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UNGERVYLE



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Fragments of Ancient Poetry:

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(Concluded).

1760.



"You, O Books, are the Golden Vessels of the Temp'le:
burning lamps to be held in the hand."

RICHARD AUNGERVYLE.

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E. M. G.

How hast thou fallen like an Oak, with all thy branches round thee! Where is *Fingal* the King? Where is *Oscur* my Son? Where are all my race? Alas! in the earth they lie. I feel their tombs with my hands. I hear the river below murmuring hoarsely over the stones. What dost thou, O River, to me? Thou bringest back the memory of the past.

The Race of *Fingal* stood on thy Banks, like a wood in a fertile soil. Keen were their spears of steel. Hardy was he who dared to encounter their rage. *Fillan* the Great was there. Thou *Oscur* wert there, my Son! *Fingal* himself was there, strong in the grey Locks of years. Full rose his Sinewy Limbs; and wide his shoulders spread. The unhappy met with his arm, when the Pride of his Wrath arose.

The Son of *Morny* came; *Gaul*, the tallest of men. He stood on the Hill like an oak; his voice was like the streams of the Hill. Why reigneth alone, he cries, the Son of the Mighty *Corval*? *Fingal* is not strong to save: He is no support for the people. I am strong as a storm in the Ocean; as a whirlwind on the Hill. Yield Son of *Corval*; *Fingal*, yield to me. He came like a Rock from the Hill, resounding in his arms. *Oscur* stood forth to meet him; my Son would meet the foe. But *Fingal* came in his strength, and smiled at the Vaunter's boast. They threw their arms round each other; they struggled on the Plain. The Earth is Ploughed with their Heels. Their bones crack as the boat on the Ocean, when it leaps from wave to wave. Long did they toil; with night, they fell on the sounding Plain; as two Oaks, with their branches mingled, fall crashing from the Hill. The tall Son of *Morny* is bound; the aged overcame.

Fair with her locks of Gold, her smooth Neck, and her breasts of snow; fair as the Spirits of the Hill when at silent noon they glide along the Heath; fair as the Rain-bow of Heaven; came *Minvane* the maid. *Fingal*! she softly saith, loose me my brother *Gaul*. Loose me the hope of my race, the Terror of all but *Fingal*. Can I, replies the King, can I deny the lovely Daughter of the Hill? Take thy Brother, O *Minvane*, thou fairer than the Snow of the North.

Such, *Fingal*! were my Words; but thy Words I hear no more.

Sightless I sit by thy Tomb. I hear the Wind in the Wood ; but no more I hear my Friends. The cry of the Hunter is over. The Voice of War is ceased.

Fragment IX.



THOU askest, fairest Daughter of the Isles ! whose Memory is preserved in these Tombs ? The Memory of *Ronnan* the bold, and *Connan* the Chief of Men ; and of her, the fairest of maids, *Rivine*, the lovely and the good. The wing of Time is laden with care. Every moment hath woes of its own. Why seek we our grief from afar ? Or give our Tears to those of other Times ? But thou commandest, and I obey, O fair Daughter of the Isles !

Conar was mighty in War. *Gaul* was the Friend of Strangers. His Gates were open to all ; Midnight darkened not on his barred door. Both lived upon the Sons of the mountains. Their Bow was the Support of the Poor.

Connan was the Image of *Conar's* soul. *Gaul* was renewed in *Ronnan* his son. *Rivine* the Daughter of *Conar* was the Love of *Ronnan* ; her brother *Connan* was his Friend. She was fair as the Harvest moon setting in the seas of *Molochasquair*. Her soul was settled on *Ronnan* ; the youth was the Dream of her nights.

Rivine, my Love ! says *Ronnan*, I go to my King* in Norway. A year and a day shall bring me back. Wilt thou be true to *Ronnan* ?

Ronnan ! a year and a day I will spend in sorrow. *Ronnan*, be have like a man, and my soul shall exult in thy valour. *Connan* my Friend, says *Ronnan*, wilt thou preserve *Rivine* thy Sister ? *Durstan* is in love with the maid ; and soon shall the Sea bring the Stranger to our Coast.

* Supposed to be Fergus II. This Fragment is reckoned not altogether so ancient as most of the rest.

Ronnan, I will defend : Do thou securely go.—He went. He returned on his Day. But *Durstan* returned before him.

