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THE
WORKS
OF
OSSIAN,
THE
SON of FINGAL,

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T H E
W O R K S
O F
O S S I A N,
T H E

SON of FINGAL,

Translated from the GALIC LANGUAGE

By JAMES MACPHERSON.

V O L. I I.

Fortia facta patrum. VIRG.

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C O N L A T H

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C U T H O N A :

A P O E M.

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CONLATH

AND

CUTHONA:

A POEM (1).

DID not Ossian hear a voice? or is it the
sound of days that are no more? Often does the

(1) Conlath was the youngest of Morni's sons, and brother to the celebrated Gaul, who is so often mentioned in Ossian's poems. He was in love with Cuthona the daughter of Rumar, when Toscar the son of Kinfena, accompanied by Fercuth his friend, arrived, from Ireland, at Mora where Conlath dwelt. He was hospitably received, and according to the custom of the times, feasted, three days, with Conlath. On the fourth he set sail, and coasting the *island of waves*, probably, one of the Hebrides, he saw Cuthona hunting, fell in love with her, and carried her away, by force, in his ship. He was forced by stress of weather, into I-thona a desert isle. In the mean time Conlath, hearing of the rape, sailed after him, and found him on the point of sailing for the coast of Ireland. They fought; and they, and their followers fell by mutual wounds. Cuthona did not long survive: for she died of grief the third day after. Fingal, hearing of their unfortunate death, sent Stormal the son of Moran to bury them, but forgot to send a bard to sing the sa-

4 CONLATH and CUTHONA :

memory of former times come, like the evening sun, on my soul. The noise of the chase is renewed; and, in thought, I lift the spear.—But Ossian did hear a voice: Who art thou, son of the night? The sons of little men are asleep, and the midnight wind is in my hall. Perhaps it is the shield of Fingal that echoes to the blast, it hangs in Ossian's hall, and he feels it sometimes with his hands. — Yes!—I hear thee, my friend: long has thy voice been absent from mine ear! What brings thee, on thy cloud, to Ossian, son of the generous Morni? Are the friends of the aged near thee? Where is Oscar, son of fame? He was often near thee, O Conlath, when the din of battle rose.

GHOST of CONLATH.

Sleeps the sweet voice of Cona, in the midst of his rustling hall? Sleeps Ossian in his hall, and his friends without their fame? The sea rolls round the dark I-thona (1), and our

neral song over their tombs. The ghost of Conlath came, long after, to Ossian, to intreat him to transmit, to posterity, his and Cuthona's fame. For it was the opinion of the times, that the souls of the deceased were not happy, till their elegies were composed by a bard.—Thus is the story of the poem handed down by tradition.

(1) I-thonn, *island of waves*, one of the uninhabited western isles.

tombs are not seen by the stranger. How long shall our fame be unheard, son of the echoing Morven ?

OSSIÂN.

O that mine eyes could behold thee, as thou sittest, dim, on thy cloud ! Art thou like the mist of Lano ; or an half-extinguished meteor ? Of what are the skirts of thy robe ? Of what is thine airy bow ! — But he is gone on his blast like the shadow of mist. — Come from thy wall, my harp, and let me hear thy sound. Let the light of memory rise on I-thona ; that I may behold my friends. And Ossian does behold his friends, on the dark-blue isle. — The cave of Thona appears, with its mossy rocks and bending trees. A stream roars at its mouth, and Toscar bends over its course. Fercuth is sad by his side : and the maid (1) of his love sits at a distance, and weeps. Does the wind of the waves deceive me ? Or do I hear them speak ?

TOSCAR.

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

(1) Cuthona the daughter of Rumar, whom Toscar had carried away by force.

6 CONLATH and CUTHONA :

rocks.—The lightning came often and shewed the blasted fern. — Fercuth ! I saw the ghost of night. [1] Silent he stood on that bank ; his robe of mist flew on the wind. — I could behold his tears : an aged man he seemed , and full of thought.

FERCUTH.

It was thy father, O Toscar; and he foresees some death among his race. Such was his appearance on Cromla, before the great Ma-ronnan [2] fell.—Ullin ! [3] with thy hills of grass, how pleasant are thy vales ! Silence is near thy blue streams, and the sun is on thy fields. Soft is the sound of the harp in Seláma [4], and pleasant the cry of the hun-

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

(2) Ma-ronnan was the brother of Toscar : the translator has a poem in his possession concerning the extraordinary death of that hero.

(3) Ulster in Ireland.

(4) Selamath—*beautiful to behold* , the name of Toscar's palace , on the east of Ulster , near the mountain Cromla , the scene of the epic poem.

ter on Cronla. But we are in the dark Ithona, surrounded by the storm. The billows lift their white heads above our rocks : and we tremble amidst the night.

TOSCAR.

Whither is the soul of battle fled, Fercuth with the locks of age ? I have seen thee undaunted in danger, and thine eyes burning with joy in the fight. Whither is the soul of battle fled ? Our fathers never feared. — Go : view the settling sea : the stormy wind is laid. The billows still tremble [1] on the deep, and seem to fear the blast. But view the settling sea : morning is gray on our rocks. The sun will look soon from his east, in all his pride of light.

I lifted up my sails, with joy ; before the halls of generous Conlath. My course was by the isle of waves, where his love pursued the deer. I saw her, like that beam of the sun that issues from the cloud. Her hair was on her heaving breast ; she, bending forward, drew the bow : her white arm seemed, behind her, like the snow of Cronla : — Come to my soul, I said, thou huntress of the isle

(1) — the face of ocean sleeps,

And a still horror saddens all the deeps.

POPE'S HOMER.

A iv

8 CONLATH and CUTHONA :

of waves ! But she spends her time in tears, and thinks of the generous Conlath. Where can I find thy peace, Cuthona, lovely maid !

CUTHONA (1).

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

TOSCAR.

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

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

I shall think it is Cuthona's voice. But she is distant far, in the halls of the mighty Conlath.

CUTHONA.

Oh! what cloud is that? It carries the ghosts of my fathers. I see the skirts of their robes, like gray and watry mist. When shall I fall, O Rumar?—Sad Cuthona sees her death. Will not Conlath behold me, before I enter the narrow house? (1)

OSSIAN.

And he will behold thee, O maid: he comes along the rolling sea. The death of Toscar is dark on his spear; and a wound is in his side. He is pale at the cave of Thona, and shews his ghastly wound (2). Where art thou with thy tears, Cuthona? the chief of

(1) The grave.

(2)—*inhumati venit imago*

Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:

Crudeles aras, trajestaque pectora ferro

Nudavit.—

VIRG.

—the ghost appears

Of her unhappy lord; the spectre stares,

And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bars.

DRYDEN.

A v

10 CONLATH and CUTHONA :

Mora dies. — The vision grows dim on my mind : — I behold the chiefs no more. But, O ye bards of future times, remember the fall of Conlath with tears : he fell before his day (1); and sadness darkened in his hall. His mother looked to his shield on the wall, and it was bloody (2). She knew that her hero died, and her sorrow was heard on Mora.

Art thou pale, on thy rock, Cuthona, beside the fallen chiefs? The night comes, and the day returns, but none appears to raise their tomb. Thou frightnest the screaming fowls (3) away, and thy tears for ever flow. Thou art pale as a watry cloud, that rises from a lake.

(1) *Nam quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,
Sed misera ante diem, &c.* VIRG.

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

(3) The situation of Cuthona is like that of Rizpah, Saul's mistress, who sat by her sons after they had been hanged by the Gibeonites.

And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of the harvest until water dropped on them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of prey by night. 2 SAM. xxi. 10.

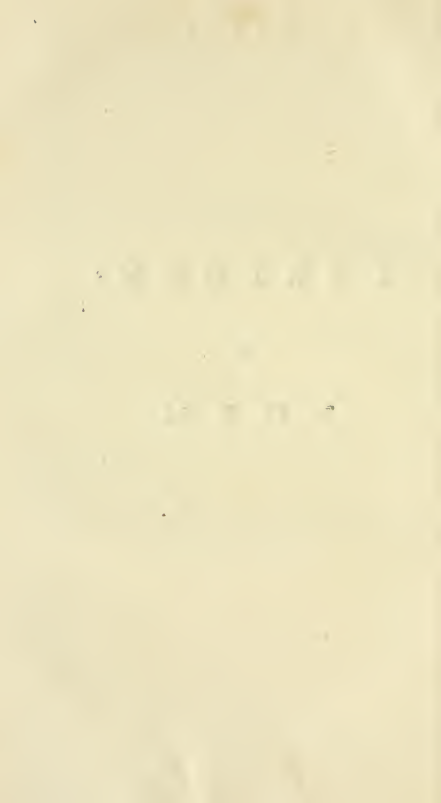
The sons of the desert came, and they found her dead. They raise a tomb over the heroes; and she rests at the side of Conlath.— Come not to my dreams, O Conlath; for thou hast received thy fame. Be thy voice far distant from my hall; that sleep may descend at night. O that I could forget my friends till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

1771. The first of the year was a very cold one, and the weather was very disagreeable. The wind was very strong, and the rain was very much. The snow was very deep, and the ice was very thick. The people were very much distressed, and the cattle were very much starved. The sheep were very much killed, and the horses were very much starved. The people were very much distressed, and the cattle were very much starved. The sheep were very much killed, and the horses were very much starved.

CARTHON;

A

POEM.



CARTHON (1):

A P O E M.

A TALE of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years!—The murmur of thy

(1) This poem is compleat, and the subject of it, as of most of Ossian's compositions, tragical. In the time of Comhal the son of Trathal, and father of the celebrated Fingal, Clefsámmor the son of Thaddu and brother of Morna, Fingal's mother, was driven by a storm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which stood Balclutha, a town belonging to the Britons between the walls. He was hospitably received by 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 Clefsámmor. A quarrel ensued, in which Reuda was killed; the Britons, who attended him pressed so hard on Clefsámmor, that he was obliged to throw himself into the Clyde, and swim to his ship. He hoisted sail, and the wind being favourable, bore him out to sea. He often endeavoured to return, and carry off his beloved Moina by night; but the wind continuing contrary, he was forced to desist.

Moina, who had been left with child by her husband, brought forth a son, and died soon after.—Reuthámir named the child Carthon, *i. e.* the murmur of waves, from the storm which carried off Clefsámmor his father, who was supposed to

streams, O Lora, brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged firs bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone, and sheds its aged beard. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, shew their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds the gray ghost that guards it (1): for the mighty lie, O Malvina,

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.

(1) 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,

in the narrow plain of the rock. A tale of the times of old ! the deeds of days of others years !

Who comes from the land of strangers , with his thousands around him ? the sun-beam pours its bright stream before him ; and his hair meets the wind of his hills. His face is settled from war. He is calm as the evening beam that looks , from the cloud of the west , on Cona's silent vale. Who is it but Comhal's son (1), the king of mighty deeds ! He beholds his hills with joy , and bids a thousand voices rise. — Ye have fled over your fields , ye sons of the distant land ! The king of the world sits in his hall , and hears of his people's flight. He lifts his red eye of pride , and takes his father's sword. Ye have fled over your fields , sons of the distant land !

Such were the words of the bards , when they came to Selma's hall. — A thousand lights (1) from the stranger's land rose , in the

the vulgar think that they see the spirits of the deceased.

(1) Fingal returns here , from an expedition against the Romans , which was celebrated by Ossian in a particular poem which is in the translator's possession.

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

midst of the people. The feast is spread around; and the night passed away in joy. — Where is the noble Clessammor (1), said the fair-haired Fingal? Where is the companion of my father, in the days 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 (2) in his strength, who

(1) Clessamh-mor, *mighty deeds*,

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

JOB.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σαρὸς ἵππος ἀκροήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
Δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας, &c.

HOM. II. 15.

The wanton courtier thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling
ground;

His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting.

POPE.

*Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinculis
Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
— Ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum:
— arrectisque fremit cervicibus altè
Luxurians, luduntque juba per colla, per armos.*

VIRGIL.

finds his companions in the breeze ; and
tosses his bright mane in the wind. — Blest
be the soul of Clessammor, why so long from
Selma ?

Returns the chief, said Clessammor, 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 re-
joice. — Why do I remember the battles of
my youth ? My hair is mixed with gray. My
hand forgets to bend the bow : and I lift a
lighter spear. O that my joy would return, as
when I first beheld the maid ; the white bo-
somed daughter of strangers, Moina (1) with
the dark-blue eyes !

Tell, said the mighty Fingal, the tale of

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains ;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
—— O'er his shoulders flows his waving mane :
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high.

DRYDEN.

(1) Moina, *soft in temper and person*. We find
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.

thy youthful days. Sorrow, like a cloud on the sun, shades the soul of Clefsammor. 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 Clefsammor, I came, in my bounding ship, to Balclutha's (1) walls of towers. The winds had roared behind my sails, and Clutha's (2) streams received my dark-bosomed vessel. Three days I remained in Reuthamir's halls, and saw that beam of light, his daughter. The joy of the shell went round, and the aged hero gave the fair. Her breasts were like foam on the wave, and her hair was dark as the raven's wing: her soul was generous and mild. My love for Moina was great: and my heart poured forth in joy.

The son of a stranger came; a chief who loved the white-bosomed Moina. His words were mighty in the hall, and he often half-unsheathed his sword. — Where, he said, is

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

(2) Clutha, or Cluath, 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.

the mighty Comhal, the restless wanderer (1) of the heath? Comes he, with his host, to Balclutha, since Clessammor 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 Clessammor is alone. But my sword trembles by my side, and longs to glitter in my hand. —Speak no more of Comhal, son of the winding Clutha!

The strength of his pride arose. We fought; he fell beneath my sword. The banks of Clutha heard his fall, and a thousand spears glittered around. I fought: the strangers prevailed: I plunged into the stream of Clutha. My white sails rose over the waves, and I bounded on the dark-blue sea.—Moina came to the shore, and rolled the red eye of her tears: her dark hair flew on the wind; and I heard her cries.—Often did I turn my ship; but the winds of the East prevailed. Nor Clutha ever since have I seen: nor Moina of the dark brown hair.—She fell in Balclutha: for I have seen her ghost.

(1) 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.

I knew her as she came through the dusky night, along the murmur of Lora: she was like the new moon (1) seen through the gathered mist: when the sky pours down its flaky snow, and the world is silent and dark.

Raise (2), 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 sunbeams of other days, and the delight of he-

(1) *Inter quas Phœnissa recens a vulnere Dido
Errabat sylva in magna, quam Troius heros
Ut primum juxta stetit, agnovitque per umbram
Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam.*

VIRG.

Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood.
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light, &c.

DRYDEN.

(2) The title of this poem, in the original, is *Duan naonlaoi*, i. e. *The Poem of the Hymns*: probably on account of its many digressions from the subject, all which are in lyric measure, as this song of Fingal. Fingal is celebrated by the Irish historians for his wisdom in making laws, his poetical

roes of old.—I have seen the walls (1) of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls.—The thistle shook, there, its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out, from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round his head.—Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers.—Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for, one day, we must fall.—Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield.—And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day. The mark of my arm shall be in the battle, and my name in the song of bards.—Raise the song; send round the shell: and let joy be heard in my hall.—When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy bright-

genius, and his foreknowledge of events.—O'Flaherty goes so far as to say, that Fingal's laws were extant in his own time.

(1) The reader may compare this passage with the three last verses of the 23th chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet foretells the destruction of Babylon.

ness is for a season, like Fingal; our fame shall survive thy beams.

Such was the song of Fingal, in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of the harp on the gale of the spring. — Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal! why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul? — But thou standest alone, my father; and who can equal the king of Morven?

The night passed away in song, and morning returned in joy;—the mountains shewed their gray heads; and the blue face of ocean smiled.—The white wave is seen tumbling round the distant rock; the gray mist rises, slowly, from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps; for a ghost supported it in mid air. It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.

The king alone beheld the terrible sight, and he foresaw the death of the people. He came, in silence, to his hall; and took his father's spear.—The mail rattled on his breast. The heroes rose around. They looked, in silence, on each other, marking the eyes of Fingal.—They saw the battle in his face: the death

his spear.—A thousand shields, at once, are placed on their arms; and they drew a thousand swords. The hall of Selma brightened around. The clang of arms ascends.—The gray dogs howl in their place. No word is among the mighty chiefs.—Each marked the eyes of the king; and half assumed his spear.

Sons of Morven, begun the king, this is no time to fill the shell. The battle darkens near us; and death hovers over the land. Some ghost, the friend of Fingal, has forewarned us of the foe.—The sons of the stranger come from the darkly-rolling sea. For, from the water, came the sign of Morven's gloomy danger.—Let each (1) assume his heavy spear, and gird on his father's sword.—Let

(1) *Εἴ μὲν τις δόρυ θαξάσθω, εἰ δ' ἀσπίδα θέσθω.*

HOM. ii. 382,

His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield, &c.

POPE.

Let each

His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture right, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire,

MILTON.

the dark helmet rise on every head; and the mail pour its lightening from every side.—The battle gathers like a tempest, and soon shall ye hear the roar of death.

The hero moved on before his host, like a cloud before a ridge of heaven's fire; when it pours on the sky of night, and mariners foresee a storm. On Cona's rising heath they stood: the white-bosomed maids beheld them above like a grove; they foresaw the death of their youths, and looked towards the sea with fear.—The white wave deceived them for distant sails, and the tear is on their cheek.

The sun rose on the sea, and we beheld a distant fleet.—Like the mist of ocean they came: and poured their youth upon the coast.—The chief was among them, like the stag in the midst of the herd.—His shield is studded with gold, and stately strode the kind of spears.—He moved towards Selma; his thousands moved behind.

Go, with thy song of peace, said Fingal; go, Ullin, to the king of swords. Tell him that we are mighty in battle; and that the ghosts of our foes are many.—But renowned are they who have feasted in my halls! they shew the arms (1) of my fathers in a foreign

(1) It was a custom among the ancient Scots, to

land : the sons of the stranger wonder , and
bless the friends of Morven's race ; for our
names have been heard afar ; the kings of the
world shook in the midst of their people.

Ullin went with his song. Fingal rested
on his spear : he saw the mighty foe in his
armour : and he blest the stranger's son.

How stately art thou , son of the sea ! said
the king of woody Morven. Thy sword is a
beam of might by thy side : thy spear is a fir
that defies the storm. The varied face of the
moon is not broader than thy shield.—Ruddy
is thy face of youth ! soft the ringlets of thy
hair ! — But this tree may fall ; and his me-
mory be forgot ! — The daughter of the
stranger will be sad , and look to the rolling
sea :—the children will say , « We see a ship ;
« perhaps it is the king of Balclutha. » The
tear starts from their mother's eye. Her
thoughts are of him that sleeps in Morven.

Such were the words of the king , when
Ullin came to the mighty Carthon : he threw
down the spear before him ; and raised the
song of peace.

Come to the feast of Fingal , Carthon , from

exchange arms with their guests , and those arms
were preserved long in the different families , as
monuments of the friendship which subsisted be-
tween their ancestors.

the rolling sea! partake the feast of the king;
or lift the spear of war. The ghosts of our
foes are many: but renowned are the friends
of Morven!

Behold that field, O Carthon; many a
green hill rises there, with mossy stones and
rustling grass: these are the tombs of Fin-
gal's foes, the sons of the rolling sea.

Dost thou speak to the feeble in arms, said
Carthon, bard of the woody Morven? Is my
face pale for fear, son of the peaceful song?
Why, then, dost thou think to darken my soul
with the tales of those who fell? — My arm
has fought in the battle; my renown is known
afar. Go to the feeble in arms, and bid them
yield to Fingal. — Have not I seen the fallen
Balclutha? And shall I feast with Comhal's
son? Comhal! who threw his fire in the midst
of my father's hall! I was young, and knew
not the cause why the virgins wept. The co-
lumn 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, and 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: and, bending forward, he seemed to threaten the king.

Shall I, said Fingal to his soul, meet, at once, the king? Shall I stop him, in the midst of his course, before his fame shall arise? But the bard, hereafter, may say, when he sees the tomb of Carthon; Fingal took his thousands, along with him, to battle, before the noble Carthon fell.—No:—bard of the times to come! thou shalt not lessen Fingal's fame. My heroes will fight the youth, and Fingal behold the battle. If he overcomes, I rush, in my strength, like the roaring stream of Cona.

Who, of my heroes, will meet the son of the rolling sea? Many are his warriors on the coast: and strong is his ashen spear!

Cathul (1) rose, in his strength, the son of the mighty Lormar: three hundred youths

(1) Cath-huil, the eye of battle.

attend the chief, the race (1) of his native streams. Feeble was his arm against Carthon, he fell; and his heroes fled.

Connal (2) resumed the battle, but he broke his heavy spear: he lay bound on the field: and Carthon pursued his people.

Clessammor! said the king (3) of Morven; where is the spear of thy strength? Wilt thou behold Connal bound; thy friend, at the stream of Lora? Rise, in the light of thy steel, thou friend of Comhal. Let the youth of 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; and rushed, in the pride of valour.

Carthon stood, on that heathy rock, and saw the heroes approach. He loved the terrible joy of his face: and his strength, in the

(1) 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.

(2) 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.

(3) Fingal did not then know that Carthon was the son of Clessammor.

locks of age.— Shall I lift that spear, he said, that never strikes, but once, a foe? Or shall I, with the words of peace, preserve the warrior's life? Stately are his steps of age! — lovely the remnant of his years. Perhaps it is the love of Moina; the father of car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard, that he dwelt at the echoing stream of Lora.

Such were his words, when Clessammor came, and lifted high his spear. The youth received it on his shield, and spoke the words of peace.— Warrior of the aged locks! Is there no youth to lift the spear? Hast thou no son, to raise the shield before his father, and to meet the arm of youth? Is the spouse of thy love no more? or weeps she over the tombs of thy sons? Art thou of the kings of men? What will be the fame of my sword if thou shalt fall?

It will be great, thou son of pride! begun the tall Clessammor, I have been renowned in battle; but I never told my name (1) to a foe. Yield to me, son of the wave, and then

(1) 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 forefathers was renewed. *A man who tells his name to his enemy*, was of old an ignominious term for a coward.

thou shalt know, that the mark of my sword is in many a field.

I never yielded, king of spears! replied the noble pride of Carthon: I have also fought in battles; and I behold my future fame. Despise me not, thou chief of men; my arm, my spear is strong. Retire among thy friends, and let young heroes fight.

Why dost thou wound my soul, replied Clessammor with a tear? Age does not tremble on my hand? I still can lift the sword. Shall I fly in Fingal's fight; in the fight of him I loved? Son of the sea! I never fled: exalt thy pointed spear.

They fought, like two contending winds; that strive to roll the wave. Carthon bade his spear to err; for he still thought that the foe was the spouse of Moina.—He broke Clessammor's beamy spear in twain: and seized his shining sword. But as Carthon was binding the chief; the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He saw the foe's uncovered side; and opened, there, a wound.

Fingal saw Clessammor low: he moved in the sound of his steel. The host stood silent, in his presence; they turned their eyes towards the hero.—He came, like the fullen noise of a storm, before the winds arise: the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock.

Carthon stood in his place : the blood is rushing down his side : he saw the coming down of the king ; and his hopes of fame arose (1) ; 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 heroes 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 desert ; strong as a river , in his course ; swift as the eagle of the sky.— O that I had fought with the king ; that my fame might be great in the song ! that the hunter , beholding my tomb , might say , he fought with the mighty Fingal. But Carthon dies unknown ; he has poured out his force on the feeble.

(1) 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.

But thou shalt not die unknown, replied the king of woody Morven: my bards are many, O Carthon, and their songs descend to future times. The children of the years to come shall hear the fame of Carthon; when they sit round the burning oak (1), and the night is spent in the songs of old. The hunter sitting in the heath, shall hear the rustling blast; and, raising his eyes, behold the rock where Carthon fell. He shall turn to his son, and shew the place where the mighty fought; « There the king of Balclutha fought, like the strength of a thousand streams. »

Joy rose in Carthon's face: he lifted his heavy eyes.—He gave his sword to Fingal, to lie within his hall, that the memory of Balclutha's king might remain on Morven.—The battle ceased along the field, for the bard had sung the song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon, and heard his words, with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears, while Balclutha's hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his words were feeble.

King of Morven, Carthon said, I fall in

(1) 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.

the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthamir's race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha : and the shadows of grief in Crathmo.—But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora : where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon.

