Pale she lies at the rock, the cold winds lift her hair. Her bow-string sounds in the blast, her arrow was broken in her fall. Raise the praise of the

daughter of Sarno! give her name to the winds of heaven.

BARDS.

See! meteors gleam around the maid! See! moon-beams lift her ſoul! Around her, from their clouds, bend the awful faces of her fathers; Sarno (33) of the gloomy brow! the red-rolling eyes of Fidallan! When ſhall thy white hand ariſe? When ſhall thy voice be heard on our rocks? The maids ſhall ſeek thee on the heath, but they ſhall not find thee. Thou ſhalt come, at times, to their dreams, to ſettle peace in their ſoul. Thy voice ſhall remain in their ears, they ſhall think with joy on the dreams of their reſt. — Meteors gleam around the maid, and moon-beams lift her ſoul!

CARRIC-THURA:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, returning from an expedition which he had made into the Roman province, resolved to visit Cathulla king of Inistore, and brother to Comála, whose story is related, at large, in the preceding dramatic poem. 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.

CARRIC-THURA:

A

POEM.

HAST (34) 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 ſee thee lovely in thy ſleep; they ſhrink away with fear. Reſt, in thy ſhadowy cave, O ſun! let thy return be in joy.

But let a thouſand lights ariſe to the ſound of the harps of Selma: let the beam ſpread in the hall, the king of ſhells is returned! The ſtrife of Carun

is paſt (35), like ſounds that are no more. Raiſe the ſong, O bards! the king is returned, with his fame!

Such were the words of Ullin, when Fingal returned from war: when he returned in the fair bluſhing of youth, with all his heavy locks. His blue arms were on the hero; like a light 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 me 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 rears its green head. Sing on, O bards! to-morrow 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; the sound of the chace shall arise!

Cronnan (36), son of the song! said Ullin, Minona, graceful at the harp! raise the tale of Shilric, to please the king of Morven. Let Vinvela come in her beauty, like the showery bow, when it shews its lovely head on the lake, and the setting sun is bright. 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 grey 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 to the wind, the mist flies over

the hill. I will approach my love unseen; I will behold him from the rock. Lovely I saw thee first by the aged oak of Branno (37); 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 (38), 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! 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 is far re-

moved; 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. Grey 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; alas! my Shilric will fall! What ſhall I do, my love! when thou art for ever gone? 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. Alas! my Shilric will fall; but I will remember Shilric.

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 (39), the chief of high Carmora (40)?

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 grey mossy stone; he thought Vinvela lived. He saw her fair moving (41) on the plain: but the bright form lasted not: the sunbeam 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. 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, O maid, over rocks, over mountains to me? She ſpeaks: but how weak her voice! like the breeze in the reeds of the lake.

"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 fell. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb."

She fleets, ſhe ſails away; as miſt before the wind! and, wilt thou not ſtay, Vinvela? 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, O talk with me, Vinvela! come on the light-winged gale! on the breeze of the deſert, 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; the winds came rustling from their hills. Inistore rose to fight, and Carric-thura's mossy towers! But the sign of distress was on their top: the warning 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 ([42]) of Loda, 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! 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 Chief diſtreſt.

The 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, on its wings was the ſpirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors (43), and ſhook his duſky ſpear. His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; his voice is like diſtant thunder. Fingal advanced his ſpear in night, 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, ſpirit of diſmal Loda? Weak is thy ſhield of clouds: feeble is that meteor, thy ſword! The blaſt rolls them together; and thou thyſelf art loſt. 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 brave. 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 in thy pleaſant fields, ſaid the king: 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 diſmal Loda? Why then doſt thou frown on me? why ſhake thine airy ſpear? Thou frowneſt in vain: I never fled from the mighty in war. 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! He bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his ſword; the blade of dark-brown Luno (44). The gleaming path of the ſteel winds thro' the gloomy ghoſt. The form fell ſhape-

less 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 friends of Fingal started, at once; and took their heavy spears. They missed the king: they rose in rage; all their arms resound!

The moon came forth in the east. Fingal returned in the gleam of his arms. The joy of his youth 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.

But Frothal, Sora's wrathful 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 him in war. When Annir reigned (45) in Sora, the father of ſea-borne Frothal, a ſtorm aroſe 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 flame of youth, and ruſhed to ſeize the white-armed maid. Cathulla met the chief. The gloomy battle roſe. Frothal was 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 (46) 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 deſert, 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 deeds are well known in Lochlin; the blood of his foes is in Starno's halls. Shall I aſk the peace (47) of kings? His ſword is the bolt of heaven!"

Son of the feeble hand, ſaid Frothal, ſhall my days begin in a cloud? Shall I yield before I have conquered, chief of ſtreamy Tora? The people would ſay in Sora, Frothal flew forth like a meteor; but a darkneſs has met him; and his fame is no more. No: Thubar, I will never yield; my fame ſhall ſurround me like light. No: I will never yield, chief 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 ſafely fly; the ſpear of the king purſued their ſteps. The field is covered with heroes. A riſing hill preſerved the foe.

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 are fled. My fame has ceaſed to ariſe. 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 ſoft-rolling eyes. She feared the low-laid Comála; her ſecret ſighs roſe, when I ſpread the ſail. Tell to Utha of harps, that my ſoul delighted in her!

Such were his words, reſolved to

fight. The ſoft ſigh of Utha was near! She had followed her hero, in the armour of a man. She rolled her eye on the youth, in ſecret, from beneath her ſteel. She ſaw the bard as he went; the ſpear fell thrice from her hand! Her looſe hair flew on the wind. Her white breaſt roſe, with ſighs. She raiſed 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 his ſteel. They mixed their deathful ſpears: They raiſed the gleam of their arms. But the ſword 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 fight; 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 by thy native ſtreams. Let the maids of thy love be glad. Why ſhouldſt thou fall in thy youth, king of ſtreamy Sora?" Frothal heard the words of Fingal, and ſaw the riſing maid: they (48) 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 warrior low? But he was

low before the mighty, maid of the flow-rolling eye! The feeble did not overcome the fon of car-borne Annir! Terrible art thou, O king of Morven! in battles of the fpear. But, in peace, thou art like the fun, when he looks thro' a filent fhower: the flowers lift their fair heads before him; the gales fhake their ruftling wings. O that thou wert in Sora! that my feaft were fpread! The future kings of Sora would fee 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 fhall be heard! When chiefs are ftrcng in war, then does the fong arife! But if their fwords are ftretched over the feeble: if the blood of the weak has ftained their arms; the bard fhall forget them in the fong, and their tombs fhall not be known. The ftranger fhall come and build there, and

remove the heaped-up earth. An half-worn ſword ſhall riſe before him; bending above it, he will ſay, "Theſe are the arms of the chiefs of old, but their names are not in ſong." Come thou, O Frothal! to the feaſt of Iniſtore; let the maid of thy love be there; let our faces brighten with joy!

Fingal took his ſpear, moving in the ſteps of his might. The gates of Carric-thura are opened wide. The feaſt of ſhells is ſpread. The ſoft ſound 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 (49) Crimora ſpoke. Crimora the daughter of Rinval, who dwelt at Lotha's (50) roaring ſtream! The tale was long, but lovely; and pleaſed the bluſhing Utha.

CRIMORA (51).

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 (52)? It is my love in the light of ſteel; but ſad is his darkened brow! Live the mighty race of Fingal? or what darkens in Connal's ſoul (53)?

CONNAL.

They live. They return from the chace, like a ſtream of light. The ſun is on their ſhields. Like a ridge of fire they deſcend the hill. Loud is the voice of the youth! the war, my love, is near! To-morrow the dreadful 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 grey miſt on the dark-brown wave. They ſlowly

came to land. Connal, many are the warriors of Dargo!

CONNAL.

Bring me thy father's ſhield; the boſſy, iron ſhield of Rinval; that ſhield like the full-orbed moon, when ſhe 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 I may! But raiſe my tomb, Crimora! Grey ſtones, a mound of earth, ſhall ſend my name to other times. Bend thy red eye over my grave, 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 here remain. Raiſe my tomb, Crimora!

CRIMORA.

Then give me thoſe arms that gleam; that ſword, and that ſpear of ſteel. I ſhall meet Dargo with Connal, and aid him in the fight. 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; 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, he took the ſoftly-trembling harp: the ſong was lovely, but ſad, and ſilence was in Carric-thura.

Autumn is dark on the mountains; grey miſt reſts on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through rhe 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 departed, when the muſing hunter alone ſtalks ſlowly over the heath.

Who can reach the ſource of thy race, O Connal! who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its loſty head. But now it is torn from the earth. Who ſhall ſupply the place of Connal? Here was the din of arms; 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, darkening in his rage. His brows were gathered into wrath. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side; loud 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 she 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 their rest, said Utha, hapless children of streamy Lotha! I will remember them with tears, and my secret song shall rise; when the wind is in the groves of Tora, when the stream is roaring near. Then shall they come on my soul, with all their lovely grief!

Three days feasted the kings: on the fourth their white sails arose. The winds of the north drove Fingal to Morven's woody land. But the spirit of Loda sat, in his cloud, behind the ships of Frothal. He hung forward with all his blasts, and spread the white-bosomed sails. The wounds of his form were not forgot; he still feared (54) the hand of the king!

CARTHON:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is complete, 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, Cleſsámmor 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 Reuthámir, 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 Reuthámir's houſe, and behaved haughtily

towards Cleſsámmor. A quarrel enſued, in which Reuda was killed; the Britons, who attended him, preſſed ſo hard on Cleſsámmor, 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. — Reuthámir named the child Carthon, *i.e. the murmur of waves*, from the ſtorm which carried off Cleſsámmor his father, who was ſuppoſed to have been caſt away. When Carthon was three years old, Comhal the father of Fingal, in one 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 Cleſsámmor, 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 Toſcar.

CARTHON:

A

POEM.

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 pines bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and ſhakes its white head in the breeze. The thiſtle is there alone, ſhedding 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 a dim ghoſt ſtanding there (55). 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; 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 (56), the king of mighty deeds! He beholds his hills with joy, he 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; he takes

his father's ſword. Ye have fled over your fields, ſons of the diſtant land!"

Such were the words of the bards, when they came to Selma's halls. A thouſand lights (57) from the ſtranger's land roſe, in the midſt of the people. The feaſt is ſpread around; the night paſſed away in joy. Where is the noble Cleſsámmor (58), ſaid the fair-haired Fingal? Where is the brother of Morna, in the hour of my joy? Sullen and dark he paſſes his days in the vale of echoing 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 Cleſsámmor, why ſo long from Selma?

Returns the chief, ſaid Cleſsámmor, 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 times of our war? My hair is mixed with grey. My hand forgets to bend the bow: I lift a lighter ſpear. O that my joy would return, as when I firſt beheld the maid; the white-boſomed daughter of ſtrangers, Moina (59), 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 Cleſsámmor. 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 Cleſsámmor, "I came, in my bounding ſhip, to Balclutha's (60) walls of towers. The winds had roared behind my ſails, and Clutha's (61) ſtreams received my dark-boſomed ſhip. Three days I remained in Reu-

thámir's halls, and ſaw his daughter, that beam of light. 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: 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; he often half-unſheathed his ſword. Where, ſaid he, is the mighty Comhal, the reſtleſs wanderer (62) of the heath? Comes he, with his hoſt, to Balclutha, ſince Cleſsámmor is ſo bold? 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 Cleſsámmor 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; 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 looſe hair flew on the wind; and I heard her mournful, diſtant 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 (63), ye bards, ſaid the mighty Fingal, the praiſe of unhappy Moina. Call her ghoſt, with your ſongs, to our hills; that ſhe may reſt with the fair of Morven, the ſun-beams of other days, 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 its 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 battle; my name in the ſong of bards. Raiſe the ſong; ſend round the ſhell: 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 harps on the gale of the ſpring. Lovely were thy thougths, O Fingal! why had not Oſſian the ſtrength of thy

ſoul? But thou ſtandeſt alone, my father! who can equal the king of Selma?