Give me thy daughter, *Conar*, says *Durstan* ; or fear and feel my power.—He who dares attempt my sister, says *Connan*, must meet this edge of steel. Unerring in Battle is my arm : my sword, as the lightning of Heaven. *Ronnan* the Warrior came ; and much he threatened *Durstan*.

But, saith *Uran* the servant of Gold, *Ronnan* ! by the Gate of the North shall *Durstan* this night carry thy fair-one away. Accursed, answers *Ronnan*, be this arm, if death meet him not there.

Connan ! saith *Euran*, this night shall the Stranger carry thy Sister away. My sword shall meet him, replies *Connan*, and he shall lie low on Earth.

The Friends met by night, and they fought. Blood and Sweat ran down their Limbs as Water on the mossy rock. *Connan* falls ; and cries, O *Durstan*, be favourable to *Rivine* !—And is it my Friend, cries *Ronnan*, I have slain ? O *Connan* ! I knew thee not.

He went, and he fought with *Durstan*. Day began to rise on the Combat, when fainting they fell and expired. *Rivine* came out with the morn ; and—O what detains my *Ronnan* ? She saw him lying pale in his Blood ; and her brother lying pale by his side. What could she say ? What could she do ? Her Complaints were many and vain. She opened this Grave for the Warriors, and fell into it herself, before it was closed ; like the Sun snatched away in a storm.

Thou hast heard this Tale of Grief, O fair Daughter of the Isles ! *Rivine* was fair as thyself : shed on her Grave a Tear.

F r a g m e n t X.



'T is night, and I am alone, forlorn on the Hill of Storms. The Wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent shrieks down the Rock. No Hut receives me from the rain ; forlorn on the Hill of Winds.

Rise, Moon ! from behind Thy Clouds ; stars of the night, appear !
Lead Me, some Light, to the Place where my love rests from the toil
of the Chase ! his Bow near him, unstrung ; his dogs panting around
him. But here I must sit alone, by the Rock of the Mossy Stream.
The Stream and the Wind roar ; nor can I hear the voice of my
Love.

Why delayeth my *Shalgar* ; why the Son of the Hill, his promise ?
Here is the Rock, and the Tree ; and here the Roaring Stream.
Thou promisedst with night to be here. Ah ! whither is my *Shalgar*
gone ? With Thee I would fly my Father ; with Thee, my Brother of
Pride. Our Race have long been Foes ; but we are not foes, Oh !
Shalgar.

Cease a little while, O Wind ! Stream, be thou silent awhile ! let my
voice be heard over the heath ; let my wanderer hear me. *Shalgar* !
It is I who call. Here is the Tree and the Rock. *Shalgar*, my Love !
I am here. Why delayest Thou Thy coming ? Alas ! no answer.

Lo ! the Moon appeareth. The Flood is bright in the Vale. The
Rocks are grey on the Face of the Hill. But I see him not on the
Brow ; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I must
sit alone.

But who are those that lie beyond me on the heath ? Are they
my Love and my Brother ? Speak to me, O my Friends ! they
answer not. My Soul is tormented with Fears—Ah ! they are dead.
Their Swords are red from the fight. O my Brother ! my Brother !
Why hast thou slain my *Shalgar* ? Why, O *Shalgar* ! hast thou
slain my Brother ? Dear were ye both to me ! What shall I say in
your praise ? Thou wert fair on the Hill among Thousands ; he was
terrible in Fight. Speak to me ; hear my Voice, Sons of my Love !
But alas ! They are silent, silent for ever ! Cold are their breasts of
Clay !

Oh ! from the Rock of the Hill ! from the Top of the Mountain of
Winds, speak ye Ghosts of the Dead ! Speak, and I will not be
afraid.—Whither are ye gone to rest ? In what Cave of the Hill
shall I find you ? No feeble Voice is on the Wind : no answer half-
drowned in the Storms of the Hill.

I sit in my Grief. I wait for morning in my Tears. Rear the Tomb, ye Friends of the Dead ; but close it not till I come. My Life flyeth away like a Dream : why should I stay behind ? Here shall I rest with my Friends by the stream of the Sounding Rock. When night comes on the Hill ; when the wind is upon the Heath ; my Ghost shall stand in the Wind, and mourn the death of my Friends. The Hunter shall hear from his Booth. He shall fear, but love my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my Friends : for pleasant were they both to me.

Fragment XI.