His words reached the heart of Clessamor : he fell, in silence, on his son. The host stood darkened around : no voice is on the plains of Lora. Night came, and the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field : but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned over Carthon ; on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie ; and a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen ; when the sun-beam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina, but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the strangers land ; and she is still alone.

Fingal was sad for Carthon ; he desired his bards to mark the day, when shadowy autumn returned. And often did they mark :

the day, and sing the hero's praise. Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! his eyes are flames of fire! Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon, king of swords? The people fall! see! how he strides, like the sullen ghost of Morven!—But there he lies a goodly oak, which sudden blasts overturned! When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy! lovely carborne Carthon?—Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud?

Such were the words of the bards, in the day of their mourning: I have accompanied their voice; and added to their song. My soul has been mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his valour: and thou, O Clefsammor! where is thy dwelling in the air?—Has the youth forgot his wound? And flies he, on the clouds, with thee?—I feel the sun, O Malvina, leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice.—The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above (1), round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou

(1) This passage is something similar to Satan's

comest forth in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. — Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age

address to the Sun, in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Looks from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name;
O Sun!

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 the north is on the plain , the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

THE
DEATH
OF
CUCHULLIN:
A POEM.

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THE
DEATH
OF
CUCHULLIN:
A POEM. (1)

IS the wind on Fingal's shield ? Or is
the voice of past times in my hall ? Sing

(1) Tradition throws considerable light on the history of Ireland, during the long reign of Fingal, the son of Comhal, in Morven. — Arth, the son of Cairbre, supreme king of Ireland, dying, was succeeded by his son Cormac, a minor. — The petty kings and chiefs of the tribes met at Temora, the royal palace, in order to chuse, out of their own number, a guardian to the young king. Disputes, concerning the choice of a proper person, run high, and it was resolved to end all differences by giving the tuition of the young king to Cuchullin, the son of Semo, who had rendered himself famous by his great actions, and who resided, at the time, with Connal, the son of Caithbat, in Ulster.

Cuchullin was but three and twenty years old,

42 The DEATH of CUCHULLIN :

on, sweet voice, for thou art pleasant, and
carriest away my night with joy. Sing on,

when he assumed the management of affairs in Ireland : and the invasion of Swaran happened, two years after. In the twenty-seventh year of Cuchullin's age, and the third of his administration, Toriath, the son of Cantéla, one of the chiefs of that colony of Belgæ, who were in possession of the south of Ireland, set up for himself in Connaught, and advanced towards Temora, in order to dethrone Cormac, who, excepting Feradath, afterwards king of Ireland, was the only one of the Scotch race of kings existing in that country. Cuchullin marched against him, came up with him at the lake of Lego, and totally defeated his forces. Toriath fell in the battle by Cuchullin's hand ; but as he himself pressed too eagerly on the flying enemy, he was mortally wounded by an arrow, and died the second day after.

The good fortune of Cormac fell with Cuchullin : many set up for themselves, and anarchy and confusion reigned. At last Cormac was taken off ; and Cairbar, lord of Atha, one of the competitors for the throne, having defeated all his rivals, became sole monarch of Ireland.—The family of Fingal, who were in the interest of Cormac's family, were resolved to deprive Cairbar of the throne he had usurped ; in particular, Oscar the son of Ossian had determined to revenge the death of Cathol, his friend, who had been assassinated by Cairbar.—The threats of Oscar reached Cairbar's ears : he invited him in a friendly manner to a feast which he had prepared at the royal palace of Temora, resolving to pick a quarrel, and have some pretext for killing him.

The quarrel happened ; the followers of both

O Bragéla , daughter of car-borne Son-
glan !

It is the white wave of the rock , and
not Cuchullin's sails. Often do mists deceive
me for the ship of my love ! when they
rise round some ghost , and spread their
gray skirts on the wind. Why dost thou delay
thy coming , son of the generous Semo ?

fought , and Cairbar and Oscar fell by mutual
wounds ; in the mean time Fingal arrived from
Scotland with an army , defeated the friends of
Cairbar , and re-established the family of Cormac
in the possession of the kingdom.—The present
poem concerns the death of Cuchullin. It is , in
the original , called , *Duan loch Leigo* , i. e. *The
Poem of Lego's Lake* , and is an episode introduced
in a great poem , which celebrated the last expe-
dition of Fingal into Ireland. The greatest part
of the poem is lost , and nothing remains but
some episode , which a few old people in the north
of Scotland retain on memory.—Cuchullin is the
most famous champion in the Irish traditions and
poems ; in them he is always called the *redoubtable
Cuchullin* ; and the fables concerning his strength
and valour are innumerable. Ossian thought his
expedition against the Fir-bolg , or Belgæ of Bri-
tain , a subject fit for an epic poem ; which was
extant till of late , and was called *Tora-na-tana* ,
or a *Dispute about Possessions* , as the war which
was the foundation of it , was commenced by the
British Belgæ , who inhabited Ireland , in order
to extend their territories.—The fragments that
remain of this poem are animated with the ge-
nuine spirit of Ossian ; so that there can be no
doubt that it was of his composition.

44 The DEATH of CUCHULLIN :

—Four times has autumn returned with its winds, and raised the seas of Togorma (1), since thou hast been in the roar of battles, and Bragéla distant far.—Hills of the isle of mist ! when will ye answer to his hounds ? —But ye are dark in your clouds, and sad Bragéla calls in vain. Night comes rolling down : the face of ocean fails. The heathcock's head is beneath his wing : the hind sleeps with the hart of the desert. They shall rise with the morning's light, and feed on the mossy stream. But my tears return with the sun, my sighs come on with the night. When wilt thou come in thine arms, O chief of mossy Tura ?

Pleasant is thy voice in Ossian's ear ; daughter of car-borne Sorglan ! But retire to the hall of shells ; to the beam of the burning oak. — Attend to the murmur of the sea : it rolls at Dunscaich's walls : let sleep descend on thy blue eyes, and the hero come to thy dreams.

(1) Togorma, *i. e.* *The island of blue waves*, one of the Hebrides, was subject to Connal, the son of Caitbbat, Cuchullin's friend. — He is sometimes called the son of Colgar, from one of that name who was the founder of the family. — Connal, a few days before the news of Torlath's revolt came to Temora, had sailed to Togorma his native isle, where he was detained by contrary winds during the war in which Cuchullin was killed.

Cuchullin sits at Lego's lake, at the dark rolling of waters. Night is around the hero; and his thousands spread on the heath: a hundred oaks burn in the midst, the feast of shells is smoaking wide—Carril strikes the harp, beneath a tree; his gray locks glitter in the beam; the rustling blast of night is near, and lifts his aged hair. — His song is of the blue Togorma, and of its chief, Cuchullin's friend.

Why art thou absent, Connal, in the day of the gloomy storm? The chiefs of the south have convened against the car-borne Cormac; the winds detain thy sails, and thy blue waters roll around thee. But Cormac is not alone: the son of Semo fights his battles. Semo's son his battles fights! the terror of the stranger! he that is like the vapour of death (1), slowly borne

(1) Οἷν δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἐρεβεννὴ φαίνεται αἶψα
Καύματος; ἐξ ἀνέμοιο δυσάεος ὀρνυμένον.

HOM. II, 54

As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of
death,

Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;

POPE.

46 The DEATH of CUCHULLIN :

by sultry winds. The sun reddens in its presence, the people fall around.

Such was the song of Carril, when a son of the foe appeared ; he threw down his pointless spear, and spoke the words of Torlath, Torlath the chief of heroes, from Lego's fable surge : he that led his thousands to battle, against car-borne Cormac, Cormac, who was distant far, in Temora's (1) echoing halls : he learned to bend the bow of his fathers, and to lift the spear. Nor long didst thou lift the spear, midly-shining beam of youth ! death stands dim behind thee, like the darkened half of the moon behind its growing light.

Cuchullin rose before the bard (2), that came from generous Torlath ; he offered him the shell of joy, and honoured the son of songs. Sweet voice of Lego ! he said,

(1) The royal palace of the Irish kings ; Teambrath according to some of the bards.

(2) The bards were the heralds of ancient times ; and their persons were sacred on account of their office. In later times they abused that privilege ; and as their persons were inviolable, they satyrised and lampooned so freely those who were not liked by their patrons, that they became a public nuisance. Screened under the character of heralds, they grossly abused the enemy when he would not accept the terms they offered.

what are the words of Torlath ? Comes he to our feast or battle, the car-borne son of Cantéla (1).

He comes to thy battle, replied the bard; to the sounding strife of spears. — When morning is gray on Lego, Torlath will fight on the plain : and wilt thou meet him, in thine arms, king of the isle of mist ? Terrible is the spear of Torlath ! it is a meteor of night. He lifts it, and the people fall : death sits in the lightning of his sword.

Do I fear, replied Cuchullin, the spear of car-borne Torlath ? He is brave as a thousand heroes ; but my soul delights in war. The sword rests not by the side of Cuchullin, bard of the times of old ! Morning shall meet me on the plain, and gleam on the blue arms of Semo's son. — But sit thou, on the heath, O bard ! and let us hear thy voice : partake of the joyful shell ; and hear the songs of Temora.

This is no time, replied the bard, to bear the song of joy ; when the mighty are to meet in battle like the strength of the waves of Lego. Why art thou so dark, Slimora (2) ! with all thy silent woods ? No

(1) Cean-teola', *head of a family.*

(2) Slia'-mór, *great hill.*

48 The DEATH of CUCHULLIN :

green star trembles on thy top ; no moon-beam on thy side. But the meteors of death are there , and the gray watry forms of ghosts. Why art thou dark , Slimora ! with thy silent woods ?

He retired , in the sound of his song ; Carril accompanied his voice. The music was like the memory of joys that are past , pleasant and mournful to the soul. The ghosts of departed bards heard it from Slimora's side. Soft sounds spread along the wood , and the silent valleys of night rejoice. — So, when he sits in the silence of noon , in the valley of his breeze , the humming of the mountain bee comes to Ossian's ear : the gale drowns it often in its course ; but the pleasant sound returns again.

Raise, said Cuchullin, to his hundred bards ; the song of the noble Fingal : that song which he hears at night , when the dreams of his rest descend : when the bards strike the distant harp , and the faint light gleams on Selma's walls. Or let the grief of Lara rise , and the sighs of the mother of Calmar (1) , when he was fought , in vain ,

(1) Calmar the son of Matha. His death is related at large, in the third book of Fingal. He was the only son of Matha ; and the family was extinct in him. — The seat of the family was on the banks of the river Lara , in the neighbourhood of Lego ,
on

on his hills; and she beheld his bow in the hall.
—Carril, place the shield of Caithbat on that
branch; and let the spear of Cuchullin be near;
that the sound of my battle may rise with the
gray beam of the east.

The hero leaned on his father's shield :
the song of Lara rose. The hundred bards
were distant far : Carril alone is near the
chief. The words of the song were his ;
and the sound of his harp was mournful.

Alclétha (1) with the aged locks ! mother
of car-borne Calmar ! why dost thou look
towards the desert, to behold the return of
thy son ? These are not his heroes , dark on
the heath : nor is that the voice of Calmar :
it is but the distant grove , Alclétha !
but the roar of the mountain wind !

Who (2) bounds over Lara's stream , sister

and probably near the place where Cuchullin lay ,
which circumstance suggested to him, the lamen-
tation of Alclétha over her son.

(1) Ald-cla'tha , *decaying beauty* : probably a
poetical name given the mother of Calmar , by the
bard himself.

(2) Alclétha speaks. Calmar had promised to re-
turn , by a certain day , and his mother and his
sister Alona are represented by the bard as look-
ing , with impatience , towards that quarter where
they expected Calmar would make his first appear-
ance.

50 The DEATH of CUCHULLIN :

of the noble Calmar ? Does not Alclétha behold his spear ? But her eyes are dim ! Is it not the son of Matha , daughter of my love ?

It is but an aged oak , Alclétha ! replied the lovely weeping Alona (1) ; it is but an oak , Alclétha , bent over Lara's stream. But who comes along the plain ? sorrow is in his speed. He lifts high the spear of Calmar. Alclétha , it is covered with blood !

But it is covered with the blood of foes (2) , sister of car-borne Calmar ! his spear never returned unstained with blood (3) , nor his bow from the strife of the mighty. The battle is consumed in his presence : he is a flame of death , Alona !—Youth (4) of the mournful speed ! where is the son of Alclétha ? Does he return with his fame ? in the midst of his echoing shields ?—Thou art dark and silent ! —Calmar is then no more. Tell me not ,

(1) Alúine , *exquisitely beautiful*.

(2) Alclétha speaks.

(3) From the blood of the slain , from the fat of the mighty , the bow of Jonathan returned not back , and the sword of Saul returned not empty.
2 Sam. i. 22.

(4) She addresses herself to Larnir , Calmar's friend , who had returned with the news of his death.

warrior, how he fell, for I cannot hear of his wound.—

Why dost thou look towards the desert,
mother of car-borne Calmar?—

Such was the song of Carril, when Cuchullin lay on his shield: the bards rested on their harps, and sleep fell softly around.—The son of Semo was awake alone; his soul was fixed on the war.—The burning oaks began to decay; faint red light is spread around.—A feeble voice is heard: the ghost of Calmar came. He stalked in the beam. Dark is the wound in his side. His hair is disordered and loose. Joy sits darkly on his face: and he seems to invite Cuchullin to his cave.

Son of the cloudy night! said the rising chief of Erin; Why dost thou bend thy dark eyes on me, ghost of the car-borne Calmar? Wouldst thou frighten me, O Matha's son! from the battles of Cormac? Thy hand was not feeble in war; neither was thy voice (1) for peace. How art thou changed, chief of Lara! if thou now dost advise to fly!—But, Calmar, I never fled. I never feared (2) the ghosts of the desert. Small is their knowledge,

(1) See Calmar's speech, in the first book of Fingal.

(2) See Cuchullin's reply to Connal, concerning Crugal's ghost. Fing. b. 2.

52 The DEATH of CUCHULLIN :

and weak their hands ; their dwelling is in the wind.—But my soul grows in danger, and rejoices in the noise of steel. Retire thou to thy cave ; thou art not Calmar's ghost ; he delighted in battle, and his arm was like the thunder of heaven.

He retired in his blast with joy, for he had heard the voice of his praise. The faint beam of the morning rose, and the sound of Caithbar's buckler spread. Green Ullin's warriors convened, like the roar of many streams.—The horn of war is heard over Lego ; the mighty Torlath came.

Why dost thou come with thy thousands, Cuchullin, said the chief of Lego. I know the strength of thy arm, and thy soul is an unextinguished fire.—Why fight we not on the plain, and let our hosts behold our deeds ? Let them behold us like roaring waves, that rumble round a rock : the mariners hasten away, and look on their strife with fear.

Thou risest, like the sun, on my soul ; replied the son of Semo. Thine arm is mighty, O Torlath ! and worthy of my wrath. Retire, ye men of Ullin, to Slimora's shady side ; behold the chief of Erin, in the day of his fame.—Carril ! tell to mighty Connal, if Cuchullin must fall, tell him I accused the winds which roar on Togorma's waves.—

Never was he absent in battle, when the strife of my fame arose.—Let this sword be before Cormac, like the beam of heaven : let his counsel sound in Temora in the day of danger.

He rushed, in the sound of his arms, like the terrible spirit of Loda (1), when he comes in the roar of a thousand storms, and scatters battles from his eyes.—He sits on a cloud over Lochlin's seas : his mighty hand is on his sword, and the winds lift his flaming locks.—So terrible was Cuchullin in the day of his fame.—Torlath fell by his hand, and Lego's heroes mourned.—They gather around the chief like the clouds of the

(1) Loda, in the third book of Fingal, is mentioned as a place of worship in Scandinavia : by the *spirit of Loda*, the poet probably means Odin, the great deity of the northern nations. He is described here with all his terrors about him, not unlike Mars, as he is introduced in a simile, in the seventh Iliad.

— οὗς τε πελώριος ἔρχεται Ἀρης

Ὅς τ' εἶσιν πόλεμόνδε μετ' ἀνέρας, οὗς τε Κρονίων
Θυμοδῶρα ἔριδ' ὀ μένει ζυνέηκε μάχεσθαι.

So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.

POPE.

54 The DEATH of CUCHULLIN :

defart.—A thousand swords rose at once ; a thousand arrows flew ; but he stood like a rock in the midst of a roaring sea.—They fell around ; he strode in blood : dark Slimora echoed wide.—The sons of Ullin came , and the battle spread over Lego.—The chief of Erin overcame ; he returned over the field with his fame.—

But pale he returned ! The joy of his face was dark. He rolled his eyes in silence.—The sword hung , unsheathed , in his hand , and his spear bent at every step.

Carril, said the king in secret , the strength of Cuchullin fails. My days are with the years that are past : and no morning of mine shall arise.—They shall seek me at Temora , but I shall not be found. Cormac will weep in his hall , and say , « Where is Tura's chief ? »—But my name is renowned ! my fame in the song of bards.—The youth will say in secret , O let me die as Cuchullin died ; renown cloathed him like a robe ; and the light of his fame is great. Draw the arrow from my side ; and lay Cuchullin beneath that oak. Place the shield of Caithbat near , that they may behold me amidst the arms of my fathers.—

And is the son of Semo fallen (1) , said

(1) The Irish historians have placed Cuchullin

Carril with a sigh?—Mournful are Tura's walls; and sorrow dwells at Dunseach.—Thy spouse is left alone in her youth, the son (1) of thy love is alone.—He shall come to Bragela, and ask her why she weeps.—He shall lift his eyes to the wall, and see his father's sword.—Whose sword it that? he will say: and the soul of his mother is sad. Who is that, like the hart of the desert, in the murmur of his course?—His eyes look wildly round in search of his friend.—Connal, son of Colgar, where hast thou been, when the mighty fell? Did the seas of Togorma roll round thee? Was the wind of the south in thy sails? The mighty have fallen in battle, and thou wast not there.—Let none tell it in Selma, nor in Morven's woody land; Fingal will be sad, and the sons of the desert mourn.

in the first century.—The translator has given his reasons for fixing him in the third, in the dissertation which is prefixed to this collection. In other particulars the accounts of Keating and O'Flaherty coincide pretty nearly with Ossian's poems, and the traditions of the Highlands and Isles. They say that he was killed in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and they give him a great character for his wisdom and valour.

(1) Conloch, who was afterwards very famous for his great exploits in Ireland. He was so remarkable for his dexterity in handling the javelin, that when a good marksman is described, it has

56 The DEATH of CUCHULLIN:

By the dark rolling waves of Lego they raised the hero's tomb.—Luath (1), at a distance, lies, the companion of Cuchullin, at the chace.—Blest (2) be thy soul, son of Semo; thou wert mighty in battle.—Thy strength was like the strength of a stream: thy speed like the eagle's (3) wing.—Thy path in the battle was terrible: the steps of death were behind thy sword.—Blest be thy soul, son of Semo; car-borne chief of Dunscailh!

Thou hast not fallen by the sword of the mighty, neither was thy blood on the spear of the valiant.—The arrow came, like the

passed into a proverb, in the north of Scotland, *He is unerring as the arm of Conloch.*

(1) It was of old, the custom to bury the favourite dog near the master. This was not peculiar to the ancient Scots, for we find it practised by many other nations in their ages of heroism.—There is a stone shewn still at Dunscailh in the isle of Sky, to which Cuchullin commonly bound his dog Luath.—The stone goes by his name to this day.

(2) This is the song of the bards over Cuchullin's tomb. Every stanza closes with some remarkable title of the hero, which was always the custom in funeral elegies. — The verse of the song is a lyric measure, and it was of old sung to the harp.

(3) They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. 2 Sam. i. 23.

sting of death in a blast : nor did the feeble hand , which drew the bow , perceive it. Peace to thy soul , in thy cave , chief of the isle of Mist !

The mighty are dispersed at Temora : there is none in Cormac's hall. The king mourns in his youth , for he does not behold thy coming. The sound of thy shield is ceased : his foes are gathering round. Soft be thy rest in thy cave , chief of Erin's wars !

Bragela will not hope thy return , or see thy sails in ocean's foam.—Her steps are not on the shore : nor her ear open to the voice of thy rowers.—She sits in the hall of shells , and sees the arms of him that is no more.—Thine eyes are full of tears , daughter of car-borne Sorglan ! — Blest be thy soul in death , O chief of shady Cromla !

DAR-THULA:
A P O E M.

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D A R - T H U L A :

A P O E M.

DAUGHTER of heaven (1), fair art thou! the
silence of thy face is pleasant. Thou comest

(1) It may not be improper here , to give the story which is the foundation of this poem , at it is handed down by tradirion. — Ufnoth , lord of Etha , which is probably that part of Argyleshire which is near Loch Era , an arm of the sea in Lorn , had three sons , Nathos , Althos , and Ardan by Sliffáma , the daughter of Semo and sister to the celebrated Cuchullin. The three brothers , when very young , were sent over to Ireland , by their father , to learn the use of arms , under their uncle Cuchullin , who made a great figure in that kingdom. They were just landed in Ulster when the news of Cuchullin's death arrived. Nathos , though very young , took the command of Cuchullin's army , made head against Cairbar the usurper , and defeated him in several battles. Cairbar at last having found means to murder Cormac the lawful king , the army of Nathos shifted sides , and he himself was obliged to return into Ulster , in order to pass over into Scotland.

Dar-thula , the daughter of Colla , with whom Cairbar was in love , resided , at that time , in Seláma a castle in Ulster : she saw , fell in love , and fled with Nathos ; but a storm rising at sea , they were unfortunately driven back on that part of the coast of Ulster , where Cairbar was encamped with his army , waiting for Fingal who meditated an expedition into Ireland , to re-establish the Scotch race

forth in loveliness : the stars attend thy blue steps in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence , O moon, and brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven , daughter of the night ? The stars are ashamed in thy presence , and turn aside their green , sparkling eyes.—Whither dost thou retire from thy course , when the darkness (1) of thy countenance grows ? Hast thou thy hall like Ossian ? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief ? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven ? Are they who rejoiced with thee , at night , no more ? — Yes ! — they have fallen, fair light ! and thou dost often retire to mourn.

of kings on the throne of that kingdom. The three brothers , after having defended themselves , for some time , with great bravery, were overpowered and slain , and the unfortunate Dar-thula killed herself upon the body of her beloved Nathos.

Ossian opens the poem , on the night preceding the death of the sons of Usnoth , and brings in , by way of episode , what passed before. He relates the death of Dar-thula differently from the common tradition ; his account is the most probable , as suicide seems to have been unknown in those early times : for no traces of it are found in the old poetry.

(1) The address to the moon is very beautiful in the original. It is in a lyric measure , and appears to have been sung to the harp.

(2) The poet means the moon in her wane.

—But thou thyself shalt fail , one night ,
and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars
will then lift their green heads : they who
were ashamed in thy presence , will re-
joice.

Thou art now clothed with thy bright-
ness? look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the
cloud , O wind , that the daughter of night
may look forth , that the shaggy mountains
may brighten , and the ocean roll its blue
waves in light.

Nathos (1) is on the deep , and Althos
that beam of youth , Ardan is near his bro-
thers ; they move in the gloom of their course.
The sons of Ufnoth move in darkness , from
the wrath of car-borne Cairbar (2).

Who is that dim , by their side ! the night
has covered her beauty. Her hair sighs on
ocean's wind ; her robe streams in dusky
wreaths. She is like the fair spirit of hea-
ven , in the midst of his shadowy mist. Who
is it but Dar-thula (3) , the first of Erin's

(1) Nathos signifies *youthful* , Ailthos , *exquisite beauty* , Ardan ; *pride*.

(2) Cairbar , who murdered Cormac king of Ire-
land , and usurped the throne. He was afterwards
killed by Oscar the son of Ossian in a single combat.
The poet , upon other occasions , gives him the epi-
thet of red-haired.

(3) Dar-thúla , or Dart'-huile , *a woman with fine*

maids ! She has fled from the love of Cairbar, with the car-borne Nathos. But the winds deceive thee, O Dar-thula ; and deny the woody Etha to thy sails. These are not thy mountains, Nathos, nor is that the roar of thy climbing waves. The halls of Cairbar are near ; and the towers of the foe lift their heads. Ullin stretches its green head into the sea ; and Tura's bay receives the ship. Where have ye been, ye southern winds ! when the sons of my love were deceived ? But ye have been sporting on plains, and pursuing the thistle's beard. O that ye had been rustling in the sails of Nathos, till the hills of Etha rose ! till they rose in their clouds, and saw their coming chief ! Long hast thou been absent, Nathos ! and the day of thy return is past (1).