The night paſſed away in ſong; morning returned in joy. — The mountains ſhewed their grey heads; the blue face of ocean ſmiled. The white wave is ſeen tumbling round the diſtant rock; a miſt roſe, 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 ſight; he fore-ſaw 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 battle in his face: the death of armies on his ſpear. A thouſand ſhields, at once, are placed on their arms; they

drew a thouſand ſwords. The hall of Selma brightened around. The clang of arms aſcends. The grey 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; 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, each gird on his father's ſword. Let the dark helmet riſe on every head; the mail pour its lightning from every ſide. The battle gathers like a ſtorm; 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 the youth, and looked towards the sea with fear. The white wave deceived them for distant sails; 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; stately strode the king of spears. He moved towards Selma; his thousands moved behind.

Go, with a song of peace, said Fingal; go, Ullin, to the king of swords. Tell him that we are mighty in war; that the ghosts of our foes are many. But renowned are they who have feasted in my halls! they shew the arms (64) 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 hoſt.

Ullin went with his ſong. Fingal reſted on his ſpear: he ſaw the mighty foe in his armour: he bleſt the ſtranger's ſon. "How ſtately art thou, ſon of the ſea! ſaid the king of woody Morven. Thy ſword is a beam of fire by thy ſide: thy ſpear is a pine 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, looking 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 who ſleeps in Morven!"

Such were the words of the king, when Ullin came to the mighty Carthon; he threw down the ſpear before him; he raiſed the ſong of peace. "Come to the feaſt of Fingal, Carthon, from the rolling ſea! partake of 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 weak 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 battle; my renown is known afar. Go to the feeble in arms, 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 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; the crowded pride of his ſoul

arose. Sidelong he looked up to the hill, where our heroes shone in arms; the spear trembled in his hand: bending forward, he seemed to threaten the king.

Shall I, said Fingal to his soul, meet, at once, the youth? 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 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 war. If he overcomes, I rush, in my strength, like the roaring stream of Cona. Who, of my chiefs, will meet the son of the rolling sea? Many are his warriors on the coast: and strong is his ashen spear!

Cathul (65) rose, in his strength, the son of the mighty Lormar: three hun-

dred youths attend the chief, the race (66) of his native ſtreams. Feeble was his arm againſt Carthon, he fell; and his heroes fled. Connal (67) reſumed the battle, but he broke his heavy ſpear: he lay bound on the field: Carthon purſued his people.

Cleſsámmor! ſaid the king (68) 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, companion of valiant Comhal! Let the youth of Balclutha feel the ſtrength of Morven's race. He roſe in the ſtrength of his ſteel, ſhaking his grizly locks. He fitted the ſhield to his ſide; he ruſhed, in the pride of valour.

Carthon ſtood on a rock; he ſaw the hero ruſhing on. He loved the dreadful joy of his face: 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 huſband of Moina; the father of carborne 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, 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 ſame of my ſword ſhould'ſt thou fall?

It will be great, thou ſon of pride! begun the tall Cleſsámmor. I have been

renowned in battle; but I never told my name (69) to a foe. Yield to me, son of the wave, then shalt thou 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 war; I behold my future fame. Despise me not, thou chief of men! my arm, my spear is strong. Retire among thy friends, let younger heroes fight." Why dost thou wound my soul, replied Clessámmor with a tear? Age does not tremble on my hand; I still can lift the sword. Shall I fly in Fingal's sight; in the sight of him I love? 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; he still thought that the foe was the spouse of Moina. He broke Clessámmor's beamy spear in twain: he 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 Cleſsámmor low: he moved in the ſound of his ſteel. The hoſt ſtood ſilent, in his preſence; they turned their eyes to the king. He came, like the ſullen noiſe of a ſtorm, before the winds ariſe: the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock. Carthon ſtood in his place: the blood is ruſhing down his ſide: he ſaw the coming down of the king; his hopes of fame aroſe (70); 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 hills; ſtrong as a river, in his courſe: ſwift as the eagle of heaven. O that I had fought with the king; that my fame might be great in 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 weak."

But thou ſhalt not die unknown, replied the king of woody Morven: my bards are many, O Carthon! their ſongs deſcend to future times. The children of years to come ſhall hear the fame of Carthon; when they ſit round the burning oak (71), and the night is ſpent in 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 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 in Morven. The battle ceaſed along the field, the bard had ſung the ſong of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon; they heard his words, with ſighs. Silent they leaned on their ſpears, while Balclutha's hero ſpoke. His hair ſighed in the wind, and his voice was ſad and low.

"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. Darkneſs dwells in Balclutha: 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 Cleſsámmor: he fell, in ſilence, on his ſon. The hoſt ſtood darkened around: no voice is on the plain. Night came, 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; 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 commanded 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 ſullen ghoſt of Morven! But there he lies a goodly oak, which ſudden blaſts overturned! When ſhalt thou riſe, Balclutha's joy? When, Carthon, ſhalt thou ariſe? 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: Oſſian often joined their voice; and added to their ſong. My ſoul has been mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his youth: and thou, O Cleſs-

ámmor! where is thy dwelling in the wind? Has the youth forgot his wound? Flies he, on 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; 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 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, 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.

OINA-MORUL:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

After an addreſs to Malvina, the daughter of Toſcar, Oſſian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an iſland of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard preſſed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-dronlo, (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage) Fingal ſent Oſſian to his aid. Oſſian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him priſoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Oſſian; but he, diſcovering her paſſion for Ton-thormod, generouſly ſurrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

OINA-MORUL:

A

POEM.

As flies the unconſtant ſun, over Larmon's graſſy hill; ſo paſs the tales of old, along my ſoul, by night! When bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Oſſian, and awakes his ſoul! It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me, with all their deeds! I ſeize the tales, as they paſs, and pour them forth in ſong. Nor a troubled ſtream is the ſong of the king, it is like the riſing of muſic from Lutha

of the ſtrings. Lutha of many ſtrings, not ſilent are thy ſtreamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp! Light of the ſhadowy thoughts, that fly acroſs my ſoul, daughter of Toſcar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the ſong! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin (72), on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My courſe was towards the iſle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of ſeas! Fingal had ſent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met, at the feaſt.

In Col-coiled, I bound my ſails; I ſent my ſword to Mal-orchol of ſhells. He knew the ſignal of Albion, and his joy aroſe. He came from his own high hall, and ſeized my hand in grief "Why comes the race of heroes to a

falling king? Ton-thormod of many ſpears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He ſaw and loved my daughter, white-boſomed Oina-morul. He ſought; I denied the maid; for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuärfed; my people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?

I come not, I ſaid, to look, like a boy, on the ſtrife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for ſtrangers. From his waves, the warrior deſcended on thy woody iſle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feaſt was ſpread with ſongs. For this my ſword ſhall riſe; and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, tho' diſtant is our land.

"Deſcendant of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he ſpeaks, from his parting cloud, ſtrong dweller of the ſky! Many

have rejoiced at my feaſt; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds; but no white ſails were ſeen. But ſteel (73) reſounds in my hall; and not the joyful ſhells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes! dark-ſkirted night is near. Hear the voice of ſongs, from the maid of Fuärfed wild.

We went. On the harp aroſe the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own ſad tale, from every trembling ſtring. I ſtood in ſilence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many iſles! Her eyes were two ſtars, looking forward thro' a ruſhing ſhower. The mariner marks them on high, and bleſſes the lovely beams. With morning we ruſhed to battle, to Tormul's reſounding ſtream: the foe moved to the ſound of Ton-thormod's boſſy ſhield. From wing to wing the ſtrife was mixed. I met Ton-thormod in fight. Wide flew his broken

ſteel. I ſeized the king in war. I gave his hand, bound faſt with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of ſhells. Joy roſe at the feaſt of Fuärfed, for the foe had failed. — Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of iſles!

Son of Fingal, begun Mal-orchol, not forgot ſhalt thou paſs from me. A light ſhall dwell in thy ſhip, Oina-morul of ſlow-rolling eyes. She ſhall kindle gladneſs, along thy mighty ſoul. Nor unheeded ſhall the maid move in Selma, thro' the dwelling of kings!

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-cloſed in ſleep. Soft muſic came to mine ear: it was like the riſing breeze, that whirls, at firſt, the thiſtle's beard; then flies, dark-ſhadowy, over the graſs. It was the maid of Fuärfed wild! ſhe raiſed the nightly ſong; ſhe knew that my ſoul was a ſtream, that flowed at pleaſant ſounds. "Who looks," ſhe ſaid, "from his rock, on ocean's

closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief! The tears are in his eyes! His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul! Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Tho' the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod love of maids!"

"Soft voice of the streamy isle," I said, "why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander, by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul! Within this bosom is a voice: it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless, in their hour of woe. Retire, soft singer by night! Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock!"

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol

heard my words, in the midſt of his echoing halls. "King of Fuärſed wild, why ſhould Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghoſts rejoice in death. They ſtretch their hands of miſt to the ſame ſhell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors! it was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Oſſian, while yet his locks were young: tho' loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many iſles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

COLNA-DONA:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL dispatches Ossian and Toscar, the son of Conloch and father of Malvina, to raise a stone, on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feast. They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamoured of Toscar. An incident, at a hunting party, brings their loves to a happy issue.

COLNA-DONA:

A

POEM.

COL-AMON (74) of troubled ſtreams, dark wanderer of diſtant vales, I behold thy courſe, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls! There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling ſtars; her arms were white as the foam of ſtreams. Her breaſt roſe ſlowly to ſight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her ſoul was a ſtream of light. Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona (75) of the ſtreams, Toſcar of graſſy Lutha, and Oſſian, young in fields. Three bards attended

with ſongs. Three boſſy ſhields were borne before us: for we were to rear the ſtone, in memory of the paſt. By Crona's moſſy courſe, Fingal had ſcattered his foes: he had rolled away the ſtrangers, like a troubled ſea. We came to the place of renown: from the mountains deſcended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raiſed a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for, at the ſame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

I took a ſtone from the ſtream, amidſt the ſong of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. — Beneath, I placed, at intervals, three boſſes from the ſhields of foes, as roſe or fell the ſound of Ullin's nightly ſong. Toſcar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of ſounding ſteel. We raiſed the mould around the ſtone, and bade it ſpeak to other years.

Oozy daughter of ſtreams, that now art reared on high, ſpeak to the feeble, O ſtone! after Selma's race have failed! Prone, from the ſtormy night, the traveller ſhall lay him, by thy ſide: thy whiſtling moſs ſhall ſound in his dreams; the years that were paſt ſhall return. Battles riſe before him, blue-ſhielded kings deſcend to war: the darkened moon looks from heaven, on the troubled field. He ſhall burſt, with morning, from dreams, and ſee the tombs of warriors round. He ſhall aſk about the ſtone, and the aged ſhall reply, "This grey ſtone was raiſed by Oſſian, a chief of other years."

From Col-amon (76) came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of ſtrangers. He bade us to the feaſt of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks,

when he beheld the ſons of his friends, like two young branches before him.

"Sons of the mighty," he ſaid, "ye bring back the days of old, when firſt I deſcended from waves, on Selma's ſtreamy vale! I purſued Duthmocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled, along the ſea, and my ſails were ſpread behind him. Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-boſomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feaſted three days in the hall, and ſaw the blue eyes of Erin, Ros-crana, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. Nor forgot did my ſteps depart: the kings gave their ſhields to Car-ul: they hang, on high, in Colamon, in memory of the paſt. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old!"

Car-ul kindled the oak of feafts. He took two boffes from our fhields. He laid them in earth, beneath a ftone, to fpeak to the hero's race. "When battle," faid the king, "fhall roar, and our fons are to meet in wrath. My race fhall look, perhaps, on this ftone, when they prepare the fpear. Have not our fathers met in peace, they will fay, and lay afide the fhield?"

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arofe the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. Tofcar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled foul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it burfts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy fide of a wave (77).

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With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of the

roes. They fell by their wonted ſtreams. We returned thro' Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a ſhield and pointleſs ſpear. "Whence, ſaid Toſcar of Lutha, is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

"By Col-amon of ſtreams," ſaid the youth, "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her courſe is now in deſerts, with the ſon of the king; he that ſeized with love her ſoul as it wandered thro' the hall." "Stranger of tales," ſaid Toſcar, "haſt thou marked the warrior's courſe? He muſt fall, give thou that boſſy ſhield!" In wrath he took the ſhield. Fair behind it roſe the breaſts of a maid, white as the boſom of a ſwan, riſing graceful on ſwift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king! Her blue eyes had rolled on Toſcar, and her love aroſe!