AD ! I am sad indeed : nor small my cause of Woe !—
Kirmor, thou hast los tno Son ; thou hast lost no Daughter of Beauty. *Connar* the valiant lives ; and *Annir* the fairest of maids. The Boughs of thy family flourish, O *Kirmor* ! But *Armyn* is the last of his Race. Dark is thy bed, O *Daura* ! and deep thy sleep in the Tomb.—When shalt thou wake with thy Songs ? With all thy voice of Music ?

Rise, Winds of Autumn, rise ; blow upon the dark heath ! Streams of the mountain, roar ! howl, ye Tempests, in the top of the oak ! Walk through broken clouds, O moon ! Show by intervals thy pale face ? bring to my mind that sad night, when all my children fell ; when *Arindel* the mighty fell ; when *Daura* the lovely failed ; when all my children died.

Daura, my Daughter ! thou wert fair ; fair as the moon in the hills of *Jura* ; white as the driven snow ; sweet as the breathing Gale.

Arindel, thy Bow was strong, thy spear was swift in the field : Thy Look was like mist on the Wave, thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. *Armor* renowned in War came, and sought *Daura's* love ; he was not long denied : Fair was the Hope of their Friends.

Earch, Son of *Odgal*, repined ; for his Brother was slain by *Armor*. He came disguised like a Son of the Sea : Fair was his Skiff on the

Wave ; White his locks of age ; Calm his Serious Brow. Fairest of Women, he said, lovely daughter of *Army* ! A rock not distant in the Sea, bears a tree on its side ; red shines the fruit afar. There *Armor* waiteth for *Daura*. I came to fetch his Love. Come, fair Daughter of *Army* !

She went ; and she called on *Armor*. Nought answered, but the Son of the Rock. *Armor*, my Love ! my Love ! why tormentest thou me with fear ? hear ! Son of *Arduart*, hear : It is *Daura* who calleth thee !—*Earch*, the Traitor, fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her Father. *Arindel* ! *Army* ! none to relieve your *Daura* !

Her voice came over the sea. *Arindel* my Son descended from the Hill ; rough in the spoils of the Chase. His arrows rattled by his side ; his Bow was in his hand ; five dark grey dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce *Earch* on the shore ; he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick fly the thongs of the Hide round his Limbs ; he loads the Winds with his Groans.

Arindel ascends the surgy Deep in his Boat, to bring *Daura* to the Land. *Armor* came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft. It sunk ; it sunk in Thy Heart, O *Arindel* my Son ! for *Earch* the Traitor thou diest. The Oar is stopped at once ; he panted on the Rock and expired. What is Thy Grief, O *Daura*, when round Thy feet is poured thy Brother's blood !

The Boat is Broken in twain by the Waves. *Armor* plunges into the Sea, to rescue his *Daura*, or die. Sudden a blast from the Hill comes over the Waves. He sunk, and he rose no more,

Alone on the Sea-Beat Rock, my Daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries ; nor could her Father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the Moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the Wind ; and the Rain beat hard on the Side of the Mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening Breeze among the Grass of the Rocks. Spent with Grief she expired. And

left thee *Armyn* alone : Gone is my Strength in the War, and fallen my pride among Women.

When the Storms of the Mountains come; when the North lifts the Waves on high ; I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal Rock. Often by the Setting Moon I see the Ghosts of my Children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful Conference together. Will none of you speak in pity ? They do not regard their Father.

Fragment XXX.

Ryno. Alpin.

RYNO.



HE wind and the rain are over : Calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in Heaven. Over the green Hills flies the inconstant Sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the Hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O Stream ! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of *Alpin* the Son of the Song, mourning for the Dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. *Alpin*, thou Son of the Song, why alone on the Silent Hill ? Why complainest thou, as a Blast in the Wood ; as a Wave on the lonely shore.

ALPIN.

My Tears, O *Ryno* ! are for the Dead ; my Voice for the Inhabitants of the Grave. Tall thou art on the Hill ; fair among the Sons of the Plain. But thou shalt fall like *Morar* ; and the Mourner shall sit on thy Tomb. The Hills shall know thee no more ; thy Bow shall lie in the Hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O *Morar* ! as a Roe on the Hill ; terrible as a Meteor of Fire. Thy wrath was as the Storm of *December*. Thy Sword in battle, as lightning in the Field. Thy voice was like a Stream after Rain ; like thunder on distant Hills. Many fell by thy Arm ; they were consumed in the Flames of thy Wrath.