But the land of strangers saw thee, lovely : thou wast lovely in the eyes of Dar-thula. Thy face was like the light of the morning, thy hair like the raven's wing. Thy

eyes. She was the most famous beauty of antiquity. To this day, when a woman is praised for her beauty, the common phrase is, that *she is as lovely as Dar-thula.*

(1) That is, the day appointed by destiny. We find no deity in Ossian's poetry, if fate is not one ; of that he is very full in some of his poems in the translator's hands.

soul was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun. Thy words were the gale of the reeds, or the gliding stream of Lora.

But when the rage of battle rose, thou wast like a sea in a storm; the clang of arms was terrible: the host vanished at the sound of thy course. — It was then Darrthula beheld thee, from the top of her mossy tower: from the tower of Selama (1), where her fathers dwelt.

Lovely art thou, O stranger! she said; for her trembling soul arose. Fair art thou in thy battles, friend of the fallen Cormac! (2) Why dost thou rush on, in thy valour, youth of the ruddy look? Few are thy hands, in battle, against the car-borne Cairbar! — O that I might be freed of his love! (3) that I might rejoice in the pre-

(1) The poet does not mean that Seláma which is mentioned as the seat of Toscar in Ulster, in the poem of Conlath and Cuthona. The word in the original signifies either *beautiful to behold*, or *a place with a pleasant or wide prospect*. In those times, they built their houses upon eminences, to command a view of the country, and to prevent their being surprized: many of them, on that account, were called Seláma. The famous Selma of Fingal is derived from the same root.

(2) Cormac the young king of Ireland, who was murdered by Cairbar.

(3) That is, of the love of Cairbar.

fence of Nathos ! — Blest are the rocks of Etha ; they will behold his steps at the chace ! they will see his white bosom , when the winds lift his raven hair !

Such were thy words , Dar-thula , in Selama's mossy towers. But , now , the night is round thee : and the winds have deceived thy sails. The winds have deceived thy sails , Dar-thula : their blustering sound is high. Cease a little while , O north wind , and let me hear the voice of the lovely. Thy voice is lovely , Dar-thula , between the rustling blasts.

Are these the rocks of Nathos ; and the roar of his mountain-streams ? Comes that beam of light from Usnoth's nightly hall ? The mist rolls around , and the beam is feeble : but the light of Dar-thula's soul is the car-borne chief of Etha ! Son of the generous Usnoth , why that broken sigh ? Are we not in the land of strangers , chief of echoing Etha ?

These are not the rocks of Nathos , he replied , nor the roar of his streams. No light comes from Etha's halls , for they are distant far. We are in the land of strangers , in the land of car-borne Cairbar. The winds have deceived us , Dar-thula. Ullin lifts here her green hills. — Go towards the north , Althos ;

be thy steps, Ardan, along the coast; that the foe may not come in darkness, and our hopes of Etha fail.—

I will go towards that mossy tower, and see who dwells about the beam.—Rest, Dar-thula, on the shore! rest in peace, thou beam of light! the sword of Nathos is around thee, like the lightning of heaven.

He went. She sat alone, and heard the rolling of the wave. The big tear is in her eye; and she looks for the car-borne Nathos.—Her soul trembles at the blast. And she turns her ear towards the tread of his feet.—The tread of his feet is not heard. Where art thou, son of my love! The roar of the blast is around me. Dark is the cloudy night.—But Nathos does not return. What detains thee, chief of Etha?—Have the foes met the hero in the strife of the night?—

He returned, but his face was dark: he had seen his departed friend.—It was the wall of Tura, and the ghost of Cuchullin stalked there. The sighing of his breast was frequent; and the decayed flame of his eyes terrible. His spear was a column of mist: the stars looked dim through his form. His voice was like hollow wind in a cave: and he told the tale of grief. The soul of Nathos was

sad, like the sun (1) in the day of mist,
when his face is watry and dim.

Why art thou sad, O Nathos, said the lovely daughter of Colla? Thou art a pillar of light to Dar-thula: the joy of her eyes is in Etha's chief. Where is my friend (2), but Nathos? My father rests in the tomb. Silence dwells on Selama: sadness spreads on the blue streams of my land. My friends have fallen, with Cormac. The mighty were slain in the battle of Ullin.

Evening darkened on the plain. The blue streams failed before mine eyes. The unfrequent blast came rustling in the tops of Selama's groves. My seat was beneath a tree on the walls of my fathers. Truthil past before my soul; the brother of my love; he that

(1) *Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe.*

VIRG.

—Thro' mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams.

DRYDEN.

—(2) οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλη

ἔσται θαλαπάρῃ.—

—ἔδέ μοι ἐστὶ πατὴρ καὶ πτόγνια μήτηρ.

HOM. vi. 411.

was absent (1) in battle against the car-borne Cairbar.

Bending on his spear, the gray-haired Colla came : his downcast face is dark , and sorrow dwells in his soul. His sword is on the side of the hero : the helmet of his fathers on his head.—The battle grows in his breast. He strives to hide the tear.

Dar-thula , he sighing said , thou art the last of Colla's race. Truthil is fallen in battle. The king (2) of Selama is no more.—Cairbar comes , with his thousands , towards Selama's walls.—Colla will meet his pride , and revenge his son. But where shall I find thy safety , Dar-thula , with the dark-brown hair ! thou art lovely as the sun-beam of heaven , and thy friends are low !

And is the son of battle fallen ? I said with a bursting sigh. Ceased the generous soul of Truthil to lighten through the field ?—My safety , Colla , is in that bow ; I have learned to pierce the deer. Is not Cairbar like the hart of the desert , father of fallen Truthil ?

(1) The family of Colla preserved their loyalty to Cormac long after the death of Cuchullin.

(2) It is very common , in Ossian's poetry , to give the title of King to every chief that was remarkable for his valour.

The face of age brightened with joy : and the crouded tears of his eyes poured down. The lips of Colla trembled. His gray beard whistled in the blast. Thou art the sister of Truthil, he said, and thou burnest in the fire of his soul. Take, Dar-thula, take that spear, that brazen shield, that burnished helmet : they are the spoils of a warrior : a son (1) of early youth.—When the light rises on Selama, we go to meet the car-borne Cairbar.—But keep thou near the arm of Colla ; beneath the shadow of my shield. Thy father, Dar-thula, could once defend thee ; but age is trembling on his hand.—The strength of his arm has failed, and his soul is darkened with grief.

We passed the night in sorrow. The light of morning rose. I shone in the arm of battle. The gray-haired hero moved before. The sons of Selama convened around the sounding shield of Colla. But few were they in the plain, and their locks were gray. The youths had fallen with Truthil, in the battle of car-borne Cormac.

Companions of my youth ! said Colla ;

(1) The poet, to make the story of Dar-thula's arming herself for battle, more probable, makes her armour to be that of a very young man, otherwise it would shock all belief, that she, who was very young, should be able to carry it.

it was not thus you have seen me in arms. It was not thus I strode to battle, when the great Confadan fell. But ye are laden with grief. The darkness of age comes like the mist of the desert. My shield is worn with years; my sword is fixed (1) in its place. I said to my soul, thy evening shall be calm, and thy departure like a fading light. But the storm has returned; I bend like an aged oak. My boughs are fallen on Selama, and I tremble in my place.—Where art thou, with thy fallen heroes, O my car-borne Truthil! Thou answerest not from thy rushing blast; and the soul of thy father is sad. But I will be sad no more; Cairbar or Colla must fall. I feel the returning strength of my arm. My heart leaps at the sound of battle.

The hero drew his sword. The gleaming blades of his people rose. They moved along the plain. Their gray hair streamed in the wind.—Cairbar sat, at the feast, in the silent plain of Lona (2). He saw the coming of

(1) It was the custom of those times, that every warrior, at a certain age, or when he became unfit for the field, fixed his arms, in the great hall, where the tribe feasted, upon joyful occasions. He was afterwards never to appear in battle; and this stage of life was called the *time of fixing of the arms*.

(2) Lona, a marshy plain. It was the custom, in

the heroes , and he called his chiefs to battle.

Why (1) should I tell to Nathos, how the strife of battle grew ! I have seen thee, in the midst of thousands, like the beam of heaven's fire ; it is beautiful, but terrible ; the people fall in its red course.—The spear of Colla flew, for he remembered the battles of his youth. An arrow came with its sound, and pierced the hero's side. He fell on his echoing shield. My soul started with fear ; I stretched my buckler over him ; but my heaving breast was seen. Cairbar came, with his spear, and he beheld Selama's maid : joy rose on his dark-brown face ; he stayed the lifted steel. He raised the tomb of Colla ; and brought me weeping to Selama. He spoke the words of love, but my soul was sad. I saw the shields of my fathers, and

the days of Ossian, to feast after victory. Cairbar had just provided an entertainment for his army, upon the defeat of Truthil the son of Colla, and the rest of the party of Cormac, when Colla and his aged warriors arrived to give him battle.

(1) The poet avoids the description of the battle of Lona, as it would be improper in the mouth of a woman, and could have nothing new, after the numerous descriptions, of that kind, in his other poems. He, at the same time, gives an opportunity to Dar-thula to pass a fine compliment on her lover.

the

the sword of car-borne Truthil. I saw the arms of the dead, and the tear was on my cheek.

Then thou didst come, O Nathos: and gloomy Cairbar fled. He fled like the ghost of the desert before the morning's beam. His hosts were not near: and feeble was his arm against thy steel.

Why (1) art thou sad, O Nathos? said the lovely maid of Colla.

I have met, replied the hero, the battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the spear, when first the danger rose; but my soul brightened before the war, as the green narrow vale, when the sun pours his streamy beams, before he hides his head in a storm. My soul brightened in danger before I saw Seláma's fair; before I saw thee, like a star, that shines on the hill, at night; the cloud slowly comes, and threatens the lovely light.

We are in the land of the foe, and the winds have deceived us, Dar-thula! the strength of our friends is not near, nor the mountains of Etha. Where shall I find thy

(1) It is usual with Ossian, to repeat, at the end of the episodes, the sentence which introduced them. It brings back the mind of the reader to the main story of the poem.

peace, daughter of mighty Colla ! The brothers of Nathos are brave : and his own sword has shone in war. But what are the sons of Usnoth to the host of car-borne Cairbar ! O that the winds had brought thy sails, Oscar (1) king of men ! thou didst promise to come to the battles of fallen Cormac. Then would my hand be strong as the flaming arm of death. Cairbar would tremble in his halls, and peace dwell round the lovely Dar-thula. But why dost thou fall, my soul ! the sons of Usnoth may prevail.

And they will prevail, O Nathos ! said the rising soul of the maid : never shall Dar-thula behold the halls of gloomy Cairbar. Give me those arms of brass, that glitter to that passing meteor ; I see them in the dark-bosomed ship. Dar-thula will enter the battle of steel. — Ghost of the noble Colla ! do I behold thee on that cloud ? Who is that dim beside thee ? It is the car-borne Truthil. Shall I behold the halls of him that slew Seláma's chief ? No : I will not behold them, spirits of my love !

Joy rose in the face of Nathos, when he

(1) Oscar, the son of Ossian, had long resolved on the expedition, into Ireland, against Cairbar, who had assassinated his friend Cathol, the son of Moran, an Irishman of noble extraction, and in the interest of the family of Cormac.

heard the white-bosomed maid. Daughter of Seláma! thou shinest on my soul. Come, with thy thousands, Cairbar! the strength of Nathos is returned. And thou, O aged Usnoth, shalt not hear that thy son has fled. I remember thy words on Etha; when my sails begun to rise: when I spread them towards Ullin, towards the mossy walls of Tura. Thou goest, he said, O Nathos, to the king of shields; to Cuchullin chief of men who never fled from danger. Let not thine arm be feeble: neither be thy thoughts of flight; lest the son of Semo say that Etha's race are weak. His words may come to Usnoth, and sadden his soul in the hall.—The tear was on his cheek. He gave this shining sword.

I came to Tura's bay: but the halls of Tura were silent. I looked around, and there was none to tell of the chief of Dunscach. I went to the hall of his shells, where the arms of his fathers hung. But the arms were gone, and aged Lamhor (1) sat in tears?

Whence are the arms of steel, said the rising Lamhor? The light of the spear has long been absent from Tura's dusky walls.—Come ye from the rolling sea? Or from the mournful halls of Temora (2)?

(1) Lamh-mhor, *mighty hand*.

(2) Temora was the royal palace of the supreme

We come from the sea, I said, from Ufnóth's rising towers. We are the sons of Slis-sáma (1), the daughter of car-borne Semo. Where is Tura's chief, son of the silent hall? But why should Nathos ask? for I behold thy tears. How did the mighty fall, son of the lonely Tura?

He fell not, Lamhor replied, like the silent star of night, when it shoots through darkness, and is no more. But he was like a meteor that falls in a distant land; death attends its red course, and itself is the sign of wars.—Mournful are the banks of Lego, and the roar of streamy Lara. There the hero fell, son of the noble Ufnóth.

And the hero fell in the midst of slaughter; I said with a bursting sigh. His hand was strong in battle; and death was behind his sword.—We came to Lego's mournful banks. We found his rising tomb. His companions in battle are there; his bards of many songs. Three days we mourned over the hero: on the fourth, I struck the shield of Caithbat.

kings of Ireland. It is here called mournful, on account of the death of Cormac, who was murdered there by Cairbar who usurped his throne.

(1) Slis-seamha, *soft bosom*. She was the wife of Ufnóth and daughter of Semo the chief of the *isle of mist*.

The heroes gathered around with joy, and
shook their beamy spears.

Corlath was near with his host, the friend
of car-borne Cairbar. We came like a stream
by night ; and his heroes fell. When the
people of the valley rose, they saw their
blood with morning's light. But we rolled
away, like wreaths of mist, to Cormac's
echoing hall. Our swords rose to defend the
king. But Temora's halls were empty. Cor-
mac had fallen in his youth. The king of Erin
was no more.

Sadness seized the sons of Ullin, they
slowly, gloomily retired : like clouds that,
long having threatened rain, retire behind
the hills. The sons of Usnoth moved, in
their grief, towards Tura's sounding bay. We
passed by Seláma, and Cairbar retired like
Lano's mist, when it is driven by the winds
of the desert.

It was then I beheld thee, O maid, like
the light of Etha's sun. Lovely is that beam,
I said, and the crowded sigh of my bosom
rose. Thou camest in thy beauty, Dar-thula,
to Etha's mournful chief. — But the winds
have deceived us, daughter of Colla, and
the foe is near.

Yes! — the foe is near, said the rustling

strength of Althos (1). I heard their clanging arms on the coast, and saw the dark wreaths of Erin's standard. Distinct is the voice of Cairbar (2), and loud as Cromla's falling stream. He had seen the dark ship on the sea, before the dusky night came down. His people watch on Lena's (3) plain, and lift ten thousand swords.

And let them lift ten thousand swords, said Nathos with a smile. The sons of car-borne Ufnoth will never tremble in danger. Why dost thou roll with all thy foam, thou roaring sea of Ullin? Why do ye rustle, on your dark wings, ye whistling tempests of the sky? — Do ye think, ye storms, that ye keep Nathos on the coast? No: his soul

(1) Althos had just returned from viewing the coast of Lena, whither he had been sent by Nathos, at the beginning of the night.

(2) Cairbar had gathered an army, to the coast of Ulster, in order to oppose Fingal, who prepared for an expedition into Ireland to re-establish the house of Cormac on the throne, which Cairbar had usurped. Between the wings of Cairbar's army was the bay of Tura, into which the ship of the sons of Ufnoth was driven: so that there was no possibility of their escaping.

(3) The scene of the present poem is nearly the same with that of the epic poem in this collection. The heath of Lena and Tura are often mentioned.

detains him, children of the night ! — Althos ! bring my father's arms : thou seest them beaming to the stars. Bring the spear of Semo (1), it stands in the dark-bosomed ship.

He brought the arms. Nathos clothed his limbs in all their shining steel. The stride of the chief is lovely : the joy of his eyes terrible. He looks towards the coming of Cairbar. The wind is rustling in his hair. Dar-thula is silent at his side : her look is fixed on the chief. She strives to hide the rising sigh, and two tears swell in her eyes.

Althos ! said the chief of Etha, I see a cave in that rock. Place Dar-thula there : and let thy arm be strong. Ardan ! we meet the foe, and call to battle gloomy Cairbar. O that he came in his sounding steel, to meet the son of Usnoth ! — Dar-thula ! if thou shalt escape, look not on the falling Nathos. Lift thy sails, O Althos, towards the echoing groves of Etha.

(1) Semo was grandfather to Nathos by the mother's side. The spear mentioned here was given to Usnoth on his marriage, it being the custom then for the father of the lady to give his arms to his son-in-law. The ceremony used upon these occasions is mentioned in other poems.

Tell to the chief (1), that his son fell with fame ; that my sword did not shun the battle. Tell him I fell in the midst of thousands, and let the joy of his grief be great. Daughter of Colla ! call the maids to Etha's echoing hall. Let their songs arise from Nathos, when shadowy autumn returns. — O that the voice of Cona (2) might be heard in my praise ! then would my spirit rejoice in the midst of my mountain winds.

And my voice shall praise thee, Nathos, chief of the woody Etha ! The voice of Ossian shall rise in thy praise, son of the generous Ufnoth ! Why was I not on Lena, when the battle rose ? Then would the sword of Ossian have defended thee, or himself have fallen low.

We sat, that night, in Selma round the strength of the shell. The wind was abroad, in the oaks ; the spirit of the mountain (3) shrieked. The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched my harp. The

(1) Ufnoth.

(2) Ossian, the son of Fingal, is, often, poetically called the voice of Cona.

(3) By the spirit of the mountain is meant that deep and melancholy sound which precedes a storm ; well known to those who live in a high country.

sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb. Fingal heard it first, and the crowded sighs of his bosom rose. — Some of my heroes are low, said the gray-haired king of Morven. I hear the sound of death on the harp of my son. Ossian, touch the sounding string; bid the sorrow rise; that their spirits may fly with joy to Morven's woody hills.

I touched the harp before the king, the sound was mournful and low. Bend forward from your clouds, I said, ghosts of my fathers! bend; lay by the red terror of your course, and receive the falling chief; whether he comes from a distant land, or rises from the rolling sea. Let his robe of mist be near; his spear that is formed of a cloud. Place an half-extinguished meteor by his side, in the form of the hero's sword. And, oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend from your clouds, I said, ghosts of my fathers! bend.

Such was my song, in Selma, to the lightly-trembling harp. But Nathos was on Ullin's shore, surrounded by the night; he heard the voice of the foe amidst the roar of tumbling waves. Silent he heard their voice, and rested on his spear.

Morning rose, with its beams; the sons
D y

of Erin appear ; like gray rocks , with all their trees , they spread along the coast. Cairbar stood , in the midst , and grimly smiled when he saw the foe.

Nathos rushed forward , in his strength ; nor could Dar-thula stay behind. She came with the hero , lifting her shining spear. And who are these , in their armour , in the pride of youth ? Who but the sons of Usnoth , Althos and dark-haired Ardan ?

Come , said Nathos , come ! chief of the high Temora ! Let our battle be on the coast for the white-bosomed maid. His people are not with Nathos ; they are behind that rolling sea. Why dost thou bring thy thousands against the chief of Etha ? Thou didst fly (1) from him , in battle , when his friends were around him.

Youth of the heart of pride , shall Erin's king fight with thee ? Thy fathers were not among the renowned , nor of the kings of men. Are the arms of foes in their halls ? Or the shields of other times ? Cairbar is renowned in Temora , nor does he fight with little men.

The tear starts from ear-borne Nathos ;

(1) He alludes to the flight of Cairbar from Selâma.

he turned his eyes to his brothers. Their spears flew , at once , and three heroes lay on earth. Then the light of their swords gleamed on high ; the ranks of Erin yield ; as a ridge of dark clouds before a blast of wind.

Then Cairbar ordered his people , and they drew a thousand bows. A thousand arrows flew ; the sons of Usnoth fell. They fell like three young oaks which stood alone on the hill ; the traveller saw the lovely trees , and wondered how they grew so lonely ; the blast of the desert came , by night , and laid their green heads low ; next day he returned , but they were withered , and the heath was bare.

Dar-thula stood in silent grief, and beheld their fall : no tear is in her eye : but her look is wildly sad. Pale was her cheek ; her trembling lips broke short an half-formed word. Her dark hair flew on the wind.—But gloomy Cairbar came. Where is thy lover now , the car-borne chief of Etha ? Hast thou beheld the halls of Usnoth ? Or the dark - brown hills of Fingal ? My battle had roared on Morven , did not the winds meet Dar thu a. Fingal himself would have been low , and sorrow dwelling in Selma.

Her shield fell from Dar-thula's arm, her

breast of snow appeared. It appeared , but it was stained with blood , for an arrow was fixed in her side. She fell on the fallen Nathos , like a wreath of snow. Her dark hair spreads on his face , and their blood is mixing round.

Daughter of Colla ! thou art low ! said Cairbar's hundred bards ; silence is at the blue streams of Seláma , for Truthil's (1) race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids ? Thy sleep is long in the tomb , and the morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed , and say , Awake (2), Dar-thula ! awake , thou first of women ! the wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills , the woods wave their growing leaves. Retire , O sun , the daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty : she will not move , in the steps of her loveliness.

(1) Truthil was the founder of Dar-thula's family.

(2) Rise up , my love , my fair one , and come away. For lo , the winter is past , the rain is over , and gone. The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of singing is come , and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs , and the vines , *with* the tender grape , give a good smell. Arise , my love , my fair one , and come away,

SOLOMON'S Song.

Such was the song of the bards , when they
raised the tomb. I sung , afterwards , over the
grave , when the king of Morven came ;
when he came to green Ullin to fight with
car-borne Cairbar.

27

THE HISTORY OF THE

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TEMORA:

AN

EPIC POEM.

TEMORA:

A N

EPIC POEM (1).

THE blue waves of Ullin roll in light.
The green hills are covered with day. Trees

(1) Though the history which is the foundation of the present poem, was given in the notes on the two pieces preceding, it may not be here improper to recapitulate some part of what has been said. —Immediately after the death of Cuchullin, Cairbar, lord of Atha, openly set up for himself in Connaught, and having privately murdered young king Cormac, became, without opposition, sole monarch of Ireland. The murder of Cormac was so much resented by Fingal, that he resolved on an expedition into Ireland against Cairbar. Early intelligence of his designs came to Cairbar, and he had gathered the tribes together into Ulster, to oppose Fingal's landing; at the same time his brother Cathmor kept himself with an army near Temora. —This Cathmor is one of the finest characters in the old poetry. His humanity, generosity, and hospitality, were unparalleled: in short, he had no fault, but too much attachment to so bad a brother as Cairbar. —The present poem has its name from Temora, the royal palace of the Irish kings, near which the last and decisive battle was fought between Fingal and Cathmor. What has come to the translator's hands, in a regular connection, is little more than the open-

shake their dusky heads in the breeze : and gray torrents pour their noisy streams.—Two

ing of the poem.—— This work appears , from the story of it , which is still preserv'd , to have been one of the greatest of Ossian's compositions. The variety of the characters makes it interesting ; and the war , as it is carried on by Fingal and Cathmor , affords instances of the greatest bravery , mixed with incomparably generous actions and sentiments. One is at a loss for which side to declare himself : and often wishes , when both commanders march to battle , that both may return victorious. At length the good fortune of Fingal preponderates , and the family of Cormac are re-established on the Irish throne.

The Irish traditions relate the affair in another light , and exclaim against Fingal for appointing thirty judges , or rather tyrants , at Temora , for regulating the affairs of Ireland. They pretend to enumerate many acts of oppression committed by those judges ; and affirm , that both they and a part of Fingal's army , which was left in Ireland to enforce their laws , were at last expelled from the kingdom.—— Thus the Irish traditions , say the historians of that nation. It is said , however , that those gentlemen sometimes create facts , in order afterwards to make remarks upon them ; at least , that they adopt for real facts , the traditions of their bards , when they throw lustre on the ancient state of their country.