OITHÓNA:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

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 Nuäth, the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithóna. The lady was no leſs enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the mean time Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, ſent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promiſing to Oithóna to return, if he ſurvived the war, by a certain day. Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuäth in his wars, and Oithóna 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, Oithóna, 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 Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithóna 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 Oithóna 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 Oithóna.

OITHÓNA:

A

POEM.

DARKNESS dwells around Dunlathmon, though the moon ſhews half her face on the hill. The daughter of night turns her eyes away; ſhe beholds the approaching grief. The ſon of Morni is on the plain: there is no ſound in the hall. No long-ſtreaming beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. — The voice of Oithóna (78) 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 forth 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; the murmur of night was abroad. Sad and ſilent, at a rock, the ſon of Morni ſat: his ſoul trembled for the maid; but he knew not whither to turn his courſe! The ſon (79) 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 chiefs. The viſions of night aroſe. Oithóna ſtood, in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's ſon. Her hair was looſe and diſordered: her lovely eye rolled deep 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 feebly heard. "Sleeps the ſon of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithóna? Sleeps Gaul at the diſtant rock, and the daughter of Nuäth low? The ſea rolls round the dark iſle of Tromáthon. I ſit in my tears in the cave! Nor do I ſit alone, O Gaul! the dark chief of Cuthal is there. He is there in the rage of his love. What can Oithóna do?"

A rougher blaſt ruſhed through the oak. The dream of night departed. — Gaul took his aſpen ſpear. He ſtood in the rage of his ſoul. Often did his eyes turn to the eaſt. He accuſed the lagging

light. At length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up the ſail. The winds came ruſtling from the hill; he bounded on the waves of the deep. On the third day aroſe Tromáthon (80), like a blue ſhield in the midſt of the ſea. The white wave roared againſt its rocks; ſad Oithóna ſat on the coaſt! She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears came down. 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; thrice 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? 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 car-borne

Nuäth! Is the foe of Oithóna near? My ſoul burns to meet him in fight. The ſword trembles by the ſide of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand. Speak, daughter of Nuäth! doſt thou not behold my tears?"

"Young chief of Strumon," replied the 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 vaniſh in my youth; my name ſhall not be heard. Or it will be heard with grief; the tears of Nuäth muſt fall. Thou wilt be ſad, ſon of Morni! for the departed fame of Oithóna. But ſhe ſhall ſleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner. Why didſt thou come, chief of Stru-

mon! to the ſea-beat rocks of Tromáthon?"

"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! Oithóna! when Gaul is low, raiſe my tomb on that oozy rock. When the dark-bounding ſhip ſhall paſs, call the ſons of the ſea! call them, and give this ſword, to bear it hence to Morni's hall. The grey-haired chief will then ceaſe to look towards the deſert, for the return of his ſon!"

"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 Oithóna on earth. We ſhall wither together, ſon of car-

borne Morni! The narrow houſe is pleaſant to me, and the grey ſtone of the dead: for never more will I leave thy rocks, O ſea-ſurrounded Tromáthon! Night ([81]) 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 Duthormoth. Night came on. 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. 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 Oithóna fell by the gloomy chief! What could I do? My arm was weak. I could not lift the ſpear. He took me in my grief, amidſt my tears he raiſed the ſail. He feared the returning Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithóna! 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 thy foe!"

"My ſteps never turned from battle," Gaul ſaid, and unſheathed his ſword. "Shall I then begin to fear, Oithóna! when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, my love, till our battle ceaſe on the field. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers! the ſounding quiver of Morni! Let our three warriors bend the yew. Ourſelves will lift the ſpear. They are an hoſt on the rock! our ſouls are ſtrong in war!"

Oithóna went to the cave. A troubled joy roſe on her mind, like the red path of lightning on a ſtormy cloud! Her ſoul was reſolved; the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. Dunrommath ſlowly approached. He ſaw the ſon of Morni. Contempt contracted his face, a ſmile is on his dark-brown

cheek; his red eye rolled, half-concealed, beneath his ſhaggy brows!

"Whence are the ſons of the ſea?" begun the gloomy chief. "Have the winds driven you on the rocks of Tromáthon? Or come you in ſearch of the white-handed maid? The ſons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath! His eye ſpares not the weak; he delights in the blood of ſtrangers. Oithóna 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 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; 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 troubled deep. Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithóna. He beheld a youth leaning on a rock. An arrow had pierced his ſide; his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet. The ſoul of Morni's ſon was 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 brave, 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. Thou art fallen in thy youth!"

"My fathers," replied the ſtranger, "were of the race 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 pines. Thou mayſt behold it far diſtant. There my brother dwells. He is renowned in battle: give him this glittering helm."

The helmet fell from the hand of Gaul. It was the wounded Oithóna! She had armed herſelf in the cave, and came in ſearch of death. Her heavy

eyes are half clofed; the blood pours from her heaving fide. "Son of Morni!" fhe faid, "prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep grows, like darknefs, on my foul. The eyes of Oithóna are dim! O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; the virgins would then blefs my fteps. But I fall in youth, fon of Morni! my father fhall blufh in his hall!"

She fell pale on the rock of Tromáthon. He came to Morven; we faw the darknefs of his foul. Offian took the harp in the praife of Oithóna. The brightnefs of the face of Gaul returned. But his figh rofe, at times, in the midft of his friends; like blafts that fhake their unfrequent wings, after the ftormy winds are laid!

C R O M A:

A

P O E M.

ARGUMENT.

MALVINA the daughter of Toſcar is overheard by Oſſian lamenting the death of Oſcar 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.

C R O M A:

A

P O E M.

"IT was the voice of my love! ſeldom art thou, in the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy halls, O fathers of Toſcar of ſhields! Unfold the gates of your clouds: the ſteps of Malvina 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 face of the lake? Thy ruſtling wing was in the tree; the dream of Malvina fled. But ſhe beheld her love, when his robe of miſt flew on the wind. A ſun-beam was on his ſkirts,

they glittered like the gold of the ſtranger. It was the voice of my love! ſeldom comes he to my dreams!"

"But thou dwelleſt in the ſoul of Malvina, ſon of mighty Oſſian! My ſighs ariſe 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 deſert, and laid my green head low. The ſpring returned with its ſhowers; no leaf of mine aroſe! The virgins ſaw me ſilent in the hall; 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 Oſſian's ear, daughter of ſtreamy Lutha! Thou haſt

heard the mufic of departed bards, in the dream of thy reft, when fleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth (82). When thou didft return from the chace, in the day of the fun, thou haft heard the mufic of bards, and thy fong is lovely! It is lovely, O Malvina! but it melts the foul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breaft of the fad. But forrow waftes the mournful, O daughter of Tofcar! and their days are few! They fall away, like the flower on which the fun hath looked in his ftrength after the mildew has paffed over it, when 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 raifed my fails, and rufhed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's founding bay in lovely Inisfail (83). — High on the coaft

arose the towers of Crothar king of spears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar had raised the sword against the hero; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in war, for the chief of Croma was the friend of his youth. I sent the bard before me with songs. I came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the chief amidst the arms of his fathers, but his eyes had failed. His grey 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 men! but Crothar had also his fame.

The king of Morven praiſed me; he placed on my arm the boſſy ſhield of Calthar, whom the king had ſlain in his wars. 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 felt it with his aged hands. The ſigh roſe in his breaſt, and his tears came down. "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 hall be ſpread; and let my bards exalt the ſong. Great is he that is within my walls, ye 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 ſorrow ſwelled in the midſt of his voice.

"Son of Fingal! behold'ſt thou not the darkneſs of Crothar's joy? My ſoul was not ſad at the feaſt, when my people lived before me. I rejoiced in the preſence of ſtrangers, when my ſon ſhone in the hall. But, Oſſian, he is a beam that is departed. He left no ſtreak of light behind. He is fallen, ſon of Fingal! in the wars of his father. Rothmar the chief of graſſy Tromlo heard that theſe 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 my wrath, but what could ſightleſs 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 re-

turned from the chace; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo ([84]). 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 my ſtrength; I have drawn the ſword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the ſons of Croma: let me meet him, O my father! I feel my burning ſoul!" And thou ſhalt meet him, I ſaid, ſon of the ſightleſs 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. Rothmar advances to Croma. He who ſlew my

ſon is near, with all his pointed ſpears."

This is no time to fill the ſhell, I replied, and took my ſpear! My people ſaw the fire of my eyes; they all aroſe around. Through night we ſtrode along the heath. Grey morning roſe in the eaſt. A green narrow vale appeared before us; nor wanting was its winding 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 over all his thoughts.

The people gather to the hall. The ſhells of the feaſt are heard. Ten harps are ſtrung; five bards advance, and ſing, by turns (85), the praiſe of Oſſian; they poured forth their burning ſouls, and the ſtring anſwered to their voice.

The joy of Croma was great: for peace returned to the land. The night came on with ſilence; the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkneſs, with his glittering ſpear. The joy of Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar had fallen!

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 Oſſian. "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 ſong; the young

tear of the virgin will fall. But the aged wither away, by degrees, the fame of their youth, while yet they live, is all forgot. They fall in ſecret. The ſigh of their ſon is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; the ſtone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is around them!"

CALTHON

AND

COLMAL:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS piece, as many more of Offian's compofitions, is addreffed to one of the firft Chriftian miffionaries. The ftory 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, Dunthalmo, lord of Teutha, fuppofed to be the Tweed; and Rathmor, who dwelt at Clutha, well known to be the river Clyde. Rathmor was not more renowned for his generofity and hofpitality, than Dunthalmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition. Dunthalmo, through envy, or on account of fome private feuds, which fubfifted between the families, murdered Cathmore at a feaft; but being afterwards touched with remorfe, he

educated the two ſons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own houſe. They growing up to man's eſtate, dropped ſome hints that they intended to revenge the death of their father, upon which Dunthalmo ſhut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off privately. Colmal, the daughter of Dunthalmo, 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 Dunthalmo. Fingal ſent Oſſian with three hundred men to Colmar's relief. Dunthalmo having previouſly murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Oſſian; but he was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated.

Calthon married Colmal, his deliverer; and Oſſian returned to Morven.

CALTHON

AND

COLMAL:

A

POEM.

PLEASANT is the voice of thy ſong, thou lonely dweller of the rock! It comes on the ſound 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 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 ſtaff; 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 ſhut, his feaſt was always ſpread. The ſons of the ſtranger came. They bleſſed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raiſed the ſong, and

touched the harp: joy brightened on the face of the ſad! 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; the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where his feaſt was often ſpread for ſtrangers.

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; their burſting tears deſcend. The ſoul of Dunthalmo melted, when he ſaw the children of youth. He brought them to Alteutha's ([86]) walls; they grew in the houſe of their foe. They bent the bow in his preſence; and came forth to his wars. They ſaw the fallen walls of their fathers; they ſaw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears ruſhed forth in ſecret. At times, their faces were ſad.

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 (87). 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 looks wildly through her tears. She came, by night, to the hall (88). She 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 (89), 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 aroſe. Ariſe, ſon of Rathmor, ariſe, the night is dark!" "Bleſt voice!" replied the chief, "comeſt thou from the clouds to Calthon? The ghoſts of his fathers have often deſcended in his 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 ſhall I fly to Fingal, and Colmar my brother low? Will I fly to Morven, and the hero cloſed in night? No: give

me that ſpear, ſon of Lamgal, Calthon will defend his brother!"

"A thouſand warriors", 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 war. 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. Ariſe, or thy ſteps may be ſeen, and thou muſt fall in youth!"

The ſighing 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 covered her lovely face. Her boſom heaved 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 of ſhells. 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; the joy of battle roſe in my breaſt: for the king ſpoke to Oſſian in the midſt of a thouſand chiefs.