But when thou returnedst from War, how peaceful was thy brow !
Thy face was like the Sun after Rain ; like the Moon in the silence
of Night ; calm as the Breast of the Lake when the loud Wind is
laid.

Narrow is thy Dwelling now ; dark the Place of thine abode. With
three steps I compass thy Grave, O thou who wast so great before !
Four Stones with their heads of Moss are the only Memorial of thee.
A Tree with scarce a Leaf, long Grass which whistles in the Wind, mark
to the Hunter's eye, the Grave of the Mighty *Morar*. *Morar* ! thou
art low indeed. Thou hast no Mother to mourn thee ; no Maid with
her tears of Love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is
the Daughter of *Morglan*.

Who on his Staff is this ? Who is this, whose Head is white with
age, whose eyes are red with Tears, who quakes at every step ? It is
thy Father, O *Morar* ! the Father of none but thee. He heard of
thy Fame in Battle, he heard of Foes dispersed. He heard of *Morar's*
Fame ; why did he not hear of his Wound ? Weep, thou Father of
Morar ! Weep ; but thy Son heareth Thee not. Deep is the Sleep
of the Dead ; low their Pillow of Dust. No more shall he hear Thy
voice, no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in
the Grave, to bid the slumberer awake ?

Farewell, thou bravest of Men ! thou Conqueror, in the field ! but
the field shall see thee no more ; nor the dark Wood be lightened
with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no Son. But the Song
shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee ; they shall
hear of the fallen *Morar*.

Fragment XXX.



RAISE high the Stones ; Collect the Earth : Preserve the
name of *Fear-Combraic*. Blow Winds, from all your hills ;
Sigh on the Grave of *Muirnin*.

The dark Rock hangs, with all its wood, above the calm Dwelling of
the Heroes.

The Sea with its foam-headed Billows murmurs at their Side.

Why sigh the Woods, why roar the Waves ! they have no cause to mourn.

But thou hast cause, O *Diorma* ! thou Maid of the Breast of Snow ! Spread thou thy Hair to the Wind ; Send thy Sighs on the blast of the Hills.

They vanished like two Beams of Light, which fly from the Heath in a Storm : they sunk like two Stars in a Cloud when the Winds of the North arise.

For thee weep the Maids, *Fear-Combraic*, along the echoing Hills. For thee the Women weep, O *Muirnin* ; Chief of the Wars of *Erin*. I see not *Fear-Combraic* on the Hill ; I see not *Muirnin* in the Storms of Ocean. Raise, raise the Song, relate the Tale. Decend ye tears of other Times.

Diorma was the Daughter of *Connaid* the Chief of a thousand Shields.

Diorma was among the Maids, as the white flower among the Heath.

Her Breast was like a white cloud in Heaven. Her Bosom like the top of a wave in a Storm. Her Hair was like smoke in the Sun : Her eye like the Star of Morn. Not fairer looks the Moon from between two clouds, than the face of *Diorma* from between her locks.

A Thousand Heroes loved the Maid ; the Maid loved none but *Fear-Combraic*. He loved the Maid, and well he might ; fair among women was the Daughter of *Connaid*. She was the light of his soul in Danger ; the strength of his arm in Battle.

Who shall deny me the Maid, said *Fear-Combraic*, who, the fairest of Women, *Diorma* ! Hard must be his Helm of Steel, and strong his Shield of Iron.

I deny her, said *Muirnin*, Son of the Chief of Generous Shells. My sword is keen, my spear is strong ; the valiant yield to *Muirnin*.

Come then, thou Son of *Cormac*, O mighty *Muirnin*, come ! leave the Hills of *Erin*, come on the foamy wave. Let thy ship, like a cloud, come over the storms of ocean.

He came along the sea : His sails were like grey mist on the Heath : Long was his spear of ash ; his shield like the bloody moon. —*Aodan*, Son of *Armcloch*, came ; the youth of the Gloomy Brow.

Rise, *Fear-Combraic*, rise thou Love of the soft *Diorma* ! Fight, or yield the maid, son of the great *Combseadan* !

He rose like a cloud on the hill, when the winds of autumn blow.

Tall art thou, said *Fear-Combraic*, Son of mighty *Cormac* ; fair are thy cheeks of youth, and strong thy arm of war. Prepare the Feast, and slay the Deer ; send round the shell of joy : Three days we feast together ; we fight on the fourth, son of *Cormac*.

Why should I sheath my sword, Son of the noble *Combseadan* ? Yield to me, son of Battle, and raise my fame in *Erin*.