The present poem opens in the morning. Cairbar is represented as retired from the rest of the Irish chiefs , and tormented with remorse for the murder of Cormac , when news was brought him of Fingal's landing. What passed , preceding that

green hills, with their aged oaks, surround a narrow plain. The blue course of the mountain-stream is there; Cairbar stands on its banks.—His spear supports the king: the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises in his soul, with all his ghastly wounds. The gray form of the youth appears in the midst of darkness, and the blood pours from his airy sides.—Cairbar thrice threw his spear on earth; and thrice he stroked his beard. His steps are short; he often stopt: and tossed his sinewy arms. He is like a cloud in the desert, that varies its form to every blast: the valleys are sad around, and fear, by turns, the shower.

The king, at length, resumed his soul, and took his pointed spear. He turned his eyes towards Lena (1). The scouts of the ocean appeared. They appeared with steps of fear, and often looked behind. Cairbar knew that the mighty were near, and called his gloomy chiefs. The sounding steps of his heroes came. They drew, at once, their

day, and is necessary to be known for carrying on the poem, is afterwards introduced by way of episode.

(1) The scene described here is nearly that of the epic poem, *Fingal*. In this neighbourhood also the sons of *Ufnath* were killed.

swords. There Morlath (1) stood with darkened face. Hidalla's bushy hair sighs in the wind. Red-haired Cormac bends on his spear, and rolls his side-long-looking eyes. Wild is the look of Malthos from beneath two shaggy brows.—Foldath stands like an oozy rock, that covers its dark sides with foam; his spear is like Slimora's fir, that meets the wind of heaven. His shield is marked with the strokes of battle; and his red eye despises danger. These and a thousand other chiefs surrounded car-borne Cairbar, when the scout of ocean came, Morannal (2), from streamy Lena. — His eyes hang forward from his face, his lips are trembling, pale.

Do the chiefs of Erin stand, he said; silent as the grove of evening? Stand they, like a silent wood, and Fingal on the coast? Fingal, who is terrible in battle, the king of streamy Morven.

And hast thou seen the varrior, said Cairbar with a sigh? Are his heroes many on

(1) Mór-lath, *great in the day of battle*. Hidalla', *widly looking hero*. Cor-mar, *expert at sea*. Málth-os, *slow to speak*. Fol-dath, *generous*.

(2) Mór-annail, *strong breath*; a very proper name for a scout.

the coast ? Lifts he the spear of battle ? Or comes the king in peace ?

He comes not in peace , O Cairbar : for I have seen his forward spear (1). It is a meteor of death : the blood of thousands is on its steel.—He came first to the shore , strong in the gray hair of age. Full rose his sinewy limbs , as he strode in his might. That sword is by his side which gives no second (2) wound. His shield is terrible , like the bloody moon , when it rises in a storm.—Then came Ossian king of songs ; and Morni's son , the first of men. Connal leaps forward on his spear : Dermid spreads his dark-brown locks.—Fillan bends his bow : Fergus strides in the pride of youth. Who

(1) Mor-annal here alludes to the particular appearance of Fingal's spear. — If a man , upon his first landing in a strange country , kept the point of his spear forward , it denoted in those days that he came in a hostile manner , and accordingly he was treated as an enemy ; if he kept the point behind him , it was a token of friendship , and he was immediately invited to the feast according to the hospitality of the times.

(2) This was the famous sword of Fingal , made by Luno , a smith of Lochlin , and after him poetically called the *son of Luno* : it is said of this sword , that it killed a man at every stroke ; and that Fingal never used it , but in times of the greatest danger.

is that with aged locks? A dark shield is on his side. His spear trembles at every step; and age is on his limbs. He bends his dark face to the ground; the king of spears is sad! It is Ufnoth, O Cairbar, coming to revenge his sons. He sees green Ullin with tears, and he remembers the tombs of his children. But far before the rest, the son of Ossian comes, bright in the smiles of youth, fair as the first beams of the sun. His long hair falls on his back.—His dark brows are half hid beneath his helmet of steel. His sword hangs loose on the hero's side. His spear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of high Temora!

Then fly, thou feeble man, said the gloomy wrath of Foldath: fly to the grey streams of thy land, son of the little soul! Have not I seen that Oscar? I beheld the chief in battle. He is of the mighty in danger: but there are others who lift the spear.—Erin has many sons as brave: yes—more brave, O car-borne Cairbar!—Let Foldath meet him in the strength of his course, and stop this mighty stream.—My spear is covered with the blood of the valiant; my shield is like Tura's wall.

Shall Foldath alone meet the foe, replied the dark-browed Malthos? Are not they numerous on our coast, like the waters of a

thousand streams ? Are not these the chiefs who vanquished Swaran , when the sons of Erin fled ? And shall Foldath meet their bravest hero ? Foldath of the heart of pride ! take the strength of the people by thy side ; and let Malthos come. My sword is red with slaughter , but who has heard my words (1) ?

Sons of green Erin , begun the mild Hiddalla , let not Fingal hear your words : lest the foe rejoice , and his arm be strong in the land.—Ye are brave , O warriors , and like the tempests of the desert ; they meet the rocks without fear , and overturn the woods in their course.—But let us move in our strength , and flow as a gathered cloud , when the winds drive it from behind.—Then shall the mighty tremble , and the spear drop from the hand of the valiant.—We see the cloud of death , they will say ; and their faces will turn pale. Fingal will mourn in his age ; and say that his fame is ceased.—Morven will behold his chiefs no more : the moss of years shall grow in Selma.

Cairbar heard their words , in silence , like the cloud of a shower : it stands dark on

(1) That is , who has heard my vaunting ? He intended the expression as a rebuke to the self-praise of Foldath.

Cromla, till the lightning bursts its side ; the valley gleams with red light ; the spirits of the storm rejoice.—So stood the silent king of Temora ; at length his words are heard.

Spread the feast on Lena : and let my hundred bards attend. And thou, red-hair'd Olla, take the harp of the king. Go to Oscar king of swords, and bid him to our feast. To-day we feast and hear the song ; to-morrow break the spears. Tell him that I have raised the tomb of Cathol (1) ; and that my bards have sung to his ghost. — Tell him that Cairbar has heard his fame at the stream of distant Carun (2).

Cathmor (3) is not here ; the generous

(1) Cathol the son of Maronnan, or Moran, was murdered by Cairbar, for his attachment to the family of Cormac. He had attended Oscar to the *war of Inis-thona*, where they contracted a great friendship for one another. Oscar, immediately after the death of Cathol, had sent a formal challenge to Cairbar, which he prudently declined, but conceived a secret hatred against Oscar, and had beforehand contrived to kill him at the feast, to which he here invites him.

(2) He alludes to the battle of Oscar against Caros, *king of ships* ; who is supposed to be the same with Carausius the usurper.

(3) Cath-mór, *great in battle*. Cairbar takes ad-
brother

brother of Cairbar ; he is not here with his thousands , and our arms are weak. Cathmor is a foe to strife at the feast : his soul is bright as the sun. But Cairbar shall fight with Oscar , chiefs of the high Temora ! His words for Cathol were many ; and the wrath of Cairbar burns. He shall fall on Lena : and my fame shall rise in blood.

The faces of the heroes brightened. They spread over Lena's heath. The feast of shells is prepared. The songs of the bards arose.

We heard (1) the voice of joy on the coast , and we thought that the mighty Cathmor came. Cathmor the friend of strangers !

vantage of his brother's absence , to perpetrate his ungenerous designs against Oscar ; for the noble spirit of Cathmor , had he been present , would not have permitted the laws of that hospitality , for which he was so renowned himself , to be violated. The brothers form a contrast : we do not detest the mean soul of Cairbar more than we admire the disinterested and generous mind of Cathmor.

(1) Fingal's army heard the joy that was in Cairbar's camp. The character given of Cathmor is agreeable to the times. Some , through ostentation , were hospitable ; and others fell naturally into a custom handed down from their ancestors. But what marks strongly the character of Cathmor , is his aversion to praise ; for he is represented to dwell in a wood to avoid the thanks of his guests ;

the brother of red-haired Cairbar. But their souls were not the same : for the light of heaven was in the bosom of Cathmor. His towers rose on the banks of Atha : seven paths led to his halls. Seven chiefs stood on those paths , and called the stranger to the feast. But Cathmor dwelt in the wood to avoid the voice of praise.

Olla came with his songs. Oscar went to Cairbar's feast. Three hundred heroes attended the chief , and the clang of their

which is still a higher degree of generosity than that of Axylus in Homer : for the poet does not say , but the good man might , at the head of his own table, have heard with pleasure the praise bestowed on him by the people he entertained.

Ἀξυλον δ' ἄρ' ἔτεφνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
 Τευθράνιδην , ὅς ἑναιεν εὐκτιμένη ἐν Ἀρίσβῃ ,
 Ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο , φίλῳ δ' ἦν ἀνθρωποισι·
 Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν , ὁδῶ ἔπι οἰκίᾳ νείων.

HOM. II. 6. 12.

Next Teuthra's son distain'd the sands with blood ,
 Axylus, hospitable , rich and good :
 In fair Arisbe's walls , his native place ,
 He held his seat ; a friend to human race.
 Fast by the road , his ever open door
 Oblig'd the wealthy , and reliev'd the poor.

POPE.

arms is terrible. The gray dogs bounded on the heath, and their howling is frequent. Fingal saw the departure of the hero: the soul of the king was sad. He dreads the gloomy Cairbar: but who of the race of Trenmor feared the foe?

My son lifted high the spear of Cormac: an hundred bards met him with songs. Cairbar concealed with smiles the death that was dark in his soul. The feast is spread, the shells resound; joy brightens the face of the host. But it was like the parting beam of the sun, when he is to hide his red head in a storm.

Cairbar rose in his arms; darkness gathers on his brow. The hundred harps ceased at once. The clang (1) of shields is heard. Far distant on the heath Olla raised his song of woe. My son knew the sign of death; and rising seized his spear.

(1) When a chief was determined to kill a man that was in his power already, it was usual to signify, that his death was intended, by the sound of a shield struck with the blunt end of a spear; at the same time that a bard at a distance raised the *death-song*. A ceremony of another kind was long used in Scotland upon such occasions. Every body has heard that a bull's head was served up to Lord Douglas in the castle of Edinburgh, as a certain signal of his approaching death.

Oscar ! said the dark-red Cairbar , I behold the spear (1) of Erin's kings. The spear of Temora (2) glitters in thy hand , son of the woody Morven ! It was the pride of an hundred kings , the death of heroes of old. Yield it , son of Oslan , yield it to car-borne Cairbar.

Shall I yield , Oscar replied , the gift of Erin's injured king ; the gift of fair-haired Cormac , when Oscar scattered his foes ? I came to his halls of joy , when Swaran fled from Fingal. Gladness rose in the face of youth : he gave the spear of Temora. Nor did he give it to the feeble , O Cairbar , neither to the weak in soul. The darkness of thy face is not a storm to me ; nor are thine eyes the flames of death. Do I fear thy clanging shield ? Does my soul tremble at Olla's song ? No : Cairbar , frighten thou the feeble ; Oscar is like a rock.

And wilt thou not yield the spear , replied the rising pride of Cairbar ? Are thy words

(1) Cormac , the son of Arth , had given the spear , which is here the foundation of the quarrel , to Oscar , when he came to congratulate him , upon Swaran's being expelled from Ireland.

(2) *Ti'-mór-ri'* , the house of the great king , the name of the royal palace of the supreme kings of Ireland.

mighty because Fingal is near, the gray-haired warrior of Morven. He has fought with little men. But he must vanish before Cairbar, like a thin pillar of mist before the winds of Atha (1).

Were he who fought with little men near the chief of Atha : Atha's chief would yield green Erin to avoid his rage. Speak not of the mighty, O Cairbar ! but turn thy sword on me. Our strength is equal : but Fingal is renowned ! the first of mortal men !

Their people saw the darkening chiefs. Their crowding steps are heard around. Their eyes roll in fire. A thousand swords are half unsheathed. Red-haired Olla raised the song of battle : the trembling joy of Oscar's soul arose : the wonted joy of his soul when Fingal's horn was heard.

Dark as the swelling wave of ocean before the rising winds, when it bends its head near the coast, came on the host of Cairbar. —Daughter of Toscar (2) ! why that tear ?

(1) Atha, *shallow river* : the name of Cairbar's seat in Connaught.

(2) The poet means Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, to whom he addressed that part of the poem, which related to the death of Oscar her lover.

He is not fallen yet. Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell !—Behold they fall before my son, like the groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand ! Moriath falls : Maronnan dies : Conachar trembles in his blood. Cairbar shrinks before Oscar's sword ; and creeps in darkness behind his stone. He lifted the spear in secret, and pierced my Oscar's side. He falls forward on his shield : his knee sustains the chief : but his spear is in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar (1) falls. The steel pierced his forehead, and divided his red hair behind. He lay, like a shattered rock, which Cromla shakes from its side. But never more shall Oscar rise ! he leans on his bossy shield. His spear is in his terrible hand : Erin's sons stood distant and dark. Their shouts arose, like the crowded noise of streams, and Lena echoed around.

Fingal heard the sound ; and took his father's spear. His steps are before us on the

(1) The Irish historians place the death of Cairbar in the latter end of the third century : they say, he was killed in battle against Oscar the son of Ossian, but deny that he fell by his hand. As they have nothing to go upon but the traditions of their bards, the translator thinks that the account of Ossian is as probable : at the worst, it is but opposing one tradition to another.

heath. He spoke the words of woe. I hear the noise of battle : and Oscar is alone. Rise, ye sons of Morven, and join the hero's sword.

Ossian rushed along the heath. Fillan bounded over Lena. Fergus flew with feet of wind. Fingal strode in his strength, and the light of his shield is terrible. The sons of Erin saw it far distant ; they trembled in their souls. They knew that the wrath of the king arose : and they foresaw their death. We first arrived ; we fought ; and Erin's chiefs withstood our rage. But when the king came, in the sound of his course, what heart of steel could stand ! Erin fled over Lena. Death pursued their flight.

We saw Oscar leaning on his shield. We saw his blood around. Silence darkened on every hero's face. Each turned his back and wept. The king strove to hide his tears. His gray beard whistled in the wind. He bends his head over his son : and his words are mixed with sighs.

And art thou fallen, Oscar, in the midst of thy course ? the heart of the aged beats over thee ! He sees thy coming battles. He beholds the battles which ought to come, but they are cut off from thy fame. When shall joy dwell at Selma ? When shall the song of grief cease on Morven ? My sons

fall by degrees : Fingal shall be the last of his race. The fame which I have received shall pass away : my age will be without friends. I shall sit like a grey cloud in my hall : nor shall I expect the return of a son, in the midst of his sounding arms. Weep, ye heroes of Morven ! never more shall Oscar rise !

And they did weep, O Fingal ! dear was the hero to their souls. He went out to battle, and the foes vanished ; he returned, in peace, amidst their joy. No father mourned his son slain in youth ; no brother his brother of love. They fell, without tears, for the chief of the people was low ! Bran (1) is howling at his feet : gloomy Luath is sad, for he had often led them to the chace ; to the bounding roes of the desert.

When Oscar beheld his friends around, his white breast rose with a sigh.—The groans, he said, of my aged heroes, the howling of my dogs, the sudden bursts of the song of grief have melted Oscar's soul. My soul, that never melted before ; it was like the steel of my sword. — Ossian, carry me to my

(1) Bran was one of Fingal's dogs.—He was so remarkable for his fleetness, that the poet, in a piece which is not just now in the translator's hands, has given him the same properties with Virgil's Camilla.

hills ! Raise the stones of my fame. Place the horn of the deer , and my sword within my narrow dwelling. — The torrent hereafter may wash away the earth of my tomb : the hunter may find the steel and say , « This « has been Oscar's sword. »

And fallest thou , son of my fame ! And shall I never see thee , Oscar ! When others hear of their sons , I shall not hear of thee. The moss is on the stones of his tomb, and the mournful wind is there. The battle shall be fought without him : he shall not pursue the dark brown hinds. When the warrior returns from battles , and tells of other lands , he will say , I have seen a tomb , by the roaring stream , where a warrior darkly dwells : he was slain by car-borne Oscar , the first of mortal men. — I , perhaps , shall hear him , and a beam of joy will rise in my soul.

The night would have descended in sorrow , and morning returned in the shadow of grief : our chiefs would have stood like cold dropping rocks on Lena , and have forgot the war , had not the king dispersed his grief , and raised his mighty voice. The chiefs , as new-wakened from dreams , lift their heads around.

How long shall we weep on Lena ; or pour our tears in Ullin ? The mighty will
E v

not return. Oscar shall not rise in his strength. The valiant must fall one day, and be no more known on his hills.—Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old? They have set like stars that have shone, we only hear the sound of their praise. But they were renowned in their day, and the terror of other times. Thus shall we pass, O warriors, in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned when we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the last beams of the sun, when he hides his red head in the west.

Ullin, my aged bard! take the ship of the king. Carry Oscar to Selma, and let the daughters of Morven weep. We shall fight in Erin for the race of fallen Cormac. The days of my years begin to fail: I feel the weakness of my arm. My fathers bend from their clouds, to receive their gray-haired son. But, Trenmor! before I go hence, one beam of my fame shall rise: so shall my days end, as my years begun, in fame: my life shall be one stream of light to other times.

Ullin rais'd his white sails: the wind of the south came forth. He bounded on the waves towards Selma's walls.—I remained in my grief, but my words were not heard.—The feast is spread on Lena: an hundred heroes reared the tomb of Cairbar: but no song is raised over the chief; for his soul

had been dark and bloody. We remembered the fall of Cormac ! and what could we say in Cairbar's praise ?

The night came rolling down. The light of an hundred oaks arose. Fingal sat beneath a tree. The chief of Erha sat near the king, the gray-hair'd strength of Ufnath.

Old Althan (1) stood in the midst, and told the tale of fallen Cormac. Althan the son of Conachar, the friend of car-borne Cuchullin : he dwelt with Cormac in windy Temora, when Semo's son fought with generous Torlath. — The tale of Althan was mournful, and the tear was in his eye.

(2) The setting sun was yellow on Doira (3). Gray evening began to descend. Temora's woods shook with the blast of the unconstant wind. A cloud, at length, ga-

(1) Althan, the son of Conachar, was the chief bard of Arth king of Ireland. After the death of Arth, Althan attended his son Cormac, and was present at his death. — He had made his escape from Cairbar, by the means of Cathmor, and coming to Fingal, related, as here, the death of his master Cormac.

(2) Althan speaks.

(3) Doira, *the woody side of a mountain* ; it is here a hill in the neighbourhood of Temora.

thered in the west , and a red star looked from behind its edge.—I stood in the wood alone , and saw a ghost on the darkening air. His stride extended from hill to hill : his shield was dim on his side. It was the son of Semo : I knew the sadness of his face. But he passed away in his blast ; and all was dark around.—My soul was sad. I went to the hall of shells. A thousand lights arose ; the hundred bards had strung the harp. Cormac stood in the midst , like the morning star (1) , when it rejoices on the eastern hill, and its young beams are bathed in showers. — The sword of Artho (2) was in the hand of the king ; and he looked with joy on its polished studs : thrice he attempted to draw it , and thrice he failed : his yellow locks are spread on his shoulders : his cheeks

(1) *Qualis , ubi oceani perfusus Lucifer unda ,
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes ,
Extulit os sacrum cælo , tenebrasque resolvit.*

VIRG.

So from the seas exerts his radiant head ,
The star , by whom the lights of heav'n are led :
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew ;
Dispels the darkness , and the day renews.

DRYDEN.

(1) Arth , or Artho , the father of Cormac king of Ireland.

of youth are red.—I mourned over the beam of youth, for he was soon to set.

Althan ! he said , with a smile , hast thou beheld my father ? Heavy is the sword of the king , surely his arm was strong. O that I were like him in battle , when the rage of his wrath arose ! then would I have met , like Cuchullin , the car-borne son of Canté-la ! But years may come on , O Althan ! and my arm be strong.—Hast thou heard of Semo's son , the chief of high Temora ? He might have returned with his fame ; for he promised to return to-night. My bards wait him with their songs , and my feast is spread.—

I heard the king in silence. My tears began to flow. I hid them with my gray locks ; but he perceived my grief.

Son of Conachar ! he said , is the king of Turalow ? Why bursts thy sigh in secret ? And why descends the tear ? Comes the car-borne Torlath ? Or the sound of the red-haired Cairbar ?—They come !—for I see thy grief ; and Tura's king is low ! —Shall I not rush to battle ?—But I cannot lift the arms of my fathers !—O had mine arm the strength of Cuchullin , soon would Cairbar fly ; the fame of my fathers would be renewed , and the actions of other times !

He took his bow of yew. Tears flow from

his sparkling eyes. —Grief saddens around : the bards bend forward from their harps. The blast touches their strings , and the sound of woe ascends.

A voice is heard at a distance , as of one in grief ; it was Carril of other times , who came from the dark Slimora (1).—He told of the death of Cuchullin , and of his mighty deeds. The people were scattered around his tomb : their arms lay on the ground. They had forgot the battle , for the sound of his shield had ceased.

But who , said the soft-voiced Carril, come like the bounding roes ? their stature is like the young trees of the plain , growing in a shower :—Soft and ruddy are their cheeks : but fearless souls look forth from their eyes. —Who but the sons of Usnoth , the carborne chiefs of Etha ? The people rise on every side , like the strength of an half-extinguished fire , when the winds come suddenly from the desert , on their rustling wings. —The sound of Caithbat's shield was heard. The heroes saw Cuchullin (2) , in the form

(1) Slimora , a hill in Connaught , near which Cuchullin was killed.

(2) That is , they saw a manifest likeness between the person of Nathos and Cuchullin.

of lovely Nathos. So rolled his sparkling eyes, and such were his steps on his hearth.— Battles are fought at Lego : the sword of Nathos prevails. Soon shalt thou behold him in thy halls, king of woody Temora ! —

And soon may I behold him, O Carril ! replied the returning joy of Cormac. But my soul is sad for Cuchullin : his voice was pleasant in mine ear.— Often have we moved on Dora, at the chace of the dark-brown hinds : his bow was unerring on the mountains.— He spoke of mighty men. He told of the deeds of my fathers ; and I felt the joy of my breast.— But sit thou, at the feast, O Carril ; I have often heard thy voice. Sing in the praise of Cuchullin ; and of that mighty stranger.

Day rose on Temora, with all the beams of the east. Trathin came to the hall, the son of old Gellama (1).— I behold, he said, a dark cloud in the desert, king of Innisfail ! a cloud it seemed at first, but now a crowd of men. One strides before them in his strength ; and his red hair flies in the wind. His shield glitters to the beam of the east. His spear is in his hand.

Call him to the feast of Temora, replied

(1) Geal-lamha, *white-handed*.

the king of Erin. My hall is the house of strangers, son of the generous Gellama! — Perhaps it is the chief of Etha, coming in the sound of his renown.—Hail, mighty stranger, art thou of the friends of Cormac?—But Carril, he is dark, and unlovely; and he draws his sword. Is that the son of Ufnoth, bard of the times of old?

It is not the son of Ufnoth, said Carril, but the chief of Atha.—Why comest thou in thy arms to Temora, Cairbar of the gloomy brow? Let not thy sword rise against Cormac! Whither dost thou turn thy speed?

He passed on in his darkness, and seized the hand of the king. Cormac foresaw his death, and the rage of his eyes arose. — Retire, thou gloomy chief of Atha: Nathos comes with battle. — Thou art bold in Cormac's hall, for his arm is weak.—The sword entered Cormac's side: he fell in the halls of his fathers. His fair hair is in the dust. His blood is smoking round.

And art thou fallen in thy halls, I said (1), O son of noble Artho? The shield of Cuchullin was not near. Nor the spear of thy father. Mournful are the mountains of Erin, for the chief of the people is low!—Blest be

[(1) Althan speaks.

thy soul, O Cormac ! thou art snatched from the midst of thy course.

My words came to the ears of Cairbar, and he closed us (1) in the midst of darkness. He feared to stretch his sword to the bards (1): though his soul was dark. Three days we pined alone : on the fourth, the noble Cathmor came.—He heard our voice from the cave ; he turned the eye of his wrath on Cairbar.