"Son of my ſtrength," began the king, "take thou the ſpear of Fingal. Go to Teutha's ruſhing 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 war; but mild when the foe is low! It was thus my fame aroſe, O my ſon! 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.

I took my rattling arms. Diaran (90) rose at my side, and Dargo (91) king of spears. 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 singed 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 stately. His eye

is on his friends; for we ſtood, in our arms, whilſt Teutha's waters rolled between. Dunthalmo came with his ſpear, and pierced the hero's ſide: he rolled on the bank in his blood. We heard his broken ſighs. Calton 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 warlike chief. Now half the night had paſſed away. Silence and

darkneſs were on the field. Sleep refted 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 bent 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? Purſued we not 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; 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.— 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; 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 Dunthalmo. 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 was not fallen before them. Their strength was like the eagles of heaven; their renown is in the song. But our people fall by degrees. Our fame begins to depart. What shall the king of Morven say, if Ossian conquers

not at Teutha? Rife in your fteel, ye warriors! follow the found of Offian's courfe. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma."

Morning rofe on the blue waters of Teutha. Colmal ftood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: thrice the fpear fell from her hand. My wrath turned againft the ftranger; for my foul trembled for Calthon. "Son of the feeble hand!" I faid, "do Teutha's warriors fight with tears? The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the figh in the foul of war. Go to the deer of Carmun, to the lowing herds of Teutha. But leave thefe arms, thou fon of fear! A warrior may lift them in fight."

I tore the mail from her fhoulders. Her fnowy breaft appeared. She bent her blufhing face to the ground. I looked in filence to the chiefs. The fpear fell from my hand; the figh of my bofom rofe! But when I heard the name of

the maid, my crowding tears rushed down. 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; their tombs are not found on the heath. — Years came on with their storms. The green mounds are mouldered away. Scarce is the grave of Dunthalmo seen, or the place where he fell by the spear of Ossian. Some grey warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my deeds to his sons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalmo. The faces of youth bend sidelong towards his voice. Surprize and joy burn in their eyes! I found Calthon bound to an oak; my sword cut the thongs from his hands. I gave him the white-bosomed Colmal. They dwelt in the halls of Teutha.

THE
WAR OF CAROS:
A
POEM.

ARGUMENT.

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.

THE WAR OF CAROS:

A POEM.

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 (92). 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 grey hair looſe on the wind. Surly joy lightens his face. He often looks back to Caros. It is Ryno (93) of ſongs, 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 (94) of his pride, bard of the times of old!" "He ſpreads them, Oſcar," replied the bard, but it is behind his gathered heap (95). He looks over his ſtones with fear. He beholds thee terrible, as the ghoſt of night, that rolls the wave to his ſhips!"

"Go, thou firſt of my bards!" ſays Oſcar, "take the ſpear of Fingal. Fix a flame on its point. 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; 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 ſongs. Oſcar 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. He ſtruck his flaming ſpear. — Come to the battle of Oſcar, O thou that ſitteſt on the rolling of waves! Fingal is diſtant far; he hears the ſongs of bards in Morven: the wind of his hall is in his hair. His terrible ſpear is at his ſide; his ſhield that is like the darkened moon! Come to the battle of Oſcar; the hero is alone!

He came not over the ſtreamy Carun (96). The bard returned with his ſong.

Grey night grows dim on Crona. The feaſt of ſhells is ſpread. A hundred oaks burn to the wind; faint light gleams over the heath. The ghoſts of Ardven paſs through the beam, and ſhew their dim and diſtant forms. Comála (97) is half unſeen on her meteor; Hidallan is ſullen 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; thy ghoſt has brightened in wind, when thou didſt bend from thy cloud, to hear the ſong of Morven's bard!" "And do thine eyes," ſaid Oſcar, "behold the chief, like the dim meteor of night? Say, Ryno, ſay, how fell Hidallan, the renowned in the days of my fathers? His name remains on the rocks of Cona. I have often ſeen the ſtreams of his hills!"

Fingal, replied the bard, drove Hidallan from his wars. The king's ſoul was ſad for Comála, and his eyes could not behold the chief. Lonely, ſad along the heath, he ſlowly moved, with ſilent ſteps. His arms hang diſordered on his ſide. His hair flies looſe from his brow. The tear is in his down-caſt eyes; a 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 (98). There Lamor ſat alone beneath a tree; for he had ſent his people with Hidallan to war. The ſtream ran at his feet, his grey 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 ſighing youth, "the people of Lamor live. They are renowned in war, 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 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? 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 fled. Fingal was ſad for Comála; he denied his wars to Hidallan. Go to the grey ſtreams of thy land, he ſaid; 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 grey ſtreams? Spirit of the noble Garmállon! carry Lamor to his place; his eyes are dark; his ſoul is ſad; 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 inquire of his mountains, or of the dark-brown deer of his deserts!"

"I must fall," said Lamor, "like a leafless oak: it grew on a rock! it was overturned by the winds! 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 grey-haired hero felt the point with his hand.

"My son! lead me to Garmállon's tomb: it rises beside that rustling tree. The long grass is withered; I hear the breezes whistling there. A little fountain

murmurs near, and ſends its water to Balva. There let me reſt; it is noon: the ſun is on our fields!"

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

"Mournful is thy tale," ſaid Oſcar, "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, 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; watch the ſtrength of Caros. Oſcar goes to the people of other times; to the ſhades of ſilent Ardven; 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 ſight, in thy ſorrow, chief of the winding Balva!"

The heroes move with their ſongs. Oſcar 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. Oſcar 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 brave."

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: thrice the winds of 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 began firſt to be ſad. He foreſaw the fall of his race. At times, he was thoughtful and dark; like the ſun when he carries a cloud on his face, but again he looks forth from his darkneſs on the green hills of Cona.

Oſcar paſſed the night among his fathers, grey morning met him on Carun's banks. A green vale ſorrounded 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: And the trembling ghoſts of the dead fled, ſhrieking on their clouds. So terrible was the voice of my ſon, when he called his friends!

A thouſand ſpears aroſe around; the people of Caros roſe. Why daughter of Toſcar, why that tear? My ſon, though alone, is brave. Oſcar is like a beam of the ſky; he turns around and the people fall. His hand is the arm of a ghoſt, when he ſtretches it from a cloud; the reſt of his thin form is unſeen; but the people die in the vale! My ſon beheld the approach of the foe; he ſtood in the ſilent darkneſs of his ſtrength. "Am I alone, ſaid Oſcar, in the midſt

of a thouſand foes? Many a ſpear is there! many a darkly-rolling eye! Shall I fly to Ardven? But did my fathers ever fly? The mark of their arm is in a thouſand battles. Oſcar too ſhall be renowned! Come, ye dim ghoſts of my fathers, and behold my deeds in war! I may fall; but I will be renowned like the race of the echoing Morven." He ſtood, growing in his place, like a flood in a narrow vale! The battle came, but they fell: bloody was the ſword of Oſcar!

The noiſe reached his people at Crona; they came like a hundred ſtreams. The warriors of Caros fled; Oſcar remained like a rock left by the ebbing ſea. Now dark and deep, with all his ſteeds, Caros rolled his might along: the little ſtreams are loſt in his courſe; 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 grief; 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 Oſcar, 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 Oſcar 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; to the roar of my mountain ſtreams. Let the chace be heard on Cona; let me 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; future times ſhall hear of me! 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, 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; we ſhall ſing on the breeze of the rock.

CATHLIN
OF
CLUTHA:
A
POEM.

ARGUMENT.

An addreſs to Malvina, the daughter of Toſcar. The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to ſolicit aid againſt Duth-carmor of Cluba, who had killed Cathmol, for the ſake of his daughter Lanul. Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition; they retired *each to his hill of ghoſts;* to be determined by dreams. The ſpirit of Trenmor appears to Oſſian and Oſcar: they ſail, from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day, appear off the valley of Rathcol, in Inis-huna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his reſidence. Oſſian diſpatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand

battle. Night comes on. The diſtreſs of Cathlin of Clutha. Oſſian devolves the command on Oſcar, who, according to the cuſtom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. Oſcar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. Oſcar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is diſcovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in diſguiſe, who had been carried off, by force, by, and had made her eſcape from, Duth-carmor.

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

A

POEM.

COME (99), thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night! The ſqually winds are around thee, from all their echoing hills. Red, over my hundred ſtreams, are the light-covered paths of the dead. They rejoice, on the eddying winds, in the ſeaſon of night. Dwells there no joy in ſong, white hand of the harps of Lutho? Awake the voice of the ſtring; roll my ſoul to me. It is a ſtream that has failed, Malvina, pour the ſong.

I hear thee, from thy darkneſs, in

Selma, thou that watcheſt, lonely, by night! Why didſt thou with-hold the ſong, from Oſſian's failing ſoul? As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter, deſcending from his ſtorm-covered hill; in a ſun-beam rolls the echoing ſtream; he hears, and ſhakes his dewy locks: ſuch is the voice of Lutha, to the friend of the ſpirits of heroes. My ſwelling boſom beats high. I look back on the days that are paſt. Come, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night!

In the echoing bay of Carmona (100) we ſaw, one day, the bounding ſhip. On high, hung a broken ſhield, it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in arms, and ſtretched his pointleſs ſpear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung looſe his diſordered locks. Fingal gave the ſhell of kings. The words of the ſtranger aroſe. "In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha,

by the winding of his own dark ſtreams. Duth-carmor ſaw white-boſomed Lanul ([101]), and pierced her father's ſide. In the ruſhy deſert were my ſteps. He fled in the ſeaſon of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin to revenge his father. I ſought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like the ſun, art known, king of echoing Selma!

Selma's king looked around. In his preſence, we roſe in arms. But who ſhould lift the ſhield? for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we ſtrode, in ſilence; each to his hill of ghoſts: that ſpirits might deſcend, in our dreams, to mark us for the field. We ſtruck the ſhield of the dead: we raiſed the hum of ſongs. We thrice called the ghoſts of our fathers. We laid us down in dreams. Trenmor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years! His blue hoſts were behind him in half-diſtinguiſhed rows. Scarce ſeen

is their ſtrife in miſt, or their ſtretching forward to deaths. I liſtened; but no ſound was there. The forms were empty wind!

I ſtarted from the dream of ghoſts. On a ſudden blaſt flew my whiſtling hair. Low-ſounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my ſhield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of ſteel. It was Oſcar (102) of Lego. He had ſeen his fathers. "As ruſhes forth the blaſt, on the boſom of whitening waves; ſo careleſs ſhall my courſe be, through ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have ſeen the dead, my father! My beating ſoul is high! My fame is bright before me, like the ſtreak of light on a cloud, when the broad ſun comes forth, red traveller of the ſky!"

"Grandſon of Branno," I ſaid; "not Oſcar alone ſhall meet the foe. I ruſh forward, thro' ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend,

my ſon, like eagles, from one rock; when they lift their broad wings, againſt the ſtream of winds." We raiſed our ſails in Carmona. From three ſhips, they marked my ſhield on the wave, as I looked on nightly Tonthena ([103]), red traveller between the clouds. Four days came the breeze abroad. Lumon came forward in miſt. In winds were its hundred groves. Sun-beams marked, at times, its brown ſide. White, leapt the foamy ſtreams, from all its echoing rocks.

A green field, in the boſom of hills, winds ſilent with its own blue ſtream. Here, midſt the waving of oaks, were the dwellings of kings of old. But ſilence, for many dark-brown years, had ſettled in graſſy Rath-col ([104]); for the race of heroes had failed, along the pleaſant vale. Duth-carmor was here, with his people, dark rider of the wave. Ton-thena had hid her head in

the ſky. He bound his white-boſomed ſails. His courſe is on the hills of Rath-col, to the ſeats of roes. We came. I ſent the bard, with ſongs, to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him, with joy. The king's ſoul was like a beam of fire; a beam of fire, marked with ſmoke, ruſhing, varied, thro' the boſom of night. The deeds of Duth-carmor were dark, tho' his arm was ſtrong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds. By the beam of the oak we ſat down. At a diſtance ſtood Cathlin of Clutha. I ſaw the changeful ([105]) ſoul of the ſtranger. As ſhadows fly over the field of graſs, ſo various is Cathlin's cheek. It was fair, within locks, that roſe on Rath-col's wind. I did not ruſh, amidſt his ſoul, with my words. I bade the ſon to riſe.