Raise thou my Tomb, O *Muirnin* ! If *Fear-Combraic* fall by thy steel, place my bright sword by my side, in the Tomb of the lonely Hill.

We fight by the noise of the stream, *Muirnin* ! Wield thy steel.

Swords sound on Helmets, sound on shields ; Brass clashes, clatters, rings. Sparkles buzz ; shivers fly ; Death bounds from mail to mail. As leaps a stone from Rock to Rock, so blow succeeds to blow. Their eyes dart fire ; their nostrils blow : They leap, they thrust, they wound.

Slowly, slowly falls the blade of *Muirnin*, Son of War. He sinks, his armour rings, he cries, I die, *Fear-Combraic*, I die.

And falls the bravest of men the chief of *Innis-Shallin* ! Stretch wide the sail ; ascend the wave, and bring the youth to *Erin*. Deep on the Hills of *Erin* is the sigh of maids. For thee, my Foe, I mourn : Thou art the Grief of *Fear-Combraic*.

Rise ye winds of the sounding Hill ; sigh over the Fall of *Muirnin* ! Weep, *Diorma*, for the Hero ; weep, Maid of the arms of snow ; appear like the Sun in Rain ; move in Tears along the shore !

Aodan saw the fall of *Muirnin*, and drew the sounding Bow : the grey winged arrow flew, and pierced the breast of *Fear-Combraic*. *Aodan*, said *Fear-Combraic*, where was the sword of war ? Where was the spear of thy strength, when thus thou has slain *Fear-Combraic* ? Raise, gloomy youth, raise thou our Tombs ! I will rest with the chief of *Innis-Shallin*.

Who is that on the Hill like a Sunbeam in a Storm ? Who is that with the heaving breasts, which are like two wreaths of snow ? Thy blue eyes roll in Tears, Thou daughter of mighty *Connaid* ! Thy hair flies round thy temples, as the mist on the Rocks of *Ardrven*. Thy Robe flows on the Heath, Daughter of Grief, *Diorma* ! He is fallen on the Hill like a Stream of Light in a Cloud. No more shall he hear thy Voice like the sound of the string of Music. The Strength of the war is gone, the cheek of youth is pale.

Fragment XXV.*



UCHULAID sat by the wall ; by the Tree of the Rustling leaf.† His spear leaned against the mossy Rock. His Shield lay by him on the Grass. Whilst he thought on the mighty *Carbre* whom he slew in Battle, the Scout of the ocean came, *Moran* the Son of *Fithil*.

Rise, *Cuchulaid*, rise ! I see the ships of *Garve*. Many are the Foe, *Cuchulaid* ; many the sons of *Lochlyn*.

Moran ! thou ever tremblest ; thy Fears increase the Foe. They are the ships of the Desert of Hills arrived to assist *Cuchulaid*.

* This is the opening of the Epic Poem mentioned in the Preface. The two following Fragments are parts of some Episodes of the same work.

† The Aspen or Poplar tree.

I saw their chief, says *Moran*, Tall as a Rock of Ice. His spear is like that Fir; his shield like the rising Moon. He sat upon a rock on the shore, as a grey cloud upon the Hill. Many, mighty man! I said, many are our Heroes; *Garve*,* well art thou named, many are the sons of our King.

He answered like a wave on the Rock; who is like me here? The valiant live not with me; they go to the earth from my hand. The King of the Desert of Hills alone can fight with *Garve*. Once we wrestled on the Hill. Our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place, and Rivulets changed their course. Three days we strove together; Heroes stood at a distance, and feared. On the fourth, the King saith that I fell; but *Garve* saith, he stood. Let *Cuchulaid* yield to him that is strong as a storm.

No. I will never yield to man. *Cuchulaid* will conquer or die. Go, *Moran*, take my spear; strike the shield of *Caithbait* which hangs before the Gate. It never rings in peace. My heroes shall hear on the Hill.

Fragment XV.

Duchommar. Morna.†

DUCHOMMAR.



MORNA, thou fairest of women, Daughter of *Cormac-Carbre*! Why in the circle of Stones, in the Cave of the Rock, alone? The stream murmureth hoarsely. The Blast groaneth in the aged Tree. The Lake is troubled before thee. Dark are the clouds of the sky. But thou art like Snow on the Heath. Thy Hair like a thin cloud of Gold on the Top

* *Garve* signifies a man of great size.