Chief of Atha ! he said, how long wilt thou pain my soul ? Thy heart is like the rock of the desert ; and thy thoughts are dark.—But thou art the brother of Cathmor, and he will fight thy battles.—But Cathmor's soul is not like thine, thou feeble hand of war ! The light of my bosom is stained with thy deeds : the bards will not sing of my renown. They may say, « Cathmor was brave, but he fought « for gloomy Cairbar. » They will pass over my tomb in silence, and my fame shall not be heard.—Cairbar ! loose the bards : they are the sons of other times. Their voice shall be heard in other ages, when the kings of Temora have failed.

(1) That is, himself and Carril, as it afterwards appears.

(2) The persons of the bards were so sacred, that even he, who had just murdered his sovereign, feared to kill them.

We came forth at the words of the chief. We saw him in his strength. He was like thy youth, O Fingal, when thou first didst lift the spear. — His face was like the sunny field when it is bright : no darkness moved over his brow. But he came with his thousands to Ullin, to aid the red-haired Cairbar : and now he comes to revenge his death, O king of woody Morven.—

And let him come, replied the king ; I love a foe like Cathmor. His soul is great : his arm is strong, and his battles are full of fame.—But the little soul is like a vapour that hovers round the marshy lake : it never rises on the green hill, lest the winds meet it there : its dwelling is in the cave, and it sends forth the dart of death.

Ufnoth ! thou hast heard the fame of Etha's car-borne chiefs.—Our young heroes, O warrior, are like the renown of our fathers.—They fight in youth, and they fall : their names are in the song.—But we are old, O Ufnoth, let us not fall like aged oaks ; which the blast overturns in secret. The hunter came, past and saw them lying gray across a stream. How have these fallen ? he said, and whistling passed along.

Raise the song of joy, ye bards of Morven, that our souls may forget the past. —

The red stars look on us from the clouds,
 and silently descend. Soon shall the gray beam
 of the morning rise, and shew us the foes
 of Cormac.—Fillan ! take the spear of the
 king ; go to Mora's dark-brown side. Let thine
 eyes travel over the heath, like flames of
 fire. Observe the foes of Fingal, and the
 course of generous Cathmor. I heard a di-
 stant sound, like the falling of rocks in the
 desert.—But strike thou thy shield, at times,
 that they may not come through night, and
 the fame of Morven cease.—I begin to be
 alone, my son, and I dread the fall of my
 renown.

The voice of the bards arose. The king
 leaned on the shield of Trenmor.—Sleep de-
 scended on his eyes, and his future battles
 rose in his dreams. The host are sleeping
 around. Dark-haired Fillan observed the foe.
 His steps are on a distant hill : we hear,
 at times, his clanging shield.

One of the Fragments of ancient Poetry lately
 published, gives a different account of the death
 of Oscar, the son of Ossian. The translator,
 though he well knew the more probable tradition
 concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a
 poem, which, if not really of Ossian's composi-
 tion, has much of his manner, and concise turn
 of expression. A more correct copy of that fragment,
 which has since come to the translator's hands,
 has enabled him to correct the mistake, into which
 a similarity of names had led those who handed

down the poem by tradition. — The heroes of the piece are Oscar the son of Caruth, and Dermid the son of Diaran. Ossian, or perhaps his imitator, opens the poem with a lamentation for Oscar, and afterwards, by an easy transition, relates the story of Oscar the son of Caruth, who seems to have bore the same character, as well as name, with Oscar the son of Ossian. Though the translator thinks he has good reason to reject the fragment as the composition of Ossian; yet as it is, after all, still somewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here subjoined it.

WH Y openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, O son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscar fell? My eyes are blind with tears; but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people! Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son, shall I see thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a storm; as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I, like an ancient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son! shall I see thee no more!

But, son of Alpin, the hero fell not harmless as the grass of the field; the blood of the mighty

was on his sword , and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oscar , thou son of Caruth , thou hast fallen low ! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy spear was stained with the blood of thy friend.

Dermid and Oscar were one : They reaped the battle together. Their friendship was strong as their steel ; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardven. Their swords were stained with the blood of the valiant : warriors fainted at their names. Who was equal to Oscar , but Dermid ? and who to Dermid , but Oscar ?

They killed mighty Dargo in the field ; Dargo who never fled in war. His daughter was fair as the morn ; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes , like two stars in a shower : her breath , the gale of spring : her breasts , as the new-fallen snow floating on the moving heath. The warriors saw her , and loved ; their souls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her as his fame ; each must possess her or die. But her soul was fixed on Oscar ; the son of Caruth was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father ; and loved the hand that slew him.

Son of Caruth , said Dermid , I love ; O Oscar , I love this maid. But her soul cleaveth unto

thee ; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here , pierce this bosom , Oscar ; relieve me , my friend , with thy sword.

My sword , son of Diaran , shall never be stained with the blood of Dermid.

Who then is worthy to slay me , O Oscar , son of Caruth ? Let not my life pass away unknown. Let none but Oscar slay me. Send me with honour to the grave , and let my death be renowned.

Dermid , make use of thy sword ; son of Diaran , wield thy steel. Would that I fell with thee ! that my death came from the hand of Dermid !

They fought by the brook of the mountain , by the streams of Branno. Blood tinged the running water , and curdled round the mossy stones. The stately Dermid fell ; he fell , and smiled in death.

And fallest thou , son of Diaran , fallest thou by Oscar's hand ! Dermid who never yielded in war , thus do I see thee fall ! — He went , and returned to the maid of his love ; he returned , but she perceived his grief.

Why that gloom , son of Caruth ? what shades thy mighty soul ?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid,
I have lost my fame. Fixed on a tree by the
brook of the hill, is the shield of the valiant Gor-
mur, whom I slew in battle. I have wasted the day
in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, son of Caruth, the skill of Dargo's
daughter. My hands were taught the bow: my fa-
ther delighted in my skill.

She went. He stood behind the shield. Her ar-
row flew, and pierced his breast.

Blessed be that hand of snow; and blessed that
bow of yew! Who but the daughter of Dargo was
worthy to slay the son of Caruth? Lay me in the
earth, my fair one; lay me by the side of Dermid.

Oscar! the maid replied, I have the son! of the
mighty Dargo. Well pleased I can meet death. My
sorrow I can end. — She pierced her white bosom
with the steel. She fell; she trembled; and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid;
a birch's unequal shade covers their tomb. Often
on their green earthen tombs the branchy sons of
the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames,
and silence over all the hills.

CARRIC-THURA:

CARRIC-THURA;
A P O E M.

САНКТ-ПЕТЕРБУРГ

В О Д Е

CARRIC - THURA (1) :

A P O E M.

HAST (2) thou left thy blue course in
heaven, golden-haired son of the sky ! The

(1) Fingal, returning from an expedition which he had made into the Roman province, resolved to visit Cathulla king of Inis-tore, and brother to Comála, whose story is related, at large, in the dramatic poem, published in this collection. Upon his coming in sight of Carric-thura, the palace of Cathulla, he observed a flame on its top, which, in those days, was a signal of distress. The wind drove him into a bay, at some distance from Carric-thura, and he was obliged to pass the night on the shore. Next day he attacked the army of Frothal king of Sora who had besieged Cathulla in his palace of Carric-thura, and took Frothal himself prisoner, after he had engaged him in a single combat. The deliverance of Carric-thura is the subject of the poem, but several other episodes are interwoven with it. It appears from tradition, that this poem was addressed to a Culdee, or one of the first Christian missionaries, and that the story of the *Spirit of Loda*, supposed to be the ancient Odin of Scandinavia, was introduced by Ossian in opposition to the Culdee's doctrine. Be this as it will, it lets us into Ossian's notions of a superior being; and shews that he was not addicted to the superstition which prevailed all the world over, before the introduction of Christianity.

(2) The song of Ullin, with which the poem
F ij

west has opened its gates ; the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty : they lift their trembling heads : they see thee lovely in thy sleep ; but they shrink away with fear. Rest , in thy shadowy cave , O sun ! and let thy return be in joy.— But let a thousand lights arise to the sound of the harps of Selma : let the beam spread in the hall , the king of shells is returned ! The strife of Crona (1) is past , like sounds that are no more : raise the song , O bards , the king is returned with his fame !

Such was the song of Ullin , when Fingal returned from battle : when he returned in the fair blushing of youth ; with all his heavy locks. His blue arms were on the hero ; like a gray cloud on the sun , when he moves in his robes of mist , and shews but half his beams. His heroes follow the king : the feast of shells is spread. Fingal turns to his bards , and bids the song to rise.

opens , is in a lyric measure. It was usual with Fingal , when he returned from his expeditions , to send his bards singing before him. This species of triumph is called , by Ossian , the *song of victory*.

(1) 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.

Voices of echoing Cona ! he said , O bards of other times ! Ye , on whose souls the blue hosts of our fathers rise ! strike the harp in my hall ; and let Fingal hear the song. Pleasant is the joy of grief ! it is like the shower of spring , when it softens the branch of the oak , and the young leaf lifts its green head. Sing on , O bards , 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 , and the sound of the chace shall arise.

Cronnan (1) , son of song ! said Ullin , Minona , graceful at the harp ! raise the song 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. And she comes , O Fingal ! her voice is soft , but sad.

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

VINVELA.

My love is a son of the hill. He pursues the flying deer. His gray dogs are panting around him ; his bow-string sounds in the wind. Dost thou rest by the fount of the rock , or by the noise of the mountain-stream ? The rushes are nodding with the wind, the mist is flying over the hill. I will approach my love unperceived, and see him from the rock. Lovely I saw thee first by the aged oak of Branno (1), 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 (2), afar I go to the

(1) 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.

(2) Bhín-bheul, *a woman with a melodious voice*. *Bh* in the Galic Language has the same sound with the *v* in English.

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.

V I N V E L A.

Then thou art gone, O Shilric! and I
am alone on the hill. The deer are seen on
the brow; void of fear they graze along.
No more they dread the wind; no more the
rustling tree. The hunter is far removed;
he is in the field of graves. Strangers! sons
of the waves! spare my lovely Shilric.

S H I L R I C.

If fall I must in the field, raise high my
grave, Vinvela. Gray stones and heaped-up
earth, shall mark me to future times. When
the hunter shall sit by the mound, and pro-
duce 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!

V I N V E L A.

Yes! — I will remember thee — Indeed my
Shilric will fall. What shall I do, my love!
when thou art gone for ever? Through these

hills I will go at noon : I will go through the silent heath. There I will see the place of thy rest, returning from the chase. Indeed, my Shilric will fall ; but I will remember him.

And I remember the chief, said the king of woody Morven ; he consumed the battle in his rage. But now my eyes behold him not. I met him, one day, on the hill ; his cheek was pale ; his brow was dark. The sigh was frequent in his breast : his steps were towards the desert. But now he is not in the crowd of my chiefs, when the sounds of my shields arise. Dwells he in the narrow house (1), the chief of high Carmora (2) ?

Cronnan ! said Ullin of other times, raise the song of Shilric ; when he returned to his hills, and Vinvela was no more. He leaned on her gray mossy stone ; he thought Vinvela lived. He saw her fair-moving (3)

(1) The grave.

(2) Carn-mór, *high rocky hill*.

(3) 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 seldom but by night, and always in a dismal gloomy scene.

on the plain : but the bright form lasted not :
the sun-beam fled from the field , and she
was seen no more. Hear the song of Shil-
ric : it is soft, but sad.

I sit by the mossy fountain ; on the top
of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above
me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The
lake is troubled below. The deer descend
from the hill. No hunter at a distance is
seen ; no whistling cow-herd is nigh. It is
mid day : but all is silent. Sad are my thoughts
alone. Didst thou but appear , O my love ,
a wanderer on the heath ! thy hair floating
on the wind behind thee ; thy bosom heav-
ing on the sight ; thine eyes full of tears for
thy friends ; whom the mist of the hill had
concealed ! Thee I would comfort , my love ,
and bring thee to thy father's house.

But is it she that there appears , like a
beam of light on the heath ? bright as the
moon in autumn , as the sun in a summer-
storm, comest thou , lovely maid , over rocks,
over mountains to me ? — She speaks : but
how weak her voice ! like the breeze in the
reeds of the pool.

Returnest thou safe from the war ? Where
are thy friends , my love ? I heard of thy death
on the hill ; I heard and mourned thee ,
Shilric !

130 CARRIC - THURA:

Yes, my fair, I return; but I alone of my race. Thou shalt see them no more: their graves I raised on the plain. But why art thou on the desert hill? Why on the heath, alone?

Alone I am, O Shilric! alone in the winter-house. With grief for thee I expired. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.

She fleets, she sails away; as gray mist before the wind! — and, wilt thou not stay, my love? Stay, and behold my tears! fair thou appearest, Vinvela? fair thou wast, when alive!

By the mossy fountain I will sit; on the top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is silent around, converse, O my love, with me! come on the wings of the gale! on the blast of the mountain, come! Let me hear thy voice, as thou passest, when mid-day is silent around.

Such was the song of Cronnan, on the night of Selma's joy. But morning rose in the east; the blue waters rolled in light. Fingal bade his sails to rise, and the winds come rustling from their hills. Inis-tore rose to sight, and Carric-thura's mossy towers. But the sign of distress was on their top: the green flame edged with smoke. The king of

Morven struck his breast : he assumed , at once , his spear. His darkened brow bends forward to the coast : he looks back to the lagging winds. His hair is disordered on his back. The silence of the king is terrible.

Night came down on the sea ; Rotha's bay received the ship. A rock bends along the coast with all its echoing wood. On the top is the circle (1) of Loda , and the mossy stone of power. A narrow plain spreads beneath , covered with grass and aged trees , which the mid-night winds , in their wrath , had torn from the shaggy rock. The blue course of a stream is there : and the lonely blast of ocean pursues the thistle's beard.

The flame of three oaks arose : the feast is spread around : but the soul of the king is sad , for Carric - thura's battling chief. The 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

(1) *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.

hid her red face in the east. A blast came from the mountain, and bore, on its wings, the spirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors (1), and he shook his dusky spear.—His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; and his voice is like distant thunder. Fingal advanced with the spear of his strength, and raised his voice on high.

Son of night, retire : call thy winds and fly ! Why dost thou come to my presence, with thy shadowy arms ? Do I fear thy gloomy form, dismal spirit of Loda ? Weak is thy shield of clouds : feeble is that meteor, thy sword. The blast rolls them together ; and thou thyself dost vanish. Fly from my presence, son of night ! call thy winds and fly !

Dost thou force me from my place, replied the hollow voice ? The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the valiant. I look on the nations, and they vanish : my nostrils pour the blast of death. I come (2) abroad on the winds : the tem-

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

(2) There is a great resemblance between the terrors of this mock divinity, and those of the true God, as they are described in the 18th Psalm,

pests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant.

Dwell then in thy calm field, said Fingal, and let Comhal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend, from my hills, into thy peaceful plains: Do I meet thee, with a spear, on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda! Why then dost thou frown on Fingal? or shake thine airy spear? But thou frownest in vain: I never fled from mighty men. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven? No: he knows the weakness of their arms.

Fly to thy land, replied the form: receive the wind and fly. The blasts are in the hollow of my hand: the course of the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son, he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Carric-thura; and he will prevail. Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath.

He lifted high his shadowy spear; and bent forward his terrible height. But the king, advancing, drew his sword; the blade of dark-brown Luno (1). The gleaming path of the

(1) The famous sword of Fingal, made by Lun, or Luno, smith of Lochlin.

steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs, as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace.

The spirit of Loda shrieked, as, rolled into himself, he rose on the wind. Inistore shook at the sound. The waves heard it on the deep: they stopped, in their course, with fear: the companions of Fingal started, at once; and took their heavy spears. They missed the king: they rose with rage; all their arms resound.

The moon came forth in the east. The king returned in the gleam of his arms. The joy of his youths was great; their souls settled, as a sea from a storm. Ullin raised the song of gladness. The hills of Inistore rejoiced. The flame of the oak arose; and the tales of heroes are told.

But Frothal, Sora's battling king, sits in sadness beneath a tree. The host spreads around Carric-thura. He looks towards the walls with rage. He longs for the blood of Cathulla, who, once, overcame the king in war.—When Annir reigned (1) in Sora,

(1) Annir was also the father of Erragon, who was killed after the death of his brother Frothal.

the father of car-borne Frothal, a blast rose on the sea, and carried Frothal to Inistore. Three days he feasted in Sarno's halls, and saw the slow rolling eyes of Comála. He loved her, in the rage of youth, and rushed to seize the white-armed maid. Cathulla met the chief. The gloomy battle rose. Frothal is bound in the hall : three days he pined alone. On the fourth, Sarno sent him to his ship, and he returned to his land. But wrath darkened in his soul against the noble Cathulla. When Annir's stone (1) of fame arose, Frothal came in his strength. The battle burned round Carric-thura, and Sarno's mossy walls.

Morning rose on Inistore. Frothal struck his dark-brown shield. His chiefs started at the sound ; they stood, but their eyes were turned to the sea. They saw Fingal coming in his strength ; and first the noble Thubar spoke.

Who comes like the stag of the mountain ; with all his herd behind him ? Frothal, it is a foe ; I see his forward spear. Perhaps it

The death of Erragon is the subject of *the battle of Lora*, a poem in this collection.

(1) 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.

is the king of Morven, Fingal the first of men. His actions are well known on Gormal ; the blood of his foes is in Starno's halls. Shall I ask the peace (1) of kings ? He is like the thunder of heaven.

Son of the feeble hand, said Frothal, shall my days begin in darkness ? Shall I yield before I have conquered in battle, chief of streamy Tora ? The people would say in Sora, Frothal flew forth like a meteor ; but the dark cloud met it, and it is no more. No : Thubar, I will never yield ; my fame shall surround me like light. No : I will never yield, king of streamy Tora.

He went forth with the stream of his people, but they met a rock : Fingal stood unmoved, broken they rolled back from his side. Nor did they roll in safety ; the spear of the king pursued their flight. The field is covered with heroes. A rising hill preserved the flying host.

Frothal saw their flight. The rage of his bosom rose. He bent his eyes to the ground, and called the noble Thubar.—Thubar ! my people fled. My fame has ceased to rise. I will fight the king ; I feel my burning soul. Send a bard to demand the combat. Speak not against Frothal's words.—But, Thubar !

(1) Honourable terms of peace.

I love a maid ; she dwells by Thano's stream,
the white-bosomed daughter of Herman ,
Utha with the softly-rolling eyes. She feared
the daughter (1) of Inistore , and her soft
sighs rose , at my departure. Tell to Utha
that I am low ; but that my soul delighted
in her.

Such were his words , resolved to fight.
But the soft sigh of Utha was near. She had
followed her hero over the sea , in the ar-
mour of a man. She rolled her eye on the
youth, in secret, from beneath a glittering
helmet. But now she saw the bard as he
went , and the spear fell thrice from her
hand. Her loose hair flew on the wind. Her
white breast rose , with sighs. She lifted up
her eyes to the king ; she would speak , but
thrice she failed.

Fingal heard the words of the bard ; he
came in the strength of steel. They mixed
their deathful spears , and raised the gleam
of their swords. But the steel of Fingal de-
scended , and cut Frothal's shield in twain.
His fair side is exposed ; half bent he fore-
sees his death.

(1) By the daughter of Inistore , Frothal means
Comála , of whose death Utha probably had not
heard ; consequently she feared that the former pas-
sion of Frothal for Comála might return.

Darkness gathered on Utha's soul. The tear rolled down her cheek. She rushed to cover the chief with her shield ; but a fallen oak met her steps. She fell on her arm of snow ; her shield , her helmet flew wide. Her white bosom heaved to the sight ; her dark-brown hair is spread on earth.

Fingal pitied the white-armed maid : he stayed the uplifted sword. The tear was in the eye of the king , as, bending forward, he spoke. King of streamy Sora ! fear not the sword of Fingal. It was never stained with the blood of the vanquished ; it never pierced a fallen foe. Let thy people rejoice along the blue waters of Tora : let the maids of thy love be glad. Why shouldst thou fall in thy youth , king of streamy Sora ?

Frothal heard the words of Fingal , and saw the rising maid : they (1) 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 slow-rolling eye ! The feeble

(1) Frothal and Utha.

did not overcome the son of car-borne Annir. Terrible art thou, O king of Morven ! in battles of the spear. But, in peace, thou art like the sun, when he looks through a silent shower : the flowers lift their fair heads before him ; and the gales shake their rustling wings. O that thou wert in Sora ! that my feast were spread ! — The future kings of Sora would see thy arms and rejoice. They would rejoice at the fame of their fathers, who beheld the mighty Fingal.

Son of Annir, replied the king, the fame of Sora's race shall be heard.—When chiefs are strong in battle, then does the song arise. But if their swords are stretched over the feeble : if the blood of the weak has stained their arms ; the bard shall forget them in the song, and their tombs shall not be known. The stranger shall come and build there, and remove the heaped-up earth. An half-worn sword shall rise before him ; and bending above it, he will say, « These are the arms « of chiefs of old, but their names are « not in song. » — Come thou, O Frothal, to the feast of Inistore ; let the maid of thy love be there ; and our faces will brighten with joy.

Fingal took his spear, moving in the steps of his might. The gates of Carric-thura are opened. The feast of shells is spread.—The voice of music arose, Gladness brighten-

ed 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 (1) Crimora spoke ; Crimora the daughter of Rinval , who dwelt at Lotha's (2) mighty stream. The tale was long , but lovely ; and pleased the blushing maid of Tora.

C R I M O R A (3).

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 (4) ? It is my love in the light of steel ; but sad is his darkened

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

(2) Lotha was the ancient name of one of the great rivers in the north of Scotland. The only one of them that still retains a name of a like sound is Lochy , in Invernesshire ; but whether it is the river mentioned here , the translator will not pretend to say.

(3) Cti-móra , *a woman of a great soul.*

(4) 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.*

brow. Live the mighty race of Fingal : or
what disturbs my Connal (1) ?

C O N N A L.

They live. I saw them return from the
chace, like a stream of light. The sun was on
their shields. Like a ridge of fire they descend-
ed the hill. Loud is the voice of the youth ;
the war, my love, is near. To-morrow the
terrible Dargo comes to try the force of
our race. The race of Fingal he defies ; the
race of battle and wounds.

C R I M O R A.

Connal, I saw his sails like gray mist
on the fable wave. They slowly came to land.
Connal, many are the warriors of Dargo !

C O N N A L.

Bring me thy father's shield ; the bossy ;
iron shield of Rinval ; that shield like the
full moon when it moves darkened through
heaven.

(1) 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, tra-
dition does not determine.

C R I M O R A.

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 !

C O N N A L.

Fall indeed I may : But raise my tomb, Crimora. Gray stones, a mound of earth, shall keep my memory. Bend thy red eye over my tomb, and beat thy mournful heaving breast. Though fair thou art, my love, as the light ; more pleasant than the gale of the hill ; yet I will not stay. Raise my tomb, Crimora.

C R I M O R A.

Then give me those arms of light ; that sword, and that spear of steel. I shall meet Dargo with thee, and aid my lovely Connal. Farewel, ye rocks of Ardven ! ye deer ! and ye streams of the hill ! — Whe shall return no more. Our tombs are distant far.

And did they return no more ? said Utha's bursting sigh. Fell the mighty in battle, and did Crimora live ? — Her steps were lonely, and her soul was sad for Connal. Was he not young and lovely ; like the beam of the setting sun ? Ullin saw the virgin's

tear, and took the softly-trembling harp :
the song was lovely , but sad , and silence
was in Carric-thura.

Autumn is dark on the mountains ; gray
mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard
on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the
narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the
hill, and marks the slumbering Connal. The
leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew
the grave of the dead. At times are seen here
the ghosts of the deceased, when the musing
hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.

Who can reach the source of thy race , O
Connal ? and who recount thy fathers ? Thy
family grew like an oak on the mountain,
which meeteth the wind with its lofty head.
But now it is torn from the earth. Who shall
supply the place of Connal ?

Here was the din of arms ; and here the
groans of the dying. Bloody are the wars
of Fingal ! O Connal ! it was here thou didst
fall. Thine arm was like a storm ; thy sword
a beam of the sky ; thy height , a rock on
the plain ; thine eyes , a furnace of fire.
Louder than a storm was thy voice , in the
battles of thy steel. Warriors fell by thy sword,
as the thistle by the staff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on , like a cloud

of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side ; dire was the clang of their steel.