"Oſcar of Lego," I ſaid, "be thine the ſecret hill ([106]), to-night. Strike

the ſhield, like Morven's kings. With day, thou ſhalt lead in war. From my rock, I ſhall ſee thee, Oſcar, a dreadful form aſcending in fight, like the appearance of ghoſts, amidſt the ſtorms they raiſe. Why ſhould mine eyes return to the dim times of 'old, ere yet the ſong had burſted forth, like the ſudden riſing of winds? But the years, that are paſt, are marked with mighty deeds. As the nightly rider of waves looks up to Tonthena of beams; ſo let us turn our eyes to Trenmor, the father of kings."

"Wide, in Caracha's echoing field, Carmal had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge of waves. The grey-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They kindled the ſtrife around, with their red-rolling eyes. Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a ſon of Loda was there; a voice, in his own dark land, to call the ghoſts from high.

On his hill, he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midſt of a leafleſs grove. Five ſtones lifted, near, their heads. Loud roared his ruſhing ſtream. He often raiſed his voice to the winds, when meteors marked their nightly wings; when the dark-robed moon was rolled behind her hill. Nor unheard of ghoſts was he! They came with the ſound of eagle wings. They turned battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

"But, Trenmor, they turned not from battle. He drew forward that troubled war; in its dark ſkirt was Trathal, like a riſing light. It was dark; and Loda's ſon poured forth his ſigns, on night. The feeble were not before thee, ſon of other lands (107)! Then roſe the ſtrife of kings, about the hill of night; but it was ſoft as two ſummer gales, ſhaking their light wings, on a lake. Trenmor yielded to his ſon; for the fame of the king had been heard. Tra-

thal came forth before his father, and the foes failed, in echoing Caracha. The years that are paſt, my ſon, are marked with mighty deeds ([108]).”

In clouds roſe the eaſtern light. The foe came forth in arms. The ſtriſe is mixed on Rath-col, like the roar of ſtreams. Behold the contending of kings! They meet beſide the oak. In gleams of ſteel the dark forms are loſt; ſuch is the meeting of meteors, in a vale by night: red light is ſcattered round, and men foreſee the ſtorm! Duth-carmor is low in blood! The ſon of Oſſian overcame! Not harmleſs in battle was he, Malvina hand of harps!

Nor, in the field, were the ſteps of Cathlin. The ſtranger ſtood by a ſecret ſtream, where the foam of Rath-col ſkirted the moſſy ſtones. Above, bends the branchy birch, and ſtrews its leaves, on wind. The inverted ſpear of Cathlin touched, at times, the ſtream,

Oſcar brought Duth-carmor's mail: his helmet with its eagle wing. He placed them before the ſtranger, and his words were heard. "The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghoſts. Renown returns to Morven, like a riſing wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha? Is there cauſe for grief?"

"Son of Oſſian of harps, my ſoul is darkly ſad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raiſed in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, place it high in Selma's hall; that thou mayſt remember the haplefs in thy diſtant land." From white breaſts deſcended the mail. It was the race of kings; the ſoft-handed daughter of Cathmol, at the ſtreams of Clutha! Duth-carmor ſaw her bright in the hall, he had come, by night, to Clutha. Cathmol met him, in battle, but the hero fell. Three days dwelt the foe, with the maid. On the fourth ſhe

fled in arms. She remembered the race of kings, and felt her burſting ſoul!

Why, maid of Toſcar of Lutha, ſhould I tell how Cathlin failed? Her tomb is at ruſhy Lumon, in a diſtant land. Near it were the ſteps of Sulmalla, in the days of grief. She raiſed the ſong, for the daughter of ſtrangers, and touched the mournful harp.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

SUL-MALLA
OF
LUMON:
A
POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem, which, properly ſpeaking, is a continuation of the laſt, opens with an addreſs to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna, whom Oſſian met, at the chace, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. — Sul-malla invites Oſſian and Oſcar to a feaſt, at the reſidence of her father, who was then abſent in the wars. Upon hearing their name and family, ſhe relates an expedition of Fingal into Inis-huna. She caſually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha (who then aſſiſted her father againſt his enemies), Oſſian introduces the epiſode of Culgorm and Suran-dronlo, two Scandinavian kings, in whoſe wars Oſſian himſelf and Cathmor were engaged on oppoſite ſides. The ſtory is imperfect, a part of the original being loſt. Oſſian, warned in a dream, by the ghoſt of Trenmor, ſets ſail from Inis-huna.

SUL-MALLA:
OF
LUMON:
A
POEM.

WHO (109) moves ſo ſtately, on Lumon, at the roar of the foamy waters? Her hair falls upon her heaving breaſt. White is her arm behind, as ſlow ſhe bends the bow. Why doſt thou wander in deſerts, like a light thro' a cloudy field? The young roes are panting, by their ſecret rocks. Return, thou daughter of kings! the cloudy night is near! It was the young branch of green

Inis-huna, Sul-malla of blue eyes. She ſent the bard from her rock, to bid us to her feaſt. Amidſt the ſong we ſat down, in Cluba's echoing hall. White moved the hands of Sul-malla, on the trembling ſtrings. Half-heard amidſt the ſound, was the name of Atha's king: he that was abſent in battle for her own green land. Nor abſent from her ſoul was he; he came midſt her thoughts by night. Ton-thena looked in, from the ſky, and ſaw her toſſing arms.

The ſound of ſhells had ceaſed. Amidſt long locks, Sul-malla roſe. She ſpoke with bended eyes, and aſked of our courſe thro' ſeas; "for of the kings of men are ye, tall riders of the wave (110)." "Not unknown," I ſaid, "at his ſtreams is he, the father of our race. Fingal has been heard of at Cluba, blue-eyed daughter of kings. Nor only, at Cona's ſtream, is Oſſian and Oſcar known. —

Foes trembled at our voice, and ſhrunk in other lands."

"Not unmarked," ſaid the maid, "by Sul-malla, is the ſhield of Morven's king. It hangs high, in my father's hall, in memory of the paſt; when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of other years. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midſt of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna ſent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs. Careleſs went Fingal to Culdarnu. On his ſpear rolled the ſtrength of the woods. He was bright, they ſaid, in his locks, the firſt of mortal men. Nor at the feaſt were heard his words. His deeds paſſed from his ſoul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering ſun. Not careleſs looked the blue eyes of Cluba on his ſtately ſteps. In white boſoms roſe the king of Selma, in the midſt of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the ſtranger to the

echoing vales of his roes. Nor loſt to other lands was he, like a meteor that ſinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightneſs, to the diſtant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the ſound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale (111)."

"Darkneſs dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is diſtant far; in battle is my father Conmor: and Lormar (112) my brother, king of ſtreams. Nor darkening alone are they; a beam from other lands, is nigh; the friend of ſtrangers (113) in Atha, the troubler of the field. High, from their miſty hills, look forth the blue eyes of Erin; for he is far away, young dweller of their ſouls! Nor, harmleſs, white hands of Erin! is Cathmor in the ſkirts of war; he rolls ten thouſand before him, in his diſtant field."

"Not unſeen by Oſſian," I ſaid, ruſhed Cathmor from his ſtreams, when

he poured his ſtrength on I-thorno ([114]), iſle of many waves! In ſtrife met two kings in I-thorno, Culgorm and Suran-dronlo: each from his echoing iſle, ſtern hunters of the boar!"

"They met a boar, at a foamy ſtream: each pierced him with his ſpear. They ſtrove for the fame of the deed; and gloomy battle roſe. From iſle to iſle they ſent a ſpear, broken and ſtained with blood, to call the friends of their fathers, in their ſounding arms. Cath-mor came, from Erin, to Culgorm, red-eyed king: I aided Suran-dronlo, in his land of boars."

"We ruſhed on either ſide of a ſtream, which roared thro' a blaſted heath. High broken rocks were round, with all their bending trees. Near were two circles of Loda, with the ſtone of power; where ſpirits deſcended, by night, in dark-red ſtreams of fire. There, mixed with the murmur of waters, roſe the

voice of aged men, they called the forms of night, to aid them in their war."

"Heedlefs ([115]) I ftood, with my people, where fell the foamy ftream from rocks. The moon moved red from the mountain. My fong, at times arofe. Dark, on the other fide, young Cathmor heard my voice; for he lay, beneath the oak, in all his gleaming arms. Morning came; we rufhed to fight: from wing to wing is the rolling of ftrife. They fell, like the thiftle's head, beneath autumnal winds."

"In armour came a ftately form: I mixed my ftrokes with the chief. By turns our fhields are pierced: loud rung our fteely mails. His helmet fell to the ground. In brightnefs fhone the foe. His eyes, two pleafant flames, rolled between his wandering locks. I knew Cathmor of Atha; and threw my fpear

on earth. Dark, we turned, and ſilent paſſed to mix with other foes."

„Not ſo paſſed the ſtriving kings ([116]). They mixed in echoing fray: like the meeting of ghoſts, in the dark wing of winds. Thro' either breaſt ruſhed the ſpears; nor yet lay the foes on earth! A rock received their fall; half-reclined they lay in death. Each held the lock of his foe; each grimly ſeemed to roll his eyes. The ſtream of the rock leapt on their ſhields, and mixed below with blood."

"The battle ceaſed in I-thorno. The ſtrangers met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of ſtreams, and Oſſian, king of harps. We placed the dead in earth. Our ſteps were by Runar's bay. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a ridgy wave. Dark was the rider of ſeas, but a beam of light was there, like the ray of the ſun, in Stromlo's rolling ſmoke. It was the daughter ([117]) of

Suran-dronlo, wild in brightened looks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidſt diſordered locks. Forward is her white arm, with the ſpear; her high-heaving breaſt is ſeen, white as foamy waves that riſe, by turns, amidſt rocks. They are beautiful, but terrible, and mariners call the winds!"

"Come, ye dwellers of Loda!" ſhe ſaid, "come, Carchar, pale in the midſt of clouds! Sluthmor, that ſtrideſt in airy halls! Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive, from his daughter's ſpear, the foes of Suran-dronlo. No ſhadow, at his roaring ſtreams; no mildly-looking form was he! When he took up his ſpear, the hawks ſhook their ſounding wings: for blood was poured around the ſteps of dark-eyed Suran-dronlo. He lighted me, no harmleſs beam, to glitter on his ſtreams. Like meteors, I was bright, but I blaſted the foes of Suran-dronlo."

Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the praiſe of Cathmor of ſhields. He was within her ſoul, like a fire in ſecret heath, which awakes at the voice of the blaſt, and ſends its beam abroad. Amidſt the ſong removed the daughter of kings, like the voice of a ſummer-breeze; when it lifts the heads of flowers, and curls the lakes and ſtreams. The ruſtling ſound gently ſpreads o'er the vale, ſoftly-pleaſing as it ſaddens the ſoul.

By night came a dream to Oſſian; formleſs ſtood the ſhadow of Trenmor. He ſeemed to ſtrike the dim ſhield, on Selma's ſtreamy rock. I roſe, in my rattling ſteel; I knew that war was near, before the winds our ſails were ſpread; when Lumon ſhewed its ſtreams to the morn.

Come from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

NOTES

TO

VOLUME I.

1) The bards diſtinguiſhed thoſe compoſitions, in which the narration is often interrupted, by epiſodes and apoſtrophes, by the name of *Duän*. Since the extinction of the order of the bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compoſitions in verſe. — The abrupt manner in which the ſtory of this poem begins, may render it obſcure to ſome readers; it may not therefore be improper, to give here the traditional preface, which is geneally prefixed to it. Two years after he took to wife Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland, Fingal undertook

an expedition into Orkney, to visit his friend Cathulla, king of Inistore. After staying a few days at Caric-thura, the residence of Cathulla, the king set sail, to return to Scotland; but, a violent storm arising, his ships were driven into a bay of Scandinavia, near Gormal, the seat of Starno, king of Lochlin, his avowed enemy. Starno, upon the appearance of strangers on his coast, summoned together the neighbouring tribes, and advanced, in a hostile manner, towards the bay of U-thorno, where Fingal had taken shelter. Upon discovering who the strangers were, and fearing the valour of Fingal, which he had, more than once, experienced before, he resolved to accomplish by treachery, what he was afraid he should fail in by open force. He invited, therefore, Fingal to a feast, at which he intended to assassinate him. The king prudently declined to go, and Starno betook himself to

arms. The ſequel of the ſtory may be learned from the poem itſelf.