† The signification of the names in this Fragment are *Duchommar*, a black well shaped man; *Murine* or *Morna*, a woman beloved by all. *Cormac-Carbre*, an unequalled and rough warrior. *Cromleach*, a Crooked Hill. *Mugruch*, a surly, gloomy man. *Tarman*, Thunder. *Moinie*, soft in temper and person.

of *Cromleach*. Thy Breasts like two smooth Rocks on the Hill which is seen from the Stream of *Brannuin*. Thy arms, as two white Pillars in the Hall of *Fingal*.

MORNA.

Whence the Son of *Mugruch*, *Duchommar* the most gloomy of men? Dark are thy brows of Terror. Red thy rolling Eyes. Does *Garve* appear on the Sea? What of the Foe, *Duchommar*?

DUCHOMMAR.

From the Hill I return, O *Morna*, from the Hill of the flying Deer. Three have I slain with my bow; three with my panting dogs. Daughter of *Cormac-Carbre*, I love thee as my soul. I have slain a deer for thee. High was his branchy Head; and fleet his feet of wind.

MORNA.

Gloomy Son of *Mugruch*, *Duchommar*! I love thee not. Hard is thy heart of Rock; dark thy terrible brow. But *Cadmor* the Son of *Tarman*, thou art the love of *Morna*! thou art like a sunbeam on the hill, in the day of the Gloomy Storm. Sawest thou the Son of *Tarman*, lovely on the Hill of the chace? Here the daughter of *Cormac-Carbre* waiteth the coming of *Cadmor*.

DUCHOMMAR.

And long shall *Morna* wait. His blood is on my sword. I met him by the mossy stone, by the Oak of the noisy Stream. He fought; but I slew him; his blood is on my sword. High on the Hill I will raise his Tomb, Daughter of *Cormac-Carbre*. But love thou the Son of *Mugruch*; his arm is Strong as a Storm.

MORNA.

And is the Son of *Tarman* fallen; the youth with the breast of snow! the first in the chace of the Hill; the foe of the Sons of the Ocean! *Duchommar*, thou art gloomy indeed; cruel is thy arm to me. But give me that sword, Son of *Mugruch*; I love the blood of *Cadmor*!

(*He gives her the sword, with which she instantly stabs him*).

DUCHOMMAR.

Daughter of *Cormac-Carbre*, thou has pierced *Duchommar*! the sword is cold in my breast; thou hast Killed the Son of *Mugruch*. Give me to *Moinie* the Maid; for much she loved *Duchommar*. My Tomb she will raise on the Hill; the Hunter shall see it, and praise me. But draw the sword from my side, *Morna*; I feel it cold.

(Upon her coming near him, he stabs her. As she fell, she plucked a stone from the side of the Cave, and placed it betwixt them, that his blood might not be mingled with hers.)

F r a g m e n t X V I I . *



HERE is *Gealchossa*, my Love, the Daughter of *Tuathal-Teachvar*! I left her in the hall of the plain, when I fought with the hairy *Ulfadha*. Return soon, she said, O *Lamderg*! for here I wait in sorrow. Her white breast rose with sighs; her cheek was wet with tears. But he cometh not to meet *Lamderg*; or sooth his soul after battle. Silent is the hall of joy; I hear not the voice of the singer. *Brann* does not shake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of his master. Where is *Gealchossa*, my Love, the Daughter of *Tuathal-Teachvar*?

Lamderg! says *Firchios*, Son of *Aydon*, *Gealchossa* may be on the Hill; she and her chosen maids pursuing the flying deer.

Firchoise! No noise I hear. No sound in the wood of the Hill. No deer fly in my sight; no panting dog pursueth. I see not *Gealchossa*, my love; fair as the full moon setting on the hills of *Crom-leach*. Go, *Firchios*! go to *Ailad*† the grey haired Son of Rock. He liveth in the circle of stones; he may tell of *Gealchossa*.

* The signification of the names in this Fragment are: *Gealchossack*, white legged. *Tuathal-Teachtubar*, the surly, but fortunate man. *Lamddearg*, Bloody hand. *Ulfadha*, Long beard. *Firchios*, the Conqueror of men.

† *Allad* is plainly a Druid consulted on this occasion.

Allad ! said *Firchios*, thou who dwellest in the Rock ; thou who tremblest alone ; what saw thine eyes of age ?