The daughter of Rinval was near ; Crimora bright in the armour of man ; her yellow hair is loose behind, her bow is in her hand. She followed the youth to the war, Connal her much-beloved. She drew the string on Dargo ; but erring pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain ; like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do , hapless maid !—He bleeds ; her Connal dies. All the night long she cries , and all the day , O Connal , my love , and my friend ! With grief the sad mourner dies.

Earth here incloses the loveliest pair on the hill. The grass grows between the stones of the tomb ; I often sit in the mournful shade. The wind sighs through the grass ; their memory rushes on my mind. Undisturbed you now sleep together ; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.

And soft be your rest , said Utha , children of streamy Locha. I will remember you with tears , and my secret song shall rise ; when the wind is in the groves of Tora , and the stream is roaring near. Then shall ye come on my soul , with all your lovely grief.

Three

Three days feasted the kings : on the fourth their white sails arose. The winds of the north carry the ship of Fingal to Morven's woody land. — But the spirit of Loda sat, in his cloud, behind the ships of 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 (1) the hand of the king.

(1) 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.

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THE
SONGS of SELMA.

THE
JOURNAL OF THE
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

SONGS of SELMA (I).

STAR of the descending night ! fair is thy light in the west ! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud : thy steps are stately on the hill. What dost thou behold in the plain ? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, and

(1) This poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feast, provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems, and such of them as were thought, by him, worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity. — It was one of those occasions that afforded the subject of the present poem to Ossian. — It is called in the original, The Songs of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the translation.

The poem is entirely lyric, and has great variety of versification. The address to the evening star, with which it opens, has, in the original, all the harmony that numbers could give it ; flowing down with all that tranquillity and softness, which the scene described naturally inspires. — Three of the songs which are introduced in this piece, were published among the fragments of ancient poetry, printed last year.

the hum of their course is on the field.
 What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou
 dost smile and depart. The waves come
 with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely
 hair. Farewel, thou silent beam!—Let the
 light of Ossian's soul arise.

And it does arise in its strength! I behold
 my departed friends. Their gathering is on
 Lora, as in the days that are past. — Fin-
 gal comes like a watry column of mist; his
 heroes are around. And see the bards of the
 song, gray-haired Ullin; stately Ryno; Al-
 pin (1), with the tuneful voice, and the soft
 complaint of Minona! — How are ye chang-
 ed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast!
 when we contended, like the gales of the
 spring, that, flying over the hill, by turns
 bend the feebly-whistling grass.

Minona then came forth in her beauty;
 with down-cast look and tearful eye; her
 hair flew slowly on the blast that rushed un-

(1) Alpin is from the same root with Albion,
 or rather Albin, the ancient name of Britain; Alp,
high in land, or *country*. The present name of
 our island has its origin in the Celtic tongue; so
 that those who derived it from any other, betrayed
 their ignorance of the ancient language of our
 country.—*Britain* comes from *Breac't in*, *va-*
riegated island, so called from the face of the
 country, from the natives painting themselves, or
 from their party-coloured cloaths.

frequent from the hill.—The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tune-ful voice ; for often had they seen the grave of Salgar (1), and the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma (2). Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of music ! Salgar promised to come : but the night descended round. — Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill !

C O L M A.

It is night ; — I am alone , forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent shrieks down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain ; forlorn on the hill of winds.

Rise , moon ! from behind thy clouds ; stars of the night appear ! Lead me , some light , to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase ! his bow near him, unstrung ; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone , by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar ; nor can I hear the voice of my love.

Why delays my Salgar , why the son of

(1) Sealg-'er , a hunter.

(2) Cul-math , a woman with fine hair.

the hill , his promise ? Here is the rock ,
and the tree ; and here the roaring stream.
Thou didst promise with night to be here.
Ah ! whither is my Salgar gone ? With thee
I would fly my father ; with thee , my brother
of pride. Our race have long been foes ;
but we are not foes , O Salgar.

Cease a little while , O wind ! stream , be
thou silent a while ! let my voice be heard
over the heath ; let my wanderer hear me.
Salgar ! it is I who call. Here is the tree ,
and the rock. Salgar , my love ! I am here.
Why delayest thou thy coming ?

Lo ! the moon appeareth. The flood is
bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on
the face of the hill. But I see him not on
the brow ; his dogs before him tell not that
he is coming. Here I must sit alone.

But who are these that lie beyond me on the
heath ? Are they my love and my brother ?
—Speak to me , O my friends ! they answer
not. My soul is tormented with fears.—Ah !
they are dead. Their swords are red from
the fight. O my brother ! my brother ! why
hast thou slain my Salgar ? why , O Salgar !
hast thou slain my brother ? Dear were ye
both to me ! what shall I say in your praise ?
Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands ;
he was terrible in fight. Speak to me ; hear

my voice , sons of my love ! But alas ! they are silent ; silent for ever ! Cold are their breasts of clay !

Oh ! from the rock of the hill ; from the top of the windy mountain , speak ye ghosts of the dead ! speak , I will not be afraid. —Whither are ye gone to rest ? In what cave of the hill shall I find you ? No feeble voice is on the wind : no answer half-drowned in the storms of the hill.

I sit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb , ye friends of the dead ; but close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream : why should I stay behind ? Here shall I rest with my friends , by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill ; when the wind is on the heath ; my ghost shall stand in the wind , and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear , but love , my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my friends ; for pleasant were they both to me.

Such was thy song , Minona , softly-blushing maid of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma , and our souls were sad.—Ullin came with the harp , and gave the song of Alpin.—The voice of Alpin was pleasant : the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire. But they

had rested in the narrow house : and their voice was not heard in Selma.— Ullin had returned one day from the chace , before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill ; their song was soft , but sad. They mourned the fall of Morar , first of mortal men. His soul was like the soul of Fingal ; his sword like the sword of Oscar.—But he fell , and his father mourned : his sister's eyes were full of tears. — Minona's eyes were full of tears , the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin , like the moon in the west , when she foresees the shower , and hides her fair head in a cloud.—I touched the harp , with Ullin ; the song of mourning rose.

R Y N O.

The wind and the rain are over : calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs , O stream ! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin , the son of song , mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age , and red his tearful eye. Alpin , thou son of song , why alone on the silent hill ? why complainest thou , as a blast in the wood ; as a wave on the lonely shore ?

A L P I N.

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 (1); and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.

But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the 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

(1) Mór-ér *great man*.

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 (1), O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?

Farewel, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve thy name.

(1) Torman, the son of Carthul, lord of Imora, one of the western isles.

Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin (1). He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor (2) was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin, he said? Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad! I am indeed: nor small my cause of woe!—Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives; and Annira fairest maid. The boughs of thy family flourish, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! and deep thy sleep in the tomb.—When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

(1) Armin, a hero. He was chief or petty king of Gorma, i. e. the blue island, supposed to be one of the Hebrides.

(2) Cear-môr, a tall dark-complexioned man.

Rise, winds of autumn, rise, blow upon the dark heath! streams of the mountains, roar! howl, ye tempests, in the top of the oak! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show by intervals thy pale face! bring to my mind that sad night, when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed.

Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Fura (1); white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong, thy spear was swift in the field: thy look was like mist on the wave; thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and fought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope of their friends.

Erath, son of Odgal, repined; for his brother was slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea, bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I came to carry his love along the rolling sea.

She went; and she called on Armar.

(1) Fuar-a, *cold island*.

Nought answered, but the son (1) of the rock. Armar, my love! my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Ardnart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura.

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand: five dark gray dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore: he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick bend the thongs (2) of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans.

Arindal ascends the wave in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered shaft. It sung; it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The

(1) By *the son of the rock* the poet means the echoing back of the human voice from a rock. The vulgar were of opinion, that this repetition of sound was made by a spirit within the rock; and they, on that account, called it *mac-talla*; *the son who dwells in the rock*.

(2) The poet here only means that Erath was bound with leathern thongs.

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. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill comes over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries; nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired. And left thee Armin alone: gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride among women.

When the storms of the mountain come; when the north lifts the waves on high; I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity? They do

not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor,
nor small my^d cause of woe!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song ; when the king heard the music of harps , and the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills , and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice (1) of Cona ! the first among a thousand bards. But age is now on my tongue ; and my soul has failed. I hear , sometimes , the ghosts of bards , and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails in my mind ; I hear the call of years. They say , as they pass along , why does Ossian sing ? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house , and no bard shall raise his fame.

Roll on , ye dark-brown years , for ye bring no joy on your course. Let the tomb open to Ossian , for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest : my voice remains , like a blast , that roars , lonely , on a sea-surrounded rock , after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there , and the distant mariner sees the waving trees.

(1) Ossian is sometimes poetically called *the voice of Cona*.

C A L T H O N

A N D

C O L M A L :

A P O E M.

CALTHON

AND

COLMAL:

A POEM. (1)

PLEASANT is the voice of thy song ;
thou lonely dweller of the rock. It comes on

(1) This piece , as many more of Ossian's compositions , is addressed to one of the first Christian missionaries.——The story of the poem is handed down , by tradition , thus.——In the country of the Britons between the walls , two chiefs lived in the days of Fingal , Dunthalgo , lord of Teutha , supposed to be the Tweed ; and Rathmor , who dwelt at Clutha , well known to be the river Clyde.——Rathmor was not more renowned for his generosity and hospitality , than Dunthalgo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition.——Dunthalgo , through envy , or on account of some private feuds , which subsisted between the families , murdered Rathmor at a feast ; but being afterwards touched with remorse , 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 Dunthalgo shut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha , intending to take them off privately.——Col-

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 (1) appears

mal, the daughter of Dunthalgo, 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 Dunthalgo. — Fingal sent Ossian with three hundred men, to Colmar's relief. — Dunthalgo 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.

(1) If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

MILTON.

— The fair sun-shine in summer's day ;

— When a dreadful storm away is flit

Through the broad world doth spread his goodly
ray ;

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, and his grey hair glitters in the beam.

Dost thou not behold, son of the rock, a shield in Ossian's hall? It is marked with the strokes of battle; and the brightness of its bosses has failed. That shield the great Dunthalgo bore, the chief of streamy Teutha.—Dunthalgo bore it in battle, before he fell by Ossian's spear. Listen, son of the rock, to the tale of other years.—

Rathmor was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were never closed; his feast was always spread. The sons of the stranger came, and blessed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raised the song, and touched the harp: and joy brightened on the face of the mournful.—Dunthalgo came, in his pride, and rushed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame: the rage of Dunthalgo

At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Come forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.

SPENCER.

rose. — He came, by night, with his warriors; and the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where his feast was often spread for strangers. —

Colmar and Calthon were young, the sons of car-borne Rathmor. They came, in the joy of youth, into their father's hall. They behold him in his blood, and their bursting tears descend. — The soul of Dunthalgo melted, when he saw the children of youth; he brought them to Alteutha's (1) walls; they grew in the house of their foe. — They bent the bow in his presence; and came forth to his battles.

They saw the fallen walls of their fathers; they saw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears descended in secret; and, at times, their faces were mournful. Dunthalgo 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.

(1) Al-teutha, or rather Balteutha, *the town of Tweed*, the name of Dunthalgo's seat. It is observable that all the names in this poem, are derived from the Galic language; which, as I have remarked in a preceding note, is a proof that it was once the universal language of the whole island.

The

The daughter of Dunthalmo wept in silence, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal (1). Her eye had rolled in secret on Caltho; 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 (2); and armed her lovely form in steel; the steel of a young warrior, who fell in the first of his battles. — She came to the cave of Caltho, 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

(1) *Caol-mhal, a woman with small eye-brows; small eye-brows were a distinguishing part of beauty in Ossian's time: and he seldom fails to give them to the fine women of his poems.*

(2) 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.

Selma (1), 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, for the night is dark.—

Blest voice ! replied the chief, comest thou from the darkly-rolling clouds ? for often the ghosts of his fathers descend to Calthon's dreams, since the sun has retired from his eyes, and darkness has dwelt around him. Or art thou the son of Lamgal, the chief I often saw in Clutha ? But shall I fly to Fingal, and Colmar my brother low ? Shall 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 battle. His arm is stretched forth to the unhappy ; the lightning of his sword is round the weak.—Arise, thou son of Rathmor ; the shades of night will fly away. Duntharmo will behold thy steps on the field, and thou must fall in thy youth.

The sighing hero rose ; his tears descend for car-borne Colmar. He came with the

(1) Fingal.

maid to Selma's hall ; but he knew not that it was Colmal. The helmet cover'd her lovely face ; and her breast rose beneath the steel. Fingal returned from the chace, and found the lovely strangers. They were like two beams of light , in the midst of the hail.

The king heard the tale of grief ; and turned his eyes around. A thousand heroes half-rose before him ; claiming the war of Teutha.— I came with my spear from the hill , and the joy of battle rose in my breast : for the king spoke to Ossian in the midst of the people.

Son of my strength , he said , take the spear of Fingal ; go to Teutha's mighty stream , and save the car-borne Colmar.— Let thy fame return before thee like a pleasant gale ; that my soul may rejoice over my son , who renews the renown of our fathers. — Ossian ! be thou a storm in battle ; but mild when the foes are low ! — It was thus my fame arose , O my son ; and be thou like Selma's chief. — When the haughty come to my halls , my eyes behold them not. But my arm is stretched forth to the unhappy. My sword defends the weak.

I rejoiced in the words of the king : and took my rattling arms. — Diaran (1) rose at

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

my side, and Dargo (1) king of spears. — Three hundred youths followed our steps:

(2) 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 came in tears: for Dargo was no more! The heroes sigh over Lartho's chief: and what shall sad Mingala do? The dark soul vanished like morning mist, before the king of spears: but the generous glowed in his presence like the morning star.

Who was the fairest and most lovely? Who but Collath's stately son? Who sat in the midst of the wife, but Dargo of the mighty deeds?

Thy hand touched the trembling harp: Thy voice was soft as summer-winds. — Ah me! what shall the heroes say? for Dargo fell before a boar. Pale is the lovely-check; the look of which was firm in danger! — Why hast thou failed on our hills, thou fairer than the beams of the sun?

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

The daughter of Adonfion 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 now dwells around my bed. Mingala rests with Dargo.

entered its womb , and scatters the curling gloom on every side.

They brought Colmar to Teutha's bank , bound with a thousand thongs. The chief is sad , but lovely , and his eye is on his friends ; for we stood , in our arms , on the opposite bank of Teutha. Dunthalmo came with his spear , and pierced the hero's side : he rolled on the bank in his blood , and we heard his broken sighs.

Calthon rushed into the stream : I bounded forward on my spear. Teutha's race fell before us. Night came rolling down. Dunthalmo rested on a rock , amidst an aged wood. The rage of his bosom burned against the car-borne Calthon. — But Calthon stood in his grief ; he mourned the fallen Colmar ; Colmar slain in youth , before his fame arose.

I bade the song of woe to rise , to sooth the mournful chief ; but he stood beneath a tree , and often threw his spear on earth. — The humid eye of Colmal rolled near in a secret tear : she foresaw the fall of Dunthalmo , or of Clutha's battling chief.

Now half the night had passed away. Silence and darkness were on the field ; sleep rested on the eyes of the heroes : Calthon's settling soul was still. His eyes were half-

closed ; but the murmur of Teutha had not yet failed in his ear.—Pale, and shewing his wounds ; the ghost of Colmar came : he bended his head over the hero, and raised his feeble voice.

Sleeps the son of Rathmor in his might,
and his brother low ? Did we not rise to
the chace together, and pursue the dark-
brown hinds ? Colmar was not forgot till
he fell ; till death had blasted his youth. I
lie pale beneath the rock of Lona. O let
Calthon rise ! the morning comes with its
beams ; and Dunthalmo will dishonour the
fallen.

He passed away in his blast. The rising
Calthon saw the steps of his departure.—He
rushed in the sound of his steel ; and un-
happy Colmal rose. She followed her hero
through night, and dragged her spear behind.
—But when Calthon came to Lona's rock,
he found his fallen brother.—The rage of
his bosom rose, and he rushed among the
foe. The groans of death ascend. They close
around the chief.—He is bound in the midst,
and brought to gloomy Dunthalmo. — The
shout of joy arose ; and the hills of night
replied.—

I started at the sound : and took my fa-
ther's spear. Diaran rose at my side ; and the
H iv

youthful strength of Dargo. We missed the chief of Clutha, and our souls were sad. — I dreaded the departure of my fame; the pride of my valour rose.

Sons of Morven, I said, it is not thus our fathers fought. They rested not on the field of strangers, when the foe did not fall before them. — Their strength was like the eagles of heaven; their renown is in the song. But our people fall by degrees, and our fame begins to depart. — What shall the king of Morven say, if Ossian conquers not at Teutha? Rise in your steel, ye warriors, and follow the sound of Ossian's course. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma.

Morning rose on the blue waters of Teutha; Colmal stood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: and thrice the spear fell from her hand. My wrath turned against the stranger; for my soul trembled for Calthon.

Son of the feeble hand, I said, do Teutha's warriors fight with tears? The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the sigh in the soul of war. — Go to the deer of Carmun, or the lowing herds of Teutha. — But leave these arms, thou son of fear; a warrior may lift them in battle. —

I tore the mail from her shoulders. Her snowy breast appeared. She bent her red face to the ground.—I looked in silence to the chiefs. The spear fell from my hand; and the sigh of my bosom rose.—But when I heard the name of the maid, my crowding tears descended. I blessed the lovely beam of youth, and bade the battle move.

Why, son of the rock, should Ossian tell how Teutha's warriors died? They are now forgot in their land; and their tombs are not found on the heath.—Years came on with their tempests; and the green mounds mouldered away.—Scarce is the grave of Dunthalmo seen, or the place where he fell by the spear of Ossian.—Some gray warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my actions to his sons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalmo. The faces of youth bend sidelong towards his voice; surprize and joy burn in their eyes.—

I found the son (1) of Rathmor bound to an oak; my sword cut the thongs from his hands. And I gave him the white-bosomed Colmal.—They dwelt in the halls of Teutha; and Ossian returned to Selma.

(1) Calthor.

LATHMON:

A POEM.

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上海南京路五洲大藥房

12

LATHMON (1):

A P O E M.

SELMA, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the shower; they look towards green Ullin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose.

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darkness? It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts in the wind of the north. His soul

(1) Lathmon a British prince, taking advantage of Fingal's absence in Ireland, made a descent on Morven, and advanced within sight of Selma the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmon retreated to a hill, where his army was surprised by night, and himself taken prisoner by Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni. This exploit of Gaul and Ossian bears a near resemblance to the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil's ninth Æneid. The poem opens, with the first appearance of Fingal on the coast of Morven, and ends, it may be supposed, about noon the next day. The first paragraph is in a lyric measure, and appears to have been sung, of old, to the harp, as a prelude to the narrative part of the poem, which is in heroic verse.

brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But stop, O mighty stream, in thy course! Does not Lathmon behold these sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like the mist of the lake? But the squally storm is behind thee; Fingal pursues thy steps!

The king of Morven started from sleep, as we rolled on the dark-blue wave. He stretched his hand to his spear, and his heroes rose around. We knew that he had seen his fathers, for they often descended to his dreams, when the sword of the foe rose over the land; and the battle darkened before us.

Whither hast thou fled, O wind, said the king of Morven? Dost thou rustle in the chambers of the south, and pursue the shower in other lands? Why dost thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of my seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is absent. But let each bind on his mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon (1) is before us with his host: he

(1) It is said, by tradition, that it was the intelligence of Lathmon's invasion, that occasion-

that fled (1) from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected stream, and his roar is between our hills.

Such were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay. Ossian ascended the hill ; and thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock of Morven replied ; and the bounding roes came forth. The foes were troubled in my presence : and collected their darkened host ; for I stood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni (2) sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon (3) : his locks of age are

ed Fingal's return from Ireland ; though Ossian, more poetically, ascribes the cause of Fingal's knowledge to his dream.

(1) He alludes to a battle wherein Fingal had defeated Lathmon. The occasion of this first war, between those heroes, is told by Ossian in another poem, which the translator has seen.

(2) Morni was chief of a numerous tribe, in the days of Fingal and his father Comhal. The last mentioned hero was killed in battle against Morni's tribe ; but the valour and conduct of Fingal reduced them, at last, to obedience. We find the two heroes perfectly reconciled in this poem.

(3) Stru'-moné, *stream of the hill*. Here the proper name of a rivulet in the neighbourhood of Selma,

gray: he leans forward on his staff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his youth. Often did he rise, in the fire of his soul, at the mighty deeds of Morni.

The aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield: he knew the sign of battle. He started at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembers the actions of other years. My son, he said to fair-haired Gaul, I hear the sound of battle. The king of Morven is returned, the sign of war is heard. Go to the halls of Strumon, and bring his arms to Morni. Bring the arms which my father wore in his age, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armour, O Gaul; and rush to the first of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear death, my son! the valiant fall with fame; their shields turn the dark stream of danger away, and renown dwells on their gray hairs. Dost thou not see, O Gaul, how the steps of my age are honoured? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him, with reverence, and turn their eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I never fled from danger, my son! my sword lightened through the darkness of battle. The stranger melted before me; the mighty were blasted in my presence.

Gaul brought the arms to Morni : the aged warrior covered himself with steel. He took the spear in his hand , which was often stained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal , his son attended his steps. The son of Comhal rejoiced over the warrior , when he came in the locks of his age.

King of the roaring Strumon ! said the rising joy of Fingal ; do I behold thee in arms , after thy strength has failed ? Often has Morni shone in battles , like the beam of the rising sun ; when he disperses the storms of the hill , and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didst thou not rest in thine age ? Thy renown is in the song. The people behold thee , and bless the departure of mighty Morni. Why didst thou not rest in thine age ? For the foe will vanish before Fingal.

Son of Comhal , replied the chief , the strength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth , but it remains in its place. I throw the spear , but it falls short of the mark ; and I feel the weight of my shield. We decay , like the grass of the mountain , and our strength returns no more. I have a son , O Fingal , his soul has delighted in the actions of Morni's youth ; but his sword has not been lifted

against the foe , neither has his fame begun. I come with him to battle ; to direct his arm. His renown will be a sun to my soul , in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people ! that the heroes would only say ,
« Behold the father of Gaul ! »

King of Strumon , Fingal replied , Gaul shall lift the sword in battle. But he shall lift it before Fingal ; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma ; and hear of our renown. Bid the harp be strung ; and the voice of the bard arise , that those who fall may rejoice in their fame ; and the soul of Morny brighten with gladness.—Ossian ! thou hast fought in battles : the blood of strangers is on thy spear : let thy course be with Gaul in the strife ; but depart not from the side of Fingal ; lest the foe find you alone ; and your fame fail at once.

I saw (1) Gaul in his arms , and my soul was mixed with his : for the fire of the battle was in his eyes ! he looked to the foe with

(1) Ossian speaks. The contrast between the old and young heroes is strongly marked. The circumstance of the latter's drawing their swords is well imagined , and agrees with the impatience of young soldiers , just entered upon action.

joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret; and the lightning of our swords poured together ; for we drew them behind the wood , and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air.

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his side with all his gray waving locks. Their discourse is of other times, and the actions of their fathers. Three bards , at times, touched the harp ; and Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal ; but darkness gathered (1) on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin ; and the song of the bard ceased. Fingal observed the aged hero , and mildly spoke.

Chief of Strumon , why that darkness? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in battle ; but we meet together , at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foes , and they melt before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot , king of mossy Strumon.

(1) Ullin had chosen ill the subject of his song. The *darkness which gathered on Morni's brow* , did not proceed from any dislike he had to Comhal's name, though they were foes , but from his fear that the song would awaken Fingal to remembrance of the feuds which had subsisted of old between the families. Fingal's speech on this occasion abounds with generosity and good sense.

King of Morven, replied the chief, I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage (1) of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal, and the feeble remain on the hills. How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni! And I did not shun the battle; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant.

Now let the friends of Fingal rest; for the night is around; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder heard on a distant heath. Ossian! and fair-haired Gaul! ye are swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valour of youth may fail.