2) Agandecca, the daughter of Starno, whom her father killed, on account of her diſcovering to Fingal, a plot laid againſt his life. Her ſtory is related at large, in the third book of Fingal.

3) Duth-maruno is a name very famous in tradition. Many of his great actions are handed down, but the poems, which contained the detail of them, are long ſince loſt. He lived, it is ſuppoſed, in that part of the north of Scotland, which is over againſt Orkney. Duth-maruno, Crommaglas, Struthmor, and Cormar, are mentioned, as attending Comhal, in his laſt battle againſt the tribe of Morni, in a poem, which is ſtill preſerved. It is not the work of Oſſian; the phraſeology betrays it to be a modern compoſition. It is ſomething like thoſe trivial compoſitions, which the Iriſh bards forged, under the name of

Offian, in the fifteenth and fixteenth centuries. Duth-maruno fignifies, *black and fteady*; Cromma-glas, *bending and fwarthy*; Struthmor, *roaring ftream*; Cormar, *expert at fea.*

4) Crumthormoth, one of the Orkney or Shetland iflands. The name is not of Galic original. It was fubject to its own petty king, who is mentioned in one of Offian's poems.

5) Cean-daona, *head of the people*, the fon of Duth-maruno. He became afterwards famous, in the expeditions of Offian, after the death of Fingal. — The traditional tales concerning him are very numerous, and, from the epithet, in them, beftowed on him *(Candona of bears)* it would appear, that he applied himfelf to that kind of hunting, which his father, in this paragraph, is fo anxious to recommend to him. As I have mentioned the traditional tales of the Highlands, it may not be improper

here, to give ſome account of them. — After the expulſion of the bards, from the houſes of the chiefs, they, being an indolent race of men, owed all their ſubſiſtence to the generoſity of the vulgar, whom they diverted with repeating the compoſitions of their predeceſſors, and running up the genealogies of their entertainers to the family of their chiefs. As this ſubject was, however, ſoon exhauſted, they were obliged to have recourſe to invention, and form ſtories, having no foundation in fact, which were ſwallowed, with great credulity, by an ignorant multitude. By frequent repeating, the fable grew upon their hands, and, as each threw in whatever circumſtance he thought conducive to raiſe the admiration of his hearers, the ſtory became, at laſt, ſo devoid of all probability, that even the vulgar themſelves did not believe it. They, however, liked the tales ſo well, that the

bards found their advantage in turning profeſſed tale-makers. They then launched out into the wildeſt regions of fiction and romance. I firmly believe, there are more ſtories of giants, enchanted caſtles, dwarfs, and palfreys, in the High-lands, than in any country in Europe. Theſe tales, it is certain, like other romantic compoſitions, have many things in them unnatural, and, conſequently, diſguſtful to true taſte, but, I know not how it happens, they command attention more than any other fictions I ever met with. The extreme length of theſe pieces is very ſurpriſing, ſome of them requiring many days to repeat them, but ſuch hold they take of the memory, that few circumſtances are ever omitted by thoſe who have received them only from oral tradition. What is ſtill more amazing, the very language of the bards is ſtill preſerved. It is curious to ſee, that the deſcriptions

of magnificence, introduced in these tales, is even superior to all the pompous oriental fictions of the kind.

6) Torcul-torno, according to tradition, was king of Crathlun, a district in Sweden. The river Lulan ran near the residence of Torcul-torno. There is a river in Sweden, still called Lula, which is probably the same with Lulan. The war between Starno and Torcul-torno, which terminated in the death of the latter, had its rise at a hunting party. Starno being invited, in a friendly manner, by Torcul-torno, both kings, with their followers, went to the mountains of Stiva-more, to hunt. A boar rushed from the wood before the kings, and Torcul-torno killed it. — Starno thought this behaviour a breach upon the privilege of guests, who were always *honoured*, as tradition expresses it, *with the danger of the chace*. A quarrel arose, the kings came to battle,

with all their attendants, and the party of Torcul-torno were totally defeated, and he himſelf ſlain. Starno purſued his victory, laid waſte the diſtrict of Crath-lun, and, coming to the reſidence of Torcul-torno, carried off, by force, Conban-carglas, the beautiful daughter of his enemy. Her he confined in a cave, near the palace of Gormal, where, on account of her cruel treatment, ſhe became diſtracted.

The paragraph, juſt now before us, is the ſong of Conban-carglas, at the time ſhe was diſcovered by Fingal. It is in Lyric meaſure, and ſet to muſic, which is wild and ſimple, and ſo inimitably ſuited to the ſituation of the unhappy lady, that few can hear it without tears.

7) By *the beam of youth*, it afterwards appears, that Conban-carglas means Swaran, the ſon of Starno, with

whom, during her confinement, ſhe had fallen in love.

8) From this contraſt, which Fingal draws, between his own nation, and the inhabitants of Scandinavia, we may learn, that the former were much leſs barbarous than the latter. This diſtinction is ſo much obſerved throughout the poems of Oſſian, that there can be no doubt, that he followed the real manners of both nations in his own time. At the cloſe of the ſpeech of Fingal, there is a great part of the original loſt.

9) The ſword of Fingal, ſo called from its maker, Luno of Lochlin.

10) The helmet of Swaran. The behaviour of Fingal is always conſiſtent with that generoſity of ſpirit which belongs to a hero. He takes no advantage of a foe diſarmed.

11) Conban-carglas, from ſeeing the helmet of Swaran bloody in the hands of Fingal, conjectured that that hero

was killed. A part of the original is loſt. It appears, however, from the ſequel of the poem, that the daughter of Torcul-torno did not long ſurvive her ſurprize, occaſioned by the ſuppoſed death of her lover. The deſcription of the airy hall of Loda (which is ſuppoſed to be the ſame with that of Odin, the deity of Scandinavia) is more pictureſque and deſcriptive, than any in the Edda, or other works of the northern Scalders.

12) In this ſhort epiſode we have a very probable account given us, of the origin of monarchy in Caledonia. The *Caël* or Gauls, who poſſeſſed the countries to the north of the Frith of Edinburgh, were, originally, a number of diſtinct tribes, or clans, each ſubject to its own chief, who was free and independent of any other power. When the Romans invaded them, the common danger might, perhaps, have induced

thoſe *reguli* to join together, but, as they were unwilling to yield to the command of one of their own number, their battles were ill-conducted, and, conſequently, unſucceſsful. — Trenmor was the firſt who repreſented to the chiefs, the bad conſequences of carrying on their wars in this irregular manner, and adviſed, that they themſelves ſhould alternately lead in battle. They did ſo, but they were unſucceſsful. When it came to Trenmor's turn, he totally defeated the enemy, by his ſuperior valour and conduct, which gained him ſuch an intereſt among the tribes, that he, and his family after him, were regarded as kings; or, to uſe the poet's expreſſion, *the words of power ruſhed forth from Selma of kings*. The regal authority, however, except in time of war, was but inconſiderable; for every chief, within his own diſtrict, was abſolute and independent. From the ſcene

of the battle in this epiſode (which was in the valley of Crona, a little to the north of Agricola's wall), I ſhould ſuppoſe, that the enemies of the Caledonians were the Romans, or provincial Britons.

13) In tradition, this Cromma-glaſs makes a great figure in that battle which Comhal loſt, together with his life, to the tribe of Morni. I have juſt now, in my hands, an Iriſh compoſition, of a very modern date, as appears from the language, in which all the traditions, concerning that deciſive engagement, are jumbled together. In juſtice to the merit of the poem, I ſhould have here preſented to the reader a tranſlation of it, did not the bard mention ſome circumſtances very ridiculous, and others altogether indecent. Morna, the wife of Comhal, had a principal hand in all the tranſactions previous to the defeat and death of her huſband; ſhe, to uſe

the words of the bard, *who was the guiding ſtar of the women of Erin.* The bard, it is to be hoped, miſrepreſented the ladies of his country, for Morna's behaviour was, according to him, ſo void of all decency and virtue, that it cannot be ſuppoſed, they had choſen her for their *guiding ſtar.* The poem conſiſts of many ſtanzas. The language is figurative, and the numbers harmonious; but the piece is ſo full of anachroniſms, and ſo unequal in its compoſition, that the author, moſt undoubtedly, was either mad, or drunk, when he wrote it. It is worthy of being remarked, that Comhal is, in this poem, very often called, *Comhal na h' Albin*, or *Comhal of Albion*, which ſufficiently demonſtrates, that the allegations of Keating and O'Flaherty, concerning *Fion Mac-Comnal*, are but of late invention.

14) The family of Duth-maruno, it

appears, came originally from Scandinavia, or, at least, from some of the northern isles, subject, in chief, to the kings of Lochlin. The Highland senachies, who never missed to make their comments on, and additions to, the works of Ossian, have given us a long list of the ancestors of Duth-maruno, and a particular account of their actions, many of which are of the marvellous kind. One of the tale-makers of the north has chosen for his hero, Starnmor, the father of Duth-maruno, and, considering the adventures through which he has led him, the piece is neither disagreeable, nor abounding with that kind of fiction, which shocks credibility.

15) An island of Scandinavia.

16) This episode is, in the original, extremely beautiful. It is set to that wild kind of music, which some of the High-landers distinguish, by the title of *Fón Oi marra*, or, the *Song of mer-*

maids. Some part of the air is abſolutely infernal, but there are many returns in the meaſure, which are inexpreſſibly wild and beautiful. From the genius of the muſic, I ſhould think it came originally from Scandinavia, for the fictions delivered down concerning the *Oi-marra* (who are reputed the authors of the muſic), exactly correſpond with the notions of the northern nations, concerning their *dirae*, or *goddeſſes of death*. — Of all the names in this epiſode, there is none of a Galic original, except Strina-dona, which ſignifies, the *ſtrife of heroes*.

17) The *Cana* is a certain kind of graſs, which grows plentiful in the heathy moraſſes of the north. Its ſtalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much reſembling cotton. It is exceſſively white, and, conſequently, often introduced by the bards,

in their ſimiles concerning the beauty of women.

18) Ul-lochlin, *the guide to Lochlin;* the name of a ſtar.

19) The continuation of this epiſode is juſt now in my hands; but the language is ſo different from, and the ideas ſo unworthy of, Oſſian, that I have rejected it, as an interpolation by a modern bard.

20) The bards, who were always ready to ſupply what they thought deficient in the poems of Oſſian, have inſerted a great many incidents between the ſecond and third *duän* of Cathloda. Their interpolations are ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the genuine remains of Oſſian, that it took me very little time to mark them out, and totally to reject them. If the modern Scotch and Iriſh bards have ſhewn any judgment, it is in aſcribing their own compoſitions to names of antiquity, for, by that

means, they themſelves have eſcaped that contempt, which the authors of ſuch futile performances muſt, neceſſarily, have met with, from people of true taſte. I was led into this obſervation, by an Iriſh poem, juſt now before me. It concerns a deſcent made by Swaran, king of Lochlin, on Ireland, and is the work, ſays the traditional preface prefixed to it, of *Oſſian Mac-Fion.* It however appears, from ſeveral pious ejaculations, that it was rather the compoſition of ſome good prieſt, in the fifteenth or ſixteenth century, for he ſpeaks, with great devotion, of pilgrimage, and more particularly, of the *blue-eyed daughters of the convent.* Religious, however, as this poet was, he was not altogether decent, in the ſcenes he introduces between Swaran and the wife of *Congcullion*, both of whom he repreſents as giants. It happening, unfortunately, that *Congcul-*

lion was only of a moderate ſtature, his wife, without heſitation, preferred Swaran, as a more adequate match for her own gigantic ſize. From this fatal preference proceeded ſo much miſchief, that the good poet altogether loſt ſight of his principal action, and he ends the piece, with advice to men, in the choice of their wives, which, however good it may be, I ſhall leave concealed in the obſcurity of the original.