I saw, answered *Allad* the old, *Ullin* the son of *Carbre* : He came like a cloud from the hill ; he hummed a surly song as he came, like a storm in leafless wood. He entered the Hall of the Plain. *Lamderg*, he cried, most dreadful of men ! Fight, or yield to *Ullin*. *Lamderg*, replied *Gealchossa*, *Lamderg* is not here ; he fights the hairy *Ulfadha* ; mighty man, he is not here. But *Lamderg* never yields ; he will fight the son of *Carbre*. Lovely art thou, O Daughter of *Tuathal-Teachvar* ! said *Ullin*, I carry thee to the House of *Carbre* ; the valiant shall have *Gealchossa*. Three days from the top of *Cromleach* will I call *Lamderg* to fight. The fourth, you belong to *Ullin*, if *Lamderg* die, or fly my sword.

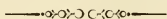
Allad, peace to thy dreams ! Sound the horn, *Firchios* ! *Ullin* may hear, and meet me on the top of *Cromleach*.

Lamderg rushed on like a storm. On his spear he leaped over rivers. Few were his strides up the Hill. The rocks fly back from his heels ; loud crashing they bound to the plain. His armour, his buckler rung. He hummed a surly song like the noise of the falling stream. Dark as a cloud he stood above ; his arms like meteors shone. From the summit of the Hill, he rolled a rock. *Ullin* heard in the Hall of *Carbre*.



Editions of Macpherson's Ossian

From 1760 to 1847.



1.	Fragments of Ancient Poetry, 1 vol. 8vo.,	Edinburgh,	1760.
2.	Fingal and other Poems, 1 vol. 4to.,	London,	1762.
3.	Temora and other Poems, 1 vol. 4to.,	„	1763.
<i>(These two Volumes are generally found together).</i>			
4.	The Poems of Ossian, 2 vols. 8vo.,	„	1765.
5.	„ „ 2 vols. 8vo.,	„	1773.
6.	Fingal and other Poems, 1 vol. 4to.,	„	1776.
7.	The Poems of Ossian, 4 vols. 8vo.,	Frankfort,	1783.
8.	„ „ 2 vols. 8vo.,	London,	1784.
9.	„ „ 1 vol. 8vo.,	Edinburgh,	1792.
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11.	„ „ 2 vols. 8vo.,	Edinburgh,	1805.*
12.	„ „ 2 vols. 12mo.,	„	1805.
13.	„ „ 3 vols. 12mo.,	London,	1805.†
14.	„ „ 2 vols. 12mo.,	„	1806.‡
15.	„ „ 2 vols. 12mo.,	„	1806.§
16.	„ „ 2 vols. 8vo.,	„	1807.
17.	„ „ 2 vols. 8vo.,	Edinburgh,	1812.
18.	„ „ 3 vols. 12mo.,	London,	1812.
19.	„ „ 2 vols. 8vo.,	„	1822.
20.	„ „ 2 vols. 12mo.,	Edinburgh,	1840.
21.	„ „ 1 vol. 24mo.,	London,	1847.¶

THE POEMS OF OSSIAN have been translated into Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish and Russian.

* With notes and illustrations by Malcolm Laing.

† With Plates by Fittler.

‡ Contains a Review of the Ossian Controversy.

§ With dissertations on the Poems of Ossian.

|| “Authenticated and explained by Hugh Campbell.” Map and 3 Plates.

¶ Bohn's Miniature Classics.



[TO FACE PAGE 132.]

16* The Poems of Ossian, 1 vol., 12mo., London, 1809.†

19* „ „ 1 vol., 16mo., Paris, 1825.

† With Dissertations (W. G. S.)

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| | <i>(These two Volumes are generally found together).</i> | |
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| 6. | Fingal and other Poems, 1 vol. 4to., „ | 1776. |

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In No. VIII. of the "AUNGERVYLE" will be commenced "THE ROMANCE OF OCTAVIAN, EMPEROR OF ROME," abridged from a MS. in the Bodleian Library (Circa 1250).

## NOTICE.

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The Committee of the AUNGERVYLE SOCIETY have resolved that in all future numbers, one page of the outside cover shall be at the disposal of members for purposes of inter-communication on all subjects of Antiquarian or Bibliographical interest. Queries will be inserted at the rate of Threepence per line of Twelve Words: no query to occupy more than four lines. Replies (not to exceed three lines) will be inserted Free.

Queries will be inserted in the order in which they are received.

EDMUND GOLDSMID,

*Hon. Sec.*

30 CASTLE TERRACE,  
EDINBURGH.