We heard the words of the chief with joy, and moved in the clang of our arms. Our steps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe

(1) This expression is ambiguous in the original. It either signifies that Comhal killed many in battle, or that he was implacable in his resentment. The translator has endeavoured to preserve the same ambiguity in the version; as it was probably designed by the poet.

reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valour; his hand half-unsheathed the sword.

Son of Fingal, he said, why burns the soul of Gaul? My heart beats high. My steps are disordered; and my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me, and I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear?—How would the soul of Morni rise if we should rush on the foe! Our renown would grow in the song; and our steps be stately in the eyes of the brave.

Son of Morni, I replied, my soul delights in battle. I delight to shine in battle alone, and to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe should prevail; shall I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death.—But I will not behold them in his wrath. Ossian shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of the vanquished rise?—They pass away like a shadow. But the fame of Ossian shall rise. His deeds shall be like his fathers. Let us rush in our arms; son of Morni, let us rush to battle. Gaul! if thou shalt return, go to Selma's lofty wall. Tell to Evirallin (1) that

(1) Ossian had married her a little time before.

I fell with fame ; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise.

Son of Fingal , Gaul replied with a sigh ; shall I return after Ossian is low ! — What would my father say , and Fingal king of men ? The feeble would turn their eyes and say , « Behold the mighty Gaul who left « his friend in his blood ! » Ye shall not behold me , ye feeble , but in the midst of my renown. Ossian ! I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes ; their mighty deeds when alone ; for the soul increases in danger.

Son of Morni , I replied and strode before him on the heath , our fathers shall praise our valour , when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladness shall rise on their souls , when their eyes are full of tears. They will say , « Our sons have not fallen like the grass « of the field , for they spread death around « them. » — But why should we think of the narrow house ? The sword defends the valiant. But death pursues the flight of the feeble ; and their renown is not heard.

We rushed forward through night ; and

The story of his courtship of this lady is introduced , as an episode , in the fourth book of Fingal.

came to the roar of a stream which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its noise; we came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain; and the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the valiant.

Shall (1) the son of Fingal rush on a sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night when it over-turns the young trees in secret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield of battle, and let their thousands rise. Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm.

(1) This proposal of Gaul is much more noble, and more agreeable to true heroism, than the behaviour of Ulysses and Diomed in the Iliad, or that of Nisus and Euryalus in the Æneid. What his valour and generosity suggested became the foundation of his success. For the enemy being dismayed with the sound of Ossian's shield, which was the common signal of battle, thought that Fingal's whole army came to attack them; so that they fly in reality from an army, not from two heroes; which reconciles the story to probability.

My soul rejoiced over the warrior, and my bursting tears descended. And the foe shall meet Gaul, I said: the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter.—Gaul! dost thou not behold that rock? Its gray side dimly gleams to the stars. If the foe shall prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears; for death is in our hands.

I struck thrice my echoing shield. The starting foe arose. We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath; for they thought that the mighty Fingal came; and the strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blasted groves.

It was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength: it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell, and mighty Leth. Dunthormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotha's side, as bent, he rose on his spear; the black stream poured from the wound, hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, and ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell; moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race ! Ossian rushed forward in his strength, and the people fell before him, as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the gray beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on ; his steps are towards the desert.

Gray morning rose around us, the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill ; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath : he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield ; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

Car-borne (1) chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe ? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king (2). He shall rise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged (3)

(1) Car-borne is a title of honour bestowed, by Ossian, indiscriminately on every hero ; as every chief, in his time, kept a chariot or litter by way of state.

(2) Fingal.

(3) Fingal and Morni.

will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni,
Lathmon descends the hill.

Then let our steps (1) be slow, replied
the fair-haired Gaul; lest the foe say, with
a smile, « Behold the warriors of night,
« they are, like ghosts, terrible in darkness,
« but they melt away before the beam of the
« east. » Ossian, take the shield of Gormar
who fell beneath thy spear, that the aged
heroes may rejoice, when they shall behold
the actions of their sons.

Such were our words on the plain, when
Sulmath (2) came to car-borne Lathmon:
Sulmath chief of Dutha, at the dark-rolling
stream of Duvranna (3). Why dost thou not

(1) The behaviour of Gaul, throughout this poem,
is that of a hero in the most exalted sense. The
modesty of Ossian, concerning his own actions, is
not less remarkable than his impartiality with re-
gard to Gaul; for it is well known that Gaul
afterwards rebelled against Fingal, which might be
supposed to have bred prejudices against him in
the breast of Ossian. But as Gaul, from an ene-
my, became Fingal's firmest friend and greatest
hero, the poet passes over one slip in his conduct,
on account of his many virtues.

(2) Suil-mhath, *a man of good eye-sight.*

(3) Dubh-bhtanna, *dark mountain-stream.* What
river went by this name, in the days of Ossian,
is not easily ascertained, at this distance of
time. A river in Scotland, which falls into the sea

rush, son of Nuath, with a thousand of thy heroes? Why dost thou not descend with thy host, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the rising light, and their steps are before us on the heath.

Son of the feeble hand, said Lathmon, shall my host descend! They (1) are but two, son of Dutha, and shall a thousand lift their steel! Nuath would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread

at Banff, still retains the name of Duvran. If that is meant, by Ossian, in this passage, Lathmon must have been a prince of the Pictish nation, or those Caledonians who inhabited of old the eastern coast of Scotland.

(1) Ossian seldom fails to give his heroes, though enemies, that generosity of temper which, it appears from his poems, was a conspicuous part of his own character. Those who too much despise their enemies do not reflect, that the more they take from the valour of their foes, the less merit they have themselves in conquering them. The custom of depreciating enemies is not altogether one of the refinements of modern heroism. This railing disposition is one of the capital faults in Homer's characters, which, by the bye, cannot be imputed to the poet, who kept to the manners of the times of which he wrote. Milton has followed Homer in this respect; but railing is less shocking in infernal spirits, who are the objects of horror, than in heroes, who are set up as patterns of imitation,

of his feet approached. — Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha, for I behold the stately steps of Ossian. His fame is worthy of my steel; let him fight with Lathmon.

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raised the shield on my arm; and Gaul placed in my hand the sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream; Lathmon came in his strength. His dark host rolled, like the clouds, behind him: but the son of Nuath was bright in his steel.

Son of Fingal, said the hero, thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy spear against Lathmon; and lay the son of Nuath low. Lay him low among his people, or thou thyself must fall. It shall never be told in my halls that my warriors fell in my presence; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon when his sword rested by his side: the blue eyes of Cutha (1) would roll in tears, and her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon.

Neither shall it be told, I replied, that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly; his soul would meet him and say, « Does the

(1) Cutha appears to have been Lathmon's wife or mistress.

«bard of Selma fear the foe?» No: he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle.

Lathmon came on with his spear, and pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel at my side; and drew the sword of Morni: I cut the spear in twain; the bright point fell glittering on the ground. The son of Nuath burnt in his wrath, and lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass. But Ossian's spear pierced the brightness of its bosses, and sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance; but Lathmon still advanced. Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief, and stretched his buckler before my sword; when it descended, in a stream of light over the king of Dunlathmon.

Lathmon beheld the son of Morni, and the tear started from his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on the ground, and spoke the words of the valiant. Why should Lathmon fight against the first of mortal men? Your souls are beams from heaven; your swords the flames of death. Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whose actions are so great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuath, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father say, that his son did

not yield to the feeble.—But who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing heath? The little hills are troubled before him, and a thousand spirits are on the beams of his steel; the spirits (1) of those who are to fall by the arm of the king of resounding Morven.—Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy sons shall fight thy battles; they go forth before thee; and they return with the steps of renown.

Fingal came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the actions of his son. Morni's face brightened with gladness, and his aged eyes looked faintly through the tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma, and sat round the feast of shells. The maids of the song came into our presence, and the mildly blushing Evirallin. Her dark hair spread on her neck of snow, her eye rolled in secret on Ossian; she touched the harp of music, and we blessed the daughter of Branno.

Fingal rose in his place, and spoke to Dunlathmon's battling king. The sword of Tremmor trembled by his side, as he lifted up his mighty arm. Son of Nuath, he said, why dost thou search for fame in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble; nor do our swords

(1) It was thought, in Ossian's time, that each person had his attending spirit. The traditions concerning this opinion are dark and unsatisfactory.

gleam over the weak. When did we come to Duntlathmon, with the sound of war? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong. My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The lightning of my steel pours on the proud in arms. The battle comes; and the tombs of the valiant rise; the tombs of my people rise, O my fathers! and I at last must remain alone. But I will remain renowned, and the departure of my soul shall be one stream of light. Lathmon! retire to thy place. Turn thy battles to other lands. The race of Morven are renowned, and their foes are the sons of the unhappy.

O I T H O N A;
A P O E M.

THE
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O I T H O N A (I):

A P O E M.

DARKNESS dwells around Dunlathmon ; though the moon shews half her face on the hill. The daughter of night turns her eyes away ; for she beholds the grief that is coming.—The son of Morni is on the plain ; but there is no sound in the hall. No long-

(1) 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 Nuath, 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 Nuath 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

streaming (1) beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithóna (2) is not heard amidst the noise of the streams of Duvranna.—

Whither art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuath? Lathmon is in the field of the valiant, but thou didst promise to

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.

(1) Some gentle taper

— visit us

With thy long levelled rule of streaming light.

MILTON,

(2) Oi-thóna, *the virgin of the wave.*

remain in the hall ; thou dost promise to remain in the hall till the son of Morni returned ; till he returned from Strumon , to the maid of his love. The tear was on thy cheek at his departure : the sigh rose in secret in thy breast. But thou dost not come to meet him , with songs, with the lightly-trembling sound of the harp.—

Such were the words of Gaul , when he came to Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open and dark. The winds were blustering in the hall. The trees strowed the threshold with leaves ; and the murmur of night 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 (1) of Leth stood at a distance , and heard the winds in his bushy hair. But he did not raise his voice , for he saw the sorrow of Gaul.

Sleep descended on the heroes. The visions of night arose. Oithóna stood in a dream , before the eyes of Morni's son. Her dark hair was loose and disordered : her lovely eye rolled in tears. Blood stained her snowy arm. The robe half hid the wound of her breast.

(1) Morlo , the son of Leth , is one of Fin-gal's most famous heroes. He and three other men attended Gaul on his expedition to Tromáthon.

She stood over the chief, and her voice was 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 Nuath 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.—And 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 wrath. Often did his eyes turn to the east, and accuse the lagging light.—At length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up the sail. The winds came rustling from the hill, and he bounded on the waves of the deep.—On the third day arose Tromáthon (1), like a

(1) ἐξάνη ὄρεα σκιδέοντα

Γαίης Φαιάκων, —

—ὥς ὅτε μινόν ἐν ἡφαιίδῃ πόντον.

HOMER. Od. v. 180.

Then swell'd to fight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost;

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 descend.—But when she saw Gaul in his arms, she started and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red; her white arm trembles by her side.—Thrice she strove to fly from his presence; but her steps failed her as she went.

Daughter of Nuath, said the hero, why dost thou fly from Gaul? Do my eyes send forth the flame of death? Or darkens hatred in my soul? Thou art to me the beam of the east rising in a land unknown. But thou coverest thy face with sadness, daughter of high Dunlathmon! Is the foe of Oithóna near? My soul burns to meet him in battle. The sword trembles on the side of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand.—Speak, daughter of Nuath, dost thou not behold my tears?

Car-borne chief of Strumon, replied the fighting maid, why comest thou over the dark-blue wave to Nuath's mournful daughter?

That lay before him indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watry waste.

Tróm-thón, heavy or deep-sounding wave.

Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strows its withered leaves on the blast? Why didst thou come, O Gaul, to hear my departing sigh? I pass away in my youth; and my name shall not be heard. Or it will be heard with sorrow, and the tears of Nuath will fall. Thou wilt be sad, son of Morni, for the fallen fame of Oithóna. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner.—Why didst thou come, chief of Strumon, to the sea-beat rocks of Tromáthon?

I came to meet thy foes, daughter of car-borne Nuath! 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; and when the dark-bounding ship shall pass, call the sons of the sea; call them, and give this sword, that they may carry it to Morni's hall; that the grey-haired hero may cease to look towards the desert for the return of his son.

And shall the daughter of Nuath 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 gray stone of the dead: for never more will I leave thy rocks, sea-surrounded Tromáthon! — Night (1) came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moss-covered rock of Duthórmoth; night came on, and I sat in the hall, at the beam of the oak. The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the sound of arms. Joy rose in my face; for I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired strength of Dunrommath. His eyes rolled in fire: the blood of my people was on his sword. They who defended Oithóna fell by the gloomy chief. — What could I do? My arm was weak; it could not lift the spear. He took me in my grief, amidst my tears he raised the sail. He feared the returning strength of Lathmon, the brother of unhappy 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 Dunrommath!

My steps never turned from battle, replied

(1) Oithóna relates how she was carried away by Dunrommath.

the hero, as he unsheathed his sword; and shall I begin to fear, Oithóna, when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, daughter of Nuath, till our battle cease. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers; and the sounding quiver of Morni. Let our three warriors bend the yew. Ourselves will lift the spear. They are an host on the rock; but our souls are strong.

The daughter of Nuath went to the cave: a troubled joy rose on her mind, like the red path of the lightning on a stormy cloud. — Her soul was resolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. — Dunrommath slowly approached; for he saw the son of Morni. Contempt contracted his face, a smile is on his dark-brown cheek; his red eye rolled, half-conceal'd beneath his shaggy brows.

Whence are the sons of the sea, begun the gloomy chief? Have the winds driven you to the rocks of Tromáthon? Or come you in search of the white-handed daughter of Nuath? The sons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath. His eye spares not the weak; and he delights in the blood of strangers. Oithóna is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in secret; would 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, and his sword
lopped off his head, as it bended in death.—
The son of Morni shook it thrice by the
lock; the warriors of Dunrommath fled.
The arrows of Morven pursued them: ten
fell on the mossy rocks. The rest lift the
sounding sail, and bound on the echoing
deep.

Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithóna.
He beheld a youth leaning against a rock.
An arrow had pierced his side; and his eye
rolled faintly beneath his helmet. — The soul
of Morni's son is sad, he came and spoke the
words of peace.

Can the hand of Gaul heal thee, youth of the mournful brow? I have searched for the herbs of the mountains; I have gathered them on the secret banks of their streams. My hand has closed the wound of the valiant, and their eyes have blessed the son of Morni. Where dwelt thy fathers, warrior? Were they of the sons of the mighty? Sadness shall come, like night, on thy native streams; for thou art fallen in thy youth.—

My fathers, replied the stranger, were of the sons of the mighty; but they shall not be sad; for my fame is departed like morning mist. High walls rise on the banks of Duvranna, and see their mossy towers in the stream; a rock ascends behind them with its bending firs. Thou mayst behold it far distant. There my brother dwells. He is renowned in battle: give him this glittering helmet.

The helmet fell from the hand of Gaul; for it was the wounded Oithóna. She had armed herself in the cave, and came in search of death. Her heavy eyes are half closed; the blood pours from her side. —

Son of Morni, she said, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my soul. The eyes of Oithóna are dim. O had

I dwelt at Duvranna , in the bright beam of my fame ! then had my years come on with joy ; and the virgins would bless my steps. But I fall in youth , son of Morni , and my father shall blush in his hall.—

She fell pale on the rock of Tromáthon. The mournful hero raised her tomb.—He came to Morven ; but we saw the darkness of his soul. Ossian took the harp in the praise of Oithóna. The brightness of the face of Gaul returned. But his sigh rose , at times , in the midst of his friends , like blasts that shake their unfrequent wings, after the stormy winds are laid.

C R O M A :

A P O E M.

17404

CROMA :

C R O M A :

A P O E M (1).

IT was the voice of my love ! few are his visits to the dreams of Malvina ! Open your airy halls , ye fathers of mighty Toscar ! Unfold the gates of your clouds ; the steps of Malvina's departure are near. I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of

(1) Malvina the daughter of Toscar is over-heard 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 , Fovar-gormo , 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.

my soul. Why didst thou come, O blast, from the dark-rolling of the lake? Thy rustling wing was in the trees, the dream of Malvina departed. But she beheld her love, when his robe of mist flew on the wind; the beam of the sun was on his skirts, they glittered like the gold of the stranger. It was the voice of my love! few are his visits to my dreams!

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, but no leaf of mine arose. The virgins saw me silent in the hall, and they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad, they said; thou first of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and stately in thy sight?

Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth (1). When thou didst

(1) Mor'-ruth, *great stream*.

return from the chace , in the day of the sun ,
thou hast heard the music of the bards , and
thy song is lovely. It is lovely , O Malvina ,
but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief ,
when peace dwells in the breast of the sad.
But sorrow wastes the mournful , O daughter
of Toscar , and their days are few. They fall
away , like the flower on which the sun looks
in his strength after the mildew has passed over
it , and its head is heavy with the drops of
night. Attend to the tale of Ossian , O maid ;
he remembers the days of his youth.

The king commanded ; I raised my sails ,
and rushed into the bay of Croma ; into Cro-
ma's sounding bay in lovely Innis-fail (1).
High on the coast arose the towers of Crothar
king of spears ; Crothar renowned in the
battles of his youth ; but age dwelt then
around the chief. Rothmar raised the sword
against the hero ; and the wrath of Fingal burn-
ed. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in battle ,
for the chief of Croma was the companion
of his youth.

I sent the bard before me with songs ; I
came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the
hero amidst the arms of his fathers , but his
eyes had failed. His gray locks waved around

(1) *Innis-fail* , one of the ancient names of Ire-
land.

a staff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the song of other times, when the sound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar rose, stretched his aged hand, and blessed the son of Fingal.

Ossian! said the hero, the strength of Crothar's arm has failed. O could I lift the sword, as on the day that Fingal fought at Strutha! He was the first of mortal men; but Crothar had also his fame. The king of Morven praised me, and he placed on my arm the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the hero had slain in war. Dost thou not behold it on the wall, for Crothar's eyes have failed? Is thy strength, like thy fathers, Ossian? let the aged feel thine arm.

I gave my arm to the king; he feels it with his aged hands. The sigh rose in his breast, and his tears descended. Thou art strong, my son, he said, but not like the king of Morven. But who is like that hero among the mighty in war! Let the feast of my halls be spread; and let my bards raise the song. Great is he that is within my walls, sons of echoing Croma!

The feast is spread. The harp is heard; and joy is in the hall. But it was joy covering a sigh, that darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like the faint beam of the moon spread

on a cloud in heaven. At length the music ceased, and the aged king of Croma spoke; he spoke without a tear, but the sigh swelled in the midst of his voice.

Son of Fingal! dost thou not behold the darkness of Crothar's hall of shells? My soul was not dark at the feast, when my people lived. I rejoiced in the presence of strangers, when my son shone in the hall. But, Ossian, he is a beam that is departed, and left no streak of light behind. He is fallen, son of Fingal, in the battles of his father.—Rothmar the chief of grassy Tromlo heard that my eyes had failed; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his soul arose. He came towards Croma; my people fell before him. I took my arms in the hall, but what could sightless Crothar do? My steps were unequal; my grief was great. I wished for the days that were past. Days! wherein I fought; and conquered in the field of blood. My son returned from the chase; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo (1). 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-

(1) Faobhar-gorm, *the blue point of steel.*

gormo's arm that thy sighs arise ? I begin, my father, to feel the strength of my arm ; I have drawn the sword of my youth ; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the youths of Croma : let me meet him, O my father ; for I feel my burning soul.

And thou shalt meet him, I said, son of the 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. The foe advances towards Croma. He who slew my son is near, with all his pointed spears.

It is not time to fill the shell, I replied, and took my spear. My people saw the fire of my eyes, and they rose around. All night we strode along the heath. Gray morning rose in the east. A green narrow vale appeared before us ; nor did it want its blue stream. The dark host of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought along the vale ; they fled ; Rothmar sunk beneath my sword. Day had not descended in the west, when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands ; and joy brightened in his soul.

The people gather to the hall ; the sound

of the shells is heard. Ten harps are strung ;
five bards advance , and sing , by turns (1) ,

(2) 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.

F I R S T B A R D .

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 inurmur 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 fades —— it flies. Some funeral shall pass this way : the meteor marks the path.

The distant dog is howling from the hut of the
K iv

the praise of Ossian ; they poured forth their burning souls , and the harp answered to their

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.

S E C O N D B A R D .

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 :

Voice. The joy of Croma was great: for peace returned to the land. The night came on

—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

with silence, and the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkness, with his glit-

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 shroud 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.

F O U R T H B A R D.

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 glitter; streams shine on the rock, Bright

tering spear. The joy of Croma was great ;
for the gloomy Rothmar was fallen.

rolls the settled lake ; bright the stream of the
vale.

I see the trees overturned ; the shocks of corn
on the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the shocks ,
and whistles on the distant field.

Calm , settled , fair is night ! — Who comes
from the place of the dead ? That form with the
robe of snow ; white arms and dark-brown hair !
It is the daughter of the chief of the people ; she
that lately fell. Come , let us view thee , O maid !
thou that hast been the delight of heroes ! The
blast drives the phantom away ; white , without form ,
it ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist , slowly over
the narrow vale. It rises on the hill , and joins
its head to heaven. — Night is settled , calm ,
blue , starry , bright with the moon. Receive me
not , my friends , for lovely is the night.

F I F T H B A R D.

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

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they laid the chief in earth. The aged Cro-

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 lofty rock. Long are the shadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary, silent, and dark ; receive me, my friends, from night.

The C H I E F.

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,

thar 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

when it is poured on the hill. The young day re-
turns from his clouds , but we return no more.

Where are our chiefs of old ? Where our kings
of mighty name ? The fields of their battles are
silent. Scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall
also be forgot. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons
shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask
of the aged , « Where stood the walls of our
fathers ? »

Raise the song , and strike the harp ; send round
the shells of joy. Suspend a hundred tapers on high.
Youths and maids begin the dance. Let some gray
bard be near me to tell the deeds of other times ;
of kings renowned in our land , of chiefs we be-
hold no more. Thus let the night pass until morn-
ing shall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be
at hand , the dogs , the youths of the chase. We
shall ascend the hill with day ; and awake the
deer,

die in youth , when their renown is heard !
The feeble will not behold them in the
hall ; or smile at their trembling hands. Their
memory shall be honoured in the song ; the
young tear of the virgin falls. But the aged
wither away , by degrees , and the fame of
their youth begins to be forgot. They fall
in secret ; the sigh of their son is not heard.
Joy is around their tomb ; and the stone
of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy
are they who die in youth , when their
renown is around them !

BERRATHON:

A P O E M.

4

4

2 3 4 5 6

BERRATHON (1):

A P O E M.

BEND thy blue course , O stream , round
the narrow plain of Lutha (2). Let the green

(1) This poem is reputed to have been composed by Ossian , a little time before his death ; and consequently it is known in tradition by no other name than *Ossian's last hymn*. The translator has taken the liberty to call it *Berrathon* , from the episode concerning the re-establishment of Larthmor king of that island , after he had been dethroned by his own son Uthal. Fingal in his voyage to Lochlin [Fing. B. III.] , whither he had been invited by Starno the father of Agandecca , so often mentioned in Ossian's poems , touched at Berrathon , an island of Scandinavia , where he was kindly entertained by Larthmor the petty king of the place , who was a vassal of the supreme kings of Lochlin. The hospitality of Larthmor gained him Fingal's friendship , which that hero manifested , after the imprisonment of Larthmor by his own son , by sending Ossian and Toscar , the father of Malvina so often mentioned , to rescue Larthmor , and to punish the unnatural behaviour of Uthal. Uthal was handsome to a proverb , and consequently much admired by the ladies. Nina-thoma the beautiful daughter of Torthóma , a neighbouring prince , fell in love and fled with him. He proved unconstant ; for another lady , whose name is not mentioned , gaining his affections , he confined Nina-thoma to a desert island near the coast of Berrathon. She was relieved by Ossian , who , in company with Toscar , landing on Berrathon , defeated

woods hang over it from their mountains : and the sun look on it at noon. The thistle is there on its rock , and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head , waving , at times , to the gale. Why dost thou awake me , O gale , it seems to say , I am covered with the drops of heaven ? The time of my fading is near , and the

the forces of Uthal , and killed him in a single combat. Nina-thoma , whose love not all the bad behaviour of Uthal could erase , hearing of his death , died of grief. In the mean time Larthmor is restored , and Ossian and Toscar returned in triumph to Fingal.