21) The ſurly attitude of Starno and Swaran is well adapted to their fierce and uncomplying diſpoſitions. Their characters, at firſt ſight, ſeem little different; but, upon examination, we find that the poet has dexterouſly diſtinguiſhed between them. They were both dark, ſtubborn, haughty, and reſerved; but Starno was cunning, revengeful, and cruel, to the higheſt degree; the diſpoſition of Swaran, though ſavage, was leſs bloody, and ſomewhat tinctured

with generofity. It is doing injuftice to Offian, to fay, that he has not a great variety of characters.

22) Offian is very partial to the fair fex. Even the daughter of the cruel Annir, the fifter of the revengeful and bloody Starno, partakes not of thofe difagreeable characters fo peculiar to her family. She is altogether tender and delicate. Homer, of all ancient poets, ufes the fex with leaft ceremony. His cold contempt is even worfe than the downright abufe of the moderns; for to draw abufe implies the poffeffion of fome merit.

23) Fingal, according to the cuftom of the Caledonian kings, had retired to a hill alone, as he himfelf was to refume the command of the army the next day. Starno might have fome intelligence of the king's retiring, which occafions his requeft to Swaran, to ftab him; as he forefaw, by his art of divination,

that he could not overcome him in open battle.

24) Melilcoma, —*ſoft-rolling eye.*

25) *Apparent dirae facies inimicaque Trojae*
Numina magna deûm.

VIRG.

——dreadful ſounds I hear,
And the dire form of hoſtile gods appear.

DRYDEN.

26) Derſagrena, *the brightneſs of a ſun-beam.*

27) Comála *the maid of the pleaſant brow.*

28) 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 victas vilem ſervaret in uſum
Servitii, hic contenta ſuos defendere fines

Roma ſecurigeris praetendit maenia Scotis:
Hic ſpe progreſſus poſitâ, Caronis ad undam
Terminus Auſonii ſignat divortia regni.

BUCHANAN.

29) Hidallan was ſent by Fingal to give notice to Comála 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.

30) By *the dweller of the rock* ſhe means a druid. It is probable that ſome of the order of the druids remained as late as the beginning of the reign of Fingal; and that Comála had conſult-

ed one of them concerning the event of the war with Caracul.

31) Perhaps the poet alludes to the Roman eagle.

32) The ſequel of the ſtory of Hidallan is introduced in another poem.

33) Sarno the father of Comála died ſoon after the flight of his daughter. Hidallan was the firſt king that reigned in Iniſtore.

34) 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 bard ſinging before him. This ſpecies of triumph is called, by Oſſian, the *ſong of victory*.

35) Oſſian has celebrated the *ſtrife of Crona*, 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.

36) 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-'ónn, *ſoft air*. All the dramatic poems of Oſſian appear to have been preſented before Fingal, upon ſolemn occaſions.

37) 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 particular one which falls into the Tay at Dunkeld.

38) Bhin bheul, *a woman with a melodius voice*. *Bh* in the Galic language has the ſame ſound with the *v* in Engliſh.

39) The grave.

40) Carn-mór, *high rocky hill*.

41) 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.

42) *The circle of Loda* is ſuppoſed to be a place of worſhip among the Scandinavians, as the ſpirit of Loda is thought to be the ſame with their god Odin.

43) He is deſcribed, in a ſimile, in the poem concerning the death of Cuchullin.

44) The famous ſword of Fingal, made by Lun, or Luno, a ſmith of Lochlin.

45) 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.

46) 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.

47) Honourable terms of peace.

48) Frothal and Utha.

49) There is a propriety in introducing this epiſode, as the ſituations of Crimora and Utha were ſo ſimilar.

50) Lotha was the ancient name of one of the great rivers in the north of Scotland. The only 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.

51) Cri-móra, *a woman of great ſoul.*

52) 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*,

53) 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.

54) 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,

55) 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.

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

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

58) Cleſſamh mor, *mighty deeds.*

59) 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.

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

61) Clutha, or Cluäth, the Galic name of the river Clyde, the ſignification

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

62) 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.

63) The title of this poem, in the original, is *Duan na nlaoi*, *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 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.

64) It was a cuſtom among the ancient Scots, to exchange arms with their gueſts, and thoſe arms were preſerved long in the different families, as monuments of the friendſhip which ſubſiſted between their anceſtors.

65) Cath-'huil, *the eye of battle.*

66) It appears, from this paſſage, that clanſhip was eſtabliſhed, in the days of Fingal, though not on the ſame footing with the preſent tribes in the north of Scotland.

67) This Connal is very much celebrated, in ancient poetry, for his wiſdom and valour: there is a ſmall tribe ſtill ſubſiſting, in the North, who pretend they are deſcended from him.

68) Fingal did not then know that Carthon was the ſon of Cleſsámmor.

69) To tell one's name to an enemy was reckoned, in thoſe days of heroiſm, 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 foreſathers was renewed. *A man who tells his name to his enemy*, was of old an ignominious term for a coward.

70) 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.

71) 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.

72) Con-cathlin, *mild beam of the wave*. What ſtar was ſo called of old is not eaſily aſcertained. Some now diſtinguiſh the pole-ſtar by that name. A

ſong, which is ſtill in repute, among the ſea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this paſſage of Oſſian. The author commends the knowledge of Oſſian in ſea affairs, a merit, which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way thro' the dangerous and tempeſtuous ſeas of Scandinavia; which is more, perhaps, than the more poliſhed nations, ſubſiſting in thoſe times, dared to venture. In eſtimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the ancients, we ought not to bring it into compariſon with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident, than any merit of ours.

73) There is a ſevere ſatire couched in this expreſſion, againſt the gueſts of Mal-orchol. Had his feaſt been ſtill ſpread, had joy continued in his hall,

his former parasites would not have failed to resort to him. But as the time of festivity was past, their attendance also ceased. The sentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this observation. He, poetically, compares a great man to a fire kindled in a desert place. "Those that pay court to him, says he, are rolling large around him, like the smoke about the fire. This smoke gives the fire a great appearance at a distance, but it is but an empty vapour itself, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk, which fed the fire, is consumed, the smoke departs on all the winds. So the flatterers forsake their chief, when his power declines." I have chosen to give a paraphrase, rather than a translation, of this passage, as the original is verbose and frothy, notwithstanding of the sentimental merit of the author. He was one of the less ancient bards, and their compositions

are not nervous enough to bear a literal tranſlation.

74) Colna-dona ſignifies *the love of heroes.* Col-amon, *narrow river* Car-ul, *dark eyed.* Col-amon, the reſidence of Car-ul, was in the neigbourhood of Agricola's wall, towards the ſouth. — Carul ſeems to have been of the race of thoſe Britons, who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of Maiatae, by the writers of Rome. Maiatae is derived from two Galic words, MOI, *a plain,* and AITICH *inhabitants;* ſo that the ſignification of Maiatae is, *the inhabitants of the plain country;* a name given to the Britons, who were ſettled in the Low-lands, in contradiſtinction to the Caledonians (i. e. CAEL-DON, *the Gauls of the hills*), who were poſſeſſed of the more mountainous diviſion of North-Britain.

75) Crona, *murmuring*, was the name of a ſmall ſtream, which diſ-

charged itſelf in the river Carron. It is often mentioned by Oſſian, and the ſcenes of many of his poems are on its banks. The enemies, whom Fingal defeated here, are not mentioned. They were, probably, the provincial Britons. That tract of country between the Friths of Forth and Clyde has been, through all antiquity, famous for battles and rencounters between the different nations, who were poſſeſſed of North and South Britain. Stirling, a town ſituated there, derives its name from that very circumſtance. It is a corruption of the Galic name, STRILA, i. e. *the hill, or rock, of contention.*

76) The manners of the Britons and Caledonians were ſo ſimilar, in the days of Oſſian, that there can be no doubt, that they were originally the ſame people, and deſcended from thoſe Gauls who firſt poſſeſſed themſelves of South Britain, and gradually migrated

to the North. This hypothesis is more rational than the idle fables of ill-informed senachies, who bring the Caledonians from distant countries. The bare opinion of Tacitus (which, by-the-bye, was only founded on a similarity of the personal figure of the Caledonians to the Germans of his own time), though it has staggered some learned men, is not sufficient to make us believe, that the ancient inhabitants of North-Britain were a German colony. A discussion of a point like this might be curious, but could never be satisfactory. Periods so distant are so involved in obscurity, that nothing certain can be now advanced concerning them. The light which the Roman writers hold forth is too feeble to guide us to the truth, through the darkness which has surrounded it.

77) Here an episode is entirely lost; or, at least, is handed down so imperfectly,

that it does not deſerve a place in the poem.

78) Oi-thóna, *the virgin of the wave.*

79) Morlo, the ſon of Leth, is one of Fingal's moſt famous heroes. He and three other men attended Gaul on his expedition to Tromáthon.

80) Tróm-thón, *heavy or deep-ſounding wave.*

81) Oithóna relates how ſhe was carried away by Dunrommath.

82) Mor'-ruth, *great ſtream.*

83) *Inisfail*, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

84) Faobhar-gorm, *the plue point of ſteel.*

85) 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 ſullen 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 ſades, 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 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 turfy hut is torn. The clouds, divided, fly over the ſky, and ſhew the burning ſtars. The meteor, token of death! flies ſparkling 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 shrowd beneath the tree, by the stream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and lash its rocky sides. The boat is brimful 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 glifter: ftreams fhine on the rock. Bright rolls the fettled lake; bright the ftream of the vale.

I fee the trees overturned; the fhocks of corn on the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the fhocks, and whiftles on the diftant field.

Calm, fettled, fair is night! Who comes from the place of the dead? That form with the robe of fnow; white arms, and dark-brown hair! It is the daughter of the chief of the people: fhe that lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid! thou that haft been the delight of heroes! The blaft drives the phantom away; white, without form, it afcends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mift, flowly, over the narrow vale. It rifes on the hill, and joins its head to heaven. Night is fettled, calm, blue, ftarry, 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, rekindles the ſettled fire. The hunter thinks that day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He aſcends the hill, and whiſtles 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 loſty 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 incloſe 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 loſty 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 grey 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 chace. We ſhall aſcend the hill with day; and awake the deer.

86) Al-teutha, or rather Balteutha, *the town of Tweed*, the name of Dunthalmo's ſeat. It is obſervable that all the names in this poem, are derived from the Galic language; which is a proof that it was once the univerſal language of the whole iſland.

87) Caol-mhal, *a woman with ſmall eye-brows;* ſmall eye-brows were a diſ-

tinguiſhing part of beauty in Oſſian's time: and he ſeldom fails to give them to the fine women of his poems.

88) 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 Colmal 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.

89) Fingal.

90) Diaran, father of that Connal who was unfortunately killed by Crimora, his miſtreſs.

91) 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 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 wiſe, 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 lovely 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 Adonſion 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.

92) Crona is the name of a ſmall ſtream which runs into the Carron.

93) Ryno is often mentioned in the ancient poetry. He ſeems to have been

a Bard, of the firſt rank, in the days of Fingal.

94) The Roman eagle.

95) Agricola's wall, which Carauſius repaired.

96) The river Carron.

97) This is the ſcene of Comála'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.

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

99) The traditions, which accompany this poem, inform us, that it went, of old, under the name of *Laoi-Oi-lutha*; i. e. the *hymn of the maid of Lutha.*

They pretend alſo to fix the time of its compoſition, to the third year after the death of Fergus the ſon of Fingal; that is, during the expedition of Fergus the ſon of Fingal, to the banks of *Uiſca-duthon*. In ſupport of this opinion, the Highland ſenachies have prefixed to this poem, an addreſs of Oſſian, to Congal the young ſon of Fergus, which I have rejected, as having no manner of connexion with the reſt of the piece. It has poetical merit; and, probably, it was the opening of one of Oſſian's other poems, though the bards injudiciouſly transferred it to the piece now before us.