The present poem opens with an elegy on the death of Malvina the daughter of Toscar , and closes with presages of the poet's death. It is almost altogether in a lyric measure , and has that melancholy air which distinguishes the remains of the works of Ossian. If ever he composed any thing of a merry turn , it is long since lost. The serious and melancholy make the most lasting impressions on the human mind , and bid fairest for being transmitted from generation to generation by tradition. Nor is it probable that Ossian dealt much in chearful composition. Melancholy is so much the companion of a great genius , that it is difficult to separate the idea of levity from chearfulness , which is sometimes the mark of an amiable disposition , but never the characteristic of elevated parts.

(2) *Lutha , swift stream.* It is impossible , at this distance of time , to ascertain where the scene here described lies. Tradition is silent on that head , and there is nothing in the poem from which a conjecture can be drawn.

blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come ; he that saw me in my beauty shall come ; his eyes will search the field , but they will not find me. — So shall they search in vain , for the voice of Cona , after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning , and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. « Where is the son of car-borne Fingal ? » The tear will be on his cheek.

Then come thou , O Malvina (1), with all thy music , come ; lay Ossian in the plain of Lutha : let his tomb rise in the lovely field.—Malvina ! where art thou , with thy songs : with the soft sound of thy steps ? — Son (2) of Alpin , art thou near ? where is the daughter of Toscar ?

I passed , O son of Fingal , by Tar-lutha's mossy walls. The smoke of the hall was ceased : silence was among the trees of the hill. The voice of the chase was over. I saw the daughters of the bow. I asked about Malvina , but they answered not. They turned

(1) Mal-mhina , *soft or lovely brow*. *Mh* in the Galic language has the same sound with *v* in English.

(2) Tradition has not handed down the name of this son of Alpin. His father was one of Fingal's principal bards , and he appears himself to have had a poetical genius.

their faces away : thin darkness covered their beauty. They were like stars , on a rainy hill , by night , each looking faintly through her mist.

Pleasant (1) be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hills ! The steps of thy departure were stately , like the moon on the blue , trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha! We sit , at the rock , and there is no voice ; no light but the meteor of fire ! Soon hast thou set , Malvina , daughter of generous Toscar !

But thou risest like the beam of the east , among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder. — A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it , with their wings ; within it is the dwelling (2) of Fingal. There the hero

(1) Ossian speaks. He calls Malvina a beam of light , and continues the metaphor throughout the paragraph.

(2) The description of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical , and agreeable to the notions of those times , concerning the state of the deceased , who were supposed to pursue , after death , the pleasures and employments of their former life. The situation of Ossian's heroes in their separate

sits in darkness ; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield half covered with clouds , is like the darkened moon ; when one half still remains in the wave , and the other looks sickly on the field.

His friends sit around the king, on mist ; and hear the songs of Ullin : he strikes the half-viewless harp ; and raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes , with a thousand meteors , light the airy hall. Malvina rises, in the midst ; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers , and turns aside her humid eyes.

Art thou come so soon , said Fingal ; daughter of generous Toscar ? Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son (1) is sad. I hear the breeze of Cona , that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall , but thou art not there ; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy rustling wing , O breeze ! and sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock ,

state , if not entirely happy , is more agreeable , than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See *Hom. Odyss.* l. 11.

(1) Ossian ; who had a great friendship for Malvina , both on account of her love for his son Oscar , and her attention to his own poems.

at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids (1) are departed to their place ; and thou alone , O breeze , mournest there.

But who comes from the dusky west , supported on a cloud ? A smile is on his gray , watry face ; his locks of mist fly on the wind : he bends forward on his airy spear : it is thy father , Malvina ! Why shinest thou , so soon , on our clouds , he says , O lovely light of Lutha ! — But thou wert sad , my daughter , for thy friends were passed away. The sons of little men (2) were in the hall ; and none remained of the heroes , but Ossian king of spears.

And dost thou remember Ossian , car-borne Toscar (3) son of Conloch ? The battles of our

(1) That is , the young virgins who sung the funeral elegy over her tomb.

(2) Ossian , by way of disrespect , calls those , who succeeded the heroes whose actions he celebrates , *the sons of little men*. Tradition is entirely silent concerning what passed in the north , immediately after the death of Fingal and all his heroes ; but it appears from that term of ignominy just mentioned , that the actions of their successors were not to be compared to those of the renowned Fingalians.

(3) Toscar was the son of that Conloch , who was also father to the lady , whose unfortunate death is related in the last episode of the second book of Fingal.

youth were many; our swords went together to the field. They saw us coming like two falling rocks; and the sons of the stranger fled. There come the warriors of Cona, they said; their steps are in the paths of the vanquished.

Draw near, son of Alpin, to the song of the aged. The actions of other times are in my soul: my memory beams on the days that are past; on the days of the mighty Toscar, when our path was in the deep. Draw near, son of Alpin, to the last sound (1) of the voice of Cona.

The king of Morven commanded, and I raised my sails to the wind. Toscar chief of Lutha stood at my side, as I rose on the dark-blue wave. Our course was to sea-surrounded Berrathon (2), the isle of many storms. There dwelt, with his locks of age, the stately strength of Larthmor. Larthmor who spread the feast of shells to Comhal's mighty son,

(1) Ossian seems to intimate by this expression, that this poem was the last of his composition; so that there is some foundation for the traditional title of *the last hymn of Ossian*.

(2) Barrathón, *a promontory in the midst of waves*. The poet gives it the epithet of sea-surrounded, to prevent its being taken for a peninsula in the literal sense.

when he went to Starno's halls, in the days of Agandecca. But when the chief was old, the pride of his son arose, the pride of fair-haired Uthal, the love of a thousand maids. He bound the aged Larthmor, and dwelt in his sounding halls.

Long pined the king in his cave, beside his rolling sea. Morning did not come to his dwelling; nor the burning oak by night. But the wind of ocean was there, and the parting beam of the moon. The red star looked on the king, when it trembled on the western wave. Snitho came to Selma's hall: Snitho companion of Larthmor's youth. He told of the king of Berrathon: the wrath of Fingal rose. Thrice he assumed the spear, resolved to stretch his hand to Uthal. But the memory (1) of his actions rose before the king, and he sent his son and Toscar. Our joy was great on the rolling sea; and we often half unsheathed our swords (2). For never before

(1) The meaning of the poet is, that Fingal remembered his own great actions, and consequently would not sully them by engaging in a petty war against Uthal, who was so far his inferior in valour and power.

(2) The impatience of young warriors, going on their first expedition, is well marked by their half-drawing their swords. The modesty of Ossian, in his narration of a story which does him so much
had

had we fought alone, in the battles of the spear. Night came down on the ocean; the winds departed on their wings. Cold and pale is the moon. The red stars lift their heads. Our course is slow along the coast of Berrathon; the white waves tumble on the rocks.

What voice is that, said Toscar, which comes between the sounds of the waves? It is soft, but mournful, like the voice of departed bards. But I behold the maid (1); she sits on the rock alone. Her head bends on her arm of snow: her dark hair is in the wind. Hear, son of Fingal, her song, it is smooth as the gliding waters of Lavath.—We came to the silent bay, and heard the maid of night.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. The feast was spread in Torthóma's

honour, is remarkable; and his humanity to Nina-thoma would grace a hero of our own polished age. Though Ossian passes over his own actions in silence, or slightly mentions them; tradition has done ample justice to his martial fame, and perhaps has exaggerated the actions of the poet beyond the bounds of credibility.

(1) Nina-thoma the daughter of Torthóma, who had been confined to a desert island by her lover Uthal.

hall; my father delighted in my voice. The youths beheld me in the steps of my loveliness, and they blessed the dark-haired Nina-thoma. It was then thou didst come, O Uthal! like the sun of heaven. The souls of the virgins are thine, son of generous Larthmor! But why dost thou leave me alone in the midst of roaring waters. Was my soul dark with thy death? Did my white hand lift the sword? Why then hast thou left me alone, king of high Finthormo (1)!

The tear started from my eye, when I heard the voice of the maid. I stood before her in my arms, and spoke the words of peace.— Lovely dweller of the cave, what sigh is in that breast? Shall Ossian lift his sword in thy presence, the destruction of thy foes?— Daughter of Torthóma, rise, I have heard the words of thy grief. The race of Morven are around thee, who never injured the weak. Come to our dark-bosomed ship, thou brighter than that setting moon. Our course is to the rocky Berrathon, to the echoing walls of Finthormo.—She came in her beauty, she came with all her lovely steps. Silent joy brightened in her face, as

(1) Finthormo, the palace of Uthal. The names in this episode are not of a Celtic original; which makes it probable that Ossian founds his poem on a true story.

When the shadows fly from the field of
spring; the blue stream is rolling in brightness,
and the green bush bends over its course.

The morning rose with its beams. We
came to Rothma's bay. A boar rushed from
the wood; my spear pierced his side. I
rejoiced over the blood (1), and foresaw my
growing fame. — But now the sound of
Uthal's train came from the high Finthormo;
they spread over the heath to the chace of the
boar. Himself comes slowly on, in the pride
of his strength. He lifts two pointed spears.
On his side is the hero's sword. Three youths
carry his polished bows: the bounding of five
dogs is before him. His warriors move on,
at a distance, admiring the steps of the king.
Stately was the son of Larthmor; but his soul
was dark. Dark as the troubled face of the
moon, when it foretels the storms.

We rose on the heath before the king; he
stopt in the midst of his course. His warriors
gathered around, and a gray-haired bard ad-
vanced. Whence are the sons of the strangers?
begun the bard. The children of the unhappy

(1) Ossian thought that his killing the boar, on
his first landing in Berrathon, was a good omen
of his future success in that island. The present
highlanders look, with a degree of superstition,
upon the success of their first action, after they
have engaged in any desperate undertaking.

L ij

come to Berrathon; to the sword of car-borne Uthal. He spreads no feast in his hall: the blood of strangers is on his streams. If from Selma's walls ye come, from the mossy walls of Fingal, chuse three youths to go to your king to tell of the fall of his people. Perhaps the hero may come and pour his blood on Uthal's sword; so shall the fame of Finthormo arise, like the growing tree of the vale.

Never will it rise, O bard, I said in the pride of my wrath. He would shrink in the presence of Fingal, whose eyes are the flames of death. The son of Comhal comes, and the kings vanish in his presence; they are rolled together, like mist, by the breath of his rage. Shall three tell to Fingal, that his people fell? Yes!—they may tell it, bard! but his people shall fall with fame.

I stood in the darkness of my strength; Toscar drew his sword at my side. The foe came on like a stream: the mingled sound of death arose. Man took man, shield met shield; steel mixed its beams with steel.—Darts hiss through air; spears ring on mails; and swords on broken bucklers bound. As the noise of an aged grove beneath the roaring wind, when a thousand ghosts break the trees by night, such was the din of arms.—But Uthal fell beneath my sword; and the sons of Berra-

thon fled.—It was then I saw him in his beauty,
 and the tear hung in my eye. Thou art
 fallen (1), young tree, I said, with all thy
 beauty round thee. Thou art fallen on thy
 plains, and the field is bare. The winds come
 from the desert, and there is no sound in thy
 leaves! Lovely art thou in death, son of car-
 borne Larthmor!

Nina-thoma sat on the shore, and heard
 the sound of battle. She turned her red eyes
 on Lethmal, the gray-haired bard of Selma,
 for he had remained on the coast, with the
 daughter of Torthóma. Son of the times of
 old! she said, I hear the noise of death. Thy
 friends have met with Uthal, and the chief is
 low. O that I had remained on the rock,
 inclosed with the tumbling waves! Then

(1) To mourn over the fall of their enemies
 was a practice universal among Ossian's heroes. This
 is more agreeable to humanity, than the shameful
 insulting of the dead, so common in Homer, and
 after him, servilely copied by all his imitators, the
 humane Virgil not excepted, who have been more
 successful in borrowing the imperfections of that
 great poet, than in their imitations of his beauties.
 Homer, it is probable, gave the manners of the
 times in which he wrote, not his own sentiments:
 Ossian also seems to keep to the sentiments of his
 heroes. The reverence, which the most barbarous
 highlanders have still for the remains of the de-
 ceased, seems to have descended to them from
 their most remote ancestors.

would my soul be sad, but his death would not reach my ear. Art thou fallen on thy heath, O son of high Finthormo ! thou didst leave me on a rock, but my soul was full of thee Son of high Finthormo ! art thou fallen on thy heath ?

She rose pale in her tears, and saw the bloody shield of Uthal ; she saw it in Ossian's hand ; her steps were distracted on the heath. She flew ; she found him ; she fell. Her soul came forth in a sigh. Her hair is spread on his face. My bursting tears descend. A tomb arose on the unhappy ; and my song was heard.

Rest, hapless children of youth ! at the noise of that mossy stream. The virgins will see your tomb, at the chace, and turn away their weeping eyes. Your fame will be in the song ; the voice of the harp will be heard in your praise. The daughters of Selma shall hear it ; and your renown shall be in other lands.—Rest, children of youth, at the noise of the mossy stream.

Two days we remained on the coast. The heroes of Berrathon convened. We brought Larthmor to his halls ; the feast of shells was spread. — The joy of the aged was great ; he looked to the arms of his fathers ; the arms which he left in his hall, when the pride of Uthal arose. — We were renowned before

Larthmor, and he blessed the chiefs of Morven; but he knew not that his son was low, the stately strength of Uthal. They had told, that he had retired to the woods, with the tears of grief; they had told it; but he was silent in the tomb of Rothma's heath.

On the fourth day we raised our sails to the roar of the northern wind. Larthmor came to the coast, and his bards raised the song. The joy of the king was great, he looked to Rothma's gloomy heath; he saw the tomb of his son; and the memory of Uthal rose. — Who of my heroes, he said, lies there? he seems to have been of the kings of spears. Was he renowned in my halls, before the pride of Uthal rose?

Ye are silent, ye sons of Berrathon: is the king of heroes low? — My heart melts for thee, O Uthal! though thy hand was against thy father. — O that I had remained in the cave! that my son had dwelt in Finthormo! — I might have heard the tread of his feet, when he went to the chace of the boar. — I might have heard his voice on the blast of my cave. Then would my soul be glad: but now darkness dwells in my halls.

Such were my deeds, son of Alpin, when the arm of my youth was strong; such were (1) the actions of Toscar, the car-borne

(1) Ossian speaks,

son of Conloch. But Toscar is on his flying cloud ; and I am alone at Lutha : my voice is like the last sound of the wind , when it forsakes the woods. But Ossian shall not be long alone , he sees the mist that shall receive his ghost. He beholds the mist that shall form his robe , when he appears on his hills. The sons of little men shall behold me , and admire the stature of the chiefs of old. They shall creep to their caves , and look to the sky with fear ; for my steps shall be in the clouds , and darkness shall roll on my side.

Lead , son of Alpin , lead the aged to his woods. The winds begin to rise. The dark wave of the lake resounds. Bends there not a tree from Mora with its branches bare ? It bends , son of Alpin , in the rustling blast. My harp hangs on a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. — Does the wind touch thee , O harp , or is it some passing ghost ! — It is the hand of Malvina ! but bring me the harp , son of Alpin ; another song shall rise. My soul shall depart in the sound ; my fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. — Their dim faces shall hang , with joy , from their clouds ; and their hands receive their son.

(1) The aged oak bends over the stream.

(1) Here begins the lyric piece , with which , tra-

It sighs with all its moss. The withered fern whistles near, and mixes, at it waves, with Ossian's hair.—Strike the harp and raise the song: be near, with all your wings, ye winds! Bear the mournful sound away to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he may hear the voice of his son, the voice of him that praised the mighty.—The blast of the north, opens thy gates, O king! and I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant; but like a watry cloud; when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is like the aged moon: thy sword a vapour half-kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightness before.—

But thy steps (1) are on the winds of the

dition says, Ossian concluded his poems. — It is set to music, and still sung in the north, with a great deal of wild simplicity, but little variety of sound.

(1) This magnificent description of the power of Fingal over the winds and storms, and the image of his taking the sun, and hiding him in the clouds, do not correspond with the preceding paragraph, where he is represented as a feeble ghost, and no more the TERROR OF THE VALIANT; but it agrees with the notion of the times concerning the souls of the deceased, who, it was supposed, had the command of the winds and storms, but in combat were not a match for valiant men.

L y

desart , and the storms darken in thy hand. Thou takest the sun in thy wrath , and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid, and a thousand showers descend.—

But when thou comest forth in thy mildness ; the gale of the morning is near thy course. The sun laughs in his blue fields ; and the gray stream winds in its valley.—The bushes shake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound towards the desert.

But there is a murmur in the heath ! the stormy winds abate ! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been absent from mine ear !—Come, Ossian , come away , he says : Fingal has received his fame. We passed away, like flames that had shone for a season , our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent ; our fame is in the four gray stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard ; and the harp was strung in

It was the immoderate praise bestowed by the poets on their departed friends , that gave the first hint to superstition to deify the deceased heroes ; and those new divinities owed all their attributes to the fancy of the bard who sung their elegies.

We do not find , that the praises of Fingal had this effect upon his countrymen ; but that is to be imputed to the idea they had of power , which they always connected with bodily strength and personal valour , both which were dissolved by death.

Selma.—Come Ossian, come away, he says,
and fly with thy fathers on clouds.

And come I will, thou king of men! the
life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish on
Cona; and my steps are not seen in Selma.
Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep.
The winds whistling in my grey hair shall not
waken me.—Depart on thy wings, O wind:
thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard.
The night is long, but his eyes are heavy;
depart, thou rustling blast.

But why art thou sad, son of Fingal?
Why grows the cloud of thy soul? The chiefs
of other times are departed; they have gone
without their fame. The sons of future years
shall pass away; and another race arise. The
people are like the waves of ocean: like the
leaves (1) of woody Morven, they pass away

(1) The same thought may be found almost in
the same words, in Homer. Il. vi. 46.

Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεὴν, τοιόδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Φύλλα τα μὲν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δὲ θ' ὕλη

Τηλεθόωσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ἄρη.

Mr. Pope falls short of his original; in particu-
lar he has omitted altogether the beautiful image
of the wind strewing the withered leaves on the
ground.

Like leaves on trees the race of men are found,

in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift
their green heads.—

Did thy beauty last, O Ryno (1)? Stood

Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

POPE:

(1) Ryno, the son of Fingal, who was killed in Ireland, in the war against Swaran, (Fing. b. 5.) was remarkable for the beauty of his person, his swiftness and great exploits. Minvane, the daughter of Morni, and sister to Gaul so often mentioned in Ossian's compositions, was in love with Ryno.— Her lamentation over her lover is introduced as an episode in one of Ossian's great poems. The lamentation is the only part of the poem now extant, and as it has some poetical merit, I have subjoined it to this note. The poet represents Minvane as seeing, from one of the rocks of Morven, the fleet of Fingal returning from Ireland.

SHE blushing sad, from Morven's rocks, bends
over the darkly-rolling sea. She saw the youths in
all their arms.—Where, Ryno, where art thou?

Our dark looks told that he was low;—That
pale the hero flew on clouds; That in the grass of
Morven's hills, his feeble voice was heard in wind.

And is the son of Fingal fallen, on Ullin's
mossy plains? Strong was the arm that conquered
him?—Ah me! I am alone.

the strength of car-borne Oscar ? Fingal himself passed away ; and the halls of his fa-

Alone I will not be , ye winds ! that lift my dark-brown hair. My sighs will not long mix with your stream ; for I must sleep with Ryno.

I see thee not with beauty's steps returning from the chace.—The night is round Minvane's love , and silence dwells with Ryno.

Where are thy dogs , and where thy bow ? Thy shield that was so strong ? Thy sword like heaven's descending fire ? The bloody spear of Ryno ?

I see them mixed in thy ship ; I see them stained with blood.—No arms are in thy narrow hall , O darkly-dwelling Ryno !

When will the morning come , and say , arise ; thou king of spears ! arise , the hunters are abroad. The hinds are near thee , Ryno !

Away , thou fair-haired morning , away ! the slumbering king hears thee not ! The hinds bound over his narrow tomb ; for death dwells round young Ryno.

But I will tread softly , my king ! and steal to the bed of thy repose. Minvane will lie in silence , near her slumbering Ryno.

thers forgot his steps.—And shalt thou remain, aged bard ! when the mighty have failed ? — But my fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven ; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind.

The maids shall seek me ; but they shall not find me : they shall follow my departure with songs. But I will not hear you, O maids ! I sleep with fair-haired Ryno.

The end of the second Volume.

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SINCE the printing of the second Edition, Doctor Warner published a pamphlet, entitled, *Remarks on the History of Fingal and other Poems of Ossian*. The Doctor, it appears, is compiling a general history of Ireland, and is of opinion that Ossian, and the heroes he celebrates, were natives of that country. As he has advanced no argument to support so singular an opinion, I should have passed over his pamphlet in silence, had he not too precipitately accused me of a false quotation from O'Flaherty. I had said, in a note, on one of the lesser poems of Ossian, that *Fingal is celebrated by the Irish historians, for his wisdom in making laws, his poetical genius, and his foreknowledge of events, and that O'Flaherty goes so far as to say, that Fingal's laws were extant, when he (O'Flaherty) wrote his Ogygia*. The Doctor denies that there is any such thing in O'Flaherty; and modestly quotes a passage from the same Author, which he supposes, I have misrepresented. I shall here give the whole paragraph, and the world will judge whether the Doctor has not been too hasty in his assertions. *Finnius ex Morniâ filia Thaddæi, filius Cuballi, jurisprudentiâ, super quâ scripta ejus hætenus extant, carminibus patriis, &, ut quidam ferunt, prophetiis celeberrimus, qui ob egregia sua, & militiæ sua,*

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facinora uberrimam vulgo, & poetis comminiscendi materiem relinquens, a nullâ atate reticebitur. Ogyg. p. 338.

As the Doctor founds his claim of Ossian and his heroes, on the authority of some obscure passages in Keating and O'Flaherty, what he says on the subject stands self-confuted. These writers neither meet with, nor deserve credit. Credulous and partial, they have altogether disgraced the antiquities they meant to establish. Without producing records, or even following the ancient traditions of their country, they formed an ideal system of antiquity, from legends of modern invention. Sir James Ware, who was indefatigable in his researches, after the monuments of the Irish history, and had collected all the real, and pretendedly ancient manuscripts, concerning the antiquity of his nation, rejects as mere fiction and romance, all that is said concerning the times before Saint Patrick, and the reign of Leogaire, in the fifth century. I shall transcribe the passage, for the benefit of those who are compiling the history of Ireland from the *earliest ages*, and at the same time, caution them, not to look upon the antiquities of that country, through the false mediums of Keating and O'Flaherty. *Perexiguam superesse notitiam rerum in Hybernîâ gestarum ante exortam ibi evangelii auroram liquido constat,*

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Neque me latet a viris nonnullis doctis pleraque quæ de antiquioribus illis temporibus ante S. Patricii in Hyberniam adventum traduntur, tanquam figmenta esse explosa. Notandum quidem descriptiones fere omnium quæ de illis temporibus (antiquioribus dico) extant , opera esse posteriorum seculorum.

Waræus de antiq. Præf. p. 1:

I must observe that the Doctor's claiming Ossian's poems (p. 8.) *in formâ pauperis*, not only invalidates his cause, but is also no very genteel compliment to the Irish nation. I am far from being of his opinion, that that nation can produce no monument of genius, but the works of Ossian, should these be tacitly ceded to them. On the contrary, I am convinced that Ireland has produced men of great and distinguished abilities, which, notwithstanding the Doctor's present opinion, I hope, will appear from his own history, even though he, confessedly, does not understand the language, or ancient records of that country.

CONTENTS

CONLATH and **CUTHONA** : a Poem ;
Page 1

CARTHON : a Poem 11

The **DEATH** of **CUCHULLIN** : a Poem 39

DARTHULA : a Poem 59

TEMORA : an Epic Poem 87

CARRIC-THURA : a Poem 121

The **SONGS** of **SELMA** 147

CALTHON and **COLMAL** : a Poem 163

LATHMON : a Poem 179

OITHONA : a Poem 201

CROMA : a Poem 215

BERRATHON : a Poem 233