"Congal, ſon of Fergus of Durath, thou light between thy locks, aſcend to the rock of Selma, to the oak of the breaker of ſhields. Look over the boſom of night, it is ſtreaked with the red path of the dead: look on the night of ghoſts, and kindle, O Congal! thy ſoul. Be not, like the moon on a ſtream,

lonely in the midſt of clouds: darkneſs cloſes around it; and the beam departs. Depart not, ſon of Fergus! ere thou markeſt the field with thy ſword. Aſcend to the rock of Selma; to the oak of the breaker of ſhields."

100) Car-mona, *bay of the dark brown hills*, an arm of the ſea, in the neighbourhood of Selma. In this paragraph are mentioned the ſignals preſented to Fingal, by thoſe who came to demand his aid. The ſuppliants held, in one hand, a ſhield covered with blood, and, in the other, a broken ſpear; the firſt a ſymbol of the death of their friends, the laſt an emblem of their own helpleſs ſituation. If the king choſe to grant ſuccours, which generally was the caſe, he reached to them *the ſhell of feaſts*, as a token of his hoſpitality and friendly intentions towards them.

It may not be diſagreeable to the reader to lay here before him the ce-

remony of the Cran-tara, which was of a ſimilar nature, and, till very lately, uſed in the Highlands. When the news of an enemy came to the reſidence of the chief, he immediately killed a goat with his own ſword, dipped the end of an half-burnt piece of wood in the blood, and gave it to one of his ſervants, to be carried to the next hamlet. From hamlet to hamlet this *teſſera* was carried with the utmoſt expedition, and, in the ſpace of a few hours, the whole clan were in arms, and convened in an appointed place; the name of which was the only word that accompanied, the delivery of the *Cran-tara*. This ſymbol was the manifeſto of the chief, by which he threatened fire and ſword to thoſe of his clan, that did not immediately appear at his ſtandard.

101) Lanul, *full eyed*, a ſurname which, according to tradition, was beſtowed on the daughter of Cathmol, on

account of her beauty; this tradition, however, may have been founded on that partiality, which the bards have ſhewn to *Cathilin of Clutha*; for, according to them, no *falſhood could dwell in the ſoul of the lovely.*

102) Oſcar is here called *Oſcar of Lego*, from his mother being the daughter of Branno, a powerful chief on the banks of that lake. It is remarkable that Oſſian addreſſes no poem to Malvina, in which her lover Oſcar was not one of the principal actors. His attention to her, after the death of his ſon, ſhews that delicacy of ſentiment is not confined, as ſome fondly imagine, to our own poliſhed times.

103) Ton-thena, *fire of the wave*, was the remarkable ſtar mentioned in the ſeventh book of Temora, which directed the courſe of Larthon to Ireland. It ſeems to have been well known to thoſe, who ſailed on that ſea, which

divides Ireland from South-Britain. As the course of Ossian was along the coast of Inis-huna, he mentions with propriety, that star which directed the voyage of the colony from that country to Ireland.

104) Rath-col, *woody-field*, does not appear to have been the residence of Duth-carmor: he seems rather to have been forced thither by a storm; at least I should think that to be the meaning of the poet, from his expression, that *Ton-thena had hid her head*, and that *he bound his white bosomed sails*; which is as much as to say, that the weather was stormy, and that Duth-carmor put in to the bay of Rath-col for shelter.

105) From this circumstance, succeeding bards feigned that Cathlin, who is here in the disguise of a young warrior, had fallen in love with Duth-carmor at a feast, to which he had been invited

by her father. Her love was converted into deteſtation for him, after he had murdered her father. But *as thoſe rainbows of heaven are changeful*, ſay my authors, ſpeaking of women, ſhe felt the return of her former paſſion, upon the approach of Duth-carmor's danger. I myſelf, who think more favourably of the ſex, muſt attribute the agitation of Cathlin's mind to her extreme ſenſibility to the injuries done her by Duth-carmor: and this opinion is favoured by the ſequel of the ſtory.

106) This paſſage alludes to the well-known cuſtom among the ancient kings of Scotland, to retire from their army on the night preceding a battle. The ſtory which Oſſian introduces in the next paragraph, concerns the fall of the Druids. It is ſaid in many old poems, that the Druids, in the extremity of their affairs, had ſolicited and obtained aid from Scandinavia. Among

the auxiliaries there came many pretended magicians, which circumſtance Oſſian alludes to, in his deſcription of the *ſon of Loda*. Magic and incantation could not, however, prevail; for Trenmor, aſſiſted by the valour of his ſon Trathal, entirely broke the power of the Druids.

107) Trenmor and Trathal. Oſſian introduced this epiſode, as an example to his ſon, from ancient times.

108) Thoſe who deliver down this poem in tradition, lament that there is a great part of it loſt. In particular they regret the loſs of an epiſode, which was here introduced, with the ſequel of the ſtory of Carmal and his Druids. Their attachment to it was founded on the deſcriptions of magical inchantments which it contained.

109) The expedition of Oſſian to Iniſhuna happened a ſhort time before Fingal paſſed over into Ireland, to dethrone

Cairbar the ſon of Borbar-duthul. Cathmor, the brother of Cairbar, was aiding Conmor, king of Inis-huna, in his wars, at the time that Oſſian defeated Duth-carmor, in the valley of Rath-col. The poem is more intereſting, that it contains ſo many particulars concerning thoſe perſonages, who make ſo great a figure in Temora.

The exact correſpondence in the manners and cuſtoms of Inis-huna, as here deſcribed, to thoſe of Caledonia, leaves no room to doubt, that the inhabitants of both were originally the ſame people. Some may allege, that Oſſian might transfer, in his poetical deſcriptions, the manners of his own nation to foreigners. This objection is eaſily anſwered. Why has he not done this with regard to the inhabitants of Scandinavia? We find the latter very different in their cuſtoms and ſuperſtitions from the nations of Britain and Ireland. The

Scandinavian manners are remarkably barbarous and fierce, and ſeem to mark out a nation much leſs advanced in a ſtate of civilization, than the inhabitants of Britain were in the times of Oſſian.

110) Sul-malla here diſcovers the quality of Oſſian and Oſcar, from their ſtature and ſtately gait. Among nations, not far advanced in civilization, a ſuperior beauty and ſtatelineſs of perſon were inſeparable from nobility of blood. It was from theſe qualities, that thoſe of family were known by ſtrangers, not from tawdry trappings of ſtate injudiciouſly thrown round them. The cauſe of this diſtinguiſhing property, muſt, in ſome meaſure, be aſcribed to their unmixed blood. They had no inducement to intermarry with the vulgar: and no low notions of intereſt made them deviate from their choice, in their own ſphere. In ſtates, where luxury has been long eſtabliſhed, beauty of perſon is

by no means, the characteriſtic of antiquity of family. This muſt be attributed to thoſe enervating vices, which are inſeparable from luxury and wealth. A great family (to alter a little the words of the hiſtorian), it is true, like a river, becomes conſiderable from the length of its courſe, but, as it rolls on, hereditary diſtempers, as well as property, flow ſucceſſively into it.

111) Too partial to our own times, we are ready to mark out remote antiquity, as the region of ignorance and barbariſm. This, perhaps, is extending our prejudices too far. It has been long remarked, that knowledge, in a great meaſure, is founded on a free intercourſe between mankind; and that the mind is enlarged in proportion to the obſervations it has made upon the manners of different men and nations. If we look, with attention, into the hiſtory of Fingal, as delivered by Oſſian, we ſhall

find that he was not altogether a poor ignorant hunter, confined to the narrow corner of an iſland. His expeditions to all parts of Scandinavia, to the north of Germany, and the different ſtates of Great Britain and Ireland, were very numerous, and performed under ſuch a character, and at ſuch times, as gave him an opportunity to mark the undiſguiſed manners of mankind. War and an active life, as they call forth, by turns, all the powers of the ſoul, preſent to us the different characters of men: in times of peace and quiet, for want of objects to exert them, the powers of the mind lie concealed, in a great meaſure, and we ſee only artificial paſſions and manners. It is from this conſideration I conclude, that a traveller of penetration could gather more genuine knowledge from a tour of ancient Gaul, than from the minuteſt obſervation of all the artificial manners,

and elegant refinements of modern France.

112) Lormar was the ſon of Conmor, and the brother of Sul-malla. After the death of Conmor, Lormar ſucceeded him in the throne.

113) Cathmor, the ſon of Borbarduthul. It would appear, from the partiality with which Sul-malla ſpeaks of that hero, that ſhe had ſeen him, previous to his joining her father's army; tho' tradition poſitively aſſerts, that it was, after his return, that ſhe fell in love with him.

114) I-thorno, ſays tradition, was an iſland of Scandinavia. In it, at a hunting party, met Culgorm and Surandronlo, the kings of two neighbouring iſles. They differed about the honour of killing a boar; and a war was kindled between them. From this epiſode we may learn, that the manners of the Scandinavians were mnch more ſavage

and cruel, than thoſe of Britain. It is remarkable, that the names, introduced in this ſtory, are not of Galic original, which circumſtance affords room to ſuppoſe, that it had its foundation in true hiſtory.

115) From the circumſtance of Oſſian not being preſent at the rites, deſcribed in the preceding paragraph, we may ſuppoſe that he held them in contempt. This difference of ſentiment, with regard to religion, is a ſort of argument, that the Caledonians were not originally a colony of Scandinavians, as ſome have imagined. Concerning ſo remote a period, mere conjecture muſt ſupply the place of argument and poſitive proofs.

116) Culgorm and Suran-dronlo. The combat of the kings and their attitude in death are highly pictureſque, and expreſſive of that ferocity of manners, which diſtinguiſhed the northern nations.

117) Tradition has handed down the name of this princeſs. The bards call her Runo-forlo, which has no other ſort of title for being genuine, but its not being of Galic original; a diſtinction, which the bards had not the art to preſerve, when they feigned names for foreigners. The highland ſenachies, who very often endeavoured to ſupply the deficiency, they thought they found in the tales of Oſſian, have given us the continuation of the ſtory of the daughter of Suran-dronlo. The cataſtrophe is ſo unnatural, and the circumſtances of it ſo ridiculouſly pompous, that, for the ſake of the inventors, I ſhall conceal them.

The wildly beautiful appearance of Runo-forlo, made a deep impreſſion on a chief, ſome ages ago, who was himſelf no contemptible poet. The ſtory is romantic, but not incredible, if we make allowances for the lively imagi-

nation of a man of genius. Our chief ſailing, in a ſtorm, along one of the iſlands of Orkney, ſaw a woman, in a boat, near the ſhore, whom he thought, as he expreſſes it himſelf, *as beautiful as a ſudden ray of the ſun, on the dark-heaving deep.* The verſes of Oſſian, on the attitude of Runo-forlo, which was ſo ſimilar to that of the woman in the boat, wrought ſo much on his fancy, that he fell deſperately in love. The winds, however, drove him from the coaſt, and, after a few days, he arrived at his reſidence in Scotland. There his paſſion increaſed to ſuch a degree, that two of his friends, fearing the conſequence, ſailed to the Orkneys, to carry to him the object of his deſire. Upon inquiry they ſoon found the nymph, and carried her to the enamoured chief; but mark his ſurprize, when, inſtead *of a ray of the ſun*, he ſaw a ſkinny fiſherwoman, more than

middle-aged, appearing before him. — Tradition here ends the ſtory: but it may be eaſily ſuppoſed that the paſſion of the chief ſoon ſubſided.

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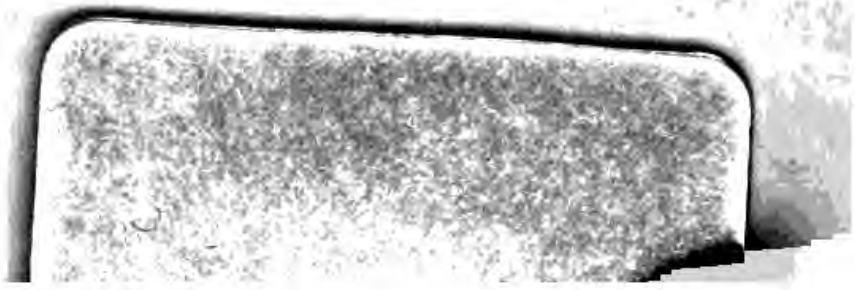
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